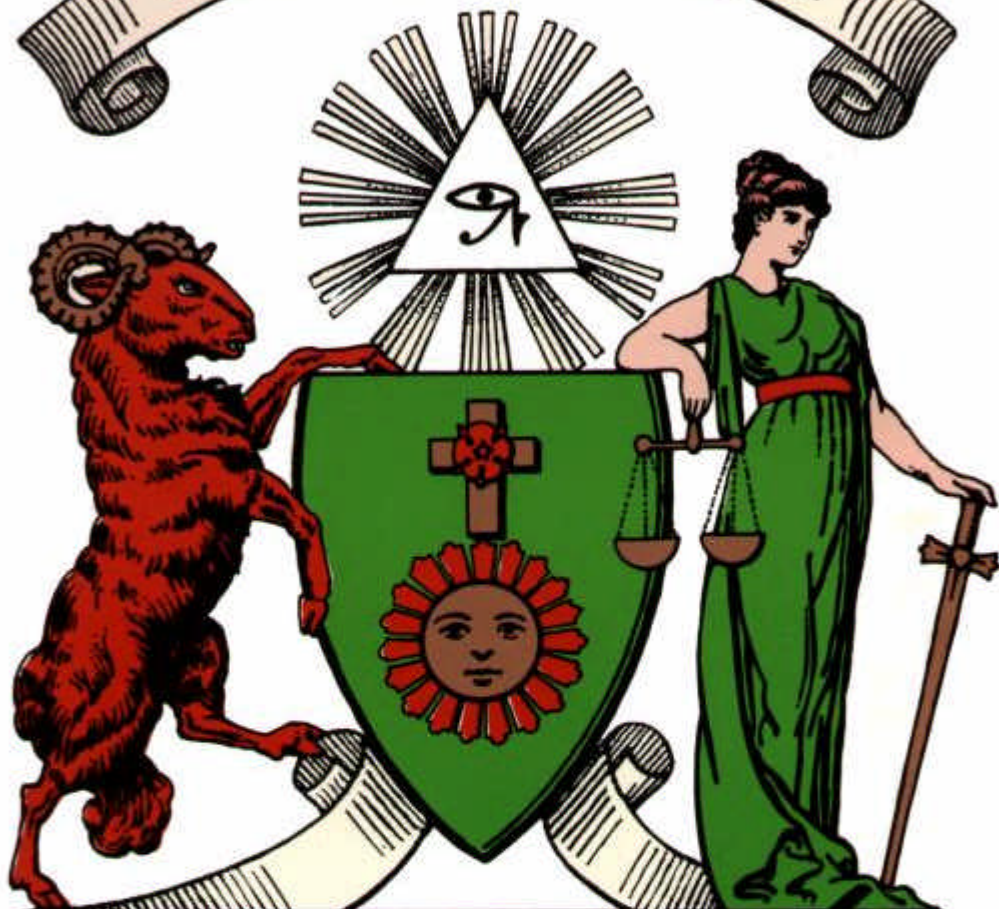


THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.:A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An V

VOL. I. No. I.

⊙ in ∞

MARCH MCMIX

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

LONDON
SIMPKIN MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
AN ACCOUNT OF A.: A.:	7
LIBER LIBRÆ	17
LIBER EXERCITIORUM	25
THE WIZARD WAY. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	37
THE MAGIC GLASSES. BY FRANK HARRIS	49
THE CHYMICAL JOUSTING OF BROTHER PERARDUA	89
THE LONELY BRIDE. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	95
AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS	101
THE MAGICIAN	109
THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK: ! AND ? BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	113
THE HERMIT	137
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (BOOK I)	141
THE HERB DANGEROUS—(PART I) A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY. BY E. WHINERAY, M.P.S.	233

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

JOHN ST. JOHN—THE RECORD OF THE MGACIAL RETIREMENT OF G. H. FRATER O.:M.:	
--	--

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SILENT WATCHER		<i>Facing page</i> 6
THE FOUR POSITIONS: THE IBIS, THE GOD, THE THUNDERBOLT, THE DRAGON	„	29
THE REGIMEN OF THE SEVEN	„	89
BLIND FORCE (SUPPLEMENT)	„	2

EDITORIAL

WITH the publication of this REVIEW begins a completely new adventure in the history of mankind. Whatever knowledge may previously have been imputed to men, it has always been fenced in with conditions and restrictions. The time has come to speak plainly, and so far as may be in the language of the multitude.

Thus, the Brothers of the A.: A.: announce themselves without miracle or mystery. It is easy for every charlatan to perform wonders, to bewilder and even to deceive not only fools but all persons, however shrewd, untrained in observation; nor does the trained observed always succeed instantly in detecting the fraud. Again, what the A.: A.: propose to do is to enable such men as are capable of advancement to a higher interpretation of manhood to do so; and the proof of their ability lies in their success, and not in any other irrelevant phenomenon. *The argument from miracles is a non sequitur.*

Nor is there anything mysterious in the A.: A.:; one must not confuse the mysterious with the unknown. Some of the contents of this REVIEW may be difficult or impossible to understand at first, but only in the sense that Homer is unintelligible to a person ignorant of Greek.

THE EQUINOX

But the Brothers of the A.: A.: make no mystery; They give you not only the Text, but the Comment; not only the Comment, but the Dictionary, the Grammar, and the Alphabet. It is necessary to be thoroughly grounded in the language before you can appreciate its masterpieces; and if while totally ignorant of the former you despise the latter, you will forgive the more frivolous onlookers if their amusement matches your indignation.

The Brothers of the A.: A.: have set their faces against all charlatanism, whether of miracle-mongering or obscurantism; and all those persons who have sought reputation or wealth by such means may expect ruthless exposure, whether of their vanity or their dishonesty; for by no gentler means can they be taught.

The Brothers of the A.: A.: will advise simple experiments, and will describe them, by the pens of their chosen delegates, in the simplest available language. If you fail to obtain good results, blame either yourself or Their method, as you will; if you succeed, thank either yourself or Them, as you will.

In this first number are published three little books; the first an account of Their character and purpose, restored from the writings of von Eckartshausen; the second an ethical essay restored from the Cipher MSS. of the G.: D.: (of which MSS. a complete account will later be given); these two books chiefly for the benefit of those who will understand wrongly or not at all the motto "THE METHOD OF SCIENCE — THE AIM OF RELIGION," in which (if rightly interpreted) all is expressed; the third a series of scientific experiments, designed to instruct beginners in the groundwork of Scientific

EDITORIAL

Illuminism, and to prevent them from falling into the self-deception which pride always prepares for the unwary.

From time to time further knowledge will be published, as fast as the diligence of the persons employed to write it down will permit.

It is the intention of the Brothers of the A.: A.: to establish a laboratory in which students may be able to carry out such experiments as require too much time and toil to suit with their ordinary life; and Their further plans will be explained fully as opportunity permits.

Any person desirous of entering into the communication with the A.: A.: may do so by addressing a letter to the Chancellor of the Order, at the offices of this paper.

AN ACCOUNT OF A.:A.:

FIRST WRITTEN IN THE LANGUAGE
OF HIS PERIOD

BY

THE COUNCILLOR VON ECKARTSHAUSEN

AND

NOW REVISED AND REWRITTEN
IN THE UNIVERSAL CIPHER

A.: A.:

Official Publication in Class C.

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. 7° = 4°

O.S.V. 6° = 5°

N.S.F. 5° = 6°



AN ACCOUNT OF A.:A.:

[The Revisers wish to acknowledge gratefully the translation of Madame de Steiger, which they have freely quoted.]

IT is necessary, my dear brothers, to give you a clear idea of the interior Order; of that illuminated community which is scattered throughout the world, but which is governed by one truth and united in one spirit.

This community possesses a School, in which all who thirst for knowledge are instructed by the Spirit of Wisdom itself; and all the mysteries of nature are preserved in this school for the children of light. Perfect knowledge of nature and of humanity is taught in this school. It is from her that all truths penetrate into the world; she is the school of all who search for wisdom, and it is in this community alone that truth and the explanation of all mystery are to be found. It is the most hidden of communities, yet it contains members from many circles; nor is there any Centre of Thought whose activity is not due to the presence of one of ourselves. From all time there has been an exterior school based on the interior one, of which it is but the outer expression. From all time, therefore, there has been a hidden assembly, a society of the

THE EQUINOX

Elect, of those who sought for and had capacity for light, and this interior society was the Axle of the R.O.T.A. All that any external order possesses in symbol, ceremony, or rite is the letter expressive outwardly of that spirit of truth which dwelleth in the interior Sanctuary. Nor is the contradiction of the exterior any bar to the harmony of the interior.

Hence this Sanctuary, composed of members widely scattered indeed but united by the bonds of perfect love, has been occupied from the earliest ages in building the grand Temple (through the evolution of humanity) by which the reign of L.V.X. will be manifest. This society is in the communion of those who have most capacity for light; they are united in truth, and their Chief is the Light of the World himself, V.V.V.V.V., the One Anointed in Light, the single teacher for the human race, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

The interior Order was formed immediately after the first perception of man's wider heritage had dawned upon the first of the adepts; it received from the Masters at first-hand the revelation of the means by which humanity could be raised to its rights and delivered from its misery. It received the primitive charge of all revelation and mystery; it received the key of true science, both divine and natural.

But as men multiplied, the frailty of man necessitated an exterior society which veiled the interior one, and concealed the spirit and the truth in the letter, because many people were not capable of comprehending great interior truth. Therefore, interior truths were wrapped in external and perceptible ceremonies, so that men, by the perception of the outer which is the symbol of the interior, might by degrees be

AN ACCOUNT OF A.: A.:

enabled safely to approach the interior spiritual truths.

But the inner truth has always been confided to him who in his day had the most capacity for illumination, and he became the sole guardian of the original Trust, as High Priest of the Sanctuary.

When it became necessary that interior truths should be enfolded in exterior ceremony and symbol, on account of the real weakness of men who were not capable of hearing the Light of Light, then exterior worship began. It was, however, always the type or symbol of the interior, that is to say, the symbol of the true and Secret Sacrament.

The external worship would never have been separated from interior revel but for the weakness of man, which tends too easily to forget the spirit in the letter; but the Masters are vigilant to note in every nation those who are able to receive light, and such persons are employed as agents to spread the light according to man's capacity and to revivify the dead letter.

Through these instruments the interior truths of the Sanctuary were taken into every nation, and modified symbolically according to their customs, capacity for instruction, climate, and receptiveness. So that the external types of every religion, worship, ceremonies and Sacred Books in general have more or less clearly, as their object of instruction, the interior truths of the Sanctuary, by which man will be conducted to the universal knowledge of the one Absolute Truth.

The more the external worship of a people has remained united with the spirit of esoteric truth, the purer its religion; but the wider the difference between the symbolic letter and

THE EQUINOX

the invisible truth, the more imperfect has become the religion. Finally, it may be, the external form has entirely parted from its inner truth, so that ceremonial observances without soul or life have remained alone.

In the midst of all this, truth reposes inviolable in the inner Sanctuary.

Faithful to the spirit of truth, the members of the interior Order live in silence, but in real activity.

Yet, besides their secret holy work, they have from time to time decided upon political strategic action.

Thus, when the earth was night utterly corrupt by reason of the Great Sorcery, the Brethren sent Mohammed to bring freedom to mankind by the sword.

This being but partially a success, they raised up one Luther to teach freedom of thought. Yet this freedom soon turned into a heavier bondage than before.

Then the Brethren delivered unto man the knowledge of nature, and the keys thereof; yet this also was prevented by the Great Sorcery.

Now then finally in nameless ways, as one of our Brethren hath it now in mind to declare, have they raised up One to deliver unto men the keys of Spiritual Knowledge, and by His work shall He be judged.

This interior community of light is the reunion of all those capable of receiving light, and it is known as the Communion of Saints, the primitive receptacle for all strength and truth, confided to it from all time.

By it the agents of L.V.X. were formed in every age, passing from the interior to the exterior, and communicating spirit and life to the dead letter, as already said.

AN ACCOUNT OF A.: A.:

This illuminated community is the true school of L.V.X.; it has its Chair, its Doctors; it possesses a rule for students; it has forms and objects for study.

It has also its degrees for successive development to greater altitudes.

This school of wisdom has been for ever most secretly hidden from the world, because it is invisible and submissive solely to illuminated government.

It has never been exposed to the accidents of time and to the weakness of man, because only the most capable were chosen for it, and those who selected made no error.

Through this school were developed the germs of all the sublime sciences, which were first received by external schools, then clothed in other forms, and hence degenerated.

According to time and circumstances, the society of sages communicated unto the exterior societies their symbolic hieroglyphs, in order to attract man to the great truths of their Sanctuary.

But all exterior societies subsist only by virtue of this interior one. As soon as external societies wish to transform a temple of wisdom into a political edifice, the interior society retires and leaves only the letter without the spirit. It is thus that secret external societies of wisdom were nothing but hieroglyphic screens, the truth remaining inviolable in the Sanctuary so that she might never be profaned.

In this interior society man finds wisdom and with her All—not the wisdom of this world, which is but scientific knowledge, which revolves round the outside but never touches the centre (in which is contained all strength), but true wisdom, understanding and knowledge, reflections of the

THE EQUINOX

supreme illumination.

All disputes, all controversies, all the things belonging to the false cares of this world, fruitless discussions, useless germs of opinions which spread the seeds of disunion, all error, schisms, and systems are banished. Neither calumny nor scandal is known. Every man is honoured. Love alone reigns.

We must not, however, imagine that this society resembles any secret society, meeting at certain times, choosing leaders and members, united by special objects. All societies, be what they may, can but come after this interior illuminated circle. This society knows none of the formalities which belong to the outer rings, the work of man. In this kingdom of power all outward forms cease.

L.V.X. is the Power always present. The greatest man of his times, the chief himself, does not always know all the members, but the moment when it is necessary that he should accomplish any object he finds them in the world with certainty ready to his hand.

This community has no outside barriers. He who may be chosen is as the first; he presents himself among the others without presumption, and he is received by the others without jealousy.

It if be necessary that real members should meet together, they find and recognize each other with perfect certainty.

No disguise can be used, neither hypocrisy nor dissimulation could hide the characteristic qualities which distinguish the members of this society. All illusion is gone, and things appear in their true form.

No one member can choose another; unanimous choice is required. Though not all men are called, many of the called

AN ACCOUNT OF A.: A.:

are chosen, and that as soon as they become fit for entrance.

Any man can look for the entrance, and any man who is within can teach another to seek for it; but only he who is fit can arrive within.

Unprepared men occasion disorder in a community, and disorder is not compatible with the Sanctuary. Thus it is impossible to profane the Sanctuary, since admission is not formal but real.

Worldly intelligence seeks this Sanctuary in vain; fruitless also will be the efforts of malice to penetrate these great mysteries; all is indecipherable to him who is not ripe; he can see nothing, read nothing in the interior.

He who is fit is joined to the chain, perhaps often where he though least likely, and at a point of which he knew nothing himself.

To become fit should be the sole effort of him who seeks wisdom.

But there are methods by which fitness is attained, for in this holy communion is the primitive storehouse of the most ancient and original science of the human race, with the primitive mysteries also of all science. It is the unique and really illuminated community which is absolutely in possession of the key to all mystery, which knows the centre and source of all nature. It is a society which unites superior strength to its own, and counts its members from more than one world. It is the society whose members form the republic of Genius, the Regent Mother of the whole World.

LIBER LIBRÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ
XXX

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ Imperator

N.S.F. $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius

LIBER LIBRÆ

SVB FIGURÂ
XXX

0. Learn first—Oh thou who aspirest unto our ancient Order!—that Equilibrium is the basis of the Work. If thou thyself hast not a sure foundation, whereon wilt thou stand to direct the forces of Nature?

1. Know then, that as man is born into this world amidst the Darkness of Matter, and the strife of contending forces; so must his first endeavour be to seek the Light through their reconciliation.

2. Thou then, who has trials and troubles, rejoice because of them, for in them is Strength, and by their means is a pathway opened unto that Light.

3. How should it be otherwise, O man, whose life is but a day in Eternity, a drop in the Ocean of time; how, were thy trials not many, couldst thou purge thy soul from the dross of earth?

Is it but now that the Higher Life is best with dangers and difficulties; hath it not ever been so with the Sages and Hierophants of the past? They have been persecuted and reviled, they have been tormented of men; yet through this also has their Glory increased.

4. Rejoice, therefore, O Initiate, for the greater thy trial

THE EQUINOX

the greater thy Triumph. When men shall revile thee, and speak against thee falsely, hath not the Master said, "Blessed art thou!" ?

5. Yet, oh aspirant, let thy victories bring thee not Vanity, for with increase of Knowledge should come increase of Wisdom. He who knoweth little, thinketh he knoweth much; but he who knoweth much hath learned his own ignorance. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool, than of him.

6. Be not hasty to condemn others; how knowest thou that in their place, thou couldest have resisted the temptation? And even were it so, why shouldst thou despise one who is weaker than thyself?

7. Thou therefore who desirest Magical Gifts, be sure that thy soul is firm and steadfast; for it is by flattering thy weaknesses that the Weak Ones will gain power over thee. Humble thyself before thy Self, yet fear neither man nor spirit. Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure: and courage is the beginning of virtue.

8. Therefore fear not the Spirits, but be firm and courteous with them; for thou hast no right to despise or revile them; and this too may lead thee astray. Command and banish them, curse them by the Great Names if need be; but neither mock nor revile them, for so assuredly wilt thou be lead into error.

9. A man is what he maketh himself within the limits fixed by his inherited destiny; he is a part of mankind; his actions affect not only what he calleth himself, but also the whole universe.

10. Worship and neglect not, the physical body which is

LIBER LIBRÆ

thy temporary connection with the outer and material world. Therefore let thy mental Equilibrium be above disturbance by material events; strengthen and control the animal passions, discipline the emotions and the reason, nourish the Higher Aspirations.

11. Do good unto others for its own sake, not for reward, not for gratitude from them, not for sympathy. If thou art generous, thou wilt not long for thine ears to be tickled by expressions of gratitude.

12. Remember that unbalanced force is evil; that unbalanced severity is but cruelty and oppression; but that also unbalanced mercy is but weakness which would allow and abet Evil. Act passionately; think rationally; be Thyself.

13. True ritual is as much action as word; it is Will.

14. Remember that this earth is but an atom in the universe, and that thou thyself art but an atom thereon, and that even couldst thou become the God of this earth whereon thou crawlest and grovellest, that thou wouldest, even then, be but an atom, and one amongst many.

15. Nevertheless have the greatest self-respect, and to that end sin not against thyself. The sin which is unpardonable is knowingly and wilfully to reject truth, to fear knowledge lest that knowledge pander not to thy prejudices.

16. To obtain Magical Power, learn to control thought; admit only those ideas that are in harmony with the end desired, and not every stray and contradictory Idea that presents itself.

17. Fixed thought is a means to an end. Therefore pay attention to the power of silent thought and meditation. The

THE EQUINOX

material act is but the outward expression of thy thought, and therefore hath it been said that “the thought of foolishness is sin.” Thought is the commencement of action, and if a chance thought can produce much effect, what cannot fixed thought do?

18. Therefore, as hath already been said, Establish thyself firmly in the equilibrium of forces, in the centre of the Cross of the Elements, that Cross from whose centre the Creative Word issued in the birth of the Dawning Universe.

19. Be thou therefore prompt and active as the Sylphs, but avoid frivolity and caprice; be energetic and strong like the Salamanders, but avoid irritability and ferocity; be flexible and attentive to images like the Undines, but avoid idleness and changeability; be laborious and patient like the Gnomes, but avoid grossness and avarice.

20. So shalt thou gradually develop the powers of thy soul, and fit thyself to command the Spirits of the elements. For wert thou to summon the Gnomes to pander to thine avarice, thou wouldst no longer command them, but they would command thee. Wouldst thou abuse the pure beings of the woods and mountains to fill thy coffers and satisfy thy hunger of Gold? Wouldst thou debase the Spirits of Living Fire to serve thy wrath and hatred? Wouldst thou violate the purity of the Souls of the Waters to pander to thy lust of debauchery? Wouldst thou force the Spirits of the Evening Breeze to minister to thy folly and caprice? Know that with such desires thou canst but attract the Weak, not the Strong, and in that case the Weak will have power over thee.

21. In the true religion there is no sect, therefore take heed

LIBER LIBRÆ

that thou blaspheme not the name by which another knoweth his God; for if thou do this thing in Jupiter thou wilt blaspheme יהוה and in Osiris יהשוה. Ask and ye shall have! Seek, and ye shall find! Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!

LIBER

E. VEL EXERCITIORVM
SVB FIGVRÂ
IX

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ Imperator

N.S.F. $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius

LIBER

E. VEL EXERCITIORVM

SVB FIGVRÂ

IX

I

1. It is absolutely necessary that all experiments should be recorded in detail during, or immediately after, their performance.

2. It is highly important to note the physical and mental condition of the experimenter or experimenters.

3. The time and place of all experiments must be noted; also the state of the weather, and generally all conditions which might conceivably have any result upon the experiment either as adjuvants to or causes of the result, or as inhibiting it, or as sources of error.

4. The A'. A'. will not take official notice of any experiments which are not thus properly recorded.

5. It is not necessary at this stage for us to declare fully the ultimate end of our researches; nor indeed would it be understood by those who have not become proficient in these elementary courses.

6. The experimenter is encouraged to use his own intelligence, and not to rely upon any other person or persons, however distinguished, even among ourselves.

THE EQUINOX

7. The written record should be intelligibly prepared so that others may benefit from its study.

8. The book John St. John published in this first number of the "Equinox" is an example of this kind of record by a very advanced student. It is not as simply written as we could wish, but will shew the method.

9. The more scientific the record is, the better.

Yet the emotions should be noted, as being some of the conditions.

Let then the record be written with sincerity and care, and with practice it will be found more and more to approximate to the ideal.

II

Physical Clairvoyance

1. Take a pack of (78) Tarot playing cards. Shuffle; cut. Draw one card. Without looking at it, try and name it. Write down the card you name, and the actual card. Repeat, and tabulate results.

2. This experiment is probably easier with an old genuine pack of Tarot cards, preferably a pack used for divination by some one who really understood the matter.

3. Remember that one should expect to name the right card once in 78 times. Also be careful to exclude all possibilities of obtaining the knowledge through the ordinary senses of sight and touch, or even smell.

There was once a man whose finger-tips were so sensitive that he could feel the shape and position of the pips, and so judge the card correctly.

LIBER E

4. It is better to try first, the easier form of the experiment, by guessing only the suit.

5. Remember that in 78 experiments you should obtain 22 trumps and 14 of each other suit; so that, without any clairvoyance at all, you can guess right twice in 7 times (roughly) by calling trumps each time.

6. Note that some cards are harmonious.

Thus it would not be a bad error to call the five of Swords (“The Lord of Defeat”) instead of the ten of Swords (“The Lord of Ruin”). But to call the Lord of Love (2 Cups) for the Lord of Strife (5 Wands) would show that you were getting nothing right.

Similarly, a card ruled by Mars would be harmonious with a 5, a card of Gemini with “The Lovers.”

7. These harmonies must be thoroughly learnt, according to the numerous tables given in 777.

8. As you progress, you will find that you are able to distinguish the suit correctly three times in four, and that very few indeed inharmonious errors occur, while in 78 experiments you are able to name the card aright as many as 15 or 20 times.

9. When you have reached this stage, you may be admitted for examination; and in the event of your passing, you will be given more complex and difficult exercises.

III

Asana—Posture

I. You must learn to sit perfectly still with every muscle tense for long periods.

THE EQUINOX

2. You must wear no garment that interferes with the posture in any of these experiments.

3. The first position: (The God). Sit in a chair; head up, back straight, knees together, hands on knees, eyes closed.

4. The second position: (The Dragon). Kneel; buttocks resting on the heels, toes turned back, back and head straight, hands on thighs.

5. The third position: (The Ibis). Stand; hold left ankle with right hand (and alternately practise right ankle in left hand, &c.) free forefinger on lips.

6. The fourth position: (The Thunderbolt). Sit: left heel pressing up anus, right foot poised on its toes, the heel covering the phallus; arms stretched out over the knees: head and back straight.

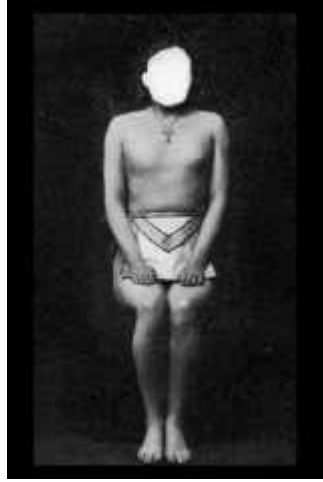
7. Various things will happen to you while you are practising these positions; they must be carefully analysed and described.

8. Note down the duration of the practice, the severity of the pain (if any) which accompanies it, the degree of rigidity attained, and any other pertinent matters.

9. When you have progressed up to the point that a saucer filled to the brim with water and poised upon the head does not spill one drop during a whole hour, and when you can no longer perceive the slightest tremor in any muscle; when, in short, you are perfectly steady and easy, you will be admitted for examination; and, should you pass, you will be instructed in more complex and difficult practices.



THE IBIS



THE GOD



THE THUNDERBOLT



THE DRAGON

In the Ibis the head is tilted very slightly too far back.; in the Thunderbolt the right foot might be a little higher and the right knee lower with advantage.

LIBER E

IV

Pranayama—Regularisation of the Breathing

1. At rest in one of your positions, close the right nostril with the thumb of the right hand and breath out slowly and completely through the left nostril, while your watch marks 20 seconds. Breathe in through the same nostril for 10 seconds. Changing hands, repeat with the other nostril. Let this be continuous for one hour.

2. When this is quite easy to you, increase the periods to 30 and 15 seconds.

3. When this is quite easy to you, but not before, breathe out for 15 seconds, in for 15 seconds, and hold the breath for 15 seconds.

4. When you can do this with perfect ease and comfort for a whole hour, practise breathing out for 40, in for 20 seconds.

5. This being attained, practise breathing out for 20, in for 10, holding the breath for 30 seconds.

When this has become perfectly easy to you, you may be admitted for examination, and should you pass, you will be instructed in more complex and difficult practices.

6. You will find that the presence of food in the stomach, even in small quantities, makes the practices very difficult.

7. Be very careful never to overstrain your powers; especially never get so short of breath that you are compelled to breathe out jerkily or rapidly.

8. Strive after depth, fulness, and regularity of breathing.

9. Various remarkable phenomena will very probably occur during these practices. They must be carefully analysed and recorded.

THE EQUINOX

V

Dharana—Control of Thought

1. Constrain the mind to concentrate itself upon a single simple object imagined.

The five tatwas are useful for this purpose; they are: a black oval; a blue disk; a silver crescent; a yellow square; a red triangle.

2. Proceed to combinations of simple objects; *e.g.*, a black oval within a yellow square, and so on.

3. Proceed to simple moving objects, such as a pendulum swinging, a wheel revolving, &c. Avoid living objects.

4. Proceed to combinations of moving objects, *e.g.*, a piston rising and falling while a pendulum is swinging. The relation between the two movements should be varied in different experiments.

Or even a system of fly-wheels, eccentrics, and governor.

5. During these practices the mind must be absolutely confined to the object determined upon; no other thought must be allowed to intrude upon the consciousness. The moving systems must be regular and harmonious.

6. Note carefully the duration of the experiments, the number and nature of the intruding thoughts, the tendency of the object itself to depart from the course laid out for it, and any other phenomena which may present themselves. Avoid overstrain. This is very important.

7. Proceed to imagine living objects; as a man, preferably some man known to, and respected by, yourself.

8. In the intervals of these experiments you may try to

LIBER E

imagine the objects of the other senses, and to concentrate upon them.

For example, try to imagine the taste of chocolate the smell of roses, the feeling of velvet, the sound of a waterfall, or the ticking of a watch.

9. Endeavour finally to shut out all objects of any of the senses, and prevent all thoughts arising in your mind. When you feel that you have attained some success in these practices, apply for examination, and should you pass, more complex and difficult practices will be prescribed for you.

VI

Physical Limitations

1. It is desirable that you should discover for yourself your physical limitations.

2. To this end ascertain for how many hours you can subsist without food or drink before your working capacity is seriously interfered with.

3. Ascertain how much alcohol you can take, and what forms of drunkenness assail you.

4. Ascertain how far you can walk without once stopping; likewise with dancing, swimming, running, &c.

5. Ascertain for how many hours you can do without sleep.

6. Test your endurance with various gymnastic exercises, club-swinging and so on.

7. Ascertain for how long you can keep silence.

8. Investigate any other capacities and aptitudes which may occur to you.

THE EQUINOX

9. Let all these things be carefully and conscientiously recorded; for according to your powers will it be demanded of you.

VII

A Course of Reading

1. The object of most of the foregoing practices will not at first be clear to you; but at least (who will deny it?) they will have trained you in determination, accuracy, introspection, and many other qualities which are valuable to all men in their ordinary avocations, so that in no case will your time have been wasted.

2. That you may gain some insight into the nature of the Great Work which lies beyond these elementary trifles, however, we should mention that an intelligent person may gather more than a hint of its nature from the following books, which are to be taken as serious and learned contributions to the study of nature, though not necessarily to be implicitly relied upon.

“The Yi King” [S.B.E. Series, Oxford University Press].

“The Tao Teh King” [S.B.E. Series].

“Tannhäuser” by A. Crowley.

“The Upanishads.”

“The Bhagavad-Gita.”

“The Voice of the Silence.”

“Raja Yoga” by Swami Vivekananda.

“The Shiva Sanhita.”

LIBER E

- “The Aphorisms of Patanjali.”
- “The Sword of Song.”
- “The Book of the Dead.”
- “Rituel et Dogme de la Haute Magie.”
- “The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage.”
- “The Goetia.”
- “The Hathayoga Pradipika.”
- Erdmann’s “History of Philosophy.”
- “The Spiritual Guide of Molinos.”
- “The Star in the West” (Captain Fuller).
- “The Dhammapada” [S.B.E. Series, Oxford University Press].
- “The Questions of King Milinda” [S.B.E. Series].
- “777. vel Prolegomena, &c.”
- “Varieties of Religious Experience” (James).
- “Kabbala Denudata.”
- “Konx Om Pax.”

3. Careful study of these books will enable the pupil to speak in the language of his master and facilitate communication with him.

4. The pupil should endeavour to discover the fundamental harmony of these very varied works; for this purpose he will find it best to study the most extreme divergences side by side.

5. He may at any time that he wishes apply for examination in this course of reading.

6. During the whole of this elementary study and practice, he will do wisely to seek out, and attach himself to, a master, one competent to correct him and advise him. Nor

THE EQUINOX

should he be discouraged by the difficulty of finding such a person.

7. Let him further remember that he must in no wise rely upon, or believe in, that master. He must rely entirely upon himself, and credit nothing whatever but that which lies within his own knowledge and experience.

8. As in the beginning, so at the end, we here insist upon the vital importance of the written record as the only possible check upon error derived from the various qualities of the experimenter.

9. Thus let the work be accomplished duly; yea, let it be accomplished duly.

[If any really important or remarkable results should occur, or if any great difficulty presents itself, the A.: A.: should be at once informed of the circumstances.]

THE WIZARD WAY

THE WIZARD WAY

VELVET soft the night-star glowed
Over the untrodden road,
Through the giant glades of yew
Where its ray fell light as dew
Lighting up the shimmering veil
Maiden pure and aery frail
That the spiders wove to hide
Blushes of the sylvan bride
Earth, that trembled with delight
At the male caress of Night.

Velvet soft the wizard trod
To the Sabbath of his God.
With his naked feet he made
Starry blossoms in the glade,
Softly, softly, as he went
To the sombre sacrament,
Stealthy stepping to the tryst
In his gown of amethyst.

Earlier yet his soul had come

THE EQUINOX

To the Hill of Martyrdom,
Where the charred and crookèd stake
Like a black envenomed snake
By the hangman's hands is thrust
Through the wet and writhing dust,
Never black and never dried
Heart's blood of a suicide.

He had plucked the hazel rod
From the rude and goatish god,
Even as the curved moon's waning ray
Stolen from the King of Day.
He had learnt the elvish sign;
Given the Token of the Nine:
Once to rave, and once to revel,
Once to bow before the devil,
Once to swing the thurible,
Once to kiss the goat of hell,
Once to dance the aspen spring,
Once to croak, and once to sing,
Once to oil the savoury thighs
Of the witch with sea-green eyes
With the unguents magical.
Oh the honey and the gall
Of that black enchanter's lips
As he croons to the eclipse
Mingling that most puissant spell
Of the giant gods of hell
With the four ingredients

THE WIZARD WAY

Of the evil elements;
Ambergris from golden spar,
Musk of ox from Mongol jar,
Civet from a box of jade,
Mixed with fat of many a maid
Slain by the inchauntments cold
Of the witches wild and old.

He had crucified a toad
In the basilisk abode,
Muttering the Runes averse
Mad with many a mocking curse.

He had traced the serpent sigil
In his ghastly virgin vigil.
Sursum cor! the elfin hill,
Where the wind blows deadly chill
From the world that wails beneath
Death's black throat and lipless teeth.
There he had stood—his bosom bare—
Tracing Life upon the Air
With the crook and with the flail
Lashing forward on the gale,
Till its blade that wavereth
Like the flickering of Death
Sank before his subtle fence
To the starless sea of sense.

Now at last the man is come

THE EQUINOX

Haply to his halidom.
Surely as he waves his rod.
In a circle on the sod
Springs the emerald chaste and clean
From the duller paler green.
Surely in the circle millions
Of immaculate pavilions
Flash upon the trembling turf
Like the sea-stars in the surf—
Millions of bejewelled tents
For the warrior sacraments.
Vaster, vaster, vaster, vaster,
Grows the stature of the master;
All the ringed encampment vies
With the infinite galaxies.
In the midst a cubic stone
With the Devil set thereon;
Hath a lamb's virginal throat;
Hath the body of a stoat;
Hath the buttocks of a goat;
Hath the sanguine face and rod
Of a goddess and a god!

Spell by spell and pace by pace!
Mystic flashes swing and trace
Velvet soft the sigils stepped
By the silver-starred adept.
Back and front, and to and fro,
Soul and body sway and flow
In vertiginous caresses

THE WIZARD WAY

To imponderable recesses,
Till at last the spell is woven,
And the faery veil is cloven
That was Sequence, Space, and Stress
Of the soul-sick consciousness.

“Give thy body to the beasts!
Give thy spirit to the priests!
Break in twain the hazel rod
On the virgin lips of God!
Tear the Rosy Cross asunder!
Shatter the black bolt of thunder!
Such the swart ensanguine kiss
Of the resolute abyss!”
Wonder-weft the wizard heard
This intolerable word.

Smote the blasting hazel rod
On the scarlet lips of God;
Trampled Cross and rosy core;
Brake the thunder-tool of Thor;
Meek and holy acolyte
Of the priestly hells of spite,
Sleek and shameless catamite
Of the beasts that prowl by night!
Like a star that streams from heaven
Through the virgin airs light-riven,
From the lift there shot and fell

THE EQUINOX

An admirable miracle.
Carved minute and clean, a key
Of purest lapis-lazuli
More blue than the blind sky that aches
(Wreathed with the stars, her torturing snakes),
For the dead god's kiss that never wakes;
Shot with golden specks of fire
Like a virgin with desire.
Look, the levers! fern-frail fronds
Of fantastic diamonds,
Glimmering with ethereal azure
In each exquisite embrasure.
On the shaft the letters laced,
As if dryads lunar-chaste
With the satyrs were embraced,
Spelled the secret of the key:
Sic pervenias. And he
Went his wizard way, inweaving
Dreams of things beyond believing.

When he will, the weary world
Of the senses closely curled
Like a serpent round his heart
Shakes herself and stands apart.
So the heart's blood flames, expanding,
Strenuous, urgent, and commanding;
And the key unlocks the door
Where his love lives evermore.

She is of the faery blood;

THE WIZARD WAY

All smaragdine flows its flood.
Glowing in the amber sky
To ensorcelled porphyry.
She hath eyes of glittering flake
Like a cold grey water-snake.
She hath naked breasts of amber
Jetting wine in her bed-chamber,
Whereof whoso stoops and drinks
Rees the riddle of the Sphinx.

She hath naked limbs of amber
Whereupon her children clamber.
She hath five navels rosy-red
From the five wounds of God that bled;
Each wound that mothered her still bleeding,
And on that blood her babes are feeding.
Oh! like a rose-winged pelican
She hath bred blessed babes to Pan!
Oh! like a lion-hued nightingale
She hath torn her breast on thorns to avail
The barren rose-tree to renew
Her life with that disastrous dew,
Building the rose o' the world alight
With music out of the pale moonlight!
O She is like the river of blood
That broke from the lips of the bastard god,
When he saw the sacred mother smile
On the ibis that flew up the foam of Nile

THE EQUINOX

Bearing the limbs unblessed, unborn,
That the lurking beast of Nile had torn!
So (for the world is weary) I
These dreadful souls of sense lay by.
I sacrifice these impure shoon
To the cold ray of the waning moon.
I take the forkèd hazel staff,
And the rose of no terrene graff,
And the lamp of no olive oil
With heart's blood that alone may boil.
With naked breast and feet unshod
I follow the wizard way to God.

Wherever he leads my foot shall follow;
Over the height, into the hollow,
Up to the caves of pure cold breath,
Down to the deeps of foul hot death,
Across the seas, through the fires,
Past the palace of desires;
Where he will, whether he will or no,
If I go, I care not whither I go.

For in me is the taint of the faery blood.
Fast, fast, its emerald flood
Leaps within me, violent rude
Like a bestial faun's beatitude.
In me the faery blood runs hard:
My sires were a druid, a devil, a bard,

THE WIZARD WAY

A beast, a wizard, a snake and a satyr;
For—as my mother said—what does it matter?
She was a fay, pure of the faery;
Queen Morgan's daughter by an aery
Demon that came to Orkney once
To pay the Beetle his orisons.

So, it is I that writhe with the twitch
Of the faery blood, and the wizard itch
To attain a matter one may not utter
Rather than sink in the greasy splutter
Of Britons munching their bread and butter;
Ailing boys and coarse-grained girls
Grown to sloppy women and brutal churls.
So, I am off with staff in hand
To the endless light of the nameless land.

Darkness spreads its sombre streams,
Blotting out the elfin dreams.
I might haply be afraid,
Were it not the Feather-maid
Leads me softly by the hand,
Whispers me to understand.
Now (when through the world of weeping
Light at last starrily creeping
Steals upon my babe-new sight,
Light—O light that is not light!)
On my mouth the lips of her
Like a stone on my sepulchre

THE EQUINOX

Seal my speech with ecstasy,
Till a babe is born of me
That is silent more than I;
For its inarticulate cry
Hushes as its mouth is pressed
To the pearl, her honey breast;
While its breath divinely ripples
The rose-petals of her nipples,
And the jetted milk he laps
From the soft delicious paps,
Sweeter than the bee-sweet showers
In the chalice of the flowers,
More intoxicating than
All the purple grapes of Pan.

Ah! my proper lips are stilled.
Only, all the world is filled
With the Echo, that dips over
Like the honey from the clover.
Passion, penitence, and pain
Seek their mother's womb again,
And are born the triple treasure,
Peace and purity and pleasure.

—Hush, my child, and come aloft
Where the stars are velvet soft!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MAGIC GLASSES

THE MAGIC GLASSES

ONE raw November morning, I left my rooms near the British Museum and turned down Regent street. It was cold and misty: the air like shredded cotton-wool. Before I reached the Quadrant, the mist thickened to fog, with the colour of muddied water, and walking became difficult. As I had no particular object in view, I got into talk with a policeman, and, by his advice, went into the Vine Street Police Court, to pass an hour or two before lunch. Inside the court, the atmosphere was comparatively clear, and I took my seat on one of the oak benches with a feeling of vague curiosity. There was a case going on as I entered: an old man, who pretended to be an optician, had been taken up by the police for obstructing the traffic by selling glasses. His green tray, with leathern shoulder-straps, was on the solicitor's table. The charge of obstruction could not be sustained, the old man had moved on as soon as the police told him to, and the inspector had substituted a charge of fraud, on the complaint of a workman and a shopkeeper. A constable had just finished his evidence when I came into the court. He left the box with a self-satisfied air and the muttered remark that the culprit was "a rare bad 'un."

I glanced about for the supposed criminal and found that he was seated near me on a cross-bench in the charge of a

THE EQUINOX

sturdy policeman. He did not look like a criminal: he was tall, thin and badly dressed in a suit of rusty black, which seemed to float about his meagre person; his complexion was tallowy-white, like the sprouts of potatoes which have been kept a long time in a dark cellar; he seemed about sixty years old. But he had none of the furtive glances of the criminal; none of the uneasiness: his eye rested on mine and passed aside with calm indifference, contemplative and not alarmed.

The workman who was produced by the police in support of the charge of fraud amused me. He was a young man, about middle height, and dressed in corduroys, with a rough jacket of dark tweed. He was a bad witness: he hesitated, stopped and corrected himself, as if he didn't know the meaning of any words except the commonest phrases of everyday use. But he was evidently honest: his brown eyes looked out on the world fairly enough. His faltering came from the fact that he was only half articulate. Disentangled from the mist of inappropriate words, his meaning was sufficiently clear.

He had been asked by the accused, whom he persisted in calling "the old gentleman," to buy a pair of spectacles: they would show him things truer-like than he could see 'em; and so he "went a bob on 'em." Questioned by the magistrate as to whether he could see things more plainly through the glasses, he shook his head:

"No; about the same."

Then came the question: had he been deceived? Apparently he didn't know the meaning of the word "deceived."

"Cheated," the magistrate substituted.

THE MAGIC GLASSES

“No”; he hadn’t been cheated.

“Well, disappointed then?”

“No”; he couldn’t say that.

“Would he spend another shilling on a similar pair of glasses?”

“No,” he would not; “one bob was enough to lose.”

When told he might go, he shuffled out of the witness-box, and on his way to the door attempted more than once to nod to the accused. Evidently there was no malice in him.

The second police witness had fluency and self-possession enough for a lawyer: a middle-aged man, tall, florid and inclined to be stout; he was over-dressed, like a spruce shopman, in black frock-coat, grey trousers and light-coloured tie. He talked volubly, with a hot indignation which seemed to match his full red cheeks. If the workman was an undecided and weak witness, Mr. Hallett, of High Holborn, was a most convinced and determined witness. He had been induced to buy the glasses, he declared, by the “old party,” who told him that they would show him things exactly as they were—the truth of everything. You’d only have to look through ’em at a man to see whether he was trying to “do” you or not. That was why he bought them. He was not asked a shilling for them, but a sovereign and he gave it—twenty shillings. When he put the glasses on, he could see nothing with them, nothing at all; it was a “plant”: and so he wanted the “old party” to take ’em back and return his sovereign; that might have caused the obstruction that the policeman had objected to. The “old man” refused to give him his money back; said he had not cheated him; had the impudence to pretend that he (Hallett) had no eyes for truth,

THE EQUINOX

and, therefore, could see nothing with the glasses. "A blamed lie," he called it, and a "do," and the "old man" ought to get six months for it.

Once or twice, the magistrate had to direct the stream of emphatic words. But the accusation was formal and precise. The question now was: How would the magistrate deal with the case? At first sight, Mr. Brown, the magistrate, made a good impression on me. He was getting on in life: the dark hair was growing thin on top and a little grey at the sides. The head was well-shaped; the forehead notably broad; the chin and jaw firm. The only unpleasant feature in the face was the hard line of mouth, with thin, unsympathetic lips. Mr. Brown was reputed to be a great scholar, and was just the type of man who would have made a pedant; a man of good intellect and thin blood, who would find books and words more interesting than men and deeds.

At first, Mr. Brown had seemed to be on the side of the accused: he tried to soften Mr. Hallett's anger. One or two of his questions, indeed, were pointed and sensible:

"You wouldn't take goods back after you had sold them, would you, Mr. Hallett?" he asked.

"Of course I would," replied Mr. Hallett, stoutly: "I'd take any of my stock back at a twenty per cent. reduction; my goods are honest goods: prices marked plain on 'em. But 'e would not give me fifteen shillings back out of my sovereign; not 'e; 'e meant sticking' to it all."

The magistrate looked into the body of the court and addressing the accused, said:

"Will you reserve your defence, Mr. Henry?"

"Penry, your worship: Matthew Penry," corrected the

THE MAGIC GLASSES

old man in a quiet, low-pitched voice, as he rose to his feet. "If I may say so: the charge of fraud is absurd. Mr. Hallett seems to be angry because I sold one pair of glasses for a shilling and another pair to him for a sovereign. But they were not the same glasses and, if they had been, I am surely allowed to ask for my wares what I please."

"That is true," interrupted the magistrate; "but he says that you told him he would see the truth through them. I suppose you meant that he would see more truly through them than with his own eyes?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Penry, with a certain hesitation.

"But he did not see more truly through them," continued the magistrate, "or he would not have wanted you to take them back."

"No," Mr. Penry acknowledged; "but that is this fault, not the fault of the glasses. They would show the truth, if he had any faculty for seeing it: glasses are no good to the blind."

"Come, come," said the magistrate; "now you are beginning to confuse me. You don't really pretend that your glasses will show the truth of things, the reality; you mean that they will improve one's sight, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Penry, "One's sight for truth, for reality."

"Well," retorted the magistrate smiling, "That seems rather metaphysical than practical, doesn't it? If your spectacles enabled one to discern the truth, I'd buy a pair myself: they might be useful in this court sometimes," and he looked about him with a smile, as if expecting applause.

With eager haste, the old man took him at his word,

THE EQUINOX

threw open his case, selected a pair of glasses, and passed them to the clerk, who handed them up to Mr. Brown.

The magistrate put the glasses on; looked round the court for a minute or two, and then broke out:

“Dear me! Dear me! How extraordinary! These glasses alter every one in the court. It’s really astonishing. They don’t improve the looks of people; on the contrary, a more villainous set of countenances it would be difficult to imagine. If these glasses are to be trusted, men are more like wild animals than human beings, and the worst of all are the solicitors; really a terrible set of faces. But this may be the truth of things; these spectacles do show one more than one’s ordinary eyes can perceive. Dear me! Dear me! It is most astonishing; but I feel inclined to accept Mr. Penry’s statement about them,” and he peered over the spectacles at the court.

“Would you like to look in a glass, your worship?” asked one of the solicitors drily, rising, however, to his feet with an attitude of respect at the same time; “perhaps that would be the best test.”

Mr. Brown appeared to be a little surprised, but replied:

“If I had a glass I would willingly.”

Before the words were out of his mouth, his clerk had tripped round the bench, gone into the magistrate’s private room and returned with a small looking-glass, which he handed up to his worship.

As Mr. Brown looked in the glass, the smile of expectancy left his face. In a moment or two, he put down the glass gravely, took off the spectacles and handed them to the clerk,

THE MAGIC GLASSES

who returned them to Mr. Penry. After a pause, he said shortly:

“It is well, perhaps, to leave all these matters of fact to a jury. I will accept a small bail, Mr. Penry,” he went on; “but I think you must be bound over to answer this charge at the sessions.”

I caught the words, “£50 a-piece in two sureties and his own recognisances in £100,” and then Mr. Penry was told by the policeman to go and wait in the body of the court till the required sureties were forthcoming. By chance, the old man came and sat beside me and I was able to examine him closely. His moustache and beard must have been auburn at one time, but now the reddish tinge seemed only to discolour the grey. The beard was thin and long and unkempt, and added to the forlorn untidiness of his appearance. He carried his head bent forward, as if the neck were too weak to support it. He seemed feeble and old and neglected. He caught me looking at him, and I noticed that his eyes were a clear blue, as if he were younger than I had thought. His gentle, scholarly manner and refined voice had won my sympathy; and, when our eyes met, I introduced myself and told him I should be glad to be one of his sureties, if that would save him time or trouble. He thanked me with a sort of detached courtesy: he would gladly accept my offer.

“You stated your case,” I remarked, “so that you confused the magistrate. You almost said that you glasses were—magic glasses,” I went on, smiling and hesitating, because I did not wish to offend him, and yet hardly knew how to convey the impression his words had left upon me.

THE EQUINOX

“Magic glasses,” he repeated gravely, as if weighing the words; “yes, you might call them magic glasses.”

To say that I was astonished only gives a faint idea of my surprise and wonder:

“Surely, you don’t mean that they show things as they are,” I asked: “the truth of things?”

“That is what I mean,” he replied quietly.

“Then they are not ordinary glasses?” I remarked inanely.

“No,” he repeated gravely; “not ordinary glasses.”

He had a curious trick, I noticed, of peering at one very intently with narrowed eyes and then blinking rapidly several times in succession as if the strain were too great to be borne.

He had made me extremely curious, and yet I did not like to ask outright to be allowed to try a pair of his glasses; so I went on with my questions:

“But, if they show truth, how was it that Mr. Hallett could see nothing through them?”

“Simply because he has no sense of reality; he has killed the innate faculty for truth. It was probably at not time very great,” went on this strange merchant, smiling; “but his trader’s habits have utterly destroyed it; he has so steeped himself in lies that he is now blind to the truth, incapable of perceiving it. The workman, you remember, could see fairly well through his spectacles.”

“Yes,” I replied laughing; “and the magistrate evidently saw a good deal more through his than he cared to acknowledge.”

The old man laughed too, in an ingenuous, youthful way that I found charming.

At last I got to the Rubicon.

THE MAGIC GLASSES

“Would you let me buy a pair of your glasses?” I asked.

“I shall be delighted to give you a pair, if you will accept them,” he replied, with eager courtesy; “my surety ought certainly to have a pair”; and then he peered at me in his curious, intent way. A moment later, he turned round, and opening his tray, picked out a pair of spectacles and handed them to me.

I put them on with trembling eagerness and stared about me. The magistrate had told the truth; they altered everything: the people were the same and yet not the same; this face was coarsened past all description; that face sharpened and made hideous with greed; and the other brutalized with lust. One recognized, so to speak, the dominant passion in each person. Something moved me to turn my glasses on the merchant; if I was astounded before, I was now lost in wonder: the glasses transfigured him. The grey beard was tinged with gold, the blue eyes luminous with intelligence; all the features ennobled; the countenance irradiated sincerity and kindness. I pulled off the glasses hastily and the vision passed away. Mr. Penry was looking at me with a curious little pleased smile of anticipation: involuntarily, I put out my hand to him with a sort of reverence:

“Wonderful,” I exclaimed; “your face is wonderful and all the others grotesque and hideous. What does it mean? Tell me! Won’t you?”

“You must come with me to my room,” he said, “where we can talk freely, and I think you will not regret having helped me. I should like to explain everything to you. There are so few men,” he added, “who proffer help to another

THE EQUINOX

man in difficulty. I should like to show you that I am grateful.”

“There is no cause for gratitude,” I said hastily; “I have done nothing.”

His voice now seemed to me to be curiously refined and impressive, and recalled to me the vision of his face, made beautiful by the strange glasses. . . .

I have been particular to put down how Mr. Penry first appeared to me, because after I had once seen him through his spectacles, I never saw him again as I had seen him at first. Remembering my earliest impressions of him, I used to wonder how I could have been so mistaken. His face had refinement and gentleness in every line; a certain courage, too, that was wholly spiritual. Already I was keenly interested in Mr. Penry; eager to know more about him; to help him, if that were possible, in any and every way.

Some time elapsed before the formalities for his bail were arranged, and then I persuaded him to come out with me to lunch. He got up quietly, put the leathern straps over his shoulders, tucked the big case under his arm and walked into the street with perfect self-possession; and I was not now in any way ashamed of his appearance, as I should have been an hour or two before: I was too excited even to feel pride; I was simply glad and curious.

And this favourable impression grew with everything Mr. Penry said and did, till at last nothing but service would content me; so, after lunch, I put him into a cab and drove him off to my own solicitor. I found Mr. Morris, of Messrs. Morris, Coote and Co., quite willing to take up his case at the sessions; willing, too, to believe that the charge was “trumped

THE MAGIC GLASSES

up” by the police and without serious foundation. But, when I drew Mr. Morris aside and tried to persuade him that his new client was a man of extraordinary powers, he smiled incredulously.

“You are enthusiastic, Mr. Winter,” he said half reproachfully; “but we solicitors are compelled to see things in the cold light of reason. Why should you undertake to defend this Mr. Penry? Of course if you have made up your mind,” he went on, passing over my interruption, “I shall do my best for him; but if I were you, I’d keep my eyes open and do nothing rashly.”

In order to impress him, I put on a similar cold tone and declared that Mr. Penry was a friend of mine and that he must leave no stone unturned to vindicate his honesty. And with this I went back to Mr. Penry, and we left the office together.

Mr. Penry’s lodging disappointed me; my expectations, I am afraid, were now tuned far above the ordinary. It was in Chelsea, high up, in a rickety old house overlooking a dingy road and barges drawn up on the slimy, fetid mud-banks. And yet, even here, romance was present for the romantic; the fog-wreaths curling over the river clothed the houses opposite in soft mystery, as if they had been draped in blue samite, and through the water-laden air the sun glowed round and red as a fiery wheel of Phaeton’s chariot. The room was very bare; by the broad low window stood a large deal table crowded with instruments and glasses; strong electric lamps on the right and left testified to the prolonged labours of the optician. The roof of the garret ran up towards the centre, and by the wall there was a low truckle-bed, fenced off by a cheap Japanese paper-screen. The whole of the wall between

THE EQUINOX

the bed and the window was furnished with pine-shelves, filled with books; everything was neat, but the room seemed friendless and cold in the thick, damp air.

There we sat and talked together, till the sun slid out of sight and the fog thickened and night came on: there our acquaintance, so strangely begun, grew to friendship. Before we went to dinner, the old man had shown me the portraits of his two daughters and a little miniature of his wife, who had died fifteen years before.

It was the first of many talks in that room, the first of many confidences. Bit by bit, I heard the whole of Mr. Penry's history. It was told to me piecemeal and inconsequently, as a friend talks to a friend in growing intimacy; and, if I now let Mr. Penry tell his tale in regular sequence and at one stretch, it is mainly in order to spare the reader the tedium of interrupted narration and needless repetitions.

* * * * *

“My father was an optician,” Mr. Penry began, “and a maker of spectacles in Chelsea. We lived over the shop in the King's Road, and my childhood was happy enough, but not in any way peculiar. Like other healthy children, I liked play much better than lessons; but my school-days were too uneventful, too empty of love to be happy. My mother died when I was too young to know or regret her, and my father was kind, in spite of his precise, puritanical ways. I was the only boy, which perhaps made him kinder to me, and very much younger than my two sisters, who were grown up when I was in short clothes and who married and left my father's house before I had got to know them, or to feel much affection for them.

THE MAGIC GLASSES

“When I was about sixteen, my father took me from school and began teaching me his own trade. He had been an admirable workman in his time, of the old English sort --- careful and capable, though somewhat slow. The desire was always present in him to grind and polish each glass as well as he could, and this practice had given him a certain repute with a circle of good customers. He taught me every part of his craft as he had learnt it; and, in the next five or six years, imbued me with his own wish to do each piece of work as perfectly as possible. But this period of imitation did not last long. Before I reached manhood, I began to draw apart from my father, to live my own life and to show a love of reading and thinking foreign to his habit. It was religion which separated us. At school I had learnt some French and German, and in both languages I came across sceptical opinions which slowly grew in my mind, and in time led me to discard and almost to dislike the religion of my father. I mention this simply because any little originality in me seemed to spring from this inquiry and from the mental struggle that convulsed three or four years of my youth. For months and months I read feverishly to conquer my doubts, and then I read almost as eagerly to confirm my scepticism.

“I still remember the glow of surprise and hope which came over me the first time I read that Spinoza, one of the heroes of my thought, had also made his living by polishing glasses. He was the best workman of his time, the book said, and I determined to become the best workman of my time; and, from that moment, I took to my trade seriously, strenuously.

“I learned everything I could about glass, and began to

THE EQUINOX

make my own material, after the best recipes. I got books on optics, too, and studied them, and so, bit by bit, mastered the science of my craft.

“I was not more than nineteen or twenty when my father found out that I was a much better workman than his assistant Thompson. Some glasses had been sent to us from a great oculist in Harley Street, with a multitude of minute directions. They had been made by Thompson, and were brought back to us one afternoon by a very fidgety old gentleman who declared that they did not suit him at all. The letter which he showed from Sir William Creighton, the oculist, hinted that the glasses were not carefully made. My father was out, and in his absence I opened the letter. As soon as I had looked at the glasses, I saw that the complaint was justified, and I told the old gentleman so. He turned out to be the famous parliamentary speaker, Lord B. He said to me testily:

“All right, young man; you make my glasses correctly and I shall be satisfied; but not till then; you understand, not till then.”

“I smiled at him and told him I would do the work myself, and he went out of the shop muttering, as if only half reassured by my promises. Then I determined to show what I could do. When my father returned, I told him what had happened, and asked him to leave the work to me. He consented, and I went off at once to the little workshop I had made in our back-yard and settled down to the task. I made my glass and polished it, and then ground the spectacles according to the directions. When I had finished, I sent them to Sir William Creighton with a note, and a few days afterwards we had another visit from Lord B., who told my

THE MAGIC GLASSES

father that he had never had such glasses and that I was a "perfect treasure." Like many very crochety people, he was hard to satisfy, but one satisfied he was as lavish in praise as in blame. Lord B. made my reputation as a maker of spectacles, and for years I was content with this little triumph. . . .

"I married when I was about two- or three-and-twenty, and seven or eight years afterwards my father died. The gap caused by his death, the void of loss and loneliness, was more than filled up by my young children. I had two little girls who, at this time, were a source of perpetual interest to me. How one grows to love the little creatures, with their laughter and tears, their hopes and questions and make-believe! And how one's love for them is intensified by all the trouble one takes to win their love and by all the plans one weaves for their future! But all this is common human experience and will only bore you. A man's happiness is not interesting to other people, and I don't know that much happiness is good for a man himself; at any rate, during the ten or fifteen years in which I was happiest, I did least; made least progress, I mean, as a workman and the least intellectual advantage as a man. But when my girls began to grow up and detach themselves from the home, my intellectual nature began to stir again. One must have some interests in life, and, if the heart is empty, the head becomes busier, I often think.

"One day I had a notable visit. A man came in to get a pair of spectacles made: a remarkable man. He was young, gay and enthusiastic, with an astonishing flow of words, an astonishing brightness of speech and manner. He seemed to light up the dingy old shop with his vivacity and happy frankness. He wanted spectacles to correct a slight dissimilarity between his

THE EQUINOX

right eye and his left, and he had been advised to come to me by Sir William Creighton, as the glasses would have to be particularly well made. I promised to work at them myself, and on that he burst out:

“I shall be very curious to see whether perfect eyes help or hurt my art. You know I am a painter,” he went on, throwing his hair back from his forehead, ‘and each of us painters sees life in his own way, and beauty with certain peculiarities. It would be curious, wouldn’t it? if talent came from a difference between one’s eyes!’

“I smiled at his eagerness, and took down his name, then altogether unknown to me; but soon to become known and memorable above all other names: Dante Gabriel Rossetti. I made the glasses and he was enthusiastic about them, and brought me a little painting of himself by way of gratitude.

“There it is,” said Penry, pointing to a little panel that hung by his bedside; “the likeness of an extraordinary man—a genius, if ever there was one. I don’t know why he took to me, except that I admired him intensely; my shop, too, was near his house in Chelsea, and he used often to drop in and pass an hour in my back parlour and talk—such talk as I had never heard before and have never heard since. His words were food and drink to me, and more than that. Either his thoughts or the magic of his personality supplied my mind with the essence of growth and vigour which had hitherto been lacking to it; in a very real sense, Rossetti became my spiritual father. He taught me things about art that I had never imagined; opened to me a new heaven and a new earth and, above all, showed me that my craft, too, had artistic possibilities in it that I had never dreamed of before.

THE MAGIC GLASSES

“I shall never forget the moment when he first planted the seed in me that has grown and grown till it has filled my life. It was in my parlour behind the shop. He had been talking in his eager, vivid way, pouring out truths and thoughts, epigrams and poetry, as a great jeweller sometimes pours gems from hand to hand. I had sat listening open-mouthed, trying to remember as much as I could, to assimilate some small part of all that word-wealth. He suddenly stopped, and we smoked on for a few minutes in silence; then he broke out again:

“ ‘Do you know, my solemn friend,’ he said abruptly, ‘that I struck an idea the other day which might suit you. I was reading one of Walter Scott’s novels: that romantic stuff of his amuses me, you know, though it isn’t as deep as the sea. Well, I found out that, about a hundred years ago, a man like you made what they call Claude-glasses. I suppose they were merely rose-tinted,’ he laughed, ‘but at any rate, they were supposed to make everything beautiful in a Claude-like way. Now, why shouldn’t you make such glasses? It would do Englishmen a lot of good to see things rose-tinted for a while. Then, too, you might make Rossetti-glasses,’ he went on, laughingly, ‘and, if these dull Saxons could only get a glimpse of the passion that possesses him, it would wake them up, I know. Why not go to work, my friend, at something worth doing? Do you know,’ he continued seriously, ‘there might be something in it. I don’t believe, if I had had your glasses at the beginning, I should ever have been the artist I am. I mean,’ he said, talking half to himself, ‘if my eyes had been all right from the beginning, I might perhaps have been contented with what I saw. But as my eyes were imperfect I

THE EQUINOX

tried to see things as my soul saw them, and so invented looks and gestures that the real world would never have given me.'

"I scarcely understood what he meant," said Mr. Penry, "but his words dwelt with me: the ground had been prepared for them; he had prepared it; and at once they took root in me and began to grow. I could not get the idea of the Claude-glasses and the Rossetti-glasses out of my head, and at last I advertised for a pair of those old Claude-glasses, and in a month or so a pair turned up.

"You may imagine that while I was waiting, time hung heavy on my hands. I longed to be at work; I wanted to realize the idea that had come to me while Rossetti was talking. During my acquaintance with him, I had been to his studio a dozen times, and had got to know and admire that type of woman's beauty which is now connected with his name; the woman, I mean, with swanlike throat and languid air and heavy-lidded eyes, who conveys to all of us now something of Rossetti's insatiable passion. But, while I was studying his work and going about steeped in the emotion of it, I noticed one day half a dozen girls whom Rossetti could have taken as models. I had begun, in fact, to see the world as Rossetti saw it; and this talk of his about the Claude-glasses put the idea into my head that I might, indeed, be able to make a pair of spectacles which would enable people to see the world as Rossetti saw it and as I saw it when Rossetti's influence had entire possession of me. This would be a great deal easier to do, I said to myself, than to make a pair of Claude-glasses; for, after all, I did not know what Claude's eyes were really like and I did know the peculiarity of Rossetti's eyes. I accordingly began to study the disparate

THE MAGIC GLASSES

quality in Rossetti's eyes and, after making a pair of spectacles that made my eyes see unequally to the same degree, I found that the Rossettian vision of things was sharpened and intensified to me. From that moment on, my task was easy. I had only to study any given pair of eyes and then to alter them so that they possessed the disparity of Rossetti's eyes and the work was half done. I found, too, that I could increase this disparity a little and, in proportion as I increased it, I increased also the peculiarity of what I called the Rossettian view of things; but, if I made the disparity too great, everything became blurred again.

“My researches had reached this point, when the pair of old Claude-glasses came into my hands. I saw at a glance that the optician of the eighteenth century had no knowledge of my work. He had contented himself, as Rossetti had guessed, with colouring the glasses very delicately and in several tints; in fact, he had studied the colour-peculiarities of the eye as I had studied its form-peculiarities. With this hint, I completed my work. It took me only a few days to learn that Rossetti's view of colour was just as limited, or, I should say, just as peculiar, as his view of form; and, when I once understood the peculiarities of his colour-sight, I could reproduce them as easily as I could reproduce the peculiarities of his vision of form. I then set to work to get both these peculiarities into half a dozen different sets of glasses.

“The work took me some six or eight months; and, when I had done my best, I sent a little note round to Rossetti and awaited his coming with painful eagerness, hope and fear swaying me in turn. When he came, I gave him a pair of the spectacles; and, when he put them on and looked out into the

THE EQUINOX

street, I watched him. He was surprised—that I could see—and more than a little puzzled. While he sat thinking, I explained to him what the old Claude-glasses were like and how I had developed his suggestion into this present discovery.

“‘You are an artist, my friend,’ he cried at last, ‘and a new kind of artist. If you can make people see the world as Claude saw it and as I see it, you can go on to make them see it as Rembrandt saw it and Velasquez. You can make the dullards understand life as the greatest have understood it. But that is impossible,’ he added, his face falling: ‘that is only a dream. You have got my real eyes, therefore you can force others to see as I see; but you have not the real eyes of Rembrandt, or Velasquez, or Titian; you have not the physical key to the souls of the great masters of the past; and so your work can only apply to the present and to the future. But that is enough, and more than enough,’ he added quickly. ‘Go on: there are Millais’ eyes to get too; and Corot’s in France, and half a dozen others; and glad I shall be to put you on the scent. You will do wonderful things, my friend, wonderful things.’

“I was mightily uplifted by his praise and heart-glad, too, in my own way; but resolved at the same time not to give up the idea of making Velasquez-glasses and Rembrandt-glasses; for I had come to know and to admire these masters through Rossetti’s talk. He was always referring to them, quoting them, so to say; and, for a long time past, I had accustomed myself to spend a couple of afternoons each week in our National Gallery, in order to get some knowledge of the men who were the companions of his spirit.

“For nearly a year after this, I spent every hour of my spare

THE MAGIC GLASSES

time studying in the National; and at last it seemed to me that I had got Titian's range of colour quite as exactly as the old glasses had got Claude's. But it was extraordinarily difficult to get his vision of form. However, I was determined to succeed; and, with infinite patience and after numberless attempts, success began slowly to come to me. To cut a long story short, I was able, in eight or ten years, to construct these four or five different sorts of glasses. Claude-glasses and Rossetti-glasses, of course; and also Titian-glasses, Velasquez-glasses and Rembrandt-glasses; and again my mind came to anchor in the work accomplished. Not that I stopped thinking altogether; but that for some time my thoughts took no new flight, but hovered round and about the known. As soon as I had made the first pair of Rossetti-glasses, I began to teach my assistant, Williams, how to make them too, in order to put them before the public. We soon got a large sale for them. Chelsea, you know—old Chelsea, I mean—is almost peopled with artists, and many of them came about me and began to make my shop a rendezvous, where they met and brought their friends and talked; for Rossetti had a certain following, even in his own lifetime. But my real success came with the Titian-glasses. The great Venetian's romantic view of life and beauty seemed to exercise an irresistible seduction upon every one, and the trade in his glasses soon became important.

“My home life at this time was not as happy as it had been. In those long years of endless experiment, my daughters had grown up and married, and my wife, I suppose, widowed of her children, wanted more of my time and attention, just when I was taken away by my new work and began to give her

THE EQUINOX

less. She used to complain at first; but, when she saw that complaints did not alter me, she retired into herself, as it were; and I saw less and less of her. And then, when my work was done and my new trade established, my shop, as I have told you, became the rendezvous for artists, and I grew interested in the frank, bright faces and the youthful, eager voice, and renewed my youth in the company of the young painters and writers who used to seek me out. Suddenly, I awoke to the fact that my wife was ill, very ill, and, almost before I had fully realised how weak she was, she died. The loss was greater than I would have believed possible. She was gentle and kind, and I missed her every day and every hour. I think that was the beginning of my dislike for the shop, the shop that had made me neglect her. The associations of it reminded me of my fault; the daily requirements of it grew irksome to me.

“About this time, too, I began to miss Rossetti and the vivifying influences of his mind and talk. He went into the country a great deal and for long periods I did not see him, and, when at length we met, I found that the virtue was going out of him: he had become moody and irritable, a neuropath. Of course, the intellectual richness in him could not be hidden altogether: now and then, he would break out and talk in the old magical way:

And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
Till mean things put on beauty like a dress
And all the world was an enchanted place.

But, more often, he was gloomy and harassed, and it saddened and oppressed me to meet him. The young artists who came

THE MAGIC GLASSES

to my shop did not fill his place; they chattered gaily enough, but none of them was a magician as he had been, and I began to realise that genius such as his is one of the rarest gifts in the world.

“I am trying, with all brevity, to explain to you the causes of my melancholy and my dissatisfaction: but I don’t think I have done it very convincingly; and yet, about this time, I had grown dissatisfied, ill at ease, restless. And once again my heart-emptiness drove me to work and think. The next step forward came inevitably from the last one I had taken.

“While studying the great painters, I had begun to notice that there was a certain quality common to all of them, a certain power they all possessed when working at highest pressure: the power of seeing things as they are—the vital and essential truth of things. I don’t mean to say that all of them possessed this faculty to the same degree. Far from it. The truth of things to Titian is overlaid with romance: he is memorable mainly for his magic of colour and beauty; while Holbein is just as memorable for his grasp of reality. But compare Titian with Giorgione or Tintoretto, and you will see that his apprehension of the reality of things is much greater than theirs. It is that which distinguishes him from the other great colourists of Venice. And, as my own view of life grew sadder and clearer, it came to me gradually as a purpose that I should try to make glasses that would show the reality, the essential truth of things, as all the great masters had seen it; and so I set to work again on a new quest.

“About this time, I found out that, though I had many more customers in my shop, I had not made money out of my

THE EQUINOX

artistic enterprises. My old trade as a spectacle-maker was really the most profitable branch of my business. The sale of the Rossetti-glasses and the Titian-glasses, which at first had been very great, fell off quickly as the novelty passed away, and it was soon apparent that I had lost more than I had gained by my artistic inventions. But whether I made £1500 a year, or £1000 a year, was a matter of indifference to me. I had doubled that cape of forty which to me marks the end of youth in a man, and my desires were shrinking as my years increased. As long as I had enough to satisfy my wants, I was not greedy of money.

“This new-born desire of mine to make glasses which would show the vital truth of things soon began to possess me; and, gradually, I left the shop to take care of itself, left it in the hands of my assistant, Williams, and spent more and more time in the little workshop at the back, which had been the theatre of all my achievements. I could not tell you how long I worked at the problem; I only know that it cost me years and years, and that, as I gave more time and labour to it and more and more of the passion of my soul, so I came to love it more intensely and to think less of the ordinary business of life. At length, I began to live in a sort of dream, possessed by the one purpose. I used to get up at night and go on with the work and rest in the day. For months together, I scarcely ate anything, in the hope that hunger might sharpen my faculties; at another time, I lived almost wholly on coffee, hoping that this would have the same effect; and, at length, bit by bit, and slowly, I got nearer to the goal of my desire. But, when I reached it, when I had constructed glasses that would reveal the naked truth, show things as they were and men and

THE MAGIC GLASSES

women as they were, I found that circumstances about me had changed lamentably.

“In the midst of my work, I had known without realising it that Williams had left me and started a shop opposite, with the object of selling the artistic glasses, of which he declared himself the inventor; but I paid no attention to this at the time, and when, two or three years afterwards, I awoke again to the ordinary facts of life, I found that my business had almost deserted me. I am not sure, but I think it was a notice to pay some debts which I hadn’t the money to pay, that first recalled me completely to the realities of everyday life. What irony there is in the world! Here was I, who had been labouring for years and years with the one object of making men see things as they are and men and women as they are, persecuted now and undone by the same reality which I was trying to reveal.

“My latest invention, too, was a commercial failure: the new glasses did not not sell at all. Nine people out of ten in England are truthblind, and could make nothing of the glasses; and the small minority, who have the sense of real things, kept complaining that the view of life which my glasses showed them, was not pleasant: as if that were any fault of mine. Williams, too, my assistant, did me a great deal of harm. He devoted himself merely to selling my spectacles; and the tradesman succeeded where the artist and thinker starved. As soon as he found out what my new glasses were, he began to treat me contemptuously; talked of me at times as a sort of half-madman, whose brain was turned by the importance given to his inventions; and at other times declared that I had never invented anything at all, for the idea

THE EQUINOX

of the artistic glasses had been suggested by Rossetti. The young painters who frequented his shop took pleasure in spreading this legend and attributing to Rossetti what Rossetti would have been the first to disclaim. I found myself abandoned, and hours used to pass without any one coming into my shop. The worst of it was that, when chance gave me a customer, I soon lost him: the new glasses pleased no one.

“At this point, I suppose, if I had been gifted with ordinary prudence, I should have begun to retrace my steps; but either we grow more obstinate as we grow older, or else the soul’s passion grows by the sacrifices we make for it. Whatever the motives of my obstinacy may have been, the disappointment, the humiliation I went through seemed only to nerve me to a higher resolution. I knew I had done good work, and the disdain shown to me drove me in upon myself and my own thoughts.”

*

*

*

*

*

So much I learned from Mr. Penry in the first few days of our acquaintance, and then for weeks and weeks he did not tell me any more. He seemed to regard the rest of his story as too fantastic and improbable for belief, and he was nervously apprehensive lest he should turn me against him by telling it. Again and again, however, he hinted at further knowledge, more difficult experiments, a more arduous seeking, till my curiosity was all aflame, and I pressed him, perhaps unduly, for the whole truth.

In those weeks of constant companionship, our friendship had grown with almost every meeting. It was impossible to escape the charm of Penry’s personality! He was so absorbed in his work, so heedless of the ordinary vanities and greeds of

THE MAGIC GLASSES

men, so simple and kindly and sympathetic, that I grew to love him. He had his little faults, of course, his little peculiarities; surface irritabilities of temper; moments of undue depression, in which he depreciated himself and his work; moments of undue elation, in which he over-estimated the importance of what he had done. He would have struck most people as a little flighty and uncertain, I think; but his passionate devotion to his work lifted the soul, and his faults were, after all, insignificant in comparison with his noble and rare qualities. I had met no one in life who aroused the higher impulses in me as he did. It seemed probable that his latest experiments would be the most daring and the most instructive, and, accordingly, I pressed him to tell me about them with some insistence, and, after a time, he consented:

“I don’t know how it came about,” he began, “but the contempt of men for my researches exercised a certain influence on me, and at length I took myself seriously to task: was there any reason for their disdain and dislike? Did these glasses of mine really show things as they are, or was I offering but a new caricature of truth, which people were justified in rejecting as unpleasant? I took up again my books on optics and studied the whole subject anew from the beginning. Even as I worked, a fear grew upon me: I felt that there was another height before me to climb, and that the last bit of the road would probably be the steepest of all. . . . In the Gospels,” he went on, in a low, reverent voice, “many things are symbolic and of universal application, and it always seemed to me significant that the Hill of Calvary came at the end of the long journey. But I shrank from another prolonged effort; I said to myself that I couldn’t face another task like the last.

THE EQUINOX

But, all the while, I had a sort of uncomfortable prescience that the hardest part of my life's work lay before me.

“One day, a casual statement stirred me profoundly. The primary colours, you know, are red, yellow and blue. The colours shown in the rainbow vary from red to blue and violet; and the vibrations, or lengths, of the light-waves that give us violet grow shorter and shorter and, at length, give us red.

“These vibrations can be measured. One day, quite by chance, I came across the statement that there were innumerable light-waves longer than those which give violet. At once the question sprang: were these longer waves represented by colours which we don't see, colours for which we have no name, colours of which we can form no conception? And was the same thing true of the waves which, growing shorter and shorter, give us the sensation of red? There is room, of course, for myriads of colours beyond this other extremity of our vision. A little study convinced me that my guess was right; for all the colours which we see are represented to our sense of feeling in degrees of heat: that is, blue shows one reading on the thermometer and red a higher reading; and by means of this new standard, I discovered that man's range of vision is not even placed in the middle of the register of heat, but occupies a little space far up towards the warmer extremity of it. There are thousands of degrees of cold lower than blue and hundreds of degrees of heat above red. All these gradations are doubtless represented by colours which no human eye can perceive, no human mind can imagine. It is with sight as with sound. We know now that there are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence. We men are

THE MAGIC GLASSES

poor restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the walls of a cell, hearing only a part of nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly; seeing only a thousandth part of the colour-marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially. Here was new knowledge with a vengeance! Knowledge that altered all my work! How was I to make glasses to show all this? Glasses that would reveal things as they are and must be to higher beings—the ultimate reality. At once, the new quest became the object of my life and, somehow or other I knew before I began the work that the little scraps of comfort or of happiness which I had preserved up to this time, I should now forfeit. I realised with shrinking and fear, that this new inquiry would still further remove me from the sympathy of my fellows.

“My prevision was justified. I had hardly got well to work—that is, I had only spent a couple of years in vain and torturing experiments—when I was one day arrested for debt. I had paid no attention to the writ; the day of trial came and went without my knowing anything about it; and there was a man in possession of my few belongings before I understood what was going on. Then I was taught by experience that to owe money is the one unforgivable sin in the nation of shopkeepers. My goods were sold up and I was brought to utter destitution”—the old man paused—“and then sent to prison because I could not pay.”

“But,” I asked, “did your daughters do nothing? Surely, they could have come to your help?”

“Oh! they were more than kind,” he replied simply, “the eldest especially, perhaps because she was childless herself. I called her Gabrielle,” he added, lingering over the name; “she

THE EQUINOX

was very good to me. As soon as she heard the news, she paid my debt and set me free. She bought things, too, and fitted out two nice rooms for me and arranged everything again quite comfortably; but you see," he went on with a timid, depreciating smile, "I tired out even her patience: I could not work at anything that brought in money and I was continually spending money for my researches. The nice furniture went first; the pretty tables and chairs and then the bed. I should have wearied an angel. Again and again, Gabrielle bought me furniture and made me tidy and comfortable, as she said, and again and again, like a spendthrift boy, I threw it all away. How could I think of tables and chairs, when I was giving my life to my work? Besides, I always felt that the more I was plagued and punished, the more certain I was to get out the best in me: solitude and want are the twin nurses of the soul."

"But didn't you wish to get any recognition, any praise?" I broke in.

"I knew by this time," he answered, "that, in proportion as my work was excellent, I should find fewer to understand it. How many had I seen come to praise and honour while Rossetti fell to nerve-disease and madness; and yet his work endures and will endure, while theirs is already forgotten. The tree that grows to a great height wins to solitude even in a forest: its highest outshoots find no companions save the winds and stars. I tried to console myself with such similes as this," he went on, with a deprecatory smile, "for the years passed and I seemed to come no nearer to success. At last, the way opened for me a little, and, after eight or ten years of incessant experiment, I found that partial success was all I

THE MAGIC GLASSES

should ever accomplish. Listen! There is not one pair of eyes in a million that could ever see what I had taught myself to see, for the passion of the soul brings with it its own reward. After caring for nothing but truth for twenty years, thinking of nothing but truth, and wearying after it, I could see it more clearly than other men: get closer to it than they could. So the best part of my labour—I mean the highest result of it—became personal, entirely personal, and this disappointed me. If I could do no good to others by it, what was my labour but a personal gratification? And what was that to me—at my age! I seemed to lose heart, to lose zest. . . . Perhaps it was that old age had come upon me, that the original sum of energy in me had been spent, that my bolt was shot. It may be so.

“The fact remains that I lost the desire to go on, and, when I had lost that, I woke up, of course, to the ordinary facts of life once again. I had no money: I was weak from semi-starvation and long vigils, prematurely old and decrepit. Once more, Gabrielle came to my assistance. She fitted up this room, and then I went out to sell my glass, as a pedlar. I bought the tray and made specimens of all the spectacles I had made, and hawked them about the streets. Why shouldn't I? No work is degrading to the spirit, none, and I could not be a burden to the one I loved, now I knew that my best efforts would not benefit others. I did not get along very well: the world seemed strange to me, and men a little rough and hard. Besides, the police seemed to hate me; I don't know why. Perhaps, because I was poor, and yet unlike the poor they knew. They persecuted me, and the magistrates before whom they brought me always believed them and

THE EQUINOX

never believed me. I have been punished times without number for obstruction, though I never annoyed any one. The police never pretended that I had cheated or stolen from any one before; but, after all, this latest charge of theirs brought me to know you and gave me your friendship; and so I feel that all the shame has been more than made up to me.”

My heart burned within me as he spoke so gently of his unmerited sufferings. I told him I was proud of being able to help him. He put his hand on mine with a little smile of comprehension.

A day or two later curiosity awoke in me again, and I asked him to let me see a pair of the new glasses, those that show the ultimate truth of things.

“Perhaps, some day,” he answered quietly. I suppose my face fell, for, after a while, he went on meditatively: “There are faults in them, you see, shortcomings and faults in you, too, my friend. Believe me, if I were sure that they would cheer or help you in life, I would let you use them quickly enough; but I am beginning to doubt their efficacy. Perhaps the truth of things is not for man.”

* * * * *

When we entered the court on the day of Penry’s trial, Morris and myself were of opinion that the case would not last long and that it would certainly be decided in our favour. The only person who seemed at all doubtful of the issue was Penry himself. He smiled at me, half pityingly, when I told him that in an hour we should be on our way home. The waiting seemed interminable, but at length the case was called. The counsel for the prosecution got up and talked perfunctorily for

THE MAGIC GLASSES

five minutes, with a sort of careless unconcern that seemed to me callous and unfeeling. Then he began to call his witnesses. The workman, I noticed, was not in the court. His evidence had been rather in favour of the accused, and the prosecution, on that account, left it out. But Mr. 'Allett, as he called himself, of 'Igh 'Olborn, was even more voluble and vindictive than he had been at the police-court. He had had time to strengthen his evidence, too, to make it more bitter and more telling, and he had used his leisure malignantly. It seemed to me that every one should have seen his spite and understood the vileness of his motives. But no; again and again, the judge emphasised those parts of his story which seemed to tell most against the accused. The judge was evidently determined that the jury should not miss any detail of the accusation, and his own bias appeared to me iniquitous. But there was a worse surprise in store for us. After Hallett, the prosecution called a canon of Westminster, a stout man, with heavy jowl and loose, suasive lips, Canon Bayton. He told us how he had grown interested in Penry and in his work, and how he had bought all his earlier glasses, the Rossetti-glasses, as he called them. The cannon declared that these artistic glasses threw a very valuable light on things, redeemed the coarseness and commonness of life and made reality beautiful and charming. He was not afraid to say that he regarded them as instruments for good; but the truth-revealing glasses seemed to excite his utmost hatred and indignation. He could not find a good word to say for them: they only showed, he said, what was terrible and brutal in life. When looking through them, all beauty vanished, the charming flesh-covering fell away and you saw the death's-head grinning at you. Instead of parental affection, you found

THE EQUINOX

personal vanity; instead of the tenderness of the husband for the wife, gross and common sensuality. All high motives withered, and, instead of the flowers of life, you were compelled to look at the wormlike roots and the clinging dirt. He concluded his evidence by assuring the jury that they would be doing a good thing if they put an end to the sale of such glasses. The commerce was worse than fraudulent, he declared; it was a blasphemy against God and an outrage on human nature. The unctuous canon seemed to me worse than all the rest; but the effect he had on the jury was unmistakable, and our barrister, Symonds, refused to cross-examine him. To do so, he said, would only strengthen the case for the prosecution, and I have no doubt that he was right, for Morris agreed with him.

But even the prosecuting witnesses did not hurt us more than the witnesses for the defence. Mr. Penry had been advised by Mr. Morris to call witnesses to his character, and he had called half a dozen of the most respectable tradesmen of his acquaintance. One and all did him harm rather than good; they all spoke of having known him twenty years before, when he was well-to-do and respectable. They laid stress upon what they called "his fall in life." They all seemed to think that he had neglected his business and come to ruin by his own fault. No one of them had the faintest understanding of the man, or of his work. It was manifest from the beginning that these witnesses damaged our case, and this was apparently the view of the prosecuting barrister, for he scarcely took the trouble to cross-examine them.

It was with a sigh of relief that I saw Mr. Penry go into the box to give evidence on his own behalf. Now, I thought, the

THE MAGIC GLASSES

truth will come to light. He stated everything with the utmost clearness and precision; but no one seemed to believe him. The wish to understand him was manifestly wanting in the jury, and from the beginning the judge took sides against him. From time to time, he interrupted him just to bring out what he regarded as the manifest falseness of his testimony.

“You say that these glasses show truth,” he said. “Who wants to see truth?”

“Very few,” was Penry’s reply.

“Why, then, did you make the glasses,” went on the judge, “if you knew that they would disappoint people?”

“I thought it my duty to,” replied Penry.

“Your duty to disappoint and anger people?” retorted the judge, “a strange view to take of duty. And you got money for this unpleasant duty, didn’t you?”

“A little,” was Penry’s reply.

“Yes; but still you got money,” persisted the judge. “You persuaded people to buy your glasses, knowing that they would be disappointed in them, and you induced them to give you money for the disappointment. Have you anything else to urge in your defence?”

I was at my wit’s end; I scarcely knew how to keep quiet in my seat. It seemed to me so easy to see the truth. But even Penry seemed indifferent to the result, indifferent to a degree that I could scarcely explain or excuse. This last question, however, of the judge aroused him. As the harsh, contemptuous words fell upon the ear, he leaned forward, and, selecting a pair of spectacles, put them on and peered round the court. I noticed that he was slightly flushed. In a

THE EQUINOX

moment or two, he took the glasses off and turned to the judge:

“My lord,” he said, “you seem determined to condemn me, but, if you do condemn me, I want you to do it with some understanding of the facts. I have told you that there are very few persons in this country who have any faculty for truth, and that the few who have, usually have ruined their power before they reach manhood. You scoff and sneer at what I say, but still it remains the simple truth. I looked round the court just now to see if there was any one here young enough, ingenuous enough, pure enough, to give evidence on my behalf. I find that there is no one in the court to whom I can appeal with any hope of success. But, my lord, in the room behind this court there is a child sitting, a girl with fair hair, probably your lordship’s daughter. Allow me to call her as a witness, allow her to test the glasses and say what she sees through them, and then you will find that these glasses do alter and change things in a surprising way to those who can use them.”

“I don’t know how you knew it,” broke in the judge, “but my daughter is in my room waiting for me, and what you say seems to have some sense in it. But it is entirely unusual to call a child, and I don’t know that I have any right to allow it. Still, I don’t want you to feel that you have not had every opportunity of clearing yourself; so, if the jury consent, I am quite willing that they should hear what this new witness may have to say.”

“We are willing to hear the witness,” said the foreman, “but really, your lordship, our minds are made up about the case.”

THE MAGIC GLASSES

The next moment, the child came into the court—a girl of thirteen or fourteen, with a bright, intelligent face, a sort of shy fear troubling the directness of her approach.

“I want you to look through a pair of spectacles, my child,” said Penry to her, “and tell us just what you see through them,” and, as he spoke, he peered at her in his strange way, as if judging her eyes.

He then selected a pair of glasses and handed them to her. The child put them on and looked round the court, and then cried out suddenly:

“Oh, what strange people; and how ugly they all are. All ugly, except you who gave me the glasses; you are beautiful.” Turning hastily round, she looked at her father and added, “Oh, papa, you are—Oh!” and she took off the glasses quickly while a burning flush spread over her face.

“I don’t like these glasses,” she said indignantly, laying them down. “They are horrid! My father doesn’t look like that.”

“My child,” said Penry, very gently, “will you look through another pair of glasses? You see so much that perhaps you can see what is to be, as well as what is. Perhaps you can catch some glimpse even of the future.”

He selected another pair and handed them to the child. There was a hush of expectancy in the court; people who had scoffed at Penry before and smiled contempt, now leaned forward to hear, as if something extraordinary were about to happen. All eyes were riveted on the little girl’s face; every ear strained to hear what she would say. Round and round the court she looked through the strange glasses and then began to speak in a sort of frightened monotone:

THE EQUINOX

“I see nothing,” she said. “I mean there is no court and no people, only great white blocks, a sort of bluey-white. Is it ice? There are no trees, no animals; all is cold and white. It is ice. There is no living creature, no grass, no flowers, nothing moves. It is all cold, all dead.” In a frightened voice she added: “Is that the future?”

Penry leaned towards her eagerly:

“Look at the light, child,” he said; “follow the light up and tell us what you see.”

Again a strange hush; I heard my heart thumping while the child looked about her. Then, pulling off the glasses, she said peevishly:

“I can’t see anything more: it hurts my eyes.”

* * * * *

DEATH IN PRISON.

“Matthew Penry, whose trial for fraud and condemnation will probably still be remembered by our readers because of the very impressive evidence for the prosecution given by Canon Bayton, of Westminster, died, we understand, in Wandsworth Prison yesterday morning from syncope.”—
Extract from the *Times*, January 3, 1900.

FRANK HARRIS.

THE CHYMICAL JOUSTING OF
BROTHER PERARDUA

WITH THE SEVEN LANCES
THAT HE BRAKE



CARL HENTSCHEL, LTD. ENG., LONDON, E.C.

THE CHYMICAL JOUSTING OF
BROTHER PERARDUA

WITH THE SEVEN LANCES
THAT HE BRAKE

He slayeth Sir Argon le Paresseux.

Now Brother Perardua, though he was but a Zelator of our ancient Order, had determined in himself to perform the Magnum Opus, and to procure for himself one grain of the Powder, one minim of the Elixir, and the Tincture of Double Efficacy. Not fully did he yet comprehend the Mysterium of our Art, therefore impose he upon himself the sevenfold regimen. For without the Bell of Electrum Magicum of Paracelsus how should the adept even give warning to the Powers of the Work of his entry thereunto?

Yet our brother, being of stout heart—for he had been a soldier in many distant lands—began right cheerfully. His head that was hoary with eld he crowned with five petals of white lotus, as if to signify the purity of his bodyt, and went forth into that place where is no field, nor any furrow therein; and there he sowed a scroll that had two and twenty seeds diverse.

He slayeth Sir Abjad the Saracen.

Nor for all his care and labour could he gather therefrom more than seven plants, that shone in the blackness; and each

THE EQUINOX

plant beareth a single blossom that hath seven petals—one would have thought them stars; for though they were not of a verity in themselves brilliant and flashing, yet so black was that wherein they grew that they seemed brighter than suns. And these were placed one above the other in a single line and straight, even according unto the seven centres of his intention that he bare about him in the hollow tube that hath thirty and two joints.

He slayeth Sir Amorex le Desirous.

These plants did our brother Perardua pluck, as the mystic rites ordain; and these did he heat furiously in his alembic, yet with vegetable heat alone, while he kept them ever moist, dropping upon them of his lunar water, whereof he had three and seventy minims left of the eight and seventy that his Father had given him; and these he had borne upon a camel through the desert unto this place where he now was, which is called the Oasis of the Lion, even as the whole Regimen that in the end he accomplished is in the form of a Lion.

Thus then his Lion waxed exceeding thirsty, and licked up all that dew. But the fire being equal thereunto, he was not discomforted.

He slayeth Sir Lionel the Warder of the Marches.

So now indeed he had wrought the first Matter to a pitch of excellence beyond the human; for without trouble was his tincture thus beautiful. First, it had the crown and horns of Alexander the mighty king; also it had wings of fine sapphire; its fore part was like the Lion, whereby indeed it partook of the highest Virtue, and its hinder quarters were as a bull's.

BROTHER PERARDUA

Moreover it stood upon the White Sphere and the Red Cube; and it is not possible for any Elixir to exceed this, unless it be by Our path and working.

He slayeth Sir Merlin the Wizard.

Yet our brother Perardua—and by now he was right skilful at the athanor!—determined to attain to that higher Projection. Therefore he subtly prepared a Red Dragon, or as some alchemists will have it, a Fiery Flying Serpent, whereby he should eat up that Sphinx of his, that he had nourished with such ingenium and care.

Now this Red Dragon hath seven fiery coils, proper to the seven silver stars. Also was his head right venemous and greedy, and eight flames were about it; for that Sphinx had two wings and four feet and two horns; but the Serpent is one, even as the King is one.

He slayeth the Great Dragon called Stooping or Twisted.

Now then is this work utterly burnt up and abolished in that tremendous heat that is in the mouth and belly of the Dragon; and that which cometh forth therefrom is in no wise that which went in. Yet are these twelve the children of those two-and-twenty. So when he had broken the cucurbirte, he find therein no trace of the seven, but a button of fused gold—as we say, for it is not gold. . . .

Now this button hath twelve faces, and angles twenty-four salient and reentrant; and Our Egyptian brethren have called it the Pavement of the Firmament of Nu.

THE EQUINOX

He slayeth King Astur of the Arms Argent.

Now this metal is not in any wise like unto earthly metal; let the brethren well beware, for many false knaves be abroad. Three things be golden: the mineral gold of the merchant that is dross; the vegetable gold that groweth from the seed of the scroll by viture of the Lion; and the animal gold that cometh forth from the regimen of the Dragon, and this last is the sole marketable gold of the Philosopher. For, behold, an Arcanum! I charge you, keep secret this matter; for the vile brothers, could they divine it, would pervert it.

This mineral Gold cannot be changed into any other substance by any means.

This Vegetable Gold is fluidic; it must increase wonderfully and be fixed in the Perfection of the Sphinx.

But this our Animal Gold is to this mighty pitch unstable, that it can neither increase nor decrease, nor can it remain that which it is, or seemeth to be. For even as a drop of glass unequally cooled flieth at a touch into a myriad fine particles, so also at a touch this gold philosophical dissolveth his being, oftentimes with a great and terrible explosion, oftentimes so softly and subtly that no man may perceive it, be he never so acute, nay, as a needle for sharpness or for fineness as a spyglass of the necromancer!

Yet herein lieth the core of the matter that in this explosion aforesaid naught whatever is left either of the seven or the twelve or of the three Mother seeds that lie concealed therein. But in a certain mystical way the Other Ten are shadowed forth, though dimly, as if the Brazen Serpent had become a Sword of Lightning. Yet this is but a glyph; for in truth there is no link or bond between them.

BROTHER PERARDUA

For this Animal Gold is passed utterly away; there is not any button thereof, nor any feather of the Wings of the Sphinx, nor any mark of the Sower or of the Seed. But at that Lightning Flash all did entirely disappear, and the Cucurbite and the Alembic and the Athanor were shattered utterly . . . and there arose That which he had set himself to seek; yea, more! a grain of the Powder, and three minims of the Elixir, and Six drachms of the Tincture of Double Efficacy.

. . . Yet the brethren mocked him; for he had imperilled himself sore; so that unto this hour hath the name of Perardua been forgotten, and they that have need to speak of him say in right joyaunce *Non Sine Fulmine*.

THE LONELY BRIDE

“BLEST among women,” they say: I stand
Here in the market-place,
And the crowd throngs by in this lonely land,
Nor stays to heed my face.
My head is bowed down with the shame of my thought:
Mine eyes grow hot with disgrace.
Oh the evil that men have wrought!

I was once a King’s daughter,
Back in the olden time,
They called me the Bride of Water:
I went to the sea for her rhyme;
I went to the stars for their song of life,
For then I was in my prime.
Now I am filled with strife.

I stare all day at the men that pass,
And all that I see I crave;
There are simple-gatherers fresh from the grass,
There are mariners brown from the wave,
There are merchants stout with tablets wide;
There is many a fair young slave;
They call me The Lonely Bride.

THE EQUINOX

I was men's wonder the day I came;
I was ruddy and gold and pale:
My eyes were light with a smouldering flame,
On my lips was the untold tale,
And men, as they passed, gazed hard and long,
And women looked scorn and bale.
Yea! I was fair and strong.

How should they know the thing I sought?
I was rich and lovely and young,
Not young with the flame that the spring had wrought,
But with fire from the summer sprung.
No man dared speak, but they longed to speak:
Aye! Many a glance they flung.
But I stood with an unflushed cheek.

And only the strangers heed me now;
I am but a statue cold.
Ah! could they see the pain in my brow,
My heart that is growing old.
I may not summon them to my side,
Or move my lips' stern fold.
I am The Lonely Bride.

But never a man doth dare to speak,
And with burning heart I stand,
Till I feel the hot blood mount to my cheek,
And a trembling shake my hand.
If they but knew of my need, my need,
As I wait in love's barren land,
To me, to me would they speed.

THE LONELY BRIDE

Here in the market place they pass,
Merchant and slave and thrall;
The dewy herb-gatherer from the grass,
The steward from out the hall.
Ah! the weary waiting till one shall speak,
Oh! then the spell will fall,
And I shall find what I seek.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

HYPATIA GAY knocked timidly at the door of Count Swanoff's flat. Hers was a curious mission, to serve the envy of the long lank melancholy unwashed poet whom she loved. Will Bute was not only a poetaster but a dabbler in magic, and black jealousy of a younger man and a far finer poet gnawed at his petty heart. He had gained a subtle hypnotic influence over Hypatia, who helped him in his ceremonies, and he had now commissioned her to seek out his rival and pick up some magical link through which he might be destroyed.

The door opened, and the girl passed from the cold stone dusk of the stairs to a palace of rose and gold. The poet's rooms were austere in their elegance. A plain gold-black paper of Japan covered the walls; in the midst hung an ancient silver lamp within which glowed the deep ruby of an electric lamp. The floor was covered with black and gold of leopards' skins; on the walls hung a great crucifix in ivory and ebony. Before the blazing fire lay the poet (who had concealed his royal Celtic descent beneath the pseudonym of Swanoff) reading in a great volume bound with vellum.

He rose to greet her.

"Many days have I expected you," he exclaimed, "many days have I wept over you. I see your destiny—how thin a

THE EQUINOX

thread links you to that mighty Brotherhood of the Silver Star whose trembling neophyte I am—how twisted and thick are the tentacles of the Black Octopus whom you now serve. Ah! wrench yourself away while you are yet linked with us: I would not that you sank into the Ineffable Slime. Blind and bestial are the worms of the Slime: come to me, and by the Faith of the Star, I will save you.”

The girl put him by with a light laugh. “I came,” she said, “but to chatter about clairvoyance—why do you threat me with these strange and awful words?”

“Because I see that to-day may decide all for you. Will you come with me into the White Temple, while I administer the Vows? Or will you enter the Black Temple, and swear away your soul?”

“Oh really,” she said, “you are too silly—but I’ll do what you like next time I come here.”

“To-day your choice—to-morrow your fate,” answered the young poet.

And the conversation drifted to lighter subjects.

But as she left she managed to scratch his hand with a brooch, and this tiny blood-stain on the pin she bore back in triumph to her master; he would work a strange working therewith!

* * * * *

Swanoff closed his books and went to bed. The streets were deadly silent; he turned his thoughts to the Infinite Silence of the Divine Presence, and fell into a peaceful sleep. No dreams disturbed him; later than usual he awoke.

How strange! The healthy flush of his cheek had faded: the hands were white and thin and wrinkled: he was so weak

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

that he could hardly stagger to the bath. Breakfast refreshed him somewhat; but more than this the expectation of a visit from his master.

The master came. "Little brother!" he cried aloud as he entered, "you have disobeyed me. You have been meddling again with the Goetia!"

"I swear to you, master!" He did reverence to the adept.

The new comer was a dark man with a powerful clean-shaven face almost masked in a mass of jet-black hair.

"Little brother," he said, "if that be so, then the Goetia has been meddling with you."

He lifted up his head and sniffed. "I smell evil;" he said, "I smell the dark brothers of iniquity. Have you duly performed the Ritual of the Flaming Star?"

"Thrice daily, according to your word."

"Then evil has entered in a body of flesh. Who has been here?"

The young poet told him. His eyes flashed. "Aha!" he said, "now let us Work!"

The neophyte brought writing materials to his master: the quill of a young gander, snow-white; virgin vellum of a young male lamb; ink of the gall of a certain rare fish; and a mysterious Book.

The master drew a number of incomprehensible signs and letters upon the vellum.

"Sleep with this beneath the pillow," he said, "you will awake if you are attacked; and whatever it is that attacks you, kill it! Kill it! Kill it! Then instantly go into your temple and assume the shape and dignity of the god

THE EQUINOX

Horus, send back the Thing to its sender by the might of the god that is in you! Come! I will discover unto you the words and the signs and the spells for this working of magic art.”

They disappeared into the little white room lined with mirrors which Swanoff used for a temple.

* * * * *

Hypatia Gay, that same afternoon, took some drawings to a publisher in Bond Street. This man was bloated with disease and drink; his loose lips hung in an eternal leer; his fat eyes shed venom; his cheeks seemed ever on the point of bursting into nameless sores and ulcers.

He bought the young girl's drawings. “Not so much for their value,” he explained, “as that I like to help promising young artists—like you, my dear!”

Her steely virginal eyes met his fearlessly and unsuspectingly. The beast cowered, and covered his foulness with a hideous smile of shame.

* * * * *

The night came, and young Swanoff went to his rest without alarm. Yet with that strange wonder that denotes those who expect the unknown and terrible, but have faith to win through.

This night he dreamt—deliciously.

A thousand years he strayed in gardens of spice, by darling streams, beneath delightful trees, in the blue rapture of the wonderful weather. At the end of a long glade of ilex that reached up to a marble palace stood a woman, fairer than all the women of the earth. Imperceptibly they drew together—she was in his arms. He awoke with a start. A woman

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

indeed lay in his arms and showered a rain of burning kisses on his face. She clothed him about with ecstasy; her touch waked the serpent of essential madness in him.

Then, like a flash of lightning, came his master's word to his memory—Kill it! In the dim twilight he could see the lovely face that kissed him with lips of infinite splendour, hear the cooing words of love.

“Kill it! My God! Adonai! Adonai!” He cried aloud, and took her by the throat. Ah God! Her flesh was not the flesh of woman. It was hard as india-rubber to the touch, and his strong young fingers slipped. Also he loved her—loved, as he had never dreamt that love could be.

But he knew now, he knew! And a great loathing mingled with his lust. Long did they struggle; at last he got the upper, and with all his weight above her drove down his fingers in her neck. She gave one gasping cry—a cry of many devils in hell—and died. He was alone.

He had slain the succubus, and absorbed it. Ah! With what force and fire his veins roared! Ah! How he leapt from the bed, and donned the holy robes. How he invoked the God of Vengeance, Horus the mighty, and turned loose the Avengers upon the black soul that had sought his life!

At the end he was calm and happy as a babe; he returned to bed, slept easy, and woke strong and splendid.

* * * * *

Night after night for ten nights this scene was acted and re-acted: always identical. On the eleventh day he received a postcard from Hypatia Gay that she was coming to see him that afternoon.

“It means that the material basis of their working is

THE EQUINOX

exhausted," explained his master. "She wants another drop of blood. But we must put an end to this."

They went out into the city, and purchased a certain drug of which the master knew. At the very time that she was calling at the flat, they were at the boarding-house where she lodged, and secretly distributing the drug about the house. Its function was a strange one: hardly had they left the house when from a thousand quarter came a lamentable company of cats, and made the winter hideous with their cries.

"That" (chuckled the master) "will give her mind something to occupy itself with. She will do no black magic for our friend awhile!"

Indeed the link was broken; Swanoff had peace. "If she comes again," ordered the master, "I leave it to you to punish her."

* * * * *

A month passed by; then, unannounced, once more Hypatia Gay knocked at the flat. Her virginal eyes still smiled; her purpose was yet deadlier than before.

Swanoff fenced with her awhile. Then she began to tempt him.

"Stay!" he said, "first you must keep your promise and enter the temple!"

Strong in the trust of her black master, she agreed. The poet opened the little door, and closed it quickly after her, turning the key.

As she passed into the utter darkness that hid behind curtains of black velvet, she caught one glimpse of the presiding god.

It was a skeleton that sat there, and blood stained all its

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

bones. Below it was the evil altar, a round table supported by an ebony figure of a negro standing upon his hands. Upon the altar smouldered a sickening perfume, and the stench of the slain victims of the god defiled the air. It was a tiny room, and the girl, staggering, came against the skeleton. The bones were not clean; they were hidden by a greasy slime mingling with the blood, as though the hideous worship were about to endow it with a new body of flesh. She wrenched herself back in disgust. Then suddenly she felt it was alive! It was coming towards her! She shrieked once the blasphemy which her vile master had chosen as his mystic name; only a hollow laugh echoed back.

Then she knew all. She knew that to seek the left-hand path may lead one to the power of the blind worms of the Slime—and she resisted. Even then she might have called to the White Brothers; but she did not. A hideous fascination seized her.

And then she felt the horror.

Something—something against which nor clothes nor struggles were any protection—was taking possession of her, eating its way into her . . .

And its embrace was deadly cold. . . . Yet the hell-clutch at her heart filled her with a fearful joy. She ran forward; she put her arms round the skeleton; she put her young lips to its bony teeth, and kissed it. Instantly, as at a signal, a drench of the waters of death washed all the human life out of her being, while a rod as of steel smote her even from the base of the spine to the brain. She had passed the gates of the abyss. Shriek after shriek of ineffable agony burst from her tortured mouth; she writhed and howled in that ghastly celebration of

THE EQUINOX

the nuptials of the Pit.

Exhaustion took her; she fell with a heavy sob.

* * * * *

When she came to herself she was at home. Still that lamentable crew of cats miauled about the house. She awoke and shuddered. On the table lay two notes.

The first: "You fool! They are after me; my life is not safe. You have ruined me—Curse you!" This from the loved master, for whom she had sacrificed her soul.

The second a polite note from the publisher, asking for more drawings. Dazed and desperate, she picked up her portfolio, and went round to his office in Bond Street.

He saw the leprous light of utter degradation in her eyes; a dull flush came to his face; he licked his lips.

THE MAGICIAN

[TRANSLATED FROM ELIPHAZ LEVI'S VERSION OF THE
FAMOUS HYMN]

O LORD, deliver me from hell's dark fear and gloom !
Loose thou my spirit from the larvæ of the tomb !
I seek them in their dread abodes without affright :
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

I bid the night conceive the glittering hemisphere.
Arise, O sun, arise! O moon, shine white and clear !
I seek them in their dread abodes without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

Their faces and their shapes are terrible and strange.
These devils by my might to angels I will change.
These nameless horrors I address without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

These are the phantoms pales of mine astoned view
Yet none but I their blasted beauty can renew;
For to the abyss of hell I plunge without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

THE SOLDIER AND THE
HUNCHBACK
! AND ?

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK ! AND ?

“Expect seven misfortunes from the cripple, and forty-two from the one-eyed man; but when the hunchback comes, say ‘Allah our aid.’ ”

ARAB PROVERB.

I

INQUIRY. Let us inquire in the first place: What is Scepticism? The word means looking, questioning, investigating. One must pass by contemptuously the Christian liar’s gloss which interprets “sceptic” as “mock”; though in a sense it is true for him, since to inquire into Christianity is assuredly to mock at it; but I am concerned to intensify the etymological connotation in several respects. First, I do not regard mere incredulity as necessary to the idea, though credulity is incompatible with it. Incredulity implies a prejudice in favour of a negative conclusion; and the true sceptic should be perfectly unbiassed.

Second, I exclude “vital scepticism.” What’s the good of anyfink? Expects (as we used to learn about “nonne?”) the answer, “Why, nuffink!” and again is prejudice. Indolence is no virtue in a questioner. Eagerness, intentness, conce-

THE EQUINOX

ntration, vigilance—all these I include in the connotation of “sceptic.” Such questioning as has been called “vital scepticism” is but a device to avoid true questioning, and therefore its very antithesis, the devil disguised as an angel of light.

[Or *vice versâ*, friend, if you are a Satanist; ’is a matter of words—words—words. You may write x for y in your equations, so long as you consistently write y for x . They remain unchanged—and unsolved. Is not all our “knowledge” an example of this fallacy of writing one unknown for another, and then crowing like Peter’s cock?]

I picture the true sceptic as a man eager and alert, his deep eyes glittering like sharp swords, his hands tense with effort as he asks, “What does it matter?”

I picture the false sceptic as a dude or popinjay, yawning, with dull eyes, his muscles limp, his purpose in asking the question but the expression of his slackness and stupidity.

This true sceptic is indeed the man of science; as Wells’ “Moreau” tells us. He has devised some means of answering his first question, and its answer is another question. It is difficult to conceive of any question, indeed, whose answer does not imply a thousand further questions. So simple an inquiry as “Why is sugar sweet?” involves an infinity of chemical researches, each leading ultimately to the blank wall—what is matter? and an infinity of physiological researches, each (similarly) leading to the blank wall—what is mind?

Even so, the relation between the two ideas is unthinkable; causality is itself unthinkable; it depends, for one thing, upon experience—and what, in God’s name, is experience?

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

Experience is impossible without memory. What is memory? The mortar of the temple of the ego, whose bricks are the impressions. And the ego? The sum of our experience, may be. (I doubt it!) Anyhow, we have got values of y and z for x , and values of x and z for y —all our equations are indeterminate; all our knowledge is relative, even in a narrower sense than is usually implied by the statement. Under the whip of the clown God, our performing donkeys the philosophers and men of science run round and round in the ring; they have amusing tricks: they are cleverly trained; but they get nowhere.

I don't seem to be getting anywhere myself.

II

A fresh attempt. Let us look into the simplest and most certain of all possible statements. *Thought exists*, or if you will, *Cogitatur*.

Descartes supposed himself to have touched bed-rock with his *Cogito, ergo Sum*.

Huxley pointed out the complex nature of this proposition, and that it was an enthymeme with the premiss *Omnes sunt, qui cogitant* suppressed. He reduced it to *Cogito*; or, to avoid the assumption of an ego, *Cogitatur*.

Examining more closely this statement, we may still cavil at its form. We cannot translate it into English without the use of the verb to be, so, that, after all, existence is implied. Nor to we readily conceive that contemptuous silence is sufficient answer to the further query, "By whom is it

THE EQUINOX

thought?” The Buddhist may find it easy to image an act without an agent; I am not so clever. It may be possible for a sane man; but I should like to know more about his mind before I give a final opinion.

But apart from purely formal objections, we may still inquire: Is this *Cogitatur* true?

Yes; reply the sages; for to deny it implies thought. *Negatur* is only a sub-section of *Cogitatur*.

This involves, however, an axiom that the part is of the same nature as the whole; or (at the very least) an axiom that *A* is *A*.

Now, I do not wish to deny that *A* is *A*, or may occasionally be *A*. But certainly *A is A* is a very different statement to our original *Cogitatur*.

The proof of *Cogitatur*, in short, rests not upon itself but upon the validity of our logic; and if by logic we mean (as we should mean) the Code of the Laws of Thought, the irritating sceptic will have many more remarks to make: for it now appears that the proof that *thought exists* depends upon the truth of that which is thought, to say no more.

We have taken *Cogitatur*, to try and avoid the use of *esse*, but *A is A* involves that very idea, and the proof is fatally flawed.

Cogitatur depends on *Est*; and there's no avoiding it.

III

Shall we get on any better if we investigate this *Est*—
Something is—Existence is—**אֵיךְ אֵינָהּ אֵינָהּ**?

What is Existence? The question is so fundamental that it

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

finds no answer. The most profound meditation only leads to an exasperating sense of impotence. There is, it seems, no simple rational idea in the mind which corresponds to the word.

It is easy of course to drown the question in definitions, leading us to further complexity—but

“Existence is the gift of Divine Providence,”

“Existence is the opposite of Non-Existence,”

do not help us much!

The plain *Existence is Existence* of the Hebrews goes further. It is the most sceptical of statements, in spite of its form. Existence is just existence, and there’s no more to be said about it; don’t worry! Ah, but there is more to be said about it! Though we search ourselves for a thought to match the word, and fail, yet we have Berkeley’s perfectly convincing argument that (so far as we know it) existence must mean *thinking existence* or *spiritual existence*.

Here then we find our *Est* to imply *Cogitatur*; and Berkeley’s arguments are “irrefragable, yet fail to produce conviction” (Hume) because the *Cogitatur*, as we have shown, implies *Est*.

Neither of these ideas is simple; each involves the other. Is the division between them in our brain a proof of the total incapacity of that organ, or is there some flaw in our logic? For all depends on our logic; not upon the simple identity *A is A* only, but upon its whole structure from the question of simple propositions, enormously difficult from the moment when it occurred to the detestable genius that invented “existential import” to consider the matter, to that further

THE EQUINOX

complexity and contradiction, the syllogism.

IV

Thought is appears then (in the worst case possible, denial) as the conclusion of the premisses:

There is denial of thought.

(All) Denial of thought is thought.

Even formally, 'tis a clumsy monster. Essentially, it seems to involve a great deal beyond our original statement. We compass heaven and earth to make one syllogism; and when we have made it, it is tenfold more the child of mystery than ourselves.

We cannot here discuss the whole problem of the validity (the surface-question of the logical validity) of the syllogism; though one may throw out the hint that the doctrine of distributed middle seems to assume a knowledge of a Calculus of Infinites which is certainly beyond my own poor attainments, and hardly impregnable to the simple reflection that all mathematics is conventional, and not essential; relative, and not absolute.

We go deeper and deeper, then, it seems, from the One into the Many. Our primary proposition depends no longer upon itself, but upon the whole complex being of man, poor, disputing, muddle-headed man! Man with all his limitations and ignorance; man—man!

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

V

We are of course no happier when we examine the Many, separately or together. They converge and diverge, each fresh hill-top of knowledge disclosing a vast land unexplored; each gain of power in our telescopes opening out new galaxies; each improvement in our microscopes showing us life minuter and more incomprehensible. A mystery of the mighty spaces between molecules; a mystery of the ether-cushions that fend off the stars from collision! A mystery of the fulness of things; a mystery of the emptiness of things! Yet, as we go, there grows a sense, an instinct, a premonition—what shall I call it?—that Being is One, and Thought is One, and Law is One—until we ask What is that One?

Then again we spin words—words—words. And we have got no single question answered in any ultimate sense.

What is the moon made of?

Science replies “Green Cheese.”

For our one moon we now have two ideas.

Greenness, and *Cheese*.

Greenness depends on the sunlight, and the eye, and a thousand other things.

Cheese depends on bacteria and fermentation and the nature of the cow.

“Deeper, ever deeper, into the mire of things!”

Shall we cut the Gordian knot? shall we say “There is God”?

What, in the devil’s name, is God?

If (with Moses) we picture Him as an old man showing us His back parts, who shall blame us? The great Question—*any* question is the great question—does indeed treat us thus

THE EQUINOX

cavalierly, the disenchanted Sceptic is too prone to think!

Well, shall we define Him as a loving Father, as a jealous priest, as a gleam of light upon the holy Ark? What does it matter? All these images are of wood and stone, the wood and stone of our own stupid brains! The Fatherhood of God is but a human type; the idea of a human father conjoined with the idea of immensity. Two for One again!

No combination of thoughts can be greater than the thinking brain itself; all we can think of God or say of Him, so long as our words represent thoughts, is less than the whole brain which thinks, and orders speech.

Very good: shall we proceed by denying Him all thinkable qualities, as do the heathen? All we obtain is mere negation of thought.

Either He is unknowable, or He is less than we are. Then, too, that which is unknowable is unknown; and "*God*" or "*There is God*" as an answer to our question becomes as meaningless as any other.

Who are we, then?

We are Spencerian Agnostics, poor silly, damned Spencerian Agnostics!

And there is an end of the matter.

VI

It is surely time that we began to question the validity of some of our data. So far our scepticism has not only knocked to pieces our tower of thought, but rooted up the foundation-

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

stone and ground it into finer and more poisonous powder than that into which Moses ground the calf. These golden Elohim! Our calf-heads that brought us not out of Egypt, but into a darkness deeper and more tangible than any darkness of the double Empire of Asar.

Hume put his little ? to Berkeley's God-! ; Buddha his ? to the Vedic Atman-!—and neither Hume nor Buddha was balked of his reward. Ourselves may put ? to our own ? since we have found no ! to put it to; and wouldn't it be jolly if our own second ? suddenly straightened its back and threw its chest out and marched off as ! ?

Suppose then we accept our scepticism as having destroyed our knowledge root and branch—is there no limit to its action? Does it not in a sense stultify itself? Having destroyed logic by logic—if Satan cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?

Let us stand on the Mount, Saviours of the World that we are, and answer “Get thee behind me, Satan!” though refraining from quoting texts or giving reasons.

Oho! says somebody; is Aleister Crowley here?—Samson blinded and bound, grinding corn for the Philistines?

Not at all, dear boy!

We shall put all the questions that we can put—but we may find a tower built upon a rock, against which the winds beat in vain.

Not what Christians call faith, be sure! But what (possibly) the forgers of the Epistles—those eminent mystics!—meant by faith. What I call Samadhi!—and as “faith without works is dead,” so, good friends, Samadhi is all humbug

THE EQUINOX

unless the practitioner shows the glint of its gold in his work in the world. If your mystic becomes Dante, well; if Tennyson, a fig for his trances!

But how does this tower of Samadhi stand the assault of Question-time?

Is not the idea of Samadhi just as dependent on all the other ideas—man, time, being, thought, logic? If I seek to explain Samadhi by analogy, am I not often found talking as if we knew all about Evolution, and Mathematics, and History? Complex and unscientific studies, mere straws before the blast of our hunchback friend!

Well, one of the buttresses is just the small matter of common sense.

The other day I was with Dorothy, and, as I foolishly imagined, very cosy; for her sandwiches are celebrated. It was surely bad taste on the part of Father Bernard Vaughan, and Dr. Torrey, and Ananda Metteyya, and Mr G.W. Foote, and Captain Fuller, and the ghost of Immanuel Kant, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and young Neuburg, to intrude. But intrude they did; and talk! I never heard anything like it. Every one with his own point of view; but all agreed that Dorothy was non-existent, or if existent, a most awful specimen, that her buns were stale, and her tea stewed; *ergo*, that I was having a very poor time of it. Talk! Good God! But Dorothy kept on quietly and took no notice; and in the end I forgot about them.

Thinking it over soberly, I see now that very likely they were quite right: I can't prove it either way. But as a mere practical man, I intend taking the steamer—for my sins I am in Gibraltar—back to Dorothy at the earliest possible

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

moment. Sandwiches of bun and German sausage may be vulgar even imaginary—it's the taste I like. And the more I munch, the more complacent I feel, until I go so far as to offer my critics a bite.

This sounds in a way like the "Interior Certainty" of the common or garden Christian; but there are differences.

The Christian insists on notorious lies being accepted as an essential part of his (more usually her) system; I, on the contrary, ask for facts, for observation. Under Scepticism, true, one is just as much a house of cards as the other; but only in the philosophical sense.

Practically, Science is true; and Faith is foolish.

Practically, $3 \times 1 = 3$ is the truth; and $3 \times 1 = 1$ is a lie; though, sceptically, both statements may be false or unintelligible.

Practically, Franklin's method of obtaining fire from heaven is better than that of Prometheus or Elijah. I am now writing by the light that Franklin's discovery enabled men to use.

Practically, "I concentrated my mind upon a white radiant triangle in whose centre was a shining eye, for 22 minutes and 10 seconds, my attention wandering 45 times" is a scientific and valuable statement. "I prayed fervently to the Lord for the space of many days" means anything or nothing. Anybody who cares to do so may imitate my experiment and compare his result with mine. In the latter case one would always be wondering what "fervently" meant and who "the Lord" was, and how many days made "many."

My claim, too, is more modest than the Christian's. He (usually she) knows more about my future than is altogether

THE EQUINOX

pleasant; I claim nothing absolute from my Samadhi—I know only too well the worthlessness of single-handed observations, even on so simple a matter as a boiling-point determination!—and as for his (usually her) future, I content myself with mere common sense about the probable end of a fool.

So that after all I keep my scepticism intact—and I keep my Samadhi intact. The one balances the other; I care nothing for the vulgar brawling of these two varlets of my mind!

VII

If, however, you would really like to know what might be said on the soldierly side of the question, I shall endeavour to oblige.

It is necessary if a question is to put intelligibly that the querent should be on the same plane as the quesited.

Answer is impossible if you ask: Are round squares triangular? or Is butter virtuous? or How may ounces go to the shilling? for the “questions” are not really questions at all.

So if you ask me Is Samadhi real? I reply: First, I pray you, establish a connection between the terms. What do you mean by Samadhi?

There is a physiological (or pathological; never mind now!) state which I call Samadhi; and that state is as real—in relation to man—as sleep, or intoxication, or death.

Philosophically, we may doubt the existence of all of these; but we have no grounds for discriminating between them—the Academic Scepticism is a wholesale firm, I hope!—and

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

practically, I challenge you to draw valid distinctions.

All these are states of the consciousness of man; and if you seek to destroy one, all fall together.

VIII

I must, at the risk of appearing to digress, insist upon this distinction between philosophical and practical points of view, or (in Qabalistic language) between Kether and Malkuth.

In private conversation I find it hard—almost impossible—to get people to understand what seems to me so very simple a point. I shall try to make it exceptionally clear.

A boot is an illusion.

A hat is an illusion.

Therefore, a boot is a hat.

So argue my friends, not distributing the middle term.

But thus argue I.

All boots are illusions.

All hats are illusions.

Therefore (though it is not a syllogism), all boots and hats are illusions.

I add:

To the man in Kether no illusions matter.

Therefore: to the man in Kether neither boots nor hats matter.

In fact, the man in Kether is out of all relation to these boots and hats.

You, they say, claim to be a man in Kether (I don't). Why

THE EQUINOX

then, do you not wear boots on your head and hats on your feet?

I can only answer that I the man in Kether ('tis but an argument) am out of all relation as much with feet and heads as with boots and hats. But why should I (from my exalted pinnacle) stoop down and worry the headed and footed gentleman in Malkuth, who after all doesn't exist for me, by these drastic alterations in his toilet? There is no distinction whatever; I might easily put the boots on his shoulders, with his head on one foot and his hat on the other.

In short, why not be a clean-living Irish gentleman, even if you do have insane ideas about the universe?

Very good, say my friends, unabashed, then why not stick to that? Why glorify Spanish gipsies when you have married a clergyman's daughter?

Why go about proclaiming that you can get as good fun for eighteenpence as usually costs men a career?

Ah! let me introduce you to the man in Tiphereth; that is, the man who is trying to raise his consciousness from Malkuth to Kether.

This Tiphereth man is in a devil of a hole! He knows theoretically all about the Kether point of view (or thinks he does) and practically all about the Malkuth point of view. Consequently he goes about contradicting Malkuth; he refuses to allow Malkuth to obsess his thought. He keeps on crying out that there is no difference between a goat and a God, in the hope of hypnotising himself (as it were) into that perception of their identity, which is his (partial and incorrect) idea of how things look from Kether.

This man performs great magic; very strong medicine. He

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

really does find gold on the midden and skeletons in pretty girls.

In Abiegnus the Sacred Mountain of the Rosicrucians the Postulant finds but a coffin in the central shrine; yet that coffin contains Christian Rosencreutz who is dead and is alive for evermore and hath the keys of Hell and of Death.

Ay! your Tiphereth man, child of Mercy and Justice, looks deeper than the skin!

But he seems a ridiculous object enough both to the Malkuth man and to the Kether man.

Still, he's the most interesting man there is; and we all must pass through that stage before we get our heads really clear, the Kether-vision above the Clouds that encircle the mountain Abiegnus.

IX

Running and returning, like the Cherubim, we may now resume our attempt to drill our hunchback friend into a presentable soldier. The digression will not have been all digression, either; for it will have thrown a deal of light on the question of the limitations of scepticism.

We have questioned the Malkuth point of view; it appears absurd, be it agreed. But the Tiphereth position is unshaken; Tiphereth needs no telling that Malkuth is absurd. When we turn our artillery against Tiphereth, that too crumbles; but Kether frowns above us.

Attack Kether, and it falls: but the Yetziratic Malkuth is still there until we reach Kether of Atziluth and the

THE EQUINOX

Infinite Light, and Space, and Nothing.

So then we retire up the path, fighting rear-guard actions; at every moment a soldier is slain by a hunchback; but as we retire there is always a soldier just by us.

Until the end. The end? Buddha thought the supply of hunchbacks infinite; but why should not the soldiers themselves be infinite in number?

However that may be, here is the point; it takes a moment for a hunchback to kill his man, and the further we get from our base the longer it takes. You may crumble to ashes the dream-world of a boy, as it were, between your fingers; but before you can bring the physical universe tumbling about a man's ears he requires to drill his hunchbacks so devilish well that they are terribly like soldiers themselves. And a question capable of shaking the consciousness of Samadhi could, I imagine, give long odds to one of Frederick's grenadiers.

It is useless to attack the mystic by asking him if he is quite sure Samadhi is good for his poor health; 'tis like asking the huntsman to be very careful, please, not to hurt the fox.

The ultimate Question, the one that really knocks Samadhi to pieces, is such a stupendous Idea that it is far more of a ! than all previous !'s together, for all its ? form.

And the name of that Question is Nibbana.

Take this matter of the soul.

When Mr. Judas McCabbage asks the Man in the Street why he believes in a soul, the Man stammers out that he has always heard so; naturally McCabbage has no difficulty in proving to him by biological methods that he has no soul; and with a sunny smile each passes on his way.

But McCabbage is wasted on the philosopher whose belief

THE EQUINOX

as we are to the bob of the pendulum, sick with our senseless swinging to and fro in the abyss!

We must climb up the shaft to reach that point—but—wait one moment! How obscure and subtle has our simile become! Can we attach any true meaning to the phrase? I doubt it, seeing what we have taken for the limits of the swing. True, it may be that the end of the swing is always 360° so that the !-point and the ?-point coincide; but that is not the same thing as having no swing at all, unless we make kinematics identical with statics.

What is to be done? How shall such mysteries be uttered?

Is this how it is that the true Path of the Wise is said to lie in a totally different plane from all his advance in the path of Knowledge, and of Trance? We have already been obliged to take the Fourth Dimension to illustrate (if not explain) the nature of Samadhi.

Ah, say the adepts, Samadhi is not the end, but the beginning. You must regard Samadhi as the normal state of mind which enables you to begin your researches, just as waking is the state from which you rise to Samadhi, sleep the state from which you rose to waking. And only from Sammasamadhi—continuous trance of the right kind—can you rise up as it were on tiptoe and peer through the clouds unto the mountains.

Now of course it is really awfully decent of the adepts to take all that trouble over us, and to put it so nicely and clearly. All we have to do, you see, is to acquire Samma-samadhi, and then rise on tiptoe. Just so!

But then there are the other adepts. Hark at him! Little brother, he says, let us rather consider that as the pendulum

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

swings more and more slowly every time, it must ultimately stop, as soon as the shaft is of infinite length. Good! then it isn't a pendulum at all but a Mahalingam—The Mahalingam of Shiva (*Namo Shivaya namaha Aum!*) which is all I ever thought it was; all you have to do is to keep swinging hard—I know it's hook-swinging!—and you get there in the End. Why bother to swing? First, because you're bound to swing, whether you like it or not; second, because your attention is thereby distracted from those lumbar muscles in which the hook is so very firmly fixed; third, because after all it's a ripping good game; fourth, because you want to get on, and even to seem to progress is better than standing still. A treadmill is admittedly good exercise.

True, the question, "Why become an Arahat?" should precede, "How become an Arahat?" but an unbiassed man will easily cancel the first question with "Why not?"—the How is not so easy to get rid of. Then, from the standpoint of the Arahat himself, perhaps this "Why did I become an Arahat?" and "How did I become an Arahat?" have but a single solution!

In any case, we are wasting our time—we are as ridiculous with or Arahats as Herod the Tetrarch with his peacocks! We pose Life with the question Why? and the first answer is: To obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

To attach meaning to this statement we must obtain that Knowledge and Conversation: and when we have done that, we may proceed to the next Question. It is no good asking it now.

"There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and revile the guests."

THE EQUINOX

We attach little importance to the Reverend Out-at-Elbows, thundering in Bareboards Chapel that the rich man gets no enjoyment from his wealth.

Good, then. Let us obtain the volume entitled “The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage”; or the magical writings of that holy illuminated Man of God, Captain Fuller, and carry out fully their instructions.

And only when we have succeeded, when we have put a colossal ! against our vital ? need we inquire whether after all the soldier is not going to develop spinal curvature.

Let us take the first step; let us sing:

“I do not ask to see
The distant path; one step’s enough for me.”

But (you will doubtless say) I pith your ? itself with another ?: Why question life at all? Why not remain “a clean-living Irish gentleman” content with his handicap, and contemptuous of card and pencil? Is not the Buddha’s goad “Everything is sorrow” little better than a currish whine? What do I care for old age, disease, and death? I’m a man, and a Celt at that. I spit on your snivelling Hindu prince, emasculate with debauchery in the first place, and asceticism in the second. A weak, dirty, paltry cur, sir, your Gautama!

Yes, I think I have no answer to that. The sudden apprehension of some vital catastrophe may have been the exciting cause of my conscious devotion to the attainment of Adeptship—but surely the capacity was there, inborn. Mere despair and desire can do little; anyway, the first impulse of fear was the passing spasm of an hour; the magnetism of the path itself was the true lure. It is as foolish to ask me “Why

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

do you adept?" as to ask God "Why do you pardon?" *C'est son métier.*

I am not so foolish as to think that my doctrine can ever gain the ear of the world. I expect than ten centuries hence the "nominal Crowleians" will be as pestilent and numerous a body as the "nominal Christians" are to-day; for (at present) I have been able to devise no mechanism for excluding them. Rather, perhaps, should I seek to find them a niche in the shrine, just as Hinduism provides alike for those capable of the Upanishads and those whose intelligences hardly reaches up to the Tantras. In short, one must abandon the reality of religion for a sham, so that the religion may be universal enough for those few who are capable of its reality to nestle in its breast, and nurse their nature on its starry milk. But we anticipate!

My message is then twofold; to the greasy *bourgeois* I preach discontent; I shock him, I stagger him, I cut away earth from under his feet, I turn him upside down, I give him hashish and make him run amok, I twitch his buttocks with the red-hot tongs of my Sadistic fancy—until he feels uncomfortable.

But to the man who is already as uneasy as St. Lawrence on his silver grill, who feels the Spirit stir in him, even as a woman feels, and sickens at, the first leap of the babe in her womb, to him I bring the splendid vision, the perfume and the glory, the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. And to whosoever hath attained that height will I put a further Question, announce an further Glory.

It is my misfortune and not my fault that I am bound to deliver this elementary Message.

THE EQUINOX

“Man has two sides; one to face the world with,
One to show a woman that he loves her.”

We must pardon Browning his bawdy jest; for his truth is over true! But it is your own fault if you are the world instead of the beloved; and only see of me what Moses saw of God!

It is disgusting to have to spend one's life jetting dirt in the face of the British public in the hope that in washing it they may wash off the acrid grease of their commercialism, the saline streaks of their hypocritical tears, the putrid perspiration of their morality, the dribbling slobber of their sentimentality and their religion. And they don't wash it! . . .

But let us take a less unpleasing metaphor, the whip! As some schoolboy poet repeatedly wrote, his rimes as poor as Edwin Arnold, his metre as erratic and as good as Francis Thompson, his good sense and frank indecency a match for Browning!

“Can't be helped; must be done—
So . . .”

Nay! 'tis a bad, bad rime.

And only after the scourge that smites shall come the rod that consoles, if I may borrow a somewhat daring simile from Abdullah Haji of Shiraz and the twenty-third Psalm.

Well, I would much prefer to spend my life at the rod; it is wearisome and loathsome to be constantly flogging the tough hide of Britons, whom after all I love. “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that He receiveth.” I shall really be glad if a few of you will get it over, and come and sit on daddy's knee!

THE SOLDIER AND THE HUNCHBACK

The first step is the hardest; make a start, and I will soon set the hunchback lion and the soldier unicorn fighting for your crown. And they shall lie down together at the end, equally glad, equally weary; while sole and sublime that crown of thine (brother!) shall glitter in the frosty Void of the abyss, its twelve stars filling that silence and solitude with a music and a motion that are more silent and invisible than they; thou shalt sit throned on the Invisible, thine eyes fixed upon That which we call Nothing, because it is beyond Everything attainable by thought, or trance, thy right hand gripping the azure rod of Light, thy left hand clasped upon the scarlet scourge of Death; thy body girdled with a snake more brilliant than the Sun, its name Eternity; thy mouth curved moonlike in a smile, in the invisible kiss of Nuit, our Lady of the Starry Abodes; the body's electric flesh stilled by sheer might to a movement closed upon itself in the controlled fury of Her love—nay, beyond all these Images art thou (little brother!) who art passed from I and Thou, and He unto That which hath no Name, no Image. . . .

Little brother, give me thy hand; for the first step is hard.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE HERMIT

AN ATTACK ON BARBERCRAFT

AT last an end of all I hoped and feared!
Muttered the hermit through his elfin beard.

Then what art thou? the evil whisper whirred.
I doubt me sorely if the hermit heard.

To all God's questions never a word he said,
But simply shook his venerable head.

God sent all plagues; he laughed and heeded not;
Till people took him for an idiot.

God sent all joys; he only laughed amain,
Till people certified him as insane.

But somehow all his fellow-lunatics
Began to imitate his silly tricks.

And stranger still, their prospects so enlarged
That one by one the patients were discharged.

THE EQUINOX

God asked him by what right he interfered;
He only laughed into his elfin beard.

When God revealed Himself to mortal prayer
He gave a fatal opening to Voltaire.

Our hermit had dispensed with Sinai's thunder,
But on the other hand he made no blunder;

He knew (no doubt) that *any* axiom
Would furnish bricks to build some Donkeydom.

But!—all who urged that hermit to confess
Caught the infection of his happiness.

I would it were my fate to dree his weird;
I think that I will grow an elfin beard.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

To plead the organic causation of a religious state of mind, then, in refutation of its claim to possess superior spiritual value, is quite illogical and arbitrary, unless one have already worked out in advance some psycho-physical theory connecting spiritual values in general with determinate sorts of physiological change. Otherwise none of our thoughts and feelings, not even our scientific doctrines, not even our *dis*-beliefs, could retain any value as revelations of the truth, for every one of them without exception flows from the state of their possessor's body at the time.

It is needless to say that medical materialism draws in point of fact no such sweeping skeptical conclusion. It is sure, just as every simple man is sure, that some states of mind are inwardly superior to others, and reveal to us more truth, and in this it simply makes use of an ordinary spiritual judgment. It has no physiological theory of the production of these its favourite states, by which it may accredit them; and its attempt to discredit the states which it dislikes, by vaguely associating them with nerves and liver, and connecting them with names connoting bodily affliction, is altogether illogical and inconsistent.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

And there was given me a reed like unto a rod: and the angel stood, saying, Rise, and measure the temple of God and the altar, and them that worship therein.—*Rev.* xi. 1.

PREFACE

THE QUESTION

AVE!

There must have been a time in the life of every student of the Mysteries when he has paused whilst reading the work or the life of some well-known Mystic, a moment of perplexity in which, bewildered, he has turned to himself and asked the question: "Is this one telling me the truth?"

Still more so does this strike us when we turn to any commentative work upon Mysticism, such as Récéjac's "Bases of the Mystic Knowledge," or William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." In fact, so much so, that unless we are more than commonly sceptical of the wordy theories which attempt to explain these wordy utterances we are bound to clasp hands with the great school of medical-materialism, which is all but paramount at the present hour, and dismiss all such as have had a glimpse of something we do not see as *détraqués*, degenerates, neuropaths, psychopaths, hypochondriacs, and epileptics.

Well, even if we do, these terms explain very little, and in most cases, especially when applied to mystic states, nothing at all; nevertheless they form an excellent loophole out of which the ignorant may crawl when faced with a difficulty they have not the energy or wit to surmount.

THE EQUINOX

True, the utter chaos amongst all systems of magic and mysticism that has prevailed in the West during the last two thousand years, partially, if not entirely, accounts for the uncritical manner in which these systems have been handled by otherwise critical minds.

Even to-day, though many thousand years after they were first written down, we find a greater simplicity and truth in the ancient rituals and hymns of Egypt and Assyria than in the extraordinary entanglement of systems that came to life during the first five hundred years of Christian era. And in the East, from the most remote antiquity to the present day, scientific systems of illuminism have been in daily practice from the highest to the lowest in the land; though, as we consider, much corrupted by an ignorant priestcraft, by absurd superstitions and by a science which fell to a divine revelation in place of rising to a sublime art.

In the West, for some fifteen hundred years now, Christianity has swayed the minds of men from the Arctic seas to the Mediterranean. At first but one of many small excrescent faiths, which sprang up like fungi amongst the superb *débris* of the religions of Egypt, Babylonia, and Greece, it was not long before (on account of its warlike tenets and the deeply magical nature of its rites*) it forced its head and then its arms above the shoulders of its weaker brothers; and when once in a position to strike, so thoroughly bullied all competitors that the few who inwardly stood outside the Church, to save the

* Primitive Christianity had a greater adaptability than any other contemporary religion of assimilating to itself all that was more particularly pagan in polytheism; the result being that it won over the great masses of the people, who then were, as they are now, inherently conservative.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

bruised skins of the faiths they still held dear, were, for self-preservation, bound to clothe them in the tinsel of verbosity, in wild values and extravagant symbols and cyphers; the result being that chaos was heaped upon chaos, till at last all sense became cloaked in a truculent obscurantism. Still, by him who has eyes will it be seen that through all this darkness there shone the glamour of a great and beautiful Truth.

Little is it to be wondered then, in these present shallow intellectual days, that almost any one who has studied, or even heard of, the theories of any notorious nobody of the moment at once relegates to the museum or the waste-paper basket these theories and systems, which were once the very blood of the world, and which in truth are so still, though few suspect it.

Truth is Truth; and the Truth of yesterday is the Truth of to-day, and the Truth of to-day is the Truth of to-morrow. Our quest, then, is to find Truth, and to cut the kernel from the husk, the text from the comment.

To start from the beginning would appear the proper course to adopt; but if we commence sifting the shingle from the sand with the year 10,000 B.C. there is little likelihood of our ever arriving within measurable distance of the present day. Fortunately, however, for us, we need not start with any period anterior to our own, or upon any subject outside of our own true selves. But two things we must learn, if we are ever to make ourselves intelligible to others, and these are, firstly an alphabet, and secondly a language whereby to express our thoughts; for without some definite system of expression our only course is to remain silent, lest further confusion be added to the already bewildering chaos.

THE EQUINOX

It will be at once said by any one who has read as far as this: "I lay you whatever odds you name that the writer of this book will prove to be the first offender!" And with all humility will we at once plead guilty to this offence. Unfortunately it is so, and must at first be so; yet if in the end we succeed in creating but the first letter of the new Alphabet we shall not consider that we have failed; far from it, for we shall rejoice that, the entangled threshold having been crossed, the goal, though distant, is at last in sight.

In a hospital a chart is usually kept for each patient, upon which may be seen the exact progress, from its very commencement, of the case in question. By it the doctor can daily judge the growth or decline of the disease he is fighting. On Thursday, let us say, the patient's temperature in 100° ; in the evening he is given a cup of beef-tea (the patient up to the present having been kept strictly on milk diet); on the following morning the doctor finds that his temperature has risen to 102° , and at once concludes that the fever has not yet sufficiently abated for a definite change of diet to be adopted, and, "knocking off" the beef-tea, down drops the temperature.

Thus, if he be a worthy physician, he will study his patient, never overlooking the seemingly most unimportant details which can help him to realise his object, namely, recovery and health.

Not only does this system of minute tabulation apply to cases of disease and sickness, but to every branch of healthy life as well, under the name of "business"; the best business man being he who reduces his special occupation in life from "muddle" to "science."

In the West religion alone has never issued from chaos;

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and the hour, late though it be, has struck when without fear or trembling adepts have arisen to do for Faith what Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton did for what is vulgarly known as "Science." And as Faith, growing old before its day, held back Science with a cruel hand, so let us now, whilst Science is still young, step briskly forward and claim our rights, lest if we halt we too shall find the child of the Morning once again strangled in the maw of a second Night.

Now, even to such as are still mere students in the mysteries, it must have become apparent that there are moments in the lives of others, if not in their own, which bring with them an enormous sense of inner authority and illumination; moments which created epochs in our lives, and which, when they have gone, stand out as luminous peaks in the moonlight of the past. Sad to say, they come but seldom, so seldom that often they are looked back upon as miraculous visitations of some vastly higher power beyond and outside of ourselves. But when they do come the greatest joys of earth wither before them like dried leaves in the fire, and fade from the firmament of our minds as the stars of night before the rising sun.

Now, if it were possible to induce these states of ecstasy or hallucination, or whatever we care to call them, at will, so to speak, we should have accomplished what was once called, and what is still known as, the Great Work, and have discovered the Stone of the Wise, that universal dissolvent. Sorrow would cease and give way to joy, and joy to a bliss quite unimaginable to all who have not as yet experienced it.

St. John of the Cross, writing of the "intuitions" by which God reaches the soul, says:

THE EQUINOX

“They enrich us marvellously. A single one of them may be sufficient to abolish at a stroke certain imperfections of which the soul during its whole life has vainly tried to rid itself, and to leave it adorned with virtues and loaded with supernatural gifts. A single one of the intoxicating consolations may reward it for all the labours undergone in its life—even were they numberless. Invested with an invincible courage, filled with an impassioned desire to suffer for its God, the soul then is seized with a strange torment—that of not being allowed to suffer enough.”*

In the old days, when but a small portion of the globe was known to civilised man, the explorer and the traveller would return to his home with weird, fantastic stories of long-armed hairy men, of impossible monsters, and countries of fairy-like wonder. But he who travels now and who happens to see a gorilla, or a giraffe, or perchance a volcano, forgets to mention it even in his most casual correspondence! And why? Because he has learnt to understand that such things are. He has named them, and, having done so, to him they cease as objects of interest. In one respect he gives birth to a great truth, which he at once cancels by giving birth to a great falsehood; for his reverence, like his disdain, depends but on the value of a name.

Not so, however, the adept; for as a zoologist does not lose

* “*Cœuvres*,” ii. 320. Prof. William James writes: “The great Spanish mystics, who carried the habit of ecstasy as far as it has often been carried, appear for the most part to have shown indomitable spirit and energy, and all the more so for the trances in which they indulged.”

Writing of St. Ignatius, he says: “St. Ignatius was a mystic, but his mysticism made him assuredly one of the most powerful practical human engines that ever lived” (“The Varieties of Religious Experience,” p. 413).

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

his interest in the simian race because he has learnt to call a long-armed hairy man a gorilla; so he, by learning to explain himself with clearness, and to convey the image of his thoughts with accuracy to the brain of another, is winnowing the wheat from the chaff, the Truth from the Symbol of Truth.

Now when St. John of the Cross tells us that a single vision of God may reward us for all the labours of this life, we are at perfect liberty, in these tolerant days, to cry "Yea!" or "Nay!" We may go further: we may extol St. John to the position of a second George Washington, or we may call him "a damned liar!" or, again, if we do not wish to be considered rude, a "neuropath," or some other equally amiable synonym. But none of these expressions explains to us very much; they are all equally vague—nay (curious to relate!), even mystical—and as such appertain to the Kingdom of Zoroaster, that realm of pure faith: *i.e.*, faith in St. John, or faith in something opposite to St. John.

But now let us borrow from Pyrrho—the Sceptic, the keen-sighted man of science—that word "WHY," and apply it to our "Yea" and our "Nay," just as a doctor questions himself and the patient about the disease; and we shall very soon find that we are being drawn to a logical conclusion, or at least to a point from which such a conclusion becomes possible.* And from this spot the toil of the husbandman must not be condemned until the Season arrives in which the tree he has

* "In the natural sciences and industrial arts it never occurs to any one to try to refute opinions by showing up their author's neurotic constitution. Opinions here are invariably tested by logic and by experiment, no matter what may be their author's neurological type. It should be no otherwise with religious opinions."—"The Varieties of Religious Experience," pp. 17, 18.

THE EQUINOX

planted bears fruit; then by its fruit shall it be known, and by its fruit shall it be judged.*

This application of the word "Why" is the long and short of what has been called Scientific Illuminism,† or the science of learning how not to say "Yes" until you know that it *is* YES, and how not to say "No" until you know that it *is* NO. It is the all-important word of our lives, the corner-stone of the Temple, the keystone of the arch, the flail that beats the grain from the chaff, the sieve through which Falsehood passes and in which Truth remains. It is, indeed, the poise of the balance, the gnomon of the sun-dial; which, if we learn to read aright, will tell us at what hour of our lives we have arrived.

Through the want of it kingdoms have fallen into decay and by it empires have been created; and its dreaded foe is of necessity "dogma."

* "Dr. Maudsley is perhaps the cleverest of the rebutters of supernatural religion on grounds of origin. Yet he finds himself forced to write ('Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings,' 1886, pp. 256, 257):

"What right have we to believe Nature under any obligation to do her work by means of complete minds only? She may find an incomplete mind a more suitable instrument for a particular purpose. It is the work that is done, and the quality in the worker by which it was done, that is alone of moment; and it may be no great matter from a cosmical standpoint if in other qualities of character he as singularly defective—if indeed he were hypocrite, adulterer, eccentric, or lunatic. ... Home we come again, then, to the old and last resort of certitude,—namely the common assent of mankind, or of the competent by instruction and training among mankind."

"In other words, not its origin, but *the way in which it works on the whole*, is Dr. Maudsley's final test of a belief. This is our own empiricist criterion; and this criterion the stoutest insisters on supernatural origin have also been forced to use in the end."—"The Varieties of Religious Experience," pp. 19, 20.

To put it vulgarly, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and it is sheer waste of time to upbraid the cook before tasting of his dish.

† Or Pyrrho-Zoroastrianism.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Directly a man begins to say "Yes" without the question "Why?" he becomes a dogmatist, a potential, if not an actual liar. And it is for this reason that we are so bitterly opposed to and use such scathing words against the present-day rationalist* when we attack him. For we see he is doing for Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer what the early Christian did for Jesus, Peter, and Paul; and that is, that he, having already idealised them, is now in the act of apotheosising them. Soon, if left unattacked, will *their* word become THE WORD, and in the place of the "Book of Genesis" shall we have the "Origin of Species," and in the place of the Christian accepting as Truth the word of Jesus shall we have the Rationalist accepting as Truth the word of Darwin.

But what of the true man of science? say you; those doubting men who silently work in their laboratories, accepting no theory, however wonderful it may be, until theory has given birth to fact. We agree—but what of the Magi? answer we; the few fragments of whose wisdom which escaped the Christian flames will stand in the eyes of all men as a wonder. It was the Christians who slew the magic of Christ, and so will it be, if they are allowed to live, the Rationalists who will slay the magic of Darwin; so that four hundred years hence perchance will some disciple of Lamarck

* "We have to confess that the part of it [mental life] of which rationalism can give an account is relatively superficial. It is the part that has the *prestige* undoubtedly, for it has the loquacity, it can challenge you for proofs, and chop logic, and put you down with words. But it will fail to convince or convert you all the same, if your dumb intuitions are opposed to its conclusions. If you have intuitions at all, they come from a deeper level of your nature than the loquacious level which rationalism inhabits."—"The Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 73.

THE EQUINOX

be torn to pieces in the rooms of the Royal Society by the followers of Haeckel, just as Hypatia, that disciple of Plato, was torn to pieces in the Church of Christ by followers of St. John.

We have nothing to say against the men of science, we have nothing to say against the great Mystics—all hail to both! But such of their followers who accepted the doctrines of either the one or the other as a dogma we here openly pronounce to be a bane, a curse, and a pestilence to mankind.

Why assume that only one system of ideas can be true? And when you have answered this question there will be time enough to assume that all other systems are wrong. Start with a clean sheet, and write neatly and beautifully upon it, so that others can read you aright; do not start with some old palimpsest, and then scribble all over it carelessly, for then indeed others will come who will of a certainty ready you awry.

If Osiris, Christ, and Mahomet were mad, then indeed is madness the key to the door of the Temple. Yet if they were only called mad for being wise beyond the sane, then ask you why their doctrines brought with them the crimes of bigotry and the horrors of madness? And our answer is, that though they loved Truth and wedded Truth, they could not explain Truth; and their disciples therefore had to accept the symbols of Truth for Truth, without the possibility of asking “Why?” or else reject Truth altogether. Thus it came about that the greater the Master the less was he able to explain himself, and the more obscure his explanations the darker became the minds of his followers. It was the old story of the light that blinded the darkness. You can teach a bushman to add one to one, and he may after some teaching grasp the idea of “two”; but do not try to teach him the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

differential calculus! The former may be compared to the study of the physical sciences, the latter to that of the mental; therefore all the more should we persevere to work out correctly the seemingly most absurd, infinitesimal differences, and perchance one day, when we have learnt how to add unit to unit, a million and a millionth part of a unit will be ours.

We will now conclude this part of our preface with two long quotations from Prof. James's excellent book; the first of which, slightly abridged, is as follows:

"It is the terror and beauty of phenomena, the 'promise' of the dawn and of the rainbow, the 'voice' of the thunder, the 'gentleness' of the summer rain, the 'sublimity' of the stars, and not the physical laws which these things follow, by which the religious mind still continues to be most impressed; and just as of yore the devout man tells you that in the solitude of his room or of the fields he still feels the divine presence, and that sacrifices to this unseen reality fill him with security and peace.

"Pure anachronism! says the survival-theory;—anachronism for which deanthropomorphization of the imagination is the remedy required. The less we mix the private with the cosmic, the more we dwell in universal in impersonal terms, the truer heirs of Science we become.

"In spite of the appeal which this impersonality of the scientific attitude makes to a certain magnanimity of temper, I believe it to be shallow, and I can now state my reason in comparatively few words. That reason is that, so long as we deal with the cosmic and the general, we deal only with the symbols of reality, but *as soon as we deal with the private and personal phenomena as such, we deal with realities in the*

THE EQUINOX

completest sense of the term. I think I can easily make clear what I mean by these words.

“The world of our experience consists at all times of two parts, an objective and a subjective part, of which the former may be incalculably more extensive than the latter, and yet the latter can never be omitted or suppressed. The objective part is the sum total of whatsoever at any given time we may be thinking of, the subjective part is the inner ‘state’ in which the thinking comes to pass. What we think of may be enormous—the cosmic times and spaces, for example—whereas the inner state may be the most fugitive and paltry activity of mind. Yet the cosmic objects, so far as the experience yields them, are but ideal pictures of something whose existence we do not inwardly possess, but only point at outwardly, while the inner state is our very experience itself; its reality and that of our experience are one. A conscious field *plus* its object as felt or thought of *plus* an attitude towards the object *plus* the sense of a self to whom the attitude belongs—such a concrete bit of personal experience may be a small bit, but it is a solid bit as long as it lasts; not hollow, not a mere abstract element of experience, such as the ‘object’ is when taken all alone. It is a *full* fact, even though it be an insignificant fact; it is of the *kind* to which all realities whatsoever must belong; the motor currents of the world run through the like of it; it is on the line connecting real events with real events. That unshareable feeling which each one of us has of the pinch of his individual destiny as he privately feels it rolling out on fortune’s wheel may be disparaged for its egotism, may be sneered at as unscientific, but it is the one thing that fills up the measure of our concrete actuality,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and any would-be existence that should lack such a feeling, or its analogue, would be a piece of reality only half made up.

“If this be true, it is absurd for science to say that the egotistic elements of experience should be suppressed. The axis of reality runs solely through the egotistic places—they are strung upon it like so many beads. To describe the world with all the various feelings of the individual pinch of destiny, all the various spiritual attitudes, left out from the description—they being as describable as anything else—would be something like offering a printed bill of fare as the equivalent for a solid meal. Religion makes no such blunders. . . . A bill of fare with one real raisin on it instead of the word ‘raisin’ and one real egg instead of the word ‘egg’ might be an inadequate meal, but it would at least be a commencement of reality. The contention of the survival-theory that we ought to stick to non-personal elements exclusively seems like saying that we ought to be satisfied forever with reading the naked bill of fare. . . . It does not follow, because our ancestors made so many errors of fact and mixed them with their religion, that we should therefore leave off being religious at all. By being religious we establish ourselves in possession of ultimate reality at the only points at which reality is given us to guard. Our responsible concern is with our private destiny after all.”*

“We must next pass beyond the point of view of merely subjective utility, and make inquiry into the intellectual content itself.

“First, is there, under all the discrepancies of the creeds, a

* “The Varieties of Religious Experience,” pp. 498-501.

THE EQUINOX

common nucleus to which they bear their testimony unanimously?

“And second, ought we to consider the testimony true?”

“I will take up the first question first, and answer it immediately in the affirmative. The warring gods and formulas of the various religions do indeed cancel each other, but there is a certain uniform deliverance in which religions all appear to meet. It consists of two parts:

“(1) An uneasiness; and

“(2) Its solution.

“1. The uneasiness, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is *something wrong about us* as we naturally stand.

“2. The solution is a sense that *we are saved from the wrongness* by making proper connection with the higher powers.

“In those more developed minds which alone we are studying, the wrongness takes a moral character, and the salvation takes a mystical tinge. I think we shall keep well within the limits of what is common to all such minds if we formulate the essence of their religious experience in terms like these:

“The individual, so far as he suffers from his wrongness and criticises it, is to that extent consciously beyond it, and in at least possible touch with something higher, if anything higher exist. Along with the wrong part there is thus a better part of him, even though it may be but a most helpless germ. With which part he should identify his real being is by no means obvious at this stage; but when Stage 2 (the stage of solution or salvation) arrives, the man identifies his real being with the germinal higher part of himself; and does

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

so in the following way: *He becomes conscious that this higher part is conterminous and continuous with a MORE of the same quality, which is operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with, and in a fashion get on board of and save himself when all his lower being has gone to pieces in the wreck*”*

These last few lines bring us face to face with the subject of this volume, viz.:—

FRATER P.

To enter upon a somewhat irrelevant matter, this is what actually happened to the complier of this book:

For ten years he had been a sceptic, in that sense of the word which is generally conveyed by the terms infidel, atheist, and freethinker; then suddenly, in a single moment, he withdrew all the scepticism with which he had assailed religion, and hurled it against freethought itself; and as the former had crumbled into dust, so now the latter vanished in smoke.

In this crisis there was no sickness of soul, no division of self; for he simply had turned a corner on the road along which he was travelling and suddenly became aware of the fact that the mighty range of snow-capped mountains upon which he had up to now fondly imagined he was gazing was after all but a great bank of clouds. So he passed on smiling to himself at his own childlike illusion.

Shortly after this he became acquainted with a certain brother of the Order of A.: A.:; and himself a little later became an initiate in the first grade of that Order.

In this Order, at the time of his joining it, was a certain

* “The Varieties of Religious Experience”, pp. 507, 508.

THE EQUINOX

brother of the name of P., who had but just returned from China, and who had been six years before sent out by the Order to journey through all the countries of the world and collect all knowledge possible in the time which touched upon the mystical experiences of mankind. This P. had to the best of his ability done, and though he had only sojourned in Europe, in Egypt, India, Ceylon, China, Burma, Arabia, Siam, Tibet, Japan, Mexico, and the United States of America, so deep had been his study and so exalted had been his understanding that it was considered by the Order that he had collected sufficient material and testimony whereon to compile a book for the instruction of mankind. And as Frater N.S.F. was a writer of some little skill, the diaries and notes of Frater P. were given to him and another, and they were enjoined to set them together in such a manner that they would be an aid to the seeker in the mysteries, and would be as a tavern on a road beset with many dangers and difficulties, wherein the traveller can find good cheer and wine that strengtheneth and refresheth the soul.

It is therefore earnestly hoped that this book will become as a refuge to all, where a guide may be hired or instructions freely sought; but the seeker is requested—nay, commanded—with all due solemnity by the Order of the A.: A.: to accept nothing as Truth until he has proved it so to be, to his own satisfaction and to his own honour.

And it is further hoped that he may, upon closing this book, be somewhat enlightened, and, even if as through a glass darkly, see the great shadow of Truth beyond, and one day enter the Temple.

So much for the subject; now for the object of this volume:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

THE AUGOEIDES.*

“Lytton calls him Adonai in ‘Zanoni,’ and I often use this name in the note-books.

“Abramelin calls him Holy Guardian Angel. I adopt this:

“1. Because Abramelin’s system is so simple and effective.

“2. Because since *all* theories of the universe are absurd it is better to talk in the language of one which is patently absurd, so as to mortify the metaphysical man.

“3. Because a child can understand it.

“Theosophists call him the Higher Self, Silent Watcher, or Great Master.

“The Golden Dawn calls him the Genius.

“Gnostics say the Logos.

“Zoroaster talks about uniting all these symbols into the form of a Lion—see Chaldean Oracles.†

“Anna Kingsford calls him Adonai (Clothed with the Sun). Buddhists call him Adi-Buddha—(says H. P. B.)

“The Bhagavad-Gita calls him Vishnu (chapter xi.).

“The Yi King calls him “The Great Person.”

“The Qabalah calls him Jechidah.

“We also get metaphysical analysis of His nature, deeper and deeper according to the subtlety of the writer; for this

* From a letter of Fra P.

† “A similar Fire flashingly extending through the rushings of Air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery, or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these symbols into the Form of a Lion.”

THE EQUINOX

vision—it is all one same phenomenon, variously coloured by our varying Ruachs*—is, I believe, the first and the last of all Spiritual Experience. For though He is attributed to Malkuth,† and the Door of the Path of His overshadowing, He is also in Kether (Kether is in Malkuth and Malkuth in Kether —“as above, so beneath”), and the End of the “Path of the Wise” is identity with Him.

“So that while he is the Holy Guardian Angel, He is also Hua‡ and the Tao.§

“For since *Intra Nobis Regnum deI*|| all things are in Ourselves, and all Spiritual Experience is a more or less complete Revelation of Him.

“Yet it is only in the Middle Pillar¶ that His manifestation is in any way perfect.

“The Augoedes invocation is the whole thing. Only it is so difficult; one goes along through all the fifty gates of Binah** at once, more or less illuminated, more or less deluded. But the First and the Last is this Augoeides Invocation.”

THE BOOK

This Book is divided into four parts:

* Ruach: the third form, the Mind, the Reasoning Power, that which possesses the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

† Malkuth: the tenth Sefira.

‡ The supreme and secret title of Kether.

§ The great extreme of the Yi King.

|| I.N.R.I.

¶ Or “Mildness,” the Pillar on the right being that of “Mercy,” and that on the left “Justice.” These refer to the Qabalistic Tree of Life.

** Binah: the third Sefira, the Understanding. She is the Supernal Mother, as distinguished from Malkuth, the Inferior Mother. (Nun) is attributed to the Understanding; its value is 50. *Vide* “The Book of Concealed Mystery,” sect. 40.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- I. The Foundations of the Temple.
- II. The Scaffolding of the Temple.
- III. The Portal of the Temple.
- IV. The Temple of Solomon the King.

Three methods of expression are used to enlighten and instruct the reader:

- (a) Pictorial symbols.
- (b) Metaphorically expressed word-pictures.
- (c) Scientifically expressed facts.

The first method is found appended to each of the four Books, balancing, so to speak, Illuminism and Science.

The second method is found almost entirely in the first Book and the various pictures are entitled:*

The Black Watch-tower, or the Dreamer.

The Miser, or the Theist.

The Spendthrift, or the Pantheist.

The Bankrupt, or the Atheist.

The Prude, or the Rationalist.

The Child, or the Mystic.

The Wanton, or the Sceptic.

The Slave, or he who stands before the veil of the
Outer Court.

The Warrior, or he who stands before the veil of the
Inner Court.

The King, or he who stands before the veil of the Abyss.

The White Watch-tower, or the Awakened One.

* Nine pictures between Darkness and Light, or eleven in all. The union of the Pentagram and the Hexagram is to be noted; also the eleven-lettered name ABRAHADABRA; 418; Achad Osher, or One and Ten; the Eleven Averse Sephiroth; and Adonai.

THE EQUINOX

The third method is found almost entirely in the second Book.

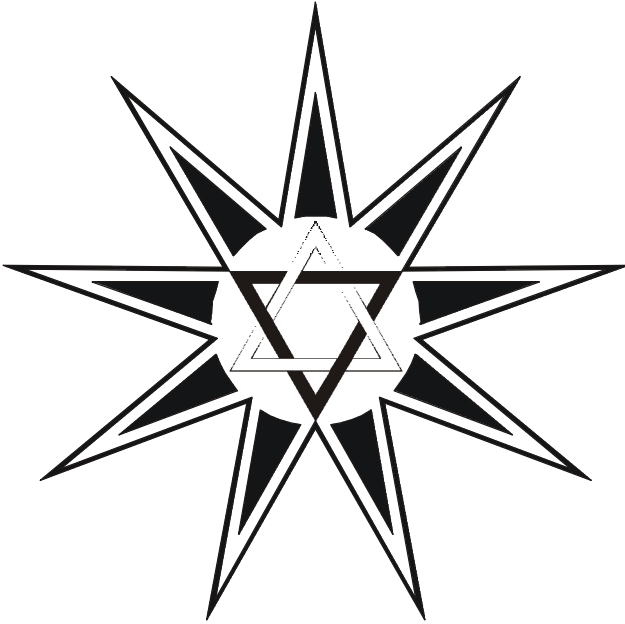
The third and fourth Books of this essay consist of purely symbolic pictures. For the Key of the Portal the neophyte must discover for himself; and until he finds the Key the Temple of Solomon the King must remain closed to him.

Vale!

BOOK I
The foundations of the Temple
of
SOLOMON THE KING
and
The nine cunning Craftsmen who
laid them between the
Watch-towers of
Night & Day.

And from that place are cast
out all the Lords who are the
exactors of the debts of man-
kind, and they are subjugated.

The Greater Holy Assembly, xx. 440.



THE BLACK WATCH-TOWER

WHO has not, at some period during his life, experienced that strange sensation of utter bewilderment on being awakened by the sudden approach of a bright light across the curtained threshold of slumber; that intoxicating sense of wonderment, that hopeless inability to to open wide the blinded eyes before the dazzling flame which has swept night into the corners and crannies of the dark bedchamber of sleep?

Who, again, has not stepped from the brilliant sunlight of noon into some shadowy vault, and, groping along its dark walls, has found all there to be but as the corpse of day wrapped in a starless shroud of darkness?

Yet as the moments speed by the sight grows accustomed to the dazzling intruder; and as the blinding, shimmering web of silver which he has thrown around us melts like a network of snow before the awakening fire of our eyes, we perceive that the white flame of bewilderment which had but a moment ago enwrapped us as a mantle of lightnings, is, but in truth, a flickering rushlight fitfully expiring in an ill-shapen socket of clay. And likewise in the darkness, as we pass along the unlit arches of the vault, or the lampless recesses which, toad-like, squat here and there in the gloom, dimly at first do the mouldings of the roof and the cornices of the

THE EQUINOX

walls creep forth; and then, as the twilight becomes more certain, do they twist and writhe into weirdly shapen arabesques, into fanciful figures, and contorted faces; which, as we advance, bat-like flit into the depths of a deeper darkness beyond.

Stay!—and but for a moment hurry back, and bring with you that little rushlight we left spluttering on the mantel-shelf of sleep. Now all once again vanishes, and from the floor before us jut up into the shadowland of darkness the stern grey walls of rock, the age-worn architraves, the clustered columns, and all the crumbling capitols of Art, where the years alone sit shrouded slumbering in their dust and mould—a haunting memory of long-forgotten days.

O dreamland of wonder and mystery! like a tongue of gold wrapped in a blue flame do we hover for a moment over the Well of Life; and then the night-wind rises, and wafts us into the starless depths of the grave. We are like gnats hovering in the sunbeams, and then the evening falls and we are gone: and who can tell whither, and unto what end? Whether to the City of Eternal Sleep, or to the Mansion of the Music of Rejoicing?

O my brothers! come with me! follow me! Let us mount the dark stairs of this Tower of Silence, this Watch-tower of Night; upon whose black brow no flickering flame burns to guide the weary wanderer across the mires of life and through the mists of death. Come, follow me! Grope up these age-worn steps, slippery with the tears of the fallen, and bearded with the blood of the vanquished and the salt of the agony of failure. Come, come! Halt not! Abandon all! Let us ascend. Yet bring with ye two things, the flint and the steel—the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

slumbering fire of Mystery, and the dark sword of Science; that we may strike a spark, and fire the beacon of Hope which hangs above us in the brasier of Despair; so that a great light may shine forth through the darkness, and guide the toiling footsteps of man to that Temple which is built without hands, fashioned without iron, or gold, or silver, and in which no fire burns; whose pillars are as columns of light, whose dome is as a crown of effulgence set betwixt the wings of Eternity, and upon whose altar flashes the mystic eucharist of God.

THE MISER

“GOD.” What a treasure-house of wealth lies buried in that word! what a mine of precious stones!—Ptah, Father of Beginnings, he who created the Sun and the Moon; Nu, blue, starry lady of Heaven, mistress and mother of the gods; Ea, Lord of the Deep; Istar—“O Thou who art set in the sky as a jewelled circlet of moonstone”; Brahma the golden, Vishnu the sombre, and Siva the crimson, lapped in seas of blood. Everywhere do we find Thee, O Thou one and awful Eidolon, who as Aormuzd once didst rule the sun-scorched plains of Euphrates, and as Odin the icy waves and the shrieking winds, round the frozen halls of the North.

Everywhere!—everywhere! And yet now Thou art again God, nameless to the elect—O Thou vast inscrutable Pleroma built in the Nothingness of our imagination!—and to the little ones, the children who play with the units of existence, but a myriad-named doll a cubit high, a little thing to play with—or else: an ancient, bearded Father, with hair as white as wool, and eyes like flames of fire; whose voice is as the sound of many waters, in whose right hand tremble the seven stars of Heaven, and out of whose mouth flashes forth a flaming sword of fire. There dost Thou sit counting the orbs of Space, and the souls of men: and we tremble before Thee, worshipping,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

glorifying, supplicating, beseeching; lest perchance Thou cast us back into the furnace of destruction, and place us not among the gold and silver of Thy treasury.

True, Thou hast been the great Miser of the worlds, and the Balances of Thy treasure-house have weighed out Heaven and Hell. Thou hast amassed around Thee the spoil of the years, and the plunder of Time and of Space. All is Thine, and we own not even the breath of our nostrils, for it is but given us on the usury of our lives.

Still from the counting-house of Heaven Thou hast endowed us with a spirit of grandeur, an imagination of the vastness of Being. Thou hast taken us out of ourselves, and we have counted with Thee the starry hosts of night, and unbraided the tangled tresses of the comets in the fields of Space. We have walked with Thee at Mamre, and talked with Thee in Eden, and listened to Thy voice from out the midst of the whirlwind. And at times Thou hast been a Father unto us, a joy, strong as a mighty draught of ancient wine, and we have welcomed Thee!

But Thy servants—those self-seeking, priestly usurers—See! how they have blighted the hearts of men, and massed the treasure of Souls into the hands of the few, and piled up the coffers of the Church. How they racked from us the very emblems of joy, putting out our eyes with the hot irons of extortion, till every pound of human flesh was soaked as a thirsty sponge in a well of blood: and life became a hell, and men and women went singing, robed in the *san-benito* painted with flames and devils, to the stake; to seek in the fire the God of their forefathers—that stern Judge who with sworded hand was once wont to read out the names of the living from

THE EQUINOX

the Book of Life, and exalt the humble on the golden throne of tyrants.

Yet in these ages of crucifix, of skull, and of candle; these ages of *auto-da-fé* and *in pace*; these ages when the tongue jabbered madness and the brain reeled in delirium, and the bones were split asunder, and the flesh was crushed to pulp, was there still in the darkness a glamour of truth, as a great and scarlet sunset seen through the memory of years. Life was a shroud of horror, yet it was life! Life! life in the awful hideous grandeur of gloom, until death severed the dull red thread with a crooked sword of cruel flame. And Love, a wild, mad ecstasy, broken-winged, fluttering before the eyeless sockets of Evil, as the souls of men were bought and sold and bartered for, till Heaven became a bauble of the rich, and Hell a debtor's dungeon for the poor. Yet amongst those rotting bones in the *oubliette*, and in those purple palaces of papal lust, hovered that spirit of life, like a golden flame rolled in a cloud of smoke over the dark altar of decay.

Listen: "Have you got religion? . . . Are you saved? . . . Do you love Jesus?" . . . "Brother, God can save you. . . . Jesus is the sinner's friend. . . . Rest your head on Jesus . . . dear, dear Jesus!" Curse till thunder shake the stars! curse till this blasphemy is cursed from the face of heaven! curse till the hissing name of Jesus, which writhes like a snake in a snare, is driven from the kingdom of faith! Once "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani" echoed through the gloom from the Cross of Agony; now Jerry McAuley, that man of God, ill-clothed in cheap Leeds shoddy, bobbing in a tin Bethel, bellows, "Do you love Jesus?" and talks of that mystic son of Him who set forth the sun and the moon, and all the hosts of

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Heaven, as if he were first cousin to Mrs. Booth or to Aunt Sally herself.

Once man in the magic land of mystery sought the elixir and the balsam of life; now he seeks “spiritual milk for American babes, drawn from the breasts of both Testaments.” Once man, in his frenzy, drunken on the wine of Iacchus, would cry to the moon from the ruined summit of some temple of Zagraeus, “Evoe ho! Io Evoe!” But now instead, “Although I was quite full of drink, I knew that God’s work begun in me was not going to be wasted!”

Thus is the name of God belched forth in beer and bestial blasphemy. Who would not rather be a St. Besarion who spent forty days and nights in a thorn-bush, or a St. Francis picking lice from his sheepskin and praising God for the honour and glory of wearing such celestial pearls in his habit, than become a smug, well-oiled evangelical Christian genteelman, walking to church to dear Jesus on a Sabbath morning, with Prayer-book, Bible, and umbrella, and a three-penny-bit in his glove?

THE SPENDTHRIFT

“ARCADIA, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.” What words to conjure with, what five shouts to slay the five senses, and set a leaping flame of emerald and silver dancing about us as we yell them forth under the oaks and over the rocks and myrtle of the hill-side. “Bruised to the breast of Pan”—let us flee church, and chapel, and meeting-room; let us abandon this mantle of order, and leap back to the heaths, and the marshes, and the hills; back to the woods, and the glades of night! back to the old gods, and the ruddy lips of Pan!

How the torches splutter in the storm, pressing warm kisses of gold on the gnarled and knotted trunks of the beech trees! How the fumigation from musk and myrrh whirls up in an aromatic cloud from the glowing censer!—how for a time it greedily clings to the branches, and then is wafted to the stars! Look!—as we invoke them, how they gather round us, these Spirit of Love and of Life, of Passion, of Strength, and of Abandon—these sinews of the manhood of the World!

O mystery of mysteries! “For each one of the Gods is in all, and all are in each, being ineffably united to each other and to God; because each, being a super-essential unity, their conjunction with each other is a union of unities.” Hence

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

each is all; thus Nature squanders the gold and silver of our understanding, till in panic frenzy we beat our head on the storm-washed boulders and the blasted trunks, and shout forth, "Io . . . Io . . . Io . . . Evoe! Io . . . Io!" till the glades thrill as with the music of syrinx an sistrum, and our souls are rent asunder on the flaming horns of Pan.

Come, O children of the night of Death, awake, arise! See, the sun is nodding in the West, and no day-spring is at hand in this land of withered dreams; for all is dull with the sweat of gloom, and sombre with the industry of Evil! Wake! O wake! Let us hie to the summits of the lonely mountains, for soon a sun will arise in us, and then their white peaks will become golden and crimson and purple as the breasts of a mighty woman swollen with the blood and milk of a new life. There, amongst those far-off hills of amethyst, shall we find the fair mistress of our heart's desire—that bountiful Mother who will clasp us to her breast.

Yours are the boundless forests, and the hills, and the far-off purple of the horizon. Call, and they shall answer you; ask, and they shall shower forth on you the hoarded booty of the years, and all the treasure of the ages; so that none shall be in need, and all shall possess all in the longing for all things. Come, let us shatter the vault of Circumstance and the walls of the dungeon of Convention, and back to Pan in the tangled brakes, and to the subtle beauty of the Sorceress, and to the shepherd-lads—back to the white flocks on the hill-side, back to Pan—to Pan—to Pan! Io! to Pan.

Under the mistletoe and the oak there is no snickering of the chapel-pew, no drawing-room grin of lewd desire, no smacking of wanton lips over the warm flesh and the white

THE EQUINOX

skin of life; but a great shout of joyous laughter arises, which sways the winds from their appointed courses, and rattles down the dead branches from the leafy boughs overhead: or, all is solemn and still as a breathless night; for here life is ever manly in turmoil as in repose.

Here there is no barter, no usury, no counting of the gains and losses of life; and the great Sower leaps over the fields like a madman, casting forth the golden grain amongst the briars, and on the rocks, as well as between the black furrows of the earth; for each must take its chance, and battle to victory in manliness and strength. Here there is neither sect nor faction: live or die, prosper or decay! So the great live, and the little ones go back to the roots of life. Neither is their obedience outside the obedience which is born of Necessity; for here there is no support, no resting on others—ploughshares are beaten into swords, and spindles are fashioned into the shafts of arrows, and the winds shriek through our armour as we battle for the strength of the World.

The rain falleth upon the deserts as upon the fertile valleys; and the sun shineth upon the blue waters as upon the verdant fields; and the dew heedeth not where it sleepeth, whether on the dung-hill, or betwixt the petals of the wild rose; for all is lavish in this Temple of the World, where on the throne of inexhaustible wealth sits the King of Life, tearing the jewels from his golden throat, and casting them out to the winds to be carried to the four corners of the Earth. There is no thrift here, no storing up for the morrow; and yet there is no waste, no wantonness, for all who enter this Treasure-house of Life become one with the jewels of the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

treasury.

Words! . . . words! . . . words! They have shackled and chained you, O children of the mists and the mountains; they have imprisoned you, and walled you up in the dungeon of a lightless reason. Fancy has been burnt at the stake of Fact; and the imagination cramped in the irons of tort and quibble. O vanity of vain words! O cozening, deceitful art! Nimbly do the great ones of to-day wrestle with the evil-smelling breath of their mouths, twisting and contorting it into beguilements, bastardising and corrupting the essence of things, sucking as a greedy vampire the blood from your hearts, and breathing into your nostrils the rigid symbols of law and of order, begotten on the death-bed of their understanding.

O children of Wonder and of Fancy, fly to the wild woods whilst yet there is time! Back to the mysteries of the shadowy oaks, to the revolt of imagination, to the insurrection of souls, to the moonlit festivals of love: back where the werewolf lurks, and the moonrakes prowl. Back, O back to the song of life, back to the great God Pan! And there, wrapped in your goat-skins, drink with the shepherds of Tammuz out of the skin of a suckling yet unborn, and ye shall become as the silver-gleaming waters of Istar—pure and bright! Speed, for he is the divine king of the fauns and the satyrs, the dryads and the oreads; the Lord of the Crowns; the Decider of Destiny; the God who prospers all above and beneath! And tarry not, lest as ye wander along the shore of the Ionian Sea ye hear a voice of lamentation crying, “Great Pan is dead!”

THE BANKRUPT

“O WHERE are the terraced gardens of Babylon, with their mighty groves towering up amongst the clouds? O where is the sun-god of Rhodes, whose golden brow was wont to blush with the first fire of dawn, whilst yet the waters at his feet were wrapped in the mists of night? O where is the Temple of Ephesus, and those who cried unto Diana? O where is the gleaming eye of Pharos that shone as a star of hope over the wild waters of the sea? Children of monsters and of gods, how have ye fallen! for a whirlwind hath arisen and swept through the gates of Heaven, and rushed down on the kingdoms of Earth, and as a tongue of consuming flame hath it licked up the handicrafts of man and cloaked all in the dust of decay. A yoke hath been laid on the shoulders of the ancient lands; and where once the white feet of Semiramis gleamed amongst the lilies and roses of Babylon there now the wild goats leap, and browse the sparse rank grass which sprouts in tufts from the red and yellow sand-heaps, those silent memorial mounds which mark the spot where once stood palaces of marble, and of jasper, and of jade. O woe! O woe! for all is dust and ruin; the flood-gates of the years have been opened, and Time has swept away as a mighty wind the embattled castles of kings

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

with the mud-daubed huts of shepherds. Merodach has gone, and so has Ea, and no longer doth Istar flame in the night, or cast down her kisses on the sparkling goblets in the palace of Belshazzar. Isis, dark-veiled, hath departed, and Nu no longer uplifteth the Sun-bark with the breath of dawn. O Amen, bull fair of face, where is thy glory? Thebes is in ruins! O Lord of joy, O mighty one of diadems! The Sekhet crown has fallen from thy brow, and the strength of thy life hath departed, and thine eyes are as the shrouded shadows of night. Olympus is but a barren hill, and Asgard a land of sullen dreams. Alone in the desert of years still crouches the Sphinx, unanswered, unanswerable, inscrutable, age-worn, coeval with the æons of eld; even facing the east and thirsting for the first rays of the rising sun. She was there when Cheops and Khephren builded the pyramids, and there will she sit when Yahveh has taken his appointed seat in the silent halls of Oblivion.

The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God!" Yet the wise man has sat trembling over the ruins of the past, and has watched with fearful eyes the bankruptcy of Splendour, and all the glory of man fall victim to the usury of Time.

O God, what art Thou that Thou dost abandon the kingdoms of this world, as a wanton woman her nightly lovers; and that they depart from Thee, and remember and regret Thee not? Yet thou art so vast that I cannot grasp Thee; Time flees before Thee, and Space is as a bauble in thine hands. O monstrous vacancy of vastness! Thou surpasses me, and I am lost in the contemplation of Thy greatness.

The old gods slew Ymer the giant; and from his blood they poured out the seas; and from his flesh they dug the land; and

THE EQUINOX

the rocks were fashioned out of his bones; and Asgard, fair dwelling-house of gods, was builded from the brows of his eyes; and from his skull was wrought the purple vault of Immensity; and from his brains were woven the fleecy clouds of heaven. But thou art more than Ymer; Thy feet are planted deeper than the roots of Igdrasil, and the hair of Thine head sweepeth past the helm of thought. Nay, more, vastly more; for Thou art bloodless, and fleshless, and without bones; Thou (O my God!) art nothing—nothing that I can grasp can span Thee. Yea! nothing art Thou, beyond the Nothingness of the Nothingness of Eternity!

Thus men grew to believe in NO-GOD, and to worship NO-GOD, and to be persecuted for NO-GOD, and to suffer and to die for NO-GOD. And now they torture themselves for him, as they had of yore gashed themselves with flints at the footstool of God His Father; and to the honour of His name, and as a proof of His existence, have they not built up great towers of Science, bastions of steam and of flame, and set a-singing the wheels of Progress, and all the crafts and the guiles and the artifices of Knowledge? They have contained the waters with their hands; and the earth they have set in chains; and the fire they have bound up as a wisp of undried straw; even the winds they have ensnared as an eagle in a net;—yet the Spirit liveth and is free, and they know it not, as they gaze down from their Babel of Words upon the soot-grimed fields, and the felled forests, and the flowerless banks of their rivers of mud, lit by the sun which glows red through the hooded mists of their magic.

Yet he who gazeth into the heavens, and crieth in a loud voice, “There is NO-GOD,” is as a prophet unto mankind; for

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

he is as one drunken on the vastness of Deity. Better to have no opinion of God than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him. Better to be wrapped in the black robe of unbelief than to dance in the stinking rags of blasphemy. So they learnt to cry, "For the children, belief and obedience; for us men, solitude"—the monarchy of Mind, the pandemoniacal majesty of Matter!

"A Bible on the centre-table in a cottage pauperises the monarchical imagination of man"; but a naked woman weeping in the wilderness, or singing songs of frenzy unto Istar in the night, from the ruined summit of Nineveh, invoking the elemental powers of the Abyss, and casting the dust of ages about her, and crying unto Bel, and unto Assur, and unto Nisroch, and smiting flames from the sun-scorched bones of Sennacherib with the age-worn sword of Sharezer and Adrammelech, is a vision which intoxicates the brain with the sparkling wine of imagination, and sets the teeth a-rattling in the jaws, and the tongue a-cleaving to the palate of the mouth.

But the book-men have slain the Great God, and the twitterers of words have twisted their squeaking screws into his coffin. The first Christians were called Atheists; yet they believed in God: the last Christians are called Theists; yet they believe not in God. So the first Freethinkers were called Atheists; yet they believed in NO-GOD: and the last Freethinkers will be called Theists; for they will believe not in NO-GOD. Then indeed in these latter days may we again find the Great God, that God who liveth beyond the twittering of man's lips, and the mumblings of his mouth.

Filled with the froth of words, have these flatulent fools

THE EQUINOX

argued concerning God. Not as the bard sung of Ymer; but as the cat purrs to the strangling mouse: "Since God is First Cause, therefore he possesses existence *a se*; therefore he must be both necessary and absolute, and cannot be determined by anything else." Nevertheless these wise doctors discuss him as if he were a corpse on the tables of their surgeries, and measure his length with their foot-rules, and stretch and lop him to fit the bed of their Procrustean metaphysic. Thus he is absolutely unlimited from without, and unlimited also from within, for limitation is non-being, and God is being itself, and being is all-things, and all-things is no-thing. And so we find Epicurus walking arm in arm, from the temple of windy words, with Athanasius, and enter the market-place of life, and the throng of the living—that great tongueless witness of God's bounty; and mingle with the laughing boys, showering rose-leaves on Doris and Bacchis, and blowing kisses to Myrtale and Evardis.

God or No-God—so let it be! Still the Sun rises and sets, and the night-breeze blows the red flames of our torches athwart the palm-trees, to the discomfiture of the stars. Look!—in the distance between the mighty paws of the silent Sphinx rests a cubical temple whose god has been called Ra Harmakhis, the Great God, the Lord of the Heaven, but who in truth is nameless and beyond name, for he is the Eternal Spirit of Life.

Hush—the sistrum sounds from across the banks of the dark waters. The moon rises, and all is as silver and mother-of-pearl. A shepherd's pipe shrills in the distance—a kid has strayed from the fold. . . . O stillness . . . O mystery of God . . . how soft is Thy skin . . . how fragrant is Thy breath! Life as a

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

strong wine flames through me. The frenzy of resistance, the rapture of the struggle—ah! the ecstasy of Victory. . . . The very soul of life lies ravished, and the breath has left me. . . . A small warm hand touches my lips—O fragrance of love! O Life! . . . Is there a God?

THE PRUDE

A FLY once sat upon the axle-tree of a chariot, and said: "What a dust do I raise!" Now a swarm of flies has come—the fourth plague of Egypt is upon us, and the land is corrupted by reason of their stench. The mighty ones are dead, the giants are no more, for the sons of God come not in unto the daughters of men, and the world is desolate, and greatness and renown are gone. To-day the blue blow-flies of decay sit buzzing on the slow-rolling wheel of Fortune, intoxicated on the dust of the dead, and sucking putrefaction from the sinews of the fallen, and rottenness from the charnel-house of Might.

O Reason! Thou hast become as a vulture feasting off the corpse of a king as it floats down the dark waters of Acheron. Nay! not so grand a sight, but as an old, wizened woman, skaldy and of sagging breast, who in the solitude of her *latrina* cuddles and licks the oleograph of a naked youth. O Adonis, rest in the arms of Aphrodite, seek not the hell-fouled daughter of Ceres, who hath grown hideous in the lewd embrace of the Serpent-God, betrayer of the knowledge of good and of evil. Behold her bulging belly and her shrivelled breasts, full of scale and scab—"bald, rotten, abominable!" Her tears no longer blossom into the anemones of Spring; for

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

their purity has left them, and they are become as the bilge which poureth forth from the stern of a ship full of hogs. O! Eros, fly, speed! Await not the awakening oil to scorch Thy cheek, lest Thou discover that Thy darling has grown hideous and wanton, and that in the place of a fair maiden there slimeth a huge slug fed of the cabbage-stalks of decay.

O Theos! O Pantheos! O Atheos! Triple God of the brotherhood of warriors. Evoe! I adore Thee, O thou Trinity of might and majesty—Thou silent Unity that rulest the hearts of the great. Alas! that men are dead, their thrones of gold empty, and their palaces of pearl fallen into ruin! Grandeur and Glory have departed, so that now in the Elysian fields the sheep of woolly understanding nibble the green turnip-tops of reason and the stubble in the reaped cornfields of knowledge. Now all is rational, virtuous, smug, and oily. Those who wrestled with the suns and the moons, and trapped the stars of heaven, and sought God on the summits of the mountains, and drove Satan into the bowels of the earth, have swum the black waters of Styx, and are now in the halls of Asgard and the groves of Olympus, amongst the jewels of Havilah and the soft-limbed houris of Paradise. They have left us, and in their stead have come the carrion kites, who have usurped the white thrones of their understanding, and the golden palaces of their wisdom.

Let us hie back to the cradle of Art and the swaddling bands of Knowledge, and watch the shepherds, among the lonely hills where the myrtle grows and the blue-bells ring out the innocence of Spring, learning from their flocks the mysteries of life. . . . A wolf springs from the thicket, and a lamb lies sweltering in its blood; then an oaken cudgel is

THE EQUINOX

raised, and Hermas has dashed out the brains from betwixt those green, glittering eyes. There now at his feet lie the dead and the dying; and man wonders at the writhing of the entrails and the bubbling of the blood. See! now he gathers in his flock, and drives them to a dark cavern in the sloping side of the mountain; and when the moon is up he departs, speeding to his sister the Sorceress to seek of her balsams and herbs wherewith to stanch his wound and to soothe the burning scratches of the wolf's claws. There under the stars, whilst the bats circle around the moon, and the toad hops through the thicket, and the frogs splash in the mere, he whispers to her, how green were the eyes of the wild wolf, how sharp were his claws, how white his teeth and then, how the entrails wriggled on the ground, and the pink brains bubbled out their blood. Then both are silent, for a great awe fills them, and they crouch trembling amongst the hemlock and the foxgloves. A little while and she arises, and, pulling her black hood over her head, sets out alone through the trackless forest, here and there lit by the moon; and, guided by the stars, she reaches the city.

At a small postern by the tower of the castle known as the "lover's gate" she halts and whistles thrice, and then, in shrill, clear notes as of some awakened night-bird, calls: "Brother, brother, brother mine!" Soon a chain clanks against the oaken door, and a bolt rumbles back in its staple, and before her in his red shirt and his leathern hose stands her brother the Hangman. And there under the stars she whispers to him, and for a moment he trembles, looking deep into her eyes; then he turns and leaves her. Presently there is a creaking of chains overhead—an owl, awakened from the gibbet above, where it

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

had been blinking perched on the shoulder of a corpse, flies shrieking into the night.

Soon he returns, his footsteps resounding heavily along the stone passage, and in his arms he is carrying the dead body of a young man. "*Hé*, my little sister," he pants, and for a moment he props his heavy load up against the door of the postern. Then these two, the Sorceress and the Hangman, silently creep out into the night, back into the gloom of the forest, carrying between them the slumbering Spirit of Science and Art sleeping in the corse of a young man, whose golden hair streams gleaming in the moonlight, and around whose white throat glistens a snake-like bruise of red, of purple, and of black.

There under the oaks by an age-worn dolmen did they celebrate their midnight mass. . . . "Look you! I must needs tell you, I love you well, as you are to-night; you are more desirable than ever you have been before . . . you are built as a youth should be. . . . Ah! how long, how long have I loved you! . . . But to-day I am hungry, hungry for you! . . ."

Thus under the Golden Bough in the moonlight was the host uplifted, and the Shepherd, and the Hangman, and the Sorceress broke the bread of Necromancy, and drank deep of the wine of witchcraft, and swore secrecy over the Eucharist of Art.

Now in the place of the dolmen stands the hospital, and where the trilithons towered is built the "Hall of Science." Lo! the druid has given place to the doctor; and the physician has slain the priest his father, and with wanton words ravished the heart of his mother the sorceress. Now

THE EQUINOX

instead of the mystic circle of the adepts we have the great “Bosh-Rot” school of Folly. Miracles are banned, yet still at the word of man do the halt walk, and the lame rise up and run. The devils have been banished, and demoniacal possession is no more, yet now the most lenient of these sages are calling it “hystero-demonopathy”—what a jargon of unmusical syllables! Saul, when he met God face to face on the dusty road of Damascus, is dismissed with a discharging lesion of the occipital cortex; and George Fox crying, “Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!” is suffering from a disordered colon; whilst Carlyle is subject to gastro-duodenal catarrh. Yet this latter one writes: “Witchcraft and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves; seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us: What is Madness, what are Nerves?”—Indeed, what is Madness, what are Nerves?

Once, when a child, I was stung by a bee whilst dancing through the heather, and an old shepherd met me, and taking a black roll of tobacco from a metal box, he bit off a quid and, chewing it, spat it on my leg, and the pain vanished. He did not spend an hour racking through the dictionary of his brain to find a suitable “itis” whereby to allay the inflammation, and then, having carefully classified it with another, declared the pain to be imaginary and myself to be an hysterio-monomaniac suffering from apiarian illusions!

To-day Hercules is a sun-myth, and so are Osiris and Baal; and no man can raise his little finger without some priapic pig shouting: “Phallus . . . phallus! I see a phallus! O what a phallus!” Away with this church-spire sexuality,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

these atavistic obstetrics, these endless survivals and hypnoid states, and all these orchitic superficialities! Back to the fruits of life and the treasure-house of mystery!

Let us leap beyond the pale of these pedantic dictionary *proxenetes* and this shuffling of the thumbed cards of Reason. Let us cease gnawing at this philosophic ham-bone, and abandon the thistles of rationalism to the tame asses of the Six-penny Cult, and have done with all this pseudo-science, this logic-chopping, this levelling loquacity of loons, louts, lubbers, and lunatics!

O Thou rationalistic Boreas, how Thou belchest the sheep and with the flatulence of windy words! Away with the ethics and morals of the schoolmen, those prudish pedants whose bellies are swollen with the overboiled spinach of their sploshy virtues; and cease rattling the bread-pills of language in the bladder of medical terminology! The maniac's vision of horror is better than this, even the shambles clotted with blood; for it is the blood of life; and the loneliness of the distant heath is as a cup of everlasting wine compared with the soapsuds of these clyster-mongers, these purge-puffed prudes, who loose forth on us an evil-smelling gas from their cabbage-crammed duodenary canals.

Yea! it shall pass by, this gastro-epileptic school of neurological maniacs; for in a little time we shall catch up with this moulting ostrich, and shall slay him whilst he buries his occipital cortex under the rubbish-heap of discharging lesions. Then the golden tree of life shall be replanted in Eden, and we little children shall dance round it, and shall banquet under the stars, feasting off the abandon of the wilderness and the freedom of the hills. Artists we shall become, and in the

THE EQUINOX

storm shall we see a woman weeping; and in the lightning and the thunder the sworded warrior who crushes her to his shaggy breast. Away with laws and labours. . . . Lo! in the groves of Pan the dance catches us up, and whirls us onward! O how we dash aside the goblets and the wine-skins, and how the tangled hair of our heads is blown amongst the purple clusters of the vine that clammers along the branches of the plane-trees in the Garden of Eros!

But yet for a little while the mystic child of Freedom must sit weeping at the footstool of the old prude Reason, and spell out her windy alphabets whilst she squats like a toad above her, dribbling, filled with lewd thoughts and longings for the oleograph of the naked youth and the stinking secrecy of her *latrina!*

THE CHILD

UNDER the glittering horns of Capricornus, when the mountains of the North glistened like the teeth of the black wolf in the cold light of the moon, and when the broad lands below the fiery girdle of many-breasted Tellus blushed red in the arms of the summer sun, did Miriam seek the cave below the cavern, in which no light had ever shone, to bring forth the Light of the World. And on the third day she departed from the cave, and, entering the stable of the Sun, she placed her child in the manger of the Moon. Likewise was Mithras born under the tail of the Sea-Goat, and Horus, and Krishna—all mystic names of the mystic Child of Light.

I am the Ancient Child, the Great Disturber, the Great Tranquilliser. I am Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow. My name is Alpha and Omega—the Beginning and the End. My dwelling-house is built betwixt the water and the earth; the pillars thereof are of fire, and the walls are of air, and the roof above is the breath of my nostrils, which is the spirit of the life of man.

I am born as an egg in the East, of silver, and of gold, and opalescent with the colours of precious stones; and with my Glory is the beast of the horizon made purple and scarlet, and orange, and green, many-coloured as a great peacock caught

THE EQUINOX

up in the coils of a serpent of fire. Over the pillars of Æthyr do I sail, as a furnace of burnished brass; and blasts of fire pour from my nostrils, and bathe the land of dreams in the radiance of my Glory. And in the west the lid of mine Eye drops—down smites the Night of reckoning and destruction, that night of the slaughter of the evil, and of the overthrow of the wicked, and the burning of the damned.

Robed in the flames of my mouth, I compass the heavens, so that none shall behold me, and that the eyes of men shall be spared the torture of unutterable light. “Devourer of Millions of Years” is my name; “Lord of the Flame” is my name; for I am as an eye of Silver set in the heart of the Sun. Thou spreadest the locks of thine hair before thee, for I burn thee; thou shakest them about thy brow, so that thine eyes may not be blinded by the fire of my fury. I am He who was, who is, and who will be; I am the Creator, and the Destroyer, and the Redeemer of mankind. I have come as the Sun from the house of the roaring of lions, and at my coming shall there be laughter, and weeping, and singing, and gnashing of teeth. Ye shall tread upon the serpent and the scorpion, and the hosts of your enemies shall be as chaff before the sickle of your might: yet ye must be born in the cavern of darkness and be laid in the manger of the moon.

Lo! I am as a babe born in a crib of lilies and roses, and wrapped in the swaddling bands of June. Mine hands are delicate and small, and my feet are shod in flame, so that they touch not the kingdoms of this earth. I arise, and leave the cradle of my birth, and wander through the valleys, and over the hills, across the sun-scorched deserts of day, and

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

through the cool groves of night. Everywhere, everywhere, I find myself, in the deep pools, and in the dancing streams, and in the many-coloured surface of the mere: there I am white and wonderful, a child of loveliness and of beauty, a child to entice songs from the wild rose, and kisses from the zephyrs of dawn.

Herod would have slain me, and Kansa have torn me with his teeth of fire; but I eluded them, as a flame hidden in a cloud of smoke, and took refuge in the land of Ptah and sought sanctuary in the arms of Seb. There were the glories of Light revealed to me, and I became as a daughter of Ceres playing in the popped fields of yellow corn: yet still as a sun-limbed bacchanal I trampled forth the foaming must from the purple grapes of Bacchus, and breathing it into the leaven of life, caused it to ferment, and bubble forth as the Wine of Iacchus. Then with the maiden, who was also myself, I partook of the Eucharist of Love—the corn and the wine, and became one.

Then there came unto me a woman subtle and beautiful to behold, whose breasts were as alabaster bowls filled with wine, and the purple hair of whose head was as a dark cloud on a stormy night. Dressed in a gauze of scarlet and gold, and jewelled with pearls and emeralds and magic stones, she, like a spider spun in a web of sunbeams and blood, danced before me, casting her jewels to the winds, and naked she sang to me: “O lover of mine heart, thy limbs are as chalcedony, white and round, and tinged with the mingling blush of the sapphire, the ruby, and the sard. Thy lips are as roses in June; and thine eyes as amethysts set in the vault of heaven. O! come kiss me, for I tremble for thee; fill me with love,

THE EQUINOX

for I am consumed by the heat of my passion; say me, O slay me with kisses, burn me in the fire of thy kingdom, O slay me with the sword of thy rapture!”

Then I cried unto her in a loud voice saying: “O Queen of the lusts of flesh! O Queen of the lands haunted by satyrs! O Mistress of Night! O Mother of the mysteries of birth and death! Who art girt in the flames of passion, and jewelled with emerald, and moonstone, and chrysoleth. Lo! on thy brow burns the star-sapphire of heaven, thy girdle is as the serpent of Eden, and round thine ankles chatter the rubies and garnets of hell. Hearken, O Lilith! O Sorceress of the blood of life! My lips are for those who suckle not Good, and my kisses for those who cherish not Evil. And my kingdom is for the children of light who trample under foot the garment of shame, and rend from their loins the sackcloth of modesty. When Two shall be One, then shalt thou be crowned with a crown neither of gold nor of silver, nor yet of precious stones; but as with a crown of fire fashioned in the light of God’s glory. Yea! when my sword falleth, then that which is without shall be like unto that which is within; then tears shall be as kisses, and kisses as tears; then all shall be leavened and made whole, and thou shalt find in thine hand a sceptre, neither of lilies nor of gold, but a sceptre of light, yea! a sceptre of the holiness and loveliness of light and of glory!”

O Children of the land of Dreams! O ye who would cross the bar of sleep, and become as Children of Awakening and Light. Woe unto you! for ye cleanse outside the cup and the platter; but within they are full of uncleanness. Ye are soaked in the blood of corruption, and choked with the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

vomit of angry words. Close your eyes, O ye neophytes in the mysteries of God, lest ye be blinded, and cry out like a man whose sight has been smitten black by a burning torch of tar. O Children of Dreams! plough well the fields of night, and prepare them for the Sower of Dawn. Heed lest the golden corn ripen and ye be not ready to pluck the swollen ears, and feast, and become as Bezaleel, filled with a divine spirit of wisdom, and understanding, and knowledge—a cunning worker in gold, and in silver, and in brass, in scarlet, in purple, and in blue.

But woe unto ye who tarry by the wayside, for the evening is at hand; to-day is the dawn, tomorrow the night of weeping. Gird up your loins and speed to the hills; and perchance on the way under the cedars and the oaks ye meet God face to face and know. But be not downcast if ye find not God in the froth or the dregs of the first cup: drink and hold fast to the sword of resolution—onwards, ever onwards, and fear not!

Devils shall beset the path of the righteous, and demons, and all the elemental spirits of the Abyss. Yet fear not! for they add grandeur and glory to the might of God's power. Pass on, but keep thy foot upon their necks, for in the region whither thou goest, the seraph and the snake dwell side by side.

Sume lege. Open the Book of THYSELF, take and read. Eat, for this is thy body; drink, for this is the blood of thy redemption. The sun thou seest by day, and the moon thou beholdest by night, and all the stars of heaven that burn above thee, are part of thyself—are thyself. And so is the bowl of Space which contains them, and the wine of Time in which

THE EQUINOX

they float; for these two are part of thyself—are Thyself. And God also who casteth them forth from the coffers of his treasury. He, too, though thou knowest it not, is part of thyself—is THYSELF. All is in thee, and thou art in all, and separate existence is not, being but a net of dreams wherein the dreamers of night are ensnared. Read, and thou becomest; eat and drink, and thou art.

Though weak, thou art thine own master; listen not to the babblers of vain words, and thou shalt become strong. There is no revelation except thine own. There is no understanding except thine own. There is no consciousness apart from thee, but that it is held feudal to thee in the kingdom of thy Divinity. When thou knowest thou knowest, and there is none other beside thee, for all becometh as an armour around thee, and thou thyself as an invulnerable, invincible warrior of Light.

Heed not the pedants who chatter as apes among the treetops; watch rather the masters, who in the cave under the cavern breathe forth the breath of life.

One saith to thee:

“Abandon all easy, follow the difficult; eat not of the best, but of the most distasteful; pander not to thy pleasures, but feed well thy disgusts; console not thyself, but seek the waters of desolation; rest not thyself, but labour in the depths of the night; aspire not to things precious, but to things contemptible and low.”

But I say unto thee: heed not this vain man, this blatherer of words! For there is Godliness in ease, in fine dishes, and in pleasures, in consolations, in rest, and in precious things.

So if in thyself thou findest a jewelled goblet, I say unto

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

thee, drink from it, for it is the cup of thy salvation; seek not therefore a dull bowl of heavy lead!

Yet another saith unto thee:

“Will not anything, will nothing; seek not for the best, but for the worst. Despise thyself; slander thyself; speak lightly of thyself.”

And again:

“To enjoy the taste for all things, then have no taste for anything.”

“To know all things; then resolve to possess nothing.”

“To be all; then, indeed be willing to be naught.”

But I say unto thee: this one is filed like a fool’s bladder with wind and a rattling of dried peas; for he who wills everything, is he who seeks of the best; for he who honours himself, he who prides himself most; and he who speaks highly of himself, is he who also shall reign in the City of God.

“To have no taste for anything, then enjoy the taste of all things.

“To resolve to possess nothing, then possess all things.

“To be naught, then indeed be all.”

Open the book of Thyself in the cave under the cavern and read it by the light of thine own understanding, then presently thou shalt be born again, and be placed in the manger of the Moon in the stable of the Sun.

For, children! when ye halt at one thing, ye cease to open yourselves to all things. For to come to the All, ye must give up the All, and likewise possess the All. Verily ye must destroy all things and out of No-thing found and build the Temple of God as set up by Solomon the King, which is placed between Time and Space; the pillars thereof are

THE EQUINOX

Eternity, and the walls Infinity, and the floor Immortality, and the Roof—but ye shall know of this hereafter! Spoil thyself if so thou readest thyself; but if it is written adorn thyself, then spare not the uttermost farthing, but deck thyself with all the jewels and gems of earth; and from a child playing with the sands on the sea-shore shalt thou become God, whose footstool is the Abyss, and from whose mouth goeth forth the sword of the salvation and destruction of the worlds, and in whose hand rest the seven stars of heaven.

THE WANTON

THERE is a woman, young, and beautiful, and wise, who grows not old as she dances down the centuries: she was in the beginning, and she will be in the end, ever young, ever enticing, and always inscrutable. Her back is to the East and her eyes are towards the night, and in her wake lieth the world. Wherever she danceth, there man casteth the sweat from his brow and followeth her. Kings have fled their thrones for her; priests their temples; warriors their legions; and husbandmen their ploughs. All have sought her; yet ever doth she remain subtle, enticing, virginal. None have known her save those little ones who are born in the cave under the cavern; yet all have felt the power of her sway. Crowns have been sacrificed for her; gods have been blasphemed for her; swords have been sheathed for her; and the fields have lain barren for her; verily! the helm of man's thoughts has been cloven in twain by the magic of her voice. For like some great spider she has enticed all into the silken meshes of her web, wherein she hath spun the fair cities of the world, where sorrow sits tongueless and laughter abideth not; and tilled the fertile plains, where innocence is but as the unopened book of Joy. Yet it is she also who hath led armies into battle; it is she who hath brought frail vessels

THE EQUINOX

safely across the greedy ocean; it is she who hath enthroned priests, crowned kings, and set the sword in the hand of the warrior; and it is she who hath helped the weary slave to guide his plough through the heavy soil, and the miner to rob the yellow gold from the bowels of the earth. Everywhere will you find her dancing down empires, and weaving the destiny of nations. She never sleeps, she never slumbers, she never rests; ever wakeful, day and night, her eyes glisten like diamonds as she danceth on, the dust of her feet burying the past, disturbing the present, and clouding the future. She was in Eden, she will be in Paradise!

I followed her, I abandoned all for her; and now I lie, as a fevered man, raving in the subtle web of her beauty.

Lo! there she stands swaying between the gates of Light and Darkness under the shadow of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, whose fruits are death; yet none that have not tasted thereof can tell whether they be sweet or bitter to the tongue. Therefore all must pluck and eat and dream. But when the time cometh for the mystic child to be born, they shall awake, and with eyes of fire behold that on the summit of the mountain in the centre of the garden there groweth the Tree of Life.

Now round the trunk of the Tree and the lower branches thereof there twines a woman, wild, wanton, and wise; whose body is as that of a mighty serpent, the back of which is vermilion, and the belly of red-gold; her breasts are purple, and from her neck spring three heads.

And the first head is as the head of a crownéd priestess, and is of silver, and on her brow is set a crown of pearls, and her eyes are as blue as the sapphire; but upon perceiving man

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

they turn green and yellow as the water of a troubled sea; and her mouth is as a moonstone cleft in twain, in which lurks a tongue born of flame and water.

And on beholding her, I cried to her in a loud voice, saying: “O Priestess of the Veil who art throned between the Pillars of Knowledge and Ignorance, pluck and give me of the fruit of the Tree of Life that I may eat thereof, so that my eyes shall be opened, and that I become as a god in understanding, and live for ever!”

Then she laughed subtly, and answered me saying: “Understanding, O fool that art so wise, is Ignorance. Fire licketh up water, and water quencheth fire; and the sword which one man fleeth from, another sheatheth in his breast. Seek the Crown of Truth, and thou shalt be shod with the sandals of Falsehood; unclasp the girdle of Virtue, and thou shalt be wrapped in the shroud of Vice.”

And, when she had finished speaking, she wove from her lips around me a net-work of cloud and of flame; and in a subtle song she sang to me: “In the web of my tongue hast thou been caught; in the breath of my mouth shalt thou be snared. For Time shall be given unto thee wherein to seek all things; and all things shall be thy curse, and thine understanding shall be as the waves of the sea ever rolling onwards to the shore from whence they came; and when at the height of their majesty shall their pride and dominion be dashed against the rocks of Doubt, and all thy glory shall become as the spume and the spray of shattered waters, blown hither and thither by the storm.”

Then she caught me up in the web of her subtleties and breathed into my nostrils the breath of Time; and bore me to

THE EQUINOX

the Abyss, where all is as the darkness of Doubt, and there she strangled me with the hemp and the silk of the abominations and arrogance of mine understanding.

And the second head is as the head of a young woman veiled with a veil as clear as rock crystal, and crowned with a crown fashioned in the shape of a double cube around which is woven a wreath of lilies and ivy. And her countenance is as that of Desolation yet majestic as an Empress of Earth, who possessing all things yet cannot find a helpmeet worthy to possess her; and her eyes are as opals of light; and her tongue as an arrow of flame.

And on beholding her I cried in a loud voice saying: "O Princess of the Vision of the Unknown, who art throned as a sphinx between the hidden mysteries of Earth and Air, give me of the fruit of the Tree of Life that I may eat thereof, so that mine eyes shall be opened, and I may become as a god in understanding, and live for ever!"

And when I had finished speaking she wept bitterly and answered me saying: "Verily if the poor man trespass within the palace gate, the king's dogs shall be let loose so that they may tear him in pieces. Also, if the king seek shelter in the hut of the pauper the louse taketh refuge in his hair, and heedeth not his crown nor his cap of ermine and gold. Now, thou, O wise man who art so foolish, askest for Understanding; yet how shall it be given unto him who asketh for it, for in the giving it it ceaseth to be, and he who asketh of me is unworthy to receive. Wouldst thou enter the king's palace in rags and beg crumbs of his bounty? Take heed lest, the king perceiving thee not, his knaves set the hounds upon thee, so that even the rags that thou possessest are torn from thee: or,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

even should the kind cast his eyes on thee, that he be not overcome with fury at the presumption of thine offence, and order thee to be stripped naked and beaten from his garden with staves back to the hovel whence thou camest. And being a king, if thou seekest knowledge and understanding in a beggar's hut, thou shalt become as an abode of vermin, and a prey to hunger and thirst, and thy limbs shall be bitten by cold and scorched with fire, and all thy wealth will depart from thee and thy people will cast thee out and take away thy crown. Yet there is hope for the beggar and the king, and the balances which sway shall be adjusted, and the sun shall drink up the clouds, and the clouds shall swallow the sun, and there shall be neither darkness nor light. Pledge thy pride and it will become but the habitations of vermin, pledge thy humility and thou shalt be cast out naked to the dogs.”

Then when she had finished speaking she bared her breast to me, and it was as the colour of the vault of heaven at the rising of the sun; and she took me in her arms and did caress me, and her tongue of fire crept around and about me as the hand of a sly maid. Then I drank in the breath of her lips, and it filled me as with the spirit of dreams and of slumber, so that I doubted that the stars shone above me, and that the rivers flowed at my feet. Thus all became as a vast Enigma to me, a riddle set in the Unknowability of Space.

Then in a subtle voice she sang to me: “I know not who thou art, or whence thou camest; whether from across the snowy hills, or from over the plains of fire. Yet I love thee; for thine eyes are as the blue of still waters, and thy lips ruddy as the sun in the West. Thy voice is as the voice of a

THE EQUINOX

shepherd at even, calling together his flock in the twilight. Thy breath is as the wind blown from across a valley of musk; and thy loins are lusty as red coral washed from the depths of the sea. Come, draw nigh unto me, O my love: my sister ensnared thee with her subtle tongue, she gave thee to suck from the breasts of Time: come, I will give thee more than she, for I will give unto thee as an inheritance my body, and thou shalt fondle me as a lover, and as a reward for thy love will I endow thee with all the realms of Space—the motes in the sunbeam shall be thine, and the starry palaces of night, all shall be thine even unto the uttermost depths of Infinity.” So she possessed me, and I her.

And the third head is as the head of a woman neither young nor old, but beautiful and compassionate; and on her forehead is set a wreath of Cypress and Poppies fastened by a winged cross. And her eyes are as star-sapphires, and her mouth is as a pearl, and on the lips crouches the Spirit of Silence.

And on beholding her I cried to her in a loud voice, saying: “O Thou Mother of the Hall of Truth! Thou who art both sterile and pregnant, and before whose judgment-seat tremble the clothed and the naked, the righteous and the unjust, give me of the fruit of the Tree of Life, that I may eat thereof so that mine eyes shall be opened, and that I become as a god in understanding, and live forever!”

Then I stood before her listening for her answer, and a great shaking possessed me, for she answered not a word; and the silence of her lips rolled around me as the clouds of night and overshadowed my soul, so that the Spirit of life left me. Then I fell down and trembled, for I was alone.

THE SLAVE

THE blue vault of heaven is red and torn as the wound of a tongueless mouth; for the West has drawn her sword, and the Sun lies sweltering in his blood. The sea moans as a passionate bridegroom, and with trembling lips touches the swelling breasts of night. Then wave and cloud cling together, and as lovers who are maddened by the fire of their kisses, mingle and become one.

Come, prepare the feast in the halls of the Twilight! Come, pour out the dark wine of the night, and bring in the far-sounding harp of the evening! Let us tear from our burning limbs the dusty robes of the morning, and, naked, dance in the silver radiance of the moon. Voices echo from the darkness, and the murmur of many lips lulls the stillness of departing day, as a shower in springtime whispering amongst the leaves of the sprouting beech trees. Now the wolves howl outside, and the jackals call from the thicket; but none heed them, for all inside is as the mossy bank of a sparkling streamlet—full of softness and the flashing of many jewels.

O where art thou, my loved one, whose eyes are as the blue of the far-off hills? O where art thou whose voice is as the murmur of distant waters? I stretch forth mine hands and

THE EQUINOX

feel the rushes nodding in the wind; I gaze through the shadows, for the night mist is rising from the lake; but thee I cannot find. Ah! there thou art by the willow, standing between the bulrush and the water-lily, and thy form is as a shell of pearl caught up by the waves in the moonlight. Come, let us madden the night with our kisses! Come, let us drink dry the vats of our passion! Stay! Why fleest thou from me, as the awakened mist of the morning before the arrows of day? Now I can see thee no more; thou art gone, and the darkness hath swallowed thee up. O wherefore hast thou left me, me who loved thee, and wove kisses in thine hair? Behold, the Moon hath followed thee! Now I see not the shadows of the woods, and the lilies in the water have become but flecks of light in the darkness. Now they mingle and melt together as snow-flakes before the sun, and are gone; yea! the stars have fled the skies, and I am alone.

How cold has grown the night, how still! O where art thou! Come, return unto me, that I stray not in vain; call unto me that I lose not my way! Lighten me with the brightness of thine eyes, so that I wander not far from the path and become a prey to the hunger of wild beasts!

I am lost; I know not where I am; the mossy mountains have become as hills of wind, and have been blown far from their appointed places; and the waving fields of the valleys have become silent as the land of the dead, so that I hear then not, and know not whither to walk. The reeds whisper not along the margin of the lake; all is still; heaven has closed her mouth and there is no breath in her to wake the slumber of desolation. The lilies have been sucked up by the greedy waters, and now night sleeps like some mighty

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

serpent gorged on the white flesh and the warm blood of the trembling maidens of dawn, and the wild youths of the noon-tide.

O my dove, my loved one! Didst thou but approach as a wanderer in the wilderness, thine hair floating as a raiment of gold about thee, and thy breasts lit with the blush of the dawn! Then would mine eyes fill with tears, and I would leap towards thee in the madness of my joy; but thou comest not. I am alone, and tremble in the darkness like the bleached bones of a giant in the depths of a windy tomb.

There is a land in which no tree groweth, and where the warbling of the birds is as a forgotten dream. There is a land of dust and desolation, where no river floweth, and where no cloud riseth from the plains to shade men's eyes from the sand and the scorching sun. Many are they who stray therein, for all live upon the threshold of misery who inhabit the House of joy. There wealth taketh wing as a captive bird set free, and fame departeth as a breath from fainting lips; love playeth the wanton, and the innocence of youth is but as a cloak to cover the naked hideousness of vice; health is not known, and joy lies corrupted as a corpse in the grave; and behind all standeth the great slave master called Death, all-encompassing with his lash, all-desolating in the naked hideousness and the blackness wherewith he chastiseth.

“I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit.” Yea! all are of dust, and turn to dust again, and the dead know not anything. Health has left me, wealth has departed from me, those whom I love have been taken from me, and now Thou

THE EQUINOX

(O my God!) hast abandoned me, and cast me out, and setting a lock upon Thy lips hast stopped Thine ears with wax and covered Thine eyes with the palms of Thine hands, so that Thou seest me not, nor hearest me, nor answerest unto my bitter cry. Thus I am cast out from Thy presence and sit alone as one lost in a desert of sand, and cry unto Thee, thirsting for Thee, and then deny Thee and curse Thee in my madness, until death stop the blasphemies of my lips with the worm and the dust of corruption, and I am set free from the horror of this slavery of sorrow.

I am alone, yea! alone, sole habitant of this kingdom of desolation and misery. Hell were as Paradise to this solitude. O would that dragons came from out the deep and devoured me, or that lions tore me asunder for their food; for their fury would be as milk and honey unto the bitterness of this torture. O cast unto me a worm, that I may no longer be alone, and that in its writhings on the sand I read Thine answer to my prayer! Would I were in prison that I might hear the groans of the captives; would I were on the scaffold that I might listen to the lewd jests of bloody men! O would I were in the grave, wound in the roots of the trees, eyeless gazing up into the blackness of death!

Between the evening and the morning was I born, like a mushroom I sprang up in the night. At the breast of desolation was I fed, and my milk was as whey, and my meat as the bitterness of aloes. Yet I lived, for God was with me; and I feared, for the devil was at hand. I did not understand what I needed, I was afraid, and fear was as a pestilence unto my soul. Yet was I intoxicated and drunken on the cup of life, and joy was mine, and reeling I shrieked blasphemies to the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

storm. Then I grew sober, and dived with mine understanding, and cheated mine heart, and lost my God, and was sold into slavery, and became as a coffin-worm unto the joy of my life. Thus my days grew dark, and I cried unto myself as my spirit left me: “O what of to-day which is as the darkness of night? O what then of to-morrow which is as the darkness of Eternity? Why live and tempt the master’s lash?” So I sought the knife at my girdle to sunder the thread of my sorrow; but courage had taken flight with joy, and my hand shook so that the blade remained in its sheath. Then I cried unto myself: “Verily why should I do aught, for life itself hath become unto me as a swordless scabbard”—so I sat still and gloomed into the darkness.

THE WARRIOR

THERE is an indifference which overleaps satisfaction; there is a surrender which overthrows victory, there is a resignation which shatters the fetters of anxiety, a relaxation which casts to the winds the manacles of despair. This is the hour of the second birth, when from the womb of the excess of misery is born the child of the nothingness of joy. *Solve!* For all must be melted in the crucible of affliction, all must be refined in the furnace of woe, and then on the anvil of strength must it be beaten out into a blade of gleaming joy. *Coagula!*

Weep and gnash your teeth, and sorrow sits crowned and exultant; therefore rise and gird on the armour of utter desolation! Slay anger, strangle sorrow, and drown despair; then a joy shall be born which is beyond love or hope, endurable, incorruptible. Come heaven, come hell! Once the Balances are adjusted, then shall the night pass away, and desire and sorrow vanish as a dream with the breath of the morning.

The war of the Freedom of Souls is not the brawling of slaves in the wine-dens, or the haggling of the shopmen in the market-place; it is the baring of the brand of life, that unsheathing of the Sword of Strength which lays all low before the devastation of its blade. Life must be held in

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

contempt—the life of self and the life of others. Here there must be no weakness, no sentiment, no reason, no mercy. All must taste of the desolation of war, and partake of the blood of the cup of death. O! warriors, ye cannot be too savage, to barbarous, too strong. On, O storm-blown sons of the fire of life! Success is your password; destruction is your standard; Victory is your reward!

Heed not the shrieking of women, or the crying of little children; for all must die, and not a stone must be left standing in the city of the World, lest darkness depart not. Haste! bring flint and steel, light the match, fire the thatch of the hovel and the cedar rafters of the palace; for all must be destroyed, and no man must delay, or falter, or turn back, or repent. Then from the ashes of Destruction will rise the King, the birthless and the deathless one, the great monarch who shall shake from his tangled beard the blood of strife, and who shall cast from his weary hand the sword of desolation.

Yea! from out the night flashes a sword of flame, from out the darkness speeds an arrow of fire!

I am alone, and stand at the helm of the barque of Death, and laugh at the fury of the waves; for the prow of my laughter smiteth the dark waters of destruction into a myriad jewels of unutterable and uttermost joy!

I am alone, and stand in the centre of the desert of Sorrow, and laugh at the misery of earth: for the music of my laughter whirleth the sands of desolation into a golden cloud of unutterable and uttermost joy!

I am alone, and stand on the storm cloud of life, and laugh at the shrieking of the winds; for the wings of my

THE EQUINOX

laughter sweep away the web of outer darkness, and reveal the stars of unutterable and uttermost joy!

I am alone, and stand on the flames of the mountains of pleasure, and laugh at the fire of rapture; for the breath of my laughter bloweth the bright flames into a pillar of unutterable and uttermost joy.

I am alone, and stand amongst the ghosts of the dead, and laugh at the shivering of the shades, for the heart of my laughter pulseth as a mighty fountain of blood clothing the shadows of night with the spirit of unutterable and uttermost joy!

I am alone, yea alone, one against all; yet in my sword have I all things; for in it lives the strength of my might, and if joy come not at my beckoning, then joy shall be slain as a disobedient slave, and if sorrow depart not at my command, then shall sorrow speed through the valley of death as a foe that passeth not his neck beneath the yoke.

In the bastion of mine imagination lie all the munitions of my might; and from the tower of my resolution do I sweep away the stars, and pour forth fire and water on the world of laughter and weeping. I cannot be despoiled, for none can approach me; I cannot be succoured, for I am far beyond the path of man's help. Yet neither would I if I could; for if I could, I would not; and if I would, I could not; for I have become as a giant amongst men, strong as he can only be who has feasted on the agony of life, and drunken of the cup of the sorrow of death, and towered above all things.

Laughter is mine, not the laughter of bitterness, nor the laughter of jest; but the laughter of strength and of life. I live like a mighty conquering Lord and all things are mine.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Fair groves and gardens, palaces of marble and fortresses of red sandstones; and the coffers of my treasury are filled with gold and silver and precious stones; and before my path the daughters of pleasure dance with unbraided tresses, scattering lilies and roses along my way. Life is a joy indeed, a rapture of clinging lips and of red wine, which flows in beads along the bronze and purple tresses, and then like rubies of blood finds refuge between the firm white breasts of maddened maidenhood.

Hark! . . . What is that, the yelping of a dog? No, it is the death-cry of a man! . . . Ay! the biting of sharp swords, and the shrieking of many women. Ho! the feast has indeed begun, the rabble have broken in, scythes glisten in the torchlight and tables are overturned; wine is gulped down by filthy mouths, and spilt and mingled with the blood of the slaughtered children of Eros, so that the banquet of love has become the shambles of death. . . .

Now all is still and the rose has given birth to the poppy, and the bronze tresses of the revellers lie motionless as snakes gorged on clotted blood, and shimmer wantonly in the moonlight between discovered limbs and disemboweled entrails. Soon the quivering maggots, which once were the brains of men, will lick up the crumbs of the feast in the temple of love, and the farce will be ended.

I rise from the corpse of her I kissed, and laugh; for all is beautiful, more beautiful still; for I create from the godless butchery of fiends the overpowering grandeur of death. There she stands before me, rose-limbed, crimson-lipped, with breast of scarlet flame, her tresses floating about her like a cloud of ruby fire, and the tongue which creepeth from

THE EQUINOX

her lips is as a carbuncle wet with the strong blood of warriors. I laugh, and in the frenzy of my exultation she is mine; and on that soft bed of bloody corpses do I beget on her the laughter of the scorn of war, the joy of the contempt of sorrow.

Life is a horror, a writhing of famished serpents, yet I care not, for I laugh. The deserts awe me not, neither do the seas restrain the purpose of my mirth. Life is as prisoner in a dungeon, still I laugh; for I, in my strength, have begotten a might beyond the walls of prisons; for life and death have become one to me—as little children gambolling on the sands and splashing in the wavelets of the sea. I laugh at their pretty play, and upon the billows of my laughter do I build up the Kingdom of the Great in which all carouse at one table. Here virgins mingle with courtesans, and the youth and the old man know neither wisdom nor folly.

I have conquered the deserts and the forests, the valleys and the mountains, the seas and the lands. My palace is built of fire and water, of earth and of air, and the secret place within the sanctuary of my temple is as the abode of everlasting mirth. All is love, life, and laughter; death and decay are not: all is joy, purity, and freedom; all is as the fire of mystery; all is all; for my kingdom is known as the City of God.

The slave weepeth, for he is alone; O be not slaves unto yourselves, lashing your backs with the sorrows of your own begetting. But rather become strong in the widowhood of your joy, and evoke from the horror of your seclusion the morion of the victory of resolution, and from the misery of your loneliness, the sword of the destruction of desire. Then

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

shall ye turn your faces towards the West, and stride after the night of desolation, and on the cup of the sunset shall ye become strong as warriors fed on the blood of bulls, and shall step out past the morning and the night in the manliness of might, to the conquest of thyself, and to the usurpation of the Throne of God!

THE KING

THE King is the undying One; he is the life and the master of life; he is the great living image of the Sun, the Sun, and the begetter of the Sun. He is the Divine Child, the God-begotten One, and the Begetter of God. He is the potent bull, the jewelled snake, the fierce lion. He is the monarch of the lofty mountains, and the lord of the woods and forests, the indweller of the globes of flame. As a royal eagle he soars through the heavens, and as a great dragon he churns up the waters of the deep. He holds the past between his hands as a casket of precious stones, the future lies before him clear as a mirror of burnished silver, and to-day is as an unsheathed dagger of gold at his girdle.

As a slave who is bold becomes a warrior, so a warrior who is fearless becomes a king, changing his battered helm of strength for a glittering crown of light; and as the warrior walks upright with the fearlessness of disdain in his eyes, so does the king walk with bowed head, finding love and beauty wherever he goeth, and whatever he doeth is true and lovely, for having conquered his self, he ruleth over his self by love alone, and not by the laws of good and evil, neither proudly nor disdainfully, neither by justice nor by mercy. Good and Evil is not his, for he hath become as an Higher Intelligence,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

as an Art enshrined in the mind; and in his kingdom actions no longer defile, and whatever his heart inclineth him to do, that he doeth purely and with joy. And as the countenance of a singer may be ruddy or white, fair or dark, nevertheless, the redness or the whiteness, the fairness or the darkness, affect not the song of his lips, or the rapture of his music; similarly, neither does man-made virtue and vice, goodness and wickedness, strength and weakness, or any of the seeming opposites of life, affect or control the actions of the King; for he is free-born from the delusions and the dream of opposites, and sees things as they are, and not as the five senses reflect them on the mirror of the mind.

Now he who would become as a king unto himself must not renounce the kingdoms of this world, but must conquer the lands and estates of others and usurp their thrones. Should he be poor he must aim at riches without forfeiting his poverty; should he be rich he must aim at possessing poverty as well, without taking one farthing from the coffers of his treasury. The man of much estate must aim at possessing all the land, until there is no kingdom left for him to conquer. The Unobtainable must be obtained, and in the obtaining of it is to be found the Golden Key of the Kingdom of Light. The virgin must become as the wanton, yet though filled with all the itchings of lust, she must in no wise forfeit the purity of her virginity; for the foundations of the Temple are indeed set between Day and Night, and the Scaffolding thereof is as an arch flung between Heaven and Hell. For if she who is a virgin become but as a common strumpet, then she indeed falls and rises not, becoming in her

THE EQUINOX

fall but a clout in the eyes of all men, a foul rag wherewith to sop up the lusts of flesh. So, verily, if she who being a courtesan, becometh as an untouched virgin, she shall be considered as a thing of naught, being both sterile and loveless; for what profit shall she be to this world who is the mother of unfruitfulness? But she who is both crimson and white, a twisted pillar of snow and fire, soothing where she burneth, and comforting where she chilleth, she shall be held as queen amongst women; for in her all things are found, and as an inexhaustible well of water around whose mouth grows the wild apricot, in which the bees set their sweet hives, she shall be both food and drink to the hearts of men: a well of life unto this world, yea! a goodly tavern wherein cool wine is sold, and good cheer is to be had, and where all shall be filled with the joyaunce of love.

Thus shall men attain to the unity of the crown and become as kings unto themselves. But the way is long and hilly and beset with many pitfalls, and it traverses a foul and a wild country. Indeed we see before us the towers and the turrets, the domes and the spires, the roofs and the gables, glittering beyond the purple of the horizon, like the helmets and spears of an army of warriors in the distance. But on approaching we find that the blue of the sky-line encompasses a dark wood wherein are all things unmindful of the Crown, and where there is darkness and corruption, and where lives the Tyrant of the World clothed in a robe of fantastic desires. Yet it is here that the Golden Key has been lost, where the hog, the wolf, the ape, and the bearded goat hold revel. Here are set the pavilions of dreams and the tented encampments of sleep, in which are spread the tables of demons, and where

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

feast the wantons and the prudes, the youths and the old men, and all the opposites of virtue and of vice. But he who would wear the crown must find the key, else the door of the Palace remains closed, for none other than he can open it for him. And he who would find the Key of Gold must seek it here in the outer court of the World, where the flatterers, and the parasites, and the hypocrites, buzz like flies over the fleshpots of life.

Now he who enters the outer court sees set before him many tables and couches, at which with swollen veins revel the sons of the gluttony of life. Here men, in their furious love of greed, stuff their jaws with the luxuries of decay, which a little after go to the dunghill; and vomit their sour drink on one another as a certain sign of their good fellowship. Here they carouse together drunkenly as in a brothel filling the world with the noise of cymbal and drum, and the loud-sounding instruments of delusion, and with shouts of audacious shame. Here are their ears and eyes pleasantly titillated by the sound of the hissing of the frying-pans, and the sight of the bubbling of stews; and courting voracity, with necks stretched out, so that they may sniff up the wandering steam of the dishes, they fill their swollen bellies with things perishable, and drink up the gluttonies of life. Yet he who would partake of the Banquet of Light must pass this way and sojourn a while amongst these animals, who are so filled with swinish itchings and unbridled fornications that they perceive not that their manger and their dunghill lie side by side as twins in one bed. For a space he must listen to the hiccuping of those who are loaded with wine, and the snorting of those who are stuffed with food, and must

THE EQUINOX

watch these lecherous beasts who insult the name of man rolling in their offal, gambolling, and itching with a filthy prurience after the mischievous delights of lewdness, drunkenly groping amongst the herds of long-haired boys and short-skirted girls, from whom they suck away their beauty, as milk from the udders of a goat. He must dwell for a time with these she-apes, smeared with white paint, mangled, daubed, and plastered with the “excrement of crocodiles” and the “froth of putrid humours,” who are known as women. Disreputable hags who keep up old wives’ whispering over their cups, and who, as filthy in body as in mind, with unbridled tongues clatter wantonly as they giggle over their sluttish whisperings, shamelessly making with their lips sounds of lewdness and fornication. And wanton young dabs with mincing gait swing their bodies here and there amongst the men, their faces smeared with the ensnaring devices of wily cunning. Winking boldly and babbling nonsense they cackle loudly, and like fowls scratching the dunghill seek the dirt of wealth; and having found it, pass their way to the gutter and the grave loaded with gold like a filthy purse.

O seeker! All this must thou bear witness to, and become a partaker in, without becoming defiled or disgusted, and without contempt or reverence; then of a certain shalt thou find the Golden Key which turneth the bolt of evil from the staple of Good, and which openeth the door which leadeth unto the Palace of the King, wherein is the Temple. For when thou hast discovered Beauty and Wisdom and Truth in the swollen veins, in the distended bellies, in the bubbling lips, in the lewd gambollings, in the furious greed, the wanton

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

whisperings, the sly winkings, and all the shameless nonsense of the Outer Court, then indeed shalt thou find that the Key of gold is only to be found in the marriage of wantonness and chastity. And taking it thou shalt place it in the lock of cherubic fire which is fashioned in the centre of the door of the King's house, which is built of ivory and ebony and studded with jet and silver; and the door shall open for a time as if a flame had been blown aside, and thou shalt see before thee a table of pearl on which are set the hidden waters and the secret bread of the Banquet of Light. And thou shalt drink and eat and become bright as a stream of molten silver; and, as the light of the body is the eye, so shalt thy true self become as an eye unto thee, and see all things, even the cup of the third birth; and, taking it, thou shalt drink from the cup the eucharist of Freedom, the wine of which is more fragrant than the sweet-scented grapes of Thrace, or the musk-breathing vines of Lesbos, and is sweeter than the vintage of Crete, and all the vineyards of Naxos and Egypt. And thou shalt be anointed with sweet-smelling nards, and unguent made from lilies and cypress, myrtle and amaranth, and of myrrh and cassia well mixed. And in thine hair shall be woven rose-leaves of crimson light, and the mingling loveliness of lilies and violets, twined as the dawn with night. And about thee shall waft a sweeter fragrance than the burning of frankincense, and storax, and lign-aloes; for it is the breath of the Temple of God. Then shalt thou step into the King's Palace, O warrior! and a voice more musical than the flute of ivory and the psaltery of gold, clear as a bell of mingled metals in the night, shall call unto thee, and thou shalt follow it to the throne which is as a perfect cube of

THE EQUINOX

flaming gold set in a sea of whiteness; and then shalt thou be unrobed of sleep and crowned with the silence of the King—the silence of song, of thought, and of reason, that unthinkable silence of the Throne.

THE WHITE WATCH-TOWER

CHAOS and ancient night have engulfed me; I am blind. I crouch on the tower of uttermost silence awaiting the coming of the armies of the dawn.

O whence do I come, where am I, O whither do I go? For I sit maddened by the terrors of a great darkness. . . . What do I hear? Words of mystery float around me, a music of voices, a sweetness, as of the scent of far burning incense; yea! I see, I hear, I am caught up on the wings of song. Yet I doubt, and doubt that I doubt . . . I behold!

See! the night heaves as a woman great with child, and the surface of the black waters shimmers as the quivering skin of one in the agony of travail. . . . The horizon is cleft and glows like a womb of fire, the hosts of the night are scattered, I am born, and the stars melt like flakes of snow before mine eyes. . . .

Lo! there she stands, born in maturity, shaken from out the loins of the darkness, as a rainbow from the purple jars of the thunder. Her hair is as a flood of dancing moon-beams, woven with golden ears of corn, and caught up by flashing serpents of malachite and emerald. On her forehead shines the crescent moon, pearl-like, and softly gleaming with the light of an inner light. Her garment is as a web of translucent

THE EQUINOX

silver, glistening white and dew-like, now rippling with all the colours of the rainbow, now rushing into flames crimson and gold, as the petals of the red-rose, woven with poppy, and crocus, and tulips. And around her, as a cloud of irradiant mystery gleaming with darkness, and partly obscuring the softness of her form, sweeps a robe, woven of a network of misty waters, and flashing with a myriad stars of silver; and in its midst, as a great pearl of fire drawn from the depths of the seas, a full moon of silver trembles glowing with beams of opalescent light—mystic and wonderful. In her right hand she holds a sistrum, and chimes forth the music of the earth, and in her left an asp twisted to the prow of a boat of gold, wherein lie the mysteries of heaven.

Then clear and sweet as the breath of the hillside, I heard a voice, as of the winds across a silver harp, saying:

I am the Queen of the heavenly ones, of the Gods, and of the Goddesses, united in one form. I am She who was, who is, and will be; my form is one, my name is manifold; under the palm-trees, and in the deserts, in the valleys, and on the snowy mountains, mankind pays me homage, and thunders forth praises to my name. Yet I am nameless in the deep, as amongst the lightsome mountains of the sky. Some call me Mother of the Gods, some Aphrodite of the seas of pearl, some Diana of the golden nets, some Proserpina Queen of Darkness, some Hecate mistress of enchantments, some Istar of the boat of night, some Miriam of the Cavern, and others yet again Isis, veiled mother of Mystery.

I am she who cometh in unto all men, and if not here, then shalt thou behold Me amidst the darkness of Acheron, and as Queen in the palaces of Styx. I am the dark night

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

that bringeth forth the bright day; I am the bright day that swalloweth up the dark night; that bright day that hath been begotten by the ages, and conceived in the hearts of men; that dawn in which storms shall cease their roaring, and the billows of the deep shall be smoothed out like a sheet of molten glass.

Then I was carried away on the wings of rapture, and in the strength of my joy I leapt from the tower of Night; but as I fell, she caught me, and I clung to her and she became as a Daughter of this world, as a Child of God begotten in the heart of man. And her hair swept around and about me, in clouds of gold, and rolled over me, as sunbeams poured out from the cups of the noon. Her cheeks were bright with a soft vermilion of the pomegranate mingling with the whiteness of the lily. Her lips were half open, and her eyes were deep, passionate, and tremulous, as the eyes of the mother of the human race, when she first struggled in the strong arms of man; for I was growing strong in her strength, I was becoming a worthy partner of her glory.

Then she clung to me, and her breath left her lips like gusts of fire mingled with the odours of myrtle; and in mine arms she sang unto me her bridal song:

“Come, O my dear one, my darling, let us pass from the land of the plough to the glades and the groves of delight! There let us pluck down the clustered vine of our trembling, and scatter the rose-leaves of our desire, and trample the purple grapes of our passion, and mingle the foaming cups of our joy in the glittering chalice of our love. O! love, what fountains of rapture, what springs of intoxicating bliss well up from the depths of our being, till the foaming wine jets

THE EQUINOX

forth hissing through the flames of our passion—and splashes into immensity, begetting a million suns.

“I have watched the dawn, golden and crimson; I have watched the night all starry-eyed; I have drunk up the blue depths of the waters, as the purple juice of the grape. Yet, alone in thine eyes, do I find the delights of my joy, and in thy lips the vintage of my love.

“The flowers of the fields have I gazed on, and the gay plumage of the birds, and the distant blue of the mountains; but they all fade before the blush of thy cheeks; and as the ruby goblet of the Sun is drained by the silver lips of night, so are they all swallowed up in the excess of thy beauty.

“I have breathed in the odour of roses and the fragrance of myrtle, and the sweet scent of the wild jessamine. I have drunk in the breath of the hillside, and the perfume of the woods and the seas; yet thy breath is more fragrant than they, it is sweeter still, it intoxicateth me and filleth me with joy, as a rich jar of wine found in the depths of a desert of salt—I have drunk deep and am bewildered with love.

“I have listened to the lark in the sky, to the curlew, and to the nightingale in the thicket, and to all the warblers of the woods, to the murmur of the waters and to the singing of the winds; yet what are they to the rapture of thy voice? which echoes in the valley of my breast, and trills through the depths of my being.

“I have tasted the juice of the peach, and the sweetness of honey and milk; but the wine of thy lips is strong as the aromatic vintage of Egypt, and sweet as the juice of the date-palms in the scented plains of Euphrates: Ay! let me drink

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

till I reel bewildered with kisses and pleasure . . . O my love! . . . my love! . . . O my love!”

Then I caught up her song and cried: “Yea! O Queen of the Night, O arrow of brightness drawn from the quiver of the moon! O Thou who hast ensnared me in the meshes of thine hair, and caught me up on the kisses of thy mouth; O thou who hast laid aside thy divinity to take refuge in mine arms, listen!

“I have drunk deep of the flagons of passion with the white-veiled virgins of Vesta, and the crimson-girdled daughters of Circe, and the drowsy-eyed maidens of Ind. I have woven love with the lithe girls of Hellas, and the subtle-limbed women of Egypt whose fingers are created to caress; all the virgins of Assyria, and the veiled beauties of Arabia, have been mine; yet amongst them all have I not found one to compare to a lash on the lid of thine eye. O Thou art as the wine of ecstasy, a thousand times more delicious than all these. Ah! but what is this languor which cleaves to me? My strength has left me; my soul has mingled with thine; I am not, and yet I am. Is it Thy weakness that I feel?”

“Nay, O lover, for it is only at the price of the illusion of my strength that thou hast given me the pleasure of unity which I have tasted in thine arms. Beauty has conquered me and drunk up the strength of my might; I am alone, and all things are mine in the mystery of my loneliness.

“*Evoe!* life burns in the brasier of love as a ruby flame in a sapphire bowl. I am dead, yet I live for ever!”

Arise, O sleeper, for the night of loneliness hath rolled up the hangings of her couch, and my heart is burning like a sun of molten brass; awake before the Beast riseth and enter the

THE EQUINOX

sanctuary of Eden and defile the children of dawn. Thou Child-Man, cast off the cloak of dreams who before thy sleep wast enraptured with the strength of love. Fair and fresh didst thou come from the woods when the world was young, with breast like the snowy hills in the sunlight, and thine hair as a wind-ravished forest of oak, and thine eyes deep and still as the lakes of the mountains. No veil covered thee, and thou didst revel naked in the laughter of the Dawn, and under the kisses of mid-day didst thou leap with the sun, and the caressing hands of night laid thee to rest in the cradle of the moon. Thoughts did not tempt thee, Reason played not the prude with thee, nor imagination the wanton. Radiant child that thou art, thou didst grow in the light that shone from thine eyes, no shadow of darkness fell across thy path: thy love was strong and pure—bright as the stars of night, and deep as the echoing depths of hills of amber, and emerald, and vermilion.

Awake! tear from thy limbs the hempen ropes of darkness, arise!—fire the beacon of the awakenment of the nations, and night shall heave as an harlot great with child, and purity shall be born of corruption, and the light shall quiver through the darkness, an effulgence of opals like the beams of many colours irradiated from the L. V. X.

Through the night of reckoning hast thou passed, and thy path hath been wound around the land of darkness under the clouds of sleep. Thou hast cleft the horizon as a babe the womb of its mother, and scattered the gloom of night, and shouted in thy joy: “Let there be light!” Now that thou has seized the throne, thou shalt pass the portals of the tomb and enter the Temple beyond.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

There thou shalt stand upon the great watch-tower of Day, where all is awakenment, and gaze forth on the kingdom of the vine and the land of the houses of coolness. Thou shalt conquer the Empire of the Sceptre, and usurp the Kingdom of the Crown, for thou art as a little child, and none shall harm thee, no evil form shall spring up against thee. For Yesterday is in thy right hand, and To-morrow in thy left, and To-day is as the breath of thy lips.

I am the Unveiled One standing between the two horizons, as the sun between the arms of Day and Night. My light shineth upon all men, and none can do me harm, neither can the sway of my rule be broken. I am the Unveiled one and the Unveiler and the Re-veiler; the world lieth below me and before me, and in the brilliance of mine eyes crouch the images of things that be. Space I unroll as a scroll, and Time chimeth from mine hand as the voice of a silver bell. I ring out the birth and the death of nations, and when I rise worlds pass away as feathers of smoke before the hurricane.

Yet, O divine Youth who has created thyself! What art thou? Thou art the birthless and the deathless one, without beginning and without end! Thou paintest the heavens bright with rays of pure emerald light, for thou art Lord of the beams of Light. Thou illuminest the two lands with rays of turquoise and beryl, and sapphire, and amethyst; for Lord of Love, Lord of Life, Lord of Immensity, Lord of Everlastingness is thy name. Thou hast become as a tower of Effulgence, whose foundations are set in the hearts of me, yea! as a mountain of chrysoleth slumbering in the Crown of Glory! whose summit is God!

[Book II “The Scaffolding” will appear in No. 2.]

THE HERB DANGEROUS

- I. The Pharmacy of Hashish. By E. WHINERAY, M.P.S.
- II. The Psychology of Hashish. With an attempt at a new classification of the mystic states of mind known to me, with a plea for Scientific Illuminism. By OLIVER HADDO.
- III. The Poem of Hashish. By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. (Translated.)
- IV. Selections illustrating the Psychology of Hashish, from "The Hashish-Eater." By H. S. LUDLOW.

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY OF CANNABIS SATIVA

(BEING A COLLATION OF FACTS AS KNOWN
AT THE PRESENT DATE)

CANNABIS INDICA was introduced into England by O'Shaughnessy, and the first extract was made by the late Mr. Peter Squire, the well-known pharmacist of Oxford Street. According to the "British Pharmacopeia" the official variety may consist of the flowering or fruiting tops; and is frequently of inferior quality, seeing that the fruiting tops yield less resin.

According to the "Journal" of the Chemical Society's Transactions, the important constituent is a resin. The active principle is stated to be a red oil, Cannabinol, which is liable to be come oxidised and inert.

Its medicinal properties are sedative, anodyne, hypnotic and antispasmodic. It has been used with success in migraine and delirium, neuralgia, pain of the last stages of phthisis and in acute mania, also in menorrhagia and dysmenorrhoea. ("Squire's Companion," Page 167, 1904 edition.)

It does not produce constipation or loss of appetite; on the contrary it restores the appetite which had been lost by chronic opium or chloral drinking. (1889, *Lancet*, vol. I. page 65.)

THE EQUINOX

Dr. Martindale remarks that recently the Cannabis imported had more toxic effects than formerly (this in spite of the fact that a high export duty has been placed upon the drug); it has indeed been stated that toxic symptoms have been produced by doses of the extract within the official limits. According to the "British Pharmacopeia" the dose is $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 grain. The *Lancet* vol. i, page 1042 (1908), records two interesting cases of toxic symptoms caused by taking overdoses of the tincture.

Antidotes for Cannabis poisoning are the stomach-pump or emetics followed by stimulating draughts of brandy and water or strong coffee, vegetable acids, such as lemon juice or vinegar.

Dr. Robert Hooper in his "Lexicon Medicum" (page 315), published in 1848, says: "Cannabis Indica is a variety of hemp much used in the East as an excitant. The Hindoos call it *Bangue*, the Arabs *Hasheesh*, the Turks *Malach*.

"The leaves are chewed or smoked like those of tobacco and an intoxicating liquor is prepared from them. This plant is also used by the Hottentots who call it *Dacha*. |

The following article by Mr. David Hooper, F.C.S., F.L.S. (Curator of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta) read at the last meeting of the British Pharmaceutical Conference at Aberdeen, throws a certain amount of light on to the commercial side of the question. At the close of the discussion Mr. D. B. Dott, an eminent Scottish Pharmacist, remarked that Professor Stockman had refused to investigate the drug, as it was useless. Mr. Edmund White, Ph.C., considered that the deterioration of the drug was due to enzymes, and suggested careful storage to preclude enzymic activity.

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

CHARAS OF INDIAN HEMP

BY DAVID HOOPER, F.C.S., F.L.S.

Although “charas” has been properly described as “a foul and crude drug, the use of which is properly excluded from civilised medicine,” it is imported into British India to the value of £120,000 per annum, a total exceeding the combined value of all the other medicinal imports, so that it is an article which deserves more than passing notice. Indian hemp (*Cannabis Sativa*), when grown in the East, secretes an intoxicating resinous matter on the upper leaves and flowering spikes, the exudation being marked in plants growing throughout the Western Himalayas and Turkestan, where charas is prepared as a commercial article. Formerly it was cultivated in fields in Turkestan, but now it is grown as a border around other crops (such as maize), the seeds of both being sown at the same time. A sticky exudation (white when damp and greyish when dry) is found on the upper parts of the plant before the flowers show, and in April and May, when the plants attain a height of 4 or 5 ft. and the seeds ripen, the *Cannabis* is gathered, after reaping the crops, and stored in a cool, dry place. When dry the powdery resinous substance can be detached by even slight shaking, the dust being collected on a cloth. In some districts the plants are cut close to the roots, suspended head downwards, and the dust or *gard* shaken from them and collected on sheets placed on the floor. The leaves, seeds, etc., are picked out, and sand, etc., separated by passing through a fine sieve, the powder being collected and stored in cloth or skin bags, when it is ready for export. In some villages the charas or

THE EQUINOX

extract is made up into small balls, which are collected by the middleman.

On reaching British territory all charas is weighed before the nearest magistrate, by whom it is sealed, a certificate of weight swigned by the Deputy Commissioner being given to the owner. The trader, before leaving the district, obtains a permit allowing him to take the drug to a special market. The zamindars of Chinese Turkestan are the vendors of the drug, the importers being Yarkhandis or Ladakhis, who dispose of it at Hoshiapur and Amritsar principally, returning with piece-goods, or Amritsar merchants who trade with Ladakh. The drug in this way reaches the chief cities of the Punjab during September and October. Thence it is distributed over the Central and United Provinces as far as Bombay and Calcutta, and is used everywhere for smoking. Charas, though a drug, plays the part of money to a great extent in the trade that is carried on at Ladakh, the price of the drug depending on the state of the market, and any fluctuations causing a corresponding increase or decrease in the value of the goods for which it is bartered. The exchange price of charas thus gives rise to much gambling. A pony-load (two pais or three maunds) sells for Rs. 40 or Rs. 50, the cost of transport to Hoshiapur (the chief Punjab depot) is Rs. 100, and there it fetches from Rs. 30 to Rs. 100 per maund. Retail dealers sell small quantities at a price that works out at Rs. 200 to Rs. 500 per maund. Five years ago the Kashgar growers, encouraged by the high prices, sowed a large crop and reaped a bumper harvest, only to find the market already overstocked and prices on the Leh Exchange fallen from Rs. 60 to RS. 30 per maund. The following are

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

the imports of charas from Ladakh and Kashmir between 1904 and 1907:

	1904-5	...	1905-6	...	1906-7
Cwt. . . .	2818		2446		2883
Value . . .	Rs. 12,13,860		Rs. 18,39,960		Rs. 22,90,560

Small quantities of charas are made, chiefly for local consumption, in the Himalayan districts of Nepal, Kumaon, and Garhwal, and in Baluchistan. Samples of Baluchistan charas made in the Sarawan division of the Kalat State have been sent to the Indian Museum by Mr. Hughes-Buller.

The following is the mode of preparation.

“The female ‘bhang’ plants are reaped when they are waist high and charged with seed. The leaves and seeds are separated and half dried. They are then spread on a carpet made of goat’s hair, another carpet is spread over them and slightly rubbed. The dust containing the narcotic principle falls off, and the leaves, etc., are removed to another carpet and again rubbed. The first dust is the best quality, and is known as *nup*; the dust from the second shaking is called *tahgalim*, and is of inferior quality. A third shaking gives *ganja*, of still lower quality. Each kind of dust is made unto small balls called *gabza*, and kept in cloth bags. The first quality is recognised by the ease with which it melts.”

The local rates per tola are: for first quality 2a.5p., second quality 1a.7p., and third quality 11p. Small quantities of charas find their way from Thibet into British and Native Garhwal, and a little is prepared in Simla and Kashmir; while other sources are Nepal and the hill districts of Almora and Garhwal. In preparing Nepal charas, the ganja-plant is squeezed between the palms of the hands, and the sticky

THE EQUINOX

resinous substance scraped off. *Momea*, black wax-like cakes, valued at Rs. 10 per seer, and *Shahjehani*, sticks containing portions of leaf, valued at Rs. 3 per seer, are the two kinds of Nepal charas, a few maunds being exported annually to Lucknow and Cawnpore. No charas is made in the plains of India, except a small quantity in Gwalior, the Bengal ganja yielding no charas in all the handling it undergoes in the process of perparation—thus emphasising the fact that the intoxicating secretion is developed in plants growing where the altitude and climate are suitable, as in the Himalayas and Turkestan.

Adulterations.—Aitchison in 1874 stated that no charas of really good quality ever came to Leh, the best charas in the original balls being sent to Bokhara and Kokan. He said the chief adulterant is the mealy covering of the fruits of the wild and cultivated Trebizond date (*Eloeagnus hortensis*). The impression in the United Provinces and the Punjab is that the Yarkhand drug is sophisticated, and a preference is given in some quarters to the Nepal and other Himalayan forms, which command a higher price. The Special Assistant in Kashgar declares there is no advantage in increasing the weight, as when dealers in India buy the drug they test it, otherwise they would pay a heavy duty on the adulterant as well as on the charas itself; so no exporter at present would spoil his charas by adding extraneous substances.

Mr. Hooper added descriptions of samples, namely: Kashgar charas, Yarkhand charas, Baluchistan charas, Gwalior charas, Kumaon charas, Garhwal charas, Nepal charas and Momea charas, from Simla.

Chemical Examination.—The table of analyses appended is taken from the author's report to the Indian Hemp Drug

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

Commission of 1893-4, but a few recent analyses have been added:

Description of Charas	Extract, Alcoholic	Vegetable Matter	Ash Soluble	Sand	Volatile Matter
Yarkhand	40.0	18.2	23.9	11.4	6.5
Amballa "Mashak"	42.7	12.9	12.4	28.2	5.8
Amritsar "Bhara"	38.1	14.9	10.8	29.8	6.4
" "Mashak"	46.5	12.6	10.0	27.3	3.6
Delhi Dust, 12a.	42.4	17.9	9.8	25.9	4.0
" 11. 1a.	42.6	18.8	11.1	23.2	4.3
" "Mashak"	41.1	11.3	10.7	29.5	7.4
11. 9a.					
Bombay	36.1	20.2	11.8	27.3	4.6
Gwalior	43.3	27.7	8.2	17.7	3.1
Kumaon (wild)	22.4	52.0	9.2	7.4	9.1
" (cult.)	34.2	46.3	9.0	3.0	7.5
Garhwal	41.9	37.0	7.9	5.5	7.7
Almora	36.9	40.5	10.5	4.6	7.5
Nepal	44.6	35.1	8.2	6.5	5.6
" "Shahjehani"	44.4	37.7	9.6	4.1	4.2
Simla "Momea" . . .	37.0	32.0	12.3	9.3	9.4
Baluchistan (1) 1903	22.4	19.9	14.8	38.6	4.3
" (2) "	22.0	35.2	20.8	15.1	6.9
" (3) 1905	24.2	16.0	13.3	39.3	7.2
" (4) " . . .	26.0	24.1	9.6	31.0	9.3
" (5) "	24.9	27.3	11.5	25.8	10.5
Kashgar (1)	40.2	21.1	9.2	16.8	12.7
" (2)	40.9	16.3	9.9	20.5	12.4
" (3)	48.1	15.6	8.2	16.1	12.0

According to Fluckiger and Hanbury, charas yields one-fourth to one-third of its weight of amorphous resin, and it has been stated that good samples yield 78 per cent. of resin. It will be seen above that the average yield in the North Indian samples is 40 per cent., the highest being from Kashgar and the lowest from Baluchistan and from Kumaon wild plants, the last-named corresponding to a good sample of ganja.

THE EQUINOX

Physiological Values.—Captain J. F. Evans. I.M.S., Chemical Examiner to the Government of Bengal, also gave results of his physiological tests in the Indian Hemp Drug Commission's Proceedings for 1893-4. His experiments were made with alcoholic extracts, and only one sample --- Amritsar best charas --- approached in definite physiological effects the extract, taken as a standard, prepared from Bengal ganja. The following are the values compared with that of Amritsar mashak, designated as 32:

Amritsar Mashak	32		Bombay	4
Delhi Mashak	24		Amballa Mashak	2
Amballa Mashak	23		Delhi dust	2
Garhwal	21		Kumaon wild	1
Delhi dust (2nd)	20		Kumaon cultivated	1
Amritsar Bhara	19		Gwalior	1

so that the best Amritsar charas is thirty-two times as potent as the Gwalior product, the latter from plants grown in the plains, while the amount of alcoholic extract bears no relation to the physiological activity of the drug.

Professor Greenish in his well-known work on *Materia Medica* says the *Cannabis Indica* is an annual dioecious herb indigenous to Central and Western Asia, but largely cultivated in temperate countries for its strong fibres (hemp) and its oily seed (hemp-seed) and in tropical countries also for the resinous secretions which it there produces. The secretion possesses very valuable and powerful medicinal properties; but it is not produced in the plant when grown in temperate climates; on the other hand the fibre of the plant under the latter condition is much stronger than that of the tropical plant.

The hemp plant grown in India differs, however, in certain

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

particulars from that grown in Europe; and the plant was formerly considered a distinct species and named *Cannabis Indica*, but this opinion is now abandoned.

The cultivation of hemp for its seed and fibre dates from very remote periods. It was used as an intoxicant by the Persians and Arabians in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and probably much earlier, but was not introduced into European medicine until the year 1838. For medicinal use it is grown in the districts of Bogra and Rajshaki to the North of Calcutta and westward, thence through central India to Gujerat. Very good qualities of the drug are purchased in Madras, but the European market is chiefly supplied with inferior grades from Ghalapur.

The pistillate plants by which alone the resin is secreted in any quantity are pruned to produce flowering branches, the tops of these flowering branches are collected, allowed to wilt, and then pressed by treading them under the feet into more or less compact masses. This forms the drug known as “ganjah,” or (on the London market) Guaza.

The larger leaves are collected separately; when dried they are known as “bhang.”

During the manipulations to which the plant is subjected in preparing the drug, a certain quantity of the resin is separated; it is collected and forms the drug known as “charas” (*Churrus*). Charas is also prepared by rubbing ganjah between the hands or by men in leather garments brushing against the growing plants, in any case separating part of the active adhesive resin; hence the official description limits the drug to that from which the resin has not been removed.

THE EQUINOX

All these forms of the drug are largely used in India for producing an agreeable form of intoxication; ganjah and charas are smoked, while bhang is used to prepare a drink or sweetmeat.

The drug has a powerful odour, but is almost devoid of taste.

Numerous attempts have been made to isolate the active constituent of Indian hemp; it is not possible here to do more than allude to the chief late ones.

In 1881 Siebold and Bradbury isolated a thick yellowish oily liquid which they termed *Cannabinine* and their results were confirmed in 1884 by Warden and Waddell.

In 1894 Robert separated a dark red syrupy mass possessing intoxicating properties and in 1896 Wood, Spivey, and Easterfield obtained from charas under reduced pressure certain inactive terpenes and a viscous resin *Cannabinol* which when warmed melts to an oily liquid. Cannabinol when taken internally induces delirium and sleep, and, as far as at present known, is the intoxicating constituent of Indian hemp.

In addition to this principle Matthew Hay in 1883 obtained colourless crystals of an alkaloid *tetano-cannabinine* which in physiological action resembled strychnine.

Cannabis Indica was formerly used as a hypnotic and anodyne but is uncertain in its action.

It is administered in mania and hysteria as an anodyne and antispasmodic.

Mr. E. M. Holmes, F.L.S., Curator of the Pharmaceutical Society's Museum, writing on the subject of *Cannabis Indica* says "The Dervishes make a preparation by macerating the resinous type in almond oil and give a small quantity of it in soup to produced prolonged sleep."

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

A strong dose of Cannabis produces curious hallucinations abolishing temporarily the ideas of time and distance; but the ordinary drug as imported is never the current crop, which the Hindoos keep for their own use. The active principle Cannabinol (as far as is known) rapidly oxidises and loses its properties so that if a really active preparation is required, it is best to get it made in India, using absolute alcohol and the fresh tops, or recently made charas, which, being a solid mass, does not readily oxidise.

Before closing it might be well to notice in detail the final investigations made by Messrs. Wood, Spivey, and Easterfield.

The following is re-printed from the "Proceedings of the Chemical Society" for 1897-8, and is to be found on page 66.

CANNABINOL

"The Authors have continued their examination of Cannabinol, the toxic resinous constituent of Indian Hemp (Trans. 1896, 69, 539).

"The substance boils with slight decomposition at about 400° its absorption spectrum shows no characteristic bands, its vapour-density at the temperature of boiling Sulphur corresponds with the formula $C_{18}H_{24}O_2$ already assigned to the compound.

"An account is given of the reaction of Cannabinol with Acetic Anhydride, benzoyl Chloride and phosphoric Anhydride; the results indicate that one hydroxyl group is present. In the case of Acetic Anhydride or Acetyl chloride, however, a crystalline compound melting at 75° is one of the products of the

THE EQUINOX

reaction. The Authors assign the formula $C_{15}H_{18}O_2$ to this compound. The same compound has recently been described by Dunstan and Henry (Proc. 1898, 14, 44, Feb. 17), who ascribe the formula $C_{18}H_{22}OAc$ to it, fuming hydriodic Acid gives no methyl or ethyl iodide when boiled with Cannabinol. Reduction with hydrodic Acid in sealed tubes produces a hydro-carbon, $C_{10}H_{20}$.

“By long boiling with or without dehydrating agents a hydro-carbon $C_{10}H_{16}$ is formed.

“Oxidation with aqueous chromic acid, alkaline or acid permanganate or dilute nitric acid is accompanied by the production of a caproic acid, lower fatty acids being probably produced at the same time. The action of fuming nitric acid upon cannabinol dissolved in cold glacial acetic acid removes one carbon atom as carbonic anhydride, and produces a red amorphous substance which gives numbers on analysis agreeing with the formula $C_{17}H_{20}N_2O_6$.

“This substance when boiled with nitric acid yields a light-red substance $C_{17}H_{20}N_2O_8$ which upon further oxidation yields among other substances a yellow acid crystalline compound $C_{13}H_{15}N_2O_5$, which forms sparingly soluble crystalline sodium, ammonium and silver salts and is probably a dinitrophenol, and a compound $C_{11}H_{11}NO_4$, the properties of which agree closely with those of the oxycannabin of Bolas and Francis (*Chemical News* 1871, 24, 77).

“This compound has the properties of a nitro-lactone, as has already been shown by Dunstan and Henry.

“Corresponding crystalline potassium and silver Salts have been prepared and analysed. The name Cannabinic Acid is proposed for the unnitrated parent oxy-acid.

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

“Amido-Cannabinolactone, $C_{11}H_{11}O_2NH_2$ is obtained in colourless crystals melting at 119° when the nitro-lactone is reduced either by hydriodic acid, or by tin and hydrochloric acid.

“The base is readily re-crystallised from hot water, its salts cannot be recrystallised from water without decomposition; the hydriodide and the platinochloride have been analysed.”

In a later paper read before the Chemical Society Messrs. Wood, Spivey, and Easterfield (Proc. Chem. Soc. 1897-8, page 184) say:

“The oily lactone prepared from nitrocannabinolactone (oxycannabin) is shown to be a metatolybutyrlactone, oxycannabin being the corresponding nitroderivative.

“By the oxidation of Cannabinolactone a lactonic acid is produced which on fusion with potash yields isophthalic acid. Nitrocannabinolactonic acid is obtained by oxidising oxycannabin either by nitric acid in sealed tubes or by potassium permanganate. The volatile fatty acids produced on oxidising Cannabinol by nitric acid are shown to be normal butyric (Dunstan and Henry, Proc. Chem. Soc. 1898, 14, 44) normal valeric and normal caproic acids, Valeric acid being formed in largest amount.”

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Parke, Davis and Co., manufacturing chemists of London and Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., we are enabled to reproduce a clear pharmacological study of the drug by E. M. Houghton, Ph.C., M.D.; and H. C. Hamilton, M.S. (Excerpt from an article in the *American Journal of Pharmacy* for January 1908.)

From several samples of Cannabis Americana fluid

THE EQUINOX

extracts and solid extracts were prepared according to the U.S.P., and were tested upon animals for physiological activity.

The method of assay, which has previously been called to the attention of this Society, is that which one of us (Houghton) devised and has employed for the past twelve years. This method consists essentially in the careful observation of the physiological effects produced upon dogs from the internal administration of the preparation of the drug under test. It is necessary in selecting the test animals to pick out those that are easily susceptible to the action of the Cannabis, since dogs as well as human beings vary considerably in their reaction to the drug. Also, preliminary tests should be made upon the animals before they are finally selected for test purposes, in order that we may know exactly how they behave under given conditions. After the animals have been finally selected and found to respond to the standard test dose, 0.01 Gm. per kilo, they are set aside for this particular work, care being taken to have them well fed, well housed, and in every way kept under the best sanitary conditions. Usually we have found it desirable to keep two or more of the approved animals on hand at all times, so there may not be delay in testing samples as they come in.

In applying the test, the standard dose (in form of solid extract for convenience) is administered internally in a small capsule. The dog's tongue is drawn forward between the teeth with the left hand and the capsule placed on the back part of the tongue with the right hand. The tongue is then quickly released and the capsule is swallowed with ease. In order that the drug may be rapidly absorbed, food should be

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

withheld for twenty-four hours before the test and an efficient cathartic given if needed.

Within a comparatively short time the dog begins to show the characteristic action of the drug. There are three typical effects to be noticed from active extracts on susceptible animals: first a stage excitability, then a stage of inco-ordination, followed by a period of drowsiness. The first of these is so dependent on the characteristics of the dog used that it is of little value for judging the activity of the drug, while with only a few exceptions the second, or the stage of inco-ordination, invariably follows in one or two hours; the dog loses control of its legs and of the muscles supporting its head, so that when nothing occurs to attract its attention its head will droop, its body sway, and, when severely affected, the animal will stagger and fall, the intoxication being peculiarly suggestive and striking.

Experience is necessary on the part of the observer to determine just when the physiological effects of the drug begin to manifest themselves, since there is always, as in the case of many chemical tests, a personal factor to be guarded against. When an active extract is given to a susceptible animal, in the smallest dose that will produce any perceptible effect, one must watch closely for the slightest trace of incoordination, lack of attention, or drowsiness. It is particularly necessary for the animals to be confined in a room there nothing will excite them, since when their attention is drawn to anything of interest the typical effect of the drug may disappear.

The influence of the test dose of the unknown drug is carefully compared with that of the same dose of the standard

THE EQUINOX

preparation administered to another test dog at the same time and under the same conditions.

Finally, when the animals become drowsy, the observations are recorded and the animals are returned to their quarters.

The second day following, the observations upon the two dogs are reversed, *i.e.*, the animal receiving the test dose of the unknown receives a test dose of the known, and *vice versa*, and a second observation is made. If one desires to make a very accurate quantitative determination, it is advisable to use, not two dogs, but four or five, and to study the effects of the test dose of the unknown specimen in comparison with the test dose of the known, making several observations on alternate days. If the unknown is below standard activity, the amount should be increased until the effect produced is the same as for the test dose of the standard. If the unknown is above strength, the test dose is diminished accordingly. From the dose of the unknown selected as producing the same action as the test dose of the standard, the amount of dilution or concentration necessary is determined. The degree of accuracy with which the test is carried out will depend largely upon the experience of the observer and the care he exercises.

Another point to be noted in the use of dogs for standardising Cannabis is that, although they never appear to lose their susceptibility, the same dogs cannot be used indefinitely for accurate testing. After a time they become so accustomed to the effects of the drug they refuse to stand on their feet, and so do not show the typical inco-ordination which is its most characteristic and constant action.

Previous to the adoption of the physiological test over twelve years ago, we were often annoyed by complaints of

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

physicians that certain lots of drugs were inert; in fact some hospitals, before accepting their supplies of hemp preparations, asked for samples in order to make rough tests upon their patients before ordering. Since the adoption of the test we have not had a well-authenticated report of inactivity, although many tons of the various preparations of Cannabis Indica have been tested and supplied for medicinal purposes.

At the beginning of our observations careful search of the literature on the subject was made to determine the toxicity of the hemp. Not a single case of fatal poisoning have we been able to find reported, although often alarming symptoms may occur. A dog weighting 25 pounds received an injection of two ounces of an active U.S.P. fluid extract in the jugular vein with the expectation that it would certainly be sufficient to produce death. To our surprise the animal, after being unconscious for about a day and a half, recovered completely. This dog received, not alone the active constituents of the drug, but also the amount of alcohol contained in the fluid extract. Another dog received about 7 grammes of Solid Extract Cannabis with the same result. We have never been able to give an animal a sufficient quantity of a U.S.P. or other preparation of the Cannabis (*Indica Americana*) to produce death.

There is some variation in the amount of extractive obtained, as would be expected from the varying amount of stems, seeds, etc., in the different samples. Likewise there is a certain amount of variation in the physiological action, but in every case the administration of 0.01 gramme of the extract per kilo body weight, has elicited the characteristic symptoms in properly selected animals.

THE EQUINOX

The repeated tests we have made convince us that *Cannabis Americana* properly grown and cured is fully as active as the best Indian drug.

Furthermore, we have placed our quantities of fluid extract and solid extract of *Cannabis Americana* in the hands of experienced clinicians, and from eight of these men, who are all large users of the drug, we have received reports which state that they are unable to determine any therapeutic difference between the *Cannabis Americana* and the *Cannabis Indica*.

CONCLUSIONS

1. The method, outlined in the paper, for determining the physiological activity of *Cannabis Sativa* by internal administration to especially selected dogs, has been found reliable when the standard dose of extract 0.01 gramme per kilo body weight, is tested on animals, the effects being noted by an experienced observe in comparison with the effects of the same quantity of a standard preparation.

2. *Cannabis Sativa*, when grown in various localities of the United States and Mexico, is found to be fully as active as the best imported Indian-grown *Cannabis Sativa*, as shown by laboratory and clinical tests.

Much has been written relative to the comparative activity of *Cannabis Sativa* grown in different climates (*Cannabis Indica*, *Mexicana* and *Americana*). It has been generally assumed that the American-grown drug was practically worthless therapeutically, and that *Cannabis Sativa* grown in India must be used if one would obtain physiologically active preparations.

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

Furthermore, it has been claimed that the best Indian drug is that grown especially for medicinal purposes, the part used consisting of the flowering tops of the unfertilised female plants, care being taken during the growing of the drug to weed out the male plants. According to our experience, this is an erroneous notion, as we have repeatedly found that the Indian drug which contains large quantities of seed is fully as active as the drug which consists of the flowering tops only, provided the seed be removed before percolation.

Several years ago we began a systematic investigation of American-grown *Cannabis Sativa*. Samples from a number of localities were obtained and carefully investigated. From these samples fluid and solid extracts were prepared according to the Pharmacopoeial method, and carefully tested upon animals for physiological activity, and eventually they were standardised by physiological methods. Repeated tests have convinced us that *Cannabis Americana* properly grown and cured is fully as active as the best Indian drug, while on the other hand we have frequently found Indian *Cannabis* to be practically inert.

Before marketing preparations of *Cannabis Americana*, however, we placed specimens of the fluid and solid extracts in the hands of experienced clinicians for practical test; and from these men, all of whom had used large quantities of *Cannabis Indica* in practice, we have received reports which affirm that they have been unable to determine any therapeutic difference between *Cannabis Americana* and *Cannabis Indica*. We are, therefore, of the opinion that *Cannabis Americana*, will be found equally as efficient as, and perhaps more uniformly reliable than *Cannabis Indica* obtained from abroad,

THE EQUINOX

since it is evident that with a source of supply at our very doors proper precautions can be taken to obtain crude drug of the best quality.

The proper botanical name of the drug under consideration is *Cannabis Sativa*. The Indian plant was formerly supposed to be a distinct species *per se*, but botanists now consider the two plants to be identical. The old name of *Cannabis Indica*, however, has been retained in medicine. *Cannabis Indica* simply means *Cannabis Sativa* grown in the Indies, and *Cannabis Americana* means *Cannabis Sativa* grown in America. Its introduction into Western medicine dates from the beginning of the last century, but it has been used as an intoxicant in Asiatic countries from time immemorial, and under the name of "hashish," "bhang," "ganja," or "charas," is habitually consumed by upwards of two hundred millions of human beings.

The physiological action of *Cannabis Americana* is precisely the same as that of *Cannabis Indica*. The effects of this drug are said to be due chiefly to its action upon the central nervous system. It first produces a state of excitement similar to that of the initial stage of acute alcoholism. This excitement of the motor areas and other lower centres in the brain, according to W. E. Dixon, of the University of Cambridge, "is not the result of direct stimulation of these, but is due to depression of the highest and controlling centres. At all events there is a depression of the highest centres, and this is shown by diminished efficiency in the performance of mental work, by inability to concentrate attention, and by feeble judgment." In lower animals the effects of *Cannabis Indica* resemble those in man, and present the same

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

variations. A stage of exaltation with increased movements is sometimes present, and is followed by depression, lassitude and sleep. Reflex excitability is first increased and then diminished. *Cannabis Indica* differs from opium in producing no disturbance of digestion and no constipation. The heart is generally accelerated in man when the drug is smoked. Its intravenous injection into animals slows the pulse, partly through inhibitory stimulation and partly through direct action upon the heart muscle. The pupil is generally somewhat dilated. Death from acute poisoning is extremely rare, and recovery has occurred after enormous doses. The continued abuse of hashish by natives of the East sometimes leads to mania and dementia, but does not cause the same disturbance of nutrition that opium does; and the habitual use of small quantities, which is almost universal in some Eastern countries, does not appear to be detrimental to health.

Cannabis Americana is employed for the same medicinal purposes as *Cannabis Indica*, which is frequently used as a hypnotic in cases of sleeplessness, in nervous exhaustion, and as a sedative in patients suffering from pain. Its greatest use has perhaps been in the treatment of various nervous and mental diseases, although it is found as an ingredient in many cough mixtures. In general, *Cannabis Americana* can be used when a mild hypnotic or sedative is indicated, as it is said not to disturb digestion, and it produces no subsequent nausea and depression. It is of use in cases of migraine, particularly when opium is contra-indicated. It is recommended in paralysis agitans to quiet the tremors, in spasm of the bladder, and in sexual impotence not the result of organic disease, especially in combination with *nux vomica* and *ergot*.

THE EQUINOX

The ordinary dosage is:

Extractum Cannabis Americanae, 0.01 gramme (1.5 grain).

Fluidextractum Cannabis Americanae, 0.05 cc. (1 minim).

The dosage of Cannabis Americana is the same as that of Cannabis Indica, as from our experiments we find that there is no therapeutic difference in the physiological action of the two drugs.

Cannabis Sativa, when grown in the United States (Cannabis Americana) under careful precautions, is found to be fully as active as the best imported Indian-grown Cannabis Sativa, as shown by the laboratory and clinical tests. The advantages of using carefully prepared solid and fluid extracts of the home-grown drug are apparent when it is considered that every step of the process, from planting of the drug to the final marketing of the finished product, is under the supervision of experts. The imported drug varies extremely in activity and much of it is practically inert or flagrantly adulterated.

The writer desires to acknowledge the able assistance given him in preparing the above notes by Mr. E. M. Holmes, F.L.S., and Mr. S. Jamieson, M.P.S. (Messrs. Parke, Davis and Co.) Readers acquiring further information on the subject are referred to the British Pharmaceutical Codex (1907) and Squire's "Companion to the British Pharmacopoeia," recently published.

A PHARMACEUTICAL STUDY

REFERENCES

- Marshall, London *Lancet*, 1897, i. p. 235.
Dixon, *British Medical Journal*, 1899, ii p. 136.
Fraenkel, *Arch. f. exp. Path. u. Pharm.* xlix, p. 266.
Cushny, "Textbook of Pharmacology," 1906, p. 232.
Houghton and Hamilton, *Am. Jour. Pharm.*, January
1908.
Transactions Chem. Society, 1896, 69, 539.
Proceedings Chem. Soc. 1898, 14, 44, Feb. 17; *Ibid.* 1898, p.
184.
Squires, "Companion to British Pharmacopoeia," 1908.
Martindale's "Extra Pharmacopoeia," 1908.
Hooper's "Medical Dictionary."
Chemist and Druggist.

E. WHINERAY, M.P.S., ETC.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

JOHN ST. JOHN

THE RECORD OF THE MAGICAL RETIREMENT OF
G. H. FRATER O.:M.:



PREFACE

NOBODY is better aware than myself that this account of my Retirement labours under most serious disadvantages.

The scene should have been laid in an inaccessible lamaserai in Tibet, perched on stupendous crags; and my familiarity with Central Asia would have enabled me to do it quite nicely.

One should really have had an attendant Sylph; and one's Guru, a man of incredible age and ferocity, should have frequently appeared at the dramatic moment.

A gigantic magician on a coal-black steed would have added to the effect: strange voices, uttering formidable things, should have issued from unfathomable caverns. A mountain shaped like a Svastika with a Pillar of Flame would have been rather taking; herds of impossible yaks, ghost-dogs, gryphons. ...

But my good, friends, this is not the way things happen. Paris is as wonderful as Lhasa, and there are just as many miracles in London as in Luang Prabang.

I did not even think it necessary to go into the Bois de Boulogne and meet those Three Adepts who cause bleeding at the nose, familiar to us from the writings of Macgregor Mathers.

THE EQUINOX

The Universe of Magic is in the mind of a man: the setting is but Illusion even to the thinker.

Humanity is progressing; formerly men dwelt habitually in the exterior world; nothing less than giants and Paynim and men-at-arms and distressed ladies, vampires and succubi, could amuse them. Their magicians brought demons from the smoke of blood, and made gold from baser metals.

In this they succeeded; the intelligent perceived that the gold and the lead were but shadows of thought. It became probable that the elements were but isomers of one element; matter was seen to be but a modification of mind, or (at least) that the two things matter and mind must be joined before either could be perceived. All knowledge comes through the senses, on the one hand; on the other, it is only through the senses that knowledge comes.

We then continue our conquest of matter; and we are getting pretty expert. It took much longer to perfect the telescope than the motor-car. And though, of course, there are limitations, we know enough to be able to predict them.

We know in what progression the Power to Speed coefficient of a steamboat rises—and so on.

But in our conquest of Nature, which we are making principally by the use of the rational intelligence of the mind, we have become aware of that world itself, so much so that educated men spend nine-tenths of their waking lives in that world, only descending to feed and dress and so on at the imperative summons of their physical constitution.

Now to us who thus live the world of mind seems almost as savage and unexplored as the world of Nature seemed to the Greeks.

JOHN ST. JOHN

There are countless worlds of wonder unpath'd and uncomprehended—and even unguessed, we doubt not.

Therefore we set out diligently to explore and map these

untrodden regions of the mind.

Surely our adventures may be as exciting as those of Cortes or Cook!

It is for this reason that I invite with confidence the attention of humanity to this record of my journey.

But another set of people will find another disappointment. I am hardly an heroic figure. I am not The Good Young Man That Died. I do not remain in holy meditation, balanced on my left eyelash, for forty years, restoring exhausted nature by a single grain of rice at intervals of several months.

You will perceive in these pages a man with all his imperfections thick upon him trying blindly, yet with all his force, to control the thoughts of his mind, so that he shall be able to say “I will think this thought and not that thought” at any moment, as easily as (having conquered Nature) we are all able to say “I will drink this wine, and not that wine.”

For, as we have now learnt, our happiness does not at all depend upon our possessions or our power. We would all rather be dead than be a millionaire who lives in daily dread of murder or blackmail.

Our happiness depends upon our state of mind. It is the mastery of these things that the Magicians of to-day have set out to obtain for humanity; they will not turn back, or turn aside.

THE EQUINOX

It is with the object of giving the reins into the hands of others that I have written this record, not without pain.

Others, reading it, will see the sort of way one sets to work; they will imitate and improve upon it; they will attain to the Magistry; they will prepare the Red Tincture and the Elixir of Life—for they will discover what Life means.

PROLOGUE

IT hath appeared unto me fitting to make a careful and even an elaborate record of this Great Magical Retirement, for that in the first place I am now certain of obtaining some Result therefrom, as I was never previously certain.

Previous records of mine have therefore seemed vague and obscure, even unto the wisest of the scribes; and I am myself afraid that even here all my skill of speech and study may avail me little, so that the most important part of the record will be blank.

Now I cannot tell whether it is a part of my personal Kamma, or whether the Influence of the Equinox of Autumn should be the exciting cause; but it has usually been at this part of the year that my best Results have occurred. It may be that the physical health induced by the summer in me, who dislike damp and chill, may bring forth as it were a flower the particular kind of Energy—Sammaváyamo—which gives alike the desire to perform more definitely and exclusively the Great Work, and the capacity to achieve success.

It is in any case remarkable that I was born in October (18—); suffered the terrible mystic trance which turned me toward the Path in October (18—); applied for admission to G.: D.: in October (18—); opened my temple at B——e in

THE EQUINOX

October (18—); received the mysteries of L.I.L. in October (19—); and obtained the grade of $6^\circ = 5^\circ$; obtained the first true mystic results in October (19—); first landed in Egypt in October (19—); landed again in Egypt in October (19—); first parted from . . . in October (19—); wrote the B.-i.-M. in October (19—), and obtained the grade of $7^\circ = 4^\circ$; received the great Initiation in October 19-; and, continuing, received in October 19—.

So then in the last days of September 19— do I begin to collect and direct my thoughts; gently, subtly, persistently turning them one and all to the question of retreat and communion with that which I have agreed to call the Holy Guardian Angel, whose Knowledge and Conversation I have willed, and in greater or less measure enjoyed, since Ten Years.

Terrible have been the ordeals of the Path; I have lost all that I possessed, and all that I love, even as at the Beginning I offered All for Nothing, unwitting as I was of the meaning of those words. I have suffered many and grievous things at the hands of the elements, and of the planets; hunger, thirst, fatigue, disease, anxiety, bereavement, all those woes and others have laid heavy hand upon me, and behold! as I look back upon these years, I declare that all hath been very well. For so great is the Reward which I (unworthy) have attained that the Ordeals seem but incidents hardly worthy to mention, save in so far as they are the Levers by which I moved the World. Even those dreadful periods of “dryness” and of despair seem but the necessary lying fallow of the Earth. All those “false paths” of Magic and Meditation and of Reason were not false paths, but steps upon the

JOHN ST. JOHN

true Path; even a tree must shoot downwards its roots into the Earth in order that it may flower, and bring forth fruit in its season.

So also now I know that even in my months of absorption in worldly pleasure and business, I am not really there, but stand behind, preparing the Event.

Imagine me, therefore, if you will, in Paris on the last day of September. How surprised was I—though, had I thought, I should have remembered that it was so—to find all my necessary magical apparatus to my hand! Months before, for quite other reasons, I had moved most of my portable property to Paris; now I go to Paris, not thinking of a Retirement, for I now know enough to trust my destiny to bring all things to pass without anxious forethought on my part—and suddenly, therefore, here do I find myself—and nothing is lacking.

I determined therefore to begin steadily and quietly, allowing the Magical Will to come slowly forth, daily stronger, in contrast to my old plan, desperation kindling a store of fuel dried by long neglect, despair inflaming a mad energy that would blaze with violence for a few hours and then go out—and nothing done. “Not hurling, according to the oracle, a transcendent foot towards Piety.”

Quite slowly and simply therefore did I wash myself and robe myself as laid down in the Goetia, taking the Violet Robe of an Exempt Adept (being a single Garment), wearing the Ring of an Exempt Adept, and that Secret Ring which hath been entrusted to my keeping by the Masters. Also I took the Almond Wand of Abramelin and the Secret Tibetan Bell, made of Electrum Magicum with its striker of human

THE EQUINOX

bone. I took also the magical knife, and the holy Anointing Oil of Abramelin the Mage.

I began then quite casually by performing the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, finding to my great joy and some surprise that the Pentagrams instantly formulated themselves, visible to the material eye as it were bars of shining blackness deeper than the night.

I then consecrated myself to the Operation; cutting the Tonsure upon my head, a circle, as it were to admit the light of infinity: and cutting the cross of blood upon my breast, thus symbolising the equilibration of and the slaying of the body, while loosing the blood, the first projection in matter of the universal Fluid.

The whole formulating the Ankh—the Key of Life!

I gave moreover the signs of the grades from $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ to $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$.

Then did I take upon myself the Great Obligation as follows:

- I. I, O.M. &c., a member of the Body of God, hereby bind myself on behalf of the whole Universe, even as we are now physically bound unto the cross of suffering:
- II. that I will lead a pure life, as a devoted servant of the Order:
- III. that I will understand all things:
- IV. that I will love all things
- V. that I will perform all things and endure all things
- VI. that I will continue in the Knowledge and Conversation of My Holy Guardian Angel:
- VII. that I will work without attachment:

JOHN ST. JOHN

VIII. that I will work in truth:

IX. that I will rely only upon myself:

X. that I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul.

And if I fail herein, may my pyramid be profaned, and the Eye be closed upon me!

All this did I swear and seal with a stroke upon the Bell.

Then I steadily sat down in my Asana (or sacred Posture), having my left heel beneath my body pressing into the anus, my right sole closely covering the phallus, the right leg vertical; my head, neck, and spine in one straight vertical line; my arms stretched out resting on their respective knees; my thumbs joined each to the fourth finger of the proper hand. All my muscles were tightly held; my breath came steady, slow and even through both nostrils; my eyes were turned back, in, up to the Third Eye; my tongue was rolled back in my mouth; and my thoughts, radiating from that Third Eye, I strove to shut in unto an ever narrowing sphere by concentrating my will upon the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

Then I struck Twelve times upon the Bell; with the new month the Operation was duly begun.

Oct. I.

The First Day

At Eight o'clock I rose from sleep and putting on my Robe, began a little to meditate. For several reasons—the journey and business of the day before, etc., etc., I did not feel fresh. But forcing myself a little I rose

THE EQUINOX

and went out to the Caf du Dôme where I took coffee and a biroche, after buying an exercise book in which to write this record.

This was about 8.45; and now (10.10) I have written thus far. [Including the Prologue, but not the Preface.—ED.]

- 10.45. I have driven over to the Hammam through the beautiful sunshine, meditating upon the discipline of the Operation.

It seems only necessary to cut off definitely dispersive things, aimless chatter and such; for the Operation itself will guide one, leading to disgust for too much food and so on. It there by upon my limbs any chain that requires a definite effort to break it, perhaps sleep is that chain. But we shall see—*solvitur ambulando*. If any asceticism be desirable later on, true wariness will soon detect any danger, and devise a means to meet it and overcome it.

- 12.0. Have finished bath and massage, during which I continued steadily but quite gently, “not by a strain laborious and hurtful but with stability void of movement,” willing the Presence of Adonai.

- 12.5. I ordered a dozen oysters and a beefsteak, and now (12.10) find myself wishing for an apple chewed and swallowed by deglutition, as the Hatha Yogis do. The distaste for food has already begun.

- 12.12. Impressions already *failing to connect*.

I was getting into Asana and thinking “I record this fact,” when I saw a jockey being weighed.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.12. I thought of recording *my own* weight which I had not taken.
Good!
- 12.13. Pranayama [10 seconds to breath in, 20 seconds to
12.24. breathe out, 30 seconds to hold in the breath.] Fairly good; made me sweat again thoroughly. Stopped not from fatigue but from lunch.
[Odd memoranda during lunch.
Insist on pupils writing down their whole day; the play as well as the work. “By this means they will become ashamed, and prate no longer of ‘beasts.’ ”]
I am now well away on the ascetic current, devising all sorts of privations and thoroughly enjoying the idea.
- 12.55. Having finished a most enjoyable lunch, will drink coffee and smoke, and try and get a little sleep. Thus to break up sleep into two shifts.
- 2.18. A nice sleep. Woke refreshed.
- 3.15. Am arrived home, having performed a little business and driven back.
Will sit down and do Asana, etc.
- 3.20. Have started.
- 3.28. 7 Pranayama cycles enough. Doubtless the big lunch is a nuisance.
I continue meditating simply.
- 3.36. Asana hurts badly, and I can no longer concentrate at all. Must take 5 minutes’ rest and then persevere.

THE EQUINOX

- 3.41. Began again. I shall take “Hua allalu alazi lailaha illa hua” for mantra [any sacred sentence, whose constant repetition produces many strange effects upon the mind.—ED.] if I want one, or: may Adonai reveal unto me a special mantra to invoke Him!
- 3.51. Broke down again, mantra and all.
- 3.52-
4.14. Went on meditating in “Hanged Man posture” [Legs crossed, arms below head, like the figure of the Hanged Man in the Tarot Cards.—ED.] to formulate sacrifice and pain self-inflicted; for I feel such a worm, able only to remain a few minutes at a time in a position long since “conquered.” For this reason too I cut again the Cross of Blood; and now a third time will I do it. And I will take out the Magical Knife and sharpen it yet more, so that this body may fear me; for that I am Horus the terrible, the Avenger, the Lord of the Gate of the West.
- 4.15-
4.30. Read Ritual DCLXXI. [The nature of this Ritual is explained later.—ED.]
- 5.10 I have returned from my shopping. Strange how solemn and dignified so trivial a thing becomes, once one has begun to concentrate!
I bought two pears, half a pound of Garibaldi biscuits, and a packet of Gaufrettes. I had a citron pressé, too, at the Dôme.
At the risk of violating the precepts of Zoroaster 170 and 144 I propose to do a Tarot divination for this Operation.

JOHN ST. JOHN

5.10. I should explain first that I write this record for other eyes than mine, since I am now sufficiently sure of myself to attain something or other; but I cannot foretell exactly what form the attainment may take. Just so, if one goes to call upon a friend, he may be walking or riding or sleeping.

Thus, then, is Adonai hidden from me. I know where He lives; I know I shall be welcome if I call; but I do not know whether He will invite me to a banquet or ask me to go out with him for a long journey.

It may be that the Rota will give me some hint.

[We have omitted the details of this divination.—ED.]

I am never content with such divinations; trustworthy enough in material concerns, in the things of the Spirit one rarely obtains good results.

The first operation was rather meaningless; but one must allow (*a*) that it was a new way of dealing those cards for the opening of an operation; (*b*) that I had had two false starts.

The final operation is certainly most favourable; we shall see if it comes true. I can hardly believe it possible.

6.10. Will now go for a stroll, get some milk, and settle down for the evening.

10.50. I regret to have to announce that on going across to the Dôme with this laudable intention, Nina brought up that red-headed bundle of mischief, Maryt Waska. This being in a way a “bandobast” (and so inviolable), I took her to dinner, eating an omelette, and

THE EQUINOX

10.50. some bread and Camembert, and a little milk. Afterwards a cup of coffee, and then two hours of the Vajroli Mudra badly performed.

All this I did with reluctance, as an act of self-denial or asceticism, lest my desire to concentrate on the mystic path should run away with me.

Therefore I think it may fairly be counted unto me for righteousness.

I now drink a final coffee and retire, to do I hope a more straightforward type of meditation.

So mote it be.

Naked, Maryt looks like Corregio's Antiope. Her eyes are a strange grey, and her hair a very wonderful reddish gold—a colour I have never seen before and cannot properly describe. She has Jewish blood in her, I fancy; this, and her method of illustrating the axiom "Post coitum animal triste" made me think of Baudelaire's "Une nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse Juive": and the last line

Obscurcir la splendeur des tres froides prunelles.

and Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Rideau Cramoisi" suggested to me the following poem. [We omit this poem.—ED.]

11.30. Done! i' th' rough! i' th' rough! Now let me go back to my room, and Work!

(11.47.) Home—undressed—robed—attended to toilet—cut cross of Blood once more to affirm mastery of Body—sat down at 11.49 and ended the day with 10 Pranayamas, which caused me to perspire freely, but were not altogether easy or satisfactory.

JOHN ST. JOHN

The Second Day

The Stroke of Twelve found me duly in my Asana, practising Pranayama.

Let me continue this work; for it is written that unto the persevering mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift . . .

What then should happen to a persevering Immortal like myself?

- 12.7. Trying meditation and mantra.
- 12.18. I find thoughts impossible to concentrate; and my Asana, despite various cowardly attempts to “fudge” it, is frightfully painful.
- 12.20. In the Hanged Man posture, meditating and willing the Presence of Adonai by the Ritual “Thee I invoke, the Bornless One” and mental formulæ.
- 12.28. I’m hopelessly sleepy! Invocation as bad as bad could be—attention all over the place. Irrational hallucinations, such as a vision of either Eliphaz Levi or my father (I can’t swear which!) at the most solemn moment!
But the irrational character of said visions is not bad. They come from nowhere; it is much worse when your own controlled brain breaks loose.
- 12.33. I will therefore compose myself to sleep: is it not written that He giveth unto His beloved even in sleep? “Others, even in sleep, He makes fruitful from His own strength.”

THE EQUINOX

- 7.29. Woke and forced myself to rise. I had a number of rather pleasing dreams, as I seem to remember. But their content is gone from me; and, in the absence of the prophet Daniel, I shall let the matter slide.
- 7.44. Pranayama. 13 cycles. Very tiring; I began to sweat. A mediocre performance.
- 8.0-8.20. Breakfast. Hatha Yogi—a pear and two gaufrettes.
- 8.53. Have been meditating in Hanged Man position. Thought dull and wandering; yet once “the conception of the Glowing Fire” seen as a planet (perhaps Mars). Just enough to destroy the concentration; then it went out, dammit!
- 10.40. Have attended to correspondence and other business and drunk a citron pressé.
The Voice of the Nadi began to resound.
- 10.50. Have done “Bornless One” in Asana. Good; yet I am filled with utter despair at the hopelessness of the Task. Especially do I get the Buddhist feeling, not only that Asana is intensely painful, but that all conceivable positions of the body are so.
- 11.0. Still sitting; quite sceptical; sticking to it just because I am a man, and have decided to go through with it.
- 11.13. Have done 10 P.Y. cycles. A bit better, and a slight hint of the Bhuchari Siddhi foreshadowed. Have been saying mantra; the question arises in my mind:

JOHN ST. JOHN

11.13. Am I mixing my drinks unduly? I think not; if one didn't change to another mystic process, one would have to read the newspaper.

11.20. This completes my half-hour of Asana. Legs very painful; yet again I find myself wishing for Kandy (not sugar candy, but the place where I did my first Hindu practices and got my first Results) and a life devoted entirely to meditation. But not for me! I'm no Pratyeka-Buddha; a Dhamma-Buddha every inch of me! [A Pratyeka-Buddha attains the Supreme Reward for himself alone; a Dhamma-Buddha renounces it and returns to hell (earth) to teach others the Way.—ED.]

I now take a few minutes "off" to make "considerations."

I firmly believe that the minutest dose of the Elixir would operate as a "detonator." I seem to be perfectly ready for illumination, if only because I am so perfectly dark. Yet my power to create magical images is still with me.

11.40- Hanged Man posture. Will invoke Adonai once more
12.0. by pure thought. Got into a very curious state indeed; part of me being quite perfectly asleep, and part quite perfectly awake.

2.10. Have slept, and that soundly, though with many dreams. Awaking with the utmost horror and loathing of the Path of the Wise—it seemed somehow like a vast dragon-demon with bronze green wings iridescent that rose up startled and angry. And I saw that

THE EQUINOX

- 2.10. the littlest courage is enough to rise and throw off sleep, like a small soldier in complete armour of silver advancing with sword and shield—at whose sight that dragon, not daring to abide the shock, flees utterly away.
- 2.15. Lunch, 3 Garibaldis and 3 Gaufrettes. Wrote two letters.
- 2.50. Going out walk with mantra.
- 8.3 This walk was in a way rather a success. I got the good mantra effects, *e.g.*, the brain taking it up of its own accord; also the distaste for everything but Adonai became stronger and stronger.
But when I returned from a visit to B—e on an errand of comradeship—1½ hours' talk to cut out of this mantra-yoga—I found all sorts of people at the Dôme, where I drank a citron pressé: they detained me in talk, and at 6.30 Maryt turned up and I had to chew a sandwich and drink coffee while she dined.
I feel a little headache; it will pass.
She is up here now with me, but I shall try to meditate.
Charming as she is, I don't want to make love to her.
- 8.40. Mixed mantra and caresses rather a success. (At her request I gave M. a minimum dose of X.)
- 9.15. Asana and Meditation with mantra since 8.40. The blackness seems breaking. For a moment I got a vague glimpse of one's spine (or rather one's Sushumna) as a galaxy of stars, thus suggesting the stars as the ganglia of the Universe.
- 9.18 To continue.
- 10.18. Not very satisfactory. Asana got painful; like a

JOHN ST. JOHN

worm I gave up, and tried playing the fool; got amused by the New Monster, but did not perform the “Vajroli Mudra.” [For this see the Shiva Sanhita, and other of the Holy Sanskrit Tantras.—ED.]

However, having got rid of her for the moment, one may continue.

10.24- P.Y. [Prana Yama.—ED.] 14 cycles. Some effort re-
10.39. quired; sweating appears to have stopped and Bhuchari hardly begun.

My head really aches a good deal.

I must add one or two remarks. In my walk I discovered that my mantra *Hua allahu*, etc., really belongs to the *Visuddhi Cakkrâm*; so I allowed the thought to concentrate itself there. [The *Visuddhi-Cakkrâm*: the “nerve centre,” in Hindu mystic physiology, opposite the larynx.—ED.]

Also, since others are to read this, one must mention that almost from the beginning of this Working of Magick Art the changed aspect of the world whose culmination is the keeping of the oath “I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul” was present with me. This aspect is difficult to describe; one is indifferent to everything and yet interested in it. The meaning of things is lost, pending the inception of their Spiritual Meaning; just as, on putting one’s eye to the microscope, the drop of water on the slide is gone, and a world of life discovered, though the real import of that world is not apprehended, until one’s knowledge becomes far greater than a single glance can make it.

THE EQUINOX

- 10.55. Having written the above, I shall rest for a few moments to try and get rid of my headache.
A good simile (by the way) for the Yogi is to say that he watches his thought like a cat watching a mouse. The paw ready to strike the instant Mr. Mouse stirs.
I have chewed a Gaufrette and drunk a little water, in case the headache is from hunger. (P.S.—It was so; the food cured it at once.)
- 11.2. I now lie down as Hanged Man and say mantra in Visuddhi.
- 11.10. I must really note the curious confusion in my mind between the Visuddhi Cakkrâm and that part of the Boulevard Edgar Quinet which opens on to the cemetery. It seems an identity.
In trying to look *at* the Cakkrâm, I saw that.
Query: What is the connection, which appeared absolute and essential? I had been specially impressed by that gate two days ago, with its knot of mourners. Could the scene have been recorded in a brain-cell adjoining that which records the Visuddhi-idea? Or did I at that time unconsciously think of my throat for some other reason? Bother! These things are all dog-faced demons! To work!
- 11.17. Work: Meditation and Mantra.
- 11.35. No good. Went off into a reverie about a castle and men-at-arms. This had all the qualities of a true dream, yet I was not in any other sense asleep. I soon will be, though. It seems foolish to persist.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.35. And indeed, though I tried to continue the mantra with its high aspiration to know Adonai, I must have slept almost at once.

The Third Day

6.55. Now the day being gloriously broken, I awoke with some weariness, not feeling clean and happy, not burning with love unto my Lord Adonai, though ashamed indeed for that thrice of four times in the night I had been awakened by this loyal body, urging me to rise and meditate—and my weak will bade it be at ease and take its rest—oh, wretched man! slave of the hour and of the worm!

7.0- Fifteen cycles of Prana Yama put me right mentally
7.16. and physically: otherwise they had little apparent success.

7.30. Have breakfasted—a pear and two Garibaldis. (These by the way are the small size, half the big squares.)

7.50. Have smoked a pipe to show that I'm not in a hurry.

8.4 Hanged Man with mantra in Visuddhi. Thought I had been much longer. At one point the Spirit began to move—how the devil else can I express it? The consciousness seemed to flow, instead of pattering. Is *that* clear?

One should here note that there may perhaps be some essential difference in the operation of the Moslem and Hindu mantrams. The latter boom; the former ripple. I have never tried the former at all seriously until now.

THE EQUINOX

8.10- *Même jeu*—no good at all. Think I'll get up and have
8.32. a Turker.

9.0. Am up, having read my letters. Continuing mantra all the time in a more or less conscious way.

9.25. Wrote my letters and started out.

10.38. Have reached the Cafe de la Paix, walking slowly with my mantra. I am beginning to forget it occasionally, mispronouncing some of the words. A good sign! Now and then I tried sending it up and down my spine, with good effect.

10.40. I will drink a cup of coffee and then proceed to the Hammam. This may ease my limbs, and afford an opportunity for a real go-for-the-gloves effort to concentrate.

It cannot be too clearly understood that nearly all the work hitherto has been preliminary; the intention is to get the Chittam (thought-stuff) flowing evenly in one direction. Also one practises detaching it from the Virttis (impressions). One looks at everything without seeing it.

O coffee! By the mighty Name of Power do I invoke thee, consecrating thee to the Service of the Magic of Light. Let the pulsations of my heart be strong and regular and slow! Let my brain be wakeful and active in its supreme task of self-control! That my desired end may be effected through Thy strength, Adonai, unto Whom be the Glory for ever! Amen without lie, and Amen, and Amen of Amen.

11.0. I now proceed to the Hammam.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.0. The Bath is over. I continued the mantra throughout, which much alleviated the torture of massage. But I could not get steady and easy in my Asana or even in the Hanged Man or Shavasana, the “corpse-position.” I think the heat is exciting, and makes me restless. I continue in the cooling-room lying down.
- 12.10. I have ordered 12 oysters and coffee and bread and butter.
O oysters! be ye unto me strength that I formulate the 12 rays of the Crown of HVA! I conjure ye, and very potently command.
Even by Him who ruleth Life from the Throne of Tahuti unto the Abyss of Amennti, even by Ptah the swathed one, that unwrappeth the mortal from the immortal, even by Amoun the giver of Life, and by Khem the mighty, whose Phallus is like the Pillar in Karnak! Even by myself and my male power do I conjure ye. Amen.
- 12.20. I was getting sleepy when the oysters came. I now eat them in a Yogin and ceremonial manner.
- 12.45. I have eaten my oysters, chewing them every one; also some bread and butter in the same manner, giving praise to Priapus the Lord of the oyster, to Demeter the Lady of corn, and to Isis the Queen of the Cow. Further, I pray symbolically in this meal for Virtue, and Strength, and Gladness; as is appropriate to these symbols. But I find it very difficult to keep the mantra going, even in tune with the jaws; perhaps it is that this peculiar method of eating (25 minutes

THE EQUINOX

- 12.45. for what could be done normally in 3) demands the whole attention.
- 1.30. Drifted into a nap. Well! we shall try what Brother Body really wants.
- 1.35. My attempt to go to sleep has made me supernaturally wakeful.
I am—as often before—in the state described by Paul (not my masseur; the other Paul!) in his Epistle to the Romans, cap. vii. v. 19.
I shall rise and go forth.
- 1.55. I have a good mind to try violent excitement of the Muladhara Cakkrâm; for the whole Sushumna seems dead. This at the risk of being labelled a Black Magician—by clergymen, Christian Scientists, and the “self-reliant” classes in general.
- 2.15. Arrived (partly by cab) at the Place. Certain curious phenomena which I have noticed at odd times—*e.g.*, on Thursday night—but did not think proper to record must be investigated. It seems quite certain that meditation-practices profoundly affect the sexual process: how and why I do not yet certainly know.
- 2.45. Rubbish! everything perfectly normal.
Difficult, though, to keep mantram going.
- 3.0. Am sitting on the brink of the big fountain in the Luxembourg. This deadness of the whole system continues.
To explain. Normally, if the thought be energetically directed to almost any point in the body, that point is

JOHN ST. JOHN

3.0. felt to pulse and even to ache. Especially this is the case if one vibrates a mantra or Magical name in a nerve-centre. At present I cannot do this at all. The Prana seems equilibrated in the whole organism: I am very peaceful—just as a corpse is.

It is terribly annoying, in a sense, because this condition is just the opposite of Dharana; yet one knows that it is a stage on the way to Samadhi. So I rise and give confidently the Sign of Apophis and Typhon, and will then regard the reflection of the sweet October Sun in the kissing waters of the fountain. (P.S.—I now remember that I forgot to rise and give the Sign.)

3.15. In vain do I regard the Sun, broken up by the lips of the water into countless glittering stars—abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud—for He whom my soul seeketh is not in these. Nor is He in the fountain, eternally as it jets and falls in brilliance of dew; for I desire the Dew Supernal. Nor is He in the still depths of the water; their lips do not meet His. Nor—O my soul!—is He anywhere to be found in thy secret caverns, unluminous, formless, and void, where I wander seeking Him—or seeking rest from that Search! O my soul!—lift thyself up; play the man, be strong; harden thyself against thy bitter Fate; for at the End thou shalt find Him; and ye shall enter in together into the Secret Palace of the King; even unto the Garden of Lilies; and ye shall be One for evermore. So mote it be!

THE EQUINOX

3.15. Yet now—ah now!—I am but a dead man. Within me and without still stirs that life of sense that is not life, but is as the worms that feast upon my corpse. . . . Adonai! Adonai! my Lord Adonai! indeed, Thou hast forsaken me. Nay! thou liest, O weak soul! Abide in the meditation; unite all thy symbols into the form of a Lion, and be lord of thy jungle, travelling through the servile Universe even as Mau the Lion very lordly, the Sun in His strength that travelleth over the heaven of Nu in His bark in the mid-career of Day.

For all these thoughts are vain; there is but One thought, though that thought be not yet born—He only is God, and there is none other God than He!

3.30. Walking home with mantra; suddenly a spasm of weeping took me as I cried through the mantra—“My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”—and I have to stop and put it down!

A good thing; for it calms me.

3.45. At the Dome, master of myself. The Mantra goes just 30 times a minute, 1800 times an hour, 43,200 times a day. To say it a million times would take longer than Mrs. Glyn’s heroine did to conceive. Yet I will get the result if I have to say it a hundred and eleven million times. But oh! fertilise my Akasic egg to-day!

This remark, one should notice, is truly characteristic of the man John St. John. I see how funny it is; but I’m quite serious withal. Ye dull dogs!

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 3.45. [The “Akasic Egg” is the sphere of the personality of man. A theosophic term.—ED.]
- 3.55. N.B.—Mantras might with advantage be palindromes.
- 3.56. I try to construct a magic square from the mantra. No good. But the mantra is going much better, quite mechanically and “without attachment” (*i.e.*, without conscious ulterior design. “Art for Art’s sake” as it were).
- 4.10. I drink a “citron pressé.”
- 4.25. Alas! here comes Maryt (with a sad tale of X. It appears that she fainted and spent some hours at the hospital. I should have insisted on her styling with me; the symptoms began immediately on her drinking some coffee. I have noticed with myself, that eating has started the action).
- 5.30. An hour of mingled nap and mantra.
I now feel alive again. It was very strange how calm and balanced I was: yet now I am again energised; may it be to the point of Enthusiasm!
People will most assuredly smile at this exalted mystic; his life seems made up of sleep and love-making. Indeed, to-day I have been shockingly under the power of Tamas, the dark sphere. But that is clearly a fatigue-effect from having worked so hard.
Oh Lord, how long?
- 5.50. The Mantra still ripples on. I am so far from the Path that I have a real good mind to get Maryt to let me perform the Black Mass on her at midnight. I would

THE EQUINOX

5.50. just love to bring up Typhon, and curse Osiris and burn his bones and his blood!

At least, I now solemnly express a pious wish that the Crocodile of the West may eat up the Sun once and for all, that Set may defile the Holy Place, that the supreme Blasphemy may be spoken by Python in the ears of Isis.

I want trouble. I want to say Indra's mantram till his throne gets red-hot and burns his lotus-buttocks; I want to pinch little Harpocrates till he fairly yells . . . and I will too! Somehow!

6.15. I have now got into a sort of smug content, grinning all over like some sleepy Chinese god. No reason for it, Lord knows!

I can't make up my mind whether to starve or sandwich or gorge the beast St. John. He's not the least bit hungry, though he's had nothing to call a Meal since Thursday lunch. The Hatha-Yoga feeding game is certainly marvellous.

I should like to work marching and breathing with this mantra as I did of old with Aum Tat Sat Aum. Perhaps two steps to a mantra, and 4-8-16 steps to a breath-cycle? This would mean 28 seconds for a breath-cycle; quite enough for a marching man. We might try 4-8-8 to start; or even 8-8-8 (for the Chariot, wherein the Geburah of me rises to Binah—Strength winning the Wings of Understanding). [These symbols, allusions, and references will all be found in 777, just published by "The Equinox"—see advt.—ED.]

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 6.55. I shall now ceremonially defile the Beyt Allah with Pig, to express in some small measure my utter disgust and indignation with Allah for not doing His job properly. I say in vain “Labbaik!” [I am here.—ED.] He answers, “But I’m *not* here, old boy—another leg-pull!” He little knows His man, though, if He thinks He can insult me with impunity. Andre, un sandwich!
[Beyt Allah, the Mosque at Mecca, means “House of God”—ED.]
- 7.5. I shall stop mantra while I eat, so as to concentrate (*a*) on the chewing, (*b*) on defiling the House of God. Not so easy! the damned thing runs on like a prairie fire. Important then to stop it absolutely at will: even the Work itself may become an obsession.
11 hours with no real break—not bad.
The bad part of to-day seems the Asana, and the deadness. Or, perhaps worse, I fail to apprehend the true magical purport of my work: hence all sort of aimless formulae, leading—naturally enough—to no result.
It just strikes me—it may be this Isis Apophis Osiris IAO formula that I have preached so often. Certainly the first two days were Isis—natural, pleasant, easy events. Most certainly too to-day has been Apophis! Think of the wild cursing and black magic, etc. . . . we must hope for the Osiris section to-morrow or next day. Birth, death, resurrection! IAO!
- 7.35. The Sandwich duly chewed, and two Coffees drunk, I resume the mystic Mantra. Why? Because I dam well choose to.

THE EQUINOX

- 7.50. 'Tis a rash thing to say, and I burn incense to the Infernal Gods that the Omen may be averted; but I seem to have conquered the real Dweller of the Threshold once and for all. For nowadays my blackest despair is tempered by the certainty of coming through it sooner or later, and that with flying colours.
- 9.30. The last $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour I wasted talking to Dr. R——, that most interesting man. I don't mean talking; I mean listening. You are a bad, idle good-for-nothing fellow, O.M.! Why not stick to that mantra?
- 10.40. Have drunk two citrons pressés and gone to my room to work a mighty spell of magick Art.
- 11.0. Having got rid of Maryt (who, by the way, is Quite mad), and thereby (one might hope) of Apophis and Typhon, I perform the Great Ritual DCLXXI with good results magically; *i.e.*, I formulated things very easily and forcibly; even at one time I got a hint of the Glory of Adonai. But I made the absurd mistake of going through the Ritual as if I was rehearsing it, instead of staying at the Reception of the Candidate and insisting upon being *really* received. I will therefore now (11.50) sit down again and invoke really hard on these same lines, while the Perfume and the Vision are yet formulated, though insensibly, about me. And thus shall end the Third day of my retirement.

The Fourth Day

- 12.15. So therefore begins the fourth day of this my great magical retirement; I bleed from the slashes of the

JOHN ST. JOHN

12.15. magick knife; I smart from the heat of the Holy Oil; I am bruised by the scourge of Osiris that hath so cruelly smitten me; the perfume yet fills the chamber of Art;—and I?

Oh Adonai my Lord, surely I did invoke Thee with fervour; yet Thou camest not utterly to the tryst. And yet I know that Thou wast there; and it may be that the morning may being remembrance of Thee which this consciousness does not now contain.

But I swear by Thine own glory that I will not be satisfied with this, that I will go on even unto madness and death if it be Thy will—but I will know Thee as Thou art.

It is strange how my cries died down; how I found myself quite involuntarily swinging back to the old mantra that I worked all yesterday.

However, I shall try a little longer in the Position of the Hanged Man, although sleep is again attacking me. I am weary, yet content, as if some great thing had indeed happened. But if I lost consciousness—a thing no man can be positive about from the nature of things—it must have happened so quietly that I never knew. Certainly I should not have thought that I had gone on for 25 minutes, as I did.

But I do indeed ask for a Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel which is not left so much to be inferred from the good results in my life and work; I want the Perfume and the the Vision. . . .

Why am I so materially wallowing in grossness? It matters little; the fact remains that I do wallow.

THE EQUINOX

- 12.15. I want that definite experience in the very same sense as Abramelin had it; and what's more, I mean to go on till I get it.
- 12.34. I begin, therefore, in Hanged Man posture, to invoke the Angel, within the Pyramid already duly prepared by DCLXXI.
- 12.57. Alas! in vain have I tried even the supreme ritual of Awaiting the Beloved, although once I thought—Ah! give unto Thy beloved in sleep!
How ashamed I should be, though! For an earthly lover one would be on tiptoe of excitement, trembling at every sound, eager, afraid . . .
I will, however, rise and open (as for a symbol) the door and the window. Oh that the door of my heart were ever open! For He is always there, and always eager to come in.
- 1.0. I rise and open unto my Beloved.
. . . May it be granted unto me in the daylight of this day to construct from DCLXXI a perfect ritual of self-initiation, so as to avoid the constant difficulty of assuming various God-forms. Then let that ritual be a constant and perfect link between Us . . . so that at all times I may be perfect in Thy Knowledge and Conversation, O mine Holy Guardian Angel! to whom I have aspired these ten years past.
- 1.5. And though as it may seem I now compose myself to sleep, I await Thee . . . I await Thee!
- 7.35. I arise from sleep, mine eyes a little weary, my soul fresh, my heart restored.

JOHN ST. JOHN

8.0. Accordingly, I continue in gentle and easy meditation on my Lord Adonai, without fear or violence, quite directly and naturally.

One of the matters that came up last night with Dr. R——d was that of writing rubbish for magazines. He thought that one could do it in the intervals of serious work; but I do not think that one should take the risk. I have spent these many years training my mind to think cleanly and express beautifully. Am I to prostitute myself for a handful of bread?

I swear by Thyself, O Thou who art myself, that I will not write save to glorify Thee, that I will write only in beauty and melody, that I will give unto the world as Thou givest unto me, whether it be a consuming fire, or a cup of the wine of Iacchus, or a glittering dagger, or a disk brighter than the sun. I will starve in the street before I pander to the vileness of the men among whom I live—oh my Lord Adonai, be with me, give me the purest poesy, keep me to this vow! And if I turn aside, even for a moment, I pray Thee, warn me by some signal chastisement, that Thou art a jealous god, and that Thou wilt keep me veiled, cherished, guarded in Thine harem a pure and perfect spouse, like a slender fountain playing in Thy courts of marble and of malachite, of jasper, of topaz, and of lapis lazuli.

And by my magick power I summon all the inhabitants of the ten thousand worlds to witness this mine oath.

8.15. I will rise, and break my fast. I think it as well to go on with the mantra, as it started of its own accord.

THE EQUINOX

9.0. Arrived at Pantheon, to breakfast on coffee and biroche and a peach.

I shall try and describe Ritual DCLXXI; since its nature is important to this great ceremony of initiation. Those who understand a little about the Path of the Wise may receive some hint of the method of operation of the L.V.X.

And I think that a description will help me to collect myself for the proper adaptation of this Ritual to the purpose of Self- initiation.

Oh, how soft is the air, and how serene the sky, to one who has passed through the black rule of Apophis! How infinitely musical are the voices of Nature, those that are heard and those that are not heard! What Understanding of the Universe, what Love is the prize of him that hath performed all things and endured all things!

The first operation of Ritual DCLXXI is the preparation of the Place.

There are two forces; that of Death and that of Natural Life.

Death begins the Operation by a knock, to which Life answers.

Then Death, banishing all forces external to the operation, declares the Speech in the Silence. Both officers go from their thrones and form the base of a triangle whose apex is the East. They invoke the Divine Word, and then Death slays with the knife, and embalms with the oil, his sister Life.

Life, thus prepared, invokes, at the summons of Death,

JOHN ST. JOHN

9.0. the forces necessary to the Operation. The Word takes its station in the East and the officers salute it both by speech and silence in their signs; and they pronounce the secret Word of power that riseth from the Silence and returneth thereunto.

All this they affirm; and in affirming the triangular base of the Pyramid, find that they have mysteriously affirmed the Apex thereof whose name is Ecstasy. This also is sealed by that secret word; for that Word containeth All.

Into this prepared Pyramid of divine Light there cometh a certain darkling wight, who knoweth not either his own nature, or his origin or destiny, or even the name of that which he desireth. Before he can enter the Pyramid, therefore, four ordeals are required of him.

So, bound and blinded, he stumbles forward, and passes through the wrath of the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World, whose Terror is about him on every side. Yet since he has followed the voice of the Officer who has prepared him, in this part of the Ritual no longer merely Nature, the great Mother, but Neschamah (his aspiration) and the representative of Adonai, he may pass through all. Yea, in spite of the menace of the Hiereus, whose function is now that of his fear and of his courage, he goes on and enters the Pyramid. But there he is seized and thrown down by both officers as one unworthy to enter. His aspiration purifies him with steel and fire; and there as he lies shattered by the force of the ritual, he hears—even as a

THE EQUINOX

9.0. corpse that hears the voice of Israfel—the Hegemon that chants a solemn hymn of praise to that glory which is at the Apex, and who invisibly rules and governs the whole Pyramid.

Now then that darkling wight is lifted by the officers and brought to the altar in the centre; and there the Hiereus accuses him of the two and twenty Basenesses, while the Hegemon lifting up his chained arms cries again and again against his enemy that he is under the Shadow of the Eternal Wings of the Holy One. Yet at the end, at the supreme accusation, the Hiereus smites him into death. The same answer avails him, and in its strength he is uplifted by his aspiration—and now he stands upright.

Now then he makes a journey in his new house, and perceives at stated times, each time preceded by a new ordeal and equilibration, the forces that surround him. Death he sees, and the Life of Nature whose name is Sorrow, and the Word that quickeneth these, and his own self—and when he hath recognised these four in their true nature he passes to the altar once more and as the apex of a descending triangle is admitted to the lordship of the Double Kingdom. Thus is he a member of the visible triad that is crossed with the invisible—behold the hexagram of Solomon the King! All this the Hiereus seals with a knock and at the Hegemon's new summons he—to his surprise—finds himself as the Hanged Man of the Tarot.

Each point of the figure thus formed they crown with light, until he glitters with the Flame of the Spirit.

JOHN ST. JOHN

9.0. Thus and not otherwise is he made a partaker of the Mysteries, and the Lightning Flash strikes him. The Lord hath descended from heaven with a shout and with the Voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

He is installed in the Throne of the Double Kingdom, and he wields the Wand of Double Power by the sings of the grade.

He is recognized an initiate, and the word of Secret Power, and the silent administration of the Sacrament of Sword and Flame, acknowledge him.

Then, the words being duly spoken and the deeds duly done, all is symbolically sealed by the Thirty Voices, and the Word that vibrateth from the Silence to the Speech, and from the Speech again unto the Silence.

Then the Pyramid is sealed up, even as it was opened; yet in the sealing thereof the three men partake in a certain mystical manner of the Eucharist of the Four Elements that are consumed for the Perfection of the Oil.

Konx Om Pax. [With these mystic words the Mysteries Eleusinian were sealed.—ED.]

10.0. Having written out this explanation, I will read it through and meditate solemnly thereupon. All this I wrote in the Might of the Secret Ring committed unto me by the Masters; so that all might be absolutely correct.

One thing strikes me as worthy of mention. Last night when I went into the restaurant to speak to

THE EQUINOX

10.0. R——d, my distaste for food was so intense that the smell of it caused real nausea. To-day, I am perfectly balanced, neither hungry nor nauseated. This is indeed more important than it seems; it is a sure sign when one sees a person take up fads that he is under the black rule of Apophis. In the Kingdom of Osiris there is freedom and light. To-day I shall eat neither with the frank gluttony of Isis nor with the severe asceticism of Apophis. I shall eat as much and as little as I fancy; these violent means are no longer necessary. Like Count Fosco, I shall “go on my way sustained by my sublime confidence, self-balanced by my impenetrable calm.”

10.50. I have spent half an hour wandering in the Musee du Luxembourg.

I now sit down to meditate on this new ritual. The following, so it appears, should be the outlines—damn it, I’ve a good mind to write it straight off—no! I’ll be patient and tease the Spirit a little. I will be coquettish as a Spanish catamite.

1. Death summons Life and clears away all other forces.
2. The Invocation of the Word. Death consecrates Life, who in her whirling dance invokes that Word.
3. They salute the Word. The Signs and M——M must be a Chorus, if anything.
4. The Miraculous appearance of Iacchus, uninvoked.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 10.50
1. The 3 Questions.
 2. The 4 ordeals. Warning and comfort as an appeal to the Officers.
 3. The Threshold.
The Chorus of Purification.
The Hymn “My heart, my mother!” as already written, years ago.
 4. At the altar. The accusation and defence as antiphonies.
 5. The journey. Bar and pass, and the 4 visions even as a mighty music.
 6. The Hanged Man—the descent of Adonai.
 7. The installation—signs, etc.

Sealing as for opening; but insert Sacrament.

1.15. During a lunch of 12 oysters, Cêpes Bordelaise, Tarte aux Cêrises, Cafê Noir, dispatched without Yoga or ceremonial, I wrote the Ritual in verse, in the Egyptian Language. I don't think very well. Time must show: also experience. I'd recite Tennyson if I thought it would give Samadhi!

Now more mantra, though by the Lord I'm getting sick of it.

1.40. It occurs to me, now that I am seeing my way in the Operation a little more clearly, that one might consider the First Day as Osiris Slain ✕, the Second as that of the Mourning of Isis L, the third as that of the Triumph of Apophis V, and to-day that of Osiris Risen X; these four days being perfect in themselves as a 5° = 6° operation (or possibly with one or two more

THE EQUINOX

1.40. to recapitulate L.V.X. Lux, the Light of the Cross). Thence one might proceed to some symbolic passage through the $6^\circ = 5^\circ$ grade—though of course that grade is really symbolic of this soul-journey, not *vice versâ*—and through $7^\circ = 4^\circ$; so perhaps—if one could only dare to hope it!—to the $8^\circ = 3^\circ$ attainment. Certainly what little I have done so far pertains no higher than Minor adeptship though I have used higher formulæ in the course of my working.

1.55. My Prana is acting in a feverish manner; a mixture of fatigue and energy. This is not good: it probably comes from bolting that big lunch, and may mean that I must sleep to recover equilibrium. I will, however, use the Pentagram ritual on my Anahata Cakkrâm [the heart; a nerve-centre in Hindu mystical physiology.—ED.] and see if that steadies me. (P.S.—Yes: instantly). Notice, please, how in this condition of intense magical strain the most trifling things have a great influence. Normally, I can eat anything in any quantity without the slightest effect of any sort; witness my expeditions and debauches; nothing upsets me.

P.S.—But notice, please! Normally half a bottle of Burgundy excites me notably; while doing this magic it is like so much water. A “transvaluation of all values!”

3.55. Over a citron pressé I have revised the new Ritual. Also I have bought suitable materials for copying it fair; and this I did without solemnity or ceremonial,

JOHN ST. JOHN

3.55. but quite simply, just as anybody else might buy them. In short, I bought them in a truly Rosicrucian manner, according to the custom of the country.

I add a few considerations on the grade of Adeptus Major $6^\circ = 5^\circ$.

(P.S.—Distinction is to be made between attainment of this grade in the natural and in the spiritual world. The former I long since possessed.)

1. It may perhaps mean severe asceticism. In case I should be going out on that path I will try and get a real good dinner to fortify myself.

2. The paths leading to Geburah are from Hod, that of the Hanged Man, and from Tiphereth, that of Justice, both equilibrated aspects of Severity, the one implying Self-Sacrifice, the other involuntary suffering. One is Free-will, the other Karma; and that in a wider sense than that of Suffering.

The Ritual DCLXXI will still be applicable: indeed, it may be considered sufficient; but of course it must be lived as well as performed.

(I must here complain of serious trouble with fountain pens, and the waste of priceless time fixing them up. They have been wrong throughout the whole operation, a thing that has not happened to me for near eight years. I hope I've got a good one at last—yes, thank God! this one writes decently.)

THE EQUINOX

4.15. Somehow or other I have got off the track; have been fooling about with too many odd things, necessary as they may have been. I had better take a solid hour willing the Tryst with Adonai.

5.40. Have done all this, and a Work of Kindness. I will again revise the new ritual, dine, return and copy it fair for use.

Let Adonai the Lord oversee the Work, that it be perfect, a sure link with Him, a certain and infallible Conjuraton, and Spell, and Working of true Magick Art, that I may invoke Him with success whenever seemeth good unto Him.

Unto Him; not unto Me! Is it not written that Except Adonai build the House, they labour in vain that build it?

6.15. Chez Lavenue. Not feeling like revision, will read through this record.

My dinner is to be Bisque d'Ecrevisses, Tournedos Rossini, a Coupe Jack, half a bottle of Meursault, and Coffee. All should now acquit adepts of the charge of not knowing how to do themselves well.

7.20. Dinner over, I return the Mantra-Yoga. One may note that I expected the wine to have an excessive effect on me; on the contrary, it has much less effect than usual.

This is rather important. I have purposely abstained from anything that might be called a drug, until now, for fear of confusing the effects.

With my knowledge of hashish-effects, I could very

JOHN ST. JOHN

7.20. likely have broken up the Apophis-kingdom of yesterday in a moment, and the truth of it would have been 5 per cent. drug and 95 per cent. magic; but nobody would have believed me. Remember that this record is for the British Public, “who may like me yet.” God forbid! for I cannot echo Browning’s hope. Their greasiness, hypocrisy, and meanness are such that their appreciation could only mean my vileness, not their redemption. Sorry if I seem pessimistic about them! A nasty one for me, by the way, if they suddenly started buying me! I should have, in mere consistency, to cut my throat!

Calm yourself, my friend! There is no danger.

7.40. At home again and robed. Am both tired and oppressed, even in my peace; for the day has been, and the evening is, close and hot, with a little fog, and, one may suspect, the air is overcharged with electricity. I will rest quietly with my mantra as Hanged Man, and perhaps sleep for a little.

8.10. No sleep—no rest for the wicked! ’Tis curious how totally independent is mantra-yoga of reverie. I can say my mantra vigorously while my thought wanders all over the world; yet I cannot write the simplest sentence without stopping it, unless with a very great effort, and then it is not satisfactory to either party!

Meditation—of the “rational” sort—on this leads me to suggest that active “radiant” thought may be incompatible with the mantra, itself being (?) active. One can

THE EQUINOX

8.10. read and understand quite easily with the mantra going; one can remember things.

For example, I see my watch chain; I think. "Gold. Au, 196 atomic weight. AuCl₃, £3 10s. *od.* an ounce" and so on *ad infinitum*; but the act of writing down these things stops the mantra. This may be (partly) because I always say under my breath each word as I write it. [P.S.—But I do so, though less possibly, as I read.]

8.22. As I am really awake, I may as well do a little Prana-yama.

8.40. How little I know of magic and the conditions of success! My 17 cycles of breath were not absolutely easy; yet I did them. After a big dinner!!! The sweating was quite suppressed, in spite of the heat of the night and the exercise; and the first symptoms of the Bhuchari-Siddhi—the "jumping about like a frog"—were well marked. I am encouraged to spend a few minutes (still in Asana) reading the Shiva Sanhita.

9.0. Asana very painful again. True, I was doing it very strictly.

I notice they give a second stage—trembling of the body—as preliminary to the jumping about like a frog—I had omitted this, as one is so obviously the germ of the other.

The Hindus seem to lack a sense of proportion. When the Yogi, by turning his tongue back for one half-minute, has conquered old age, disease and death; then instead of having good time he patiently (and rather pathetically, I think!) devotes his youthful

JOHN ST. JOHN

9.0. immortality to trying to “drink the air through the crow-bill” in the hope of curing a consumption of the lungs which he probably never had and which was in any case cured by his former effort!

9.40. Have been practising a number of these mudras and asanas.

Concerning the Visuddi Cakkram which is “of brilliant gold or smoke colour and has sixteen petals corresponding to the sixteen vowel sounds,” one might make a good mantra of the English vowel sounds, or the Hebrew.

“Curiouser and curiouser!” The Yogis identify the Varana (Ganges) with the Ida-Nadi, the Asi (?) with the Pingala-Nadi, and Benares with the space between them. Like my identification of my throat with the Gate of the cimetière du Montparnasse.

Well, it requires very considerable discrimination and a good sound foundation of knowledge, if one means to get any sense at all out of these Hindu books.

10.20. A little Pranayama, I think.

10.22. Can't get steady and easy at all! Will try Hanged Man again.

10.42. Not much good. The mantra goes on, but without getting hold of the Chakkram.

'Tis difficult to explain; the best simile I can get is that of a motor running with the clutch out; or of a man cycling on a suspended machine.

There's no grip to it.

THE EQUINOX

10.42. The fact of the matter is, I am quite unconcentrated. Evidently the Osiris Risen stage is over; and I think it is a case for violent measures.

If one were to slack off now and hope for the morning, like a shipwrecked Paul, one would probably wake up a mere man of the world.

The Question then arises: What shall I do to be saved?

The only answer—and one which is quite unconnected with the question—is that a Ritual of Adeptus Major should display the Birth of Horus and Slaying of Typhon. Here again Horus and Harpocrates—the twins of the twin signs of $0^\circ = 0^\circ$ ritual—are the slayers of Typhon. So all the rituals get mixed: the symbols recur, though in a different aspect. Anyway, one wants something a deal better than the path of Pe in $4^\circ = 7^\circ$ ritual.

I think the postulant should be actually scourged, tortured, branded by fire for his equilibrations at the various “Stations of the Cross” or points upon his mystic journey. He must assuredly drink blood for the sacrament—ah! now I see it all so well! The Initiator must kill him, Osiris; he must rise again as Horus and kill the Initiator, taking his place in the ceremony thence to the end. A bit awkward technically, but 'twill yield to science. They did it of old by a certain lake in Italy!

Well, all this is dog-faced demon, ever seducing me from the Sacred Mysteries. I can't go out and kill anybody at this time o'night! We might make a start,

JOHN ST. JOHN

10.42. though, with a little scourging, torturing, and branding by fire. . . .

Anything for a quiet life!

11.0. But scourging oneself is not easy with a robe on; and though one could take it off, there is this point to be considered: that one can never (except by a regrettable accident) hurt oneself more than one wants to. In other words, it is impossible thus to inflict pain, and so flagellants have been rightly condemned as mere voluptuaries. The only way to do so would be to inflict some torture whose severity one could not gauge at the time: *e.g.*, one might dip oneself in petroleum and set light to it, as the young lady mystic did—I suppose in Brittany!—the other day. It's not the act that hurts, but the consequences; so, although one knows only roughly what will happen, one can force oneself to the act.

This, then, is a possible form of self-martyrdom. Similarly, mutilations; though it is perhaps just to observe that all these people are mad when they do these things, and their standard of pleasure and pain consequently so different from the sane man's as to be incomprehensible.

Look at my Uncle Tom! who goes about the world bragging of his chastity. The maniac is probably happy—a peacock who is all tail! And squawk. Look at the Vegetarians and Wallaceites and all that crew of lunatics. They are paid in the coin of self-conceit. I shall waste no pity on them!

THE EQUINOX

11.3. Rather pity myself, who cannot even make sensible “considerations” for a Ritual of Adeptus Major.

The only thing to do in short is to go steadily on, with a little extra courage and energy—no harm in that!—on the same old lines. The Winding of the Way must necessarily lead me just where it may happen to go. Why deliberately go off to Geburah? Why not aspire direct by the Path of the Moon-Ray unto the Ineffable Crown? Modesty is misplaced here!

Very good. Then how aspire? Who is it that standeth in the Moon-Ray? The Holy Guardian Angel. Aye! O my Lord Adonai, Thou art the Beginning and the End of the Path. For as Thou יהוה thou art also 406 = טו Tau the material world, the Omega. And as He יהוה Thou art 12, the rays of the Ineffable Crown. (A disaster has occurred; viz., a sudden and violent attack of that which demands a tabloid of Pepsin, Bismuth, and Charcoal—and gets it. On my return, 11.34, I continue.)

And as אני Ani “I” thou art also ין the Negative, that is beyond these on either side!

But this illness is a nuisance. I must have got a little chill somehow. Its imminence would account for my lack of concentration. And I could doubtless go on gloriously, but that another disaster has occurred! Enter Maryt, sitting and clothed and in her right mind—or comparatively so!

11.38. I suppose, then, I must quit the game for a minute or two.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.56. Got rid of her, thank God. I may say in self-defence that I would never have let her in but for the accident of my being outside the room and the door left open, so that she was inside on my return.
Let me get into Asana.

The Fifth Day

- 12.26. So beginneth the Fifth Day of this great Magical Retirement. With two and twenty breath-cycles did I begin. This practice was a little easier; but not much better. It ought to become quite simple and natural before one devotes the half-minute of Kam-bhakam (breath held-in), when one is rigid to a strong projection of Will toward Adonai, as has been my custom. I hope to-day will be more hard definite magical Work, less discourse, less beatific state of mind—which is the very devil! the real Calypso, none the less temptress because her name happens to be Penelope. Ah Lord Adonai, my Lord! Grant unto me the Perfume and the Vision; let me attain the desirable harbour; for my little ship is tossed by divers tempests, even by Euroclydon, in the Place where Four Winds meet.
- 12.35. Therefore I shall go to rest, letting my mind rest ever in the Will toward Adonai. Let my sleep be toward Him, or annihilation; let my waking be to the music of His name; let the day be full to the uttermost of Him only.
- 2.18. My good friend the body woke me at this hour by means of disturbed dreams about a quite imaginary

THE EQUINOX

2.18. relative of whom nobody for years had ever seen anything but his head, which he would poke out of a waterproof sheet. He was supposed to be an invalid. I am glad to say that I woke properly and got quite automatically on to the mantra.

My Prana, however, seems feverish and unbalanced. So I eat a biscuit or two and drink some water and will put it right with the Pentagram Ritual.

Done, but oh! how hard. Sleep fights me as Apollyon fought Christian! but I will up and take him by the throat.

(See; 'tis 2.30. Twelve minutes to do that little in!)
And look at the handwriting!

3.6. How excellent is Prana Yama, a comfort to the soul! I did thirty-two cycles, easy and pleasant; could have gone on indefinitely. The muscles went rigid, practically of their own accord; so light did I feel that I almost thought myself to be “that wise one” who “can balance himself on his thumb.” Sleep is conquered right away from the word “jump.” Indeed, if

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees;

then surely:

Satan flees, exclaiming “Damn!”
When any saint starts Pranayam!

So happy, indeed, was I in the practice that I devoted myself by the Waiting formula to Adonai; and that I got to “neighbourhood- concentration” is shewn by the fact that I several times forgot altogether about Adonai, and found myself saying the silly old Mantram.

- 3.6. I despair of asking my readers to distinguish between the common phenomenon of wandering thought and this phenomenon which is at the very portal of true and perfect concentration; yet it is most important that the distinction should be seized. The further difficulty will occur—I hope!—of distinguishing between the vacancy of the idiot, and that destruction of thought which we call Shivadarshana, or Nirvikalpa-samadhi. [We must again refer the reader to the Hindu classics. —ED.]

The only diagnostic I can think of is this; that there is (I can't be sure about it) no rational connection between the thought one left behind one and the new thought. In a simple wandering during the practice of concentration one can very nearly always (especially with a little experience) trace the chain. With neighbourhood-concentration this is not so. Perhaps there is a chain, but so great already is the power of preventing the impressions from rising into consciousness that one has no knowledge of the links, each one having been automatically slaughtered on the threshold of the consciousness.

Of course, the honest and wary practitioner will have no difficulty in recognising the right kind of wandering; with this explanation there is no excuse for him if he does.

I have another theory, though. Perhaps this is not a wandering at all, but a complete annihilation of all thought. Affirming Adonai, I lop off the heads of all others; and Adonai's own head falls. But in the

THE EQUINOX

3.6. momentary pause which this causes, some old habitual thought (to-night my mantra) rises up. A case of the Closure followed by the Moving of the Previous Question.

Oh Lord! when wilt Thou carry a Motion to Adjourn, nay, to Prorogue, nay! to Dissolve this Parliament?

3.32. I am not sleepy; yet will I again compose myself, devoting myself to Adonai.

7.7. Again woke and continued mantra.

8.10. I ought to have made more of it at 7.7; I went off again to sleep; the result is that I am rather difficult to wake again.

However, let me be vigilant now.

8.45. I have dressed and from 8.35-8.45 performed the Ritual of the Bornless One.

Though I performed it none too well (failing, *e.g.*, to make use of the Geometric Progression on the Mahalingam formula in the Ieou section [We cannot understand this passage. It presumably refers to the "Preliminary Invocation" in the "Goetia" of King Solomon, published S.P.R.T., Boleskine Foyers, N.B., 1904.—ED], and not troubling even to formulate carefully the Elemental Hosts, or to marshal them about the circle) I yet, by the favour of IAO, obtained a really good effect, losing all sense of personality and being exalted in the Pillar. Peace and ecstasy enfolded me. It is well.

8.50. But as I was ill last night, and as the morning has broken chill and damp, I will go to the Café du Dôme

JOHN ST. JOHN

8.50. and break my fast humbly with Coffee and Sandwich. May it strengthen me in my search for the Quintessece, the Stone of the Wise, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness!

9.0. I hope (by the way) that I have made it quite clear that all this time even a momentary cessation of active thought has been accompanied by the rising-up of the mantra. The rhythm, in short, perpetually dominates the brain; and becomes active on every opportunity. The liquid Moslem mantra is much easier to get on to than is the usual Hindu type with its *m* and *n* sounds predominating: but it does not shake the brain up so forcibly. Perhaps 'tis none the worse for that. I think the unconscious training of the brain to an even rhythm better than startling it into the same by a series of shocks.

I should like, to to remark that the suggestions in the "Herb Dangerous" [We hope to publish this essay in No. 2 of "The Equinox"—ED.] for a ritual seem the wrong way round. It seems to me that the Eastern methods are very arid, and chiefly valuable as a training of the Will, while the Ceremonies of the Magic of Light tune up the soul to that harmony when it is but one step to the Crown.

The real plan is, then, to train the Will into as formidable an engine as possible, and then, at the moment in the Ritual when the real work should be done, to fling forth flying that concentrated Will "whirling forth with re-echoing Roar, so that it may comprehend with

THE EQUINOX

9.0. invincible Will ideas omniform, which flying forth from that one Fountain issued: whose Foundation is One, One and Alone.”

As therefore Discipline of whatever kind is only one way of going into a wood at midnight on Easter Eve and cutting the magic wand with a single blow of the magic knife, etc. etc. etc., we can regard the Western system as the essential one. Yet of course Pranayama, for one thing, has its own definite magical effect, apart from teaching the practitioner that he must last out those three seconds—those deadly long last three seconds—even if he burst in the process.

All this I am writing during breakfast.

My devotees may note, by the way, how the desire to sleep is breaking up.

- Night
- I. $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, unbroken from 12.30.
 - „ II. 7 hours nearly, with dreams.
 - „ III. 8 hours nearly; but woke three or four times, and if I had not been a worm would have scattered it like chaff!
 - „ IV. 6 $1/2$ hours; and I wake fresh.
 - „ V. $1\frac{3}{4} + 4\frac{1}{2} + 1$ hour; and real good work done in the intervals.
 - [P.S. „ VI. Probably 4 hours.
 - „ VII. $2 + 2 + \frac{1}{2}$ hours.
 - „ VIII. 6 hours much broken.
 - „ IX. $1\frac{1}{2} + 2 + 2$ hours.
 - „ X. $4 + 1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.
 - „ XI. $1\frac{3}{4} + 4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
 - „ XII. Back to the normal—7 hours perfect sleep.]

JOHN ST. JOHN

11.30. Have been walks with the mantra arranging for and modelling a “saddle” whereby to get Asana really steady and easy; also for some photographs illustrating some of the more absurd positions, for the instruction of my devotees.

I must now copy out the new Ritual.

This, you will readily perceive, is all wrong. Theoretically, everything should be ready by the beginning of the Operation; and one should simply do it and be done with it.

But this is a very shallow view. One never knows what may be required; *i.e.*, a beginner like myself doesn't. Further, one cannot write an effective Ritual till one is already in a fairly exalted state . . . and so on.

We must just do the best we can, now as always.

2.0 I have been concentrating solely on the Revision and copying of the Ritual. Therefore I now live just as I always live in order to get a definite piece of work done: concentrating as it were *off* the Work. As Levi also adjures us by the Holy Names.

Coming back from lunch (a dozen Marennes Vertes and an Andouillette aux Pommes) I met Zelina Visconti, more lovely-ugly than ever in her wild way. She says that she is favourably disposed towards me, on the recommendation of her concierge !!! “The tongue of good report hath already been heard in his favour. Advance, free and of good report!”

THE EQUINOX

- 4.45. And only two pages done! but the decorations “marvelous”!
- 5.15. Another half-hour gone! in mere titivating the Opus! and now I’m too tired to as much as start Prana Yama. I will go to the Dôme and see what a citron pressé and a sandwich does for me, at the same time taking over the MS. of Liber DCCCCLXIII., which has been given me to correct, and doing it.
Please the pigs, the Visconti will cheer me up in the evening; and I shall get a good day in to-morrow.
- 6.35. Still at Liber DCCCCLXIII. [To be published shortly by “The Equinox.”—ED.] I should like to write mantrams for each chapter.
- 7.20. Still at Liber DCCCCLXIII. I need hardly say that I am perfectly aware that in one sense all this working and ritual making and copying and illuminating is but a crowd of dog-faced demons, since the One Thought of Unity with Adonai is absent.
But I do it on purpose, making each thing I do into that Magic Will.
So if you ask me “Are you correcting Liber DCCCCLXIII.?” I reply, “No! I am Adonai!”
- 7.50. Arrival of the Visconti.
- 8.50. Departure of the Visconti. Really a necessary rest: for my head had begun to ache, and her kiss, half given and half taken, much refreshed me.
- 9.50. Have done Liber DCCCCLXIII. ’Tis hardly thinkable that one could have read it (merely) in the

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 9.50. time. Say three and a half hours! Well, if it doesn't count as Tapas, and Jap, and Yama, and Niyama, and all the rest of it, all I can say is that I think They don't play fair. I will now go and get something to eat, and (God willing) on my return settle down to real work, for I need daylight to copy my Ritual.
- 11.30. A sandwich and two coffees at the Versailles and a citron pressé at the Dome, some little chatter with M——e, B——e, H——s, and others. In fact, I'm a lazy unconcentrated hound. I started Mantra again, though; of course it goes quite easily.
- 11.50. Undressed, and the mantra going, and the Will toward Adonai less unapparent.
To-day I began ill, full of spiritual pride—look at the records of my early hours! One might have thought me a great master of magic loftily condescending to explain a few elementary truths suited to the capacity of his disciples.
The fact is that I am a toad, ugly and venomous, and if I do wear a precious jewel in my hand, that jewel is Adonai, and—well, come to think of it, I am Adonai. But St. John is not Adonai; and St. John had better do a little humiliation to-morrow. Nothing being more humiliating than Prana Yama, I will begin with that.

The Sixth Day

- 12.5. Thus then—oh ye great gods of Heaven!—begins the Sixth Day of the Great Magical Retirement of that

THE EQUINOX

- 12.5. Holy Illuminated Man of God our Greatly Honoured Frater, O.M., Adeptus Exemptus 7° = 4° Brother-Elect of the Most Secret and Sublime Order A.: A.:
He does with great difficulty (and no interior performance) just four breath-cycles.
Somebody once remarked that it had taken a hundred million years to produce me; I may add that I hope it will be another hundred million before God makes such another cur.
- 12.15. Have performed the Equilibrating Ritual of the Scourge, the Dagger, and the Chain; with the Holy Anointing Oil that bringeth the informing Fire into their Lustral Water.
- 12.35. I am so sleepy that I cannot concentrate at all. (I was trying the “Bornless One.”) The magic goes well; good images and powerful, but I slack right off into sleep. It’s the hour for heroic measures or else to say: A good night’s rest, and start fresh in the morning! I suppose, as usual, I shall say the first and do the second.
- 12.45. Have risen, washed, performed the ritual “Thee I invoke, the Bornless One” physically.
The result fair. One gets better magical sight and feeling when one is performing a ritual in one’s Astral Body, so called. For one is on the same plane as the things one’s dealing with.
If, however, serious work is wanted, one must be all there. To get “materialized” “spirits”—pardon the absurd language!—one should (nay, must!) work inside

JOHN ST. JOHN

12.45. one's body. So, too, I think, for the highest spiritual work; for that Work extends from Malkuth to Kether.

Here is the great value of the rationalistic Eastern systems. [P.S. Of course scientifically worked with pencil, note-book, and stop-watch. The Yogi is usually in practice just as vague a dreamer as the mystic.] They keep one always balanced by common sense. One might go off on lines of pleasing illusion for years, until one was lost on the "Astral Plane."

All this, observe, is very meaningless, very vague at the best. What is the Astral Plane? Is there such a thing? How do its phantoms differ from those of absinthe, reverie, and love, and so on?

We may admit their unsubstantiality without denying their power; the phantoms of absinthe and love are potent enough to drive a man to death or marriage; while reverie may end in anti-vivisectionism or nut-food-madness.

On the whole, I prefer to explain the many terrible catastrophes I have seen caused by magic misunderstood by supposing that in magic one is working with some very subtle and essential function of the brain, whose disease may mean for one man paralysis, for another mania, for a third melancholia, for a fourth death. It is not *à priori* absurd to suggest that there may be some one particular thought that would cause death. In the man with heart disease, for instance, the thought "I will run quickly upstairs" might cause death quite as directly as "I will shoot myself." Yet of

THE EQUINOX

12.45. course this thought acts through the will and the apparatus of nerves and muscles. But might not a sudden fear cause the heart to stop? I think cases are on record.

But all this is unknown ground, or, as Frank Harris would say, Unpath'd Waters. We are getting dangerously near "mental arsenic" and "all—god—good—bones—truth—lights—liver—mind—blessing—heart—one and not of a series—ante and pass the buck."

The common sense of the practical man of the world is good enough for me!

1.10. Will G. R. S. Mead or somebody wise like that tell me why it is that if I get out of my body and face (say) East, I can turn (in the "astral body") as far as West-Sou'-West or thereabouts, but no further except with very great difficulty and after long practice? In making the circle, just as I got to West, I would swing right back to West-Nor'-West: turn easily enough, in short, to any point but due West, within perhaps 5° , but never pass that point. I have taught myself to do it, but always with an effort.

Is this a common experience?

I connect it with my faculty of knowing direction, which all mountaineers and travellers who have been with me admit to be quite exceptional.

If I leave my tent or hut by a door facing, say, South-West, throughout that whole day, over all kinds of ground, through any imaginable jungle, in all kinds

JOHN ST. JOHN

1.10. of weather, fog, blizzard, blight, by night or day, I know within 5° (usually within 2°) the direction in which I faced when I left that tent or hut. And if I happen to have observed its compass bearing, of course I can deduce North by mere judgment of angle, at which I am very accurate.

Further, I keep a mental record, quite unconsciously, of the time occupied on a march; so that I can always tell the time within five minutes or so without consulting my watch.

Further, I have another automatic recorder which maps out distance plus direction. Suppose I were to start from Scott's and walk (or drive; it's all the same to me) to Haggerston Town Hall (wherever Haggerston may be; but say it's N.E.), thence to Maida Vale. From Maida Vale I could take a true line for Piccadilly again and not go five minutes walk out of my way, bar blind alleys, etc., and I should know when I got close to Scott's again before I recognised any of the surroundings.

It always seems to me that I get an intuition of the direction and length of line A (Scott's to Haggerston bee-line; in spite of any winding, it would make little odds if I went via Poplar), another intuition of line B (Haggerston to Maida Vale), and obtained my line C (back to Scott's) by "Subliminal trigonometry." In this example I am assuming that I had never been in London before. I have done precisely similar work in dozens of strange cities, even a twisted warren like Tangier or Cairo. I am worse in Paris than

THE EQUINOX

- 1.10. anywhere else; I think because the main thoroughfares radiate from stars, and so the angles puzzle one. The power, too, suits ill with civilized life; it fades as I live in towns, revives as I get back to God's good earth. A seven-foot tent and the starlight—who wants more?
- 1.35. Well, I've woke myself writing this. The point that really struck me was this: what would happen if by severe training I forced my "astral body"—damn it! isn't there a term for it free from L. . . . —prostitution? (One speaks of "les deux prostitutions"; so it's all right.) My Scin-Laeca, then—what would happen if I forced my Scin-Laeca to become a Whirling Dervish? I couldn't get giddy, because my Semicircular canals would be at rest.
I must really try the experiment.
[Scin-Laeca. See Lord Lytton's "Strange Story."—ED.]
- 1.58. I will now devote myself to sleep, willing Adonai. Lord Adonai, give me deep rest like death, so that in very few hours I may be awake and active, full of lion-strength of purpose toward Thee!
- 7.35. My heroic conduct was nearly worth a "Nuit Blanche." For, being so thoroughly awake, I had all my Prana irritated, a feeling like the onset of a malarial attack, twelve hours before the temperature rises. I dare say it was after 3 o'clock when I slept; I woke too, several times, and ought to have risen and done Prana Yama: but I did not. O worm! the sleepest bird can easily catch *thee!* . . . I am not nicely awake, though it is to

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 7.35. my credit that I woke saying my mantra with vigour.
'Tis a bitter chill and damp the morn; yet must I rise
and toil at my fair Ritual.
- 7.55. Settling down to copy.
- 10.12. Have completed my two prescribed pages of illumination.
Will go and break my fast and do my business.
- 10.30. After writing letters went out and had coffee and two
brioches.
- 11.50. At Louvre looking up some odd points in the lore of
Khemi [Egypt.—ED.] for my Ritual.
- 12.20. I cannot understand it; but I feel faint for lack of food; I
must get back to strict Hatha-Yoga feeding.
- 1.00. Half-dozen oysters and an entrecôte aux pommes.
- 2.05. Back to work. I am in a very low physical condition;
quite equilibrated, but exhausted. I can hardly walk
upright!
Lord Adonai, how far I wander from the gardens of thy
beauty, where play the fountains of the Elixir!
- 2.55. Wrote two pages; the previous were not really dry; so I
must wait a little before illuminating.
I will rest—if I can! In the Hanged Man posture.
- 4.30. I soon went to sleep and stayed there.
It is useless to persist. . . . Yet I persist.
- 5.40. I was so shockingly cold that I went to the Dôme and
had milk, coffee, and sandwich, eaten in Yogin manner.

THE EQUINOX

- 5.40. But it has done no good as far as energy is concerned. I'm just as bad or worse than I was on the day which I have called the day of Apophis (third day). The only thing to my credit is the way I've kept the mantra going.
- 5.57. One thing at least is good; if anything does come of this great magical retirement—which I am beginning to doubt—it will not be mixed up with any other enthusiasm, poetic, venereal, or bacchanalian. It will be purely mystic. But as it has not happened yet—and just at present it seems incredible that it should happen—I think we may change the subject.
. . . . What a fool I am, by the way! I say that “He is God, and that there is no other God than He” 1800 times an hour; but I don't *think* it even once a day.
- 6.30. All my energy has suddenly come back.
Was it that Hatha-Yoga sandwich?
I go on copying the Ritual.
- 7.10. Copying finished. I will go and dine, and learn it by heart, humbly and thoughtfully. The illumination of it can be finished, with a little luck, in two more days.
I am disinclined to use the Ritual until it is beautifully coloured. As Zoroaster saith: “God is never so much turned away from man, and never so much sendeth him new paths, as when he maketh ascent to divine speculations or works, in a confused or disordered manner, and (as the oracle adds) with unhallowed lips, or unwashed feet. For of those who are thus

JOHN ST. JOHN

7.10. negligent the progress in imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are dark.”

7.40. Chez Lavenue. Bisque d’Ecrevisses, demi-perdreau à la Gelée, Cêpes Bordelaise, Coupe Jack. Demi Clos du Roi. I am sure I made a serious mistake in the beginning of this Operation of Magick Art. I ought to have performed a true Equilibration by an hour’s Prana Yama in Asana (even if I had to do it without Kambhakham) at midnight, dawn, noon, and sunset, and I should have allowed nothing in heaven above, or in earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, to have interfered with its due performance.

Instead I thought myself such a fine fellow that to get into Asana for a few minutes every midnight and the rest go-as-you-please would be enough. I am well punished.

8.30. This food, eaten in a Yogin and ceremonial manner, is doing me good. I shall end, God willing, with coffee, cognac, and cigar. It is a fatal error to knock the body to pieces and leave the consciousness intact, as has been the case with me all day. It is true that some people find that if they hurt the body, they make the mind unstable. True; they predispose it to hallucination.

One should use strictly corporeal methods to tame the body; strictly mental methods to control the mind.

This latter restriction is not so vitally important. Any weapon is legitimate against a public enemy like the mind. No truce nor quarter!

THE EQUINOX

8.30. On the contrary, to use the spiritual forces to secure health, as certain persons attempt to do to-day, is the vilest black magic. This is one of the numerous reasons for supposing that Jesus Christ was a Brother of the Left-Hand Path.

Now my body has been treating me well, waking nicely at convenient hours, sleeping at suitable times, keeping itself to itself . . . an admirable body. Then why shouldn't I take it out and give it the best dinner Lavenue can serve? . . . Provided that it doesn't stop saying that mantra!

It would be so easy to trick myself into the belief that I had attained! It would be so easy to starve myself until there was "visions about"! It would be so easy to write a sun-splendid tale of Adonai my Lord and my lover, so as to convince the world and myself that I had found Him! With my poetic genius, could I not outwrite St. John (my namesake) and Mrs. Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford? Yea, I could deceive myself if I did not train and fortify my scepticism at every point. That is the great usefulness of this record; one will be able to see afterwards whether there is any trace of poetic or other influence. But this is my sheet-anchor: I cannot write a lie, either in poetry or about magic. These are serious things that constitute my personality; and I could more easily blow out my brains than write a poem which I did not feel. The apparent exception is in case of irony.

[P.S. I wonder whether it would be possible to draw up a mathematical table, showing curves of food (and

JOHN ST. JOHN

8.30. digestion), drink, other physical impulses, weather, and so on, and comparing them with the curve of mystic enthusiasm and attainment.

Through it is perhaps true that perfect health and *bien-être* are the bases of any true trance or rapture, it seems unlikely that mere exuberance of the former can excite the latter.

In other words there is probably some first matter of the work which is not anything we know of as bodily. On my return to London, I must certainly put the matter before more experienced mathematicians, and if possible, get a graphic analysis of the kind indicated.]

9.20. How difficult and expensive it is to get drunk, when one is doing magic! Nothing exhilarates or otherwise affects one. Oh, the pathos and tragedy of those lines:

Come where the booze is cheaper !
Come where the pots hold more !

How I wish I had written them!

10.08. Having drunk a citron pressé and watched the poker game at the Dôme for a little, I now return home. I thought to myself, "Let me chuck the whole thing overboard and be sensible, and get a good night's rest"—and perceived that it would be impossible. I am so far into this Operation that

pausing to cast one last glance back
O'er the safe road—'twas gone!

THE EQUINOX

10.08. I must come out of it either an Adept or a maniac. Thank the Lord for that! It saves trouble.

10.20. Undressed and robed. Will do an Aspiration in the Hanged Man position, hoping to feel rested and fit by midnight.

The Incense has arrived from London; and I feel its magical effects most favourable.

O creature of Incense! I conjure thee by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne and liveth and reigneth for ever as the Balance of Righteousness and Truth, that thou comfort and exalt my soul with Thy sweet perfume, that I may be utterly devoted to this Work of the Invocation of my Lord Adonai, that I may fully attain thereto, beholding Him face to face—as it is written “Before there was Equilibrium, Countenance beheld not Countenance”—yea, being utterly absorbed in His ineffable Glory—yea, being That of which there is no Image either in speech or thought.

10.55. What a weary world we live in! No sooner am I betrayed into making a few flattering remarks about my body that I find everything wrong with it, and two grains of Cascara Sagrada necessary to its welfare!

. . . . I wish I knew where I was! I don't at all recognise what Path I am on; it doesn't seem like a Path at all. As far as I can see, I am drifting rudderless and sailless on a sea of no shore—the False Sea of the Qliphoth. For in my stupidity I began to try a certain ritual of the Evil Magic, so called. . . . Not

JOHN ST. JOHN

10.55. evil in truth, because only that is evil (in one sense) which does not lead to Adonai. (In another sense, all is evil which is not Adonai.) And of course I had the insane idea that this ritual would serve to stimulate my devotion. For the information of the Z.A.M., I may explain that this ritual pertained to Saturn in Libra; and, though right enough in its own plane, is a dog-faced demon in this operation. Is it, though? I am so blind that I can no longer decide the simplest problems. Else, I see so well, and am so balanced, that I see both sides of every question.

In chess-blindness one used to abjure the game. I never tried to stick it through; I wish I had. Anyhow, I have to stick this through!

O Lord of the Eye, let thine Eye be ever open upon me! For He that watcheth Israel doth not slumber nor sleep!

Lord Shiva, open Thou the Eye upon me, and consume me altogether in its brilliance!

Destroy this Universe! Eat up thine hermit in thy terrible jaws! Dance Thou upon this prostrate saint of Thine!

. . . I suffer from thirst . . . it is a thirst of the body . . . yet the thirst of the soul is deeper, and impossible to quench.

Lord Adonai! Let the Powers of Geburah plunge me again and again into the Fires of Pain, so that my steel may be tempered to that Sword of Magic that invoceth Thy Knowledge and Thy Conversation.

Hoor! Elohim Gibor! Kamael! Seraphim! Graphiel!

THE EQUINOX

10.55. Bartzabel! Madim! I conjure ye in the Number Five.

By the Flaming Star of my Will! By the Senses of my Body! By the Five Elements of my Being! Rise! Move! Appear! Come ye forth unto me and torture me with your fierce pangs . . . for why? because I am the Servant of the Same your God, the True Worshipper of the Highest.

Ol sonuf vaoresaji, gono Iadapiel, elonusaha cælazod.

I rule above ye, said the Lord of Lords, exalted in power.

[From Dr. Dee's MSS.—ED.]

11.17. Will now try the Hanged Man again.

11.30. Very vigorous and good, my willing of Adonai. . . . I should like to explain the difficulty. It would be easy enough to form a magical Image of Adonai: and He would doubtless inform it. But it would only be an Image. This may be the meaning of the commandment "Thou shalt not make any graven image," etc., just as "Thou shalt not have any other Gods but me" implies single-minded devotion (*Ekâgrata*) to Adonai. So any mental or magical Image must necessarily fall short of the Truth. Consequently one has to will that which is formless; and this is very difficult. To concentrate the mind upon a definite thing is hard enough; yet at least there is something to grasp, and some means of checking one's result. But in this case, the moment one's will takes a magical shape—and the will simply revels in creating shapes—at the moment one knows that one has gone off the track.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.30. This is of course (nearly enough) another way of expressing the Hindu Meditation whose method is to kill all thoughts as they arise in the mind. The difference is that I am aiming at a target, while they are preventing arrows from striking one. In my aspiration to know Adonai, I resemble their Yogis who concentrate on their “personal Lord”; but at the same time it must be remembered that I am not going to be content with what would content them. In other words, I am going to *define* “the Knowledge and Conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel” as equal to Neroda-Samapatti, the trance of Nibbana. I hope I shall be able to live up to this!
- 11.55. Have been practising Asana, etc. I forgot one thing in the last entry: I had been reproaching Adonai that for six days I had evoked Him in vain. . . . I got the reply, “The Seventh Day shall be the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.”
So mote it be!

The Seventh Day.

- 12.17. I began this great day with Eight breath-cycles; was stopped by the indigestion trouble in its other form. (P.S.—Evidently the introduction of the Cascara into my sensitive aura made its action instantaneous.) My breathing passages were none too clear, either; I have evidently taken a chill.
Now, O, my Lord Adonai, thou Self-Glittering One, wilt Thou not manifest unto Thy chosen one? For see

THE EQUINOX

12.17. me! I am as a little white dove trembling upon thine altar, its throat stretched out to the knife. I am as a young child bought in the slave market . . . and night is fallen! I await Thee, O my Lord, with a great longing, stronger than Life; yet am I as patient as Death.

There was a certain Darwesh whose turban a thief stole. But when they said to him, "See! he hath taken the road to Damascus!" that holy man answered, as he went quietly to the cemetery, "I will await him here!"

So, therefore, there is one place, O thou thief of my heart's love, Adonai, to which thou must come at last; and that place is the tomb in which lie buried all my thoughts and emotions, all that which is "I, and Me, and Mine." There will I lay myself and await thee, even as our Father Christian Rosenkreutz that laid himself in the Pastos in the Vault of the Mountain of the Caverns, Abiegnus, on whose portal did he cause to be written the words, "Post Lux Crucis Annos Patebo." So Thou wilt enter in (as did Frater N. N. and his companions) and open the Pastos; and with thy Winged Globe thou wilt touch the Rosy Cross upon my breast, and I shall wake into life—the true life that is Union with Thee.

So therefore—perinde ac cadaver—I await Thee.

12.43. I wrote, by the way, on some previous day (IV. 12.57 A.M.) that I used the Supreme formula of Awaiting. . . . Ridiculous mouse! is it not written in the Book of the

JOHN ST. JOHN

12.43. Heart that is girt about with the Serpent that “To await Thee is the End, not the Beginning”?

It is as silly as rising at midnight, and saying, "I will go out and sleep in the sun."

But I am an Irishman, and if you offer me a donkey-ride at a shilling the first hour and sixpence the second, you must not be surprised at the shrewd silliness of my replying that I will take the second hour first.

But that is always the way; the love of besting our dearest friends in a bargain is native to us: and so, even in religion, when we are dealing with our own souls, we try to cheat. I go out to cut an almond rod at midnight, and, finding it inconvenient, I “magically affirm” that ash is almond and that seven o’clock is twelve. It seems a pity to have become a magician, capable of forcing Nature to accommodate herself to your statements, for no better use to be made of the power than this!

Miracles are only legitimate when there is no other issue possible. It is waste of power (the most expensive kind of power) to “make the spirits bring us all kinds of food” when we live next door to the Savoy; that Yogi was a fool who spent forty years learning to walk across the Ganges when all his friends did it daily for two pice; and that man does ill when he invokes Tahuti to cure a cold in the head while Mr. Lowe’s shop is so handy in Stafford Street.

But miracles may be performed in an extremity; and are.

This brings us round in a circle; the miracle of the

THE EQUINOX

12.43. Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is only to be performed when the magus has rowed himself completely out; in the language of the Tarot, when the Magus has become the Fool.

But for my faith in the Ritual DCLXXI. I should be at the end of my spells.

Well? We shall see in the upshot.

1.25. I really almost begin to believe IT will happen.

For I lay down quite free of worry or anxiety (hugging myself, as it were), perfectly sure of Him in the simple non-assertive way that a child is sure of its mother, in a state of pleased expectancy, my thoughts quite suppressed in an intent listening, as it were for the noise of the wind of His chariot, as it were for the rustle of His wings.

For lo! through the heaven of Nu He rideth in His chariot—soon, soon He will be here!

Into this state of listening come certain curious things—formless flittings, I know not what. Also, what I used to call “telephone-cross” voices—voices of strange people saying quite absurd commonplace things—“Here, let’s feel it!” “What about lunch?” “So I said to him: Did you . . .” and so on; just as if one were overhearing a conversation in a railway carriage. I beheld also Kephra, the Beetle God, the Glory of Midnight. But let me compose myself again to sleep, as did the child Samuel.

If He should choose to come, He can easily awaken me.

JOHN ST. JOHN

3.35. I have been asleep a good deal—one long dream in which P——t, Lord M——y of B——n and my wife are all staying with me in my mother's house. My room the old room, with one page torn out—for I conceived it as part of a book, somehow! Oh such a lot of this dream! Most of it clearly due to obvious sources—I don't see where Lord M——y comes in. Very likely he is dead. I have had that happen now and again. [P.S.—this was not the case.]

The dream changed, too, to a liner; where Japanese stole my pipe in a series of adventures of an annoying type—every one acted as badly as he knew how, and as unexpectedly.

Waking just now, and instantly concentrating on Adonai, I found my body seized with a little quivering, very curious and pleasant, like

trembling leaves in a continuous air.

I think I have heard this state of Interior Trembling described in some mystic books. I think the Shakers and Quakers had violent shudderings. Abdullah Haji of Shiraz writes:—

Just as the body shudders when the Soul
Gives up to Allah in its quick career
Itself. . . .

It is the tiniest, most intimate trembling, not unlike that of Kambhakham or “Vindu-siddhi” [see the Shiva Sanhita.—ED.] properly performed; but of a female quality. I feel as if I were being shaken; in

THE EQUINOX

3.35. the other cases I recognize my own ardour as the cause.
It is very gentle and sweet.
So now I may turn back to wait for Him.

3.50. The Voice of the Nadi has changed to a music faint yet very full and very sweet, with a bell-like tone more insistent than the other notes at intervals.

5.45. Again awake, and patient-eager. The dreams flow through me ceaselessly.

This time a house where I, like a new Bluebeard, have got to conceal my wives from each other. But my foolish omission to knife them brings it about that I have thirty-nine secret chambers, and only one open one in each case.

Oh, yards of it! And all sorts of people come in to supper—which there isn't any, and we have to do all sorts of shifts—and all the wives think themselves neglected—as they are bound to do, if one is insane enough to have forty—and I loathed them all so! it was terrible having to fly round and comfort and explain; the difficulty increases (I should judge) as about the fifth power of the number of wives . . .

I'm glad I'm awake!

Yea, and how glad when I am indeed awake from this glamour life, awake to the love my Lord Adonai!

It is bitter chill at dawn. A consecrating cold it seems to me—yet I will not confront it and rejoice in it—I am already content, having ceased to strive.

7.15. Again awake, deliciously rested and refreshed.

9.45. Again awake, ditto.

JOHN ST. JOHN

11.35. I will now break my fast with a sandwich and coffee, eaten Yogin- wise.

I seem like one convalescent after a fever; very calm, very clean, rather weak, too weak, indeed, to be actually happy: but content.

I spent the morning posing for Michael Brenner, a sculptor who will one day be heard of. Very young yet, but I think the best man of his generation—of those whose work I have seen. By the way, I am suffering from a swollen finger, since yesterday morning or possibly earlier. I have given it little attention, but it is painful.

I want to explain why I have so carefully recorded the somewhat banal details of all I have eaten and drunk.

1. All food is a species of intoxicant; hence a fruitful source of error. Should I obtain any good result, I might say “You were starved” or “You were drunk.” It is very easy to get visions of sorts by either process, and to delude oneself into the idea that one has attained, mistaking the Qliphoth for Kether.
2. In keeping the vow “I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul” the mere animal actions are the most resistant. One cannot see the nature of the phenomenon; it seems so unimportant; one is inclined to despise it. Hence I enter it in the record as a corrective.

THE EQUINOX

3. If others are to read this, I should like them to see that elaborate codes of morality have nothing to do with my system. No question of sin and grace ever enters it.

If a chemist wants to prepare copper sulphate from its oxide, he does not hesitate on the ground that sulphuric acid, thrown in the eyes, hurts people. So I use the moral drug which will produce the desired result, whether that drug be what people commonly call poison or no. In short, I act like a sensible man; and I think I deserve every credit for introducing this completely new idea into religion.

- 12.25. That function of my brain which says "You ought to be willing Adonai" sometimes acts. But I am willing Him! It is so active because all this week it has been working hard, and doesn't realise that its work is done. Just as a retired grocer wakes up and thinks "I must go and open the shop."

In Hindu phrase, the thought-stuff, painfully forced all these days into one channel, has acquired the habit [*i.e.*, of flowing naturally in it.—ED.] I am Ekâgrata—one-pointed.

Just as if one arranges a siphon, one has to suck and suck for a while, and then when the balance in the two arms of the tube is attained, the fluid goes on softly and silently of its own act. Gravitation which was against us is now for us.

So now the whole destiny of the Universe is by me overcome; I am impelled, with ever-gathering and irresistible force, toward Adonai.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.25. Vi Veri Vniversvm Vivvs Vici!
- 12.57. Back home to illuminate my beautiful Ritual.
- 3.30. Two pages done and set aside to dry. I think I will go for a little walk and enjoy the beautiful sun.
Also to the chemist's to have my finger attended to.
- 4.05. The chemist refused to do anything; and so I did it myself. It is the romantic malady of ingrowing nail; a little abscess had formed. Devilish painful after the clean-up. Will go the walk aforesaid.
- 4.17. I ought to note how on this day there is a complete absence of all one's magical apparatus. The mantra has slowed down to (at a guess) a quarter of its old pace. The rest in unison. This is because the feeling of great power, etc. etc., is the mere evidence of conflict—the thunder of the guns. Now all is at peace; the power of the river, no more a torrent.
The Concourse of the Forces has become the Harmony of the Forces; the word Tetragrammation is spoken and ended; the holy letter Shin is descended into it. For the roaring God of Sinai we have the sleeping Babe of Bethlehem. A fulfilment, not a destroying, of the Law.
- 4.45. Am at home again. I will lie down in the Position of the Hanged Man, and await the coming of my Lord.
- 6.00. Arisen again to go out to diner. I was half-asleep some of the time.
- 6.15. Dinner—Hors d'Œuvre—Tripes à la Mode de Caen—Filet de Porc—Glace— $\frac{1}{2}$ Graves. Oh, how the world

THE EQUINOX

6.15. hath inflexible intellectual rulers! I eat it in a semi-Yogin manner.

6.20. I am wondering whether I have not made a mistake in allowing myself to sleep.

It would be just like me, if there were only one possible mistake to make, to make it! I was perfect, had I only watched. But I let my faith run away with me. . . . I wonder.

6.45. Dinner over, I go on as I am in calm faith and love. Why should I expect a catastrophic effect? Why should not the circumstances of Union with God be compatible with the normal consciousness? Interpenetrating and illuminating it, if you like; but not destroying it. Well, I don't know why it shouldn't be; but I bet it isn't! All the spiritual experience I have had argues against such a theory.

On the contrary, it will leave the reason quite intact, supreme Lord of its own plane. Mixing up the planes is the sad fate of many a mystic. How many do I know in my own experience who tell me that, obedient to the Heavenly Vision, they will shoot no more rabbits! Thus they found a system on trifles, and their Lord and God is some trumpery little elemental masquerading as the Almighty.

I remember my Uncle Tom telling me that he was sure God would be displeased to see me in a blue coat on Sunday. And to-day he is surprised and grieved that I do not worship his god—or even my own tailor, as would be surely more reasonable!

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 7.32. How is it that I expect the reward at once? Surely I am presuming on my magical power, which is an active thing, and therefore my passivity is not perfect. Of course, when IT happens, it happens out of time and space—now or ten years hence it is all the same. All the same to IT; not all the same to me, O.M. So O.M. (the dog!) persists irrationally in wanting IT, here and now. Surely, indeed, it is a lack of faith, a pandering to the time-illusion . . . and so forth. Yes, no doubt it is all magically wrong, even magically absurd; yet, though I see the snare, I deliberately walk into it. I suppose I shall be punished somehow . . . Good! there's the excuse I wanted. Fear is failure: I must dare to do wrong. Good!
- 7.50. It has just occurred to me that this Waiting and Watching is the supreme Magical strain. Every slight sound or other impression shocks one tremendously. It is easy enough to shut out sounds and such when one is concentrating in active magic: I did all my early evocations in Chancery Lane. But now one is deliberately opening all the avenues of sense to admit Adonai! One has destroyed one's own Magic Circle. The whole of that great Building is thrown down. . . . Therefore I am in a worse hole than I ever was before—and I've only just realized it. A footfall on the pavement is most acute agony—because it is not Adonai. My hearing, normally rather dull, is intensely sharpened; and I am thirty yards from the electric trams of the Boulevard Montparnasse at the busiest hour of the evening. . . .

THE EQUINOX

7.50. And the Visconti may turn up! . . .
Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani!

8.45. I went out to the Dôme to drink my final citron pressé and to avoid the Visconti. Am returned, and in bed. I shall try and sleep now, waking in time for midnight and the quiet hours.

8.53. I have endured the supreme temptation and assault of the Enemy.

In this wise. First, I found that I did not want sleep—I couldn't stop "Waiting." Next, I said "Since last night that Black Ritual (see entry 10.55) did at least serve to turn all my thoughts to the One Thought, I will try it again . . ."

Then I said: "No; to do so is not pure 'waiting;'"

And then—as by a flash of lightning—the Abyss of the Pit opened, and my whole position was turned. I saw my life from the dawn of consciousness till now as a gigantic "pose"; my very love of truth assumed for the benefit of my biographer! All these strange things suffered and enjoyed for no better purpose than to seem a great man. One cannot express the horror of this thought; it is The thought that murders the soul—and there is no answer to it. So universal is it that it is impossible to prove the contrary. So one must play the man, and master it and kill it utterly, burying it in that putrid hell from which it sprang. Luckily I have dealt with it before. Once when I lived at Paddington J——s and F——r were with me talking, and, when they went, thoughtfully left this devil-thought behind—the agony is with me yet.

JOHN ST. JOHN

8.53. That, though, was only a young mild devil, though of the same bad brood. It said: “Is there any Path or Attainment? Have you been fooled all along?”

But to-night’s thought struck at my own integrity, at the inmost truth of the soul and of Adonai.

As I said, there is no answer to it; and as these seven days have left me fairly master of the fortress, I caught him young, and assigned him promptly to the oubliette.

I put down this—not as a “pose”—but because the business is so gigantic. It encourages me immensely; for if my Dweller on the Threshold be that most formidable devil, how vast must be the Pylon that shelters him, and how glorious must be the Temple just beyond!

9.30. It seems that there was one more mistake to make; for I’ve made it!

I started to attempt to awaken the Kundalini—the magical serpent that sleeps at the base of the spine; coiled in three coils and a half around the Sushumna; and instead of pumping the Prana up and down the Sushumna until Siva was united with Sakti in the Sahasrara-Cakkram, I tried—God knows why; I’m stupider than an ass or H . . . C—to work the whole operation in Muladhara—with the obvious result.

There are only two more idiocies to perform—one, to take a big dose of Hashish and record the ravings as if they were Samadhi; and two, to go to church. I may as well give up.

THE EQUINOX

9.30. Yet here answers me the everlasting Yea and Amen: Thou canst not give up, for I will bring thee through. Yet here I lie, stripped of all magic force, doubting my own peace and faith, farther from Adonai than ever before—and yet—and yet—

Do I not know that every error is a necessary step in the Path? The longest way round is the shortest way home. But it is disgusting! There's a grim humour in it, too. The real Devil of the Operation must be sitting with sardonic grin upon his face, enjoying my perplexity—

For that Dweller-of-the-Threshold-thought was not as dead as I supposed; as I write he comes again and again, urging me to quit the Path, to abandon the unequal contest. Luckily, friend Dweller, you prove too much! Your anxiety shows me that I am not as far from attainment as my own feelings would have me think. At least, though, I am thrown into the active again; I shall rise and chant the Enochian Calls and invoke the Bornless One, and clear a few of the devils away, and get an army of mighty angels around me—in short, make another kind of fool of myself, I wonder?

Anyway, I'll do it. Not a bad idea to ask Thoth to send me Taphtatharath with a little information as to the route—I do not know where I am at all. This is a strange country, and I am very lonely.

This shall be my ritual.

1. Banishing Pentagram Ritual.
2. Invoking ditto. [These will appear in No. 2, "Liber O." --- ED.]

JOHN ST. JOHN

3. "The Bornless One." [See the "Goetia."—ED.]
4. The Calls I—VI with the rituals of the five Grades. [From Dr. Dee's and the G.:. D.: MSS.—ED.]
5. Invocation of Thoth.
6. (No: I will *not* use the New Ritual, nor will I discuss th matter.) An impromptu invocation of Adonai.
7. Closing formulae.

To work, then!

11.15. The ceremony went well enough; the forces invoked came readily and visibly; Thoth in particular as friendly as ever—I fancy He takes this record as a compliment to Him—He's welcome to it, poor God!

The L.V.X. came, too but not enough to pierce the awful shroud of darkness that by my folly I have woven for myself.

So at the end I found myself on the floor, so like Rodin's *Cruche Cassée* Danaide Girl as never was . . . As I ought to have been in the beginning! Well, one thing I got (again!), that is, that when all is said and done, I am that I am, and all these thoughts of mine, angels and devils both, are only fleeting moods of me. The one true self of me is Adonai. Simple! Yet I cannot remain in that simplicity.

I got this "revelation" through the Egyptian plane, a partial illumination of the reason. It has cleared up the mind; but alas! the mind is still there. This is the strength and weakness both of the Egyptian plane,

THE EQUINOX

11.15. that it is so lucid and spiritual and yet so practical. When I say weakness, I mean that it appeals to my weakness; I am easily content with the smaller results, so that they seduce me from going on to the really big ones. I am quite happy as a result of my little ceremony—whereas I ought to be taking new and terrible oaths! Yet why should Tahuti be so kind to me, and Asar Un-nefer so unkind?

The answer comes direct from Tahuti himself: Because you have learned to write perfectly, but have not yet taught yourself to suffer.

True enough, the last part!

Asar Un-nefer, thou perfected One, teach me Thy mysteries! Let my members be torn by Set and devoured by Sebek and Typhon! Let my blood be poured out upon Nile, and my flesh be given to Besz to devour! Let my Phallus be concealed in the maw of Mati, and my Crown be divided among my brethren! Let the jaws of Apep grind me into poison! Let the sea of poison swallow me wholly up!

Let Asi my mother rend her robes in anguish, and Nepti weep for me unavailing.

Then shall Asi being forth Hoor, and Heru-pa-kraat shall leap glad from her womb. The Lord of Vengeance shall awaken; Sekhet shall roar, and Pasht cry aloud. Then shall my members be gathered together, and my bonds shall be unloosed; and my khu shall be mighty in Khem for ever and ever!

11.37. I return to the place of the Evil Triad, of Ommo Satan, that is before the altar. There to expiate my folly in

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.37. attaching myself to all this great concourse of ideas that I have here recorded, instead of remaining fixed in the single stronghold of Unity with Myself.
- 11.54. And so this great day draws to its end.
These are indeed the Qliphoth, the Qliphoth of Kether, the Thaumiel, twin giant heads that hate and tear each other.
For the horror and darkness have been unbelievable; yet again, the light and brilliance have been almost insupportable.
I was never so far, and never so near . . . But the hour approaches. Let me collect myself, and begin the new day in affirmation of my Unity with my Lord Adonai!

The Eighth Day

- 12.3. Thus the Eighth day, the Second Week, begins. I am in Asana. For some reason or other, Pranayama is quite easy. Concentrating on Adonai, I was in Kambhakhm for a whole minute without distress.
It *is* true, by the way. I was—and am—in some danger of looking on this Record as a Book; *i.e.*, of emphasising things for their literary effect, and diminishing the importance of others which lend themselves less obviously.
But the answer to this, friend Satan! is that the Canon of Art is Truth, and the Canon of Magic is Truth; my true record will make a good book, and my true book will make a good record.

THE EQUINOX

12.3. *Ekam evam advaitam !* friend Satan! One and not two. *Hua allahu alazi lailaha illa Hua!*

But what shall by my “considerations” for this week? I am so absolutely become as a pantomorphous Lynx that all things look alike to me; there are just as many pros and cons to Pranayama as to Ceremonial, etc. etc., —and the pros and cons are so numerous and far reaching that I simply dare not start discussing even one. I can see an endless avenue in every case. In short, like the hashish-drunkard in full blast, I am overwhelmed by the multitude of my own magical Images. I have become the great Magician—Mayan, the Maker of Illusion—the Lord of the Brethren of the Left-hand Path.

I don't “wear my iniquity as an aureole, deathless in Spiritual Evil,” as Mr. Waite thinks; but it's nearly as bad as that. There seems only one reply to this great question of the Hunchback (I like to symbolize the spirit of Questioning by “?”—a little crooked thing that asks questions) and that is to keep on affirming Adonai, and refusing to be obsessed by any images of discipline or magic.

Of course! but this is just the difficulty—as it was in the Beginning, is now, and every shall be, world without end! My beautiful answer to the question, How will you become a millionaire? is: I will possess a million pounds. The “answer” is not an answer; it is a begging of the question.

What a fool I am! and people think me clever. *Ergo*, perhaps!

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.3. Anyhow I will now (12.37) go quietly to sleep—as I am always saying, and never do when I say it!—in the hope that daylight may bring counsel.
- 7.40. Woke fresh and comfortable. Sleep filled with dreams and broken into short lengths. I ought to observe that this is a very striking result of forging this magic chain; for in my normal life I am one of the soundest sleepers imaginable. Nine solid hours without turning once is my irreducible minimum.
- 9.10. Having done an hour's illumination of the New Ritual, will go and break my fast with coffee and a brioche, and thence proceed to Michael Brenner's studio.
- 12.15. I have spent the morning in modelling Siddhasana—a more difficult task than appeared. Rather like THE task!
But I went on with the mantra, and made some Reflections upon Kamma.
I will now have a Yogin coffee and sandwich, and return to my illumination of the Ritual.
In the desert of my soul, where no herb grows, there is yet one little spring. I am still one-pointed, at least in the lower sense that I have no desire or ambition but this of accomplishing the Great Work.
Barren is this soul of mine, in these $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of drought (the $3\frac{1}{2}$ coils of the Kundalini are implied by this) and this Ekâgrata is the little cloud like a hand (Yod, the Lingam of great Shiva). And, though I catch up my robe and run before the chariot of the King into Jezreel, it may be

THE EQUINOX

- 12.15. that before I reach those gates the whole sky may be one black flame of thundercloud, and the violet swords of the lightning may split asunder its heavy womb, and the rain, laughing like a young child, may dance upon the desert!
- 12.58. The Light beginneth to dawn upon the Path, so that I see a little better where I stand. This whole journey seems under some other formula than IAO—perhaps a Pentagram formula with which I am not clearly acquainted. If I knew the Word of the Grade, I could foretell things: but I don't.
I think I will read through the whole Record to date and see if I can find an Ariadne-clue.
- 1.15. Back, and settled to Ritual-painting.
- 2.30. Finished: bar frontispiece and colophon, which I can design and execute to-morrow.
- 3.0. Took half an hour off, making a silly sketch of a sunset. Will now read through the Record, and Reflect upon it.
- 4.15. “Before I was blind; now I see!” Yesterday I was right up to the Threshold, right enough; but got turned back by the Dweller. I did not see the Dweller till afterwards (8.53 entry) for he was too subtle. I will look carefully back to try and spot him; for if I “knew his Name” I could pass by—*i.e.*, next time I climb up to the Threshold of the Pylon.
I think the entries 1.25 and 3.35 A.M. explain it. “HUGGING MYSELF, AS IT WERE.” How fatally

JOHN ST. JOHN

4.15. accurate! I wrote it and never saw the hellish snare! I ought to have risen up and prepared myself ceremonially as a bride, and waited in the proper magical manner. Also I was too pleased with the Heralds of my Lord's coming—the vision of Khephra, etc. It was perhaps this subtle self-satisfaction that lost me . . . so I fell to the shocking abyss of last night!

The Dweller of the Threshold is never visible until after one has fallen; he is a Veiled God and smites like the Evil Knight in Malory, riding and slaying—and no man seeth him.

But when you are tumbled headlong into Hell, where he lives, then he unveils his Face, and blasts you with its horror!

Very good, John St. John, now you know! You are plain John St. John and you have to climb right up again through the paths to the Threshold; and remember this time to mortify that self-satisfaction! Go at it more reverently and humbly—oh, you dog, how I loathe you for your Vileness! To have risen so high, and—now—to be thus fallen!

4.40. The question arises: how to mortify this self-satisfaction?

Asceticism notoriously fosters egoism; how good am I to go without dinner! How noble! What renunciation!

On the other hand, the good wine in one says: "A fine fellow I have made my coffin of!"

The answer is simple, the old answer: *Think not of*

THE EQUINOX

4.40. *St. John and his foolishness; think of Adonai!*
Exactly: the one difficulty!

My best way out will be to concentrate on the New Ritual, learn it perfectly by heart, work it at the right moment. . . .

I will go, with this idea, to have a Citron pressé; thence to my Secret Restaurant, and dine, always learning the Ritual.

I will leave off the mantra, though it is nearly as much part of me as my head by now; and instead repeat over and over again the words of the Ritual so that I can do it in the end with perfect fluency and comprehension. And this time may Adonai build the House!

6.10. Instead I met Dr. R——, who kindly offered to teach me how to obtain astral visions! (P.S.—The tone of this entry wrongs me. I sat patiently and reverently, like a *chela* with his *guru*, hoping to hear the Word I needed.) Thence I went my long and lonely walk to my Secret Restaurant, learning the Ritual as I went.

7.15. Arrived at the Secret Restaurant. Ordered 6 oysters, Rable de Lièvre poivrade purée de marrons, and Glace “Casserole” with a small bottle of Perrier Water.

I know the New Ritual down to the end of the Confession.

It was hard to stop the mantra—the moment my thought wandered, up it popped!

8.3. I shall add Café Cognac Cigare to this debauch.
I continue learning the Ritual.

8.40. I will return and humble myself before the Lord

JOHN ST. JOHN

8.40. Adonai. It is near the night of the Full Moon; in my life the Full Moon hath ever been of great augury. But to-night I am too poor in spirit to hope.

Lo! I was travelling on the paths of Lamed and of Mem, of Justice and the Hanged Man, and I fell into both the pitfalls thereof. Instead of the Great Balance firmly held, I found only Libra, the house of Venus and of the exaltation of Saturn; and these evil planets, smiling and frowning, overcame me. And so for the sublime Path of Man; instead of that symbol of the Adept, his foot set firmly upon heaven, his whole figure showing forth the Reconciler with the Invisible, I found but the stagnant and bitter water of selfishness, the Dead Sea of the Soul. For all is Illusion. Who saith "I" denieth Adonai, save only if he mean Adonai. And Daleth the Door of the Pylon, is that Tree whereon the Adept of Man hangeth, and Daleth is Love Supernal, that if it be inserted in the word ANI, "I," giveth ADNI, Adonai.

Subtle art thou and deadly, O Dweller of the Threshold (P.S.—This name is a bad one. *Dweller beside the Pylon* is a better term; for he is not in the straight path, which is simple and easy and open. He is never "overcome"; to meet him is the proof of having strayed. The Key fits the Door perfectly; but he who is drunken on the bad wine of Sense and Thought fumbles thereat. And of course there is a great deal of door, and very little key-hole), who dost use my very love of Adonai to destroy me!

Yet how shall I approach Him, if not with reverent

THE EQUINOX

8.40. joy, with a delicious awe? I must wash His feet with my tears; I must die at His gateway; I must . . . I know not what . . .

Adonai, be thou tender unto me Thy slave, and keep my footsteps in the Way of Truth! . . . I will return and humble myself before the Lord Adonai.

10.18. Home again; have done odd necessary things, and am ready to work. I feel slack; and I feel that I have been slack, though probably the Record shows a fair amount of work done. But I am terribly bruised by the Great Fall; these big things leave the body and mind no worse, apparently; but they hurt the Self, and later that is reflected into the lower parts of the man as insanity or death.

I must attain, or . . . an end of John St. John.

An end of him, one way or the other, then!

Good-bye, John!

10.30. Ten minutes wasted in sheer mooning! I'm getting worse every minute.

10.40. Fooled away ten minutes more!

10.57. Humiliation enough! For though I made the cross with Blood and Flame, I cannot even remain concentrated in humiliation, which yet I feel so acutely. What a wormy worm I am! I tried the new strict Siddhasana, only to find that I had hurt myself so this morning with it that I cannot bear it at all, even with the pillow to support the instep.

I will just try and do a little Pranayama, to see if I can

JOHN ST. JOHN

10.57. stay doing any one simple thing for ten minutes at a stretch!

11.30. Twenty-five Breath-Cycles . . . But it nearly killed me. I was saying over the Ritual, and did so want to get to the Formulation of the Hexagram at least, if not to the Reception. As it was, I broke down during the Passage of the Pylons, luckily not till I had reached that of Tahuti.

But it is a good rule; when in doubt play Pranayama. For one can no longer worry about the Path: the Question is reduced to the simple problem: Am, I, or am I not, going to burst?

I got all the sweating and trembling of the body that heart could desire; but no “jumping about like a frog” or levitation. A pity!

11.45. I shall read for a little in the Yoga-Shastra as a rest. Then for the end of the day and the Beginning of the Ninth Day. Zoroaster (or Pythagoras?) informs us that the number Nine is sacred, and attains the summit of Philosophy. I’m sure I hope so!

11.56. I get into Asana . . . and so endeth the Eighth Lesson.

The Ninth Day

12.2. Thus I began this great day, being in my Asana firm and easy, and holding in my breath for a full minute while I threw my will with all my might towards Adonai.

12.19. Have settled myself for the night. Will continue a little, learning the Ritual.

THE EQUINOX

- 12.37. Having learnt a few passages of a suitable nature to go to sleep upon, I will do so.
. . . Now I hope that I shall; surely the Reaction of Nature against the Magical Will must be wearing down at last!
- 2.12. I wake. It takes me a little while to shake off the dominion of sleep, very intense and bitter.
- 3.4 Thus John St. John—for it is not convenient further to speak as “I”—performed 45 Breath-cycles; for 20 minutes he had to struggle against the Root of the Powers of Sleep, and the obstruction of his left nostril.
During his Kambhakham he willed Adonai with all his might.
Let him sleep, invoking Adonai!
- 5.40. Well hath he slept, and well awakened.
The last entry should extend to 3.30 or thereabouts; probably later; for, invoking Adonai, he again got the beginnings of the Light, and the “telephone-cross” voices very strongly. But this time he was fortunately able to concentrate on Adonai with some fervour, and these things ceased to trouble. But the Perfume and the Vision came not, nor any full manifestation of the L.V.X., the Secret Light, the light that shineth in darkness.
John St. John is again very sleepy. He will try and concentrate on Adonai without doing Pranayama—much harder of course. It is a supreme effort to keep both eyes open together.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 5.40. He must do his best. He does not wish to wake too thoroughly, either, lest afterward he oversleep himself, and miss his appointment with Michael Brenner to continue moulding Siddhasana.
- 7.45. Again I awake. . . . [O swine! thou hast felt in thyself “Good! Good! the night is broken up nicely; all goes very well”—and thou hast written “I!” O swine, John St. John! When wilt thou learn that the least stirring of thy smug content is the great Fall from the Path?] It will be best to get up and do some kind of work; for the beast would sleep.
- 8.25. John St. John has arisen, after doing 20 breath-cycles, reciting internally the ritual, 70 per cent. of which he now knows by heart.
- 8.35. To the Dôme—a café-croissant. Some proofs to correct during the meal.
- 10.25. Having walked over to the studio reciting the Ritual (9.25-9.55 approximately), John St. John got into his pose, and began going for the gloves. The Interior Trembling began, and the room filled with the Subtle Light. He was within an ace of Concentration; the Violet Lotus of Ajna appeared, flashing like some marvellous comet; the Dawn began to break, as he slew with the Lightning-Flash every thought that arose in him, especially this Vision of Ajna; but fear—dread fear!—gripped his heart. Annihilation stood before him, annihilation of John St. John that he had

THE EQUINOX

10.25. so long striven to obtain: yet he dared not. He had the loaded pistol to his head; he could not pull the trigger. This must have gone on for some time; his agony of failure was awful; for he knew that he was failing; but though he cried a thousand times unto Adonai with the Voice of Death, he could not—he could not. Again and again he stood at the gate, and could not enter. And the Violet Flames of Ajna triumphed over him.

Then Brenner said: “Let us take a little rest!”—oh irony!—and he came down from his throne, staggering with fatigue. . . .

If you can conceive all his anger and despair! His pen, writing this, forms a letter badly, and through clenched teeth he utters a fierce curse.

Oh Lord Adonai, look with favour upon him!

11.30 After five minutes rest (to the body, that is), John St. John was too exhausted on resuming his pose, which, by the way, happens to be the Sign of the Grade $7^\circ = 4^\circ$, to strive consciously.

But his nature itself, forced through these days into the one channel of Will towards Adonai, went on struggling on its own account. Later, the conscious man took heart and strove, though not so fiercely as before. He passed through the Lightnings of Ajna, whose two petals now spread out like wings above his head, and the awful Corona of the Interior Sun with its flashing fires appeared, and declared itself to be his Self. This he rejected; and the Formless Ocean of

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.30 White Brilliance absorbed him, overcame him; for he could not pass therethrough. This went on repeating itself, the man transformed (as it were) into a mighty Battering Ram hurling itself again and again against the Walls of the City of God to breach them.—And as yet he has failed. Failed. Failed. Physical and mental exhaustion are fairly complete.
Adonai, look with favour upon Thy slave!
- 12.20. He has walked, reciting the Ritual, to Dr. R—— and H—— for lunch. They have forgotten the appointment, so he continues and reaches Lavenue's at 12.4 after reading his letters and doing one or two necessary things. He orders Epinards, Tarte aux Fraises, Glace au Café, and $\frac{1}{2}$ Evian. The distaste for food is great; and for meat amounts to loathing. The weather is exceedingly hot; it may be arranged thus by Adonai to enable John St. John to meditate in comfort. For he is vowed solemnly "to interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with his soul."
- 12.50. During lunch he will go on correcting his proofs.
- 1.35. Lunch over, and the proofs read through.
- 1.45. He will make a few decorations further in his Ritual, and perhaps design the Fontispiece and Colophon. He is very weary, and may sleep.
- 2.25. He has done the illumination, as far as may be. He will now lie down as Hanged Man, and invoke Adonai.

THE EQUINOX

4.45. He was too tired to reach nearer than the neighbourhood of that tremendous Threshold; wherefore he fell from meditation into sleep, and there his Lord gave him sweet rest thereof.

He will arise, and take a drink—a citron pressé—at the Dôme; for the day is yet exceeding hot, and he has had little.

4.53. One ought to remark that all this sleep is full extravagant dreams; rarely irrational and never (of course) unpleasant, or one would be up and working with a circle every night. But O.M. thinks that they show an excited and unbalanced condition of John St. John's brain, though he is almost too cowed to express an opinion at all, even were the question, Is grass green?

Every small snatch of sleep, without exception, in the last three or four days, has these images.

The ideal condition seems likely to be perfect oblivion—or (in the Adept) is the Tamo-Guna, the Power of elemental Darkness, broken once and for ever, so that His sleep is vivid and rational as another man's waking; His waking another man's Samadhi; His Samadhi—to which He ever strives—— ? ? ? ? ?

At least this later view is suggested by the Rosicrucian formula of Reception:

May thy mind be open unto the Higher!

May thy heart be the Centre of Light!

May thy body be the Temple of the Rosy Cross!

and by the Hindu statement that in the attained Yogin

JOHN ST. JOHN

4.53. the Kundalini sleeps in the Svadisthana, no more in the Muladhara Cakkrâm.

See also the Rosicrucian lecture on the Microcosmos, where this view is certainly upheld, the Qliphoth of an Adept being balanced and trained to fill his Malkuth, vacated by the purified Nephesh which has gone up to live in Tiphereth.

Or so O.M. read it.

The other idea of the Light descending and filling each principle with its glory is, it seems to him, less fertile, and less in accord with any idea of Evolution.

(What would Judas McCabbage think?)

And one can so readily understand how tremendous a task is that of the postulant, since he has to glorify and initiate all his principles and train them to their new and superior tasks. This surely explains better the terrible dangers of the path. . . .

Some years back, on the Red River in China, John St. John saw at every corner of that swift and dangerous stream a heap of wreckage.

. . . He, himself in danger, thought of his magical career. Alcoholism, insanity, disease, faddism, death, knavery, prison—every earthly hell, reflection of some spiritual blunder, had seized his companions. By dozens had that band been swept away, dashed to pieces on one rock or another. He, alone almost upon that angry stream, still held on, his life each moment the plaything of giant forces, so enormous as to be (once they were loose) quite out of proportion to all human wit or courage or address—and he held on his course, humbly,

THE EQUINOX

4.53. not hopelessly, not fearfully, but with an abiding certainty that he would endure unto the end.

And now?

In this great Magical Retirement he has struck many rocks, sprung many leaks; the waters of the False Sea foam over the bow, ride and carry the quarter—is he perchance already wrecked, his hopeless plight concealed from him as yet by his own darkness? For, dazzled as he is by the blinding brilliance of this morning's Spiritual Sun, which yet he beheld but darkly, to him now even the light of earth seems dark. Reason the rudder was long since unshipped; the power of his personality has broken down, yet under the tiny storm-sail of his Will to Adonai, the crazy bark holds way, steered by the oar of Discipline—Yea, he holds his course. Adonai! Adonai! is not the harbour yet in sight?

6.7. He has returned home and burnt (as every night since its arrival) the holy incense of Abramelin the Mage.

The atmosphere is full of vitality, sweetened and strengthened; the soul naturally and simply turns to the holy task with vigour and confidence; the black demons of doubt and despair flee away; one respire already a foretaste of the Perfume, and obtains almost a premonition of the Vision.

So, let the work go on.

6.23. 7 Breath-cycles, rather difficult. Clothes are a nuisance, and make all the difference.

6.31. John St. John is more broken up by this morning's

JOHN ST. JOHN

6.31. failure than he was ready to admit. But the fact stands; he cannot concentrate his mind for three seconds together. How utterly hopeless it makes one feel! One thinks one is at least always good for a fair average performance—and one is undeceived.

This, by the way, is the supreme use of a record like this. It makes it impossible to cheat oneself.

Well, he has got to get up more steam somehow, though the boiler bursts. Perhaps early dinner, with Ritual, may induce that Enthusiastic Energy of which the Gnostics write.

This morning the whole Sankhara-dhatu (the tendency of the being John St. John) was operating aright. Now by no effort of will can he flog his tired cattle along the trail.

So poor a thing is he that he will even seek an Oracle from the book of Zoroaster.

Done. Zoroaster respectfully wishes to point out that “The most mystic of discourses informs us—his wholeness is in the Supra-Mundane Order; for there a Solar World and Boundless light subsist, as the Oracles of the Chaldeans affirm.”

Not very helpful, is it?

As if divination could ever help on such exalted planes! As if the trumpety elementals that operate these things possessed the Secrets of the Destiny of an Adept, or could help him in his agony!

For this reason, divination should be discarded from the start: it is only a “mere toy, the basis of mercenary fraud” as Zoroaster more practically assures us.

THE EQUINOX

6.31. Yet one can get the right stuff out of the Tarot (or other inconvenient method) by spiritualising away all the meaning, until the intuition pierces that blank wall of ignorance.

Let O.M. meditate upon this Oracle on his way to feed John St. John's body—and thus feed his own!

6.52. Out, out, to feed!

6.57. Trimming his beard in preparation for going out, he reflects that the deplorable tone (as one's Dean would say) of the last entry is not the cry of the famished beast, but that of the over-driven slave.

“Adonai, ply Thou thy scourge! Adonai, load Thou the chain!”

7.25. What the devil is the matter with the time? The hours flit just like butterflies—the moon, dead full, shines down the Boulevard. My moon—full moon of my desire! (Ha, ha, thou beast! are “I and Me and Mine” not dead yet?)

Yea, Lord Adonai! but the full moon means much to John St. John; he fears (*fears*, O Lord of the Western Pylon!) lest, of once that full moon pass, he may not win through. . . .

“The harvest is over, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!”

Yet hath not Abramelin lashed the folly of limiting the spiritual paths by the motions of the planets? And Zoroaster, in that same oracle just quoted?

7.35. Hors d'Œuvres, Bouillabaisse, contrefilet rôti, Glace. $\frac{1}{2}$ Graves.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 7.35. The truth is that the Chittam is excited and racing, the control being impaired; and the Ego is springing up again.
- 7.50. This racing of the Chittam is simply shocking. John St. John must stop it somehow. Hours and hours seem to have passed since the last entry.
- 7.57. ! ! ! He is in such a deuce of a hurry that (in a lucid moment) he finds himself trying to eat bread, radish, beef and potato at a mouthful.
Worse, the beast is pleased and excited at the novelty of the sensation, and takes delight in recording it.
Beast! Beast!
- 8.3. ! ! ! ! After myriads of æons. He has drunk only about one third of his half-bottle of light white wine; yet he's like a hashish- drunkard, only more so. The loss of the time-sense which occurs with hashish he got during his experiments with that drug in 1906, but in an unimportant way. (Damn him! he is so glad. He calls this a Result. A result! Damn him!) O.M. who writes this is so angry with him that he wants to scrawl the page over with the most fearful curses! and John St. John has nearly thrown a bottle at the waiter for not bringing the next course. He will not be allowed to finish his wine! He orders cold water.
- 8.12. Things a little better. But he tries 100 small muscular movements, pressing on the table with his fingers in tune, and finds the tendency to hurry almost irresistible. This record is here written at lightning speed. . . . Attempt to write slowly is painful.

THE EQUINOX

- 8.20. The thought too, is wandering all over the world. Since the last entry, very likely, the beast has not thought even once of Adonai.
- 8.35. The Reading of the Ritual has done much service, though things are still far from calm. Yet the mighty flood of the Chittam is again rolling its tremendous tide toward the sea—the Sea of annihilation. Amen.
- 9.0. Returning home, with his eyes fixed on the supreme glory of the Moon, in his heart and brain invoking Adonai, he hath now entered into his little chamber, and will prepare all things for the due performance of the New Ritual which he hath got by heart.
- 9.35. Nearly ready. In a state of very intense magical strain—anything might happen.
- 9.48. Washed, robed, temple in order. Will wait until 10 o'clock and begin upon the stroke. O.M. $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ will begin; and then solemnly renounce all his robes, weapons, dignities, etc., renouncing his grades even by giving the Signs of them backwards and downwards toward the outer. He will keep only one thing, the Secret Ring that hath been committed unto him by the Masters; for from that he cannot part, even if he would. That is his Password into the Ritual itself; and on his finger it shall be put at the moment when all else is gone.
- 11.5. Ceremony works admirably. Magical Images strong. At Reception behold! the Sigil of the Supreme Order itself in a blaze of glory not to be spoken of. And the half-seen symbol of my Lord Adonai therewith as a mighty angel glittering with infinite light.

JOHN ST. JOHN

11.5. According to the the Ritual, O.M. withdrew himself from the Vision; the Vision of the Universe, a whirling abyss of coruscating suns in all the colours, yet informed and dominated by that supernal brilliance. Yet O. M. refused the Vision; and a conflict began and was waged through many ages—so it seemed. And now all the enemies of O. M. banded themselves against him. The petty affairs of the day; even the irritations of his body, the emotions of him, the plans of him, worry about the Record and the Ritual and—O! everything!—then, too, the thoughts which are closer yet to the great Enemy, the sense of separateness; that sense itself at last—so O. M. withdrew from the conflict for a moment so that the duty of this Record done might leave him free for the fight.

It may have been a snare—may the Lord Adonai keep him in the Path.

Adonai! Adonai!

(P.S.—Add that the “ultra-violet” or “astral” light in the room was such that it seemed bright as daylight. He hath never seen the like, even in the ceremony which he performed in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.)

11.14-
11.34. O. M. then passed from vision unto vision of unexampled splendour. The infinite abyss of space, a rayless orb of liquid and colourless brilliance fading beyond the edges into a flame of white and gold. . . . The Rosy Cross flashing with lustre ineffable. . . . and more, much more which ten scribes could hardly catalogue in a century.

THE EQUINOX

II.14 The Vision of the Holy Guardian Angel itself; yet was He seen as from afar, not intimately. . . .

Therefore is O. M. not content with all this wonder; but will now orderly close the temple, that at the Beginning of the Tenth Day—and Ten are the Holy Sephiroth, the Emanations of the Crown; Blessed be He! . . . He may make new considerations of this Operation whereby he may discover through what error he is thus betrayed again and again into failure.
Failure. Failure.

II.49. The Temple is closed.

Now then, O Lord Adonai! Let the Tenth Day be favourable unto O. M. For in the struggle he is as nothing worth. Nor valiant, nor fortunate, nor skilful—except Thou fight by his side, cover his breast with Thy shield, second his blows with Thy spear and with Thy sword.

Aye! let the Ninth Day close in silence and in darkness, and let O.M. be found watching and waiting and willing Thy Presence.

Adonai! Adonai! O Lord Adonai! Let Thy Light illumine the Path of that darkling wight John St. John, that being who, separate from Thee, is separate from all

Light, Life, Love.

Adonai! Adonai! let it be written of O. M. that “The Lord Adonai is about him like a thunderbolt and like a Pylon and like a Serpent and like a Phallus—and in the midst thereof like the Woman that jetteth the Milk

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.49. of the Stars from Her paps; yea, the Milk of the Stars from Her paps.”

The Tenth Day

- 12.17. Now that the perfume of the incense is clearly away, one may most potently perceive the Invoked Perfume of the Ceremony Itself. And this mystical perfume of Adonai is like pure Musk, but infinitely subtilised—far stronger, and at the same time far more delicate. (P.S.—Doubt has arisen about this perfume, as to whether there was not a commonplace cause. On the balance of the evidence, carefully considered, one would pronounce for the mystic theory.)

One should add a curious omen. On sitting down for the great struggle (11.14) John St. John found a nail upon the floor, at his feet. Now a nail is Vau in Hebrew, and the Tarot Trump corresponding to Vau is the Hierophant or Initiator—whereby is O. M. greatly comforted.

So poor a thing hath he become!

Even as a little child groping feebly for the breast of its mother, so gropeth Thy little child after Thee, O Thou Self-Glittering One!

- 12.55. He hath read through Days VIII. and IX.
... He is too tired to understand what he reads. He will, despite of all, do a little Pranayama, and then sleep, ever willing Adonai.

For Pranayama with its intense physical strain is a great medicine for the mind. Even as the long trail of the desert and the life with the winds and the stars,

THE EQUINOX

- 12.55. the daily march and its strife with heat, thirst, fatigue, cure all the ills of the soul, so does Pranayama clear away the phantoms that Mayan, dread maker of Illusion, hath cumbered it withal.
- 1.13. 10 Breath-Cycles; calm, perfect, without the least effort; enough to go to sleep upon.
He will read through the Ritual once, and then sleep. (The Pranayama precipitated a short attack of diarrhoea, started by the chill of the Ceremony.)
- 6.23. He slept from 1.45 (approximately) till now. The morn is cold and damp; rain has fallen.
John St. John is horribly tired; the “control” is worn to a thread. He takes five minutes to make up his mind to go through with it, five more to wash and write this up. And he has a million excuses for not doing Pranayama.
- 6.51. 15 Breath-cycles, steady and easy enough.
The brain is cool and lucid; but no energy is in it. At least no Sammaváyamo. And at present the Superscription on John St. John’s Cross is

FAILURE.

Marvellous and manifold as are his results, he hath renounced them and esteemeth them as dross. . . . This is right, John St. John! yet how is it that there is place for the great hunchbacked devil to whisper in thine ear the doubt: Is there in truth any mystic path at all? Is it all disappointment and illusion?
And the “Poor Thing” John St. John moves off

JOHN ST. JOHN

6.51. shivering and sad, like a sot who has tried to get credit at a tavern and is turned away—and that on Christmas Eve!

There is no money in his purse, no steam in his boilers—that's what's the matter with John St. John.

It is clear enough, what happened yesterday. He failed at the four Pylons in turn; in the morning Fear stopped him at that of Horus and so on; while in the evening he either failed at the Pylon of Thoth, *i.e.*, was obsessed by the necessity (alleged) of recording his results, or failed to overcome the duality of Thoth. Otherwise, even if he comprehended the base, he certainly failed at the apex of the Pyramid.

In any case, he cannot blame the Ceremony, which is most potent; one or two small details may need correction, but no more.

Here then he is down at the bottom of the hill again, a Rosicrucian Sisyphus with the Stone of the Philosophers! An Ixion bound to the Wheel of Destiny and of the Samsara, unable to reach the centre, where is Rest.

He must add to the entry 1.13 that the "telephone-cross" voices came as he composed himself to sleep, in the Will to Adonai. This time he detached a body of cavalry to chase them to oblivion. Perhaps an unwise division of his forces; yet he was so justly indignant at the eternal illusions that he may be excused.

Excused! To whom? Thou must succeed or fail! O Batsman, with thy frail fortress of Three-in-One, the Umpire cries "Out"; and thou explainest to thy friends

THE EQUINOX

- 6.51. in the pavilion. But thy friends have heard that story before, and thy explanation will not appear in the score. *Mr. J. St. John, b. Maya, o*, they will read in the local newspaper. There is no getting away from that! Failure! Failure! Failure!
Now then let me (7.35) take the position of the Hanged Man and invoke Adonai.
- 9.0. Probably sleep returned shortly. Not a good night, through dreamless, so far as memory serves.
The rain comes wearily down, not chasing the dryness, but soddening the streets.
The rain of autumn, not the rain of spring!
So is it in this soul, Lord Adonai. The thought of Thee is heavy and uneasy, flabby and loose, like an old fat woman stupid-drunk in her slum; which was as a young maiden in a field of lilies, arrow-straight, sun-strong, moon-pure, a form all litheness and eagerness, dancing, dancing for her own excess of life.
Adonai! Adonai!
- 9.17. Rose, dressed, etc., reflecting on the Path. Blinder than ever! The brain is in revolt; it has been compressed too long. Yet it is impossible to rest. It is too late. The Irresistible God, whose name is Destiny, has been invoked, and He hath answered.
The matter is in His hands; He must end it, either with that mighty spiritual Experience which I have sought, or else with black madness, or with death. By the Body of God, swear thou that death would come—welcome, welcome, welcome!

JOHN ST. JOHN

9.17. And to Thee, and from Thee, O thou great god Destiny, there is no appeal. Thou turnest not one hair's breadth from Thy path appointed.

That which "John St. John" *means* (else is it a blank name) is that which he must be—and what is that? The issue is with Thee—cannot one wait with fortitude, whether it be for the King's Banqueting-House or for the Headsman and the Block?

9.45. Breakfast—croissant, sandwich, 2 coffees. Concentrating *off* the Work as well as possible.

10.10. Arrived at Brenner's studio. The rest has produced one luminous idea: why not end it all with destruction? Say a great ritual of Geburah, curses, curses, curses! John St. John ought not to have forgotten how to curse. In his early days at Wastdale Head people would travel miles to hear him!

Curse all the Gods and all the demons—all those things in short which go to make up John St. John. For *that*—as he now knows—is the Name of the great Enemy, the Dweller upon the Threshold. It was that mighty spirit whose formless horror beat him back, for it was he!

So now to return to concentration and the Will toward Adonai.

10.20. One thing is well; the vow of "interpreting every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul" is keeping itself. Whatever impression reaches the consciousness is turned by it into a symbol or a simile of the Work.

THE EQUINOX

11.18. The pose over; recited Ritual, now known by heart; then willed Adonai; hopelessly unconcentrated.

. . . To interpret this Record aright, it must, however, be understood that the “Standard of Living” goes up at an incredible rate. The same achievement would, say five days ago, have been entered as “High degree of concentration; un hoped-for success.”

The phenomena which to-day one dismisses with annoyed contempt are the same which John St. John worked four years continuously to attain, and when attained seemed almost to outstrip the possible of glory. The flood of the Chittam is again being heaped up by the dam of Discipline. There is less headache, and more sense of being on the Path—that is the only way one finds of expressing it.

11.45. Worse and worse; though pose even better held. In despair returned to a simple practice, the holding of the mind to a single imagined object; in this case the Triangle surmounted by the Cross. It seems quite easy to do nowadays; why shouldn't it lead to the Result? It used to be supposed to do so.

Might be worth trying anyway; things can hardly be worse than they are.

Or, one might go over to the Hammam, and have a long bath and sleep—but who can tell whether it would refresh, or merely destroy the whole edifice built up so laboriously in these ten days?

12.15. At Panthéon. $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen Marennes, Rognons Brochette, Lait chaud.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.15. John St. John is aching all over, cannot get comfortable anyhow; is hungry, and has no appetite; thirsty, and loathes the thought of drinking!
He must do something—something pretty drastic, or he will find himself in serious trouble of body and mind, the shadows of his soul, that is sick unto death. For “where are now their gods?” Where is the Lord, the Lord Adonai?
- 12.35. The beast feels decidedly better; but whether he is more concentrated one may doubt. Honestly, he is now so blind that he cannot tell!
Perhaps a “café, cognac, et cigare” may tune him up to the point of either going back to work, or across Paris to the Hammam. He will make the experiment, reading through his proofs the while.
One good thing; the Chittam is moving slowly. The waiters all hurry him—what a contrast to last night!
- 1.15. Proofs read through again. John St. John feels far from well.
- 2.15. A stroll down the Boul’ Mich’ and a visit to M——’s studio improve matters a good deal.
- 3.30. The cure continued. No worry about the Work, but an effort to put it altogether out of the mind. A café crème, forty minutes at the Academie Marcelle—a gruelling bout without gloves—and J. St. J. is at the Luxembourg to look at the pretty pictures.
- 3.40. The proof of the pudding, observes the most mystic of discourses (surely!), is in the Eating.

THE EQUINOX

- 3.40. One might justly object to any Results of this Ten days' strain. But if abundant health and new capacity to do great work be the after-effect, who then will dare to cast a stone?

Not that it matters a turnip-top to the Adept himself. But others may be deterred from entering the Path by the foolish talk of the ignorant, and thus may flowers be lost that should go to make the fadeless wreath of Adonai. Ah, Lord, pluck *me* up utterly by the root, and set that which Thou pluckest as a flower upon thy brow!

- 4.10. Walked back to the Dôme to drink a citron pressé through the lovely gardens, sad with their fallen leaves. Reflecting on what Dr. Henry Maudsley once wrote to him about mysticism "Like other bad habits (he might have said 'Like all living beings') it grows by what it feeds on." Most important, then, to use the constant critical check on all one's work. The devotion to Adonai might itself fall under suspicion, where it not for the definition of Adonai.

Adonai is that thought which informs and strengthens and purifies, supreme sanity in supreme genius. Anything that is not that is not Adonai.

Hence the refusal of all other Results, however glorious; for they are all relative, partial, impure. Anicca, Dukkha, Anatta: Change, sorrow, Unsubstantiality; these are their characteristics, however much they may appear to be Atman, Sat, Chit, Ananda, Soul, Being, Knowledge, Bliss.

But the main consideration was one of expediency.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 4.10. Has not John St. John possibly been stuffing himself both with Methods and Results?

Certainly this morning was more like the engorgement of the stomach with too much food than like the headache after a bout of drunkenness.

A less grave fault, by far; it is easy and absurd to get a kind of hysterical ecstasy over religion, love, or wine. A German will take off his hat and dance and jodel to the sunrise—and nothing comes of it! Darwin studies Nature with more reverence and enthusiasm, but without antics—and out comes the Law of Evolution. So it is written “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

But about this question of spiritual overfeeding --- what did Darwin do when he got to the stage (as he did, be sure! many a time) when he wished every pigeon in the world at the devil?

Now this wish has never really arisen in John St. John; however bad he feels, he always feels that Attainment is the only possible way out of it. This is the good Karma of his ten years' constant striving.

Well, in the upshot, he will get back to Work at once, and hope that his few hours in the world may prove a true strategic movement to the rear, and not a euphemism for rout!

- 5.4. There are further serious considerations to be made concerning Adonai. This title for the Unknown Thought was adopted by O. M. in November, 19—, in Upper Burma, on the occasion of his passing through the ordeal and receiving the grade which should be really attributed to Daath (on account of its nature, the

THE EQUINOX

- 5.4. Mastery of the Reason), though it is commonly called
 $7^\circ = 4^\circ$.

It appeared to him at that period that so much talk and time were wasted on discussing the nature of the Attainment—a discussion foredoomed to failure, in the absence of all Knowledge, and in view of the Self-Contradictory Nature of the Reasoning Faculty, as applied to Metaphysics—that it would be wiser to drop the whole question, and concentrate on a simple Magical Progress.

The Next Step for humanity in general was then “the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.”

One thing at a time.

But here he finds himself discussing and disputing with himself the nature of that Knowledge.

Better far act as hitherto, and aspire simply and directly, as one person to another, careless of the critical objections (quite insuperable, of course) to this or any other conception.

For as this experience transcends reason, it is fruitless to argue about it.

Adonai, I invoke Thee!

Simpler, then, to go back to the Egoistic diction, only remembering always that by “I” is meant John St. John, or O. M., or Adonai according to the context.

- 5.30. Having read some of THE Books to induct myself again into the Work.

Therefore will I kindle the holy Incense, and turn myself again to the One Thought.

JOHN ST. JOHN

6.27. All this time in Hanged Man position, and thinking of everything else.

As bad as it was on the very first day!

7.10. More waste time aimlessly watching a poker game. Walked down to Café de Versailles. Dinner. Hors d'Œuvre, Escargots, Cassoulet de Castelnaudry, Glace, $\frac{1}{2}$ Evian. Am quite washed-out. I have not even the courage of despair. There is not enough left in me to despair.

I don't care.

7.35. One gleam of light illumines the dark path—I can't enjoy my dinner. The snails, as I prong them forth, are such ugly, slimy, greasy black horrors—oh! so like my soul! . . . Ugh!

I write a letter to F——r and sign myself with a broken pentagram.

It makes me think of a “busted flush.” . . .

But through all the sunlight peeps: *e.g.*, These six snails were my six inferior souls; the seventh, the real soul, cannot be eaten by the devourer.

How's that for high?

8.3. Possibly a rousing mantra would fix things up; say the Old Favorite:

Aum Tat Sat Aum

and give the Hindus a chance.

We can but try.

So I begin at once.

9.10. This is past all bearing. Another hour wasted chatting to Nina and H——. The mantra hardly remem-

THE EQUINOX

- 9.10. bered at all. I have gone to bed, and shall take things in hand seriously, if it kills me.
- 9.53. Since 9.17 have done Pranayama, though allowing myself some irregularities in the way of occasional omission of a Kambhakham.
'Tis very hard to stick to it. I find myself, at the end of above sentence, automatically crawling into bed. No, John!
- 10.14 Have been trying to extract some sense from that extraordinary treatise on mysticism, "Konx Om Pax." Another failure, but an excusable one.
I will now beseech Adonai as best I may to give me back my lost powers.
For I am no more even a magician! So lost am I in the illusions that I have made in the Search for Adonai, that I am become the vilest of them all!
- 10.27. A strange and unpleasant experience. My thought suddenly transmuted itself into a muscular cry, so that my legs gave a violent jerk. This I expect is at bottom the explanation of the Bhuchari-Siddhi. A very bad form of uncontrolled thought. I was on the edge of sleep; it woke me.
The fact is, all is over! I am done! I have tried for the Great Initiation and I have failed: I am swept away into strange hells.
Lord Adonai! let the fires be informing; let them "balance, assain assoil."
I suppose this rash attempt will end in Locomotor Ataxia or G. P. I.

JOHN ST. JOHN

10.27. Let it! I'm going on.

11.47. The first power to return is the power to suffer.
The shame of it! The torture of it!

I slept in patches as a man sleeps that is deadly ill. I
am only afraid of failing to wake for the End of the
day.

God! what a day!

. . . I dare not trust my will to keep me awake; so I rise,
wash, and will walk about till time to get into my Asana.
Thirst! Oh how I thirst!

I had not thought that there could be such suffering.

The Eleventh Day

12.19. It seems a poor thing to be proud of, merely to be
awake. Yet I was flushed with triumph as a boy that
wins his first race.

The powers of Asana and Pranayama return. I did 21
Breath-cycles without fatigue.

Energy returns, and Keeness to pursue the Path—all
fruits of that one little victory over sleep.

How delicate are these powers, so simple as they seem!

Let me be very humble, now and for every more!

Surely at least that lesson has been burnt into me.

And how gladly I would give all these powers for the
One Power!

12.33. Another smart attack of diarrhœa. I take 4 gr.
Plumb c. Opio and alter my determination to stay out
of bed all night, as chill is doubtless the chief cause.
. . . It is really extraordinary how the smallest success

THE EQUINOX

12.33. awakes a monstrous horde of egoistic devils, vain, strutting peacocks, preening and screaming!

This is simply damnable. Egoism is the spur of all energy, in a way; and in this particular case it is the one thing that is not Adonai (whatever else may be) and so the antithesis of the Work.

Bricks without straw, indeed! That's nothing to it. This job is like being asked to judge a Band contest and being told that one may do anything but listen. Only worse! One could form some idea of how they were playing through other senses; in this case *every* faculty is the enemy of the Work. At first sight the problem seems insoluble. It may be so, for me. At least, I have not solved it. Yet I have come very near it, many a time, of old; have solved it indeed, though in a less important sense than now I seek. I am not to be content with little or with much; but only with the Ultimate Attainment.

Apparently the method is just this; to store up—no matter how—great treasures of energy and purity, until they begin to do the work themselves (in the way that the Hindus call Sukshma).

Just so the engineer—five feet six in his boots—and his men build the dam. The snows melt on the mountains, the river rises, and the land is irrigated, in a way that is quite independent of the physical strength of that Five foot Six of engineer. The engineer might even be swept away and drowned by the forces he had himself organized. So also the Kingdom of Heaven.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 12.33. And now (12.57) John St. John will turn himself to sleep, invoking Adonai.
- 1.17. Can neither sleep nor concentrate.
Instead grotesque "astral" images of a quite base gargoylish type.
I suppose I shall have to pentagram them off like a damned neophyte.
Je m'emmerde!
- 3.8. Praise the Lord, I wake! If that can be called waking which is a mere desperate struggle to keep the eyes open.
- 3.18. Pranayama all wrong—very difficult. Rose, washed, drank a few drops of water. (N.B.—To-night have drunk several times, a mouthful at a time; other nights, and days, no. All entries into body recorded duly.)
- 3.30. Have done 10 Breath-Cycles; am quite awake.
It will therefore now be lawful again to sleep.
- 8.12. Awoke at 7.40, read a letter which arrived, and tried quite vainly to concentrate.
- 8.52. Have risen, written a letter. Will break my fast—café croissant—and go a walk with the New Mantra, using my recently invented method of doing Prana-yama on the march. The weather is again perfect.
- 9.14. Breakfast—eaten Yogin-wise—at an end. The walk begins.
- 11.15. The walk over. Kept mantra going well enough.

THE EQUINOX

11.15. Made also considerations concerning the Nature of the Path.

The upshot is that it does not matter. Acquire full power of Concentration; the rest is only leather and prunella.

Don't worry; work!

I shall now make a pantacle to aid the said faculty of concentration.

The Voice of the Nadi (by the way) is resounding well, and the Chittam is a little better under control.

1.5. Have worked well on the Pantacle, thinking of Adonai. Of course we are now reduced to a "low anthropomorphic conception"—but what odds? Once the Right Thought comes it will transcend any and all conceptions. The objection is as silly as the objection to illustrating Geometry by Diagrams, on the ground that printed lines are thick—and so on.

This is the imbecility of the "Protestant" objection to images. What fools these mortals be!

The Greeks, too, after exhausting all their sublimest thoughts of Zeus and Hades and Poseidon, found that they could not find a fitting image of the All, the supreme—so they just carved a goat-man, saying: Let this represent Pan!

Also in the holiest place of the most secret temple there is an empty shrine.

But whoso goes there in the first instance thinks; There is no God.

He who goes there at the End, when he has adored all the other deities, knoweth that No God.

JOHN ST. JOHN

1.5. So also I go through all the Ritual, and try all the Means; at the End it may be I shall find No rituals and No means, but an act or a silence so simple that it cannot be told or understood.

Lord Adonai, bring me to the End!

1.25. After writing above, and adding a few touches to the Pantacle, am ready to go to lunch.

1.45. Arrived at Panthéon, with mantra.

Rumpsteak aux pommes soufflées, poire, $\frac{1}{2}$ Evian, and the three Cs.

Was meditating on asceticism. John Tweed once told me that Swami Vivekananda, towards the end of his life, wrote a most pathetic letter deploring that his sanctity forbad his “going on the bust.”

What a farce is such sanctity! How much wiser for the man to behave as a man, the God as a God!

This is my real bed-rock objection to the Eastern systems. They decry all manly virtue as dangerous and wicked; and they look upon Nature as evil. True enough, everything is evil relatively to Adonai; for all stain is impurity. A bee’s swarm is evil—inside one’s clothes. “Dirt is matter in the wrong place.” It is dirt to connect sex with statuary, morals with art.

Only Adonai, who is in a sense the True Meaning of everything, cannot defile any idea. This is a hard saying, though true, for nothing of course is dirtier than to try and use Adonai as a fig-leaf for one’s shame.

To seduce women under pretence of religion is un-

THE EQUINOX

1.45. utterable foulness; though both adultery and religion are themselves clean.

To mix jam and mustard is a messy mistake.

2.5. It also struck me that this Operation is (among other things) an attempt to prove the proposition: Reward is the direct and immediate consequence of Work.

Of all the holy illuminated Men of God of my acquaintance, I am the only one that holds this opinion.

But I think that this Record, when I have time to go through it, and stand at some distance, to get the perspective, will be proved a conclusive proof of my thesis. I think that every failure will be certainly traceable to my own dam foolishness; every little success to courage, skill, wit, tenacity.

If I had but a little more of these!

2.22. I further take this opportunity of asserting my Atheism. I believe that all these phenomena are as explicable as the formation of hoar-frost or of glacier tables. I believe "Attainment" to be a simple supreme sane state of the human brain. I do not believe in miracles; I do not think that God could cause a monkey, clergyman, or rationalist to attain.

I am taking all this trouble of the Record principally in hope that it will show exactly what mental and physical conditions precede, accompany, and follow "attainment" so that others may reproduce, through those conditions, that Result.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 2.22. I believe in the Law of Cause and Effect—and I loathe the cant alike of the Superstitionist and the Rationalist.

The Confession of St. Judas McCabbage

I believe in Charles Darwin Almighty, maker of Evolution; and in Ernst Haeckel, his only son our Lord Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Germany: who was conceived of Weissmann, born of Büchner, suffered under du Bois-Raymond, was printed, bound, and shelved: who was raised again into English (of sorts), ascended into the Pantheon of the Literary Guide and sitteth on the right hand of Edward Clodd: whence he shall come to judge the thick in the head.

I believe in Charles Watts; the Rationalist Press Association; the annual dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant; the regularity of subscriptions, the resurrection in a sixpenny edition, and the Book-stall everlasting.

AMEN.

- 3.0. Arrived at Brenner's studio, and went on with the "moulage" of my Asana.
- 4.20. Left the Studio; walk with mantra.
- 4.55. Mantra-march. Pranayama; quick-time. Very bracing and fatiguing, both.

At Dôme to drink a citron press .

Reflections have been in my mind upon the grossness of the Theistic conception, as shewn even in such pictures as Raphael's and Fra Angelico's.

THE EQUINOX

4.55. How infinitely subtler and nobler is the contemplation of

The Utmost God
Hid i' th' middle o'matter,

the inscrutable mystery of the nature of common things. With what awe does the wise man approach a speck of dust!

And it is this Mystery that I approach!

For Thou, Adonai, art the immanent and essential Soul of Things; not separate from them, or from me; but That which is behind the shadow-show, the Cause of all, the Quintessence of all, the Transcender of all.

And Thee I seek insistently; though Thou hide Thyself in the Heaven, there will I seek Thee out; though Thou wrap Thyself in the Flames of the Abyss, even there will I pursue Thee; Though Thou make Thee a secret place in the Heart of the Rose or at the Arms of the Cross that spanneth all-embracing Space; though Thou be in the inmost part of matter, or behind the Veil of mind; Thee will I follow; Thee will I overtake; Thee will I gather into my being.

So thus as I chase Thee from fastness to fastness of my brain, as Thou throwest out against me Veil after Magic Veil of glory, or of fear, or of despair, or of desire; it matters nothing; at the End I shall attain to Thee—oh my Lord Adonai!

And even as the Capture is delight, is not the Chase also delight? For we are lovers from the Beginning, though it pleasure Thee to play the Syrinx to my Pan.

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 4.55. Is it not the springtide, and are these not the Arcadian groves?
- 5.31. At home; settling to strictest meditation upon Adonai my Lord; willing His presence, the Perfume and the Vision, even as it is written in the Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage.
- 8.6. Soon this became a sleep, though the will was eager and concentrated.
The sleep, too, was deep and refreshing. I will go to dinner.
- 8.22. Arrived, with mantra, at the Caf de Versailles.
- 9.10. $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Marennes, Rable de Lièvre, citron pressé.
I am now able to concentrate OFF the Path for a little.
Whether this means that I am simply slipping back into the world, or that I am more balanced on, and master of, the Path, I cannot say.
- 10.4. Have walked home, drunk a citron pressé at the Dôme, and prepare for the night.
As I crossed the boulevard, I looked to the bright moon, high and stately in the east, for a message. And there came to me this passage from the Book of Abramelin:
"And thou wilt begin to inflame thyself in praying" . . .
It is the sentence which goes on to declare the Result. (P.S.—With this rose that curious feeling of confidence, sure premonition of success, that one gets in most physical tasks, but especially when one is going to get

THE EQUINOX

10.4. down a long putt or a tricky one. Whether it means more than that perception and execution have got into unison (for once) and know it, I cannot say.)

It is well that thus should close this eleventh day of my Retirement, and the thirty-third year of my life. Thirty and three years was this temple in building. . . . It has always been my custom on this night to look back over the year, and to ask: What have I done?

The answer is invariably “Nothing.”

Yet of what men count deeds I have done no small share. I have travelled a bit, written a bit . . . I seem to have been hard at it all the time—and to have got nothing finished or successful.

One Tragedy—one little comedy—two essays—a dozen poems or so—two or three short stories—odds and ends of one sort and another: it’s a miserable record, though the Tragedy is good enough to last a life. It marks an epoch in literature, though nobody else will guess it for fifty years yet.

The travel, too, has been rubbish. It’s been a petty, peddling year.

The one absolute indication is: on no account live otherwise than alone.

But it is 10.35; these considerations, though in a way pertaining to the Work, are not the Work itself.

Let me *begin to inflame myself in praying!*

The Twelfth Day

12.17. When therefore I had made ready the chamber, so that all was dark, save for the Lamp upon the Altar, I

JOHN ST. JOHN

12.17. began as recorded above, to inflame myself in praying, calling upon my Lord; and I burned in the Lamp that Pantacle which I had made of Him, renouncing the Images, destroying the Images, that Himself might arise in me.

And the Chamber was filled with that wondrous glow of ultra- violet light self-luminous, without a source, that hath no counterpart in Nature unless it be in that Dawn of the North. . . .

And there were reveled unto me certain Words of Power . . .

And I invoked my Lord and recited the Book Ararita at the Altar . . .

This holy inspired book (delivered unto me in the winter of last year) was now at last understood of me; for it is, though I knew it not, a complete scheme of this Operation.

For this cause I will add this book Ararita at the end of the Manuscript. [This has not been permitted. The Book Ararita will be issued by the A.: A.: in due course.—ED.] I also demanded of mine Angel the Writing upon the Lamens of Silver; a Writing of the veritable Elixir and supernal Dew. And it was granted unto me.

Then subtly, easily, simply, imperceptibly gliding, I passed away into nothing. And I was wrapped in the black brilliance of my Lord, that interpenetrated me in every part, fusing its light with my darkness, and leaving there no darkness, but pure light.

Also I beheld my Lord in a figure and I felt the interior

THE EQUINOX

12.17. trembling kindle itself into a Kiss—and I perceived the true Sacraments—and I beheld in one moment all the mystic visions in one; and the Holy Graal appeared unto me, and many other inexpressible things were know of me.

Also I was given to enjoy the subtle Presence of my Lord interiorly during the whole of this twelfth day. Then I besought the Lord that He would take me into His presence eternally even now.

But He withdrew Himself, for that I must do that which I was sent hither to do; namely, to rule the earth.

Therefore with sweetness ineffable He parted from me; yet leaving a comfort not to be told, a Peace . . . the Peace. And the Light and the Perfume do certainly yet remain with me in the little Chamber, and I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

For I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold! I am alive for evermore, and have the Keys of Hell and of Death. I am Amoun the Sun in His rising; I have passed from darkness into Light. I am Asar Un-nefer the Perfected One. I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death. . . .

There is no part of me that is not of the Gods. . . .

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
Oh Thou that has a single arm!
O Thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave Thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

JOHN ST. JOHN

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Hath parted from the darkling crowds,
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star-abodes;
Their keys receiving,
The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

Amen

Amen without lie

Amen, and Amen of Amen.

12.40. I shall lie down to sleep in my robes, still wearing the Ring of the Masters, and bearing my wand in my hand.

For to me now sleep is the same as waking, and life the same as death.

In Thy L.V.X. are not light and darkness but twin children that chase each other in their play?

7.55. Awoke from long sweet dreamless sleep, like a young eagle that soars to greet the dawn.

9.20. After breakfast, have strolled, on my way to the studio, through the garden of the Luxembourg to my favourite fountain. It is useless to attempt to write of the dew and the flowers in the clear October sunlight.

Yet the light which I behold is still more than sunlight. My eyes too are quite weak from the Vision; I cannot bear the brilliance of things.

The clock of the Senate strikes; and my ears are ravished with its mysterious melody. It is the Infinite interior movement of things, secured by the co-exten-

THE EQUINOX

9.20. sion of their sum with the all, that transcends the deadly opposites; change which implies decay, stability which spells monotony.

I understand all the Psalms of Benediction; there is spontaneous praise, a fountain in my heart. The authors of the Psalms must have known something of this Illumination when they wrote them.

9.30. It seems, too, that this Operation is transformed. I suppose it must read as a patchwork of most inharmonious colour, a thing without continuity or cohesion. To me, now, it appears from the very start a simple direct progress in one straight line. I can hardly remember that there were checks.

Of course my rational memory picking out details finds otherwise. But I seem to have two memories almost as if belonging to two strata of being. In Qabalastic language, my native consciousness is now Neschamah, not Ruach or Nephesch.

. . . I really cannot write more. This writing is a descent into Ruach, and I want to abide where I am.

11.17. At 10.0 arrived at Brenner's studio, and took the pose. At once, automatically, the interior trembling began again, and again the subtle brilliance flowed through me.

The consciousness again died and was reborn as the divine, always without shock or stress.

How easy is magic, once the way is found!

How still is the soul! The turbid spate of emotion has ceased; the heavy particles of thought have sunk to

JOHN ST. JOHN

- 11.17. the bottom; how limpid, how lucid is its glimmer. Only from above, from the overshadowing Tree of Life, whose leaves glisten and quiver in the shining wind of the Spirit, drops ever and anon, self-luminous, the Dew of Immortality.
Many and wonderful also were the Visions and powers offered unto me in this hour; but I refused them all; for being in my Lord and He in me, there is no need of these toys.
- 12.0. The pose over. On this second sitting, practically no thoughts arose at all to cloud the Sun; but a curious feeling that there was something more to come. Possibly the Proof, that I had demanded, the Writing on the Lamén . . .
- 12.40. Chez Lavenue. Certain practical considerations suggest themselves.
One would have been much better off with a proper Magical Cabinet, a disciple to look after things, proper magical food ceremonially prepared, a private garden to walk in . . . and so on.
But at least it is useful and important to know that things can be done at a pinch in a great city and a small room.
- 1.14. The lunch is good; the kidneys were well cooked; the tarte aux fraises was excellent; the Burgundy came straight from the Vat of Bacchus. The Coffee and Cognac are beyond all praise; the cigar is the best Cabaña I ever smoked.

THE EQUINOX

- 1.14. I read through this volume of the Record; and I dissolve my being into quintessential laughter.
The entries are some of them so funny! . . . Previously, this had escaped me.
- 1.32. And now the Rapture of it takes me!
- 1.25. The exquisite beauty of the women in the Restaurant . . . what John St. John would have called old hags!
- 1.27. My soul is singing . . . my soul is singing!
- 1.30. It matters nothing what I do . . . everything goes infinitely, incredibly right!
“The Lord Adonai is about me as a Thunderbolt and as a Pylon and as a Serpent and as a Phallus.” . . .
- 3.17. Have had a long talk of Art with B——. “The master considers himself always a student.” So, therefore, whatever one may have attained, in this as in Art, there is always so much more possible that one can never be satisfied.
Much less, then, satiated.
- 11.15. Having gone back into the life of the world—yet a world transfigured!—I did all my little work, my little amusements, all the things that one does, very quietly and beatifically.
About 10.30 the rapture began to carry me away; yet I withstood it and went on with my game of Billiards, for politeness’ sake.
And even there in the Café du Dôme was the glory within me, and I therein; so that every time that I failed at a stroke and stood up and drank in that

JOHN ST. JOHN

II.15. ambrosial air, I was night falling for that intense
sweetness that dissolved away the soul. Even as a lover
that swoons with excess of pleasure at the first kiss of
the belovéd, even so was I, oh my Lord Adonai!
Wherefore I am come hither to my chamber to enflame
myself in praying at the Altar that I have set up.
And I am ready, robed, armed, anointed

II.35. Ardesco !

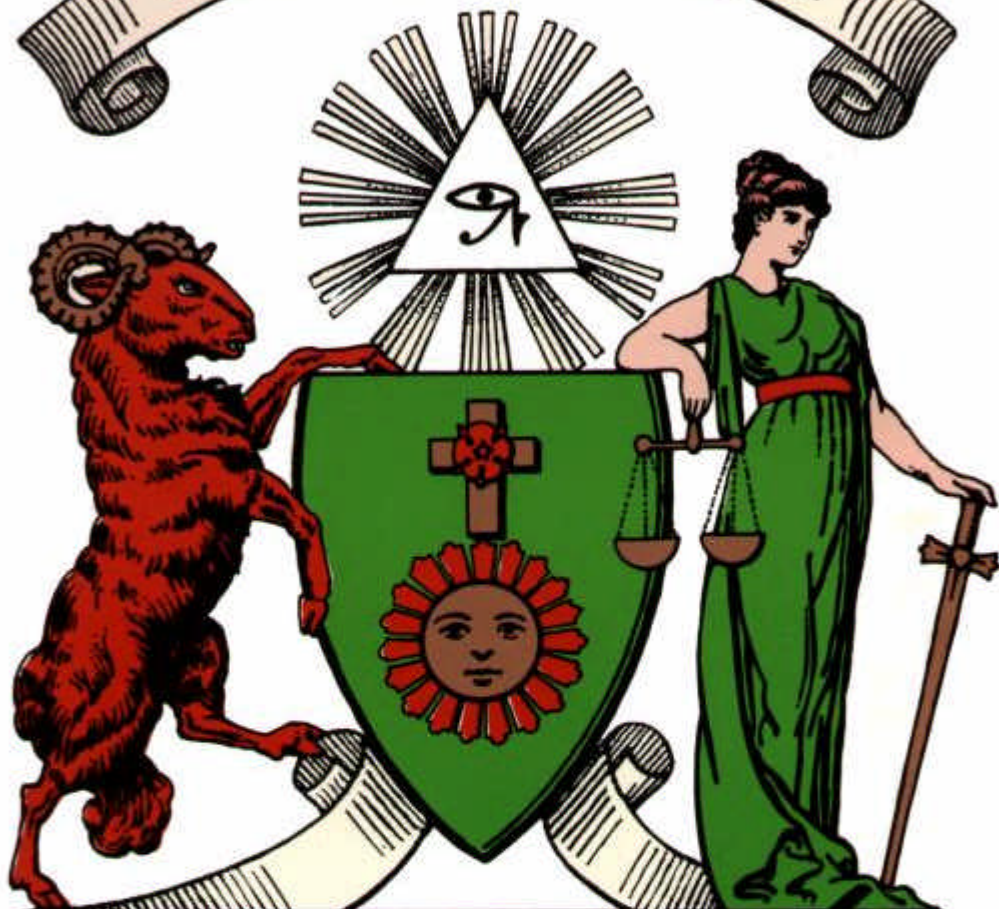
The Thirteenth Day.

It is Eight o'clock in the morning.
Being entered into the Silence, let me abide in the
Silence!

AMEN

[The advertisements which appeared at this point in the paper edition are here omitted. They may be restored in a later release of this electronic edition, but at the moment I do not feel them to be of sufficient importance to warrant the work of layout, typeface matching, *etc.* required. — T.S.]

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

THE EQUINOX

No. III. will contain in its 400 pages

AN OFFICIAL NOTE of the Ordeals and Examinations to be passed by the Aspirant to the A.: A.: from Probationer to Adept. [A.: A.: publication in Class D.] With a Comment by G. H. Fra. O.S.V.

LIBER 963. A collection of litanies whose use will enable the student to acquire the direct consciousness of God. [A.: A.: Publication in Class B.]:

THE ELEMENTAL CALLS OR KEYS, WITH THE GREAT WATCH-TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSE and their explanation. A complete treatise, fully illustrated, upon the Spirits of the Elements, their names and offices, with the method of calling them forth and controlling them. From the MSS. of Dr. DEE and SIR EDWARD KELLY.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING. A full account of the reception of Fra. P. into the Rosicrucian Order, with illustrations; and of his operations in Ceremonial Magic, &c. [His Studies of Eastern Magic and Meditation, &c., to follow in Nos. IV. and V.]

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HERB DANGEROUS "The Poem of Hashish," translated from the French of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE SOUL-HUNTER, unpublished pages from the Diary of Dr. ARTHUR LEE, "The Montrouge Vampire."

AN ORIGIN, by VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

MR. TODD: A Morality, by the author of "Rosa Mundi."

IN MANU DOMINAE: A Black Mass.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH, by ETHEL RAMSAY.

&c. &c. &c

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An V

VOL. I. No. II.

© in Ω

SEPTEMBER MCMIX

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

LONDON
SIMPKIN MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD.

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
LIBER O	II
THE HERB DANGEROUS—(PART II) THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH. BY OLIVER HADDO	3I
REVIEWS	90, 104, 385
THE GARDEN OF JANUS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	9I
THE DREAM CIRCEAN. BY MARTIAL NAY	105
THE LOST SHEPHERD. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	13I
A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY	137
THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE. BY G. H. S. PINSENT.	162
A NOTE ON GENESIS	163
THE FIVE ADORATIONS. BY DOST ACHIHA KHAN	186
ILLUSION D'AMOUREUX. BY FRANCIS BENDICK	187
THE OPIUM-SMOKER	19I
POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	196
THE WILD ASS. BY ALYS CUSACK	20I
THE SPHINX AT GIZA. BY LORD DUNSANAY	205
THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA. BY ELAINE CARR	209
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (BOOK II)	217
AMONGST THE MERMAIDS. BY NORMAN ROE	335
AVE ADONAI. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	35I
THE MAN-COVER. BY GEORGE RAFFALOVICH	353
STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM: THE TENNYSON CENTENARY. BY A. QUILLER, JR.	393

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SIGNS OF THE GRADES

Facing page **I2**

EDITORIAL

IT is four hundred and seventy-seven years since the trouble in the Monastery. There were assembled many holy men from every part of the civilised world, learned doctors, princes of the Church, bishops, abbots, deans, all the wisdom of the world; for the Question was important—how many teeth were there in a horse's mouth.

For many days the debate swung this way and that, as Father was quoted against Father, Gospel against Epistle, Psalm against Proverb; and the summer being hot, and the shade of the monastery gardens pleasant, a young monk wearied of the discussion, and rising presumptuously among those reverend men, impudently proposed that they should examine the mouth of a horse and settle the question.

Now, there was no precedent for so bold a method, and we are not to be surprised that those holy men arose right wrathfully and fell upon the youth and beat him sore.

Having further immured him in a solitary cell, they resumed debate; but ultimately "in the grievous dearth of theological and historical opinion" declared the problem insoluble, an everlasting mystery of the Will of God.

To-day, their successors adopt the same principle with regard to that darkest of horses, the A.: A.: They have

THE EQUINOX

not only refused to open our mouths, but have even refused to look into them when we ourselves have gone to the length of opening them wide before them.

However, there have been others. Whether we were too confident or they too easily discouraged is a question unnecessary to discuss. We hoped to sever at one blow their bonds; at least we should have loosened them. But their struggle, which should have aided our efforts, seemed to them too arduous. They have been perplexed rather than illumined by the light which we flashed upon them; and even if it showed a road, gave no sufficient reason why it should be followed.

Of such we humbly crave the pardon; and in answer to a seemingly widespread desire to know if we mean anything, and if so, What? we request those who would know the Truth of Scientific Illuminism to look into the open mouth of its doctrine, to follow its simple teachings step by step and not to turn their backs on it and, walking in the opposite direction, declare so simple a problem to be an everlasting mystery.

We are therefore not concerned with those who have not examined our doctrine of sceptical Theurgy, or scientific illuminism, or that which lies beyond. Let them examine without prejudice.

Some, too, have raised weapons against us, thinking to hurt us. But malice is only the result of ignorance; let them examine us, and they will love us. The sword is not yet forged that can divide him whose helmet is Truth. Nor is the arrow yet fledged that will pierce the flesh of one who is clothed in the glittering armour of mirth. So here, and now,

EDITORIAL

and with us; he who climbs the Mountain we point out to him, and which we have climbed; he who journeys by the chart we offer to him, and which we have followed, on his return will come in unto us as one who has authority; for he alone who has climbed the summit can speak with truth of those things that from there are to be seen, for HE KNOWS. But he who stands afar off, and jests, saying: "It is not a Mountain, it is a cloud; it is not a cloud, it is a shadow; it is not a shadow, it is an illusion; it is not an illusion, it is indeed nothing at all!"—who but a fool will heed him? for not having journeyed one step, HE KNOWS NOT concerning those things of which he speaks.

To make ourselves now utterly plain to all such as have misunderstood us, we will formulate our statement in many ways, so that at least there may be found one acceptable to each seeker who is open to conviction.

I

1. We perceive in the sensible world, Sorrow. Ultimately that is; we admit the Existence of a Problem requiring solution.

2. We accept the proofs of Hume, Kant, Herbert Spencer, Fuller, and others of this thesis:

The Ratiocinative Faculty or Reason of Man contains in its essential nature an element of self-contradiction.

3. Following on this, we say:

If any resolution there be of these two problems, the Vanity of Life and the Vanity of Thought, it must be in the attainment of a Consciousness which transcends both of

THE EQUINOX

them. Let us call this supernormal consciousness, or, for want of a better name, "Spiritual Experience."

4. Faith has been proposed as a remedy. But we perceive many incompatible forms of Faith founded on Authority—The Vedas, The Quran, The Bible; Buddha, Christ, Joseph Smith. To choose between the we must resort to reason, already shown to be a fallacious guide.

5. There is only one Rock which Scepticism cannot shake; the Rock of Experience.

6. We have therefore endeavoured to eliminate from the conditions of acquiring Spiritual Experience its dogmatic, theological, accidental, climatic and other inessential elements.

7. We require the employment of a strictly scientific method. The mind of the seeker must be unbiased: all prejudice and other sources of error must be perceived as such and extirpated.

8. We have therefore devised a Syncretic-Eclectic Method combining the essentials of all methods, rejecting all their trammels, to attack the Problem, through exact experiments and not by guesses.

9. For each pupil we recommend a different method (in detail) suited to his needs; just as a physician prescribes the medicine proper to each particular patient.

10. We further believe that the Consummation of Spiritual Experience is reflected into the spheres of intellect and action as Genius, so that by taking an ordinary man we can by training produce a Master.

This thesis requires proof: we hope to supply such proof by producing Genius to order.

EDITORIAL

II

1. There is no hope in physical life, since death of the individual, the race, and ultimately the planet, ends all.

2. There is no hope in reason, since it contradicts itself, and is in any case no more than a reflection upon the facts of physical life.

3. What hope there may be in Investigation of the physical facts of Nature on Scientific lines is already actively sought after by a powerful and well-organized body of men of perfect probity and high capacity.

4. There is no hope in Faith, for there are many warring Faiths, all equally positive.

5. The adepts of Spiritual Experience promise us wonderful things, the Perception of Truth, and the Conquest of Sorrow, and there is enough unity in their method to make an Eclectic System possible.

6. We are determined to investigate this matter most thoroughly on Scientific lines.

III

1. We are Mystics, ever eagerly seeking a solution of unpleasant facts.

2. We are Men of Science, ever eagerly acquiring pertinent facts.

3. We are Sceptics, ever eagerly examining those facts.

4. We are Philosophers, ever eagerly classifying and co-ordinating those well-criticised facts.

5. We are Epicureans, ever eagerly enjoying the unification of those facts.

THE EQUINOX

6. We are Philanthropists, ever eagerly transmitting our knowledge of those facts to others.

7. Further, we are Syncretists, taking truth from all systems, ancient and modern; and Eclectics, ruthlessly discarding the inessential factors in any one system, however perfect.

IV

1. Faith, Life, Philosophy have failed.

2. Science is already established.

3. Mysticism, being based on pure experience, is always a vital force; but owing to the lack of trained observation, has always been a mass of error. Spiritual Experience, interpreted in the terms of Intellect, is distorted; just as sunrise shows the grass green and the sea blue. Both were invisible until sunrise; yet the diversity of colour is not in the sun, but in the objects on which its light falls, and their contradiction does not prove the sun to be an illusion.

4. We shall correct Mysticism (or Illuminism) by Science, and explain Science by Illuminism.

V

1. We have one method, that of Science.

2. We have one aim, that of Religion.

VI

There was once an Inhabitant in a land called Utopia who complained to the Water Company that his water was impure.

EDITORIAL

“No,” answered the Water Man, “it can’t be impure, for we filter it.”

“Oh indeed!” replied the Inhabitant, “but my wife died from drinking it.”

“No,” said the Water Man; “I assure you that this water comes from the purest springs in Utopia; further, that water, however impure, cannot hurt anybody; further, that I have a certificate of its purity from the Water Company itself.”

“The people who pay you!” sneered the Inhabitant. “For your other points, Hæckel has proved that all water is poison, and I believe you get your water from a cesspool. Why, look at it!”

“And beautiful clear water it is!” said the Water Man. “Limpid as crystal. Worth a guinea a drop!”

“About what you charge for it!” retorted the incensed Inhabitant. “It looks fairly clear, I admit, in the twilight. But that is not the point. A poison need not cloud water.”

“But,” urged the other, “one of our directors is a prophet, and he prophesied—clearly, in so many words—that the water would be pure this year. And besides, our first founder was a holy man, who performed a special miracle to make it pure for ever!”

“Your evidence is as tainted as your water,” replied the now infuriated householder.

So off they went to the Judge.

The Judge heard the case carefully. “My good friends!” said he, “you’ve neither of you got a leg to stand on; for in all you say there is not one grain of proof.—The case is dismissed.”

THE EQUINOX

The Water Inspector rose jubilant, when from the body of the Court came a still small voice.

“Might I respectfully suggest, your Worship, that the water in question be examined through my Microscope?”

“What in thunder is a Microscope?” cried the three in chorus.

“An instrument, your Worship, that I have constructed on the admitted principles of optics, to demonstrate by experience what these gentlemen are arguing about *à priori* and on hearsay.”

Then they both rose up against him, and cursed him.

“Unscientific balderdash!” said the Water Man, for the first time speaking respectfully of Science.

“Blasphemous Nonsense!” said the Inhabitant, for the first time speaking respectfully of Religion.

“Wait and see,” said the Judge; for he was a just Judge.

Then the Man with the Microscope explained the uses of this new and strange instrument. And the Judge patiently investigated all sources of error, and concluded in the end that the instrument was a true revealer of the secrets of the water. And he pronounced just judgment.

But the others were blinded by passion and self-interest. They only quarrelled more noisily, and were finally turned out of court. But the Judge caused the Man with the Microscope to be appointed Government Analyst at £12,000 a year.

Now the Water Man is the Believer, and the Inhabitant the Unbeliever. The Judge is the Agnostic—in Huxley’s sense of the word; and the Man with the Microscope is the Scientific Illuminist.

Curious as it may seem, all this was most carefully ex-

EDITORIAL

plained in No. 1 of this Review, in Mr. Frank Harris's "The Magic Glasses."

Mr. 'Allett is the Materialist, Canon Bayton the Idealist, the Judge's daughter is the Agnostic, and Matthew Penry the Scientific Illuminist. If the little girl had been able to "follow up the light," she might there have seen Penry standing, his head and his feet white like wool, and his eyes a flaming fire!

This, then, in one language or another, is our philosophical position. But for those who are not content with this, let it be said that there is something more behind and beyond. Among us are those who have experienced things of a nature so exalted that no words ever penned could even adumbrate them faintly. The communication of such knowledge, so far as it is at all possible, must be a personal thing; and we offer it with both hands.

It is simple to write to the Chancellor of the A.: A.: at the care of the publishers, 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.; a neophyte of the Order will be detailed to meet the inquirer. He will read to him the History of the Order and explain the task of the Probationer. For we give to each inquirer a year's study; mutual, so that he may decide whether we can indeed give that which he wishes, and so that we may know exactly what training is suitable for him.

Also because we are subtle of mind, many are offended. For we wished to test the world by the touchstone of THE EQUINOX. Those who perceived the essential gold that lay hidden in that hard rock are now busy delving out the same; many are thereby become rich.

So I who write this for the Brethren, with all humility and

THE EQUINOX

awe, do seriously summon all men unto the Search, even those who are offended because I laugh, gazing into the Eyes of the Beloved; and those who are offended because I hate the veil of words that hides the face of the Beloved; and those who are offended because my passion for the Beloved is too virile and eager to suit their awe; perhaps they forget that passion means suffering.

But let them know that my Beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

LIBER O

VEL

MANVS ET SAGITTÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ

VI

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

D.D.S. $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^\circ = 5^\circ$ Imperator

N.S.F. $5^\circ = 6^\circ$ Cancellarius



- 1. Earth : the god Set fighting
- 2. Air: the god Shu supporting the sky.
- 3. Water: the goddess Aumoth
- 4. Fire: the goddess Thoum-aesh- Neith
- 5. 6. Spirit: the rending and closing of the veil

- 7-10. The L.V.X. signs.
- 7. + Osiris slain—the cross.
- 8. L Isis mourning—the Svastika.
- 9. V Typhon—the Trident.
- 10. X Osiris Risen—the Pentagram.

THE SIGNS OF THE GRADES

LIBER O

VEL

MANVS ET SAGITTÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ

VI

I.

1. This book is very easy to misunderstand; readers are asked to use the most minute critical care in the study of it, even as we have done in its preparation.

2. In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth and the Paths; of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things that may or may not exist.

It is immaterial whether these exist or not. By doing certain things, certain results will follow; students are earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophical validity to any of them.

3. The advantages to be gained from them are chiefly these:

(*a*) A widening of the horizon of the mind.

(*b*) An improvement of the control of the mind.

4. The student, if he attain to success in the following practices, will find himself confronted by things (ideas or

THE EQUINOX

beings) too glorious or too dreadful to be described. It is essential that he remain the master of all that he beholds, hears or conceives; otherwise he will be the slave of illusion, and the prey of madness.

Before entering upon any of these practices, the student should be in good health, and have attained a fair mastery of Asana, Pranayama, and Dharana.

5. There is little danger that any student, however idle or stupid, will fail to get some result; but there is great danger that he will be led astray, obsessed and overwhelmed by his results, even though it be by those which it is necessary that he should attain. Too often, moreover, he mistaketh the first resting-place for the goal, and taketh off his armour as if he were a victor ere the fight is well begun.

It is desirable that the student should never attach to any result the importance which it at first seems to possess.

6. First, then, let us consider the Book 777 and its use; the preparation of the Place; the use of the Magic Ceremonies; and finally the methods which follow in Chapter V. "Viator in Regnis Arboris," and in Chapter VI. "Sagitta trans Lunam."

(In another book will it be treated of the Expansion and Contraction of Consciousness; progress by slaying the Cakkrâms; progress by slaying the Pairs of Opposites; the methods of Sabhapaty Swami, &c. &c.)

II

1. The student must FIRST obtain a thorough knowledge of Book 777, especially of columns i., ii., iii., v., vi., vii., ix., xi., xii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxviii.,

LIBER O

xxxix., xl., xli., xlii., xlv., liv., lv., lix., lx., lxi., lxiii., lxx., lxxv., lxxvii., lxxviii., lxxix., lxxx., lxxxii., lxxxiii., xcvi., xcvi., xcix., c., ci., cxvii., cxviii., cxxxvii., cxxxviii., cxxxix., clxxv., clxxvi., clxxvii., clxxxii.

When these are committed to memory, he will begin to understand the nature of these correspondences. (*See* Illustrations: “The Temple of Solomon the King,” in this number. Cross-references are given.)

2. If we take an example the use of the table will become clear.

Let us suppose that you wish to obtain knowledge of some obscure science.

In column xlv., line 12, you will find “Knowledge of Sciences.”

By now looking up line 12 in the other columns, you will find that the Planet corresponding is Mercury, its number eight, its lineal figures the octagon and octagram, the God who rules that planet Thoth, or in Hebrew symbolism Tetragrammaton Adonai and Elohim Tzabaoth, its Archangel Raphael, its Choir of Angels Beni Elohim, its Intelligence Tiriël, its Spirit Taphtatharath, its colours Orange (for Mercury is the sphere of the Sefhira Hod, 8), Yellow, Purple, Grey, and Indigo rayed with Violet; its Magical Weapon the Wand or Caduceus, its Perfumes Mastic and others, its sacred plants Vervain and others, its jewel the Opal or Agate, its sacred animal the Snake, &c. &c.

3. You would then prepare your Place of Working according. In an orange circle you would draw an eight-pointed star of yellow, at whose points you would place eight lamps. The Sigil of the Spirit (which is to be found in Cornelius Agrippa

THE EQUINOX

and other books) you would draw in the four colours with such other devices as your experiences may suggest.

4. And so on. We cannot here enter at length into all the necessary preparations; and the student will find them fully set forth in the proper books, of which the "Goetia" is perhaps the best example.

These rituals need not be slavishly imitated; on the contrary the student should do nothing the object of which he does not understand; also, if he have any capacity whatever, he will find his own crude rituals more effective than the highly polished ones of other people.

The general purpose of all this preparation is as follows:

5. Since the student is a man surrounded by material objects, if it be his wish to master one particular idea, he must make every material object about him directly suggest that idea. Thus in the ritual quoted, if his glance fall upon the lights, their number suggests Mercury; he smells the perfumes, and again Mercury is brought to his mind. In other words, the whole magical apparatus and ritual is a complex system of mnemonics.

[The importance of these lies principally in the fact that particular sets of images that the student may meet in his wanderings correspond to particular lineal figures, divine names, &c., and are controlled by them. As to possibility of producing results external to the mind of the seer (*objective*, in the ordinary common-sense acceptation of the term) we are here silent.]

6. There are three important practices connected with all forms of ceremonial (and the two Methods which later we shall describe). These are:

LIBER O

- (1) Assumption of God-forms.
- (2) Vibrations of Divine Names.
- (3) Rituals of "Banishing" and "Invoking."

These, at least, should be completely mastered before the dangerous Methods of Chapters V. and VI. are attempted.

III

1. The Magical Images of the Gods of Egypt should be made thoroughly familiar. This can be done by studying them in any public museum, or in such books as may be accessible to the student. They should then be carefully painted by him, both from the model and from memory.

2. The student, seated in the "God" position, or in the characteristic attitude of the God desired, should then imagine His image as coinciding with his own body, or as enveloping it. This must be practiced until mastery of the image is attained, and an identity with it and with the God experienced.

It is a matter for very great regret that no simple and certain tests of success in this practice exist.

3. The vibration of God-names. As a further means of identifying the human consciousness with that pure portion of it which man calls by the name of some God, let him act thus:

4. (a) Stand with arms outstretched. (*See* Illustration).
- (b) Breathe in deeply through the nostrils, imagining the name of the God desired entering with the breath.
- (c) Let that name descend slowly from the lungs to the heart, the solar plexus, the navel, the generative organs, and so to the feet.

THE EQUINOX

- (d) The moment that it appears to touch the feet, quickly advance the left foot about twelve inches, throw forward the body, and let the hands (drawn back to the side of the eyes) shoot out, so that you are standing in the typical position of the God Horus,* and at the same time imagine the Name as rushing up through the body, while you breathe it out through the nostrils with the air which has been till then retained in the lungs. All this must be done with all the force of which you are capable.
- (e) Then withdraw the left foot, and place the right forefinger, so that you are in the characteristic position of the God Harpocrates.†

5. It is a sign that the student is performing this correctly when a single "Vibration" entirely exhausts his physical strength. It should cause him to grow hot all over, or to perspire violently, and it should so weaken him that he will find it difficult to remain standing.

6. It is a sign of success, though only by the student himself is it perceived, when he hears the name of the God vehemently roared forth, as if by the concourse of ten thousand thunders; and it should appear to him as if that Great Voice proceeded from the Universe, and not from himself.

In both the above practices all consciousness of anything but the God-form and name should be absolutely blotted out; and the longer it takes for normal perception to return, the better.

* See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1, "Blind Force."

† See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1, "The Silent Watcher."

LIBER O

IV

I. The Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram must be committed to memory. They are as follows.

The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram

- (i) Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee).
- (ii) Touching the breast, say Malkuth (The Kingdom).
- (iii) Touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power).
- (iv) Touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory).
- (v) Clasp the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen).
- (vi) Turning to the East, make a Pentagram (that of Earth) with the proper weapon (usually the Wand). Say (*i.e.*, vibrate) I H V H.
- (vii) Turning to the South, the same, but say A D N I.
- (viii) Turning to the West, the same, but say A H I H.
- (ix) Turning to the North, the same, but say A G L A.

Pronounce: Ye-ho-wau, Adónai, Eheieh, Agla.

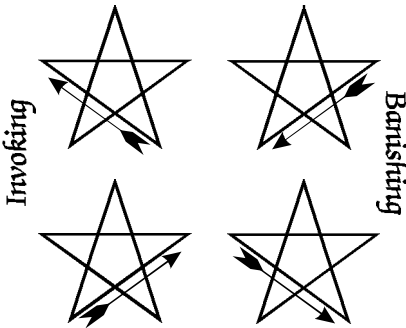
- (x) Extending the arms in the form of a Cross, say:
- (xi) Before me Raphael;
- (xii) Behind me Gabriel;
- (xiii) On my right hand Michael;
- (xiv) On my left hand Auriel;
- (xv) For about me flames the Pentagram;
- (xvi) And in the Column stands the six-rayed Star.
- (xvii-xxi) Repeat (i) to (v), the “Qabalistic Cross.”

THE EQUINOX

The Greater Ritual of the Pentagram

The pentagrams are traced in the air with the sword or other weapon, the name spoken aloud, and the signs used, as illustrated.

THE PENTAGRAMS OF SPIRIT



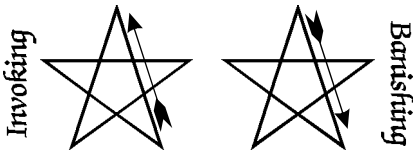
Equilibrium of Actives,
Name: A H I H (Eheieh).

Equilibrium of Passives,
Name: A G L A (Aglá).

The signs of the Portal (*see* Illustrations): Extend the hands in front of you, palms outwards, separate them as if in the act of rending asunder a veil or curtain (actives), and then bring them together as if closing it up again and let them fall to the side (passives).

(The Grade of the “Portal” is particularly attributed to the element of Spirit; it refers to the Sun; the paths of **ד**, **נ**, and **ע** are attributed to this degree. *See* “777,” lines 6 and 31 bis.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF FIRE



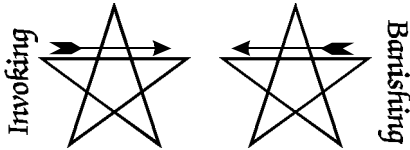
Name: A L H I M (Elohim).

LIBER O

The sign of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$: Raise the arms above the head and join the hands so that the tips of the fingers and of the thumbs meet, formulating a triangle. (*See Illustration*).

(The Grade of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element Fire; it refers to the planet Venus; the paths of \wp , \mathfrak{S} , and \mathfrak{D} are attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 7 and 31.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF WATER

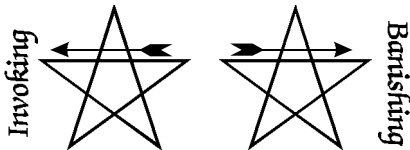


Name: A L (El).

The sign of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$: Raise the arms till the elbows are on a level with the shoulders, bring the hands across the chest, touching the thumbs and tips of fingers so as to form a triangle apex downwards. (*See Illustration*).

(The Grade of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element of Water; it refers to the planet Mercury; the paths of \mathfrak{A} and \mathfrak{W} are attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 8 and 23.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF AIR



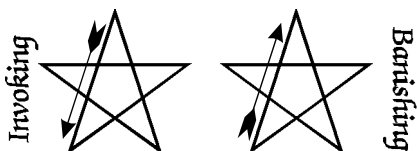
Name: I H V H (Ye-ho-wau).

The sign of $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$: Stretch both arms upwards and outwards, the elbows bent at right-angles, the hands bent back, the palms upwards as if supporting a weight. (*See Illustration*).

THE EQUINOX

(The Grade of $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element Air; it refers to the Moon; the path of ♁ is attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 9 and 11.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF EARTH



Name: A D N I (Adonai).

The sign of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$: Advance the right foot, stretch out the right hand upwards and forwards, the left hand downwards and backwards, the palms open. (*See* Illustration).

(The Grade of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element of Earth. *See* “777,” lines 10 and 32 bis.).

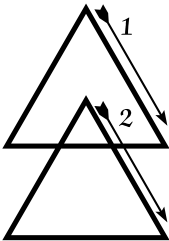
The Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram

This ritual is to be performed after the “Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram.”

- (i) Stand upright, feet together, left arm at side, right arm across body, holding the wand or other weapon upright in the median line. Then face East, and say:
- (ii) I. N. R. I.
Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.
Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.
Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.
Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.
Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

LIBER O

- (iii) Extend the arms in the form of a cross, and say: “The sign of Osiris Slain.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (iv) Raise the right arm to point upwards, keeping the elbow square, and lower the left arm to point downwards, keeping the elbow square, while turning the head over the left shoulder looking down so that the eyes follow the left forearm, and say: “The sign of the Mourning of Isis.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (v) Raise the arms at an angle of sixty degrees to each other above the head, which is thrown back, and say: “The sign of Apophis and Typhon.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (vi) Cross the arms on the breast, and bow the head, and say: “The sign of Osiris Risen.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (vii) Extend the arms again as in (iii) and cross them again as in (vi), saying: “L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.”

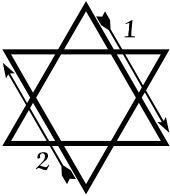


(viii) With the magical weapon trace the Hexagram of Fire in the East, saying: “Ararita” (⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡)

Which word consists of the initials of a sentence which means “One is His Beginning; One is His Individuality: His Permutation is One.”

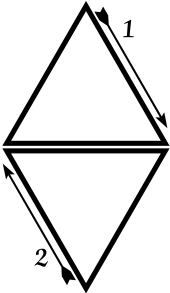
THE EQUINOX

This hexagram consists of two equilateral triangles, both apices pointing upwards. Begin at the top of the upper triangle and trace it in a dextro-rotary direction. The top of the lower triangle should coincide with the central point of the upper triangle.



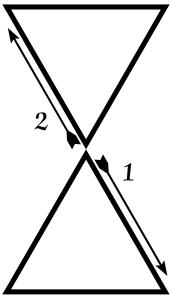
(ix) Trace the Hexagram of Earth in the South saying: “ARARITA.”

This Hexagram has the apex of the lower triangle pointing downwards, and it should be capable of inscription in a circle.



(x) Trace the Hexagram of Air in the West, saying: “ARARITA.”

This hexagram is like that of Earth; but the bases of the triangles coincide, forming a diamond.



(xi) Trace the Hexagram of Water in the North, saying: “ARARITA.”

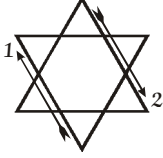
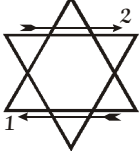
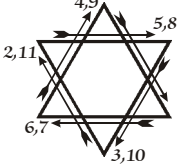
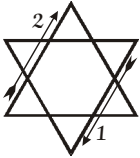
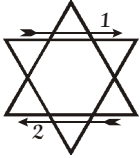
This hexagram has the lower triangle placed above the upper, so that their apices coincide.

(xii) Repeat (i-vii)

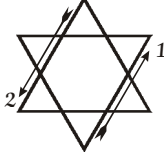
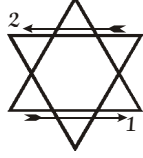
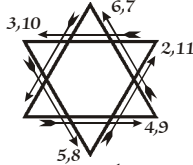
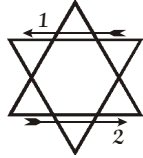
The Banishing Ritual is identical, save that the direction of the Hexagrams must be reversed.

LIBER O

Invoking



Banishing



The Greater Ritual of the Hexagram

To invoke or banish planets or zodiacal signs.

The Hexagram of Earth alone is used. Draw the hexagram, beginning from the point which is attributed to the planet you are dealing with. (See "777," col. lxxxiii.)

Thus to invoke Jupiter begin from the right-hand point of the lower triangle, dextro-rotary, and complete; then trace the upper triangle from its left-hand point and complete.

Trace the astrological sigil of the planet in the centre of your hexagram.

For the Zodiac use the hexagram of the planet which rules the

THE EQUINOX

sign you require (“777,” col. cxxxviii.); but draw the astrological sigil of the sign instead of that of the planet.

For Caput and Cauda Draconis use the lunar hexagram, with the sigil of Ω or ☽.

To banish reverse the hexagram.

In all cases use a conjuration first with Ararita, and next with the name of the God corresponding to the planet or sign you are dealing with.

The Hexagrams pertaining to the planets are as in plate on preceding page.

2. These rituals should be practised until the figures drawn appear in flame, in flame so near to physical flame that it would perhaps be visible to the eyes of a bystander, were one present. It is alleged that some persons have attained the power of actually kindling fire by these means. Whether this be so or not, the power is not one to be aimed at.

3. Success in “banishing” is known by a “feeling of cleanliness” in the atmosphere; success in “invoking” by a “feeling of holiness.” It is unfortunate that these terms are so vague.

But at least make sure of this: that any imaginary figure or being shall instantly obey the will of the student, when he uses the appropriate figure. In obstinate cases, the form of the appropriate God may be assumed.

4. The banishing rituals should be used at the commencement of any ceremony whatever. Next, the student should use a general invocation, such as the “Preliminary Invocation” in the “Goetia,” as well as a special invocation to suit the nature of his working.

5. Success in these verbal invocations is so subtle a

LIBER O

matter, and its grades so delicately shaded, that it must be left to the good sense of the student to decide whether or not he should be satisfied with his result.

V

1. Let the student be at rest in one of his prescribed positions, having bathed and robed with the proper decorum. Let the Place of Working be free from all disturbance, and let the preliminary purifications, banishings and invocations be duly accomplished, and, lastly, let the incense be kindled.

2. Let him imagine his own figure (preferably robed in the proper magical garments and armed with the proper magical weapons) as enveloping his physical body, or standing near to and in front of him.

3. Let him then transfer the seat of his consciousness to that imagined figure, so that it may seem to him that he is seeing with its eyes, and hearing with its ears.

This will usually be the great difficulty of the operation.

4. Let him then cause that imagined figure to rise in the air to a great height above the earth.

5. Let him then stop and look about him. (It is sometimes difficult to open the eyes.)

6. Probably he will see figures approaching him, or become conscious of a landscape.

Let him speak to such figures, and insist upon being answered, using the proper pentagrams and signs, as previously taught.

7. Let him travel about at will, either with or without guidance from such figure or figures.

THE EQUINOX

8. Let him further employ such special invocations as will cause to appear the particular places he may wish to visit.

9. Let him beware of the thousand subtle attacks and deceptions that he will experience, carefully testing the truth of all with whom he speaks.

Thus a hostile being may appear clothed with glory; the appropriate pentagrams will in such a case cause him to shrivel or decay.

10. Practice will make the student infinitely wary in these matters.

11. It is usually quite easy to return to the body; but should any difficulty arise, practice (again) will make the imagination fertile. For example, one may create in thought a chariot of fire with white horses, and command the charioteer to drive earthwards.

It might be dangerous to go too far, or stay too long, for fatigue must be avoided.

The danger spoken of is that of fainting, or of obsession, or loss of memory or other mental faculty.

12. Finally, let the student cause his imagined body in which he supposes himself to have been travelling to coincide with the physical, tightening his muscles, drawing in his breath, and putting his forefinger to his lips. Then let him “awake” by a well-defined act of will, and soberly and accurately record his experiences.

It may be added that this apparently complicated experiment is perfectly easy to perform. It is best to learn by “travelling” with a person already experienced in the matter. Two or three experiments should suffice to render the student confident and even expert. *See also* “The Seer”, pp. 295–333.

LIBER O

VI

1. The previous experiment has little value, and leads to few results of importance. But it is susceptible of a development which merges into a form of Dharana—concentration—and as such may lead to the very highest ends. The principal use of the practice in the last chapter is to familiarise the student with every kind of obstacle and every kind of delusion, so that he may be perfect master of every idea that may arise in his brain, to dismiss it, to transmute it, to cause it instantly to obey his will.

2. Let him then begin exactly as before; but with the most intense solemnity and determination.

3. Let him be very careful to cause his imaginary body to rise in a line exactly perpendicular to the earth's tangent at the point where his physical body is situated (or, to put it more simply, straight upwards).

4. Instead of stopping, let him continue to rise until fatigue almost overcomes him. If he should find that he has stopped without willing to do so, and that figure appear, let him at all costs rise above them.

Yea, though his very life tremble on his lips, let him force his way upward and onward!

5. Let him continue in this so long as the breath of life is in him. Whatever threatens, whatever allures, though it were Typhon and all his hosts loosed from the pit and leagued against him, though it were from the very Throne of God Himself that a Voice issues bidding him stay and be content, let him struggle on, ever on.

6. At last there must come a moment when his whole

THE EQUINOX

being is swallowed up in fatigue, overwhelmed by its own inertia.* Let him sink (when no longer can he strive, though his tongue be bitten through with the effort and the blood gush from his nostrils) into the blackness of unconsciousness; and then on coming to himself, let him write down soberly and accurately a record of all that hath occurred: yea, a record of all that hath occurred.

EXPLICIT

* This in case of failure. The results of success are so many and wonderful that no effort is here made to describe them. They are classified, tentatively, in "The Herb Dangerous," Part II, *infra*.

[A book of Elementary Invocations is in preparation, and will be issued in Number 3.]

THE HERB DANGEROUS

PART II

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

BY

OLIVER HADDO

THE HERB DANGEROUS

“The girders of the soul, which give her breathing, are easy to be unloosed.”

“Nature teaches us, and the oracles also affirm, that even the evil germs of matter may alike become useful and good.”

ZOROASTER.

COMPARABLE to the Alf Laylah wa Laylah itself, a very Tower of Babel, partaking alike of truth both gross and subtle inextricably interwoven with the most fantastic fable, is our view of the Herb—Hashish—the Herb Dangerous. Of the investigators who have pierced even for a moment the magic veil of its glamour ecstatic many have been appalled, many disappointed. Few have dared to crush in arms of steel this burning daughter of the Jinn; to ravish from her poisonous scarlet lips the kisses of death, to force her serpent-smooth and serpent-stinging body down to some infernal torture-couch, and strike her into spasm as the lightning splits the cloud-wrack, only to read in her infinite sea-green eyes the awful price of her virginity—black madness.

Even supreme Richard Burton, who solved nigh every other riddle of the Eastern Sphinx, passed this one by. He took the drug for months “with no other symptom than increased appetite,” and in his general attitude to hashish-

THE EQUINOX

intoxication (spoken of often in the "Nights") shows that he regards it as no more than a vice, and seems not to suspect that, vice or no, it had strange fruits; if not of the Tree of Life, at least of that other Tree, double and sinister and deadly. . . .

Nay! for I am of the Serpent's party; Knowledge is good, be the price what it may.

Such little fruit, then, as I may have culled from her autumnal breast (mere unripe berries, I confess!) I hasten to offer to my friends.

And lest the austerity of such a goddess be profaned by the least vestige of adornment I make haste to divest myself of whatever gold or jewellery of speech I may possess, to advance, my left breast bare, without timidity or rashness, into her temple, my hoped reward the lamb's skin of a clean heart, the badge of simple truthfulness and the apron of Innocence.

In order to keep this paper within limits, I may premise that the preparation and properties of *Cannabis indica* can be studied in the proper pharmaceutical treatises, though, as this drug is more potent psychologically than physically, all strictly medical account of it, so far as I am aware, have been hitherto both meagre and misleading. Deeper and clearer is the information to be gained from the brilliant studies by Baudelaire, unsurpassed for insight and impartiality, and Ludlow, tainted by admiration of de Quincey and the sentimentalists.*

* At the time of writing this article, I had only glanced rapidly through Baudelaire's essay. When I made the experiments, I knew only Ludlow, and the brief note in "Martindale and Westcott." My research results, therefore, such as

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

My contribution to the subject will therefore be strictly personal, and so far incomplete; indeed in a sense valueless, since in such a matter personality may so largely outweigh all other factors of the problem. At the same time I must insist that my armour is more complete in several directions than that of my predecessors, inasmuch as I possess the advantage not only of a prolonged psychological training, a solid constitution, a temperament on which hashish acts by exciting perception (Sañña), quite unalloyed by sensation (Vedana) and a perfect scepticism; but also of more than an acquaintance with ceremonial drunkenness among many nations and with the magical or mystical processes of all times and all races. It may fairly be retorted upon me that this unique qualification of mine is the very factor which most vitiates my results. However . . .

With the question of intoxication considered as a key to knowledge let me begin, for from that side did I myself first suspect the existence of the drug which (as I now believe) is some sublimated or purified preparation of *Cannabis indica*.

II

“Labour thou around the Strophalos of Hecate.”

ZOROASTER.

In 1898-1899 I had just left Cambridge and was living in rooms in Chancery Lane, honoured by the presence of Allan Bennett (now Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya) as my guest.

they are, are unbiased by knowledge. The coincidences with Baudelaire now appear very striking.

THE EQUINOX

Together for many months we studied and practised Ceremonial Magic, and ransacked the ancient books and MSS. of the reputed sages for a key to the great mysteries of life and death. Not even fiction was neglected, and it was from fiction that we gathered one tiny seed-fact, which (in all these years) has germinated to the present essay.

Through the ages we found this one constant story. Stripped of its local and chronological accidents, it usually came to this—the writer would tell of a young man, a seeker after the Hidden Wisdom, who, in one circumstance or another, meets an adept; who, after sundry ordeals, obtains from the said adept, for good or ill, a certain mysterious drug or potion, with the result (at least) of opening the gate of the Other-world. This potion was identified with the Elixir Vitae of the physical Alchemists, or one of their “Tinctures,” most likely the “White Tincture” which transforms the base metal (normal perception of life) to silver (poetic conception), and we sought it by fruitless attempts to poison ourselves with every drug in (and out of) the Pharmacopœia.

Like Huckleberry Finn’s prayer, nuffin’ come of it.

I must now, like the Baker, skip forty years, or rather eight, and reach a point where my travels in India had familiarised me with their systems of meditation and with the fact that many of the lesser Yogis employed hashish (whether vainly or no we shall discuss later) to obtain Samadhi, that oneness with the Universe, or with the Nothingness, which is the feeble expression by which alone we can shadow that supreme trance. I had also the advantage of falling across Ludlow’s book, and was struck by the circumstance that he, obviously ignorant of Vedantist and

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

Yogic doctrines, yet approximately expressed them, though in a degraded and distorted form.

I was also aware of the prime agony of meditation, the “dryness”* (as Molinos calls it) which hardens and sterilises the soul.

The very practice which should flood it with light leads only to a darkness more terrible than death, a despair and disgust which only too often lead to abandonment, when in truth they should encourage, for that—as the oracles affirm—it is darkest before the dawn.

Meditation therefore annoyed me, as tightening and constricting the soul. I began to ask myself if the “dryness” was an essential part of the process. If by some means I could shake its catafalque of Mind, might not the Infinite Divine Spirit leap unfettered to the Light?

Who shall roll away the stone?

Let it not be imagined that I devised these thoughts from pure sloth or weariness. But with the mystical means then at my disposal, I required a period of days or of weeks to obtain any Result, such as Samadhi in one of its greater or lesser forms; and in England the difficulties were hardly to be overcome. I found it impossible to meditate in the cold, and fires will not last equably. Gas stinks abominably; heating apparatus does not heat; electricity has hitherto not been available. When I build my temple, I shall try it.

The food difficulty could be overcome by Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, the noise difficulty by training, the leisure difficulty

* The period of the rule of Apophis in the mystic regenerative process Isis Apophis Osiris I A O; or the Black Dragon in the alchemical translation from the First Matter of the Work into the Elixir.

THE EQUINOX

by sending all business to the devil, the solitude difficulty by borrowing a vacant flat; but the British climate beat me. I hope one day to be rich enough to build a little house expressly for the purpose; but at present there is on the horizon no cloud even so large as the littlest finger of a man!

If only, therefore, I could reduce the necessary period to a few hours!

Moreover, I could persuade other people that mysticism was not all folly without insisting on their devoting a lifetime to studying under me; and if only I could convince a few competent observers—in such a matter I distrust even myself—Science would be bound to follow and to investigate, clear up the matter once for all, and, as I believed, and believe, arm itself with a new weapon ten thousand times more potent than the balance and the microscope.

Imagine me, therefore, if you please, selecting these few facts from the millions of others in the armoury of my brain, dovetailing them, and at last formulating an hypothesis verifiable by experiment.

III

“But I evolve all these mysteries in the profound abyss of Mind.”—ZOROASTER.

This was my hypothesis:

“Perhaps hashish is the drug which ‘loosens the girders of the soul,’ but is in itself neither good nor bad. Perhaps, as Baudelaire thinks, it merely exaggerates and distorts the natural man and his mood of the moment.” The whole of

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

Ludlow's wonderful introspection seemed to me to fortify this suggestion.

“Well, then, let me see whether by first exalting myself mystically and continuing my invocations while the drug dissolved the matrix of the diamond soul, that diamond might not manifest limpid and sparkling, a radiance ‘not of the Sun, nor of the Moon, nor of the Stars’;” and then, of course, I remembered that this ceremonial intoxication constitutes the supreme ritual of all religions.

First, however, it was necessary to determine the normal action of the drug upon my particular organisation. There are various preparations of *Cannabis indica*, all alike in this, that their action is so uncertain as to be not easily or surely standardised. It is not even a question of reasonable limits: of two samples apparently alike one may be fifty times stronger than the other. A sample may apparently degenerate 50 per cent. in strength within a few days. Some samples may be totally inert.

This fact has led to the almost total abandonment of the use of the drug in medicine.

Further, the personal equation counts for much. Allan Bennett in Chancery Lane had on one occasion taken sufficient Conium (hemlock) to kill forty men without the smallest result of any kind.

In Kandy I had (for the first time in my life) taken two hundred and twenty-five drops of Laudanum in five hours, also with no more result than would have been produced by ten drops upon the average man.

Our equation was therefore composed exclusively of variables, and wide variables at that! Nothing for it, then,

THE EQUINOX

but rule-of-thumb! The old Chancery Lane rule: begin with half the minimum dose of the Pharmacopoeia, and if nothing happens within the expected time, double the dose. If you go on long enough, something is nearly sure to happen!

IV

“The Mind of the Father said Into Three! and immediately all things were so divided.”—ZOROASTER.

Let my readers be good enough to remember, then, that what follows concerns myself only. This must excuse the use of the first person, highly improper in a scientific essay, were it not that the personality of the experimenter is perhaps an essential. I cannot assert that my results would be achieved by another. Yet I have the strong conviction that I have eliminated many sources of error, and that my observations may possess a more absolute value in psychology than those of Ludlow or even of my great master Baudelaire. The few on whom I have been able to test the drug have in large measure confirmed, and in no way contradicted, my results.

In the first place, I make an absolute distinction between three effects of hashish, which may be, and I think probably are—so distinct they appear—due to three separate substances.

Possibly a simple stimulus-curve may account for it, but I do not think so.

I. *The volatile aromatic effect (a).*

This, the first evanescent symptom, gives the “thrill” described by Ludlow, as of a new pulse of power pervading

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

one. Psychologically, the result is that one is thrown into an absolutely perfect state of introspection. One perceives one's thoughts and nothing but one's thoughts, and it is as thoughts that one perceives them. Material objects are only perceived as thoughts; in other words, in this respect, one possesses the direct consciousness of Berkeleyan idealism. The Ego and the Will are not involved; there is introspection of an almost if not quite purely impersonal type; that, and nothing more.

I am not to be understood as asserting that the results of this introspection are psychologically valid.

2. *The toxic hallucinative effect* (β).

With a sufficiently large dose—for it is possible to get effect (α) only as a transient phenomenon—the images of thought pass more rapidly through the brain, at last vertiginously fast. They are no longer recognized as thoughts, but imagined as exterior. The Will and the Ego become alarmed, and may be attacked and overwhelmed. This constitutes the main horror of the drug; it is to be combated by a highly—may I say magically?—trained will.

I trust my readers will concede that the practice of ceremonial magic and meditation, all occult theories apart, do lead the mind to immense power over its own imaginations.

The fear of being swept away in the tide of relentless images is a terrible experience. Woe to who yields!

3. *The narcotic effect* (γ).

One simply goes off to sleep. This is not necessarily due to the brain-fatigue induced by (α) and (β); for with one sample of *Cannabis*, I found it to occur independently.

THE EQUINOX

V

“For this Paternal Intellect, which comprehendeth the Intelligibles and adorneth things ineffable, hath sowed symbols through the World.”

“Comprehending that Intelligible with extended Mind; for the Intelligible is the flower of Mind.”

“A similar fire flashingly extending through the rushings of air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery, or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these symbols into the Form of a Lion.”—ZOROASTER.

The most important of the psychological results of my experiments seem to me to lie in (*a*). I devoted much pains to obtaining this effect alone by taking only the minutest doses, by preparing myself physically and mentally for the experiment, and by seeking in every possible way to intensify and prolong the effect.

Simple impressions in normal consciousness are resolved by hashish into a concatenation of hieroglyphs of a purely symbolic type.

Just as we represent a horse by the five letters h-o-r-s-e, none of which has in itself the smallest relation to a horse, so an even simpler concept such as the letter A seems resolved into a set of pictures, a fairly large number, possibly a constant number, of them. These glyphs are perceived together, just as the skilled reader reads h-o-r-s-e as a single word, not letter by letter. These pictorial glyphs, letters as it were of the

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

word which we call a thought, seem to stand at a definite distance in space behind the thought, the thought being farther from the perceiving soul. Looking at each glyph, one perceives, too, that itself is made up of other glyphs yet nearer to the Self, these glyphs, however, being formless and nameless; they are not truly perceived, but one is somehow aware of them.

Unfortunately, the tendency to fall into effect (β) makes it very difficult to concentrate on the analysis of these ideas, so that one is hurried on to a similar examination of the next thought. It is curious, though, to notice how this analysis corresponds to the worlds of the Qabalah, the single "pure soul" at the back of all, the shadowy "creative" world, the varied "formative world," and the single though concrete "material" world.

It puzzles one, too (at the time, in the very course of the analysis), to ask: If the external simple impression be made up of so many glyphs, and each of these again of many more, how can one ever return to the "pure soul"? For all the while one is clearly conscious of a simple Ego or "pure soul" which perceives all this.

The only solution appears to lie in a metaphysical identification of Monotheism and Pantheism.

Again, one is conscious of a double direction in the phenomena. Not only is it true to say that the thoughts are analysed into glyphs and so on, back to the pure soul; but also that the pure soul sends forth the glyphs, which formulate the thought. Here again we must identify the Atman system of Hinduism centred in Ego with the Anatta system of Buddhism, in which the impressions are all.

THE EQUINOX

Further, there arises an exceedingly remarkable state of mind, described in the Bhagavad-Gita (I quote Arnold):

“I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord.”

The experience could not be better phrased. Zoroaster, too:

“Who first sprang from Mind, clothing the one Fire with the other Fire, binding them together, that he might mingle the fountainous craters, while preserving unsullied the brilliance of His own Fire.”

“Containing all things in the one summit of his Hyparxis, He Himself subsists wholly beyond.”

It is almost impossible to describe so purely metaphysical a state, which involves clearly enough a contradiction in terms. Yet the consciousness is so vivid, so intense, so certain, that logic is condemned unflinchingly as puerile. The best escape for the logician is to argue that the three assertions are closely consecutive, so closely that mind thinks them one; just as the two points of a pair of compasses pressed upon certain parts of the body are felt as one point only. While the mystic will mutter some esoteric darkness about the true interpretation of the doctrine of the Trinity.

I think one should add that these results of my introspection are almost certainly due to my own training in philosophy and magic, and that nothing but the intensification of the introspective faculty is due to the hashish. Probably, too, this effect (*a*) would be suppressed or unnoticed in a subject who had never developed his introspection at all.

Yet I am inclined to believe that this effect (*a*) is the true effect; and that Ludlow's “access of self-consciousness” is but the same operating on the organization of a man evidently nervous and timid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

VI

“The Intelligible is the principle of all section.”

“The Mind of the Father whirled forth in re-echoing roar, comprehending by invincible Will Ideas omniform; which flying forth from that one fountain issued; for from the Father alike was the Will and the End (by which are they connected with the Father according to alternating life, though varying vehicles). But they were divided asunder, being by Intellectual Fire distributed into other Intellectuals. For the King of all previously placed before the polymorphous World a Type, intellectual, incorruptible, the imprint of whose form is sent forth through the World, by which the Universe shone forth decked with Ideas all-various, of which the foundation is One, One and alone. From this the others rush forth distributed and separated through the various bodies of the Universe, and are borne in swarms through its vast abysses, ever whirling forth in illimitable radiation.

“They are intellectual conceptions from the Paternal Fountain partaking abundantly of the brilliance of Fire in the culmination of unresting time.

“But the primary self-perfect Fountain of the Father poured forth these primogenial Ideas.”

“The Soul, being a brilliant Fire, by the power of the Father remaineth immortal, and is Mistress of Life, and filleth up the many recesses of the bosom of the world.”—ZOROASTER.

The alleged annihilation of time and space, which so frequently reappears in articles on hashish, seems to me solved more simply by a more accurate analysis of the phenomenon. The normal explanation involves the assumption that man naturally possesses a perfect and infallible “time-sense” as regular as a clock. Which is absurd; were it so, we should not need watches. We are accustomed to work (whether the idea be philosophically tenable or not is not german to the matter) with a minimum cogitabile both of space and of time. Just as a definite number of beats of the pendulum makes an

THE EQUINOX

hour, so mentally a less definite but far from indefinite number of thoughts makes an hour's consciousness. Perhaps powerful and vivid thoughts count for a longer lapse of time than weak ones. Deep sleep passes like an invisible electric discharge.

The apparently contrary fact that time seems short when we have been reading an interesting book or performing a pleasant and absorbing task is explained thus; the multitude of impressions is harmonised into one impression. Read an unharmonious and dull book, or an essay like this, and the time appears ineffably long.

The other contrary fact, that a minute's Samadhi appears as an eternity, though Samadhi is a single thought, is explained by the intensity of that thought and by other considerations which I shall hope to discuss more fully in section xiii. of this essay.

This, then, is what happens to the eater of hashish. For each impression he has thousands of glyphs (effect(α)) or in the more common* effect (β) the images are so multiplied and superimposed that all harmony is lost; the brain fails to keep pace with its impressions, still less to codify and control them. It finds then that from the idea "cat" to the idea "mouse" is a journey through the million dying echoes of cat to the million dawn-rays of mouse, and that the journey takes a million times as long as usual.

This analysis of a thought into its dawn, noon, and sunset, is well drawn in Buddhist psychology.†

Often, too, most often, one of the "cat-echoes" will be so loud that the whole chain is shattered; the cat-echo becomes

* More common, judging by the reports of Ludlow and others. I never permitted myself to fall under its dominion.

† See Mrs. Rhys David's book.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

the dominant, and its harmonics (or inharmonics) themselves usurp the throne—and so on and so on—through countless ages of insane hallucination.

The same criticism applies to space; for in practice we judge of space by the time required to pass through it, either by the small angular or focussing movements of the eye or by our general experience. So that if I cross a room, and think a million thoughts on the way, the room seems immense. It is by the tedium of the journey, not by any hallucination of the physical eye, that this illusion is produced.

In writing my notes on one occasion I found that my right arm (which of course is not in the line of vision at all, normally) was many thousands of miles in extent. It was strange and difficult to control such colossal sweeps through space to the fine work of the pen. Yet my handwriting was no worse than usual—I admit this says little! It was the time that it apparently took to get one word written that caused the illusion of extravagant size, itself therefore a rational illusion, turned to phantastic absurdity by the excited imagination, which visualized it.

VII

“The Intelligible is the principle of all section.”

“God is never so turned away from man, and never so much sendeth him new paths, as when he maketh ascent to divine speculations or works in a confused or disordered manner, and as it adds, with unhallowed lips, or unwashed feet. For of those who are thus negligent, the progress is imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are dark.”—ZOROASTER.

Another and highly important result of thought-analysis is the criticism of thought as it arises. Just as the impres-

THE EQUINOX

sions are represented by pictorial glyphs, so each reflection upon an impression is accompanied by either one or two (more only when the control is imperfect) *critical* glyphs, as it were in small type, an annotation of approval or otherwise. Thus, a chain of thought A—B—C will have three approving pictures in a fainter key; the soul justifying the sequence. Should one continue A—B—C—E an opposing glyph will warn of the falsity, or at least cast doubt upon it. In the generally unstable condition of the thought, such a critical glyph may be strong enough to become the dominant; and then the whole line of thought breaks down. Let me give an example:

<i>Thought</i>	<i>Criticisms and their glyphs.</i>
1. Man	a man reaping—meaning “Good—go on.” a horse = “True—Mill’s definition.”
2. Featherless Biped.	Three horses in a field = “Are there no other featherless bipeds?” a stream = “Stop—Stop—Stop.”
3. Was it Mill?	A tombstone on a hill = “Was it Locke?”
4. Locke? Locke?	a battle. thousands of other violent glyphs.

The whole mind is now a raging sea of confused thought: doubts, attempts to remember accurately who on earth first said “featherless biped” even an agony to recover thought 1, and start again. This one unfortunate weakness of thought 2 has drawn the thought-current away from the consideration of “man” to an academic question; and, as hashish goes, one is unlikely ever to get back to it. On the contrary, one of the critical glyphs attacking the thought “Locke? Locke?” will probably be strong enough to carry away the thought into a new channel, in its turn to be diverted. This at the best: for one is now ready to fall into the Maelstrom of effect (β).

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

There is only one remedy for this state of affairs, the discipline of thought which we call in its highest forms meditation and magic. The existence of the disease, it will be noticed, indeed perfectly explains the nature of thought-wandering as observed by me in simple meditation without drugs. It should be taken, I think, as the normal action of the untrained mind. So long as the thoughts are strongly thrown out, rational, the critical glyphs approve, and the thought-current moves harmoniously to its end. Such are the trained thought-currents of educated man. The irresponsible and aimless chatter of women and clergymen is the result of weak thoughts constantly drowned by their associated critical glyphs. Mere sympathetic glyphs, too, may be excited in really feeble intelligences. Puns and other false associations of thought are symptomatic of this imbecility. An extreme case is the classical "Cat—mousetrap—kittens" chain of the lunatic, when somebody said "hat."

As I said, there is but one remedy; we all more or less subject to this wandering of thought, and we may all wisely seek to overcome it; that remedy is to train the mind constantly by severe methods; the logic of mathematics, the concentrated observation necessary in all branches of science, the still more elaborate and austere training of magic and meditation.

Too many people mistake reverie for meditation; the chemist's boy who thought Epsom salts was oxalic acid is a less dangerous person. Reverie is turning thought out to grass; meditation is putting him between the shafts.

The so-called poet with his vague dreams and ideals is indeed no better than a harmless lunatic; the true poet is the

THE EQUINOX

worker, who grips life's throat and wrings out its secret, who selects austere and composes concisely, whose work is as true and clean as razor-steel, albeit its sweep is vaster and swifter than the sun's!

The discursive prattle of such superficial twaddlers as Longfellow and Tennyson is the most deadly poison of the mind. All this is true enough in the merest exoteric necessity of adult civilisation. But if we are to go further into the nature of things, to dive deeper than the chemist, soar higher than the poet, look wider than the astronomer, we must furnish ourselves with a blade of still better temper.

VIII

“It is not proper to understand that Intelligible One with vehemence, but with the extended flame of far-reaching Mind, measuring all things except that Intelligible. But it is requisite to understand this; for if thou inclinest thy Mind thou wilt understand it, not earnestly; but it is becoming to bring with thee a pure and inquiring sense, to extend the void mind of thy soul to that Intelligible, that thou mayst learn the Intelligible, because it subsisteth beyond Mind.”

“Thou wilt not understand it, as when understanding some common thing.”—ZOROASTER.

In other of my philosophical writings I have endeavoured to show that the ratiocinative faculty was in its nature unable to solve any single problem of the universe.

Its *reductio ad absurdum* is clear enough in the gorgeous first section of Herbert Spencer's First Principles. Kant demonstrated the Dualism and inherent Self-contradiction well enough in the Prolegomena and its four theses and their

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

antitheses (§ 51); and Hegel's Logic, if properly understood, would have brought the whole thing into contempt.

But unfortunately the "common sense" of mankind retorted that after all the interior angles of every triangle *are* together equal to two right-angles; and that a mental process which deduced this so accurately from a few simple axioms and definitions must be trustworthy; adding something uncomplimentary about Germans and Metaphysics.

Both are right, and both are wrong. In the world of common sense, reason works; in the world of philosophy, it doesn't. The metaphysical deadlock is a real and not a verbal one. The inner nature of things is not rational, at least so long as we are asked to define "rational" as "rationalistic." Why should it be? Why should the rules of golf govern the mechanics of the flight of a golf-ball?

It is this fact that has made it possible for the faith-mongers to make head against the stream of philosophy. Fichte is really and truly just as right and as wrong as Schelling; Hume is quite as impregnable as Berkeley.

Let us not try to shirk the truth of it, either by the "common-sense" folly, or the "faith" folly, or the Hegelian folly.

It may, I think, be readily conceded that the reasoning faculty is not apodeictically absolute. It represents a stage in human thought, no more.

You cannot convince a savage of the truth of the Binomial Theorem; should we then be surprised if a mystic fails to convert a philosopher?

Yet must he try.

THE EQUINOX

IX

“For being furnished with every kind of armour, and armed, he is similar to the goddess.”—ZOROASTER.

My dear Professor, how can you expect me to believe this nonsense about bacteria? Come, saith he, to the microscope; and behold them!

I don't see anything.

Just shift the fine adjustment—that screw there—to and fro very slowly!

I can't see—

Keep the left eye open; you'll see better!

Ah!—But how do I know? . . .

Oh, there are a thousand questions to ask!

Is it fair observation to use lenses, which admittedly refract light and distort vision?

How do I know those specks are not dust?

Couldn't those things be in the air?

And so on.

The Professor can convince me, of course, and the more sceptical I am the more thoroughly I shall be convinced in the end; but not until I have learned to use a microscope. And when I have learned—a matter of some months, maybe years—how can I convince the next sceptic?

Only in the same way, by teaching him to use the instrument.

And suppose he retorts, “You have deliberately trained yourself to hallucination!” What answer have I? None that I know of. Save that microscopy has revolutionised surgery,

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

&c., just as mysticism has revolutionised, again and again, the philosophies of mankind.

The analogy is a perfect one. By meditation we obtain the vision of a new world, even as the world of microorganisms was unsuspected for centuries of thinking—thinking without method—bricks without straw!

Just so, also, the masters of meditation have erred. They have attained the Mystic Vision, written long books about it, assumed that the conclusions drawn from their vision were true on other planes—as if a microscopist were to stand for Parliament on the platform “Votes for Microbes”—never noted possible sources of error, fallen foul of sense and science, dropped into oblivion and deserved contempt.

I want to combine the methods, to check the old empirical mysticism by the precision of modern science.

Hashish at least gives proof of a new order of consciousness, and (it seems to me) it is this *primâ facie* case that mystics have always needed to make out, and never have made out.

But to-day I claim the hashish-phenomena as mental phenomena of the first importance; and I demand investigation.

I assert—more or less *ex cathedrâ*—that meditation will revolutionise our conception of the universe, just as the microscope has done.

Then my friend the physiologist remarks:

“But if you disturb the observing faculty with drugs and a special mental training, your results will be invalid.”

And I reply:

“But if you disturb the observing faculty with lenses and a special mental training, your results will be invalid.”

THE EQUINOX

And he smiles gently:

“Patient experiment will prove to you that the microscope is reliable.”

And I smile gently:

“Patient experiment will prove to you that meditation is reliable.”

So there we are.

X

“Stay not on the precipice with the dross of matter, for there is a place for thine image in a realm ever splendid.”

ZOROASTER.

“When thou seest a terrestrial demon approaching, cry aloud and sacrifice the stone Mnizourin.”—ZOROASTER.

As a boy at school I enjoyed a reputation for unparalleled cowardice; in the world I am equally accused of foolhardiness. The judgment of the boys was the better. The truth is that I have always been excessively cautious, have never willingly undertaken even the smallest risk.

The paradoxical result is that I have walked hundreds of miles unroped over snow-covered glaciers, and that nobody (so far as I know) has ever attempted to repeat my major climbs on Beachy Head. One may add a little grimly that the same remark applies to my excursions into the regions of the mind, the conscience, and the soul.

This bombastic prelude to a simple note on the precautions which I took in my experiments.

First, the use of the minutest care in estimating doses.

Secondly, the rule never to repeat my experiment before the lapse of at least a month.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

Frankly, I doubt if these were necessary. I do not suppose my will to be abnormally strong; I believe rather that there is a definite type of drug-slave, born from his mother's womb; and that those who achieve it or have it thrust upon them are a very small percentage. In saying this I include such obsessions as music, religion, gambling, among drugs. Is the "Keswick week" less of a debauch than the navy's Bank Holiday? There are people who rush from meeting to meeting, and give up their whole lives to this unwholesome excess of stimulant; they are happy nowhere else; they become as irritable as the cocaine-fiend, and render wretched the lives of those who are forced to come in contact with them.

Personally, I have never felt the bearing-rein of habit, though I have tried all the mental and physical poisons in turn. I smoke tobacco, the strongest tobacco, to excess, as I am told; yet a dozen times I have abandoned it, in order to see whether it had any hold upon me. It had none; I resigned it as cheerfully as a small boy resigns the tempting second half of his first cigar. After a meal (for the first day or two) my hands would go to my pockets from habit; finding nothing there, I would remember, laugh, and forget the subject at once.

I think, therefore, that we may dismiss the alleged danger of acquiring the hashish habit as fantastic.

Nobody will acquire the habit but the destined drug-slave; and he may just as well have the hashish habit as any other; he is sure to fall under the power of some enchantress.

All these alarmist reports, however, are really worthless, worthless at the best as the *omne ignotum pro terribili* fear

THE EQUINOX

of the savage for an unfamiliar shape of bottle, worthless at the worst as the temperance crank's account of the fatal effects of alcohol, the vegetarian's account of the dangers of meat-eating, or the missionary's account of the religion of the people he lives among. The alleged sensuality of hashish—even Baudelaire admits it—simply does not exist for me, perhaps because there is no germ of lasciviousness in my mind. Of course if you excite, by whatever stimulus, a foul imagination, you will get pestilent effects. When Queen Mab tickles the lawyer, he dreams of fees. So the people who associate nudity with debauchery, and see Piccadilly Circus in Monna Lisa, will probably obtain the fullest itching from the use of the drug.

I recommend it to them for, slaves and swine as they are, it must inevitably drag them to death by the road of a certifiable insanity less dangerous to society than their present subtler moral beastliness.

I think, too, that Baudelaire altogether exaggerates the reaction. I never felt the slightest fatigue or lassitude; but went from the experiments to my other work with accustomed freshness and energy. Probably, however, these effects depend largely on the sample of the drug employed; some may contain more active or grosser toxic agents than others.

Putting aside all these optimistic considerations, one is yet perfectly in accord with Baudelaire's conclusion, and for the same reason. (We discard his preliminary sophisms.)

I have no use for hashish save as a preliminary demonstration that there exists another world attainable—somehow. Possibly if pharmacists were to concentrate their efforts upon

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

producing a standard drug, upon isolating the substance responsible for effect (*a*), and so on, we might find a reliable and harmless adjuvant to the process which I have optimistically named Scientific Illuminism.

But at least for the present we have not arrived so far. In my own case I should know fairly well what to do, well enough to get my little “loosening of the girders of the soul” at a guess twice in five times, perhaps more.

Not surely enough to guarantee results to other people without a lengthy series of experiments, still less to recommend them to try for themselves, unless under skilled supervision.

My present appeal is to recognised physiologists and psychologists to increase the number and accuracy of their researches on the introspective lines which I have laid down above, possibly with further aid from the pharmacist.

Once the pure physio-psychological action is determined, I shall then ask their further attention to the special results of combining the drug with the mystic process—always invoking trained observation—and from that moment the future of Scientific Illuminism will be assured.

I must add a paragraph or two on the nature of the mystic process and the general character of the transcendental states of consciousness resulting from its successful practice.

XI

“He maketh the whole World of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth,
and of the all-nourishing Ether.”—ZOROASTER.

One truth, says Browning, leads right to the world’s end; and so I find it impossible to open a subject, however small

THE EQUINOX

in appearance, without discovering an universe. So , as I set myself to discuss the character of mystic states, it is immediately evident that if I am to render myself at all intelligible to English readers, a totally new system of classification must be thought out.

The classical Eight Jhanas will be useless to us; the Hindu system is almost as bad; the Qabalistic requires a preliminary knowledge of the Tree of Life whose explanation would require a volume to itself; but fortunately we have, in the Buddhist Skandhas and the Three Characteristics which deny them, a scheme easily assimilable to Western psychology.

In "Science and Buddhism" I dealt in some detail with these Skandhas; but I will briefly recapitulate.

In examining any phenomenon and analysing it we first notice its Name and Form (Nama and Rupa). "Here is a Rose," we say. In such a world live the entirely vulgar.

Next (with Berkeley) we perceive that this statement is false. There is an optical sensation (Vedana) of red; an olfactory sensation of fragrance; and so on. Even its weight, its space, are modifications of sense; and the whole statement is transformed into "Here is a pleasurable set of sensations which we group under the name of a rose." In such a world lives the sensuous artist.

Next, these modifications of sense are found to be but percepts; the pleasure or pain vanishes; and the sensations are observed coldly and clearly without allowing the mind to be affected. This perception (Sañña) is the world of the surgeon or the man of science.

Next, the perception itself is seen to be dependent on the

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

nature of the observer, and his tendency (Sankhara) to perceive. The oyster gets no fun out of the rose. This state establishes a dualistic conception, such as Mansel was unable to transcend, and at the same time places the original rose in its cosmic place. The creative forces that have made the rose and the observer what they are, and established their relation to one another, are now the sole consciousness. Here lives the philosopher.

Easily enough, this state passes into one of pure consciousness (Viññanam). The rose and the observer and their tendencies and relations have somehow vanished. The phenomenon (not the original phenomenon, "a rose," but the phenomenon of the tendency to perceive the sensation of a rose) becomes a cloudless light; a static, no longer a dynamic conception. One has somehow got behind the veil of the universe. Here live the mystic and the true artist.

The Buddhist, however, does not stop here, for he alleges that even this consciousness is false; that like all things it has the Three Characteristics of Sorrow, Change, and Unsubstantiality.

Now all this analysis is a purely intellectual one, though perhaps it may be admitted that few philosophers have been capable of so profound and acute a resolution of phenomena. It has nothing to do with mysticism as such, but its rational truth makes it a suitable basis for our proposed classification of the mystic states which result from the many religious and magical methods in use among men.

THE EQUINOX

XII

“The Vast sun, and the brilliant moon.”

“O Ether, sun, and spirit of the moon! Ye, ye are the leaders of air!”

“The Principles, which have understood the Intelligible works of the Father, He hath clothed in sensible works and bodies, being intermediate links existing to connect the Father with Matter, rendering apparent the Images of unapparent Natures, and inscribing the Unapparent in the Apparent frame of the World.”

“There are certain Irrational Demons (mindless elementals), which derive their subsistence from the Aerial Rulers; wherefore the Oracle saith, Being the Charioteer of the Aerial, Terrestrial and Aquatic Dogs.”

“The Aquatic when applied to Divine Natures signifies a Government inseparable from Water, and hence the Oracle calls the Aquatic Gods, Water Walkers.”

“There are certain Water Elementals whom Orpheus calls Nereides, dwelling in the more elevated exhalations of Water, such as appear in damp, cloudy Air, whose bodies are sometimes seen (as Zoroaster taught) by more acute eyes, especially in Persia and Africa.”

“Let the immortal depth of your soul lead you, but earnestly raise your eyes upwards.”—ZOROASTER.

Nama-Rupa.—Purely material, and therefore shadowy and meaningless, are the innumerable shapes which haunt the mind of man. In one sense we must here include all purely sensory phenomena, and the images which memory presents to the mind which is endeavouring to concentrate itself upon a single thought.

In other systems of mysticism we must include all astral phantoms, divine or demoniac, which are merely seen or heard without further reflection upon them. To obtain these it is sufficient to perform the following experiment:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

Sit down comfortably; it is perhaps best to begin in the dark.

Imagine as strongly as possible your own figure standing in front of you.

Transfer your consciousness to that figure, so that you look down upon your physical body in the chair.

(This is usually the one difficulty.)

Feeling perfectly at home in your imagined body, let that body rise through the air to a great height.

Stop. Look around you. Probably the eyes of your “astral” body will be closed. It is sometimes difficult to open them.

You will then perceive all sorts of forms, varying as you travel about. Their nature will depend almost entirely on your power of control. Some people may even perceive the phantoms of delirium and madness, and truly go mad from fear and horror.

Let the “astral” body return and sit down, coinciding with the physical body.

Closely unite the two: the experiment is over.

Practice makes perfect.

This practice is delusive and even dangerous; it is best to precede and follow it by a carefully performed “Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram.”* Better still, have a skilled teacher. The experiment is an easy one; with two pupils only (of some dozens) I have failed, and that completely; with the others the first experiment was a success.

We must include, too, in this section the forms appearing in answer to the rites of ceremonial magic.

* Mr. Haddo’s suggestions have been officially taken up and a book of careful instruction compiled. *See* Liber O.—ED

THE EQUINOX

(Consult “Goetia,” the “Key of Solomon,” Eliphaz Levi, Cornelius Agrippa, Pietro di Abano, Barrett and others for instructions.)

These forms are more solid and real, much more dangerous, and are excessively difficult to obtain. I have known very few successful practitioners.

All these forms and names are almost infinitely varied. The grosser visual and auditory phenomena of hashish belong to the group. It is not just to suppose that a vision of a Divine being of ineffable splendour is necessarily of higher type than this shadowy form-world. Mistake on this point has led many a student astray. Highest among these things are the three visual and seven auditory phenomena of Yoga. (We omit consideration of the other senses; the subject requires a volume.) These are referred to the Sun, the Moon, and Fire; and their appearance marks the attainment of Dhyana. They are dazzling, and accompanied with such intense though passionless bliss that they partake of the nature of Vedana and may under certain conditions even rise to touch Sañña. Of the auditory are sounds heard like bells, elephants, thunder, trumpets, sea-shells, “the sweet-souled Vina,” and so on; they are of less importance and are much more common.

As one would expect, such forms leave little impress upon the memory. Yet they are seductive enough, and I am afraid that the very great majority of mystics live all their lives wandering about in this vain world of shadows and of shells.

All this, too, is the pleasant aspect of the affair. Here belong the awful shapes of delirium and madness, which obsess and destroy the soul that fails to control and dismiss them. Here lives the Dweller of the Threshold, that concen-

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

tration into a single symbol of the Despair and Terror of the Universe and of the Self. Yet on all the paths is He, ready to smite whoso falters or swerves, though he have attained almost the last height.

How many have I known, like Childe Roland and his peers, who have come to that Dark Tower! One young, one brave, one pure—lost! lost! penned in the hells of matter, swept away in the whirling waters of insane vision, true victims of the hashish of the soul.

What poignant agony, what moaning abjectness, what self-disgust! What vain folly (of all true hope forlorn!) to seek in drugs, in drink, in the pistol or the cord, the paradise they have forfeited by a moment's weakness or a moment's wavering!

This "two-handed engine at the door stands ready to smite" each one of us who has not attained to Arahatship, admission to the Great White Brotherhood. Is it not enough to make us throw away our atheism and exclaim, "O God be merciful to me a sinner, and keep me in the way of Truth!" Nay, for those of us who know what triple silver cord of moonlight binds the red blood of our heart to the Ineffable Crown of Brilliance, who have seen what Angel stands in the moon-ray, who have known the perfume and the vision, seen the drops of dew supernal stand on the silver lamen of the forehead—for us is neither fear nor pride, but silence in the one thought of the One beyond all thought.

The world of phantoms has no terror left; we can take the blood of the Black Dragon for our Red Tincture. We understand the precept *Visita Interiora Terrae Rectificando Invenias Occultum Lapidem*; and harnessing to our triumphal car the White Eagle and the Green Lion we voyage at our ease

THE EQUINOX

upon the Path of the Chameleon, by the Towers of Iron and the Fountains of Supernal Dew, unto that black unutterable Sea most still.

XIII

“From the Cavities of the Earth leap forth the terrestrial Dog-faced demons, showing no true sign unto mortal man.”

“Go not forth when the Lictor passeth by.”

“Direct not thy mind to the vast surfaces of the Earth; for the Plant of Truth grows not upon the ground. Nor measure the motions of the Sun, collecting rules, for he is carried by the Eternal Will of the Father, and not for your sake alone. Dismiss (from your mind) the impetuous course of the Moon, for she moveth always by the power of necessity. The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake. The wide aerial flight of birds gives not true knowledge, nor the dissection of the entrails of victims; they are all mere toys, the basis of mercenary fraud; flee from these if you would enter the sacred paradise of piety, where Virtue, Wisdom, and Equity are assembled.”

“Stoop not down unto the darkly splendid World; wherein continually lieth a faithless Depth, and Hades wrapped in clouds, delighting in unintelligible images, precipitous, winding, a black ever-rolling Abyss; ever espousing a Body unluminous, formless and void.”

“Stoop not down, for a precipice lieth beneath the Earth, reached by a descending Ladder which hath Seven Steps, and therein is established the Throne of an evil and fatal force.”

“Stay not on the Precipice with the dross of Matter, for there is a place for thy Image in a realm ever splendid.”

“Invoke not the visible Image of the Soul of Nature.”

“Look not upon Nature, for her name is fatal.”

“It becometh you not to behold them before your body is initiated, since by always alluring they seduce the souls from the sacred mysteries.”

“Bring her not forth, lest in departing she retain something.”

“The Light-hating World, and the winding currents by which many are drawn down.”—ZOROASTER.

It may be useful here to distinguish once and for all between false and real mystical phenomena; for in the

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

previous section we have spoken of both without distinction. In the “astral visions” the consciousness is hardly disturbed; in magical evocations it is intensely exalted; but it is still bound by its original conditions. The Ego is still opposed to the non-Ego; time is, if altered in rate, still there; so, too, is Space the sort of Space we are all conscious of. Again, the phenomena observed follow the usual laws of growth and decay.

But all true mystical phenomena contradict these conditions.

In the first place, the Ego and non-Ego unite explosively, their product having none of the qualities of either. It is precisely such a phenomenon as the direct combination of Hydrogen and Chlorine. The first thing observed is the flash; in our analogy, the ecstasy of Ananda (bliss) attending the Dhyana. And as this flash does not aid us to analyse the Hydrochloric acid gas, so the Ananda prevents us by startling us from perceiving the true nature of the phenomenon. In higher mystic states, then, we find that the Yogi or Magician has learnt how to suppress it.

But the combination of the elements will usually be a definite single act of catastrophic energy.

This act, too, does not take place in time or space as we know them. I think that for the first time of experiencing a Dhyana it is necessarily single. Certain mystical methods may teach us to retain the image; but the criterion of true Dhyana is the singleness, so totally opposed as it is to the vague and varying phantoms of the “astral plane.”

The new consciousness resulting from the combination is, too, always a simple one. Even where it is infinitely complex, as in Atmadarshana or the Vision of the Universal

THE EQUINOX

Peacock, its oneness is the truer of these two contradictory truths.

So for the matter of time and space. All time is filled; all space is filled; the phenomenon is infinite and eternal.

This is true even though its singleness makes the duration of the phenomenon but one minimum cogitabile. In short, it is experienced in some other kind of time, some other kind of space.

There is nothing irrational about this. Non-Euclidean geometries, for example, are possible, and may be true. It is only necessary to a theory of the universe that it should be true to itself within itself; for there is no other thing outside by which we can check our calculations.

Nor is it inconceivable that many of these worlds may exist, interpenetrating. Assume four dimensions, and there is room for an infinite number of them. For though a plane fills a square completely, it must always leave a cube entirely empty.

Concerning the laws which govern this new realm we can say nothing here. The most mystics have been led away from the proper line of research, usually by the baser (*i.e.*, the emotional or devotional) attractions of the Vedana-phenomena which we are about to notice; but perhaps even the best must be baffled by the non-congruity of their Experience with the symbols of language.

One may add that the language difficulty is in some ways an essential one. Language begins with simple expression of the common needs of the most animal life. Hence we see that all sciences have formulated a technical language of their own, not to be understood of the common people. The

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

reproach against mystics that their symbols are obscure is just as well founded as a similar reproach against the algebraist or the chemist. A paper at the Chemical Society is often completely intelligible only to some three or four of the odd hundred distinguished chemists in the room.

What is gained to “popular science” is lost to exactitude; and in a paper of this sort I fear rather the reproach of my mystical masers than that of the bewildered crowd.

More important and certain than the mere characteristics of mystic traces in themselves is the great and vital diagnostic that the result of a true trance is to inspire the Yogi with power to do first-rate work in his own department.

People who produce maudlin and hysterical gush, inane sentimentality, who are faddists, fools, drivellers, dodderers—these I refuse to accept as mystics. The true phenomena of mysticism can only occur in a high-class brain and a healthy brain; and their action on that brain is to repose it, to fortify it, to make it more capable of lofty and continuous thought. Beware of the sheep in lions’ skins, the asses that bray and think “the tiger roars!”

Physically too the mystic is to be known by his atmosphere of power, cleanliness and light; by his self-control, his concentration of thought and action, his vigour, his patience.

You will rarely find them at afternoon tea gossiping about clairvoyance, or even “playing Adam.”

What? you don’t know how to play “Adam”? And you call yourself a sage? Tut!

The game of “Adam” is played as follows.

Take a key, a Bible, an elastic band.

THE EQUINOX

Open the Bible at random till you find a favourable text.

There insert the key, leaving the barrel and ring outside.

Put the elastic band round the book, so as to fix the key firmly in it.

Balance the whole arrangement by putting your thumb and that of the Assistant Magus of Art under the ring, thumb against thumb.

(An important but, as I hold, heterodox school of adepts employ the forefinger.)

Keep very still; and ask your question: "Adam, Adam, tell me true! Shall I——" &c.

If the Bible turns in a dextro-rotary manner the answer is "yes"; if in the opposite direction, "no."

This sublime method of tearing out the heart of destiny is evidently derived from a slightly more elaborate one in the "Key of Solomon" (Book I., chap. ix.) for detecting theft, which is done with a sieve, and which I supposed (until "Adam" advised me to the contrary) to represent the lowest debauchery in which the human intellect could wallow.

The game is, however, much esteemed by charlatan clairvoyants; and I can well understand their indignation at finding that I do not recognise their proficiency in this game and that of swindling and blackmail as entitling them to a seat at the Round Table of the Adepts.

Let us, however that may be, return to our classification.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

XIV

“There is a certain Intelligible One whom it becometh you to understand with the Flower of Mind.”

“Having mingled the Vital Spark, from two according substances, Mind and Divine Spirit, as a third to these He added Holy Love, the venerable Charioteer uniting all things.”

“Filling the Soul with profound Love.”

“The Soul of man does in a manner clasp God to herself. Having nothing mortal, she is wholly inebriated with God. For she glorieth in the harmony under which the moral body subsisteth.”

“As rays of Light his locks flow forth, ending in acute points.”

ZOROASTER.

Vedana.—Pertaining to Sensation we may first notice in the beginner's concentrating mind the class of distracting thoughts which refer to the emotions. The taking of pleasure in, or the endurance of pain from, the meditation itself is in particular to be dreaded.

Of mystic phenomena we may notice the immense class of devotional apparitions. Vishnu, Christ, Jehovah and other deities appear in response to long-continued and passionate love. See “Bhagavad Gita,” chap. xi., the visions of many Catholic saints, Teresa, Gertrude, Francis and others, Anna Kingsford (“Clothed with the Sun,” Part III.), Idra Rabba Qadisha and so on.

The Virgin Mary is a favourite with many; it is all one phenomenon.

Observe, though, that many such apparitions are not of the Dhyana type at all; they are mostly mere hallucinations of the “astral plane.” In section xiii. we have indicated the diagnostics.

THE EQUINOX

Methods of obtaining these states are to be found in any book on Bhakta Yoga—Swami Vivekananda's is the best I know of—and in Loyola's "Exercitios Espirituales," whose discipline and method is, in my opinion, unsurpassed.

These phenomena are nearly always tainted with sexuality, and are excessively dangerous from this cause. "Dirt is matter in the wrong place," and to mix, consciously or unconsciously, either morality or immorality with religion is dirty; and dirt makes disease. The victim becomes a fanatic at the best, at the worst and most frequent a driveller.

Of a lower type are the loves of Magi and invoked elementals. As Levi says, "the love of the Magus for such beings is insensate, and may destroy him." It surely will, if he beware not in time.

Higher again because more purely formless and for this reason truer to the Vedana type are the ecstasies of joy and agony experienced by such men as Luther, Fox, Molinos, and others. Professor William James treats most adequately of this matter in his "Varieties of Religious Experience."

The limitations of this stage are first, its absorption in self; secondly, its almost always insuperable tendency to self-limitation and narrowness.

Two mystics, the one wallowing in Jesus and the other in Vishnu, will describe their experiences in almost identical language, yet denounce each other as "heathen" and "Mlechha" respectively.

Among hashish phenomena the correspondences are those of the intense emotions experienced (well described

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

by de Quincey (opium) and Ludlow in particular). Such are fear, pride, love, laughter, anguish, and the rest.

In the case of Vishvarupadarshana (the vision of Vishnu) and even of such results as those of St. Francis and St. Ignatius, the best mystics may steer clear of the selfishness, narrowness, and emotionalism, and raise their experience to the type of Sañña or even of Sankhara.

The "Bhagavad Gita" certainly reaches the latter height—or at least a reflection from that height—at one or two points.

We must not omit to attribute to this section the lower aspect of what Abramelin the Mage calls the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, another (and less metaphysically pretentious) way of speaking of the "Higher Self" or "Genius." It is indeed but a low aspect, for in truth the phenomenon pertains to Viññanam. Yet in simpler souls this peculiar Grace condescends—may one say?—to this level, just as a father may join in the games of his child, thus gaining its sympathy and confidence as a basis for a higher union.

XV

"The Mind of the Father riding on the subtle guiders which glitter with the inflexible tracings of relentless fire."

"The Oracles assert that the types of Characters and of other Divine visions appear in the Ether (or Astral Light)."

ZOROASTER.

Sañña.—Chief among the phenomena of Sañña, in the case of the beginner trying to concentrate his mind, are those

THE EQUINOX

disturbing thoughts which analyse the very process itself. Harder to destroy are they than the others, since they come no longer from memory or physical conditions, but from the practice itself, so that they cannot be shut off, but must needs be faced and conquered directly.

In the mystic world, we come to those strange metaphysical ecstasies which (I am convinced) lie behind many philosophical dogmas.

St. Athanasius had probably experienced something of this type when he penned his insane creed. So the Hindus with their attempts to affirm Parabrahma by denying him all qualities, their dogmas of the "pairs of opposites," their assertion of Sat-Chit-Ananda as transcending these pairs; so too perhaps with Herbert Spencer it was direct Samadhic perception of this Sañña type that led him to formulate his irrational doctrine of Transcendental Realism, just as (certainly) Berkeley's doctrine arose from Samadhi of the type of Vedana. For the stigma of this class of mystic experience is undoubtedly first its resolution of all concepts into purely formless and passionless perception, secondly (and above this), its transcendence of the laws of thought, as we have been accustomed to understand them.

(This is only in part true. Keynes' "Formal Logic," profoundly studied, leads one perilously close to the suprarational. The eminent professor is perhaps hardly aware of how his eagle-flights have brushed the sun with their fiery wings.)

If a dweller upon this plane meditate upon a God, his first experience of that God will be no longer of His appearance or of His effect upon himself, but rather of His nature in some

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

region of pure thought. In the case of the god Osiris, for example, he will no longer express his vision by the name Osiris or by the green face, by the white robes starred with the three active colours, by the crown and by the crook and scourge; nor will he chant wondrous hymns of the descent into Amennti, the death and resurrection of the God; but he will express all this by some pure symbol, such as the cross, the hexagram, or even the number 6. And those upon his plane will understand him.

Here, too, we must class the revelations of the pure Qabalah, and the discovery of the relations between symbols.

So exalted in truth are the states upon this Sañña grade that the rational man will almost always fail to understand them. Of the Rupa visions he has some experience, if only in analogy; he calls the mystic of Rupa a silly fool; so too of Vedana, whose mystic he calls a besotted ass; but the mystic of Sañña appears to him as a raving lunatic.

The hashish correspondences of this stage are the mental analyses which I have gone into so fully above, sections v. and vii.

The methods for obtain success in this matter are far more formidable than those previously sufficient. The whole mind must be intended for long unbroken periods, concentrated absolutely upon its own working until this becomes normal to it, when the state called Pratyahara is attained. The first result will be its resolution into disconnected impressions. Following this may occur a terrible experience; the consciousness of the disconnectedness of all phenomena, and of the units of consciousness of the observer. Both the Universe and the Self are insane. The mind may become a

THE EQUINOX

total blank, the only relief (strange as it sounds) being the all but intolerable mental agony of the consciousness. This agony, belonging to the lower stage of Vedana, is the drag, ever pulling back the mystic as he endeavours to break down the blackness of his insanity. Yet the unity of its anguish is the proof of its Selfhood, and the earnest of its resurrection from the abyss. Such a mystic state may last through several days, perhaps through weeks. I should not care to assert limitations. The slightest error in the process would almost certainly result in permanent and hopeless melancholia; suicide might be the most fortunate termination.

XVI

“O how the world hath inflexible intellectual rulers!”

ZOROASTER.

Sankhara.—The reader will notice—I trust with pained sympathy—the increasing difficulty of expressing these results of meditation in language. At this point one almost desires to exclaim with Fichte that if it were only possible to start all over again, one would begin by inventing a totally new scheme of symbolism.

Here in Sankhara, hashish-analogy is somewhat at fault. Possibly the conviction of the irresistibility of the connection of cause and effect, the consciousness of the necessity of subject and object to each other through immutable glyphs may represent it. It may be that my experience of hashish is even more imperfect than I have supposed, and that more gifted experimenters might fill this gap.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

In the beginner's concentration—though he is hardly to be called a beginner at this stage—Sankhara presents a terrible obstacle. For the distraction to his even flow of thought is that very flow itself; not as in Sañña, the accidents necessarily arising from that flow, as it were the rocks in the bed of the stream, but the law of gravitation itself, its necessary tendency to follow its own course. So that the good young Yogi finds himself thus awkwardly placed; that having created a mighty engine and removed all conceivable impediments to its smooth working, he is now confronted by the inertia of all that majesty and might.

Frankenstein!

The mystic states of Sankhara are more awful and tremendous than any we have yet noticed. Atmadarshana, for instance, is only to be described feebly (yet I fear unintelligibly, even so) by speaking of a consciousness of the entire Universe as One, and as All, in Its necessary relation to Itself in and out of Time and Space.

Here, too, is the result of Sammasati, a comprehension of one's own self and its relation to, and identity with, everything.

. . . But I feel that I am drivelling. The effort to think of these things, to translate them into the language of philosophy, gives the feeling—I grope and find no other expression—that one's head is going to blow off. One feels inclined to get up and shout for very feebleness, and only the utter fatuity of that or any other method of obtaining relief keeps one quietly writing. One feels, too, like the old woman in Thérèse Raquin, dumb and paralysed even while bursting with the tremendous secret. Small wonder then if the adepts demand years of training before the things themselves are

THE EQUINOX

thought! “Look not upon the Visible Image of the Soul of Nature; for Her Name is Fatality; it becometh not thy body to behold Her, until it be first cleansed by the Sacred Mysteries.”

The methods most practical and easy of obtaining these states are principally as follow:

First, the cultivation of the “magical memory.” The practice is to remember the events of the day backwards; *i.e.*, first dinner, then tea, lunch, and breakfast. Except, of course, that by this time one has abandoned meals for ever! The memory acquires the habit, and eventually goes on working backwards through sleep, back, back, through birth and previous states until (saith Bhikhu Ananda Metteyya) going ever back through the past one comes right round to the future—“Which is pretty, but I don’t know what it means!”

I think it right to mention that I never obtained any sort of success in this meditation, and only give it on hearsay.

The real key to the stage is Sammasati—Right Recollection. One considers all known factors which have gone to make one up such as one is, oneself and not another. Clearly the omission of a single minute item must alter the whole course of events.

Consider then, why thus, and not thus.

“Explore the River of the Soul, whence, or in what order you have come: so that although you have become a servant to the body, you may again rise to the Order from which you descended, joining works to sacred reason.”

Why was I born in England, not in Wales?

Why were my parents just who they were and not others?

Why did I take to climbing, not to cricket?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

So for every known fact that concerns one—and all known facts concern one, if only to ask, “Why do I know this fact?”

How does it all fit in? It must, for the Universe is not insane—that blackness has been passed.

Who then am I? And why? And why?

Reaching ecstasy or Samadhi through this channel, the riddle of Kamma is answered, and one is able to enter the realm of pure consciousness. The Universe, mastered long ere now in its effects, is at last mastered in its causes; and it is indeed a Magister of the Temple who can say:

Vi Veri Vniuersum Vivus Vici.

XVII

"All things subsist together in the Intelligible World."

ZOROASTER.

I must insert a short note on the word Samadhi, source of infinite misunderstanding.

Etymologically it is composed of *Sam* (Greek $\sigma\upsilon\nu$), *together with*, and *Adhi* (Heb. Adonai), *the Lord*, especially the Personal Lord, or Holy Guardian Angel.

The Hindus accordingly use it to name that state of mind in which subject and object, becoming One, have disappeared. Just as H combines with Cl, and HCl results, so the Yogi combines with the object of his meditation (perhaps his own heart) and these disappearing, Vishnu appears. It is not that the Yogi perceives Vishnu.* The Yogi is gone, just as the

* The difficulty of showing this makes the author of the “Bhagavad Gita” descend to Rupa-symbols when he ought to have been in Viññanam (chap. xi.). It is quite essential to change the subject of the sentence. Thus the Auto-

THE EQUINOX

Hydrogen is gone. It is not that the Heart has become Vishnu, or that Vishnu has filled the heart. The heart is gone, just as the Chlorine is gone. There is the tube, and it is full of HCl out of all relation to its elements, through the result of their union. (I purposely take the “elementary chemistry” view of the matter.)

Samadhi is therefore with the Hindu a result, the result of results indeed. There are higher and lower forms. That called Nirvikalpa-Samadhi, when the trance results from banishing thought altogether, instead of concentrating on one thought, is the highest kind.

But, with the Buddhist, Samadhi, though the state of mind meant is the same, is not an end, but a means.

The holy-man-of-the-East must keep this state of mind unimpaired during his whole life, using it as a weapon to attack the Three Characteristics (the antithesis of Nibbana) even as one uses one’s normal dualistic consciousness to attack that dualism.

But I must observe that this idea is so tremendous that I almost doubt its possibility, and tremble as to my own understanding of it. Samadhi twelve seconds in duration is a phenomenon to shake the soul of a man, to uproot his Kamma, to destroy his Identity—and Bhikku Ananda Metteyya cheerfully talks of practically perpetual Samadhi as the first step to attainment!

The Hindu, too, asks this question.

biography of a Mystic would run: foetus, babe, child, boy, youth, man, 418. There is no personal identity as a link between the man who is on the brink of “attainment” and the Being who arises in him, annihilating him, and Whom he subsequently remembers as his “Genius.”

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

“I,” he says, “define Phenomena as changeful and Atman the Noumenon as without change. When challenged, I merely retort by distinguishing between Atman and Paramatman. You say the same, but for Atman you say ‘Nibbana.’”

The Buddhist can only retort, rudely enough: There is no Atman; and there is Nibbana.

The Hindu probably mutters something about criticism of Nibbana having forced some Buddhists to a conception of Parinibbana, simply but neatly defined as That to which none of the criticisms apply! Yet Atman and Nibbana are defined in almost identical terms.

It is clearly idle for us who know neither perfectly to attempt to arbitrate in so delicate an imbroglio. On the contrary, we had better set to and attain them both, and That which combines, denies, and transcends them both. Words are cheap!

XVIII

“In this the things without figure are figured.”

“A similar Fire flashingly extending through the rushings of Air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery, or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these Symbols into the form of a Lion.”

“But God is He having the Head of the Hawk.”—ZOROASTER.

Viññanam.—If hashish-analogy be able to assist us here, it is in that supreme state in which the man has built himself

THE EQUINOX

up into God. One may doubt whether the drug alone ever does this. It is perhaps only the destined adept who, momentarily freed by the dissolving action of the drug from the chain of the four lower Skandhas, obtains this knowledge which is his by right, totally inept as he may be to do so by any ordinary methods.

In the case of the aspirant to meditation, this stage is even more terrible than the last. He has, to use our previous figures, suspended the law of gravitation; the stream is still, and the Sun of the soul is faithfully reflected in its brilliance; the mighty engine is stopped.

But—*there it is!* We have got rid of motion, but matter remains. (Again must I apologise for taking so elementary a view of physics.) And while there is a particle of matter, it must fill the Universe—there is no place for spirit. His thought is controlled and smooth; his thought (even!) is stopped: but there the thought is. Immutable it abides, stronger than ever in its silence and vastness; and—O unhappy one! *that which can be thought is not true.*

Thou hast taken thee the lies, those little foxes that spoil the grapes. Lie after lie thou has suppressed; and what hast thou achieved?

Thou hast smitten all the illusions—O miserable slave! All thou hast done is to harmonise and weld all the lies and illusions into one universal lie, one infinite illusion. It is one; there is nothing to oppose to it. Thou art ten million-fold more in the grip of Maya than ever, thou who callest thyself Parabrahma, Hua, IAO!

The mystic states of this grade are the final and perfect identity of the Self with the Holy Guardian Angel, the Vision

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

of Pan, the Four Formless States of Buddhism, namely, Samadhi upon consciousness, Space, Nothing, and that which is neither P nor p', in logical phraseology. Here, too, we should place Shivadarshana, the Vision of the Destruction of the Universe, the Opening of the Eye of Shiva.

(Which is why adepts of this stage wear an eye as a badge.)

Of this vision what can one say, save that the Universe, as previously known through Atmadarshana, is annihilated? Yet the negation of this phrase is only apparent; the sense is that all that negative Atmadarshana is destroyed; it is only an illusion that goes. Yet there is indeed Nothing in its place—and the only way to express the matter is to spell that Nothing with a capital N.

If the rationalist reader has had the quite super-Stylite patience to read to this point, he will surely now at last throw down the book with an ethically justifiable curse.

Yet I beg him to believe that there is a shade of difference between me and a paradox-monger. I am not playing with words—Lord knows how I wish I could! I find that they play with me!—I am honestly and soberly trying to set down that which I know, that which I know better than I know anything else in the world, that which so transcends and excels all other experience that I am all on fire to proclaim it.

Yet I fail utterly. I have given my life to the study of the English language; I am supposed by my flatterers to have some little facility of expression, especially, one may agree, in conveying the extremes of thought of all kinds.

THE EQUINOX

Yet here I want to burn down the Universe for lack of a language. So the angry mood passes, and one understands how one's predecessors, in the same predicament, got out of it by quietly painting a "Heart girt with a Serpent," or a "Winged Globe" or some similar device.

If I persist, seeing that my little gift of language must be mine for some purpose, and therefore for this purpose, since no other purpose can there be, let my rationalist friends excuse me, as the agony of my impotence most terribly avenges them.

Concerning the methods of obtaining these particular states, I am almost at one with Sri Parananda, my godly friend, when he talks of "the Grace of the Lord Shiva," and with my ungodly friend Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya, when he hints that the accidental coincidence of the circumferences of the Nibbana-Dhatu and the Samsara-Chakra with the Brahmarandra of the sphere of the 99-year-old-Talipot-palm-like sucking Arahat may have something to do with it.

Plainly, we know so very little; so few ever attain this class of experience that one is perhaps hardly justified in maintaining (as I always have maintained and that stoutly) that the reward is according to the work. It may conceivably be that work does not affect the question, as it clearly does in the lower grades, it may be that an outsider may pull off the big thing—Agnosco!

Still, I advise people to work at it.

Perhaps the most direct method is that of sitting in your Ajna Chakra (that point in your brain where thoughts rise, a point to be discovered and rendered self-conscious by repeated

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

experiment) and without thinking of anything whatever, killing the thoughts as they rise with a single smack, like a child killing flies. The difficulty is of course to kill them without thinking of the killing, which thought is naturally just as bad as any other thought. I never got any good out of this method myself. It may, I believe, happen with fair frequency that in the course of any advanced meditation or invocation this particular type of spiritual experience may suddenly arise without apparent cause.

Anyway, let us hope so!

As a matter of practical politics, I think that a judicious mixture of the methods of East and West is likely to give the best results.

Let the young Adept, for example, master thoroughly the groundwork of the Hindu system.

Let him master Asana, posture, so that he can sit motionless for hours without any message from his body reaching and so disturbing his brain. Let him include in his accomplishments Pranayama, control of the breath and of the vital nervous currents which react in sympathy with it.

Let him then exalt to the utmost his soul by the appropriate ritual of ceremonial magic; and when by this means he has most thoroughly identified himself with the Supreme, let him, as that Supreme One, continue to meditate with intense force upon Himself, until his sphere is entirely filled with the single Thought.

Lastly, if this, the male energy, suffice not, let him transform it into a pure and perfect emptiness and passivity, as of one waiting for the Beloved One, with intense longing rendered passionless by the certainty that He will come.

THE EQUINOX

Then, it may be, the Eye will open upon him, and the tomb of his Pyramid be unsealed.

It is impossible in a few words to explain thoroughly this eclectic system; for each act and thought of the ritual demands an expert teacher, and even a good pupil might study for years before mastering the method. By which time he might not impossibly have discovered one of his own.

Howbeit, I must do my best; and if by that best I can help “the least of these little ones,” so much the better.

XIX

“The Intelligible subsisteth beyond Mind.”—ZOROASTER.

Nerodha-samapatti.—It must be very satisfactory, you will probably be thinking, to wear that Eye as a badge, to have got so near to the End.

And that is where the joke comes in. Yet to the adept the Anglo-Indian proverb, “A jok’s a jok (leech) but a jok up your nose is no joke” (Nose is not the word; but no matter!), may occur with painful intensity.

For he is no nearer to Nibbana than when he started. Though he has stripped off all the husks of thought and touched Thought itself, even attaining to Negation of thought; yet he is still upon the plane of Thought. And—that which can be thought is not true.

All his righteousness is as filthy rags; even his eternity of Shivadarshana, his stored crores of Mahakalpas in the Arupa-Brahma-Lokas must pass; he must come back to his horses—and this time as a horse-fly.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

So then he must abandon the whole series of ecstasies; all this time he has been on the wrong road. For the Three Characteristics are true of Viññanam as they are of Rupa; Change, Sorrow, Unsubstantiality.

He has only one asset; the habit of One-pointedness—Ekâgrata. He may be all kinds of a black magician; but at least he has learnt to concentrate his mind. But what is he to aim at? Hashish-analogy is better than ever here; for Nibbana stands to the attainment of the Eight Jhanas, the Four Formless States κ.τ.λ. as the Decalogue does to any of his hashish-states. It has nothing whatever to do with it.

All this time he has been walking round the circumference of a wheel, cheerfully singing “Nearer, my God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!” while his God is in the centre. He has done the medicine-man trick, and wasted a lot of maidens in the hope of making rain.

So—one must suppose, for here I reach a point where, as Mr. Waite jeers, we are driven to take refuge in portentous darkness and irretrievable mystery (because we don’t know anything about it)—he sits down and contemplates the Three Characteristics. This will presumably be very difficult to do because he is probably (for all the “Grace of the Lord Shiva” business) an expert in the Viññanam trances, and having thus created an eternal Universe and an even more eternal Absence of Universe, both of which, too, are probably mere masses of Sat—Chit—Ananda (Being—Knowledge—Bliss) while he is trying to think of Change—Sorrow—Unsubstantiality.

At last, as I imagine, probably without foundation, he succeeds in seeing first the truth and then the falsity of the Three Characteristics—and that is Nibbana.

THE EQUINOX

(One may explain, as with Samadhi, that the man is not “in” Nibbana; the Characteristics are not “in” Nibbana: but—Nibbana is.)

It would be easy to string up a paradox-scheme in which Change, not-Change, both-Change-and-not-Change, and neither-Change-nor-not-Change were all four perceived at once; and indeed some authors have done something very like this; but, between you and me, I don’t believe they knew anything about it; and as I certainly don’t know anything myself, if it’s all the same to you, I’d rather leave the subject alone. We really can’t have another Hargrave Jennings on “The Rosicrucians: their Rites and Mysteries.”

So there the matter must rest. I have added this section for the sake of completeness; but it is all hearsay. I am too blind to see the necessity of the section at all; I am far from convinced that the Viññanam phenomena do not represent finality; so stupendous are they that even to one who is accustomed to them it must always be difficult to imagine a state not merely beyond them but out of their dimension. Yet? . . . Perhaps that which I now urge is indeed the Great Illusion. . . .

At least, having adopted the Buddhist Skandhas as the basis of my classification, I was bound in mere courtesy to give the Buddhist doctrine as I have heard it from the one man who really understands it, Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya.

If I could only understand Him. . . !

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

XX

“If thou extendest the Fiery Mind to the work of piety, thou wilt preserve the fluxible body.”

“For three days and no longer need ye sacrifice.”—ZOROASTER.

We are at the end of our little digression upon mystic states, and may cheerfully return to the consideration of Scientific Illuminism. We have had, you may say, a poor half-pennyworth of Science to an intolerable deal of Illuminism. Well, that is what I wanted you to say. Were it not so, I would not have spent these two nights over this paper, when I want to be fresh every morning to go to the Prado and gloat over Velasquez!

Here, gentlemen, are a number of genuine mystic states; some home-grown, some imported. Please tell us what they are! (You are fond of telling us what things are.)

It is useless to label the whole lot as insane: nor are they unimportant.

In my view, most of the great men of the world have known them; themselves attributed their greatness to these experiences, and I really do not see why admittedly lesser men should contradict them. I hope to argue this point at greater length when I am better documented; but at the very least, these states are of the most extraordinary interest. Even as insanities, they would demand the strictest investigation from the light they throw upon the working of the brain. But as it is! All the sacred literature of the world is full of them; all the art and poetry of all time is inspired by them; and, by the Lord Harry! we know nothing about them. Nothing but what vague and troubled reflections the minds of

THE EQUINOX

the mystics themselves, untrained in accuracy of observation, bring back from the fountains of light; nothing but what quacks exploit, and dotards drivel of.

Think of what we claim! That concentration and its results can open the Closed Palace of the King, and answer the Riddle of the Sphinx. All science only brings us up to a blind wall, the wall of Philosophy; here is your great Ram to batter a breach and let in the forlorn hope of the Children of the Curse to storm the heights of heaven.

One single trained observer with five years' work, less money than would build a bakehouse, and no more help than his dozen of volunteer students could give him, would earn himself a fame loftier than the stars, and set mankind on the royal road to the solution of the One great problem. Scientific Illuminism would have deserved its name, or mysticism would have received a blow which would save another young fool like myself from wasting his whole life on so senseless a study and enable him to engage in the nobler career of cheating and duping his fellows in the accredited spheres of commerce and politics, to say nothing of the grosser knaveries of the liberal professions.

But I have no doubts. Let the investigator study his own brain on the lines I have laid down, possibly in the first place with the aid of hashish or some better physical expedient, to overcome the dull scepticism which is begotten of idleness upon ignorance; it is useless to study the no-brain of another, on the strength of a reputation for fraud, as the spiritualist investigators seem to do. Your own brain is the best; next, the trained and vigorous brains of clever and educated men, in perfect health, honest and wary.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

You will get more from them than you will from some maudlin hysteric professional mountebank. All talk to the contrary is the merest froth; Mohammed was a great lawgiver and a great fighter; try your experiment with the sane, and not with the crazy!

True, you will get hallucinations more easily with the unsound; but you will never, never, never find a woman or a degenerate who is capable of any trance of type higher than Vedana. Take my word for it!

No! take my word for nothing: try all things; hold fast that which is good!

MADRID,

August 1908, O.S.

THE EQUINOX

ANNIE BESANT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. T. Fisher Unwin, Third Impression, 5s.

It is a splendid oasis in the desert of silly memoirs, this sturdy and valiant record of a very noble life.

How surely and steadily has Mrs. Besant moved, urged by the one unselfish thought, high-minded love for humanity, from her Eden through the hell of revolt to the Paradise that so few earn! And she is still fighting in the flesh, though her spirit has its peace.

Priceless and unenvied reward of suffering!

True it is, that the chosen of the Masters must leave all. The lightest breeze can stir the Feather of our Lady Maat; there must be no breath of passion of thought, if we would live in those Halls of Hers,

“Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness.”

And to one who shares, however humbly, her high hope, and love exalted, and faith transcending, who is confronted by the same foes that she has beaten, assailed by the same slanders that she has lived down, her book comes as a direct message from the Masters: "Courage, child! --- there lies a great reward immediately beyond. Nay! but for the work's sake, work! Though thou perish, let them be saved. And remember: there is not one single grain of dust that shall not attain to Buddhahood."

Self-doubt, and self-distrust: these find little place in Mrs. Besant's story; yet surely they attack all of us alike who strive to those calm heights. Is it that they are ultimately forgotten, like all lesser ills? Is the spectre, self, laid beyond remembrance, even, of its horror; that horror which seems branded into the brain of whoso has beheld it?

Long years are they through which Mrs. Besant fought with hardly a friend or a helper; must it be so for all of us? Yes, for we are all too blind to know our friends, our wardens, the Stones in the great Wall of Arhans that guards humanity.

We have been with James Thomson and watched the dreadful seeker go his unending round to the death-places of love and faith and hope; we have passed out of the doomed triangle into the infinite circle of emerald that girdles the Universe, the circle wherein stands he, the Master whose name is Octinomos.

A.C.

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

I

THE cloud my bed is tinged with blood and foam
The vault yet blazes with the sun
Writhing above the West, brave hippodrome
Whose gladiators shock and shun
As the blue night devours them, crested comb
Of sleep's dead sea
That eats the shores of life, rings round eternity!

II

So, he is gone whose giant sword shed flame
Into my bowels; my blood's bewitched;
My brain's afloat with ecstasy of shame.
That tearing pain is gone, enriched
By his life-spasm; but he being gone, the same
Myself is gone
Sucked by the dragon down below death's horizon.

III

I woke from this. I lay upon the lawn;
They had thrown roses on the moss

THE EQUINOX

With all their thorns; we came there at the dawn,
My lord and I; God sailed across
The sky in's galleon of amber, drawn
By singing winds
While we wove garlands of the flowers of our minds.

IV

All day my lover deigned to murder me,
Linking his kisses in a chain
About my neck; demon-embroidery!
Bruises like far-ff mountains stain
The valley of my body of ivory!
Then last came sleep.
I wake, and he is gone; what should I do but weep?

V

Nay, for I wept enough—more sacred tears!—
When first he pinned me, gripped
My flesh, and as a stallion that rears,
Sprang, hero-thewed and satyr-lipped;
Crushed, as a grape between his teeth, my fears;
Sucked out my life
And stamped me with the shame, the monstrous word of
wife.

VI

I will not weep; nay, I will follow him
Perchance he is not far,

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

Bathing his limbs in some delicious dim
Depth, where the evening star
May kiss his mouth, or by the black sky's rim
He makes his prayer
To the great serpent that is coiled in rapture there.

VII

I rose to seek him. First my footsteps faint
Pressed the starred moss; but soon
I wandered, like some sweet sequestered saint,
Into the wood, my mind. The moon
Was staggered by the trees; with fierce constraint
Hardly one ray
Pierced to the ragged earth about their roots that lay.

VIII

I wandered, crying on my Lord. I wandered
Eagerly seeking everywhere.
The stories of life that on my lips he squandered
Grew into shrill cries of despair,
Until the dryads frightened and dumfounded
Fled into space—
Like to a demon-king's was grown my maiden face!

IX

At last I came unto the well, my soul.
In that still glass, I saw no sign

THE EQUINOX

Of him, and yet—what visions there uproll
 To cloud that mirror-soul of mine?
Above my head there screams a flying scroll
 Whose word burnt through
My being as when stars drop in black disastrous dew.

X

For in that scroll was written how the globe
 Of space became; of how the light
Broke in that space and wrapped it in a robe
 Of glory; of how One most white
Withdrew that Whole, and hid it in the lobe
 Of his right Ear,
So that the Universe one dewdrop did appear.

XI

Yea! and the end revealed a word, a spell,
 An incantation, a device
Whereby the Eye of the Most Terrible
 Wakes from its wilderness of ice
To flame, whereby the very core of hell
 Bursts from its rind,
Sweeping the world away into the blank of mind.

XII

So then I saw my fault; I plunged within
 The well, and brake the images
That I had made, as I must make—Men spin

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

The webs that snare them—while the knees
Bend to the tyrant God—or unto Sin
The lecher sunder!
Ah! came that undulant light from over or from under?

XIII

It matters not. Come, change! Come, Woe! Come,
mask!
Drive Light, Life, Love into the deep!
In vain we labour at the loathsome task
Not knowing if we wake or sleep;
But in the end we lift the plumed casque
Of the dead warrior;
Find no chaste corpse therein, but a soft-smiling whore.

XIV

Then I returned into myself, and took
All in my arms, God's universe:
Crushed its black juice out, while His anger shook
His dumbness pregnant with a curse.
I made me ink, and in a little book
I wrote one word
That God himself, the adder of Thought, had never heard.

XV

It detonated. Nature, God, mankind
Like sulphur, nitre, charcoal, once

THE EQUINOX

Blended, in one annihilation blind
 Were rent into a myriad of suns.
Yea! all the mighty fabric of a Mind
 Stood in the abyss,
Belching a Law for *That* more awful than for *This*.

XVI

Vain was the toil. So then I left the wood
 And came unto the still black sea,
That oily monster of beatitude!
 ('Hath *Thee* for *Me*, and *Me* for *Thee*!)
There as I stood, a mask of solitude
 Hiding a face
Wried as a satyr's, rolled that ocean into space.

XVII

Then did I build an altar on the shore
 Of oyster-shells, and ringed it round
With star-fish. Thither a green flame I bore
 Of phosphor foam, and strewed the ground
With dew-drops, children of my wand, whose core
 Was trembling steel
Electric that made spin the universal Wheel.

XVIII

With that a goat came running from the cave
 That lurked below the tall white cliff.

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

Thy name! cried I. The answer that gave
Was but one tempest-whisper—"If!"
Ah, then! his tongue to his black palate clave;
For on soul's curtain
Is written this one certainty that naught is certain!

XIX

So then I caught that goat up in a kiss.
And cried Io Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan!
Then all this body's wealth of ambergris,
(Narcissus-scented flesh of man!)
I burnt before him in the sacrifice;
For he was sure—
Being the Doubt of Things, the one thing to endure!

XX

Wherefore, when madness took him at the end,
He, doubt-goat, slew the goat of doubt;
And that which inward did for ever tend
Came at the last to have come out;
And I who had the World and God to friend
Found all three foes!
Drowned in that sea of changes, vacancies, and woes!

XXI

Yet all that Sea was swallowed up therein;
So they were not, and it was not.

THE EQUINOX

As who should sweat his soul out through the skin
And find (sad fool!) he had begot
All that without him that he had left in,
And in himself
All he had taken out thereof, a mocking elf!

XXII

But now that all was gone, great Pan appeared.
Him then I strove to woo, to win,
Kissing his curled lips, playing with his beard,
Setting his brain a-shake, a-spin,
By that strong wand, and muttering of the weird
That only I
Knew of all souls alive or dead beneath the sky.

XXIII

So still I conquered, and the vision passed.
Yet still was beaten, for I knew
Myself was He, Himself, the first and last;
And as an unicorn drinks dew
From under oak-leaves, so my strength was cast
Into the mire;
For all I did was dream, and all I dreamt desire.

XXIV

More; in this journey I had clean forgotten
The quest, my lover. But the tomb

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

Of all these thoughts, the rancid and the rotten,
 Proved in the end to be my womb
Wherein my Lord and lover had begotten
 A little child
To drive me, laughing lion, into the wanton wild!

XXV

This child hath not one hair upon his head,
 But he hath wings instead of ears.
No eyes hath he, but all his light is shed
 Within him on the ordered spheres
Of nature that he hideth; and in stead
 Of mouth he hath
One minute point of jet; silence, the lightning path!

XXVI

Also his nostrils are shut up; for he
 Hath not the need of any breath;
Nor can the curtain of eternity
 Cover that head with life or death.
So all his body, a slim almond-tree,
 Knoweth no bough
Nor branch nor twig nor bud, from never until now.

XXVII

This thought I bred within my bowels, I am.
 I am in him, as he in me;

THE EQUINOX

And like a satyr ravishing a lamb
So either seems, or as the sea
Swallows the whale that swallows it, the ram
Beats its own head
Upon the city walls, that fall as it falls dead.

XXVIII

Come, let me back unto the lilled lawn!
Pile me the roses and the thorns,
Upon this bed from which he hath withdrawn!
He may return. A million morns
May follow that first dire dæmonic dawn
When he did split
My spirit with his lightnings and enveloped it!

XXIX

So I am stretched out naked to the knife,
My whole soul twitching with the stress
Of the expected yet surprising strife,
A martyrdom of blessedness.
Though Death came, I could kiss him into life;
Though Life came, I
Could kiss him into death, and yet nor live nor die!

XXX

Yet I that am the babe, the sire, the dam,
Am also none of these at all;

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

For now that cosmic chaos of I AM
 Bursts like a bubble. Mystical
The night comes down, a soaring wedge of flame
 Woven therein
To be a sign to them who yet have never been.

XXXI

The universe I measured with my rod.
 The blacks were balanced with the whites;
Satan dropped down even as up soared God;
 Whores prayed and danced with anchorites.
So in my book the even matched the odd:
 No word I wrote
Therein, but sealed it with the signet of the goat.

XXXII

This also I seal up. Read thou herein
 Whose eyes are blind! Thou may'st behold
Within the wheel (that always seems to spin
 All ways) a point of static gold.
Then may'st thou out therewith, and fit it in
 That extreme sphere
Whose boundless farness makes it infinitely near.

THE EQUINOX

MODERN ASTROLOGY. Edited by ALAN LEO. Monthly, 6*d.* 42 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

Foremost in the attempt to rehabilitate astrology on modern lines is this well-known monthly magazine. The method indicated is the sound one of accurate observation and deduction; but whether the ultimate proposition of astrology can be established is a question which your reviewer at present is disinclined to assert. It is quite easy to throw ridicule, or to demolish by inexorable logic; but such methods do not convince. At least we believe that any person with a little experience can tell almost at a glance the sign rising at a stranger's birth, and that so frequently and certainly as to put chance and coincidence out of the question. For our own part, we consider Astrology a valuable aid to concentration, and perhaps the best of the methods of determining the Sankhara-skanda of a man. In your reviewer's own experience she has found it more reliable than either Geomancy or the Tarot, in questions genethliacal, at least. A careful study of the characteristics of the signs and planets is, moreover, of the very greatest assistance in the use of the Book 777. Unable as the Editor is to find space within the restricted pages of THE EQUINOX for astrological matters, we are glad to think that the subject has a specialised organ in competent hands.

ETHEL RAMSAY.

CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY. By GUIDO VILLA. Translated by HAROLD MANACORDA. Swan Sonnenschein, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

This long and learned work is not exciting;
The good translation shames the pedant's writing.
The wise Professor reconstructs duality,
Made of mentality and animality.
His arguments are forcible and true,
But yet his propositions will not do;
For when the full circumference is run
We can resolve them gaily into one.
Nay, though he talk of monism, we feel
He does not mean it. Mind and reason reel
At this conception. Only in the soul
Can we perceive the One Unchanging Whole.
At the same time, the book is well worth study;
It summarises thought. The style is
[We regret that our space will not admit a more extended review.—ED.]

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

I

AU "LAPIN AGILE"

PERCHED at the junction of two of the steepest little streets in Montmartre shines the "Lapin Agile," a tiny window filled with gleaming bottles, thrilled through by the light behind, a little terrace with tables, chairs, and shrubs, and two dark doors.

Roderic Mason came striding up the steepness of the Rue St. Vincent, his pipe gripped hard in his jaw; for the hill is too abrupt for lounging. On the terrace he stretched himself, twirled round half a dozen times like a dervish, pocketed his pipe, and went stooping through the open doorway.

Grand old Frédéric was there, in his vast corduroys and sou'-wester hat, a 'cello in his hand.

His trim grey beard was a shade whiter than when Roderic had last patronised the "Lapin," five years before; but the kindly, gay, triumphant eyes were nowise dimmed by time. He knew Roderic at a glance, and give his left hand carelessly, as if he had been gone but yesterday. Time ambles easily for the owner of such an eyrie, his life content with wine and song and simple happiness.

THE EQUINOX

It is in such as Frédéric that the hope of the world lies. You could not bribe Frédéric with a motor-car to grind in an office and help to strive and enslave his fellows. The bloated, short-of-breath, bedizened magnates of commerce and finance are not life, but a disease. The monster hotel is not hospitality, but imprisonment. Civilisation is a madness; and while there are men like Frédéric there is a hope that it will pass. Woe to the earth when Bumble and Rockefeller and their victims are the sole economic types of man!

Roderic sat down on his favourite bench against the wall, and took stock of things.

How well he remembered the immense Christ at the end of the room, a figure conceived by a giant of old time, one might have thought, and now covered with a dry, green lichenous rot, so that the limbs were swollen and distorted. It gave an incredibly strong impression of loathsome disease, entirely overpowering the intention of picturing inflicted pain.

Roderic, who, far from being a good man, was actually a Freethinker, thought it a grimly apt symbol of the religion of our day.

On His right stood a plaster Muse, with a lyre, the effect being decidedly improved by some one who had affixed a comic mask with a grinning mouth and a long pink nose; on His left a stone plaque of Lakshmi, the Hindu Venus, a really very fine piece of work, clean and dignified, in a way the one sanity in the room, except an exquisite pencil sketch of a child, done with all the delicacy and strength of Whistler. The rest of the decoration was a delicious mixture of the grotesque and the obscene. Sketches, pastels, cuts, cartoons, oils, all the media of art, had been exhausted in a

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

noble attempt to flagellate impurity—impurity of thought, line, colour, all we symbolise by womanhood.

Hence the grotesque obscenity in nowise suggested Jewry; but gave a wholesome reaction of life and youth against artificiality and money-lust.

As it chanced, there was nobody of importance in the “Lapin.” Frédéric, with his hearty voice and his virile roll, more of a dance than a walk, easily dominated the company.

Yet there was at least one really remarkable figure in the pleasant gloom of the little cabaret.

A man sat there, timid, pathetic, one would say a man often rebuffed. He was nigh seventy years of age, maybe; he looked older. For him time had not moved at all, apparently; for he wore the dress of a beau of the Second Empire.

Exquisitely, too, he wore it. Sitting back in his dark corner, the figure would have gained had it been suddenly transplanted to the glare of a State ball and the steps of a throne.

Merrily Frédéric trolled out an easy, simple song with perfect art—how different from the laborious inefficiency of the Opera!—and came over to Roderic to see that his coffee was to his liking.

“Changes, Frédéric!” he said, a little sadly. “Where is Madeleine la Vache?”

“At Lourcine.”

“Mimi l’Engeuleuse?”

“At Clamart.”

“The Scotch Count, who always spoke like a hanging judge?”

THE EQUINOX

“Went to Scotland—he could get no more whisky here on credit.”

“His wife?”

“Poor girl! poor girl!”

“Ah! it was bound to happen. And Bubu Tire-Cravat?”

Frédéric brought the edge of his hand down smartly on the table, with a laugh.

“He had made so many widows, it was only fair he should marry one!” commented the Englishman. “And Pea-shooter Charley?”

“Don’t know. I think he is in prison in England.”

“Well, well; it saddens. ‘Where are the snows of yesteryear?’ I must have an absinthe; I feel old.”

“You are half my years,” answered Frédéric. “But come! If yesteryear be past, it is this year now. And all these distinguished persons who are gone, together are not worth one silver shoe-buckle of yonder——” Frédéric nodded towards the old beau.

“True, I never knew him; yet he looks as if he had sat there since Sedan. Who is he?”

“We do not know his name, monsieur,” said Frédéric softly, a little awed; “but I think he was a duke, a prince—I cannot say what. He is more than that—he is unique. He is—*le Révenant de la Rue des Quatre Vents!*”

“The Ghost of the Street of the Four Winds?” Roderic was immensely taken by the title; a thousand fantastic bases for the sobriquet jumped into his brain. Was the Rue des Quatre Vents haunted by a ghost in his image? There are no ghosts in practical Paris. But of all the ideas

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

which came to him, not one was half so strange as the simple and natural story which he was later to hear.

“Come,” said Frédéric, “I will present you to him.”

“Monseigneur,” he said, as Roderic stood before him, ready to make his little bow, “let me present Monsieur Mason, an Englishman.”

The old fellow took little notice. Said Frédéric in his ear: “Monsieur lives on the boulevard St. Germain, and loves to paint the streets.”

The old man rose with alacrity, smiled, bowed, was enchanted to meet one of the gallant allies whose courage had—he spoke glibly of the Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol.

The little comedy had not been lost on Roderic. Wondering, he sat down beside the old nobleman.

What spell had Frédéric wrought of so potent a complexion?

“Sir,” he said, “the gallantry of the French troops at the Malakoff was beyond all praise; it will live for ever in history.”

To another he might have spoken of the *entente cordiale*; to this man he dared not.

Had not his brain perhaps stopped in the sixties?

Had the catastrophe of '70 broken his heart?

Roderic must walk warily.

But the conversation did not take the expected turn. The old gentleman elegantly, wittily, almost gaily, chattered of art, of music, of the changed appearance of Paris. Here, at any rate, he was *au courant des affaires*.

Yet as Roderic, puzzled and pleased, finished his absinthe he said more seriously than he had yet spoken: “I hear that monsieur is a great painter” (Roderic modestly waved aside

THE EQUINOX

the adjective), "has painted many pictures of Paris. Indeed, as I think of it, I seem to remember a large picture of St. Suplice at the Salon of eight years ago—no, seven years ago."

Roderic stared in surprise. How should any one—such a man, of all men—remember his daub, a thing himself had long forgotten? The oldster read his thought. "There was one corner of that picture which interested me deeply, deeply," he said. "I called to see you; you had gone—none knew here. I am indeed glad to have met you at last. Perhaps you would be good enough to show me your pictures—you have other pictures of Paris? I am interested in Paris—in Paris itself --- in the stones and bricks of it. Might I—if you have nothing better to do—come to your studio now, and see them?"

"I'm afraid the light—" began Roderic. It was now ten o'clock.

"That is nothing," returned the other. "I have my own criteria of excellence. A match-glimmer serves me."

There was only one explanation of all this. The man must be an architect, perhaps ruined in the mad speculations of the Empire, so well described by Zola in "La Curée."

"At your service, sir," he said, and rose. The old fellow was surely eccentric; but equally he was not dangerous. He was rich, or he would not be wearing a diamond worth every penny of two thousand pounds, as Roderic, no bad judge, made out. There might be profit, and there would assuredly be pleasure.

They waved, the one an airy, the other a courteous, good-night to grand old Frédéric, and went out.

The old man was nimble as a kitten; he had all the

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

suppleness of youth; and together they ran rapidly down to the boulevard, where, hailing a fiacre, they jumped in and clattered down towards the Seine.

Roderic sat well back in the carriage, a little lost in thought. But the old man sat upright, and peered eagerly about him. Once he stopped the cab suddenly at a house with a low railing in front of it, well set back from the street, jumped out, examined it minutely, and then, with a sigh and a shake of the head, came back, a little wearier, a little older.

They crossed the Seine, rattled up the Rue Bonaparte, and stopped at the door of Roderic's studio.

II

LA RUE DES QUATRE VENTS

“Ah, well,” said the old man, as he concluded his examination of the pictures, “what I seek is not here. If it will not weary you, I will tell you a story. Perhaps, although you have not painted it, you have seen it. Perhaps—bah! I am seventy years of age, and a fool to the end.

“Listen, my young friend! I was not always seventy years of age, and that of which I have to tell you happened when I was twenty-two.

“In those days I was very rich, and very happy. I had never loved; I cared for nobody. My parents were both dead long since. A year of freedom from the control of my good old guardian, the Duc de Castelnau (God rest his soul!), had left me yet taintless as a flower. I had that chivalrous devotion to woman which perhaps never really existed at any time save for rare individuals.

THE EQUINOX

“Such a one is ripe for adventure, and since, as your great poet has said, ‘Circumstance bows before those who never miss a chance,’ it was perhaps only a matter of time before I met with one.

“Indeed (I will tell you, for it will help you to understand my story), I once found myself in an extremely absurd position through my fantastic trust in the impeccability of woman.

“It was rather late one night, and I was walking home through a deserted street, when two brutal-looking ruffians came towards me, between them a young and beautiful girl, her face flushed with shame, and screaming with pain; for the savages had each firm hold of one arm, and were forcing her at a rapid pace—to what vile den?

“My fist in the face of one and my foot in the stomach of the other! They sprawled in the road, and, disdaining them, I turned my back and offered my arm to the girl. She, in an excess of gratitude, flung her arms round my neck and began to kiss me furiously—the first kiss I had ever had from a woman, mind you! Maybe I would not have been altogether displeased, but that she stank so foully of brandy that—my gorge rises at the memory. The ruffians, more surprised than hurt, began laughing, but kept well away. I tried to induce the girl to come home; in the end she lost her temper, and fell to belabouring me with her fists. I was not strong enough or experienced enough to contend with a madwoman, and I could not allow myself to strike her. She beat me sore. . . .

“I can remember the scene now as if it were yesterday: the bewildered boy, the screaming, swearing, kicking, scratching woman, the two ‘savages’ (honest *bourgeois* enough!)

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

reeling against the houses, crying with laughter, too weak with laughter to stand straight.

“By-and-by they took pity, came forward, and released me from my unpleasant situation.

“But the shame of me, as I slunk away down the streets! I would not go home that night at all, ashamed to face my own servants.

“I told myself, in the end, that this was a rare accident; but for all that there must have remained a slight stain upon the mirror of perfect chivalry. In the old days when they taught logic in the schools one learnt how delicate a flower was a ‘universal affirmative.’

“It was some uneventful months after this ‘tragedy of the ideal’ that I was again walking home very late. I had been to the Jardin des Plantes in the afternoon, and, dining in that quarter, had stayed lingering on the bridge watching the Seine. The moon dropped down behind the houses—with a start I realised that I must go home. There was some danger, you understand, of footpads. Nothing, however, occurred until—I always preferred to walk through the narrow streets; there is romance in narrow streets!—I found myself in the Rue des Quatre Vents; not a stone’s-throw from this house, as you know.

“I had been thinking of my previous misadventure, and, with the folly of youth, had been indulging in a reverie of the kind that begins ‘If only.’ If only she had been a princess ravished by a wicked ogre. If only . . . If only . . .

“On the south side of the Rue des Quatre Vents is a house standing well back from the street, with a railing in front of it—a common type, is it not? But what riveted my

THE EQUINOX

attention upon it was that while the front of the house was otherwise entirely dark, from a window on the first floor streamed a blaze of light. The window was wide open to the street; voices came from it.

“The first an old, harsh, menacing voice, with all the sting of hate in it; nay, the sting of something devilish, worse than hate. A corrupt enjoyment of its malice informed it. And the words it spoke were too infamous for me to repeat. They are scarred upon my brain. Addressed to the vilest harridan that scours the gutter for her carrion prey, they would have yet been inhuman, impossible; to the voice that answered . . . !

“It was a voice like the tinkling of a fairy bell. Whoever spoke was little more than a child; and her answer had the purity and strength of an angel. That even the foul monster who addressed her could support it, unblasted, was matter for astonishment.

“Now the older voice broke into filthy insult, a very frenzy of malice.

“I heard—O God!—the swish of a whip, and the sound of it falling upon flesh.

“There was silence awhile, save for the hideous laughter of the invisible horror inside.

“At last a piteous little moan.

“My blood sang shrill within me. Out of myself, I sprang at the railings, and was over them in a second. Rapidly, and quite unobserved (for the scene was strenuous within), I climbed up the grating of the lower windows, and, reaching up to the edge of the balcony, swung myself up to and over it.

“As I stopped to fetch breath, as yet unperceived, I took in the scene, and was staggered at its strangeness.

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

“The room, though exquisitely decorated, was entirely bare of furniture, unless one could dignify by that name a heap of dirty straw in one corner, by which stood a flattish wooden bowl, half full of what looked like a crust of bread mashed into pulp with water.

“Half turned away from me stood the owner of the harsh voice and soul abominable. It was a woman of perhaps sixty years of age, the head of an angel—so regular were the features, so silver-white the hair—set upon the deformed body of a dwarf. Hairy hands and twisted arms, a hunched back and bandy legs; in the gnarled right hand a terrible whip, the carved jade handle blossoming into a rose of fine cords, shining with silver—sharp, three-cornered chips of silver! The whole dripped black with blood. Upon the angel face stood a sneer, a snarl, a malediction. The effect upon one’s sense of something beyond the ordinary was, too, heightened by her costume; for though the summer was at its height she was clad from head to foot in ermine, starred, more heavily than is usual, with the little black tails in the form of *fleurs-de-lis*.

“In extreme contrast to this monster was a young girl crouching upon the floor. At first sight one would have hardly suspected a human form at all, for from her head flowed down on all sides a torrent of exquisite blonde gold, that completely hid her. Only two little hands looked out, clasped, pleading for mercy, and a fairy child-face, looking up—in vain—to that black heart of hatred. Even as I gazed the woman hissed out so frightful a menace that my blood ran chill. The child shrank back into herself. The other raised her whip. I leapt into the room. The old hag spat one infamous word at me, turned on me with the whip.

THE EQUINOX

“This time I was under no illusions about the sanctity of womanhood. With a single blow I felled her to the ground. My signet-ring cut her lip, and the blood trickled over her cheek. I laughed. But the child never moved—it would seem she hardly comprehended.

“I turned, bowed. ‘I could not bear to hear your cries,’ I said—rather obviously, one may admit. ‘I came—’ adding under my breath, ‘I saw, I conquered.’ ‘Who is that?’ I added sternly, pointing to the prostrate hag.

“‘Ah, sir’ (she began to cry), ‘it is my mother.’ The horror of it was tenfold multiplied. ‘She—she——’ The child blushed, stammered, stopped.

“‘I heard, mademoiselle,’ I cried indignantly.

“‘I am here’ (she sobbed) ‘for a month, starved, whipped—oh! By day the window barred with iron; by night, open, the more to mock my helplessness!’ Then, with a sudden cry, her little pink hand darting out and showing a faultless arm: ‘Look! look! she is on you.’

“The mother had drawn herself away with infinite stealth, regained her feet, and, a thin stiletto in her hand, was crouched to spring. Indeed, as she leapt I was hard put to it to avoid the lunge; the dagger-edge grazed my arm as I stepped aside.

“I turned. She was on me, flinging me aside with the force of her rush as if I had been a straw. The snarl of her was like a wolf.

“This time she cut me deep. Again a whirl, a rush. I altered my tactics; I ran in to meet her. Hampered as she was by her furs, I was now quicker than she. I struck her dagger arm so strongly that the blade flew into the air, and

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

fell quivering on the floor, the heavy hilt driving the thin blade deep into the polished wood. Even so I had her by the waist, catching her arm, and with one heave of my back I tossed her into the air, careless where she might fall.

“As luck would have it, she struck the balcony rail, broke it, and fell upon the pavement of the court. There was a crash, but no cry, no groan. I went to the balcony. She lay still, as the living do not lie, and her white hair was blackening, lapped by a congealing stream.

“I withdrew into the room. Since I have learnt that any death brings with it a strange sense of relief. There is a certain finality. *La comédie est jouée*—and one turns with new life to the next business.

“The golden child had never stirred. But now she crouched lower, and fell to soft, sweet crying.

“‘Your mother is dead,’ I said abruptly. ‘May I offer you the guardianship of my godmother, the Duchess of Castelnaudary? Come, mademoiselle, let us go.’

“‘I thank you, sir,’ she answered, still sobbing; ‘but Jean is awake and at the door. Jean is fierce and lean as an old wolf.’

“I pulled the dagger from the floor. ‘I am fierce and lithe as a young lion!’ I said. ‘Let the old wolf beware!’

“‘But I cannot, sir, I cannot. I . . .’ Her confusion became acute.

“‘I dare not move, sir—I—I—my mother has taken away all my clothes.’

“I marvelled. In her palace of gold hair nobody could have guessed it. But now I blushed, and lively. The dilemma was absurd.

THE EQUINOX

“ ‘I have it,’ said I. ‘I will climb down and bring up the ermine.’

“She shuddered at the idea. Her dead mother’s furs!

“ ‘It must be,’ I said firmly.

“ ‘Go, brave knight!’—a delicate smile lit up her face—‘I trust myself to you.’

“I bent on my right knee to her. ‘I take you,’ I said, ‘to be my lady, to fight in your cause, to honour and love you for ever.’

“She put out her right hand—oh, the delicate beauty of it! I kissed it. ‘My knight,’ she said, ‘Jean is below; he may hear you; you go perhaps to your death—kiss me!’

“With a sob I caught her once full in my arms, and our mouths met. I closed my eyes in trance; my muscles failed; I sank, my forehead to the ground before her.

“When I opened my eyes again she too was praying. Softly, without a word, I stepped to the window, took the dagger in my teeth, dropped from the edge, landed lightly beside the corpse. She was quite dead, the skull broken in, the teeth exposed in a last snarl. She lay on her back; I opened the coat, turned her over. The gruesome task was nearly finished when the door of the house opened, and an old man, his face scarred, one lip cut half away in some old brawl, so that he grinned horribly and askew, rushed out at me, a rapier in his hand. My stiletto, though long beyond the ordinary, was useless against a tool of such superior reach.

“A last wrench gave me the ermine cloak, an invaluable parry. Could I entangle his sword, he was at my mercy. He saw it, and fenced warily. Indeed, I had the upper hand throughout. Threatening to throw the cloak, catch his

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

sword, blind him, rush in with my dagger—he gave back and back in a circle round the courtyard.

“No sound came from the room above. Probably we three were alone. The fight was not to be prolonged for ever; the weight of the fur would tire me soon, counter-balance the advantage of age. Then, almost before I knew what had happened, we were fighting in the street. I would not cry for help; one was more likely to rouse a bandit than a guardian of the peace. And, besides, who could say how the law stood?

“I had certainly killed a lady; I was doing my best, with the aid of her stolen cloak, to kill a servant of the house; I contemplated an abduction. Best kill him silently, and be gone.

“But when and how had Jean pulled open the iron gates and retreated into the street?

“It mattered little, though certainly it left an uneasy sense of bewilderment; what mattered was that here we were fighting in semi-darkness—the dawn was not fairly lifted—for life and death.

“‘Ten thousand crowns, Monsieur Jean,’ I cried, ‘and my service!’—I gave him my style—‘I see you can be a faithful servant.’

“‘Faithful to death!’ he retorted, and I was sorry to have to kill him.

“We fenced grimly on.

“‘But,’ I urged, ‘your mistress is dead. Your duty is to her child, and I am her child’s—’

“He looked up from my eyes. ‘An Omen!’ he cried, pointing to the great statue of St. Michael trampling Satan,

THE EQUINOX

for we had come fighting to the Place St. Michel. ‘Darkness yields to light; I am your servant, sir.’ He dropped on one knee, and tendered the hilt of his sword.

“But as I put out my hand to take it (guarded against attack, I boast me, but not against the extraordinary trick which followed) he suddenly snatched at the ermine, which lay loosely on my left arm, and, leaving me with sword and dagger, fled with a shriek of laughter across the Place St. Michel, and, flinging the furs over the bridge, himself plunged into the Seine and swam strongly for the other bank.

“There was no object in pursuing him; I would recover the furs, and return triumphant. Alas! they had sunk; they were now whirled far away by the swift river. Where should I get a cloak?

“How stupid of me! The old woman had plenty of other clothes beneath her furs; I would take them.

“And I set myself gaily to run back to the house.

III

“Whether by excitement I took the wrong turning, or whether—but you will hear!—in short, I do not clearly understand even now why I did not at once find the road. But at least I did fail to find it, discovered, as I supposed, my error, corrected it, failed once more. . . . In the end I got flustered—so much hung on my speedy return!—I fluttered hither and thither like a wild pigeon whose mate has been shot. I stopped short, pulled myself together. Let me think it out! Where am I now? I was under the shadow (the dawn just lit its edge) of the mighty shoulder of St. Sulpice. ‘More

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

haste, less speed!’ I said to myself. ‘I will walk deliberately down to the boulevard, turn east, and so I cannot possibly miss the Carrefour de l’Odeon’—out of which, as I knew of old, the Rue des Quatre Vents leads. Indeed, I remembered the carrefour from that night. I had passed through it. I remembered hesitating as to which turning to take. For, as you know, the carrefour is a triangle, one road leading from the apex, four (with two minor variations just off the carrefour) from the base.

“Following this plan, I came, sure enough, in three minutes or so into the Rue des Quatre Vents. It is not a long street, as you know, and I thought that I remembered perfectly that the house faced the tiny Rue St. Grégoire, which leads back to the Boulevard St. Germain. Indeed, it was down that obscure alley that Jean and I had gone in our fight. I remembered how I had expected to meet somebody on issuing into the boulevard; and then . . . I must have been very busy fighting: I could not remember anything at all of the fight between that issue and the place of Jean’s feint and flight.

“Well, here I was: the house should have been in front of me—and it was not. I walked up and down the street; there was no house of the kind, no railings. No residential house. Yet I could not believe myself mistaken. I pinched myself; I was awake. Further, the pinching demonstrated the existence of a sword and dagger in my hands. I was bleeding, too; my left arm twice grazed. I took out my watch; four o’clock. Since I left the bridge—ah! when had I left the bridge? I could not tell—yes, I could. At moonset. The moon was nine days old.

“No; everything was real. I examined the sword and

THE EQUINOX

the stiletto. Silver-gilt; blades of exquisite fineness; the cipher of a princely house of France shone in tiny diamonds upon the pommels.

“The thought sent new courage and determination thrilling through me. I had saved a princess from shame and torture; I loved her! She loved me, for I had saved her—ah! but I had not yet saved her. That was to do.

“But how to act? I had plenty of time. Jean would not return to the house, in all probability. But the markets were stirring; the weapons and my blood would arouse curiosity. Well, how to act?

“The positive certitude that I had had about the name of the street was my bane. Had I doubted I could have more easily carried out the systematic search that I proposed. But as it was my organized patrol of the quarter was not scientific; I was biased. I came back again and again to the street and searched it, as if the house might have been hidden in the gutter or vanished and reappeared by magic; as if my previous search might (by some incredible chance) have been imperfect, through relaxed attention. So one may watch a conjuror, observing every movement perfectly, except the one flash which does the trick.

“The search, too, could not be long; so I reflected as disappointment sobered me. One cannot go far from the Carrefour de l’Odéon in any direction without striking some unmistakable object. The two boulevards, the schools, the Odéon itself, St. Sulpice—one could not be far off. Yet—could I possibly have mistaken the Odéon for the Luxembourg?

“Could I . . . ? . . . ? A host of conjectures chased each

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

other through my brain, bewildering it, leading the will to falter, the steps to halt.

“Beneath, keener anguish than the thrust of a poisoned rapier, stabbed me this poignant pang: my love awaits me, waits for me to save her, to fly with her . . .

“Where was she?

“It was broad day; I cleansed myself of the marks of battle, sat down and broke my fast, my sane mind steadily forcing itself to a sober plan of action, beating manfully down the scream of its despair. All day I searched the streets. Passing an antiquary, I showed him my weapons. He readily supplied their history; but—there was none of that family alive, nor had been since the great Revolution. Their goods? The four winds of heaven might know. At those words ‘the four winds’ I rushed out of the shop, as if stung by an adder.

“I drove home, set all my servants hunting for railed houses. They were to report to me in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Any house not accounted for, any that might conceal a mystery, these I would see myself.

“All labour lost! My servants tried. I distrusted their energy: I set myself obstinately to scour Paris.

“There is a rule of mathematics which enables one to traverse completely any labyrinth. I applied this to the city. I walked in every road of it, marking the streets at each corner as I passed with my private seal. Each railed house I investigated separately and thoroughly. By virtue of my position I was welcome everywhere. But every night I paced the Rue des Quatre Vents, waiting . . .

“Awaiting what? Well, in the end, perhaps death. The children gibed at me; passers-by shunned me.

THE EQUINOX

“ ‘*Le Révenant,*’ they whispered, ‘*de la Rue des Quatre Vents.*’

“I had forgot to tell you one thing which most steadfastly confirmed me in the search. Two days after the adventure I passed, hot on the quest, by the Morgue. Two women came out. ‘Not pretty, the fish!’ said one. ‘He with the scarred lip——’

“I heard no more, ran in. There on the slab, grinning yet in death, was Jean. His swim had ended him. Faithful to death!

“I watched long. I offered a huge sum for his identification. The authorities even became suspicious: why was I so anxious? How could I say? He was the servant of . . .

“I did not know my sweet child’s name!

* * * * *

“So, while a living man, I made myself a ghost.

IV

“It may have been one day some ten years later,” continued the old nobleman, “when as I paced uselessly the Street of the Four Winds I was confronted by a stern, grey figure, short, stout, and bearded, but of an indescribably majesty and force.

“He laid his hand unhesitatingly upon my shoulder. ‘Unhappy man!’ he cried, ‘thou art sacrificing thy life to a phantom. “Look not,” quoth Zoroaster, “upon the Visible Image of the Soul of Nature, for Her name is Fatality.” What thou hast seen—I know not what it is, save that it is as

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

a dog-faced demon that seduceth thy soul from the sacred Mysteries; the Mysteries of Life and Duty.'

" 'Let me tell my story!' I replied, 'and you shall judge—for, whoever you may be, I feel your power and truth.'

" 'I am Eliphaz Levi Zahed—men call me the Abbé Constant,' returned the other.

" 'The great magician?'

" 'The enemy of the great magician.'

"We went together to my house. I had begun to suspect some trick of Hell. The malice of that devilish old woman, it might be, had not slept, even at her death. She had hidden the house beneath a magic veil? Or had her death itself in some strange way operated to—to what? Even conjecture paled.

"But magic somewhere there must be, and Eliphaz Levi was the most famous adept in Paris at the time.

"I told my story, just as I have told it to you, but with strong passion.

" 'There is an illusion, master!' I ended. 'Put forth the Power and destroy it!'

" 'Were I to destroy the illusion,' returned the magus, 'thinkest thou to see a virgin with gold hair? Nay, but the Eternal Virgin, and a Gold that is not gold.'

" 'Is nothing to be done?'

" 'Nothing!' he replied, with a strange light in his eyes. 'Yet, in order to be able to do nothing, thou must first accomplish everything.'

" 'One day,' he smiled, seeing my bewilderment, 'thou wilt be angry with the fool who proffers such a platitude.'

"I asked him to accept me as a pupil.

"I require pay,' he answered, 'and an oath.'

THE EQUINOX

“‘Speak; I am rich.’

“‘Every Good Friday,’ said the adept, ‘take thirty silver crowns and offer them to the Hospital for the Insane.’

“‘It shall be done,’ I said.

“‘Swear, then,’ he went on, ‘swear, then, here to me’—he rose, terrible and menacing—‘by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, that never again, neither to save life, nor to retain honour, wilt thou set foot in the Street of the Four Winds; so long as life shall last.’

“Even as he bade me, I rose with lifted hand and swore.

“As I did so there resounded in the room ten sharp knocks, as of ivory on wood, in a certain peculiar cadence.

“This was but the first of a very large number of interviews. I sought, indeed, steadfastly to learn from him the occult wisdom of which he was a master; but, though he supplied me with all conceivable channels of knowledge—books, manuscripts, papyri—yet all these were lifeless; the currents of living water flowed not through them. Should one say that the master withheld initiation, or that the pupil failed to obtain it?

“But at least time abated the monomania—for I know now that my whole adventure was but a very vivid dream, an insanity of adolescence. At this moment I would not like to say at what point exactly in the story fact and dream touch; I have still the sword and dagger. Is it possible that in a trance I actually went through some other series of adventures than that I am conscious of? May not Jean have been a thief, whom I dispossessed of his booty? Had I done this

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

unconsciously it would account for both the weapons and the scene in the Morgue. . . . But I cannot say.

“So, too, I learnt from the master that all this veil of life is but a shadow of a vast reality beyond, perceptible only to those who have earned eyes to see withal.

“These eyes I could not earn; a faith in the master sustained me. I began to understand, too, a little about the human brain; of what it is capable. Of Heaven—and of Hell!

“Life passed, vigorous and pleasant; the only memory that haunted me was the compulsion of my oath that never would I again set foot in the Rue des Quatre Vents.

“Life passed, and for the master ended. ‘The Veil of the Temple is but a Spider’s web!’ he said, three days before he died. I followed Eliphaz Levi Zahed to the grave.

“I could not follow him beyond.

“For the next year I applied myself with renewed vigour to the study of the many manuscripts which he had left me. No result could I obtain; I slackened. Followed the folly of my life: I rationalised.

“Thus: one day, leaning over the Pont St. Michel, I let the whole strange story flow back through my brain. I remembered my agony; my present calm astonished me. I thought of Levi, of my oath. ‘He did not mean *for all my life*,’ I thought; ‘he meant until I could contemplate the affair without passion. Is not fear failure? I will walk through just once, to show my mastery.’ In five minutes—with just one inward qualm—again I was treading the well-worn flags of that ensorcelled road.

“Instantly—instantly!—the old delusion had me by

THE EQUINOX

the throat. I had broken my oath; I was paying the penalty.

“Crazier than ever, I again sought throughout changed Paris for my dream-love; I shall seek her till I die. If I seem calmer, it is but that age has robbed me of the force of passion. In vain you tell me, laughing, that if she ever lived, she is long since dead; or at least is an old woman, the blonde gold faded, the child-face wrinkled, the body bowed and lax. I laugh at you—at you—for a blaspheming ass. Your folly is too wild to anger me!”

“I did not laugh,” said Roderic gravely.

“Well,” said the old man, rising, “I fear I have wearied you . . . I thank you for your patience . . . I know I am a mad old fellow. But, if you should happen—you know. Please communicate. Here is my card. I must go now. I am expected elsewhere. I am expected.”

MARTIAL NAY.

THE LOST SHEPHERD

I

SHE walks among the starry ways,
A crimson full-blown rose;
Her heart bears all the yesterdays
That love from love-dawn knows;
Her sunny feet are shod in gold,
She swings a censer rare and old—
Her heart the censer that she sways,
Our Lady of the Snows.

II

I passed the morning she was born
Within the heart of day;
A shepherd with a twisted horn
I met upon the way.
The straying sheep that autumn-tide
Had wandered by the river-side;
And so I spent that gladsome morn,
And so I said my say.

THE EQUINOX

III

She passes by, she passes still
The secret ways of earth;
She kissed Will Blake beneath the hill,
Robbed Shelley's heart of mirth.
But I have stopped with love her lips,
And as into my arms she slips,
I clip her close, and take my fill
Of joy to make new birth.

IV

Oh, holloa! holloa! the hills among,
And holloa! down the dale:
I bear a golden lyre full-strung
With heart-strings bright and pale.
I've lilies from the fountain-head,
And purple flags and roses red,
And all the songs of Pan have flung
Their fragrance in my tale.

V

And but as yesterday it seems
She tripped me as I ran,
And scattering all my half-fledged dreams,
Hailed me a foolish man.
Perchance my dreams shall wing their way
To some such other fool, perfay——
God stop his mouth to still his screams,
And help him if He can!

THE LOST SHEPHERD

VI

Under the willows the stream runs strong
When the wind is shrill and high;
I wandered on, and I wandered long,
Under the fleecy sky.

A voice came out of a cloud to me,
Saying, "Hast thou brought thy heart with thee?"
And much I marvelled, and won a song,
And so the day passed by.

VII

I was a shepherd in other days,
Ere ever the earth was old;
I wandered far into the Northern ways
To bring back my sheep to the fold.
Heyday! but the time was drear and long,
For I lost my pipe and my mountain-song,
And all the others of my sweet lays
Lost all their wonted gold.

VIII

Greece and Rome and the Pagan lands
I knew ere the Christ was born;
I whistled songs between my hands,
And blew through an old ram's horn.
I was wise indeed! For I lost my way
Over the hills one summer's day,
And near where Venus' statue stands
I lingered all forlorn.

THE EQUINOX

IX

Laughing eyes and clear brown skin,
And dark locks ripping wide,
Where the sunbeams play and the eddies spin
I saw my face in the tide.
 But I knew the trick Narcissus had done,
 So I shook back my hair to stare at the sun;
My slim brown body I'd keep within
 The shade of the green hillside.

X

I found the groves of Pan; I came
 At length to a daisied field,
And the sun shone out with his yellow flame
 That makes the harvest yield.
 Yellow and purple are corn and grape,
 But scarlet the god when he takes his shape
At the sound of the awful hidden name
 In earth's eclipse revealed.

XI

And as he clasped me, slim and slight,
 I roared with the pain he gave,
And he cried, "I will hold thee here all night,
 My beautiful, dark-haired slave;
 Kiss my lips and laugh in my eyes,
 And I'll bring magic out of the skies,
And thy flame shall yield to my eyes' fierce light
 Ere thine ashes are laid in the grave!"

THE LOST SHEPHERD

XII

Then did I learn the lore of Earth,
For mine was the light of Pan;
The barren riddle unsolved by birth
Was solved as the hot fire ran.
The god's tongue flashed, and he roared with glee
At each spasm he drew from the breast of me,
And the mystery of Panic mirth
Lay bare in the sight of a man.

XIII

And many a love long since I've known,
And many a city rare;
I have sung and harped, I have fought and flown,
I have wandered everywhere.
But the thought of that day by the water-side,
The god's hot breath and the hidden bride,
Makes me more shy as I wander alone,
Unknowing whither I fare.

XIV

And in the morning Pan rose and fled,
And left me alone to sleep;
And long I lay in a slumber dead.
Then on hands and knees did I creep
Back to the shade of the sheltering trees;
And I found my sheep on the shady leas;
And my body was flushed, and my cheeks were red,
And my eyes too bright to weep.

THE EQUINOX

XV

After long dreamless sleep I knew
 The tale that had fled my tongue,
I found in far in the water blue,
 In the song by the skylark sung,
 In the melody slow of the waving corn,
 In the rushing of wind through the vines re-born,
And wherever the water-lilies grew,
 And the green, green willows swung.

XVI

And still the lady of my dream
 As a light before me goes;
I see her in the sun's last gleam,
 In the moonlight on the snows.
 Ah! chiefly then her song is sung,
 When the moon o'er the dark green woods is hung;
She is born at midnight on the stream,
 A starry, full-blown rose.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

[This MS is now first printed from the private copies of certain adepts, after careful examination and collation. It is printed for the information of scholars and the instruction of seekers. By the order of the A.: A.: certain formulæ have been introduced into it, and omissions made, to baffle any one who seeks to prostitute it to idle curiosity or to fraud. Its practical use and the method of avoiding these pitfalls will be shown to approved students by special authority from V.V.V.V.V. or his delagates.]

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. 7° = 4°

O.S.V. 6° = 5°

N.S.F. 5° = 6°

“Direct not thy mind to the vast surfaces of the earth; for the Plant of Truth grows not upon the ground. Nor measure the motions of the Sun, collecting rules, for he is carried by the Eternal Will of the Father, and not for your sake alone. Dismiss from your mind the impetuous course of the Moon, for she moveth always by the power of Necessity. The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake. The wide aerial flight of birds gives no true knowledge, nor the dissection of the entrails of victims; these are all mere toys, the basis of mercenary fraud: flee from these if you would enter the sacred paradise of piety where Virtue, Wisdom, and Equity are assembled.”

ZOROASTER.

M	A	C	A	N	E	H
A	R	O	L	U	S	E
D	I	R	U	C	U	N
A	L	U	H	U	L	A
S	E	R	U	R	O	C
U	N	E	L	I	R	A
L	U	S	A	D	A	M



A05

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

CHAPTER I

ATTRIBUTIONS OF GEOMANTIC FIGURES TO PLANETS, ZODIAC, AND RULING GENII

—	SIGN	EL.	GEOM. FIG.	SEX	NAME AND MEANING	GENIUS	RULER	PLANET
I	♈	△	☉	M.	Puer Boy, yellow, beardless	Malchidael	Bartzabel	♂
2	♉	▽	☿	F.	Amissio Loss, comprehended without	Asmodel	Kedemel	♀
3	♊	△	♁	M.	Albus White, fair	Ambriel	Taphthartharath	♃
4	♋	▽	♂	F.	Populus People, congregation	Muriel	Chasmodai	♄
5	♌	△	♁	M.	Fortuna Major Greater fortune, greater aid, safeguard entering	Verchiel	Sorath	♅
6	♍	▽	♁	F.	Conjunctio Conjunction, assembling	Hamaliel	Taphthartharath	♃
7	♎	△	☿	M.	Puella A girl, beautiful	Zuriel	Kedemel	♀
8	♏	▽	♁	F.	Rubeus Red, reddish	Barchiel	Bartzabel	♂
9	♐	△	☿	M.	Acquisitio Obtaining, comprehending without	Advachiel	Hismael	♃
10	♑	▽	☿	F.	Carcer A prison, bound	Hanael	Zazel	♃
11	♒	△	♁	M.	Tristitia Sadness, damned, cross	Cambiel	Zazel	♃
12	♓	▽	♁	F.	Lætitia Joy, laughing, healthy, bearded	Amnixiel	Hismael	♃

THE EQUINOX

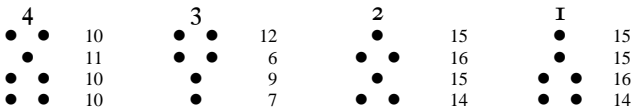
—	SIGN	EL.	GEOM. FIG.	SEX	NAME AND MEANING	GENIUS	RULER	PLANET
I3	☿	△	⋮	F.	Cauda Draconis The threshold lower, or going out	Zazel and Bartzabel	Zazel and Bartzabel	♃♂
I4	♁	▽	⋮	M	Caput Draconis The Head, the threshold entering, the upper threshold	Hismael and Kedmel	Hismael and Kedmel	♃♀
I5	♂	△	⋮	M.	Fortuna Minor Lesser Fortune, lesser aid, safe- guard going out.	Verchiel	Sorath	☉
I6	♁	▽	⋮	F.	Via Way, journey	Muriel	Chasmodai	♁

CHAPTER II

THE MODE OF DIVINING—MOTHERS—DAUGHTERS— NEPHEWS—WITNESSES—JUDGE—RECONCILER— PART OF FORTUNE

THINK fixedly of the demand; with a pencil mark 16 lines of points or dashes. Find whether number of points in each line is odd or even. For odd ●; for even ●●. Lines 1-4 give the first mother; lines 5-8 the second; and so on.

EXAMPLE



[The small Arabic numbers refer to the change number of dashes.]

Use clean (virgin) paper; place appropriate Pentagram (either with or without a circumscribed circle) invoking. If a circle, draw this first. Sigil of Ruler to which nature of question most refers should be placed in the Pentagram thus:

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

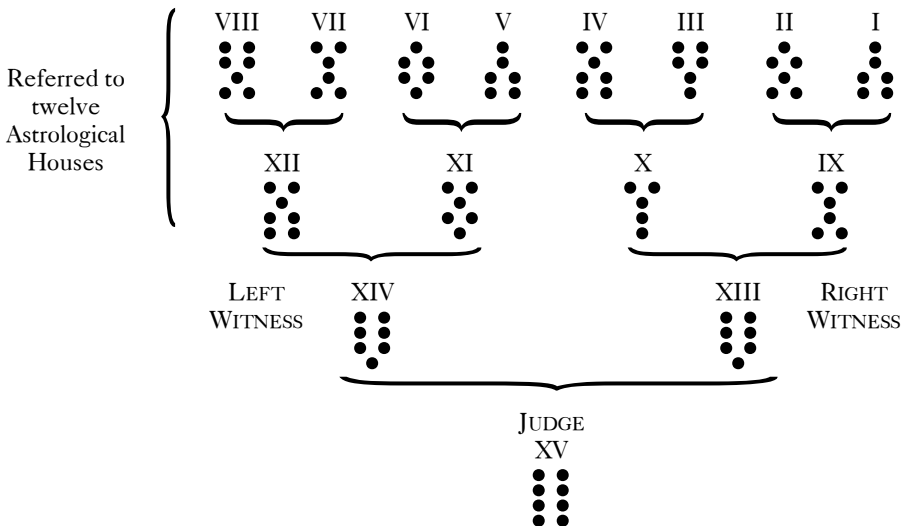
- ♄ Agriculture, sorrow, death.
- ♃ Good fortune, feasting, church preferment.
- ♂ War, victory, fighting.
- ☉ Power, magistracy.
- ♀ Love, music, pleasure.
- ♀ Science, learning, knavery.
-) Travelling, fishing, &c.

In diagram, p. 144, the Sigil of Hismael should be used.

In marking points fix attention on Sigil and on the question proposed; the hand should not be moved from the paper till complete. It is convenient to rule lines, to guide the eye.

The daughters are derived by reading the mothers horizontally.

The four nephews, Figures IX-XII, are thus formed: IX = I + II read vertically, added and taken as odd or even. So also XIII = IX + X, and XV = XIII + XIV.



THE EQUINOX

These last three are merely aids to general judgement. If the judge be good the figure is good, and *vice-versâ*.

The Reconciler = I + XV.

To find the Part of Fortune \oplus (ready money or cash belonging to the Querent), add points of the figures I-XII, divide by 12, and remainder shows figure. Here I + II + . . . + XII = 74 points = $6 \times 12 + 2$. $\therefore \oplus$ falls with $\ddot{\cdot}$ (II).

CHAPTER III

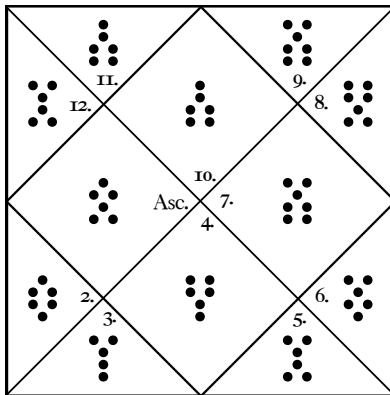
OF THE FIGURE OF THE TWELVE HOUSES OF HEAVEN

THE meaning of the twelve Houses is to be found, primarily, in any text-book of Astrology. Knowledge is to be enlarged and corrected by constant study and practice.

Place the figures thus:

I 10th	IV 7th	VII 5th	X 3rd
II Asc.	V 11th	VIII 8th	XI 6th
III 4th	VI 2nd	IX 12th	XII 9th

EXAMPLE



A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

CHAPTER IV

TABLES OF WITNESSES AND JUDGE

THE tables are classed by the Left Witness.

The judgement concerning a wife (*e.g.*) will hold good for all demands of the 7th House.

So of the others.

L.W. ●●●● POPULUS		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
		●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●	●●● ●●●
Life, &c.	1	Mod.	Good	Good	Mod.	Mod.	Evil	Good	Mod.
Money, &c.	2	Mod.	Good	Good	Bad	Mod.	Evil	Mod.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Mod.	Good	Good	Mod.	Good	Mod.	Mod.	Bad
Property	4	Mod.	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Bad	Mod.	Good
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Bad
Sex of Child	6	5*	Evil	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Dau.	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Soon health	Health	Perilous	Health	Health	Asc.
Prison	8	Come out	Out	Soon out	Out for nothing	Long	Out	Die there	Die there
Journey	9	Good by water	Slow	Medium	Good by water	Evil	Medium	Medium	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Not found	Found	Lost	Found	Part found










* Arabic numbers mean that the judgement is determined by the figure in that House of Heaven.










THE EQUINOX

L.W. ●●● LÆTITIA		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	
		●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	
Life, &c.	1	Good and long	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Increase	Evil	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good dignity	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.	Good
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	Dau.	5	Son	5	Son	5
Sickness	7	Health	II	Asc	Dangerous	Health	Health	Health	5
Prison	8	Late out	Come out	Come out	Come out	Soon out	Run away	Escape and re-capture	Come out
Journey	9	Good in end	Hurtful	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	Return	Good by water
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Part found	Part found	Part yielded	Part found	Part found












L.W. ●●● VIA		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	
		●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	●● ●●	
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.
Property	4	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good	Med.	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	5	5	5	5	Son	5
Sickness	7	Health	Dangerous	Health	Death	Death	Death	Health	Health
Prison	8	Out for nothing	Evil	Come out	Not out	Not out	Not out	Come out	Soon out
Journey	9	Good by water	Good by water	Slack	Return	Return	Late	Late	Good
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Not found	Part yielded	Found	Found	Part found	Little found	Not found












A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

L.W.  FORTUNA MAJOR		R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Possibility good	Evil	Good	Good	Good	Med.	Good	Good
Property	4	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Evil	Good	Good	Good	Evil	Good	Evil
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	Son	5	Son	Dau.	5	5
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Good	Asc.	Health	Perilous	Health	Health
Prison	8	Come out	Late	Come out	Die there	Come out	With harm	Come out	Soon out
Journey	9	Good with speed	Evil	Difficult	Med.	Soon return	Late	Good	Very good
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Found	Found	Part found	Not found	Found	Not found










L.W.  ALBUS		R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Good	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Good	Med.	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.
Property	4	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Evil	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Dau. die	5	Dau.	5	Dau.	5	Dau.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Death	Health	Death	Health	Death	Health	Health	Asc.
Prison	8	Perilous	Late	Not out	Come out	Die there	Run away	Come out	Come out
Journey	9	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Difficult	Slow	Med.	V. good by water
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Not found	Not found	Part found	Part found	Found	Not found	Part found










THE EQUINOX

L.W.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.			
 RUBEUS																					
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Very evil												
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Very evil												
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil	Very evil												
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Very evil												
Wife, &c,	5	Very good	Evil	Good	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil	Immoral												
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	Dau.	Son.	Dau.	5	5	5												
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Death	Health	Health	Long sick	In danger	Perilous												
Prison	8	Come out	Difficult	Evil	Evil	Come out	Soon out	Doubtful	Death												
Journey	9	Difficult	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Slow	Evil	Robbed												
Thing Lost	10	Part found	Part yielded	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found												

L.W.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.			
 TRISTITIA																					
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil												
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Good	Very evil												
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good	Good	Evil												
Property	4	Good	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good	Very evil												
Wife, &c,	5	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil												
Sex of Child	6	5	Dau.	Son	Dau.	5	5	Dau.	5												
Sickness	7	Death	Death	Evil	Evil	Evil	Health	Health	Perilous												
Prison	8	Death	Death	Evil	Evil	Evil	Come out	Long	Hard												
Journey	9	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Very late	Late	Med.												
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Found	Not found												

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

L.W.  PUELLA		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Good	Good	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	V. good	Good	Evil	Good	Good	Evil
Property	4	Evil	Good	Med	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil
Wife, &c,	5	Med.	Good	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	Son	5	5	5	5	Dau.	5
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Dangerous	Asc.	Health	Health	Long	Health
Prison	8	Out by ill means	Come out	Come out	Good end	Come out	Come out	Long	Come out
Journey	9	Perilous	Good	Good by ▽	Good	Perilous	Slow	Good	Med.
Thing Lost	10	Part found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Not found	Found	Part found










L.W.  PUER		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Good	Somewhat good	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Property	4	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Wife, &c,	5	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	5	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Son.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Health	Soon die	Asc.	Death	Health	Perilous	Health	Evil
Prison	8	Well out	Soon out	Dangerous	Die there	Come out	Perilous	Come out	Evil
Journey	9	Return	Med.	Spoiled	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Part found	Not found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found










THE EQUINOX

L.W.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.	
CAPUT DRACONIS																	
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Good	V. good	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Good	V. good	Suffic'nt	Med.	V. good	Evil	V. good	Evil	V. good	Evil	V. good	Evil	V. good	Evil	V. good
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	V. good	Evil	Good	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good
Property	4	Evil	Good	V. good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	5	5	Dau.	Son	Son	Dau.	Son	Son	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Son	Son	Dau.	Son
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Asc.	Health	Good end	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health
Prison	8	Long	Perilous	Come out	Hard	6	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Out late
Journey	9	Evil	Med.	Good by ▽	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	V. good
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found










L.W.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		R.W. J.		
CAUDA DRACONIS																		
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Tolerable	Evil	Med.	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Very evil	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Suffic'nt	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	
Property	4	Good	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Suffic'nt	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	
Wife, &c,	5	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Very evil	Med.	Very evil	Med.	Very evil	
Sex of Child	6	Son	5	5	5	5	5	Son and live	5	Son and live	5	Son and live	5	Son and live	5	Son and live	5	
Sickness	7	Health	Perilous	Death	Death	Death	Perilous	Health	Perilous	Health	Perilous	Health	Perilous	Health	Perilous	Health	Asc.	
Prison	8	Good end	Out with pain	Death	Come out	Come out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Soon out	Come out	Dangerous
Journey	9	Evil	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Evil	Good	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Very evil	
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Not found	Found	Not found	Part found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Part found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found	










A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

L.W.  ACQUISITIO		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	V. good	Med.	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Evil	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Property	4	Med.	Evil	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	5	5	Son	Dau.	5	Son
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Asc.	In danger
Prison	8	Death	Come out	Come out	Come out	Long	Come out	Late out	Slow
Journey	9	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Soon return	Med.	Evil	Slow
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Found	Found	Found










L.W.  AMISSIO		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil
Property	4	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c,	5	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Evil
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	5	5	Dau.	Son	5	5
Sickness	7	The end health	Health	Perilous	Health	Health	Health	Death	Health
Prison	8	Long	Good end	Hard	Soon out	Come out	Come out	Out in the end	Die there
Journey	9	Good	Med.	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Not begun
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Part found	Not found

THE EQUINOX

L.W.  CONJUNCTIO		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Hard
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Wife, &c,	5	Good	Evil	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Good	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Son	5	5	Dau.	5	Son	Dau.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Long & pining	Death	Death	Asc.	Asc.	Health	Perilous	Hard
Prison	8	Long time	Out with fear	Perilous	Long	Good	Come out	Come out	Long
Journey	9	Slow	Med.	Good by ▽	Good	Med.	Evil	Slow	Hard
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found

L.W.  CARCER		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.
Property	4	Med.	Evil	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Med.	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Evil	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	5	Son	Dau.	5	5	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Perilous	Dangerous
Prison	8	Good end	Soon out	Late out	Come out	Come out	Come out	Evil	Late out
Journey	9	Slow	Good	Slow	Slow	Slow	Slow	Difficult	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Little found	Part found	Part found	Part found	Not found	Not found	Be found

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

L.W.		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
 FORTUNA MINOR									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Evil	Good	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Sex of Child	6	5	5	5	Son	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Health	Death	Health	Health	Asc.	Health	Health quickly	Perilous
Prison	8	Come out	Come out	Hard prison	Long in prison	Come out	Sorrow	Come out	Die
Journey	9	Good	Med.	Good	Late good	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Found

CHAPTER V

THE GENERAL MEANING OF THE SIXTEEN FIGURES IN THE TWELVE HOUSES

HEREIN follows a set of general tables of the sixteen figures in the twelve Houses, for the better convenience of forming a general judgement of the scheme. Under the head of each figure separately is given its general effect in whatever House it may happen to fall.

Thus, by taking the House signifying the thing demanded, and also that signifying the end of the matter (fourth House), and noticing what figures fall therein, you may find by these tables their general effect in that position.

THE EQUINOX

ACQUISITIO		FORTUNA MINOR			
Generally good for profit or gain.	I	Happy success in all things	Good in any matter where a person wishes to proceed quickly.	I	Speed in victory or love; but choleric
	2	Very prosperous		2	Very good
	3	Favour and riches		3	Good but wrathful
	4	Good fortune and success		4	Haste; rather evil, exc. for peace
	5	Good success		5	Good in all
	6	Good, esp. agreeing with 5 th		6	Medium in all
	7	Reasonably good		7	Evil, exc. for war or love
	8	Rather good, not very, the sick die		8	Evil generally
	9	Good in all		9	Good, but choleric
	10	Good in suits, very prosperous		10	Good, exc. for peace
	11	Good in all		11	Good, esp. for love
	12	Evil, pain, and loss		12	Good, exc. for alteration or serving another
AMISSIO		LETITIA			
Gd. for loss of substance, and some- times for love, but v. bad for gain.	I	Ill in all but for prisoners	Good for joy, present or to come.	I	Good, exc. in war
	2	V. evil for money, good for love		2	Sickly
	3	Ill end, exc. in quarrels		3	Ill
	4	Ill in all		4	Meanly good
	5	Evil, exc. for agriculture		5	Excellently good
	6	Rather evil, exc. for love		6	Evil generally
	7	V. good for love, otherwise evil		7	Indifferent
	8	Excellent in all questions		8	Evil generally
	9	Evil in all		9	Very good
	10	Evil, exc. for women's favour		10	Good rather in war than in peace
	11	Good for love, otherwise bad		11	Good in all
	12	Evil in all		12	Evil generally
FORTUNA MAJOR		TRISTITIA			
Good for gain in things where a person has hopes to win.	I	Good, save in secrecy	Evil in almost all things.	I	Med., but good for treasure and fortifying
	2	Good, save in sad things		2	Med., but good to fortify
	3	Good in all		3	Evil in all
	4	Good in all but melancholy		4	Evil in all
	5	Very good in all		5	Very evil
	6	Very good, exc. for debauchery		6	Evil, exc. for debauchery
	7	Good in all		7	Evil, but in secrecy good
	8	Moderately good		8	Gd. for inheritance and magic only
	9	Very good		9	Evil, exc. for magic
	10	Exceeding good, to go to superiors		10	Evil, exc. for fortification
	11	Very good		11	Evil in all
	12	Good in all		12	Evil, but good for magic and treasure

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

PUELLA		ALBUS			
Good in all demands, especially those relating to women.	1	Good, exc. in war	1	Good for marriage; mercurial; peace	
	2	Very good	2	Good in all	
	3	Good	3	Very good	
	4	But indifferent	4	Good, exc. in war	
	5	V. good, but notice the aspects	5	Good	
	6	Good, but esp. so for debauchery	6	Good in all	
	7	Good, exc. for war	7	Good, exc. for war	
	8	Good	8	Good	
	9	Good for music, otherwise medium	9	A messenger brings letters	
	10	Good for place	10	Excellent in all	
	11	Good, and love of ladies	11	Very good	
	12	Good in all	12	Marvellously good	
PUER		CONJUNCTIO			
Evil in most demands, except those relating to war and love.	1	Indifferent; best in war	Good with good, and evil with evil. Recovery of things lost.	1	Good with good, evil with evil
	2	Good, but with trouble		2	Commonly good
	3	Good fortune		3	Good fortune
	4	Evil, exc. in war and love		4	Good, save for health. C/8th
	5	Medium good		5	House's figure
	6	Medium		6	Medium
	7	Evil, save in war		7	Good for immorality only
	8	Evil, exc. in love		8	Rather good
	9	Evil, exc. for war		9	Evil, death
	10	Evil rather; good for love and war; else medium.		10	Medium good
	11	Medium; good favour		11	For love good, for sickness evil
	12	Very good in all		12	Good in all
RUBEUS		CARCER			
Evil in all that is good, and good in all that is evil.	1	Destroy the figure	General evil, delay, binding, stay, bar, restriction.	1	Evil except to fortify a place
	2	Evil in all		2	Good in Saturnian questions, otherwise evil
	3	Evil, exc. to let blood		3	Evil
	4	Evil, exc. in war and fire		4	Good, only for melancholy
	5	Evil, exc. for sowing seed		5	Receive a letter in three days; evil
	6	Evil, exc. for blood-letting		6	Very evil
	7	Evil, exc. for war and fire		7	Evil
	8	Evil		8	Very evil
	9	Very evil		9	Evil in all
	10	Dissolute, love, fire		10	Evil, save for hid treasure
	11	Evil, exc. blood-letting		11	Much anxiety
	12	Evil in all		12	Rather good

THE EQUINOX

CAPUT DRACONIS		VIA		
Good with good, evil with evil; gives a good issue for gain.	1	Good in all	1	Evil, exc. for prison
	2	Good	2	Indifferent
	3	Very good	3	Very good in all
	4	Good, save in war	4	Good in all, save love
	5	Very good	5	Voyages good
	6	Good for immorality only	6	Evil
	7	Good, esp. for peace	7	Rather good, esp. for voyages
	8	Good	8	Evil
	9	Very good	9	Indifferent; good for journeys
	10	Good in all	10	Good
	11	Good for the Church and ecclesiastical gain.	11	Very good
	12	Not very good	12	Excellent
		Injurious to the goodness of other figs, generally, but gd. for journeys & voyages		
CAUDA DRACONIS		POPULUS		
Good with evil, and evil with good; good for loss, and for passing out of an affair.	1	Destroy the figure	1	Good for marriage
	2	Very evil	2	Medium good
	3	Evil in all	3	Rather good than bad
	4	Good, esp. for conclusion of the matter	4	Good in all but love
	5	Very evil	5	Good in most
	6	Rather good	6	Good
	7	Evil, war, and fire	7	In war good, else medium
	8	No good, exc. for magic	8	Evil
	9	Good for science only; bad for journeys; robbery	9	Look for letters
	10	Evil, save in works of fire	10	Good
	11	Evil, save for favours	11	Good in all
	12	Rather good	12	Very evil
		Sometimes good, sometimes bad; good with good, evil with evil.		

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

CHAPTER VI

OF THE ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES OF THE FIGURES IN THE HOUSES; OF THE ASPECTS OF THE HOUSES; AND OF THE FRIENDSHIP AND EMNITY OF THE RULERS IN ASPECTS, ETC.

BY Essential Dignity is meant the strength of a figure when found in a particular House. A figure is therefore strongest in what is called its House; very strong in its Exaltation; strong in its Triplicity; very weak in its Fall; weakest of all in its Detriment. A figure is in its Fall when in a House opposite to that of its Exaltation; in is Detriment when opposite to its own House. The following list shows the Essential Dignities; that is to say, they follow the Dignities of their Ruling Planets, considering the twelve Houses of the scheme as answering to the twelve signs, thus: Asc. to ♉, 2 to ♈, 3 to ♀, &c., . . . 12 to ♋. Therefore ♁ figures will be strong in Asc. and weak in 7th and so on. *See* chapter i. for attribution of figures to planets.

♁ is strong in Dignities of ♃ and ♀.

♂ is strong in Dignities of ♃ and ♂.

TABLE OF ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES

—	HOUSE	EXALTATION	TRIPPLICITY	FALL	DETRIMENT
ASC.	II2I, 2I22, III2	22II, II22	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	I22I, 222I	I2I2, I2II
2	I2I2, I2II, 2III,	2222, IIII	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	—	II2I, 2I22, III2
3	2III2, 22I2	2III	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2III2, III2	III2	2I2I, I222, 2III

THE EQUINOX

TABLE OF ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES—*continued*

—	HOUSE	EXALTATION	TRIPPLICITY	FALL	DETRIMENT
4	2222, IIII	2I2I, I222	II2I, 2I22, III2	II2I, 2I22	I22I, 222I, III2
5	22II, II22	—	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	—	I22I, 222I, III2
6	2II2, 22I2	2II2, 22I2	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	I2I2. I2II	2I2I, I222, 2III
7	I2II, I2I2, 2III	I22I, 222I	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2II2, III2	22II. II22	II2I, 2I22, III2
8	2I22, II2I, III2	—	II2I, 2I22, III2	2222, IIII	I2I2, I2II, 2III
9	2I2I, I222, 2III	III2	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	2III	22I2, 2II2
10	I22I, 222I, III2	II2I, 2I22	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	I222, 2I2I	2222, IIII
11	I22I, 222I, 2III	—	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2II2, III2	—	22II, II22
12	I222, 2I2I, 2III	I2I2, I2II	II2I, 2I22, III2	22I2. 2II2	22I2. 2II2

THE ASPECTS OF THE HOUSES

The Asc. is aspected by 11, 10, 9 (as *□ and Δ Dexter and by 3, 4, 5 . . . Sinister, and has 7 in opposition.

The Dexter aspect is that which is *contrary* to the natural order of the Houses; it is stronger than the Sinister. So for other Houses. Figures have Friends and Enemies:—
 ㊦ : ㊧ ⊙ ㊨ ☽ Friends; ♂ ♀ Enemies. ㊧ : ㊦ ⊙ ♀ ㊨ ☽; and ♂.
 ♂ : ♀; and ☽ ㊦ ⊙ ㊨. ⊙ : ㊧ ⊙ ♀ ㊨ ☽; and ㊦. ♀ : ㊧ ⊙ ♂ ㊨ ☽; and ㊦.
 ㊨ : ㊦ ⊙ ♀ ☽; and ♂. ☽ : ㊧ ⊙ ♀ ㊨ ☽; and ㊦ and ♂.

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

Also figures of Δ are sympathetic with those of Δ , friendly with Δ and ∇ ; hostile to ∇ .

So ∇ symp. ∇ , friendly Δ and ∇ , and host. Δ : Δ symp Δ , friendly Δ and ∇ , and host. ∇ . ∇ symp. ∇ , friendly ∇ and Δ , and host. Δ . Again, sign figures are friends to those \ast or Δ , and hostile to those \square or in δ .

CHAPTER VII

OF THE GENERAL METHOD OF JUDGING A FIGURE

REMEMBER always that if $\ddot{\ddot{\cdot}}$ or $\ddot{\cdot}$ fall in the Ascendant, the figure is not fit for judgement. Destroy it instantly, and erect a new figure not less than two hours afterwards.

Your figure being thoroughly arranged as on p. 144, note first to what House the demand belongs. Then look for Witnesses and Judge in their special table, and see what is said under the head of the demand. Put this down. Note next what figure falls into the House required (if it spring into other Houses, these too should be considered); *e.g.* in a question of money stolen, if the figure in 2nd be also in 6th it might show the thief to be a servant in the house. Look next in the Table of Figures in the Houses, and see what the figure signifies in the especial House under consideration. Put this down also. Then by the Table of Aspects (p. 158) note down the figures \ast \square Δ and δ , putting good on one side, evil on the other; noting also the strength or weakness, friendliness or hostility to the figure of the House required, of these figures. Then add the meaning of the figure in the 4th, to signify the end of the matter. It may also assist you to form a Reconciler from the figure in the House required and the

THE EQUINOX

Judge, noting what figure results and whether it harmonises with one or both by nature (pp. 158, 159). Now consider all you have written, and according to the balance of Good and Evil, form your final judgement. Consider also always in money questions where the Part of Fortune falls.

Take, *e.g.*, the figure on p. 144, and form a judgement for loss of money in business therefrom.

Table of Witnesses and Judge say: Moderate.

In 2nd is ☹. Evil, showing obstacle, delay.

Part of Fortune ⊕ is in Asc. with ☹, showing loss through Querent's own blunders.

☹ springs into no other Houses; ∴ this does not affect the question.

The figures * and Δ of 2nd are ☺, ☻, ☼, and ☽, all good figures and friendly in nature = Well-intentioned help of friends.

The figures □ and ♂ are ☾, ☿, ♁, which are not hostile to ☹; therefore shows opposition not great.

The figure in the 4th is ☺, which shows a good end, but with anxiety.

Forming a Reconciler we get ☺ again, a sympathetic figure but denoting delay = Delay, but helping Querent's wishes.

Adding all together—

1. Medium.
2. Evil and obstacles, delay;
3. Loss through Querent's self;
4. Strength for evil, medium only;
5. Well-intentioned aid of friends;
6. Not much opposition from enemies.
7. Ending good, but with anxiety;
8. Delay, but helping Querent's wishes—

we formulate this judgement:

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

That the Querent's loss in business has been principally owing to his own mismanagement; that he will have a long and hard struggle, but will meet with help from friends; that his obstacles will gradually give way; and that after much anxiety he will eventually recoup himself for his previous losses.



THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

THEN silence, and the veil of light is raised
And darkness seen behind. Now softly sound
The Angels' herald-trumpets, calling round
Thunders and mighty winds and powers amazed.
Now laden with the spirit of man's hand
There bursts an awful clarion-shout and brings
Strange whispering and rushing of strange wings
Battling, and furtive secrets of command.

Down from the height and up from the abyss
Are swept dominion, power, angel, throne,
For unimaginable ends, and hiss,
And fall. The heralds trumpet; they are gone.
Tread softly—'tis in God's house thou hast been—
And fearfully—'tis God that thou hast seen.

G. H. S. PINSENT

A NOTE ON GENESIS

FROM THE PAPER WRITTEN

BY THE

V. H. FRA. I. A. 5 = 6

A.: A.: Publication in Class C

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ Imperator

N.S.F. $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius

A NOTE ON GENESIS

PREFATORY NOTE

THE following Essay is one of the most remarkable studies in the Hebrew Qabalah known to me.

Its venerable author was an adept familiar with many systems of symbolism, and able to harmonise them for himself, even as now is accomplished for all men in the Book 777.

In the year 1899 he was graciously pleased to receive me as his pupil, and, living in his house, I studied daily under his guidance the Holy Qabalah. Upon his withdrawal—whether to enjoy his Earned Reward, or to perform the Work of the Brotherhood in other lands or planets matters nothing here—he bequeathed to me a beautiful Garden, the like of which hath rarely been seen upon Earth.

It has been my pious duty to collate and comment upon this arcane knowledge, long treasured in my heart, watered alike by my tears and my blood, and sunned by that all-glorious Ray that multiplieth itself into an Orb ineffable.

In this Garden no flower was fairer than this exquisite discourse; I beg my readers to pluck it and lay it in their hearts.

It should be studied in connection with the Book 777, and with the Sepher Sephiroth, a magical dictionary of pure

THE EQUINOX

number which was begun by the author of this essay, carried on by myself, and now about to be published as soon as the MS. can be prepared.

The reader who is at all familiar with the sublime computations of the Qabalah will find no difficulty in appreciating this Essay to the full; but all will gain benefit from the study of the ratiocinative methods employed. These methods, indeed, are so fine and subtile that they readily sublime into the Intuitive. This study is truly a Royal Magistracy, an easy and sure means of exciting the consciousness from Ruach to Neschamah.

THE EQUINOX

expressed by the Ten Voices or Emanations of God the Vast One—Blessed be He!—even the Holy Sephiroth.

And the Method whereby I shall work shall be the One Absolute and inerratic Science: the Science of Number: which is that single Mystery of the Intellect of Man whereby he becometh exalted unto the Throne of Inflexible and Unerring Godhead.

As it is written, “Oh, how the World hath inflexible Intellectual Rulers” (Zoroaster).

But before I may proceed unto the Qabalistical* enumeration and analysis of the Text, a certain preamble in the fruitful fields of that Science will become necessary. The Evolution of the Numbers is the Evolution of the Worlds, for as it is written in the Clavicula Salomonis, “The Numbers are Ideas; and the Ideas are the Powers, and the Powers are the Holy Elohim of Life.” That which is behind and beyond all Number and all thought (even as the Ain Soph with its Mighty Veils depending back from Kether is behind and beyond all Manifestation) is the number 0. Its symbol is the very Emblem of Infinite Space and Infinite Time.† Multiply it by any active and manifested number; and that number vanishes—sinks into the Ocean of Eternity. So also is the Ain Soph. From It proceed all Things: unto It all will return, when the Age of Brahman is over and done, and the day of Peace-Be-with-Us is declared by Thoth,

* Here used in its true meaning of “the marshalling forth by number.” Qabalah, קבלה, by Tarot, “The Mystery shown forth in balanced disposition by Command.”

† “Hidden behind my Magic Veil of Shows,
I am not seen at all—Name not my Name.”

A NOTE ON GENESIS

the Great God, and the Material Universe sinketh into Infinity.

The first Number, then, is ONE; emblem of the All-Father; the Unmanifest Mind behind all Manifestation: the First Mind. Multiply by It any other Number—for the Multiplication of the Numbers is a Generation, as is the Multiplication of Men and Gods—and behold! the *Resultant* is a replica of the Number taken. So is One the All-Father, the All-begetter—generating and producing all.

The next step is the division into TWO. Thus was manifested the Great Dual Power of Nature. As above, so below. And thus we find that the simple division into two is the method of multiplication of the Amoeba, the lowest, simplest, and most absolute form of physical life that we know.

The Dual Power of Nature is the Great Mother of the Worlds.

Again, to draw an analogy from the Material World, consider the Moon, our Mother. Behold in her the Typic representative of the Powers of the Two. Light and Darkness, Flux and Reflux, Ebb and Flow—these are her manifested Powers in Nature—where also she binds the Great Waters to her Will.

Now in the Yetziratic Attribution, is the second number, Beth (*i.e.* a House), an Abode, the Dwelling of the Holy One, shown to be equivalent to the Sphere of Kokab and his lords. And the symbolic weapon of ☿ is the Caduceus, whose Twin Serpents show again the Dualistic Power. (*Note.*—Woden, the Scandinavian Mercury, was the All-Father, as it is written in the Ritual of the Path of the Spirit of the Primal

THE EQUINOX

Fire ♃. “For all things did the Father of All Things perfect, and delivered them over unto the *Second Mind; whom all Races of Men call First.*”) Behold, then, in these two great numbers 1 and 2 the Father and the Mother of the Worlds and of Numbers.

Now these twain being Conjoined and manifest in ONE, produce the number 3; as it is written: “For the Mind of the Father said that ‘All Things should be cut into Three,’ Whose Will* assenting All Things were so divided. For the Mind of the Father said *Into three*, governing All Things by Mind. And there appeared in it the Triad, Virtue and Wisdom and Multiscient Truth.” Thus floweth forth the form of the Triad.† Thus is formulated the Creative Trinity which is, as it were, the essential preliminary to Manifestation.

This Mystic Son of the Eternal Parents, having for his number 3, is typified in all the sacred scripts by that number. Thus it is written of the manifestation of the Son of God upon the Earth, “Shiloh shall come” (the initial of which Mystery-Name is ♃ = 300). And in the Grecian tongue it is written: “In the beginning was the *Word*,” &c., which is *λογος* ($\lambda = 30$). But the best of all the Examples is found in the Holy Tetragram יהוה. For we may regard this venerable name as typical of the Father and the Mother, and so divided into יה and ה.‡ Now if into the midst of this divided Name

* כ, the Magus of Power in Tarot = Will.

† Ritual of the Path of the Daughter of the Firmament.

‡ For it is written (Genesis 1: 27):

בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים אֶת־הָאָדָם בְּצַלְמוֹ בְּצֶלֶם אֱלֹהִים בָּרָא אֹתוֹ זָכָר וּנְקֵבָה בָּרָא אֹתָם:

“And the Elohim created Mankind: in the Likeness of the Elohim created they them: Male and Female created they them. Now if ADAM be in the similitude of the Elohim: and are male and female, then must the Elohim

A NOTE ON GENESIS

we cast the triple fire of the Holy letter **ש** = 300, we get the name of the Godhead Incarnate upon Earth, **יהשוה**. But $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$, which is the number of **ו**, the third letter of the Venerable Name: Microprosopus and the Son of God.

We are now, therefore, arrived at the Great Mystery of the Tetractys, and to go further we must resort to the Twin Sister of the Science of Number—which, indeed, is but Number made Flesh: Geometry, or Absolute Symbolism. Even as it was spoken by the holy Pythagoras: “God geometrises.”

Let us behold the Work of His Fingers!

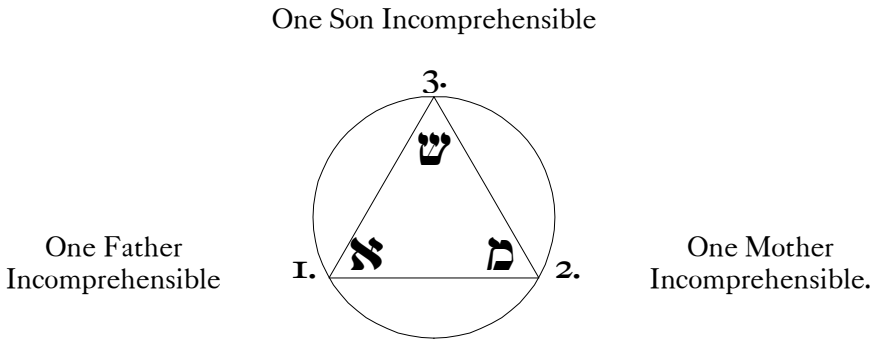


FIG. I.—THE TRINITY UNMANIFEST

be also male and female. Now in the first of these mysterious three verses in Exodus xiv. wherein the divided name is hidden it is written, “and went the *Angel of the Elohim* before the Camp,” &c. And this Angel of the Elohim, **מלאך אלהים**, is the Manifestations of their Presendce. Now **מלאך** hath the number 91, which is also the number of **והיה ארני**, wherefore by Gematria “Tetragrammaton our Lord” is the Angel of the Elohim of the Divided Name. Therefore is the Tetragrammaton symbolic of the Manifested Presence of the Elohim; and if the Elohim be Male and Female, so also must be the Tetragram. Also is the number of **אמן** (also 91) by Aiq Bekar $1 + 4 + 5 = 10$ —the Perfection of the Sephiroth.

THE EQUINOX

One Son Eternal.

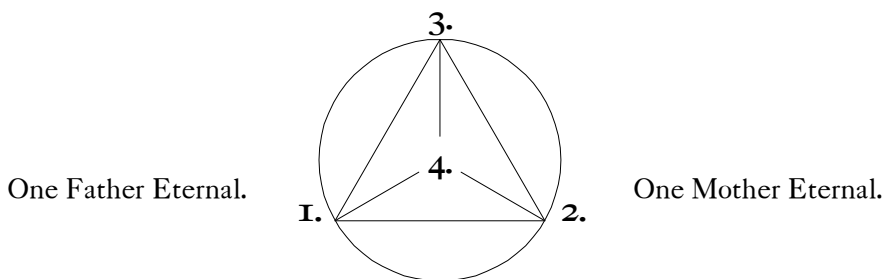


FIG. II.—THE TRINITY IN MANIFESTATION

In both of these Symbols the all-including circle represents the underlying idea of the Number 0: the Infinite: Parabrahman: the Ain Soph. In the first is shown the Mystic Trinity before manifestation; as it were unlimited, unbound, and unbounded, inoperative because of its diffusiveness and dispersion. In the second figure we behold their concentration: focalisation: producing by their joint action the number of manifestation—4. In the worlds—Assiah: in the Taro, the Princess—the throne of the Spirit: in the Tetragram, the Hé final, and in symbolic language—the Daughter: in the Cycle of Life (Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection), the fourth; in the Keys of the Book Universal, the Empress, *Κορη Κοσμου*, the Virgin of the World, Venus, Aphrodite: Centrum in Trigonis Centri—by whatsoever of a myriad names we call Her, still the same in Spirit, the same in Number and in form! And this number is herein formulated by the Concentration of the Three in One. $3 + 1 = 4$. Now in this Figure II. we behold six certain Paths; and in six days did God create the Heavens and the Earth. And the total numeration of its numbers is the Perfect Number, even the

A NOTE ON GENESIS

Decade of the Sephiroth. ($1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$.)

Thus can our Science teach us wherefore the Door* of Venus, ♀, is the Gateway of Initiation: that one planet whose symbol alone embraceth the 10 Sephiroth; the Entrance to the Shrine of our Father C.R.C., the Tomb of Osiris; the God Revealer, coming, moreover, by the Central Path of ♃ through the midst of the Triangle of Light. And the Lock which guards that Door is as the Four Gates of the Universe. And the Key is The Ankh, Immortal Life—the Rose and Cross of Life; and the Symbol of Venus ♀.

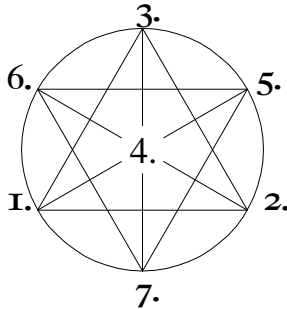


FIG. III—THIRD SYMBOL.

By producing the Paths whereby the Forces of the Three (*see* Second Symbol) were concentrated into four, we find they read $1 + 4 = 5$, $2 + 4 = 6$, $3 + 4 = 7$. And thus is revealed

* As above, so below; wherefore saith the Holy Qabalah that alone amongst the Shells is Nogah, the Sphere of Venus, exalted unto Holiness. (Venus is the Goddess of Love.)

THE EQUINOX

the Second Triangle of the Hexagram of Creation.*

Further, this Reflected Triangle showeth forth the evolution of the Four Worlds and their Consolidation: for

$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10 = \text{א} =$	Atziluth
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 = 15 = \text{ב} =$	Briah
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 = 21 = \text{ג} =$	Yetzirah
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7\ddagger = 28 = 2 + 8 = 10$	Assiah

The Number 28, the total numeration, therefore represents Malkuth, the Tenth Sephira: Assiah made manifest —the Work of Creation accomplished: wherefore God rested on the *Seventh* Day. And 28 is 7×4 , the seven stars shining throughout the four Worlds.

One thing is significant, indeed. Let us take the Primal Three and convert those Numbers into Colours. So we get **א**, the Father, the Yellow Ray of the Dawning Sun of Creation; **ב**, the Mother, the Blue Ray of the Great Primæval Waters; **ג**, the Son, the Red Ray: the Ruach Elohim,‡ symbol of the Red Fire of God, which brooded (v. 2) upon the Face of the Waters: or like the Red Glory that lights up the Heavens at Dawn, when the Golden Sun illumines the Waters above the Firmament. Now this Red Glory is the **IGNIS DEI**: which is also the **AGNUS DEI**, or Lamb of God

* As it is written in the Path of the Child of the Sons of the Mighty: “And the Chaos cried aloud for the unity of Form and the Face of the Eternal arose. . . . That Brow and those Eyes formed the Δ of the Measureless Heavens: and their Reflection formed the ∇ of the measureless Waters. And thus was formulated One Eternal Hexad: and this is the Number of the Dawning Creation.”

‡ But herein is the Fall, that there were only six numbers, so that for the seventh was 5 repeated. Hence $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 5 = 26 = \text{יהוה}$. Assiah; Tetragrammaton as the Elemental Limitation, the Jealous God.—P.

‡ Remember that the enumeration of the Name **אלהים יהוה** is $300 = \text{ש}$.

A NOTE ON GENESIS

that destroyeth (literally *burns out*) the Sins of the World. As it is written in the Ordinary of the Mass: the Priest goeth unto the South of the Altar and prays: “O Agnus Dei! qui tollis—qui tollis Peccata Mundi—Dona Nobis Pacem!” And this Fire, this Lamb of God, is *Aries*, Symbol of the Dawning Year: whose colour also is as the Red Fire, and which is the head of the Fiery Triplicity in the Zodiac. So also in the Grade of Neophyte in the Order of the Golden Dawn the Hierophant weareth a robe of flame-scarlet as symbolic of the Dawn.

NOTE.—It may be objected to this enunciation of the colours that ♀, the Father, is Fire; that ♀, the Mother, is Water; that ♂, the Son, is Air, and Yellow instead of Red. This also is true, but it relates to the governance of the Elemental Kingdoms, which are in the Astral Worlds, and whose monads are on the descending arc of Life, whilst Man is on the Ascending; that scale is therefore inverted. For by the mighty sacrifice of the Man Made Flesh and by His Torturous Pilgrimage is evolved that Glorified Son Who is Greater than His Father. In Alchemy we have again the descending arc, for we find that the *red* powder cast upon the Water of the Metals produceth the Golden Sol. But it is important not to confuse. The Christians have terribly muddled their Trinity by making the Son the second instead of the third Principle; whilst with them the Holy Spirit at one Time symbolizes the Mother and at another the Son.

Thus at the Annunciation and at the Baptism of the Christ the S.S. appeareth as a Dove, emblem of ♀ and the Mother: whilst the S.S. that descended upon the Apostles at Pentecost was in reality the Spirit of the Christ, and therefore

THE EQUINOX

symbolised by the ♃ (*see* Lecture on Microcosmos in MSS. of R.R. et A.C.).

In Theosophical nomenclature this latter was the $\overset{M}{\Delta}_U$ anas or Jeheshua: the third principle.

For the same reason I have drawn the triangle with the 3 uppermost $\overset{3}{\Delta}_2$ instead of $\overset{3}{\nabla}_1^2$.

PART II

IT was necessary that I should go thus somewhat at length into this Mystery of the Opening of the Numbers, because without this explanation much of the meaning of the verse must necessarily remain obscure.

Now let us consider this most Mystic Verse!

The first thing that strikes us is that it contains *Seven Words*: the Second that the number of its letters is *twenty-eight*. Thus does it perfectly symbolise in its entirety the third Symbol in the numerical evolution.

Before proceeding to a detailed analysis, and following the Process of Creation by Time (*i.e.*, beginning at the first letter, and so proceeding), let me point out a few general facts. First as to the number of letters in each word, which converted into figures stands thus: 4.3.5.2.5.3.6. (Hebrew direction).

In the midst is 2, by Taro the Central Will: and this two-lettered word is **NS**. On either side of this is the pair of figures 35—53, balanced one against the other: as though symbolic of the great dawning of life of the *Mothers*—**ן** and **נ**, vitalised by the SON (3) as the Vice-Gerent of His Father.

These balanced figures together make 16, whereof the Key is 7; the total number of letters in the third Symbol. Then we have left at either end 4 and 6 = 10,* the perfection of the

* *Vide* Sepher Yetzirah for this division of the Holy Sephiroth into a Hexad and a Tetrad.

THE EQUINOX

Sephiroth, as if to declare that this verse from, beginning to end thereof reflected the Voices from Kether even unto Malkuth: and $6 - 4 = 2$ again, the Central Will, **ב**, Thoth, in the Heart of the Universe (as in the centre of the verse). Note, then, this perfect equilibrium of the verse, and remember that Mystery—that equilibrium is strength.

Let us now look at the letters themselves. Counting them, we find that the two central ones are **מס**, the Supernal Mother; even as the number of letters had the dual symbol in their midst. Now their numeration is 41, yielding by Gematria **איל** = Force: Might: Power: **גאואל**, Divine Majesty: and **אהלב** = Fecundity, all symbolic of the attributes of the Dual Polar Force and Mother. Moreover, $4 + 1 = 5 = \eta$, Mother Supernal once again—and in its geometric symbol the Pentagram—the Star of Unconquered Will. Add the next two letters on either side, and we get **יבםאה**, or a concealed Tetragrammaton.

And this also reads **יב**, the Great Sea, **אה**, Alpha and Omega, or Essence. Add the next two, so that the six central letters are obtained; and we read **היבאחה**, which signifies **היב**, swollen, extended, or expanded; and hence *Thou* (*i.e.*, God, Ateh, the All) *in extension*. But by Metathesis of these six letters is obtained **היה אמת** = “Truth Was,” as if affirming solemnly the presence in the Creation of the Supernal Truth.

Now let us take the first and last letters of the verse and “cast into the midst thereof the Fire of the Sun”—*i.e.*, **ו** (6), “the Seal of Creation”—and we have **בוין**, an Egg. Where we see the whole universe enclosed in the Cosmic Egg of Hindu and Egyptian Mythology: and the Formulation of the Sphere

A NOTE ON GENESIS

of the Universe (or Magical Mirror in Man). As it were the Egg of the Black Swan of Time, the Kala Hamsa, the Triune $A^M U$, or word of Power or of Seb, the Bird of Life, whose will was heard in the Night of Time.

The total numeric value of the verse is $\text{וְהָיָה} = 4459$, of which the Key is 22, the number of the Paths from \aleph to η ; and the Key of 22 is 4, the Tetractys and the Threshold of the Universe.

Now to proceed to what I have termed the Time Process, the first Word of the Law then is **בְּרֵאשִׁית**. Now in the Hebrew Scriptures the first word of a Book is also its Title. Thus Genesis is called by the Rabbins “B’rasheth,” or “In the Beginning,” wherefore we may regard this Word as not the first word—albeit that is shadowed forth therein—but as the seal and title and Key of the whole book. Holding this in mind, let us proceed to analyse it. The number of its letters is six, the Seal of Creation, and their total numeric value is 2911. $2911 = 13 =$ Death, the Transformer*—the distinct formulation of the Three in One, uniting once more to produce the 4.

Now Beth primarily signifieth a House or Abode, and in Taro it is ♀, the Magus—the Vox Dei—and Thoth, the Recorder. Coalesce these two ideas and we get **ב**.

“This is the Magical History.”

ב signifieth the Head or Beginning of Time and

* As it is written: “Thy youth shall be renewed as the Eagle’s.” Now the Eagle is **ב**. For further consideration of this 13, *vide* in the Portal Ritual the explanation of that terrible Key. *See* account of this ritual in “The Temple.”

Also, 13 is the numeration of **אחד** = Unity, as also is the Great Name of God, **אֵל**, by Aiq Bekar or Temurah.

THE EQUINOX

Things; and by Taro it is glory, Life, Light, Sun.
Thus read:

“Of the Dawning of Life and Light.”

⚡ is by shape the Svastika, symbolically Aleph, the Ox, as though showing the fearful force of the Spiritual “Whirling Motions” upon the Material Plane, as a terrible and destructive Power. This is also shown by the Foolish Man, as the Material Tarotic emblem of that which in its proper and higher manifestation is the Spiritual Ether. Therefore we read:

“Begun are the Whirling Motions.”

⚡ signifieth mighty in flame, whereof it is also the Hieroglyph. It is that Ruach Elohim brooding upon the Face of the Waters. So read:

“Formulated is the Primal Fire.”

☞ is the Hand,* symbolising Power in Action, and its Taro Key is the Hermit and the Voice of Light, the Prophet of the Gods. Thus:

“Proclaimed is the Reign of the Gods of Light.”

Ω is the last letter of the Alphabet, the *finis*, the Omega, the Universe, Saturn, the outermost Planet, and it is also ⚡, Throa, the Gate of the Universe; and by Qabalah of nine Chambers it is ⚡, the Gateway of Initiation. Hence

“At the Threshold of the Universe.”

* The Hand of God, always the Symbol of His Power.

A NOTE ON GENESIS

So the Whole Word reads:

- ב This is the Magical History
- ך Of the Dawning of the Light.
- ס Begun are the Whirling Motions;
- ש Formulated is the Primal Fire;
- י Proclaimed is the Reign of the Gods of Light
- ה At the Threshold of the Infinite Worlds!

Now compare this with the Particular Exordium (G.: D.: MSS. ZI):

- ב { At the ending of the NIGHT
At the Limits of the LIGHT
Thoth stood before the Unborn Ones of Time
Then was formulated the Universe.
- ך { Then came forth the Gods thereof,
The Æons of the Bornless Beyond.
- * ס Then was the Voice Vibrated.
- † ש Then was the Name declared.
- ה { At the Threshold of Entrance,
Betwixt the Universe and the Infinite,
- י { In the Sign of the Enterer: Stood Thoth
As before Him the Æons were proclaimed.

The positions of the last two letters of the Word have been relatively changed, so as to render the meaning more harmoniously.

* Remember in the description of the “Caduceus” (*see* p. 269) the Air Symbol vibrating between them. [Also י, ♂, is a Mercurial sign, and Thoth is Mercury, though on a Higher Plane. The Hermit, with his Lamp and Wand, is Hermes, who guides the souls of the dead, in the Greek Ritual of ο = ο.—P.]

† The Name שׁ, the Spirit of God, second Deity-Name in the Law, the Trigrammaton, or Threefold Name, by which the Universe came forth.

THE EQUINOX

We will now proceed to the first word of the text as thus decapitated, taking B'rasheth as the Title rather than as the first Word. This latter stands Bet-Resh-Aleph, which hath three Letters, symbolising thereby the Unmanifest Trinity.

Now its letters further exemplify the Trinity, for that they are the initials of three Hebrew words, which are the Names of the Persons thereof, viz:

בן Ben, the Son.

רוח Ruach, the Spirit (here the Mother).

אב Ab, the Father

Note how here again the Son is first for Humanity and the Father last. These three letters, then, symbolise the three in One Unmanifest. Yet is there in them the All-potency of Life. For $2 + 2 + 1 = 5$, the Symbol of Power, Mother Supernal, and ה also is 𐤇 , Lamb of God and Dawn of the Life of the Year.

Wherefore in them lieth concealed and hidden, not alone the Divine White Brilliance of the Three Supernals (ברוך, וקרוש, הויא), but even also that Gleaming Glory which partaketh of the Redness, and which cometh from the Bornless Age, which is beyond Kether. As it is written in Ancient Hindu Scripture, "In the beginning Desire, TĀNHĀ, arose in It: which was the Primal Germ of Mind." Now in the Aryan Mythology Tānhā, Desire, was the God of Love, Kāmā; whereof the symbolic tint was Pink: as it were the first pink blush of Dawn in the Macrocosmic Sky: Herald of the Rising Sun of the Worlds, when the Great Night of Brāhmā was over and done.

The next word in the Great Name of God the Vast One: אלהים. Let us meditate upon its Mystery! Herein behold

A NOTE ON GENESIS

five Letters: In its Centre is the Great Letter ה, Mother Supernal. Five once more; and its first and last letters are once again מם, 41, the Mother, and 5, the Maternal Essence. And its numeration is 86, whereof the Key is 14, whereof the Key is 5. Wherefore we say that this great name is 5 in its form symbolic, 5 in the Heart of its Power: the Beginning and the End thereof are 5; and 5 is it in its Venerable Essence!

Turn now back unto the third Symbol; gaze at it steadily for a few moments, and see hidden in the Six-fold Seal of Creation the Five-fold Star of Unconquered Will.

For this was the Divine Force which created the worlds! Power Eternal, Power Resistless, Power All-dominating, in its Absolute Supremacy—gleaming as the Great Name Elohim in the Heart of the Six-fold star! Flaming as the Purifying Fire, purging and ordering the Chaos of the Night of Time!

As in the midst of the Letters of the Verse we saw the words אלהים, “Thou in Extension,” so also does the Name Elohim read אל, “Deity,” הים, in Extension. *

And the numeration of Elohim is 86, which by Gematria reads פשה, again meaning “spread out, extended.”

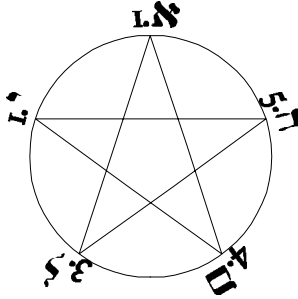
Write the letters of this Name in any Invoking Pentagram; and the Banishing Pentagram thereof will read 3.1415 (by Qabalah of nine Chambers), which is the Formula of the Proportion of diameter to circumference of the Circle.† Thus herein do we perceive the Hidden Power of the Three extended as a Mighty Sphere to the Confines of Space!

* And אל = אלו, No, the Negative.

† The nearest computation to four places of decimals is 3.1416 (3.14159). But 3.1415 is good enough for the benighted Hebrews.—P.

In the sublime Computations of the Qabalah the Final Forms of letters have no increased numerical value. Mem is 40, whether final or not. The

THE EQUINOX



The next word is **אָה**, which we have seen to be the Central word: and its signification is the Alpha and Omega — From Beginning unto End: Essence: and its Key is 5.

Five again are the letters of the word **הַשָּׁמַיִם**,* which next follows; and in this word **שָׁמַיִם**, the Heavens, we perceive **שׁ** † the Ruach Elohim, brooding upon the Face of the Waters, **מַיִם** (Maim), even as it is afterwards set forth in Verse 2.

In the next word, **וְאוֹר**, we find that the Conjunctive **ו** makes of the Key number of the Essence of the Earth **יב** instead of 5: symbolising how the World should fall unto the Kingdom of the Shells, and how it should be redeemed by the Son of Man. ‡

Ancient Hebrew Method of obtaining all numbers above 400 and below 1000, respectively **ה** and **ס**, was to make up the number with the proper letters. Thus 500 would have been written **הק**, not **ה**, and 800 **חה**, and so on. [Yet in some few Arcana the Finals are counted as such. This mystery, however, pertaineth to a Grade even more exalted than our beloved and erudite Brother had attained at the period of this Essay.—P.]

* Whose Key number is 17: by Taro—Hope; whose title is Daughter of the Firmament, dweller between the Waters.

† The initial **ה** is but the article “the.”

‡ For **יב** is the Number of the Oliphoth; but when the Fall had occurred and the Sefhira Malkuth had been cut off from the Tree by the folds of the Dragon there was added unto the Tree **רעה**, the Knowledge, as the **יבה**

A NOTE ON GENESIS

And finally the word **הָאָרֶץ**, Ha Aretz, the Earth, hath four Letters showing its Elemental Constitution, and its Key is 17—also Hope—Hope in the Earth as there is Hope in Heaven. And the last letter of the verse is **י** (the letter of Hope), by Qabalah of Nine Chambers that number which contains in itself all the properties of Protean Matters: howsoever you may multiply it the Key of its Numbers is ever 9. Fitting Symbol of ever-changing matter which ever in its essence is One—one and alone!

Thus with the first appearance of the number of Matter does the first verse of B'rasheth close: formulating in itself the Beginning and the End of the Great Creation.

“The Characters of Heaven with Thy Finger hast thou traced: But none can read them save he hath been taught in Thy School.”

Wherefore closing do I name the Mighty Words:



Sephira, to preserve intact the *Ten*-ness of the Sephiroth. Showing how by that very eating of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and of Evil should come the Saving of Mankind; for Daath is the Priceless Gift of Knowledge and Intellect whereby cometh Salvation. Wherefore also is 11 the Key Number of the Great Saviour's Name (**יהוה** = 29 = 11), and this is also in the Taro the Wheel of the Great Law, **כ**, the Lord of the Forces of Life.

THE FIVE ADORATIONS

I PRAISE Thee, God, whose rays upstarts beneath the Bright
and Morning Star:

Nowit asali fardh salat assobhi allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, the fierce and swart; at noon Thou ridest
forth to war!

Nowit asili fardh salat assohri allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose arrows dart their royal radiance
o'er the scar:

Nowit asali fardh salat asari allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose fires depart, who drivest down the
sky thy car:

Nowit asali fardh salat al maghrab allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose purple heart is hidden in the abyss
afar:

Nowit asali fardh salat al asha allahu akbar.

DOST ACHIHA KHAN.

ILLUSION D'AMOUREUX

SHE lay, the gilded lily with geranium lips, in the midst of the flower of night. Kindlier than the moon, her body glowed with more than harvest gold. Fierier than the portent of a double Venus, her green eyes shot forth utmost flames. From the golden chalice of love arose a perfume terrible and beautiful, a perfume strong and deadly to overcome the subtler fragrance of her whole being with its dominant, unshamed appeal.

She lay with arms outstretched, as if awaiting the visitation of some god.

Some ghastly god, for sure? For where she lay, the gilded lily with geranium lips, was, as it were, a flower of night.

It was a small square room, black from edge to edge. A dull dead black that gave back no light from the two solemn candlesticks of silver, crowned with long guttering tapers, which gave the only relief in all that world of night.

These stood at the head of her strange couch. It was a huge coffin, lidless, with hinged sides, whereon she lay. She had loosened the girths and lowered the sides, to stretch herself at ease. Six black ropes of silk hung from the ceiling

THE EQUINOX

with their hooks, which could be attached to rings on the sides of the coffin, so that at will it might be made to swing slowly to and fro.

A heavy rug of black cats' skin was spread under her, as if her body, gleaming now like moonstone, now like amber, would coax electric sparks from the fur.

Wonderful was the body of the woman; she changed ever as she lay. She outran the gamut of all music and flowers and jewels and soft words; there is nothing beautiful upon the earth that she did not resemble. At the sides of the room stood tall pier-glasses in black frames, cunningly disposed so that from the centre one could see endless avenues of her beauty, reaching out into infinity.

Even the roof was mirror-clad, so that as she lay upon the furs she might look upward, and see herself hanging like a star from the black vault of night.

Beside her in the temple was but one strange image. Carved of that polished black granite of Egypt, which seems, as it were, the very bodily form of the Night of Time, there squatted a god upon his pedestal; an inscrutable god, smiling, ever smiling with a smile that spoke unfathomable lust and cruelty resolved—by what theurgic alchemy?—into a pure and passionless bliss. It was a thing eternal as the stars—nay, before it the very stars might bow as in the reverence of Youth to age! Yet in it stood a strength and beauty as of golden youth.

Its skin was polished and shining, not as if reflecting the guarded light of the electric globes, but as if the very soul of light—a light so essential to be recognised as light by men—did inhabit and inform it.

ILLUSION D'AMOUREUX

As she lay, the gilded lily, she moved the passionate lips in some mysterious orison that was subtler and stronger than prayer.

“O beautiful, adorable, wonderful! O soul of wickedness! Supreme abomination, I invoke Thee! I worship Thee! I love Thee! Body and soul, I invoke Thee! Awake! Arise! Move! Manifest thy bliss to me, the soul that hungers for thy wisdom, as my body aches for thy kisses!

“Have I not wooed Thee and awaited Thee? But Thou comest not. By what spell may I conjure Thee? Am I the mock of Thy majesty? Ah, my god, my master, my lover—nay, that Thou art not.

“But I love Thee! I worship Thee!”

With supreme force she cried out upon the God; she tore at her beautiful flesh with her fingers; she writhed upon the fur; words of dreadful passion bubbled at her lips; her mouth was like a raging sea of blasphemy; she moans and struggled, torn by some internal force even as a woman in childbirth; she sank back into black silence, exhausted, numb.

But now the words came back like echoes from the infinite—I love thee! I worship thee!

The lights went out; the black god gathered himself together; his mighty form outran the limits of space. He gathered himself in force and fire; he concentrated himself; as a black cloud he wrapped her round—body and soul. He ate her up with his first kiss; his armed crushed her into his mouth as a boy might crush some golden grape; the majesty of his passion clove her with white-hot steel; her life rushed headlong down the steeps of annihilation.

THE EQUINOX

Yet in her rose the awful dawn of a new life, vast and magnificent. She became the god, absorbed in His being; her dreadful shriek—the cry of a soul at Heaven's gate smitten by the lightning into the abyss—changed to a marvellous laughter of love as she touched the summit of felicity.

*

*

*

*

*

So much I saw; yet the cloud withdrew itself; the lights redeemed their lustre. There in the midst my love awaited me—me—and I stood, as a diver that hesitates, so that he may enjoy to the full the foretaste of the plunge.

I stood there, very God of very God, in the glittering green of her eyes, that darted flames of exquisite ardour upon me—ay, upon me.

Had I been standing there a moment or an æon?

FRANCIS BENDICK.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

(IN EIGHT FUGUES)

I

CROWN me with poppy-leaves: sere are the bays,
Fling down the myrtle: the myrtle decays.
Still be the strife of the strenuous days!

Still by thy stridency, Player Pandean!
Soothe me the lute; but oh hush to the pæan!
Feed me on kisses of flowers Lethean!

Specks on the wheel are the nights and the days,
Fast as they fall from me, lost in the haze,
Sobered to softness of silvery grays.

Satan is fallen from the pale empyrean
Down in the dusk with the dead Galilean:—
Fill me the Cup of the poppy Circean!

II

Hardly a glimmer to chasten the gloom.
Hardly a murmur of Time at his loom.
Nothing of sense by the poppy-perfume.

THE EQUINOX

Boy, as you love me, I charge you to fold
Pipe over pipe into gardens of gold
Such as a god may be glad to behold.

Seated on high in the aeons of doom,
Sucked as a seed into the infinite womb,
Sealed is my soul in the sheath of its tomb.

Boy, as you love me, I charge you to mould
Pipe after pipe, till the heavens are rolled
Back and are lost as a tale that is told!

III

Silence and darkness are weaving a web
Brodered with Nothing at uttermost ebb :—
Cover, oh cover the shaming of Seb!

Fling the wide veil, O Nuit, on the shame!—
Shame from the Knowledge and unto the Name—
Hide it, O hide it, in flowers of flame!

Now in the balance of infinite things
Stirs not a feather; the universe swings
Poised on the stealth of ineffable wings.

Surely the sable Osirian bird
Sole in the æther shall utter the Word
Now that its crying can never be heard!

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

IV

See how the Star of the Universe blazes!
Millions of meteors in marvellous mazes
Mingle their magic of peony praises.

Oh! the dark streak on the heart of its flood!
Smitten is the Star, and its poisonous blood
Drips through the race of the luminous scud.

Poison and poison and poison! I quiver,
Drenched with the hate of the horrible river—
O but the stars of it stagger and shiver!

Leave me in peace, O disaster of light!
Leave me to solitude, leave me to night!
Is there no moon to enkindle the height?

V

See how the moon with her amrita dew
Drinks up the death of the Star, and renews
Life in cascades of peonian hues!

Nay, but she curves to arise, to increase;
Glamour on glamour to sicken and cease.
How shall the warrior wing to the peace?

Fade, O thou moon, in thy magical bark!
Sink in the ocean thy silvery spark!
Leave me, ah leave me alone in the dark!

THE EQUINOX

Art thou not burnt in the fire of my will?
See, by the flashes that crimson and kill
I am the master; the magic is still.

VI

See! how the wrath of my rune that I send her,
Fire of my fire, is flung flying to end her,
Wrapping in ruin that scintillant splendour.

Fire of my fire! how the brilliance darts forth,
Runs to the uttermost pole of the North,
Splashing all space with the spume of my wrath!

Ah! but the subtle, the perilous way;
That hath no fire to enkindle the clay.
Ever to all be the word of me Nay!

I who am Being and knowledge and Bliss
Lack by so much of the utter abyss:—
Bring me, O bring me, O bring me to this!

VII

Nay! it is over; I may not attain.
Why am I faint but because I am fain?
Roll me the rapture of amber again!

Ah! but the poppy's deciduous dream
May not avail me to stand to the stream
Bearing me back from the Mighty Extreme.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

Subtle and sombre the eagle of sleep
Rolls up the bay to envelop the steep.
What then is left, what is left—but to weep?

Maybe the stridency purpled of Pan
Leads at the last to the light of His plan.
Maybe his work is the wealth of a man!

VIII

Bring me the tablets, the stylus of jade.
Lend me thy light, O compassionate maid!
Soul of the master, O come to mine aid!

Make me the man of the marvellous mission!
Sharpen the sword of veridical vision!
Cut me the knot of the mighty magician!

Here I devote me (record me the vow)
Unto the terrible task of the Tao.
Soul of the master, the writer be thou!

Bring me the tablets and stylus! Have done!
Guard me the doors; they are open to none,
Not to the Emperor! I have begun.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

THEOREMS

- I. The world progresses by virtue of the appearance of Christs (geniuses).
- II. Christs (geniuses) are men with super-consciousness of the highest order.
- III. Super-consciousness of the highest order is obtainable by known methods.
Therefore, by employing the quintessence of known methods we cause the world to progress.

ESSENTIALS OF METHOD

- I. Theology is immaterial; for both Buddha and St. Ignatius were Christs.
- II. Morality is immaterial; for both Socrates and Mohammed were Christs.
- III. Super-consciousness is a natural phenomenon; its conditions are therefore to be sought rather in the acts than the words of those who attained it.
The essential acts are retirement and concentration —as taught by Yoga and Ceremonial Magic.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

MISTAKES OF MYSTICS

- I. Since truth is supra-rational, it is incommunicable in the language of reason.
- II. Hence all mystics have written nonsense, and what sense they have written is so far untrue.
- III. Yet as a still lake yields a truer reflection of the sun than a torrent, he whose mind is best balanced will, if he become a mystic, become the best mystic.

THE METHODS OF EQUILIBRIUM

I. THE PASSIONS, ETC.

- I. Since the ultimate truth of teleology is unknown, all codes of morality are arbitrary.
- II. Therefore the student has no concern with ethics as such.
- III. He is consequently free 'to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.'

II. THE REASON

- I. Since truth is supra-rational, any rational statement is false.
- II. Let the student then contradict every proposition that presents itself to him.

THE EQUINOX

- III. Rational ideas being thus expelled from the mind, there is room for the apprehension of spiritual truth.

It should be remarked that this does not destroy the validity of reasonings on their own plane.

III. THE SPIRITUAL SENSORIUM

- I. Man being a finite being, he is incapable of apprehending the infinite. Nor does his communion with infinite being (true or false) alter this fact.
- II. Let then the student contradict every vision and refuse to enjoy it; first, because there is certainly another vision possible of precisely contradictory nature; secondly, because though he is God, he is also a man upon an insignificant planet.
- III. Being thus equilibrated laterally and vertically, it may be that, either by affirmation or denial of all these things together, he may attain the supreme result.

IV. THE RESULT

- I. Trance is defined as the ek-stasis of one particular tract of the brain, caused by meditating on the idea corresponding to it.
- II. Let the student therefore beware lest in that idea be any trace of imperfection. It should be pure, balanced, calm, complete, fitted in every way to dominate the mind, as it will.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

Even as in the choice of a king to be crowned.

- III. So will the decrees of the king be just and wise as he was just and wise before he was made king.
The life and work of the mystic will reflect (though dimly) the supreme guiding force of the mystic, the highest trance to which he has attained.

YOGA AND MAGIC

- I. Yoga is the art of uniting the mind to a single idea.
It has four methods.

Gnana-Yoga.	Union by Knowledge.
Raja-Yoga.	Union by Will.
Bhakta-Yoga.	Union by Love.
Hatha-Yoga.	Union by Courage.
add Mantra-Yoga.	Union through Speech.
Karma-Yoga.	Union through Work.

These are united by the supreme method of Silence.

- II. Ceremonial Magic is the art of uniting the mind to a single idea.

It has four methods.

The Holy Qabalah.	Union by Knowledge.
The Sacred Magic.	Union by Will.
The Acts of Worship.	Union by Love.
The Ordeals.	Union by Courage.
add The Invocations.	Union through Speech.
The Acts of Service.	Union through Work.

These are united by the supreme method of Silence.

- III. If this idea be any but the Supreme and Perfect idea,

THE EQUINOX

and the student lose control, the result is insanity, obsession, fanaticism, or paralysis and death (and addiction to gossip and incurable idleness), according to the nature of the failure.

Let then the Student understand all these things and combine them in his Art, uniting them by the supreme method of Silence.

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE WILD ASS

I

THE secret of the House of Set
Is hidden in my sevenfold veil;
For I am he that doth beget
The Rood, and bear the Holy Graal.

Yet is my manhood woman-frail,
Barren my motherhood. They now
Shall men my mystic mountain scale?
These ram's-horn thumbs jut from my brow

To push them to the miry slough
Wherein the foes of Set are caught.
Come, let us pluck the Golden Bough
From the brave Tree of life and thought!

Who heareth naught, he heedeth naught.
Come, we are safely housed and shrined
Where subtler images are wrought
Than boast the treasures of Mind!

THE EQUINOX

II.

The secret of the House of Set.
As a poor pilgrim clambering
Toils on the slopes, so I to get
Halidom for my lord the King.

Faintly and feebly murmuring
I uttered the mysterious runes,
And bade my body's sleekness sing
Silky, satanic, subtle tunes.

Was he not holy? Milk of moons
Were not so pallid as his cheek,
And roses of a million Junes
His mouth left livid. So I seek

In all God's seas a tiny creek
Wherein to moor my shallop. Nay!
He is a mountain, chill with bleak
Stark winds of innocence astray!

The fearful passion sweeps me away.
So with a passionate thrill of fear
I creep—like shadows across Day!
Like Winter on the expended year!—

From those cold feet, a frozen meer,
To those cold knees, a lost lagoon,
To that wild woodland, strangely near
To the lone tower that tops the moon!

THE WILD ASS

Verily and Amen! Unhewn
The great grim forest menaces.
What gardener may dare to prune
Those woods to build me palaces?

So climb, each ledge an infinite stress,
Lustful as light, as lechery loth,
From the brutality of Besz
To the plumed perjury of Thoth!

I held him holy. Holier both
Than aught the bearers of the bier,
Thoum-aesh-neith and Auramoth,
Saw in the hiding-house of fear.

The sorceries that span the sphere,
The spells that harness star and sun,
I whispered in his siren ear—
Once, twice, and thrice for every one!

Once, twice, and thrice—the boon's begun!
With four and five and six it stirs:
With seven the druid dance is done,
And Death drives home his silver spurs!

Then—the last leap. What crowning curse
Can bid that cup of curses brim?
How may God's maniac ministers
Lash the last languor out of Him?

THE EQUINOX

I did it. How? So great and grim
The Gods are, I may never guess.
Suffice it, on his mouth I swim
A drowning dastard. The caress

Wakes the lost life. I see him dress
The godhead. Up he bounds and brays:—
The wild ass of the wilderness,
The soul that sees, the soul that slays!

Inhabit the untrodden ways;
Set! Thou my god and I thy priest,
Thy temple hidden in the haze
Of deserts death to god or beast!

Thou who art both shalt foin and feast
With me who am both, thy hate's co-heir,
Lord of the West and of the East—
The scorpion's hole, the lion's lair!

I kissed his mouth—sublime despair!
Our souls were one; our bodies met—
Yea! darkness cover everywhere
The secret of the House of Set!

ALYS CUSACK.

THE SPHINX AT GIZEH

THE SPHINX AT GIZEH

I SAW the other day the Sphinx's painted face.

She had painted her face in order to ogle Time.

And he has spared no other painted face in all the world but hers.

Delilah was younger than she, and Delilah is dust.

Time hath loved nothing but this worthless painted face.

I do not care that she is ugly, nor that she has painted her face, so that she only lure his secret from Time.

Time dallies like a fool at her feet when he should be smiting cities.

Time never wearies of her silly smile.

There are temples all about her that he has forgotten to spoil.

I saw an old man go by and time never touched him.

Time that has carried away the seven gates of Thebes!

She has tried to bind him with ropes of eternal sand, she had hoped to oppress him with the Pyramids.

He lies there in the sun with his foolish hair all spread about her paws.

If she ever learns his secret we will put out his eyes, so that he shall find no more our beautiful things—there are lovely gates in Florence that I fear he will carry away.

THE EQUINOX

We have tried to bind him with song and with old customs,
but they only held him for a little while, and he has always
smitten us and mocked us.

When he is blind he shall dance to us and make sport.

Great clumsy Time shall stumble and dance, who like to
kill little children and can hurt even the daisies no longer.

Then shall our children laugh at him who slew Babylon's
winged bulls and smote great numbers of the elves and fairies,
when he is shorn of his hours and his years.

We will shut him up in the Pyramid of Cheops, in the
great chamber where the sarcophagus is. Thence we will
lead him out when we give our feasts. He shall ripen our
corn for us and do menial work.

We will kiss thy painted face, O Sphinx, if thou wilt betray
to us Time.

And yet I fear that in his ultimate anguish he may take
hold blindly of the world and the moon and slowly pull down
upon him the House of Man.

DUNSANAY.

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!
For thee I have worshipped ever
With stains and sorrows and scars,
With joyful, joyful endeavour.
Hear me, O lilywhite goat!
O crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,
A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,
I build Thee a shrine of yew.
All green is the garland I wear,
But I feed it with blood for dew!
After the orange bars
That ribbed the green west dying
Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,
I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose
With breasts slow heaving in splendour
Drops wine from her infinite snows
Ineffably, utterly tender.

THE EQUINOX

O moon! ambrosial moon!
 Arise on my desert of sorrow
That the magical eyes of me swoon
 With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago
 I stood on the bank of a river—
Holy and holy and holy, I know,
 For ever and ever and ever!
A priest in the mystical shrine,
 I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
 In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
 Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's,
 Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
 I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
 From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever
 Brooding over the waste.
She that stirred or spoken never,
 She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness made me awake
 From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
 That her poisonous body held?

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

By night I ravished a maid
 From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade;
 I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's,
 That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyrambs
 Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
 I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
 On the deep of that blissful bale.
By cold grey kisses awake
 From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
 That her beautiful body held.

But—God! I was not content
 With the blasphemous secret of years,
The veil is hardly rent
 While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
 As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievous graft
 By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
 By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,
 In the realm of a sexless Owl,

THE EQUINOX

I am set apart from the rest
By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star
That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!
Let the soul of his God flow out!
Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

The mage hath wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lilywhite goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns.
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead
A foam of fire flowing over.
From the Lamb and his prison fare
And the Owl's blind stupor arise!
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,
By the strong immemorial spell,
By the subtle veridical rune
That is mighty in heaven and hell!

THE EQUINOX

Drip thy mystical dew
On the tongues of the tender fauns
In the shade of initiate yews
Remote from the desert dawns!

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.
Bring your beauty to man!
I am the mate for ye all;
I am the passionate Pan.
Come, O come to the dance
Leaping with wonderful whips,
Life on the stroke of a glance,
Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond
Shed in a secret sinew
Smitten through by the fond
Folly of wisdom in you!
Come while the moon (the moon!)
Sheds her ambrosial splendour,
Reels in the redeless rune,
Ineffably, utterly tender!

Hark! the appealing cry
Of deadly hurt in the hollow—
Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!
Smitten to death by Apollo.
Swift, O maiden moon,
Send thy ray-dews after;
Turn the dolorous tune
To soft ambiguous laughter!

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!

Surely your comfort is over.

All we laugh at you lorn.

Ours are the poppies and clover!

O that mouth and eyes,

Mischievous, male, alluring!

O that twitch of the thighs

Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now?

Where the sage and his doubt?

Surely the sweat of the brow

Hath driven the demon out.

Surely the scented sleep

That crowns the equal war

Is wiser than only to weep—

To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,

The decadent days of October,

I come to thee God, without fear;

Pious, chaste, and sober,

I solemnly sacrifice

This first-fruit flower of wine

For a vehicle of thy vice

As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by

I pray Thee give to me one;

A lover stronger than I,

A moon to swallow the sun!

THE EQUINOX

May he be like a lilywhite goat
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for his throat,
A scarlet bow for his horns!

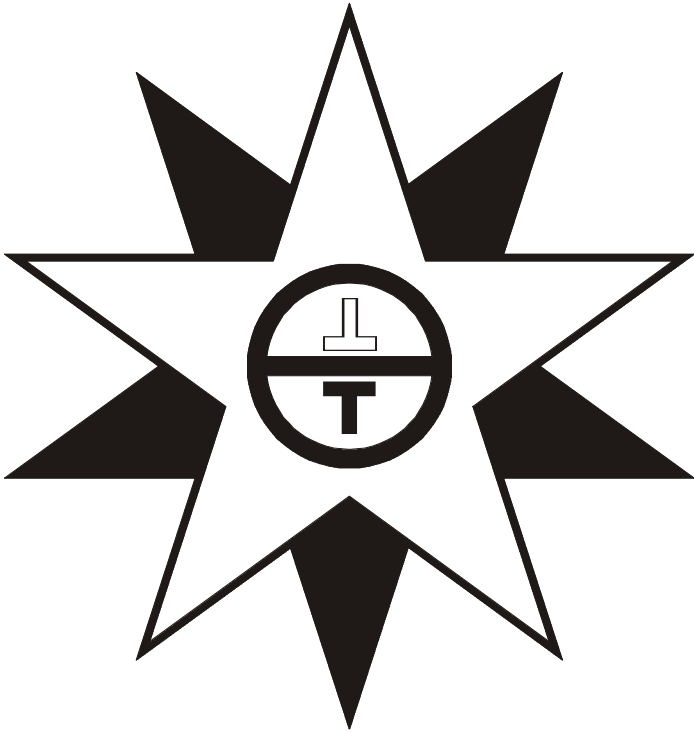
ELAINE CARR.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

BOOK II
The Scaffolding of the Temple
of
SOLOMON THE KING
and
The ten mighty Supports which
are set between the
Pillars of Death
and Life.

That which is below is like
that which is above, and
that which is above is like
that which is below, for the
performance of the miracles
of the ONE SUBSTANCE.

Hermes.



THE PILLAR OF CLOUD

OBSSESSED by the chimera of his mind, lost in the labyrinth of his imagination, man wanders on through the shadowy dream-land he himself has begotten, slothfully accepting or eagerly rejecting, but ever seeking some unobtainable freedom, some power which will release him from those shackles he has in his studied folly and capricious ignorance welded to his thoughts.

Nothing contents him, nothing satisfies him; if he is not weeping he is laughing, if he is not laughing he is weeping; he grumbles and applauds, despises and reverses, insults and beslavers, loves and hates, fingers everything in turn, and when he has nothing further to soil and to thumb-mark sits down and cries for the moon, or else like the dog in the fable seeing his own image in the river of his dreams, loses all he has in the vain attempt to grasp more.

Slave to his own tyranny, shrieking under his own lash, the higher he builds the gloomy walls of his prison the louder he howls "Liberty": freedom is what he craves, yearns, and strives for—freedom to leap into some miasmal bog and wallow. If he is a ploughman he wants more fields to till; if a physician, more bodies to cure; if a priest, more souls to save; if a soldier, more countries to conquer; if a lawyer, more wretches to hang. If he obtains "more," he grumbles

THE EQUINOX

because it is “too much”; if he does not obtain it he continues to grunt and to growl, and the more he growls and grunts the more slavish he becomes, yet the freer he considers himself.

Once born he is carefully swaddled in the rags of Custom, rocked in the cradle of Caste, and nursed on the sour milk of Creed. And as with the individual so with the nation, the one or the many, it is taught to work its way into one narrow groove, and like the water in a drain or a gutter to flow for a time unobtrusively between dignified cobbles and over respectable cement, and then to vanish as genteelly as possible underground.

Sometimes there is a stoppage; too much filth has accumulated, and it refuses all conventional methods of being removed. Then comes a flood—a revolution—for a time there is a nasty mess, but soon the filth is washed away, and once again the drainage flows humbly down its customary gutter in the same old unobtrusive manner, between the same old cobbles, and over the same old cement until in time fresh filth silts up and there is more trouble and annoyance. “So runs my dream,” and civilised man dreaming from his drain naturally pictures God as a kind of Omnipotent Sewer-Husher who everlastingly ought to trudge about with scoop, ladle, and rake, and keep gutters clean and drains in an inoffensive condition. So it happens that when gutters get blocked up and drains stink, the Free-thinker laughs and says: “You barmy fool, ‘there is no sich a person’ ”; and when they don’t, the Believer cries: “My poor benighted brother, ‘He is like a refiner’s fire and like Fuller’s sope.’ ”

Compared to the civilised man, the water which flows

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

down the drain, the savage is like a mountain torrent cutting its own course amongst the hills and rushing on wildly yet wisely to the sea. No doubt, from the point of view of a sanitary engineer, the drain is more useful, more rational, altogether more proper than the wayward stream. But it is the rigid utilitarianism of this bread-and-water morality, this one-shirt-a-week thrift, this skimmed-milk philosophy, this cake-on-Sunday religion, and all the other halfpenny economies of a gluttonous mediocrity, that must be trampled under foot as if they were the very cockroaches of hell, before Freedom of even a protoplasmic kind can be brought to life. Better be a savage, a one-legged hottentot, better be anything than a civilised eunuch, a crape-capped “widder” in Upper Tooting lamenting her “demised husband” whilst she counts the halfpence he has left behind him in his trouser pockets. If there is going to be a flood, let it be grand, typhoonic, torrential; do not let others pass us by and say: “Really, my dear, what an insalubrious odour!”

The savage babe being born is taught the myths of his tribe, that uncorrupted are beautiful enough; the civilised child the myths of his nation, that corrupted are merely bestial, and are as rigid as the former are elastic. The savage youth passes through one great ordeal—the struggle with Nature: the civilised through another—the struggle with Reason. The one is taught the hero tales of his forefathers, the other the platitudes of the schools, which luckily are always a few decades behind the ideas current at his birth.

Few of us remember anything that happened during the first two years of our existence, and very little during the next two; thus it comes about that from two to four years of our

THE EQUINOX

life are blank. Perhaps during these years of nothingness we see things as they are; however, civilisation touches us on the lips and we speak and forget all about them. Directly we commence to chatter, our preparation to take life seriously begins. Books are given us, and the great wide road of wonderment becomes narrowed to a straitened right-of-way down which it is a privilege and honour to pass. If we are wild, it is naughty; if wanton—immoral; in innocence we lisp the ten commandments on our mothers' knees, only to break them when we really know what they mean. Then comes manhood and its responsibility, marriage with its one pleasure and its forty thousand plagues, as Heine says.

Our birth is a matter of law or chance—equivalent symbols for the Unknown; once born, environment, circumstance, position, convention, education, all in their turn come forward to claim us and smother us in their bestial kisses. Yet like the streams and the gutters, the drains and the rivers, we all flow, roar, or trickle onwards to the same unknown sea from which we came. Sometimes Evolution flouts Ethics and we have floods, earthquakes, and the spouting of volcanoes; sometimes Ethics flouts Evolution and we are turned into artificial ponds and ornamental Serpentine; yet upon other times it hastens our course and gives us good Doulton-ware to flow through; all of us, nevertheless, whether we be tear-drop or Dead Sea, sooner or later get back to the ever-rolling ocean; and there shall we once again be wooed by the bright beams of the Sun, that relentless God who in his fierce embrace ever and again draws us up like some earthly concubine to his heavenly couch, only once more to be divorced by the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

malicious winds and to weep through the storms of air. So the wheel of Time runs on through birth, death, and rebirth; and as we realise this we sink down in despair; and through our tears more clouds arise still further to obscure our path.

What is the use then of doing anything if we are but as drops of water which are splashed between the wanton hands of the Sun, the Wind, and the Ocean?—indeed the ways of God are inscrutable and past finding out. Thus the Unobtainable tempts us, and the little segments of God that we see become to us the fiercest and most terrible of the Dog-faced Demons which seduce us from the path. He is always at our elbow, whispering, tempting, jeering, advising and helping us; He it is that casts despair upon us when we have done nothing wrong, and elation when we have done nothing right; He it is who is ever rising before us like a mist to obscure our path or to magnify our goal; yet nevertheless He is not only the cloud but that ultimate fire—if we could only understand Him as He IS; Ah! my brothers, this is THE GREAT WORK.

Why does he do this and that, if he can do that and this? asks the Doubter. Because He chooses to, answers the Believer. But the man after God's own Heart thinks and reasons nothing, he feels there is neither doing nor choosing, and, dimly though it be, he sees that both of these foolish men, who think themselves so wise, possess but various little segments of one great circle, and that each imagines his segment a perfect circumference in itself. Presently the Mystic himself discovers that his circle which contained all their segments is but a segment of some greater circle, and that eventually he is living in a great cloud-land formed of myriads

THE EQUINOX

and myriads of little spheres, which he feels are in Reality one Great Ocean if he could only make them unite.

Each stage above him is his Ultimate goal for the time being. Possessing one little sphere, his one and only object is to unite it to another, or another to it; not two others, not to the whole, but only to that *One Other*. For the time being (let it appear as if it were for all time to the initiate), that *One Other* is God and Very God—the Omega of his quest, and that *all others* are Devils that would tempt and seduce him. Thus it happens that until you become God, God Himself is in Reality The Tempter, Satan, and the Prince of Darkness, who, assuming the glittering robes of Time and Space, whispers in our ears: “Millions and millions and millions of eternities are as nothingness to me; then how canst thou, thou little mote dancing in the beam of mine eye, hope to span me?” Thus God at the outset comes to us and like the old witch in “Cinderella” strews innumerable lentils before us to count—but begin! and soon you will find that you have left the kitchen of the world behind you and have entered the enchanted Palace “Beyond.”

It is all very difficult and complex at first; it is rather like a man who, setting out by a strange road to visit the capital of his country, comes to a great mountain and gazes up its all but endless slopes.

“It is too high for me to climb,” the little man will say; “it is indeed very beautiful; but I will go back and find some other road.”

“I am sure it would be too long a journey,” says a second; “I could not afford it; I too will return.”

“There are no guides here,” says a third; “how foolish for me to attempt so high a peak.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“I am not strong enough,” says a fourth. “I have no chart.” . . . “My business won’t let me.” . . . “My wife is against it.”

Thus God enters the heart of man in a thousand forms and tempts man as he tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden, and Abraham in the land of Moriah.

But the strong man replenishing his wallet, and filling his flask, girds a goat-skin about him, and taking his staff sets forth on his Great travel to the Summit of the Mountain of God; and curious to relate, and terrible to tell, the whole length of that wizard way Satan follows behind him in the form of a sleuth-hound ever tempting him from the right path.

Now he is overcome by a great loneliness, he is cold, he is hungry, he thirsts; the skyline he had thought the summit is but a ridge, and from it he sees ridge upon ridge in endless succession above him. On he toils, at length it is the summit—no! but another ridge and a myriad more. A thousand fiends enter him, a thousand little sleuth-hounds that would tear him back—comfort, home, children, wife; then he says to himself: What a fool am I!

At this stage many turn back and crawling into the valley of illusions reason how much more comfortable and interesting it is to read of mountain ascents than to accomplish them. These ones talk loudly and beat the drums of their valour in the ears of all men.

At the next stage few return, most perish on the way back; for the higher you climb that great mountain the more difficult it becomes to return.

Plod on, and when your legs tremble and give way under you, crawl on, crawl on if on all fours, and clench your teeth

THE EQUINOX

and say “I WILL”; but on! and on! and on! And behind you tireless strides along that old grey hound ever breathing forth temptations upon you; filled with crafts, and subtleties, and guiles, ever eager to lead you astray, ever ready to guide you back. And presently so great grows the loneliness of the Mountain that his very companionship becomes as a temptation to you, you feel a friendliness in resisting him, a burning hope that he will continue to tempt you, that his temptations and his mocking words are better than no words at all. This only happens far far up the mountain slope, some say not so far from the summit; but take heed! for at this stage there is a great precipice, and those who look round for the hound may perchance stumble and fall—and the foot of that precipice is the valley from which they came.

From here all is darkness, and there are no roads to guide the pilgrim, and the sleuth-hound can no more be seen because of the shadows of the night which obscure all things. And how can one write further about these matters? for those who have been so far and have returned, on account of the darkness saw nothing, therefore they have held their tongues. But there is an old parable which relates how the hound that had tempted man the whole length of his perilous journey, devoured him on the summit of that Mystic Mountain; and how that Ancient DOG was indeed GOD Himself.

THE ACOLYTE

BEFORE we enter upon the events of the Great Journey of Frater P., during which for six years he voyaged over the face of the globe in quest of the mystic knowledge of all nations, it will be necessary here to recount, briefly though it may be, the circumstances which led up to his entering into communication with the Order of A.: A.:

Born of an ancient family, but a few days after the fifty-sixth Equinox before the Equinox of the Gods, he was reared and educated in the faith of Christ as taught by one of the strictest sects of the many factions of the Christian Church, and scarcely had he learnt to lisp the simplest syllables of childhood than his martyrdom began.

From infancy he struggled through the chill darkness of his surroundings into boyhood, and as he grew and throve, so did the iniquity of that unnatural treatment which with lavish and cruel hand was squandered on him. Then youth came, and with it God's name had grown to be a curse, and the form of Jesus stood forth in the gloom of Golgotha, a chill and hideous horror which vampire-like had sucked dry the joy of his boyhood; when suddenly one summer night he broke away from the ghouls that had tormented him, casting aside the sordid conventions of life, defying the laws of his land,

THE EQUINOX

doubting the decaying religion of his childhood, he snapped, like rotten twigs, the worm-eaten conventionalities of the effete and hypocritical civilisation in which he had been nurtured, and sought refuge for a space in the wild and beautiful country which lies tangled like a head of tumbled hair to the north and north-west of England. Here he learnt from the whispering winds and the dreamy stars that life was not altogether a curse, and that every night dies in the arms of dawn.

His freedom, however, was of but short duration; yet, though he was dragged back to the prison from which he had escaped, he had learnt his own strength, a new life had flowed like a great sea dancing with foam upon him, and had intoxicated him with the red wine of Freedom and Revolt—his gauntlet of youth had been cast down, henceforth he would battle for his manhood, ay! and for the manhood of the World!

Then the trumpet-blast resounded; the battle had indeed begun! Struggling to his feet, he tore from him the shroud of a corrupted faith as if it had been the rotten cerement of a mummy. With quivering lip, and voice choked with indignation at the injustice of the world, he cursed the name of Christ and strode on to seek the gate of Hell and let loose the fiends of the pit, so that mankind might yet learn that compassion was not dead.

Nevertheless, the madness passes, like a dark cloud before the breath of awakening dawn; conscious of his own rightness, of the manhood which was his, of his own strength, and the righteousness of his purpose, and filled with the overflowing ambitions of youth, we find him unconsciously

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

sheathe his blood-red sword, and blow flame and smoke from the tripod of life, casting before the veiled and awful image of the Unknown the arrows of his reason, and diligently seeking both omen and sign in the dusty volumes of the past, and in the ancient wisdom of long-forgotten days.

Deeply read in poetry, philosophy and science, gifted beyond the common lot, and already a poet of brilliant promise; he suddenly hurries from out the darkness like a wild prophetic star, and overturning the desks and the stools of the schoolmen, and casting their pedagogic papilla from his lips, escapes from the stuffy cloisters of mildewed learning, and the colleges of dialectic dogmatics, and seeks, what as yet he cannot find in the freedom which in his youthful ardour appears to him to live but a furlong or two beyond the spires and gables of that city of hidebound pedants which had been his school, his home, and his prison.

Then came the great awakening. Curious to say, it was towards the hour of midnight on the last day of the year when the old slinks away from the new, that he happened to be riding alone, wrapped in the dark cloak of unutterable thoughts. A distant bell chimed the last quarter of the dying year, and the snow which lay fine and crisp on the roadway was being caught up here and there by the puffs of sharp frosty wind that came snake-like through the hedges and the trees, whirling it on spectre-like in the chill and silver moonlight. But dark were his thoughts, for the world had failed him. Freedom had he sought, but not the freedom that he had gained. Blood seemed to ooze from his eyelids and trickle down, drop by drop, upon the white snow, writing on its pure surface the name of Christ. Great bats flitted by

THE EQUINOX

him, and vultures whose bald heads were clotted with rotten blood. "Ah! the world, the world . . . the failure of the world." And then an amber light surged round him, the fearful tapestry of torturing thought was rent asunder, the voices of many angels sang to him. "Master! Master!" he cried, "I have found Thee . . . O silver Christ. . . ."

Then all was Nothingness . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . nothing; and madly his horse carried him into the night.

Thus he set out on his mystic quest towards that goal which he had seen, and which seemed so near; and yet, as we shall learn, proved to be so far away.

In the first volume of the diaries, we find him deep in the study of the Alchemistic philosophers. Poring over Paracelsus, Benedictus Figulus, Eugenius and Eirenaeus Philalethes, he sought the Alchemical Azoth, the Catholicon, the Sperm of the World, that Universal Medicine in which is contained all other medicines and the first principle of all substances. In agony and joy he sought to fix the volatile, and transmute the formless human race into the dual child of the mystic Cross of Light, that is to say, to solve the problem of the Perfect Man. Fludd, Bonaventura, Lully, Valentinus, Flamel, Geber, Plotinus, Ammonius, Iamblichus and Dionysius were all devoured with the avidity and greed which youth alone possesses; there was no halting here—

“‘Now, master, take a little rest!’—not he!

(Caution redoubled,

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)

Not a wit troubled

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)

Sucked at the flagon.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Plunging into the *tenebrae* of transcendental physics, he sought the great fulfilment, and unknowingly in the exuberance of his enthusiasm left the broad road of the valley and struck out on the mountain-track towards that ultimate summit which gleams with the stone of the Wise, and whose secret lies in the opening of the "Closed Eye"—the consuming of the Darkness.

He who dismisses Paracelsus with a twopenny clyster, or Raymond Lully with a sixpenny reprint, is not a fool, no, no, nothing so exalted; but merely a rabbit-brained louse, who, flattering himself that he is crawling in the grey beard of Hæckel and the scanty locks of Spencer, sucks pseudo-scientific blood from the advertisement leaflets of our monthly magazines, and declares all outside the rational muckheap of a *Pediculus* to be both ridiculous and impossible.

The Alchemist well knew the difference between the kitchen stove and the Heraclitean furnace; and between the water in his hip-bath and "the water which wetteth not the hands." True, much "twaddle" was written concerning balsams, and elixirs, and bloods, which, however, to the merest tyro in alchemy can be sorted from the earnest works as easily as a "Bart's" student can sort hair-restoring pamphlets and blackhead eradicators from lectures and essays by Lister and Müller.

Thus frenziedly, at the age of twenty-two, P. set out on the Quest of the Philosopher's Stone.

Visita Interiora Terræ Rectificando Invenies Occultam Lapidem Veram Medicinam; this is indeed the true medicine of souls; and so P. sought the universal solvent VITRIOLUM, and equated the seven letters in VITRIOL, SUL-

THE EQUINOX

PHUR, and MERCURY with the alchemical powers of the seven planets; precipitating the SALT from the four elements—Subtilis, Aqua, Lux, Terra; and mingling Flatus, Ignis, Aqua, and Terra, smote them with the cross of Hidden Mystery, and cried: “Fiat Lux!”

Youth strides on with hasty step, and by summer of this year—1898—we find P. deep in consultation with the mystics, and drinking from the white chalice of mystery with St. John, Boehme, Tauler, Eckart, Molinos, Levi, and Blake:

“Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden’d air,
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.”

Insatiable, he still pressed on, hungering for the knowledge of things outside; and in his struggle for the million he misses the unit, and heaps up chaos in the outer darkness of Illusion. From the cloudless skies of Mysticism he rushes down into the infernal darkness on winged thoughts: “The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea,” and we find him now in the Goetic kingdoms of sorcery, witchcraft, and infernal necromancy. The bats flit by us as we listen to his frenzied cries for light and knowledge: “The Spiritual Guide,” and “The Cherubic Wanderer” are set aside for “The Arbatel” and “The Seven Mysterious Orisons.” A hurried turning of many pages, the burning of many candles, and then—the Key of Solomon for a time is put away, with the Grimoires and the rituals, the talismans, and the Virgin parchments; the ancient books of the Qabalah lie open before him; a flash of brilliant fire, like a silver fish leaping from out the black waters of the sea into

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the starlight, bewilders him and is gone; for he has opened “The Book of Concealed Mystery” and has read:

“Before there was equilibrium countenance beheld not countenance.”

The words: “Yehi Aour” trembled on his lips; the very chaos of his being seemed of a sudden to shake itself into form—vast and terrible; but the time had not been fulfilled, and the breath of the creation of a new world caught them up from his half-opened mouth and carried them back into the darkness whence they had all but been vibrated.*

From midsummer until the commencement of the autumn the diaries are silent except for one entry, “met a certain Mr. B --- an alchemist of note”† which though of no particular importance in itself, was destined to lead to another meeting which changed the whole course of P.’s progress, and accelerated his step towards that Temple, the black earth from the foundations of which he had been, until the present, casting up in chaotic heaps around him.

Knorr von Rosenroth’s immense storehouse of Qabalistic learning seems to have kept P. fully employed until the autumnal equinox, when B——, the alchemist of note, introduced him to a Mr. C—— (afterwards, as we shall see, Frater V.:N.: of the Order of the Golden Dawn). This meeting proved all-important, as will be set forth in the following chapter. Through C——, P. had for the time being laid aside von Rosenroth, and was now deep in “The Book of

* At this time P. was leading a hermit’s life on a Swiss glacier with one whom, though he knew it not at the time, was destined ever and anon to bring him wisdom from the Great White Brotherhood. This one we shall meet again under the initials D.A.

† Afterwards known as Frater C.S.

THE EQUINOX

the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage.” A time of transition was at hand, a spiritual renaissance was about to take place, so little wonder is it that we find P. much like St. Augustine lamenting his outward search, and crying with him: “I, Lord, went wandering like a strayed sheep, seeking Thee with anxious Reasoning without, whilst Thou wast within me. I wearied myself much in looking for Thee without, and yet Thou hast Thy habitation within me, if only I desire Thee and pant after Thee. I went round the Streets and Squares of the City of this World seeking Thee; and I found Thee not, because in vain I sought without for Him who was within myself.”

THE NEOPHYTE

IT was on November 18, 1898, that through the introduction of Fra. V. N., and under his guidance P. entered the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and became a Neophyte in the Grade of 0° = 0° in the Outer.

It may be of some interest to the reader, and also it may in some ways help to elucidate the present chapter, if a short account of the origin of this order is first entered upon. But it will be understood that the following historical sketch, as well as the accounts we are about to give of the rituals themselves, are very much abbreviated and summarised, when we state that the actual MSS. in our possession relating to the G.: D.: occupy some twelve hundred pages and contain over a quarter of a million words.

The official account of the G.: D.: (probably fiction) known as "The Historical Lecture," written and first delivered by Frater Q. S. N., runs as follows.

"The order of the G.: D.: in the Outer is an Hermetic Society which teaches Occult Science or the Magic of Hermes. About 1850 several French and English chiefs died and Temple work was interrupted. Such chiefs were Eliphas Levi, Ragon, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, and Fred Hockley. These had received their power from even greater predecessors,

THE EQUINOX

who are traced to the Fratres Rosa (*sic*) Crucis of Germany. Valentine Andrea (opera A.D. 1614) has given an esoteric account of the S. R., probably he also edited the ‘Fama Fraternitatis,’* or ‘History of the Society,’ which must have been derived from the old records of C. R.’s† pupils. . . .

“The first order is a group of four grades: the second order is a group of three grades of adeptship.

“Highest of all are those great rulers who severally sustain and govern the Third Order, which includes Three Magic Titles of honour and supremacy; in case of a vacancy the most advanced $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}\ddagger$ obtains by decree the well-earned reward. The grades of the first order are of Hebrew design; of the Second, Christian.

“The Rituals and Secrets are received from the Greatly Honoured Chiefs. . . .”

The account given in the first paragraph may or may not be correct; and the following “History Lektion” written by a brother of the Order of the A.: A.: throws considerable light on the origin of the above Society; and what is of still more interest to us mentions P. and his final rupture with the Order of the Golden Dawn. It runs as follows:

“Some years ago a number of cipher MSS. were discovered and deciphered by certain students. They attracted much attention, as they purported to derive from the Rosicrucians. You will readily understand that the genuineness of the claim matters no whit, such literature being judged by itself, not by its reputed sources.

* See “The Real History of the Rosicrucians,” by A. E. Waite.

† Viz., Christian Rosencreutz.

‡ *Vide* Diagram of Paths and Grades.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

"Among the MSS. was one which gave the address of a certain person in Germany, who is known to us as S.D.A. Those who discovered the ciphers wrote to S.D.A., and in accordance with instructions received, an Order was founded which worked in a semi-secret manner.

"After some time S.D.A. died: further requests for help were met with a prompt refusal from the colleagues of S.D.A. It was written by one of them that S.D.A.'s scheme had always been regarded with disapproval. But since the absolute rule of the adepts is never to interfere with the judgements of any other person whomsoever – how much more, then, one of themselves, and that one most highly revered! – they had refrained from active opposition. The adept who wrote this added that the Order had already quite enough knowledge to enable it or its members to formulate a magical link with the adepts.

"Shortly after this, one called S.R.M.D. announced that he had formulated such a link, and that himself and two others were to govern the Order. New and revised rituals were issued, and fresh knowledge poured out in streams.

"We must pass over the unhappy juggleries which characterised the next period. It has throughout proved impossible to elucidate the complex facts.

"We content ourselves, then, with observing that the death of one of his two colleagues, and the weakness of the other, secured to S.R.M.D. the sole authority. The rituals were elaborated, though scholarly enough, into verbose and pretentious nonsense: the knowledge proved worthless even where it was correct: for it is in vain that pearls, be they never to clear and precious, are given to the swine.

"The ordeals were turned into contempt, it being

THE EQUINOX

impossible for anyone to fail therein. Unsuitable candidates were admitted for no better reason than that of their worldly prosperity.

“In short, the Order failed to initiate.

“Scandal arose, and with it schism.

“In 1900, one P., a brother, instituted a rigorous test of S.R.M.D. on the one side and the Order on the other. . . .”

Here we must leave the “Lecture,” returning to it in its proper place, and after explaining “the Diagram of the Paths and the Grades,” enter upon the ritual of the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of Neophyte.

It will be at once apparent to the reader that the Diagram of the Paths is simply the ordinary Sephirothic Tree of Life, combined with the Tarot Trumps, the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, the thirty-two paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, the signs of the Zodiac, and the signs of the planets and the elements.

The following account of it is taken from S.A.’s copy No. 2 of the “Ritual of the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths leading from the First Order of the G.: D.: in the outer to the $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$,” Associate Adept speaking:

“Before you upon the Altar is the diagram of the Sephiroth and Paths with which you are already well acquainted, having marked thereon the grade of the order corresponding to each Sephira, and the Tarot Trumps appropriated to each Path.

“You will further note that the First Order includes: Malkuth, answering to Neophyte and Zelator, and the element of earth. Yesod to Theoricus and air. Hod to Practicus and water. And Netzach to Philosophus and fire.

“Of these the last Three Grades alone communicate with the Second Order, though cut off from it by a veil which may

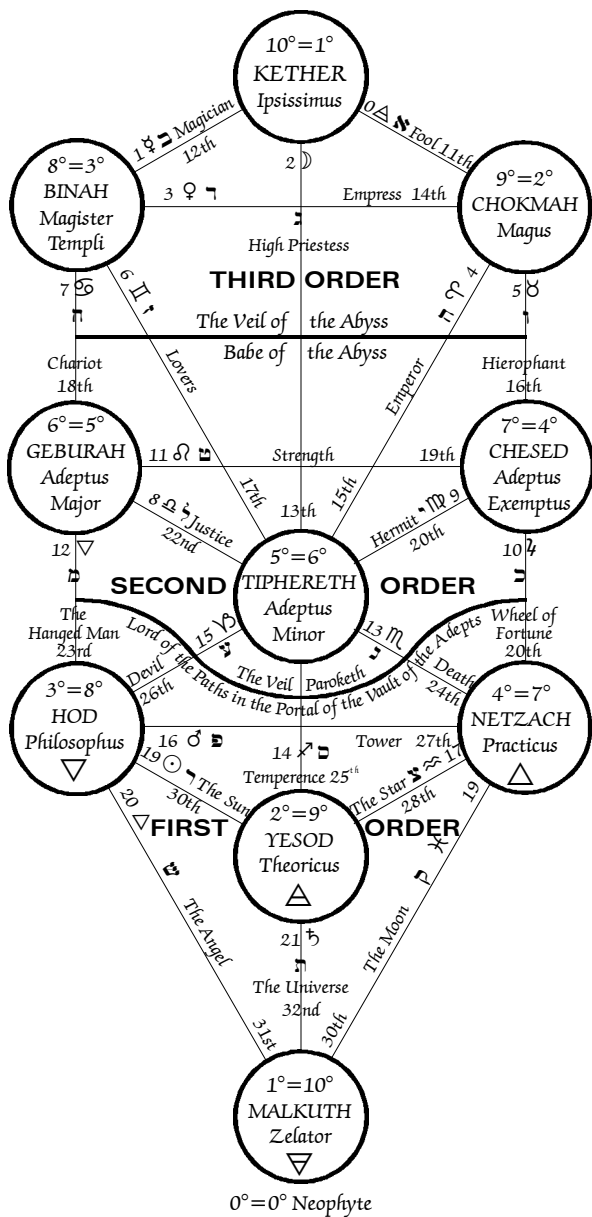


DIAGRAM 2. The Paths and Grades

THE EQUINOX

only be drawn aside by Invitation from the Second Order for the Philosophus who has passed the five examinations symbolic of the five elements and the five Paths leading from the First Order thereto, and who has been duly approved of by the Higher Powers.

“The Three grades of the Second Order are entitled: Adeptus Minor, or Lesser Adept, $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ answering to Tiphereth, the Reconciler, in the midst of the Sephirotic Tree. Adeptus Major, or Greater Adept, $6^{\circ}=5^{\circ}$ answering to Geburah. And Adeptus Exemptus, or Exempt Adept, $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$, answering to Chesed.”

THE RITUALS OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN

RITUAL OF THE $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ GRADE OF NEOPHYTE

As the Ritual of the Grade of Neophyte is, with perhaps the exception of the Ritual of the Grade of Adeptus Minor, the most important of all the Rituals of the G.: D.:, it will be necessary here to enter upon it fully, so that the reader may in some sort initiate himself.

But the pathway must be pointed out, and that clearly, so that the pilgrim does not take at the very commencement of his mystic journey a wrong turning, one of those many turnings which at the very start lead so many into the drear and dismal lands of fear and doubt.

The following description of the Temple and the Officers in the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade is taken from one of the official books of the G.: D.: called Z. I, and is as follows:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“The Temple as arranged in the 0° = 0° Grade of Neophyte in the order of the G. D.’ in the Outer is placed looking towards the ⚡ of ⚡⚡⚡ (J.H.V.H.) in Malkuth of Assiah. That is, that as ⚡ and ⚡ answer unto the Sephiroth Chokmah and Binah in the Tree,* unto Aba and Aima,† through whose knowledge that of Kether may be obtained; even so, the sacred rites of the Temple may gradually, and as it were in spite of themselves, raise the Neophyte unto the knowledge of his Higher Self.‡

“Like the other Sephiroth Malkuth hath also its subsidiary Sephiroth and paths.§ Of these ten Sephiroth the Temple as arranged in the 0°=0° of Neophyte includeth only the four lower Sephiroth in the Tree of life, viz.: Malkuth, Jesod, Hod, and Netzach, and the outer side of Paroketh,|| which latter formeth the East of the Temple.”

The plan of the Temple as arranged in this grade is shown on the adjoining diagram; therein it will be seen that it contains two pillars or obelisks. These two pillars, which are respectively in Netzach and Hod, need careful explanation.

They represent Mercy and Severity, the former being white and in Netzach, the latter black and in Hod. Their bases are cubical and black to represent the Earth Element in Malkuth; the columns are respectively white and black to manifest

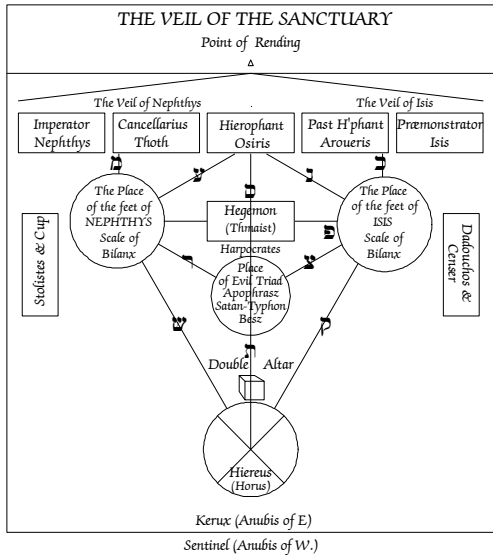


DIAGRAM 3.

Arrangement of the Temple in the
0°=0° Ritual.

* ⚡ Stands for Chokmah, and ⚡ for Binah, ⚡ for the rest except Malkuth which is the final ⚡ .

† Father and (Glorified) Mother.

‡ The Theosophical term “Higher Self,” is usually termed in the G.: D.: “Genius.” Abramelin calls it “Holy Guardian Angel,” *vide* Preface.

§ The Sephiroth Scheme, it will be remembered, is divided into four worlds: Atziloth; Briah; Yetzirah and Assiah. Each world contains ten Sephiroth, and each of these Sephira again ten, making the total number four hundred.

|| “Paroketh” is the Veil which separates Hod and Netzach from Tiphereth; and as we shall see later on, in the Portal Ritual, the First Order from the Second Order.

THE EQUINOX

eternal Balance of the Scales of Justice. Upon them should be represented in counterchanged colours any appropriate Egyptian design emblematic of the soul. The scarlet tetrahedral capitals represent the fire of Test and Trial, and between the Balance is the porch way of the Immeasurable Region.

The twin lights which flare on the summits are the “Declarers of Eternal Truth.”

The pillars are really obelisks with tetrahedral capitals slightly flattened at the apices so as to bear each a lamp.

At the Eastern part of Malkuth, at its junction-point with the path of ♁ is placed the altar in the form of a double cube. Its colour is black to represent to the Neophyte the colour of Malkuth; but to the adept there lies hidden in the blackness the four colours of the Earth, in their appropriate positions on the sides. The base only is wholly black; whilst the summit will be of a brilliant whiteness although invisible to the material eye.

“The symbols upon the altar represent the forces and manifestations of Divine

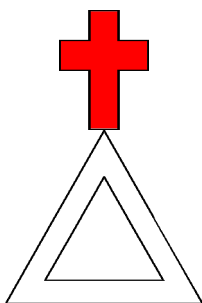


DIAGRAM 4.

The Altar Symbol in
the 0°=0° Ritual

Light concentrated in the white triangle of the Three Supernals. Wherefore upon this sacred and sublime symbol is the obligation of the Neophyte taken as calling therein to witness the operations of the Divine Light. The red cross of Tiphereth representing $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ is placed above the white triangle; not as dominating it, but as bringing it down and manifesting it unto the Outer Order: as though the Crucified One having raised the symbol of Self-Sacrifice had thus touched and brought into action in matter the Divine triad of Light.

“Around the cross are the symbols of the four letters of Tetragrammaton, the ♁ of Jeheshua being only implied and not *expressed* in the Outer. And these are placed according to the winds.”

The door should be situated behind and to the West of the Throne of the Hieres; it is called “The Gate of the Declarers of Judgment,” and its symbolic form is that of a straight and narrow doorway between two mighty pylons.

THE THREE CHIEFS

At the East of the Temple before Paroketh sit the three Chiefs who govern and rule all things and are the viceroys in the Temple of the Second Order beyond. They are the reflections therein of the $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$, $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$, and $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Grades, and are neither comprehended in, nor understood by, the Outer Order. They represent, as it were, *Veiled Divinities*, and their seats are before the veil (Paroketh) which is divided into two parts at the point of the rending, as though it answered unto the veils of Isis and Nephthys impenetrable save to the initiate.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Now the Emperor governeth, because in Netzach—which is the highest grade of the First Order—is the fire reflected from Geburah.

The Præmonstrator is second, because in Hod is the water reflected from Chesed.

The Cancellarius is third, because in Yesod is the air reflected from Tiphereth.

But in each Temple these three chiefs are coeternal and coequal, thus figuring the Triad in Unity, yet are their functions different:

The Emperor to command

The Præmonstrator to instruct.

The Cancellarius to record.

“Even as the Flaming Fire doth overcome, and the still Waters reflect all images, and the all-wandering Air receiveth sound.”

The synthesis of the Three Chiefs may be said to be in the form of Thoth who cometh from behind the veil.

Yet also the Emperor may be referred unto the Goddess Nephthys from his relationship unto Geburah. The Præmonstrator unto Isis from Chesed. And the Cancellarius unto Thoth in his position as recorder.

OF THE STATIONS OF THE INVISIBLES. THE GODS OF THE ELEMENTS

Their stations are at the four cardinal points of the Hall without, as invisible guardians of the limits of the temple: and they are placed according to the winds, viz.: behind the stations of the Hierophant, Dadouchos, Hiereus and Stolistes.

Between them are placed the stations of the four vicegerents of the Elements; and they are situated at the four corners of the Temple, at the places marked by the four rivers of Eden in the Warrant,* which later represents the Temple itself; of which the guardians are the Kerubim, and the vicegerents in the palaces of the rulers Ameshet at the N.E., Thoumathph at the S.E., Ahephi or Ahapshi at the S.W., Kabetznuph at the N.W.

OF THE PLACE OF THE EVIL TRIAD

This is the place of Yesod, it is termed the Place of the Evil One, of the Slayer of Osiris. He is the Tempter, Accuser and Punisher of the Brethren. Wherefore is he frequently represented in Egypt with the head of a Water-Dragon, the body of a Lion or Leopard, and hindquarters of a Water-Horse. He is the administrator of the Evil Triad, whereof the members are:

Apophrasz. The Stooping Dragon.

Satan-Typhon. The Slayer of Osiris.

Besz. The brutal power of demoniac force.

* A document which by some of the members of the G.: D.: was considered to be forged. It purported to be signed by S.D.A. and others, and authorised the founding of the Temple. *Vide* chapter called “The Magician.”

THE EQUINOX

OF THE PLACE OF HARPOCRATES

The next invisible station is in the path of ☩ between the place of Thmaist and that of the Evil Triad: and it is the place of the Lotus- throned Lord of Silence, even that Great God Harpocrates, the younger brother of Horus.

OF ISIS AND NEPHTHYS

The stations are the places of the Pillars in Netzach and Hod respectively; wherefore these great goddesses are not otherwise shown in this grade, save in connection with the Præmonstrator and Imperator.

OF AROUERIST

His secret place is the last of the invisible stations and he standeth with the Hierophant as though representing him unto the Outer Order. For while the Hierophant is $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$, yet he is only shown as a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault. So that when he moveth from his place on the throne of the East, the seat of Aeshuri, he is no longer Osiris but Arouerist. And the invisible station of Arouerist may therefore be said to be that of the immediate past Hierophant.

THE OFFICERS AND THE STATIONS OF THE OFFICERS.

The Hierophant. The place of the Hierophant is in the East of the Temple on the Outer side of Paroketh to rule the temple under the presidency of the Chiefs. He fills the place of the Lord of the Path, acting as inductor into the sacred mysteries. His symbols and insignia are:

The throne of the East in the path of ☩ without the Veil. The mantle of bright flame-red; the Crown-headed sceptre; the Banner of the East; the Great Lamén.

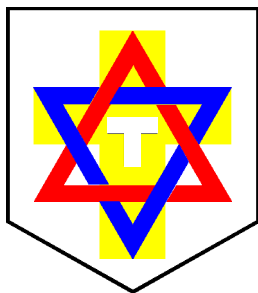


DIAGRAM 5.

The Banner of the East.

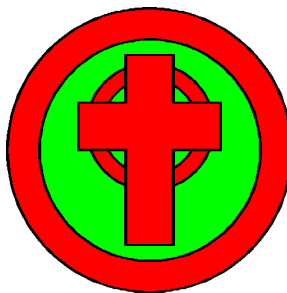


DIAGRAM 6.

The Lamén of the Hierophant.

“Expounder of the Sacred Mysteries” is the name of the Hierophant: and he is Aeshuri-st, “The Osiris in the Nether World.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Hiereus. The station of the Hiereus is at the extreme West of the Temple at the lowest point of Malkuth, and in the black portion thereof, representing a terrible and avenging God at the confines of Matter at the borders of the Qliphoth. He is throned upon Matter and robed in Darkness; and about his feet are the thunder and the lightning, which two forces are symbolised by the impact of the paths of ♃ and ♆ (Fire, Pisces), terminating respectively in the russet and olive quarters of Malkuth. There, therefore, is he placed as a mighty and avenging guardian unto the Sacred Mysteries. His symbols and insignia are:

The throne of the West at the limits of Malkuth; the robe of Darkness; the sword; the Banner of the West; the Lamén.



DIAGRAM 7.

The Banner of the West.

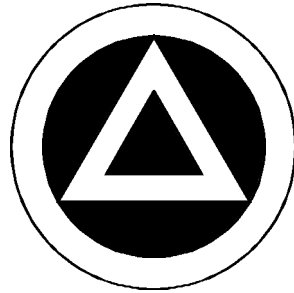


DIAGRAM 8.

The Lamén of the Hiereus.

“Avenger of the Gods,” is the name of the Hiereus, and he is “Horus in the City of Blindness” and of ignorance unto the Higher.

The Hegemon. The place of the Hegemon is between the two pillars, whose bases are in Netzach and Hod at the intersection of the paths of ♃ and ♆ in the symbolic gateway of Occult Science: as it were at the beam of the Balance at the equilibrium of the Scales of Justice, at the point of the intersection of the lowest reciprocal path with that of ♃, which latter forms a part of the Middle Column, being there placed as the guardian of the threshold of Entrance, and the preparer of the ways for the Enterer thereby. Therefore the Reconciler between the Light and the Darkness, and the Mediator between the stations of the Hierophant and the Hiereus. His symbols and insignia are:

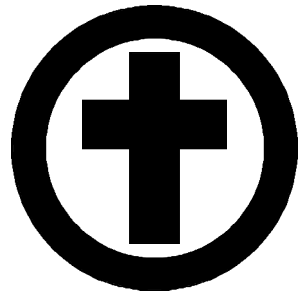


DIAGRAM 9.

The Lamén of the Hegemon.

The robe of pure Whiteness; the Mitre-headed sceptre; the Lamén.

THE EQUINOX

“Before the face of the Gods in the place of the Threshold” is the name of the Hegemon; and she is the Goddess

Thmaist of dual form as { Thmais*
Thmait†

The Kerux.—The Kerux is the principal form of Anubis. The sentinel being the subsidiary form. The Kerux is the Anubis of the East, whilst the Sentinel is the Anubis of the West.

The Kerux is the herald, the guardian and watcher “within” the Temple; as the sentinel is the watcher without. And therefore is his charge the proper disposition of the furniture of the Temple. His peculiar insignia of office are the red lamp and the wand.‡
“Watcher of the Gods” is his name, and he is Anubis the herald before them.

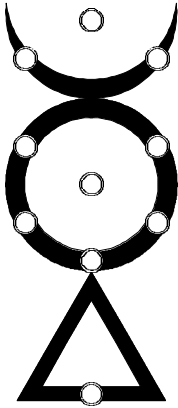


DIAGRAM 10.
The Cup of the Stolistes.

The Stolistes.—The station of the Stolistes is in the midst of the Northern part of the Hall; without, and to the North-West of the Black Pillar. He has the care of robes and insignia of the Temple. His peculiar ensign is the Cup.

“The Goddess at the Scale of the Balance at the Black Pillar” is the name of the Stolistes; and she is Auramooth, or the Light shining through the waters upon the Earth.

The Dadouchos.—The station of the Dadouchos is towards the midst of the Southern part of the Hall, and to the South-West of the White Pillar. He has the charge of the lights, the fire, and the incense of the Temple. His ensign is the Svastika.§

“Goddess of the Scale of the Balance at the White Pillar” is the name of the Dadouchos, and she is Thoum-aesh-neith, or Perfection through Fire manifesting upon the Earth.

THE GRADE OF NEOPHYTE

THE OPENING

The Officers and members being assembled the Kerux proceeds to the right of the Hierophant and facing West raises his wand, as a symbol of the ray of Divine Light from the white Triangle of the Three Supernals, and cries:

“HEKAS, HEKAS, ESTE, BEBELOI!”||

* More fiery. S.R.M.D. says Thmais contains the letters of **תמיש** and probably is the origin of the Greek **Θεμης**, the Justice-Goddess. † More fluidic.

‡ Or Caduceus. See Diagram 24. § Or Fylfot. See Diagram 14.

|| The same as “Eskato Bebeloi” used in the Eleusinian Mysteries.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

in order to warn the evil and uninitiated to retire so that the Triangle may be formulated upon the Altar.

The Hierophant then calls upon all present to assist him in opening the Hall of the Neophytes, and bids the Kerux see that the Hall is properly guarded.

The Fratres and Sorores of the Order then give the sign of the Neophyte, after which the Hiereus explains that the names of the three chief officers commence with “the letter of breath” H. But that in the name Osiris, the H is silent, and concealed, as it were shrouded in O. In the name Horus it is manifested and violently aspirated; while in the name Themis it is partly one and partly the other.

The Hiereus having explained the meaning of the letter H, then recapitulates the stations and duties of the officers, thus occultly affirming the establishment of the temple so that the Divine Light may shine into the Darkness.

In explaining his own station the Hierophant says:

“My place is on the throne of the East, which symbolises the rise of the Sun of Life and Light. My duty is to rule and govern this hall in accordance with the laws of the Order. The red colour of my robe symbolises Light: my insignia are the sceptre and the Banner of the East, which signify Power and Light, Mercy and Wisdom: and my office is that of the Expounder of the Mysteries.”

Then follows the purification of the Hall and the members by water and by fire, after which the Hierophant orders the Mystic Circumambulation to take place in the Path of Light.

The procession of officers and members is then formed in the North, in readiness for the mystic Circumambulation in the Path of Light. It is formed in the North beginning from the station of the Stolistes, the symbol of the waters of creation attracting the Divine Spirit, and therefore alluding to the creation of the world. Whilst the “Reverse Circumambulation” has its rise from the station of the Dadouchos, symbolic of the ending and judging of the world by fire.

But also the Circumambulation commences with the Paths ☿ and ♁, as though bringing into action the solar fire; whilst the reverse commences by those of ♃ and ♆ as though bringing the watery reflux into action.

This is the Order of the Circumambulation; first cometh Anubis, the watcher of the Gods; next Themis, the Goddess of the Hall of Truth; then Horus; then the remaining members in order of precedence; and lastly, the Goddesses of the Scales of the Balance, as though a vast wheel were revolving, as it is said:

“One wheel upon the Earth beside the Kerub.” And also note the Rashish ha-Gilgalim.*

Of this wheel the ascending side commenceth from below the pillar of Nephthys, and the descending side from below the pillar of Isis, but in the “Reverse Circumambula-

* The beginning of Whirling Motions, Primum Mobile.

THE EQUINOX

tion” this is contrary. And the nave or axis of the wheel will be about the invisible station of Harpocrates; as though that God stood there with the sign of Silence, and affirmed the concealment of that central atom of the wheel which alone revolveth not.

The object of the Mystic Circumambulation is to attract and make connection between the Divine Light above and the Temple, and therefore the Hierophant quitteth his throne to take part therein, but remaineth there to attract by his sceptre the Light from beyond the Veils.

Each member in passing the Throne of the East gives the sign of the enterer, projecting forwards the light which cometh from the sceptre of the Hierophant.

“But Horus passes only once, for he is the son of Osiris, and inheriteth the Light, as it were by birthright from him; wherefore he goeth at once unto the station of the Hiereus to fix the light there. The Hegemon, the Goddess of Truth, passeth twice because her rule is of the Balance of the two Scales, and she retireth to her station there to complete the reflux of the Middle Pillar. But Anubis of the East and the others circumambulate thrice as affirming the completion of the reflexion of the perfecting of the white Triangle on the Altar.”*

The circumambulation being completed, the members and remaining officers remain standing whilst the Hierophant repeats the Adoration:

“HOLY ART THOU, LORD OF THE UNIVERSE!
HOLY ART THOU, WHOM NATURE HATH NOT FORMED!
HOLY ART THOU, THE VAST AND THE MIGHTY ONE!
LORD OF THE LIGHT AND OF THE DARKNESS!”

(At each of these sentences all bow and give the sign, the officers raising their banners, sceptres, sword and wand on high, and then sink them in salutation.)

The *Hierophant* then orders the Kerux to declare the Hall of the Neophytes opened by him, which he does in the following words:

“In the name of the Lord of the Universe, I declare that the Sun hath arisen, and that the Light shineth in Darkness.”

After which the three chief officers repeat the mystic words:

“ KHABS AM PEKHT!”
“ KNOX OM PAX!”
“ LIGHT IN EXTENSION!”

THE OPENING is then at an end, and the next ceremony is: *THE ADMISSION*.†

The Candidate is in waiting without the Portal, under the care of the sentinel, the “Watcher Without,” that is, under the care of the form of Anubis of the West.

* Z. 1.

† The following explanatory remarks on the Admission and Ceremony of the Neophyte are taken from the MS. called Z. 3.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Hierophant informs the members assembled that he holds a dispensation from the greatly honoured chiefs of the Second Order, for the purpose of commencing the process of the initiation which shall ultimately lead the Candidate to the knowledge of his Higher Self. But he is first admitted to the Grade of Neophyte which hath no number, concealing the commencement of All-Things under the simulacrum of No-Thing.

The Hegemon, the representative of the Gods of Truth and Justice, is consequently sent to superintend the preparation, thus symbolizing that it is the Presider of Equilibrium who is to administrate the process of initiation by the commencement of the Equilibration of the forces in the Candidate himself, by the symbols of Rectitude and Self-control. But it is the sentinel who actually prepares the Candidate; whose body is now surrounded by a triple cord to show the restriction of the powers of Nature; and it is triple to show the white Triangle of the Three Supernals. His eyes are also bandaged, symbolising that the Light of the natural world is but as darkness compared with the radiance of the Light Divine.

The Ritual then continues:

Hegemon: “Child of Earth! arise, and enter into the Path of Darkness!”

The *Hierophant* then gives his permission, ordering the Stolistes and Dadouchos to assist the Kerux in the reception; but the Kerux bars the way saying:

“Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter our Sacred Hall.”

Whereupon the Stolistes purifies the Candidate by Water, and the Dadouchos consecrates him by Fire.

Then the *Hierophant* speaks: he does so not as to an assembly of mortals, but as a God before the assembly of the Gods. “And let his voice be so directed that it shall roll through the Universe to the confines of Space, and let the Candidate represent unto him a world which he is beginning to lead unto the knowledge of its governing angel. As it is written: ‘The lightning lighteneth out of the East and flameth even unto the West, even so shall be the coming of the Son of Man!’ ”

The Candidate during the ceremony is addressed as “child of Earth” as representing the earthly and material nature of the natural man: he who cometh forward from the darkness of Malkuth to strive to regain knowledge of the Light. Therefore it is that the path of the initiate is called the Path of Darkness; for it is but darkness and foolishness to the natural man.

The *Hierophant* giving his permission to the Kerux to admit the Candidate, seals the Candidate with a motto as a new name. This motto is not a name given to the outer man’s body, but an occult signifier of the aspiration of his soul.

“In affirmation of this motto, now doth Osiris send forward the Goddesses of the Scales of the Balance to baptize the aspirant with water and with fire. Even as it is written: ‘Except a man be born of water and of the spirit: in no wise shall he enter unto the Kingdom of Heaven’ ”

THE EQUINOX

The *Kerux*, however, at once bars the way, as the Candidate is still unpurified. Thereupon the Goddesses of the Scales purify and consecrate him. This is the first consecration. "But even as there be four pillars at the extremities of a sphere when the ten Sephiroth are projected therein; so also are there four separate consecrations of the Candidate."

The reception and consecration takes place in the black portion of Malkuth; when it is finished the Candidate is conducted to the foot of the altar, the citrine portion of Malkuth, and the part receiving the impact of the Middle Pillar.

The *Hierophant* then says to the Candidate: "Child of Earth! wherefore hast thou come to request admission to this Order?"

The *Hegemon* answers for the Candidate: "My soul is wandering in the Darkness seeking for the light of Occult Knowledge, and I believe that in this Order the Knowledge of that Light may be obtained."

Whereupon the *Hierophant* asks the Candidate whether he is willing "in the presence of this assembly to take a great and solemn obligation to keep inviolate the secrets and mysteries of our Order?"

To which the Candidate himself replies: "I am."

The Hierophant now advances between the Pillars as if thus asserting that the Judgment is concluded: "And he advanceth by the invisible station of Harpocrates unto that of the Evil Triad; so that as Arouerist* he standeth upon the Opposer." He thus cometh to the East of the Altar, interposing between the place of the Evil Triad and that of the Candidate. At the same time the Hiererus advanceth on the Candidate's left, and the Hegemon standeth at his right, as formulating about him the symbol of the Triad, before he be permitted to place his right hand in the centre of the White Triangle of the Three Supernals on the Altar. And he first kneeleth in adoration of that symbol, as if the natural man abnegated his will before that of the Divine consciousness.

The *Hierophant* now orders the Candidate to kneel (in the midst of the triad Arouerist, Horus and Themis), to place his left hand in that of the initiator, and his right hand upon the white triangle as symbolising his active aspiration towards his Higher Soul. The Candidate then bows his head, and the Hierophant gives one knock with his sceptre; affirming that the symbol of submission into the Higher is now complete.

Only at that moment doth the colossal image of Thoth† Metatron cease from the sign of the enterer: and giveth instead the sign of the silence: permitting the first real descent of the Genius of the Candidate, who descendeth into the invisible station of Harpocrates as witness unto the obligation.

All then rise and the Candidate repeats the Obligation after the Hierophant. In it he

* He is Osiris when throned; when he moves he assumes the form of Arouerist.

† Thoth is one of the Invisible officers.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

pledges himself to keep secret the Order, its name, and the names of the members, as well as the proceedings which take place at its meetings. To maintain kindly and benevolent relation with all the Fratres and Sorores of the Order. To prosecute with zeal and study the occult sciences, &c. &c. He then swears to observe the above under the awful penalty of submitting "myself to a deadly and hostile current of will set in motion by the chiefs of the Order, by which I should fall slain or paralyzed without visible weapon, as if blasted by the lightning flash!* (Hiereus here suddenly applies sword.) So help me THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE and my own Higher Soul."

As the Candidate affirmeth his own penalty should he prove a traitor to the Order, the evil triad riseth up in menace, and the avenger of the Gods, Horus, layeth the blade of his sword on the point of the Daäth junction (*i.e.*, of the brain with the spine) thus affirming the power of Life and Death over the natural body: and the Form of the Higher Self advanceth and layeth its hand on the Candidate's head for the first time, at the words: "So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul." And this is the first assertion of the connecting-link between them. Then after this connection is established doth the Hierophant in the following words raise the Candidate to his feet:

"Rise, newly obligated Neophyte in the 0°=0° Grade of the Order of the G.: D.: in the Outer. Place the Candidate in the Northern part of the Hall, the place of the greatest symbolic Darkness."

The Candidate is then placed in the North, the place of the greatest symbolic Darkness, the invisible station of Taaur the Bull of Earth. But therein dwelleth Ahapshi the rescuer of Matter, Osiris in the Sign of the Spring. That as the earth emergeth from the Darkness and the Barrenness of Winter, so the Candidate may thus affirm the commencement of his emancipation from the darkness of ignorance.

The Hierophant and Hiereus return to their thrones, therefore it is not Arouerist but Osiris himself that addresseth the Candidate in the words:

"The voice of my Higher Soul said unto me: let me enter the path of Darkness, peradventure thus shall I obtain the Light; I am the only Being in the abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the silence of a primal sleep! And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul: I am he who formulates in Darkness. Child of Earth, the Light shineth in Darkness, but the Darkness comprehendeth it not."

And this is to confirm the link established between the Neschamah and the Genius by communicating the conception thereof unto the Ruach. Thus, therefore, Osiris speaketh in the Character of the Higher Soul, the symbolic form of which is now standing between the pillars before him.

The Second Circumambulation then takes place in the Path of Darkness, the symbolic Light of Occult Science leading the way. This light of the Kerux is to show that the

* A later edition of the Ritual, issued subsequent to the Horos scandals, reads "an awful and avenging punitive current, " &c.

THE EQUINOX

Higher soul is not the only Divine Light, but rather a spark from the Infinite Flame.

After the *Kerux* comes the Hegemon, the translator of the Higher Self, leading the Candidate, then the Stolistes and Dadouchos. Once they pass round the temple in solemn procession: it is the foundation in Darkness of the Binah angle of the whole Triangle of the Ineffable Light. The Hierophant knocks once as then pass him, and the Hiereus does likewise, as the affirmations of Mercy and Vengeance respectively. A second time they pass the Hierophant affirming the commencement of the formulation of the angle of Chokmah.

The *Kerux* then bars the Candidate's passage to the West, saying:

"Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter the Path of the West!"

Thus indicating that the natural man cannot even obtain the understanding of the "Son" of Osiris, except by purification and equilibrium.

The Candidate is then purified with water and consecrated by fire; after which he is allowed to approach the Place of the Twilight of the Gods. And now only is the hoodwink slipped up for a moment to obtain a glimpse of the Beyond.

The *Hiereus* then challenges as follows:

"Thou canst not pass by me, saith the Guardian of the West, unless thou canst tell me my Name."

In this challenge is signified the knowledge of the Formula; and that without the formula of Horus being formulated in the Candidate, that of Osiris cannot be grasped.

To the Candidate this appears as the anger of God; for he cannot as yet comprehend that before Mildness can be exercised rightly the Forces both of Severity and Mercy must be known and wielded.

Therefore the *Hegemon* answers for him:

"Darkness is thy Name! Thou art the Great One of the Path of the Shades."

The Hegemon then suddenly lifts the veil, and the Candidate sees before him standing on the steps of the throne the Hiereus with sword pointed to his Breast.

Slowly sinking the blade the *Hiereus* says:

"Child of Earth, fear is failure: be thou therefore without fear! for in the heart of the coward Virtue abideth not! Thou hast known me, so pass thou on!"

The Candidate is then re-veiled.

Then the *Kerux* again bars his way, saying:

"Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter the Path of the East."

This Barring of the Path is an extension of the meaning of the previous one, and the commencement of the formulation of the Angle of Kether.

Once again is the Candidate purified with water and consecrated by fire; and the hoodwink is slipped up to give a glimpse of the Light as dimly seen through

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Darkness yet heralding a Glory which is in the Beyond.

The *Hierophant*, then slowly lowering his sceptre, says:

“Child of Earth! remember that Unbalanced Force is evil. Unbalanced Mercy is but weakness: Unbalanced Severity is but oppression. Thou hast known me; pass thou on unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe.”

Thus formulating the Force of the Hidden Central Pillar. The Hierophant then leaveth his throne and passeth between the pillars, halting at either the station of Harpocrates, the place of the Evil Triad, or at the East of the Altar. The Hiereus standeth on the left of the Candidate, and the Hegemon on his right. Thus again completing the formulation of the Triad of the Three Supernals.

The Hierophant and Hiereus may hold their banners; anyhow it is done astrally; and the Higher Self of the Candidate will be formulated once more in the Invisible station of Harpocrates.

The *Hierophant* than says:

“Let the Candidate kneel, while I invoke the LORD OF THE UNIVERSE!”

After the prayer has been solemnly repeated, the *Hierophant* says: “Let the Candidate rise,”* and then:

“Child of Earth! long hast thou dwelt in Darkness! Quit the Night, and seek the day.”

Then only at the words: “Let the Candidate rise” is the hoodwink definitely removed. The Hierophant, Hiereus, and Hegemon join their sceptres and sword above the Candidate’s head, thus formulating the Supernal Triad, and assert that they receive him into the Order of the Golden Dawn, in the words:

“Fratr X Y Z, we receive thee into the Order of the Golden Dawn!”

They then recite the mystic words, “KHABS AM PEKHT,” as sealing the current of the Flaming Light.

But the Higher Soul remaineth in the Invisible Station of Harpocrates, and to the Spirit Vision, at this point, there should be a gleaming white Triangle formulated above the forehead of the Candidate and touching it, the symbol of the white Triangle of the Three Supernals.

The “Hierophant” now calleth forward the Kerux, and turning towards the Candidate says to him:

“In all your wanderings through darkness, the lamp of the Kerux went before you though you saw it not! It is the symbol of the Hidden Light of Occult Science.”

It here representeth to him a vague formulation of his ideal, which he can neither grasp nor analyse. Yet this Light is not the symbol of his own Higher Self, but rather a ray from the Gods to lead him there.

The *Hierophant* then continues:

* Meaning also: “Let the Light arise in the Candidate.”

THE EQUINOX

“Let the Candidate be conducted to the East of the Altar. Honoured Hiereus, I delegate to you the duty of entrusting the Candidate with the secret signs, grip, grand word and present pass-word of the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer, of placing him between the mystic pillars, and of superintending his fourth and final consecration.”

The East of the Altar is the place of the Evil Triad, and he is brought there as though affirming that he will trample upon and cast out his evil persona, which will then become a support unto him, but it must first be cast down unto its right place.

The Hiereus now confers the secret signs, &c., and during this part of the ceremony the position of the three chief officers is as follows: The Hierophant on the throne of the East; the Hiereus at the East of the Black Pillar; and the Hegemon at the East of the White Pillar. The three again formulating the Triad and strengthening it.

Thus the Higher Soul will be formulated between the Pillars in the place of Equilibrium; the Candidate at the place of the Evil Triad. The Hiereus now advanceth between the Pillars unto the invisible station of Harpocrates.

The signs having been explained, the Hiereus draweth the Candidate forward between the pillars, and for the second time in the ceremony the Higher Soul standeth near and ready to touch him. Then the Hiereus returneth to the East of the Black Pillar so that the three chief officers may draw down upon him the forces of the Supernal Triad.

The Candidate now therefore is standing between the pillars bound with the rope, like the mummied form of Osiris between Isis and Nephthys. And in this position doth the fourth and final consecration by the Goddesses of the Balances take place; the Aspirant for the first time standing between the pillars, at the point wherein are localized the equilibrated forces of the Balances, and meanwhile the Kerux goeth to the North in readiness for the Circumambulation, so as to link the latter with the final consecration of the Candidate.

The *Stolistes* then says: “Frater X Y Z, I finally consecrate thee by water.”

And the *Dadouchos*: “Frater X Y Z, I finally consecrate thee by fire.”

And the effect of this is to seal finally into the Sphere of Sensation of the Candidate the Pillars in Balanced Formulation. For in the natural man the symbols are unbalanced in strength, some being weaker and some stronger, and the effect of the ceremony is to strengthen the weak and purify the strong, thus gradually commencing to equilibrate them, at the same time making a link between them and their corresponding forces in the Macrocosm.

The *Hierophant* then says:

“Honoured Hegemon, the final consecration of the Candidate having been performed, I command you to remove the rope from his waist, the last remaining symbol of Darkness; and to invest him with the distinguishing badge of the grade.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The *Hegemon*, executing the Hierophant's order, says:

“By command of the Very Honoured Hierophant, I invest you with the distinguishing badge of the grade. It symbolizes Light dawning in Darkness.”

The four pillars being thus established, now only is the Candidate invested with the badge of the White Triangle of the Three Supernals formulating in Darkness; and now only is the Higher soul able to formulate a link with him if the human will of the natural man be in reality consenting thereto. For the free will of the Candidate as a natural man is never obsessed, either by the Higher Soul, or by the ceremony. But the Will consenting, the whole of the ceremony is directed to the strengthening of its action.

And as this badge is place upon him, it is as though the two Great Goddesses, Isis and Nephthys, in the places of the columns, stretched forth their wings over the form of Osiris to restore him again unto life.

The Mystic Circumambulation then followeth in the Path of Light to represent the rising of the Light in the Candidate through the operation of self-sacrifice; as he passeth the Throne of the East, the red Cavalry Cross is astrally formulated above the astral White Triangle of the Three upon his forehead; so that so long as he belongeth unto the Order he may have that potent and sublime symbol as a link with his Higher Self, and as an aid in his search for the Forces of the Light Divine for ever, if he only *will it*.

But the Higher Soul or Genius returneth unto the Invisible Station of Harpocrates, into the Place of the hidden centre, yet retaining the link formulated with the Candidate.

The address of the *Hierophant* then follows:

“Fratr X Y Z, I must congratulate you on your having passed with so much fortitude through your ceremony of the admission to the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer. I will now direct your attention to a brief explanation of the principal symbols of your grade.”

When these have been explained the *Kerux*, as the Watcher Anubis, announceth in the following words that the Candidate has been admitted as an initiate Neophyte:

“In the name of the LORD OF THE UNIVERSE and by command of the V.H. Hierophant, hear you all that I proclaim that A: B: who hereafter will be known unto you by the motto X Y Z, has been admitted in due form to the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of Neophyte of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer.”

The *Hierus* then addresseth the Neophyte and congratulates him upon being admitted a member of the Order, “whose professed object and end is the practical study of Occult Science.” After which the *Hierophant* stateth clearly the Principia which the Neophyte must now commence to study.

This being at an end the *Kerux* conducteth the Neophyte to his table and giveth him a solution telling him to pour a few drops on the plate before him. As he does so

THE EQUINOX

the solution changes to a blood colour, and the *Kerux* says:

“As this pure, colourless, and limpid fluid is changed into the semblance of blood, so mayest thou change and perish, if thou betrayest thine oath of secrecy of this Order, by word or deed!”

The *Hierophant* then says:

“Resume your seat in the N.W., and remember that your admission to this order give you no right to initiate any other person without dispensation from the greatly honoured chiefs of the Second Order.”

Thus ends the Admission, after which the Closing takes place.

THE CLOSING

The Closing Ceremony is opened by the cry:

“HEKAS, HEKAS, ESTE, BEBELOI!”

and the greater part of its symbolism is explained in the Opening. The reverse circumambulation is intended to formulate the withdrawal of the Light of the Supernal Triad from the Altar. The Adoration then takes place, after which followeth the mystical repast, or communion in the body of Osiris. Its mystic name is “The Formula of the Justified One.”*

The *Hierophant* saying:

“Nothing now remains but to partake in Silence the Mystic repast composed of

* The “Formula of Osiris” is given in Z. 1, and is as follows:

“For Osiris Onnophris hath said:

He who is found perfect before the Gods hath said:

These are the elements of my body, perfected through suffering, glorified through trial.

For the secret of the Dying Rose is as the repressed sign of my suffering.

And the flame-red fire as the energy of my undaunted will.

And the cup of wine is the outpouring of the Blood of my heart sacrificed unto regeneration and the Newer Life.

And the Bread and the Salt are as the Foundations of my Body.

Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.

For I am Osiris Triumphant, even Osiris Onnophris the Justified.

I am he who is clothed with the Body of Flesh:

Yet in whom is the Spirit of the Mighty Gods.

I am the Lord of Life triumphant over Death.

He who partaketh with me shall rise with me.

I am the manifester in Matter of those whose abode is in the Invisible.

I am purified; I stand upon the Universe:

I am the Reconciler with the Eternal Gods:

I am the Perfecter of Matter:

And without me the Universe is not!”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the symbols of the Four elements, and to remember our pledge of secrecy.” (The *Kerux* proceeds to the Altar and ignites the spirit placed at the southern angle of the Cross. The *Hierophant*, quitting his throne, goes to the West of the Altar, and facing East, salutes and continues:)

“I invite you to inhale with me the perfume of this rose as a symbol of Air (smelling rose): To feel with me the warmth of this sacred Fire (spreading hands over it): To eat with me this Bread and Salt as types of earth (eats): and finally to drink with me this Wine, the consecrated emblem of elemental Water (drinks from cup).”

The Hierophant then goes to the East of the Altar and faces West. The Hiereus comes to the West of the Altar, and salutes the Hierophant, receiving the elements from him. All then partake in order of rank: Hegemon from Hiereus, Stolistes from Hegemon, Dadouchos from Stolistes, Senior Members from Dadouchos, and the *Kerux* from the Candidate.

But the *Kerux* says: “It is finished,” inverting the cup, to show that the symbols of Self-sacrifice and Regeneration are accomplished. And this proclamation is confirmed by the *Hierophant*, and the three chief officers give the three strokes emblematic of the Mystic Triad, and in the three different languages repeat the three mystic words:

“KHABS AM PEKHT!”

“KONX OM PAX!”

“LIGHT IN EXTENSION!”

The *Hierophant* then finally closes the ceremony by saying:

“May what we have this day partaken of, sustain us in our search for the Quintessence; the Stone of the Philosophers; the True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness, and the Summum Bonum.”

All then disrobe and disperse.

Undoubtedly the passing through the Ritual of the Neophyte had an important influence on P.’s mind, and on his Spiritual Progress; for shortly after its celebration, we find him experiencing some very extraordinary visions, which we shall enter upon in due course. Suffice it to say that by December he had passed the easy examination necessary before he could present himself as a candidate for the 1°=10° grade of Zelator.

THE EQUINOX

RITUAL OF THE 1° = 10° GRADE OF ZELATOR*

The opening in this ritual is very similar to that in the last; the chief exception being that this grade is more particularly attributed to the element of “earth.”

The Temple having been declared open, the *Hierophant* says:

“Except Adonai build the House their labour is but lost that build it. Except Adonai keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain! Frater Neophyte, by what aid do you seek admission to the 1°=10° Grade of Zelator of the G.: D.:?”

The *Hegemon*, answering for him, says: “By the guidance of Adonai; by the possession of the requisite knowledge; by the dispensation you hold; by the secret signs and token of the 0°=0° Grade, and by this symbol of the Hermetic Cross.”

The Neophyte is then conducted to the West, and being placed between the mystic pillars, pledges himself to secrecy.

The *Hierophant*, congratulating him, finally says: “Let the Neophyte enter the path of Evil.” Then the following takes place.

Hierus: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek the hidden knowledge in the Name of Adonai.

Hierus: And the Angel Samael (Angel of Evil) answered and said: I am the Prince

of Darkness and of Night. The wicked and rebellious man gazeth upon the face of Nature and he findeth therein naught but terror and obscurity; unto him it is but the Darkness of the Darkness; and he is but as a drunken man groping in the dark. Return, for thou canst not pass by.

Hierophant: Let the Neophyte enter the path of Good.

Hegemon: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek for the hidden Light of Occult Knowledge.

* The following five Rituals are considerably abridged; chiefly to economise space and so allow the rituals of the Neophyte and Adeptus Minor to be dealt with more fully. They are of little magical interest, value or importance.

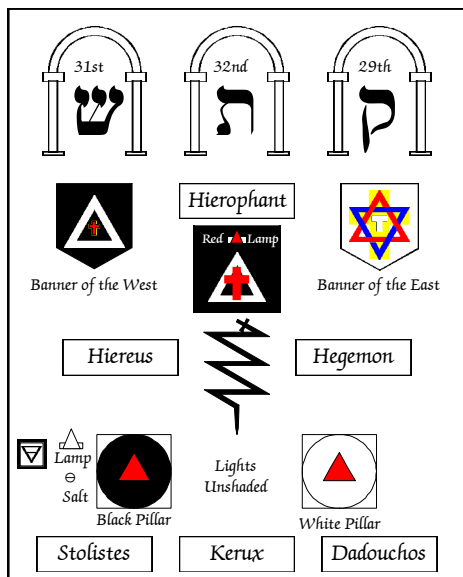


DIAGRAM II.

Arrangement of the Temple in the 1°=10° Ritual (first part).

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Hegemon: And the great Angel Metatron (Angel of Good) answered and said: I am the Angel of the Presence Divine. The Wise man gazeth upon the Material Universe and he beholdeth therein the luminous Image of the Creator. Not as yet canst thou bear the dazzling radiance of that Light! Return, for thou canst not pass by!

Hierophant: Let the Neophyte now advance by the Straight and Narrow way which inclineth neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Hiereus and Hegemon: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek for the hidden Light of Occult Science.

Hierophant: But the great Angel Sandalphon answered and said: "I am the Reconciler for the Earth and the Soul of the Celestial therein. Equally is form invisible in total Darkness and in Blinding Light. . . ."

The Hiereus and Hegemon return to their seats, whilst the Hierophant and Neophyte remain, both facing the Altar. Here the *Hierophant* confers on the Neophyte the Secrets and Mysteries of the grade; and explains to him the Symbolism of the Temple as follows:

"The three portals facing from the East are the gates of the paths which alone conduct to the Inner. . . ."

"The letters shin, tau, and qoph, make by metathesis קשת (Qesheth), which signifies a bow, the rainbow of promise stretched over our earth. This picture of the Flaming Sword of the Kerubim is a representation of the guardians of the gate of Eden; just as the Hiereus and the Hegemon symbolise the two paths of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

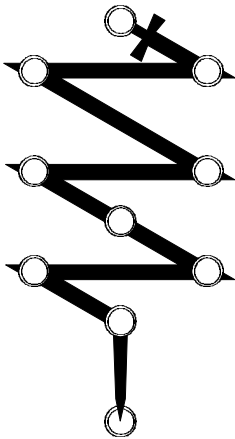


DIAGRAM 12.
The Flaming Sword.

"You will observe that in this grade the red cross is placed within the white Triangle upon the altar, and thus placed, it is identical with the Banner of the West."

"The triangle refers to the three above-mentioned paths connecting Malkuth with the above Sephiroth, while the cross is the hidden wisdom of the Divine nature which can be obtained by their aid. The two construed mean: LIFE IN LIGHT."

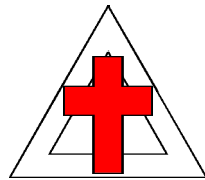


DIAGRAM 13.
The Altar Symbol in
the 1°=10° Ritual.

"This grade is especially referred to the Element Earth, and therefore, one of its principal emblems is the Great Watch-tower on the Terrestrial Tablet of the North. . . ."

". . . You will observe that the Hermetic Cross, which is also called Fylfat, . . . is formed of seventeen squares taken from a square of twenty-five lesser squares.

THE EQUINOX

These seventeen squares represent the Sun, the Four Elements, and the Twelve Signs. In this grade the lamps on the Pillars are unshaded, showing that you have quitted the darkness of the outer. . . .”

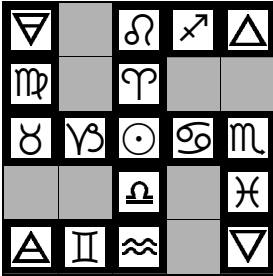


DIAGRAM 14.

The Hermetic Cross.

The Neophyte then retires for a short time before commencing the second ritual of this grade, which consists chiefly of symbolic explanations:

The *Hierophant* says:

“While the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ grade represents the portal of the Temple, the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ grade of Zelator will admit you into the Holy Place. Without, the altar of Burnt Offering symbolises the Qliphoth—or evil demons. Between the Altar and the entrance to the Holy Place stood the Laver of Brass, as a symbol of the Waters of Creation.”

The *Hegemon* then explains the symbolic drawing of the Zodiac, which is most complicated, but consists

mainly of twelve circles and a lamp in the centre to represent the sun. “The whole figure represents the Rose of Creation, and is a synthesis of the Visible Universe. Furthermore the twelve circles represent the twelve foundations of the Holy City of the Apocalypse, while in the Christian symbolism the Sun and the twelve signs typify our Saviour and the twelve Apostles.”*

After which the *Hierus* says: “At the Southern side of the Holy Place stood the seven-branched candlestick. The symbolic drawing before you represents its occult meaning. The seven circles which surround the heptagram represent the seven planets and the seven Qabalistic Palaces of Assiah, the material world which answer to the seven apocalyptic churches of Asia Minor, and these again represent, on a higher plane, the seven lamps before the throne.”†

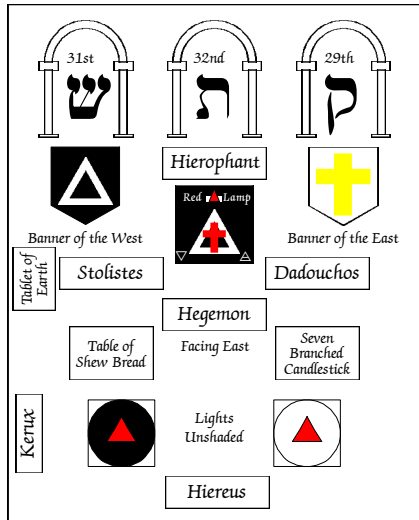


DIAGRAM 15.

The Arrangement of the Temple in the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Ritual (second part)

* See 777, Col. cxl., p. 27, “Twelve Banners of the Name,” and Revelations, xxi., 19, 20.
 † See 777, Col. xxxvi., p. 11.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

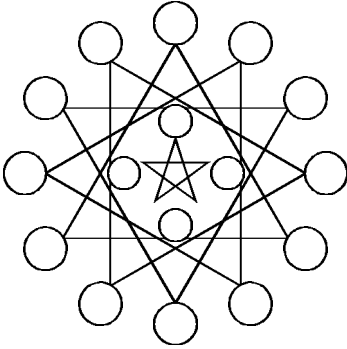


DIAGRAM 16.
The Rose of Creation.

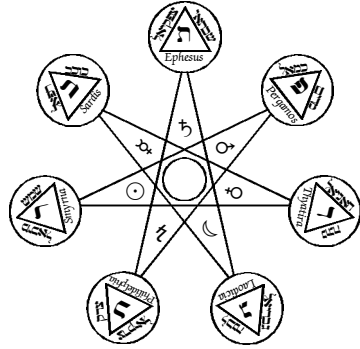


DIAGRAM 17.
The Seven-Branded Candlestick.

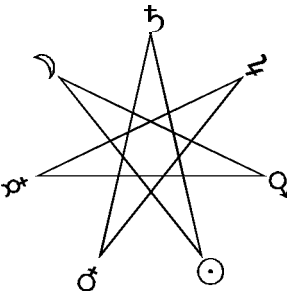


DIAGRAM 18.
The Heptagram of the Seven Days.

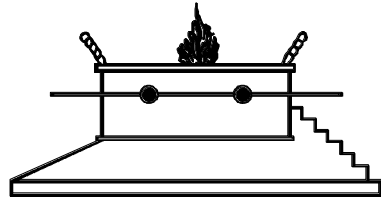
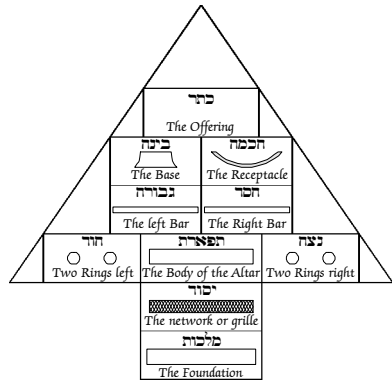


DIAGRAM 19.
The Altar of Incense.

The Heptagram itself refers to the seven days of the week, and may also be made to show how their order is derived from the planets when placed at the angles of the Heptagram.

“ . . . The lamp within the centre represents the Astral Light of the Universe concentrated into a focus by the Planets. . . .”

The *Hierophant* then resumes: “Within the mystic veil which separated the Holy Place from the Holy of Holies stood the Ark of the Covenant. Before the veil stood the altar of Incense, of which this altar is a symbol. It was in the form of a double Cube, thus representing material form as the reflection and the duplication of that which is spiritual. The sides of the altar,

THE EQUINOX

together with the top and underside, consist of ten squares, thus symbolising the Ten Sephiroth." . . . "The altar of Incense was overlaid with gold, to represent essential purity, but the altar before you is black to typify the terrestrial earth. Learn then to separate the pure from the impure, the refined and spiritual gold of the Alchymist from the Black Dragon of Putrefaction in Evil." . . . "I now congratulate you on having attained to the $1^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$ grade of Zelator, and in recognition thereof I confer on you the mystic title of PERECLINOS DE FAUSTIS, which signifies that you are still far from the goal which has been reached by the complete Initiates."

Shortly after this the Closing takes place, and the prayer of the spirits of the Earth is rehearsed, and the licence to depart pronounced, and in the name of ADONAI HA ARETZ, the *Hierophant* declares the Temple closed.

By the end of January 1899, P. was sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the grade of Theoricus.

It was about this time also that he met Mr. D., a certain brother of the G.: D.: known as Fra. I.A. This meeting, as we shall eventually see, ranks only second in importance to his meeting with Fra. V.N.

RITUAL OF THE $2^{\circ} = 9^{\circ}$ GRADE OF THEORICUS

This grade is particularly attributed to the element of Air; it refers to the Moon, and is attached to the Thirty-second Path of Tau, which alludes to the Universe as composed of the four elements, to the Kerubim, the Qliphoth, the Astral Plane, and the reflection of the Sphere of Saturn. After all this has been explained, the Advancement of the Zelator takes place, after which the Ritual of the Thirty-second Path is celebrated.

Hierophant, to Zelator: "Facing you are the Portals of the thirty-second, thirty-first, and twenty-ninth Paths leading from the grade of Zelator to the three other grades which are beyond. The only path now open to you, however, is the thirty-second, which leads to the $2^{\circ} = 9^{\circ}$ grade of Theoricus, and which you must traverse before arriving at that degree. Take in your right hand the Cubical Cross, and in your left hand the Banner of Light, and follow your guide Anubis* the Guardian: who leads you from the Material to the Spiritual."

* It will be noticed that from here this ritual becomes unnecessarily complicated with Egyptian deities—in fact, its mysteries become rather "forced." Still more so will this be seen in the next ritual, which becomes ridiculously complex with Samothracian nonentities. The symbols in themselves are not wrong; but it is the "mixed-biscuit" type of symbol which is so bad, especially where it is not necessary, but chosen so as to "show off" superficial knowledge.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Kerux: “Anubis the Guardian spake unto to Aspirant, saying: ‘Let us enter into the Presence of the Lords of Truth.’ Arise and follow me.”

Hiereus: “The Sphinx of Egypt spake and said: ‘I am the synthesis of the Elemental Forces: I am also the symbol of man: I am Life: and I am Death: I am the Child of the night of Time.’ ”

Hierophant: “The priest with the mask of Osiris spake and said: ‘Thou canst not pass the gate of the Eastern Heaven: except thou canst tell me my name.’ ”

Kerux, for Zelator: “Thou art Nu: The Goddess of the Firmament of Air. Thou art Harmakhis, Lord of the Eastern Sun.”

Hierophant: “In what sign and symbol dost thou come?”

Kerux, for Zelator: “In the letter Aleph, with the Banner of Light, and the symbol of equated forces.”

Hierophant (falling back and making with fan the sign of Aquarius, ♒, before Zelator): “In the sign of the man, child of Air, art thou purified—pass thou on.”

Similarly the Zelator passes the Lion, the Eagle, and the Bull. The *Hierophant* then explains to the Zelator the symbolism of the cubical cross, as follows:

“The cubical cross is a fitting emblem of the equilibrated and balanced forces of the Elements. It is composed of twenty-two squares externally, which refer to the twenty-two letters placed thereon. Twenty and two are the letters of the Eternal Voice in the vault of Heaven; in the depths of the Earth; in the abyss of the Waters, and in the all-presence of Fire: Heaven cannot speak their fulness, Earth cannot utter it. Yet hath the Creator bound them in all things. He hath mingled them through Water: He hath whirled them aloft in Fire: He hath sealed them in the Air of Heaven: He hath distributed them through the Planets: He hath assigned unto them the twelve constellations of the Zodiac.”

He then explains that to the Thirty-second Path of the Sepher Yetzirah is attributed the seven Abodes of Assiah; to the four Elements, the Kerubim, and the Qliphoth.*

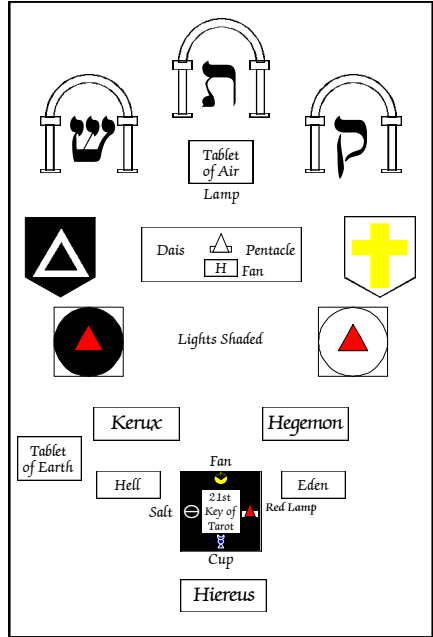


DIAGRAM 20.

Arrangement of Temple for the 32nd Path in the 2°=9° Ritual.

* See 777, cols. civ., cviii., pp. 20 and 23; and Revelations, chap. i.

THE EQUINOX

It represents the connecting-link between Assiah and Yetzirah. It is the rending of the Veil of the Tabernacle; and it is the passing of the Gate of Eden. After which he enters upon the symbolisms of the twenty-first Key of the Tarot, the naked female form of which represents the Bride of the Apocalypse, the Qabalistic Queen of the Canticles, the Egyptian Isis of Nature. Her two wands are the directing forces of the Positive and Negative currents. She is the synthesis of the Thirty-second Path uniting Malkuth and Yesod.

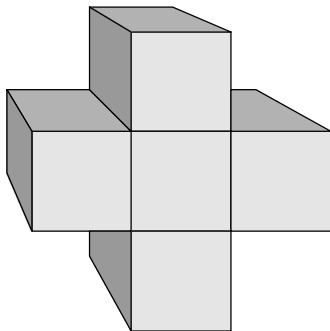


DIAGRAM 21.

The Cubical Cross of Twenty-two Squares.

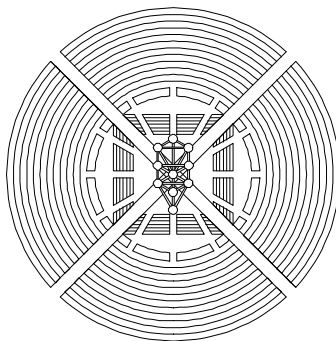


DIAGRAM 22.

The Garden of Eden and the Holy City.

The *Hegemon* then explains his tablet, which contains the occult symbolism of the Garden of Eden and the Holy City of the Apocalypse; and the *Kerux* also his—the seven Infernal Mansions and the four Seas.* After which the *Hierophant* confers on the *Zelator* the title of the Thirty-second Path; the *Zelator* then quits the Temple for a short time before passing to the Grade of Theoricus.

The Ceremony of Theoricus is opened by the *Hierophant*, who says to the *Zelator*: “Frater Pereclinos de Faustis: as in the grade of $1^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$ there were given the symbolical representations of the Tree of Knowledge of the Good and Evil of the gate of Eden and of the Holy Place: so in the $2^{\circ} = 9^{\circ}$ of Theoricus the ‘Sanctum Sanctorum’ with the Ark and the Kerubim is shown: as well as the garden of Eden, with which it coincides, while in the thirty-second path leading thereunto, through which you have just passed, the Kerubic Guardians are represented; and the Palm-trees, or trees of Progression in the Garden of Eden. Honoured *Hegemon*, conduct the *Zelator* to the West, and place him there before the portal of the thirty-second path through which he has just entered.”

The *Zelator* then seeks entrance by the Caduceus of Hermes, the symbolism of which the *Hegemon* explains to him.

* See 777, cols. cvi., cvii., p. 23.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

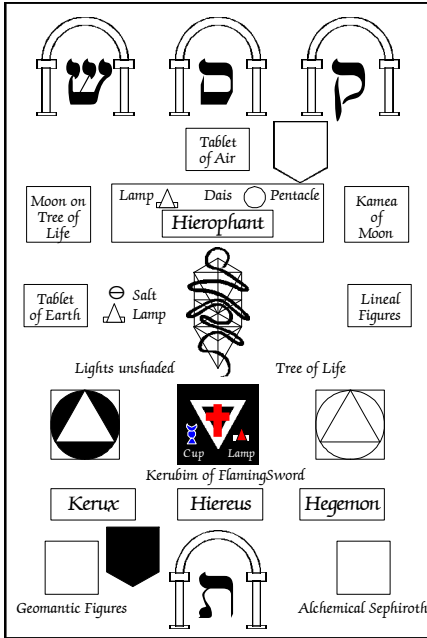


DIAGRAM 23.

Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony of Theoricus in the 2°=9° Ritual.



DIAGRAM 24.

The Caduceus of Hermes.

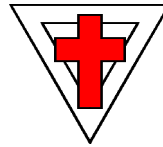


DIAGRAM 25.

The Altar Symbol in the 2°=9° Ritual.

The *Hierophant* then says: "The symbols before you represent alike the Garden of Eden,* and the Holy of Holies: Before you stands the Tree of Life formed of the Sephiroth and their connecting paths. . . . The connecting paths are twenty-two in number, and are distinguished by the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet, making with the ten Sephiroth themselves the thirty-two paths of Wisdom of the Sepher Yetzirah." The letters, he then points out to him, form the symbol of the Serpent of Wisdom, and the Sephiroth the Flaming Sword. "The two pillars right and left of the Tree are the symbols of the active and passive, male and female—Adam and Eve. . . . The pillars further represent the two Kerubim of the Ark; the right, male—Metatron; and the left, female—Sandalphon. Above them ever burn the lamps of their Spiritual Essence, the Higher Life, of which they are the partakers in the Eternal Uncreated One."

The Zelator is then instructed in the sign, grip, grand word, &c.: After which the

* See Diagram of the Paths and Grades.

THE EQUINOX

Hegemon rises and conducts the *Zelator* to the *Hiercus*, who explains to him the tablet of "The Duplicate form of the Alchemical Sephiroth."* The *Hegemon* then explains to him "The Geometrical lineal figures attributed to the planets";† and the *Kerux* "the sixteen figures of Geomancy."‡ The *Hierophant* congratulates the newly initiated Theoricus, and confers upon him the title of PORAIOS (or PORAIA) DE REJECTIS, which hath the signification: "brought from among the rejected ones," and gives unto him the symbol of Ruach, which is the Hebrew for Air.

The Closing then takes place. "Let us adore the Lord and King of Air!" says the *Hierophant*. The prayer of the Sylphs follows; and in the Name of SHADDAI EL CHAI the Temple is closed in the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ Grade of Theoricus.

The following month, February, P. passed through the next grade, that of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$.

RITUAL OF THE $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ GRADE OF PRACTICUS

This Grade is particularly attributed to the element of Water, and especially refers to the planet Mercury and to the thirty-first and thirtieth paths of ♀ and ♁. It opens with the Adoration to the King of the Waters, which is followed by the Advancement. The Theoricus first gives the necessary signs, and then, as before, solemnly pledges himself to secrecy, after which he is conducted to the East and placed between the Mystic Pillars. The *Hierophant* then says to him:

"Before you are the portals of the thirty-first, thirty-second and twenty-ninth paths. Of these, as you already know, the central one leads from the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ of *Zelator* to the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ of *Theoricus*. That on the left hand, which is now open to you, is the thirty-first, which leads from the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ of *Zelator* to the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ of *Practicus*. Take in your right hand the Pyramid of Flame, and follow your guide *Axiokersa*§ the *Kabir*, who leads you through the path of fire.

* See 777, cols. cxii., cxiii., p. 23. † See 777, col. xlix., p. 15.

‡ See 777, col. xlix, p. 15 and note p. 41.

§ This introduction of the Samothracian mysteries is evidently a straining after effect. They were of a much lower order than the Eleusinian, and a great deal more obscure; in fact, even at the time, people could not define with anything like accuracy what the *Kabiri* really were. The student will find more concerning these semi-mythical beings in Strabo, Diodorus and Varro. Döllinger says: "This much is undoubted on the joint testimony of Strabo and Mnaseas; the gods whose initiation people received here (Samothrace) were *Axieros*, *i.e.*, *Demeter*; *Axiokersos*, *i.e.*, *Hades*; and *Axiokersa*, *i.e.*, *Persephone*.—Döllinger, "The Gentile and the Jew," Eng. edition, 1906, vol. i., pp. 172-186.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

In this ritual the Three Cabiri are made to represent the triangle of fire, thus: Axieros, the first Kabir, says: "I am the apex of the Triangle of Flame: I am the Solar Fire pouring forth its beams upon the lower world: Life-giving, Life-producing." Then Axiokersos, the second Kabir, says: "I am the left-hand basal angle of the Triangle of Flame: I am Fire, Volcanic and Terrestrial, flashing and flaming through the deep abysses of Earth: Fire rending, fire penetrating, tearing asunder the curtains of Matter; fire constrained; fire tormenting; raging and whirling in lurid storm!" And lastly, Axiokersa, the third Kabir, says: "I am the right-hand basal angle of the Triangle of Flame. I am Fire, Astral and Fluid, winding through the Firmament of Air. I am the life of Being, the vital heat of Existence."

The *Hierophant* then takes the solid triangular pyramid and explains:

"The solid triangular Pyramid is an appropriate hieroglyph of fire. It is formed of four triangles, three visible and one concealed: which latter is the synthesis of the rest. The three visible triangles represent Fire, Solar, Volcanic and Astral; while the fourth represents latent heat. The three words: אור אוב אוד refer to three conditions of heat: Aud, Active; Aub, Passive;* Aur, the Equilibrated; while אש (Ash) is the name of Fire."

"The Thirty-first Path of the Sepher Yetzirah, which answereth to the letter ש, is called the Perpetual Intelligence; and it is so called because it regulateth the motions of the Sun and Moon in their proper order; each in an orbit convenient for it. It is, therefore, the reflection of the sphere of Fire; and the path connecting the material universe, as depicted in Malkuth, with the Pillar of Severity and the side of Geburah through the Sephira Hod."

He then explains to the Theoricus the twentieth Key of the Tarot. It is a glyph of the powers of Fire. The angel crowned with the Sun is Michael, the ruler of Solar Fire.

The serpents which leap in the rainbow are symbols of the fiery Seraphim. The trumpet represents the influence of the Spirit descending upon Binah; and the banner with the cross refers to the four rivers of Paradise. Michael is also Axieros; the left-hand

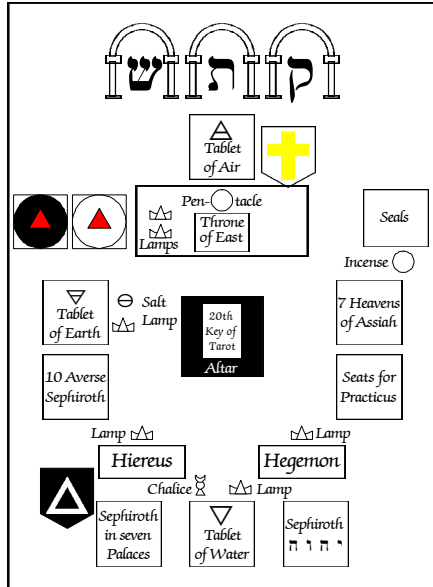


DIAGRAM 26.

Arrangement of Temple for the 31st Path in the 3^d=8th Ritual.

* Hence: "Odic" force; and "Obi" or "Obeah," witchcraft.

THE EQUINOX

figure Samael, the ruler of Volcanic Fire—he is also Axiokersos; the right-hand figure is Axiokersa. “These three principal figures form the Triangle of Fire; and they further represent Fire operating in the other three elements of Earth, Water and Air.” The central lower figure is Erd, the ruler of latent heat, he is the candidate in the Samothracian mysteries, and rises from the Earth as if to receive and absorb the properties of the other three. The three lower figures form the Hebrew Letter schin, to which Fire is especially referred; the seven Hebrew Yodhs refer to the Sephiroth operating in each of the seven planets, and also to the Schemhamphorasch.”



DIAGRAM 27.

The Ten Sephiroth in the Seven Palaces.

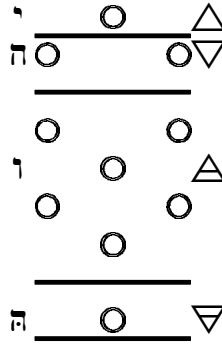


DIAGRAM 28.

The Attributions of the Ten Sephiroth to the Four Letters.

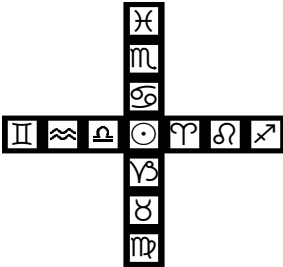


DIAGRAM 29.

The Solar Greek Cross.

The *Hiereus* then explains the two tablets: “The Ten Sephiroth in Seven Palaces,” and “The attribution of the Ten Sephiroth to the four letters of the Holy Name.” And the *Hegemon*: “The Seven Heavens of Assiah,”* and “The Ten evil Sephiroth of the Qliphoth.”†

The *Hierophant* then confers on the Theoricus the title of the Thirty-first Path, which ends the first part of the Ceremony of 3°=8°.

The second part consists of the ritual of the Thirtieth Path. The *Hierophant* explains the Solar Greek Cross, and then says:

“The Thirtieth Path of the Sepher Yetzirah, which answereth unto the letter ‘Resch,’ is called the collecting intelligence; and it is so called because from it astrologers deduce the judgment of the stars, and of the

* See 777, cols. xciii., xciv., xcv., pp. 21, 20.

† See 777, col. viii., p. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

celestial signs, and the perfections of their science, according to the rules of their resolutions. It is therefore the reflection of the Sphere of the Sun; and the Path connecting Yesod with Hod, the Foundation with Splendour.”

And then enters upon the symbolism of the Nineteenth Key of the Tarot, which resumes these ideas: The Sun has twelve principal rays which represent the Zodiac; these are divided into thirty-six rays to represent the thirty-six Decantes; and then again into seventy-two Quinaries. Thus the Sun itself embraces the whole creation in its rays. The seven Hebrew Yodhs falling through the air refer to the Solar influence descending. “The two children, standing respectively on Water and Earth, represent the generating influences of both, brought into action by the rays of the Sun. They are the two inferior and passive elements, as the Sun and the Air above them are the superior and active elements of Fire and Air.” Furthermore, these two children resemble the sign Gemini (which the Greeks and Romans referred to Castor and Pollux), which unites the Earthly sign of Taurus and the Watery sign of Cancer.

The *Hiereus* then shows the Theoricus the tablet of “The astrological symbols of the Planets,”* and explains to him the tablet of “The true and genuine attribution of the Tarot Trumps to the Hebrew Alphabet.”† After which the *Hegemon* leads him to “The Tablet of the Olympic, or aerial planetary spirits,”‡ and shows him “The Geomantic Figures” with the ruling intelligences and genii, also the Talismanic symbols allotted to each geomantic figure.§

The *Hierophant* now confers upon the Theoricus the title of Lord of the Thirteenth Path, who quits the Temple for a short time.

By means of the symbol of the Stolistes—the chalice of Lustral Water—the Theoricus

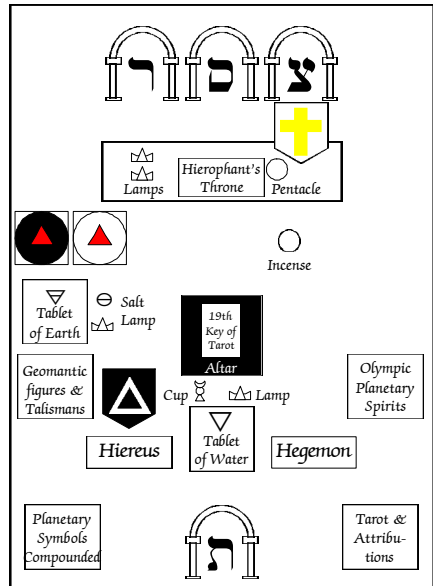


DIAGRAM 30.

Arrangement of Temple for the 30th Path in
the 3°=8° Ritual.

* See 777, col. clxxvii., p. 35.

† See 777, col. xiv., p. 4.

‡ See 777, col. lxxx., p. 18

§ See “Handbook of Geomancy,” THE EQUINOX, vol. i., No. II. [pp 135-161, *supra*]

THE EQUINOX

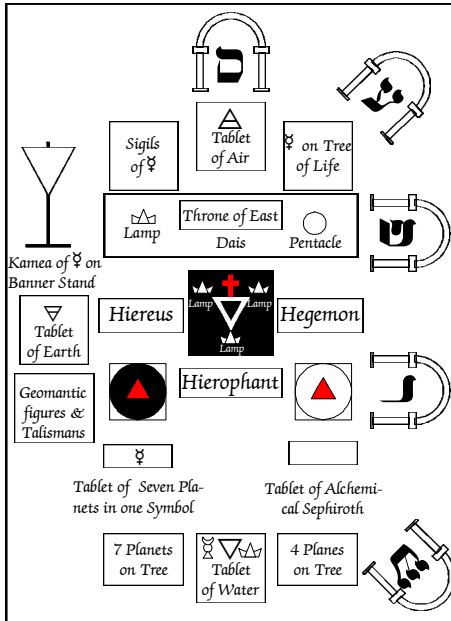


DIAGRAM 31.

The Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony of Practicus in the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ Ritual.

The *Hierophant* then gives the Theoricus the sign of this grade, and explains the Altar symbol: “The Cross above the triangle represents the power of the spirit of life rising above the triangle of waters; and reflecting the triune therein, as further marked by the lamps at their angles: while the chalice of water placed at the junction of the cross and triangle represents the maternal letter Mem.” After which, the tablet bearing the mystic seals and names drawn from the Kamea of Mercury* is shown the Theoricus, as well as the tablet of the seven planes of the Tree of Life, answering to the seven planets, and the tablet showing the meaning of the Alchemical Mercury on the Tree of Life; also the symbols of all the planets resumed in a Mercurial Figure.

The *Hierophant* then congratulates the newly made Practicus, and confers upon him

seeks entrance to the Temple. The *Hierophant* rises, and facing the altar, addresses the Theoricus thus:

“Before you is represented the symbolism of the Garden of Eden, at the summit is the Supernal Eden containing the three Supernal Sephiroth. . . . And in the garden were the Tree of Life, and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, which latter is from Malkuth . . . and a river Nahar went forth out of Eden, namely, from the Supernal Triad, to water the garden—the rest of the Sephiroth. And from thence it was divided into four heads, in Daäth. . . . The first head is Pison, which flows into Geburah. . . . The second head is Gihor . . . flowing into Chesed. The third is Hiddekel . . . flowing into Tiphereth. And the Fourth . . . is Phrath, Euphrates, which floweth down upon Malkuth.” These four rivers form the Cross of the Great Adam. In Malkuth is Eve, the completion of All, the Mother of All.

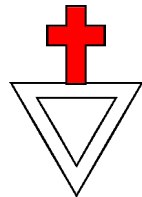


DIAGRAM 32.

The Altar Symbol in the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ Grade.

* A Kamea is a Magic square. See “Mathematical Recreations,” by W. W. Rouse Ball.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the mystic title of “MONOKEROS DE ASTRIS,” which means “The Unicorn from the Stars,” and gives him the symbol of Maim—water.

The closing of the Temple now takes place, and the prayer to the Undines is rehearsed, and in the name of ELOHIM TZABAOTH is the Dismissal pronounced.

In May, 1899, three months after P. had passed through the ceremony of $3^\circ=8^\circ$, he was sufficiently prepared for the further advancement to the grade of $4^\circ=7^\circ$.

RITUAL OF THE $4^\circ=7^\circ$ GRADE OF PHILOSOPHUS

The First Part.

This Ritual is particularly attributed to the Element of Fire, and refers to the plant Venus, and the Twenty-Ninth, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-seventh paths of Qoph, Tzaddi and Pé.

The Adoration commences by the *Hierophant* saying: “TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH! BLESSED BE THOU! THE LORD OF ARMIES IS THY NAME!” To this all answer “Amen.” The *Hierophant* then orders all present to adore their Creator in the name of Elohim, mighty and ruling, in the Name of Tetragrammaton Tzebaoth, and in the Name of the Spirits of Fire. Then in the Name of TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH he declares the Temple open.

After the Adoration has taken place, the Advancement ritual of the Path of \aleph is celebrated. The *Hegemon* leads the Practicus through the pillars and then circumambulates the Temple. As they approach the Hierophant, he rises, holding aloft the red lamp, and says:

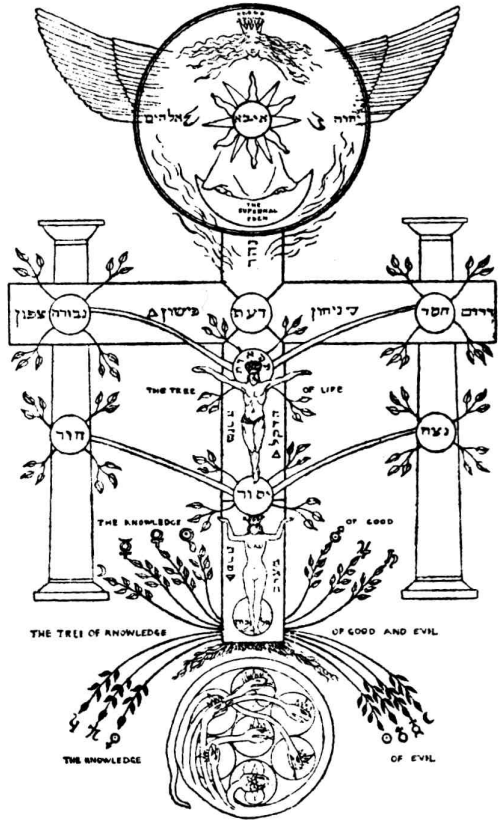


DIAGRAM 33.

The Garden of Eden.

THE EQUINOX

“The Priest with the mask of Osiris spake and said: ‘I am the water, stagnant, and silent, and still; reflecting all, concealing all. I am the Past! I am the inundation. He that ariseth from the great waters is my name. Hail unto ye! O dwellers in the land of Night. Hail unto ye! for the rending of the darkness is night!’ ”



DIAGRAM 34.

Attribution of the Alchemical Mercury.

The *Hiereus* says:

“The Priest with the mask of Horus spake and said: ‘I am the Water, turbid, and troubled, and deep. I am the Banisher of Peace in the vast abode of Waters! None is so strong that can withstand the Strength of the great Waters: the Vastness of their Terror: the Magnitude of their Fear: the Roar of their thundering Voice. I am the Future, mist-clad and shrouded in gloom. I am the recession of the torrent, the Storm veiled in Terror is my Name. Hail

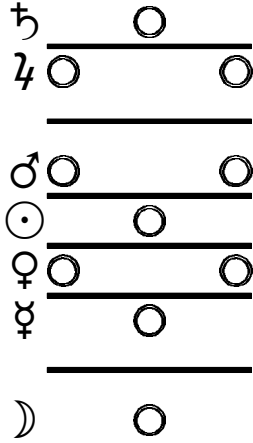


DIAGRAM 35.

The Seven Planes of the Tree of Life.

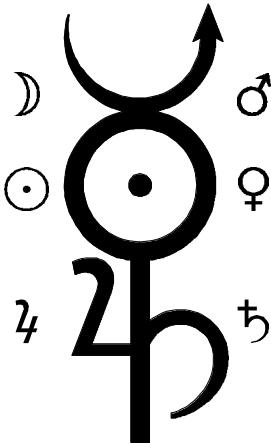


DIAGRAM 36.

The Unification of the Planets in Mercury.

unto the mighty Powers of Nature and the chiefs of the whirling Storm.’ ”

The *Hegemon* then says:

“The priestess with the mask of Isis spake and said: ‘The traveller through the gates of Anubis is my Name. I am the water perfect, and limpid, and pure, ever flowing out towards the silver sea. I am the everpassing Present, which stands in the place of the Past; I am the fertilized land. Hail unto the dwellers of the wings of the Morning!’ ”

The *Hierophant* then delivers the following oration:

“I arise in the Place of the Gathering of the Waters through the rolled-back clouds of Night. From the Father of Waters went forth the Spirit rending asunder the veils of the Darkness. And there was but a vastness of Silver and of Depth in the place of the Gathering of Waters.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“Terrible was the silence of an uncreated world. Immeasurable the depth of that Abyss. And the Countenances of Darkness half-formed arose.

“They abode not; they hasted away; and in the vastness of vacancy the Spirit moved; and the light-bearers were for a space.

“I have said: Darkness of the Dark-ness; are not the Countenances of Dark-ness fallen with the kings that were? Do the Sons of the Night of Time endure for ever? Not yet are they passed away.

“Before all things are the waters; and the Darkness and the Gates of the land of Night.

“And the Chaos cried aloud for the unity of Form, and the Face of the Eternal arose.

“And before the Glory of That Countenance the Night rolled back, and the Darkness hasted away.

“In the Waters beneath was that Face reflected in the Formless Abyss of the Void.

“Forth from those eyes darted rays of terrible splendour which crossed with the currents reflected.

“That Brow and those Eyes formed the Triangle of the measureless Heavens, and their reflection formed the Triangle of the measureless waters.

“And thus was formulated in Eternity the External Hexad; and this is the number of the Dawning Creation!”

The *Hegemon* having illuminated the Temple, the *Hierophant* then explains to the Practicus the Calvary Cross of twelve squares:

“The Calvary Cross of twelve squares fitly represents the Zodiac; which embraces the Waters of Nu, as the Ancient Egyptians termed the Heavens, the waters which be above the Firmament. It also alludes to the Eternal River of Eden, divided into four heads, which find their correlation in the four triplicities of the Zodiac.”

After which he explains to him the Eighteenth Key of the Tarot. It represents the Moon in its increase in the side of Gedulah; it has sixteen principal, and sixteen secondary rays. Four Hebrew Yodhs fall from it. There are also two Watch-towers, two dogs, and a cray-fish. “She is the Moon at the feet of the Woman of the Revelations, ruling equally over the cold and moist natures, and the passive elements of Water

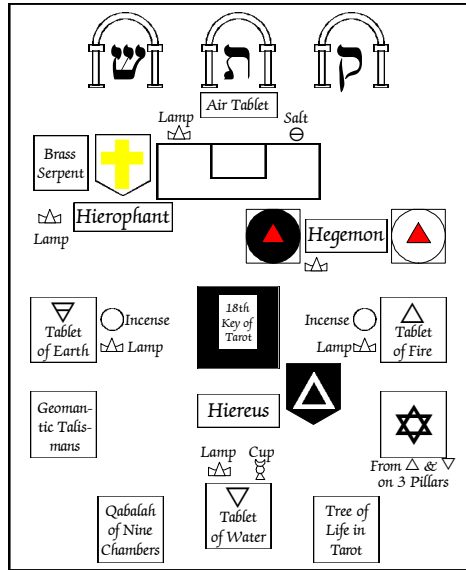


DIAGRAM 37.

The Arrangement of the Temple for the 29th Path in the 4°=7° Ritual.

THE EQUINOX

and Earth.” The four Yodhs refer to the four letters of the Holy Name. The dogs are the jackals of Anubis guarding the gates of the East and the West symbolised by the two Towers. The cray-fish is the sign Cancer, the Scarabaeus or God Kephera. “The emblem of the Sun below the horizon, as he ever is when the Moon is increasing above.”

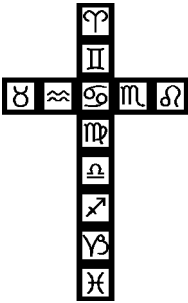


DIAGRAM 38.

The Calvary Cross of Twelve Squares.

The *Hierophant* then leads the Practicus to the Serpent of Brass, and says: “This is the Serpent Nehushtan, which Moses made. ‘And he set it upon a Pole’—that is, he twined it about the middle pillar of the Sephiroth, because that is the reconciler between the fires of Geburah (Seraphim, fiery serpents) or Severity, and the Waters of Chesed or Mercy. This serpent is also a type of Christ the Reconciler, also it is known as Nogah amongst the Shells, and the Celestial Serpent of Wisdom. ‘But the Serpent of the Temptation was the Serpent of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil, and not the Serpent of the Tree of Life.’ ”

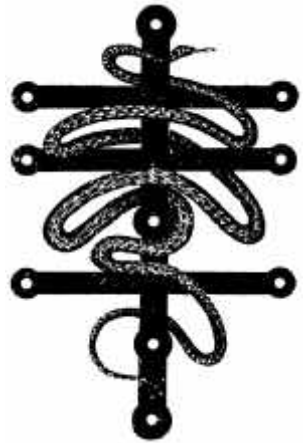


DIAGRAM 39.

The Serpent of Brass.

ח	ה	ו
ט	ז	ד
8	3	4
א	ב	ג
י	ק	ל
1	5	9
כ	מ	נ
6	7	2

DIAGRAM 40.

The Qabalah of Nine Chambers.

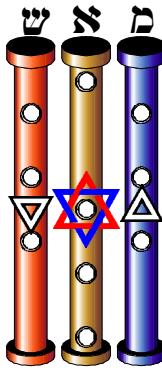


DIAGRAM 41.

The Tablet of the Three Columns.

After which the *Hierous* shows the Practicus “The Qabalah of Nine Numbers,” and the tablet of the “Forming the Tree of Life in the Tarot.” And the *Hegemon*: The tablet representing the Formation of the Hexagram, and known as “The tablet of the Three Columns”; and also explains to him the mode of using the Talismanic Forms drawn from the Geomantic Figures.

The *Hierophant* then confers upon the Practicus the title of “Lord of the Twenty ninth Path,” and the first part of the Ritual is ended.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Second Part

The Second Part, the passage of the Path of **⚡** begins by the *Hierophant* saying to the Practicus:

“Fratr Monokeros de Astris, the Path now open to you is the Twenty- eighth, leading from the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ of Theoricus to the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ of Philosophus. Take in your right hand the Solid pyramid of the Elements and follow your guide through the Path.”

Then, as before, the *Hierophant* raises his red lamp, and cries:

“The Priestess with the Mask of Isis spake and said: ‘I am the rain of Heaven descending upon the Earth, bearing with it the fructifying and germinating power. I am the plenteous yielder of Harvest; I am the cherisher of Life.’ ”

“The Priestess with the Mask of Nephthys spake and said: ‘I am the dew descending, viewless, and silent, gemming the Earth with countless Diamonds of Dew, bearing down the influence from above in the solemn darkness of Night.’ ”

After which the *Hegemon* says:

The Pyramid of the Four Elements.

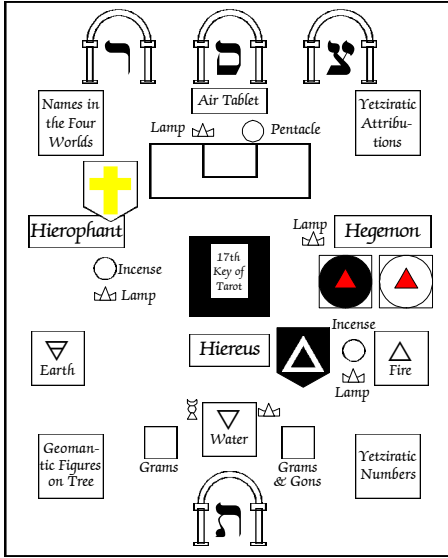


DIAGRAM 42.

The Arrangement of the Temple in the 28th Path in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.



DIAGRAM 43.

“The Priestess with the Mask of Athoor spake and said: ‘I am the ruler of mist and of cloud, wrapping the Earth as it were with a garment, floating and hovering between Earth and Heaven. I am the giver of the mist-veil of Autumn: the Successor unto the dew-clad Night.’ ”

Shortly after this, the *Hierophant* explains to the Practicus the truncated Pyramid:

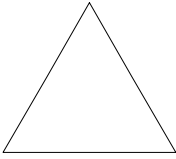
This pyramid is attributed to the four elements; on its apex is the word **אח** (Ath) composed of the first and last letters of the Alphabet, it signifies Essence. The square base represents the material universe.

And then the Seventeenth Key of the Tarot:

This Key represents a Star with seven principal and fourteen secondary rays, altogether twenty-one, the number of the divine name Eheieh. In the Egyptian sense it is Sirius, the Dog-Star, the star of Isis-Sothis. Around it are the seven planets. The nude figure

THE EQUINOX

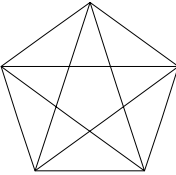
THE LINEAL FIGURES.



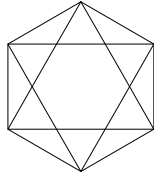
Triangle



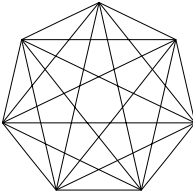
Square



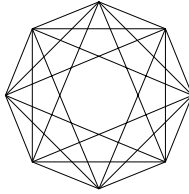
Pentangle



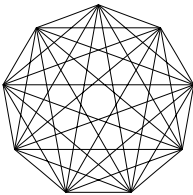
Hexangle



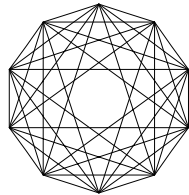
Heptangle



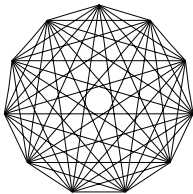
Octangle



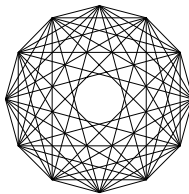
Enneangle



Dekangle



Endekangle



Dodekangle

is the synthesis of Isis, Nephthys, and Hathoor. She is Aima, Binah, and Tebunah, the great Supernal Mother Aima Elohim pouring upon Earth the Waters of Creation. In this Key she is completely unveiled, whilst in the twenty-first she was only partially so. The two urns contain the influences of Chokmah and Binah. On the right springs the Tree of Life, and on the left the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil, whereon the bird of Hermes alights; therefore this Key represents the restored World.

This finished, the *Hierophant* shows him the method of writing the Holy Name in each of the four Worlds;* and also explains to him the method of writing Hebrew words by Yetziratic attribution of the Alphabet. The *Hierous* unveils "The Lineal Figures attributed to the Planets," showing dekagrams, hendekagrams, and dodekagrams; and explains to him the number of possible modes of tracing the lineal figures. The *Hegemon* informs him that the Sepher Yetzirah divides the ten numbers into a tetrad and hexad; also he explains the Geomantic Figures arranged according to their planetary attribution on the Tree of Life.†

This finishes the second part of this ritual, and the *Hierophant* confers upon the Practicus the title of: "Lord of the Twenty-eighth Path."

The Third Part

At the beginning of the Third Part the *Hierophant* says: "Frater Monokeros de

* See 777, cols. lxiii., lxiv., lxv., lxvi., pp. 16 and 17.

† See 777 col. xlix. and note, also "Handbook of Geomancy," *supra*.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Astris, the Path now open to you is the Twenty-seventh, which leads from the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ degree of Practicus to the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ degree of Philosophus. Take in your right hand the Calvary Cross of ten squares and follow your guide through the Path of Mars.”

After which the *Hierophant* explains the Calvary Cross of ten squares: “The Calvary Cross of ten squares refers to the ten Sephiroth in balanced disposition; before which the formless and the void rolled back. It is also the opened-out form of the double cube, and of the Altar of Incense.”

And the Sixteenth Key of the Tarot:

It represents a Tower struck by a lightning-flash proceeding from a rayed circle and terminating in a triangle. It is the Tower of Babel. The flash exactly forms the Astronomical symbol of Mars. It is the Power of the Triad rushing down and destroying the Column of Darkness. The men falling from the tower represent the fall of the kings of Edom. “On the right-hand side of the Tower is Light, and the representation of the Tree of Life by Ten Circles. On the left-hand side is Darkness, and Eleven Circles symbolically representing the Qliphoth.”

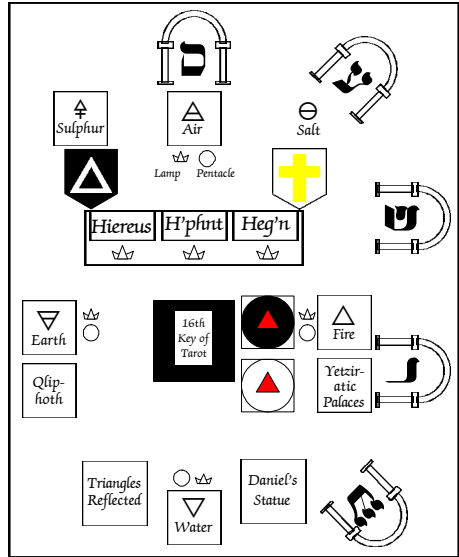


DIAGRAM 44.

Arrangement of the Temple for the 27th Path in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

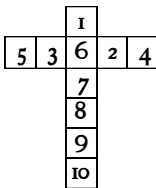


DIAGRAM 45.

The Calvary Cross of Ten Squares.

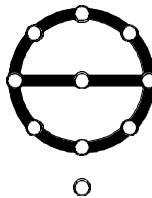


DIAGRAM 46.

The Symbol of Salt on the Tree of Life.

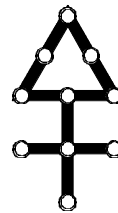


DIAGRAM 47.

The Symbol of Sulphur on the Tree of Life

The Alchemical Symbols of Sulphur and of Salt on the Tree of Life are then shown. After which the *Hierus* explains the tablet of the Trinity operating through the Sephiroth; and the *Hegemon* that of the seven Yeziratic palaces* containing the ten Sephiroth; and

* See 777 col. xc., p. 18.

THE EQUINOX

the Qliphoth* with their twelve princes, who are the heads of the Evil of the twelve months of the year. The *Hierophant* then confers upon the Practicus the title of "Lord of the Twenty-seventy Path," and the third part of the Ritual comes to an end.

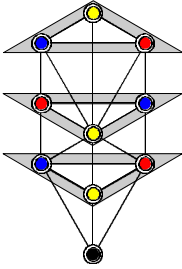


DIAGRAM 48.
The Trinity Operating through the Sephiroth.

Also the Calvary Cross of six squares within a circle, and is thus referred to the six Sephiroth of Microprosopus, which are: Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth, Hod, Netzach and Yesod."

And then explains to him the symbolic representation of the fall:

"The Great Goddess, who in the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ degree, was supporting the Columns of the Sephiroth in the form of the sign of Theoricus (*i.e.*, of Atlas supporting the World) being tempted by the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, stooped down to the Qliphoth . . . the Columns were unsupported, and the Sephirotic Scheme was shattered; and with it fell Adam the Microprosopus. Then arose the Great Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, cutting it to the Kingdom of the Shells. The Seven lower Sephiroth were cut off from the Three Supernals in Daäth, at the feet of Aima Elohim. And on the head of the Dragon are the names of the

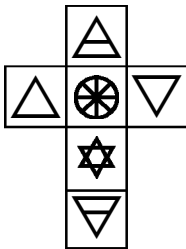


DIAGRAM 50.
The Calvary Cross of Six Squares.

The Fourth Part.

In the Advancement Ceremony the Practicus seeks admission by the sign of the Calvary Cross of six squares within a circle. The *Hierophant* tells him:

"This cross embraces, as you will see, Tiphereth, Netzach, Hod and Yesod, resting upon Malkuth. Also the Calvary Cross of six squares forms the Cube unfolded, and is thus referred to the six Sephiroth of Microprosopus, which are: Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth, Hod, Netzach and Yesod."

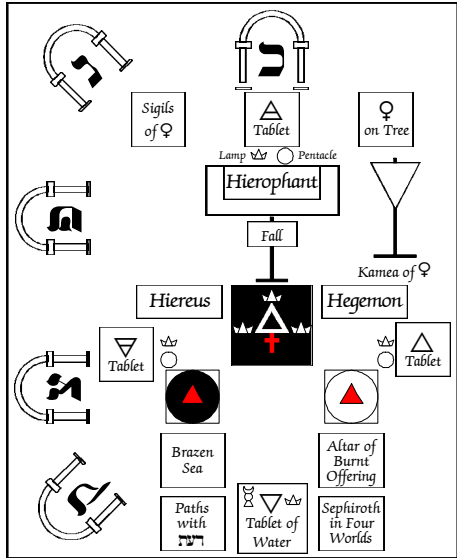


DIAGRAM 49.

Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony of Philosopus in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, stooped down to the Qliphoth . . . the Columns were unsupported, and the Sephirotic Scheme was shattered; and with it fell Adam the Microprosopus. Then arose the Great Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, cutting it to the Kingdom of the Shells. The Seven lower Sephiroth were cut off from the Three Supernals in Daäth, at the feet of Aima Elohim. And on the head of the Dragon are the names of the

* See 777 col. viii., p. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

eight Edomite kings, and on the horns the names of the eleven dukes of Edom. And because in Daäth was the utmost rise of the Great Serpent of Evil; therefore there is as

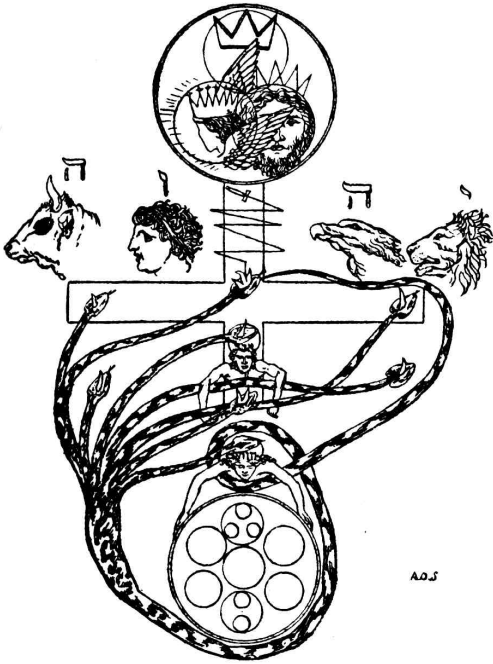


DIAGRAM 51.
The Fall.

it were another Sefhira, making eight heads according to the number of the eight Kings; and for the Infernal and Averse Sefhiroth eleven instead of ten, according to the number of the eleven dukes of Edom. The infernal waters of Daäth rushed from the mouth of the Dragon—and this is the Leviathan. Tetragrammaton Elohim placed four letters of the Holy Name, and also the flaming sword, that the uppermost part of the Tree of Life might not be involved in the Fall of Adam.”

The Hierophant then explains the symbolism of the Temple, and says:

“I now congratulate you on having passed through the ceremony of the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ of Philosophus and in the recognition thereof, I confer upon you the mystic title of PHAROS ILLUMI-



DIAGRAM 52.

The Altar Symbol in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

NANS’ which signifies—the Illuminating Tower of Light, and I give you the symbol of **ASH** (Ash), which is the Hebrew name for fire.

Having passed through this grade, the newly made Philosophus earns the title of Honoured Frater and is eligible for the post of Hiereus.

The closing then takes place, the adoration of the King of Fire is made, and the Prayer of the Salamanders is rehearsed, and in the name of TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH the Temple is closed in the grade of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$.

In the space of seven months from a mere student in the Mysteries, P. had risen to the grade of Philosophus in the Order of the Golden Dawn. A light had indeed been

THE EQUINOX

winnowed from the husks of darkness, and now as an eye of silver it glided over the dark face of the waters. Chaos was taking form—red, vague and immense.

He had passed through the Ritual of Earth, Air, Water, and Fire, and now it was left to him to pass through the Ritual of the Portal, or the Ritual which completes the four elemental rituals by a fifth, the Ritual of the Spirit, before he could pass from the First Order to the Second.

This ritual is an important one, as it is the connecting-link between the first two orders, and in an abridged form is as follows:

THE RITUAL OF THE 24TH, 25TH, AND 26TH PATHS

Leading from the First Order of the G.: D.: in the Outer to the 5°=6°

Officers: V. H. Hierophant Inductor; V. H. Associate Adept.

OPENING

The Hierophant Inductor first asks the Fratres and Sorores present to assist him to open the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts. The Fratres and Sorores then give the signs of the various grades from 0°=0° to 4°=7°.

The *Hierophant Inductor* then says to the Associate Adept:

V. H. Associate Adept, what is the additional mystic title bestowed upon a Philosopher, as a link with the Second Order?

Associate Adept: Phrath.

Hierophant Inductor: To what does it allude?

Associate Adept: To the fourth River of Eden.

Hierophant Inductor: What is this Sign?

Associate Adept: The Sign of the rending of the Veil (gives it)*

Hierophant Inductor: What is the answering sign?

Associate Adept: The Sign of the closing of the Veil (gives it)†

Hierophant Inductor: What is the Word?

Associate Adept: Pe. פ.

Hierophant Inductor: Resh. ר.

Associate Adept: Kaph. כ.

Hierophant Inductor: Tau. ת.

Associate Adept: The whole word is Paroketh, פֶּרֶכֶת, meaning the Veil of the Tabernacle.

* and †. For these signs see Liber O, No. II., vol. i., THE EQUINOX (*supra*, p. 11ff.)

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

In and by this word the Hierophant Inductor declares the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts duly opened.

THE CEREMONY

At the bidding of the Hierophant Inductor the Associate Adept places the Candidate in the West between the Banner and the Black Pillar, before the Elemental Tablets, but facing the West. After which he presents him to the Hierophant Inductor.

The Hierophant Inductor then addresses the Philosophus and points out to him that if in the previous grades much information was imparted to him; it was done as a test of his trustworthiness. Continuing he says: "I therefore now ask you before proceeding further in the Order, to pledge yourself to the following, laying your hand upon the Central Tablet in the midst of the four Elemental Tablets."

The Philosophus then promises never to reveal the Secrets of this Ritual; never to use his practical Occult Knowledge for Evil; to use his influence only for the honour of God, not to stir up strife; and to uphold the authority of the Chiefs of the Order.

After which he confirms his obligation by saying, "I undertake to maintain the Veil between the First and Second Orders and may the powers of the elements bear witness to my pledge."

The Associate Adept then explains to the Philosophus the admission badge, which is the peculiar emblem of the Hiererus of a Temple of the first Order. And the Hierophant Inductor explains the Hierophant's Lamens and the Banner of the East, thus completing his knowledge of the Emblems appropriate to the Officers of a Temple of the First Order.

The Diagram of the Paths is then explained to the Candidate, after which the Hierophant Inductor says:

"Before you in the East are represented the Five Portals of the 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th and 23rd Paths; thus shadowing forth by their number the Eternal Symbol of the Pentagram; for five will divide without remainder the number of the letter of each of these Paths, that is, its numerical value, as it will those of all the paths from 20, to 24, the 32nd, inclusive; and also the sum of their numbers.

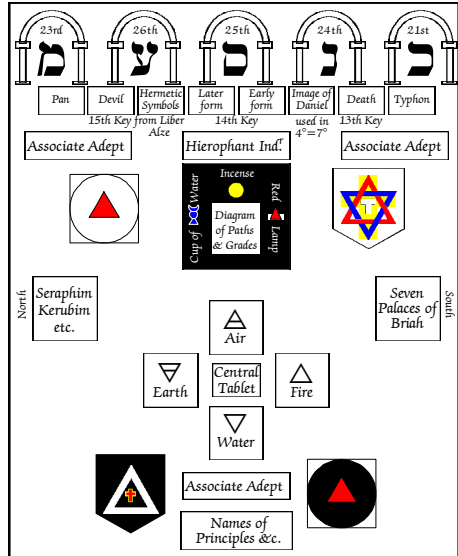


DIAGRAM 53.

Arrangement of the Temple for the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths in the Portal Ritual.

THE EQUINOX

“Regarding these five Paths, I will now ask you to observe that the Tarot Keys attached to four of them, viz., The Wheel of Fortune, Death, the Devil, and the Hanged Man, are of more or less sinister and terrible import, and that only the symbol of Temperance appears to promise aid. Therefore by this straight and narrow Path of \beth let the Philosophus advance like the arrow from the centre of $\קשת$ (Qsheth) the Bow of Promise; for by this hieroglyphic of the arrow hath Sagittarius ever been represented. And as this sign of Sagittarius lieth between the signs Scorpio (Death) and Capricornus (the Devil) so hath Jesus to pass through the wilderness tempted by Satan. But Sagittarius the Archer is a Bi-corporate sign, the Centaur, the Man and the Horse combined. Recall what was said unto thee in the passage of the 31st Path of Fire leading into the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ of Practicus. ‘Also there is the vision of the Fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a child borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery and clothed with Gold, or naked, and shooting from the Bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse. But if thy meditation prolongeth itself thou shalt unite all these symbols into the form of the Lion.’* For thus wilt thou cleave upwards by the Path of \beth , through the sixth Sefhira unto the Path of \aleph answering unto Leo, the Lion, the Reconciling Path between Mercy and Severity, Chesed and Geburah; beneath whose centre hangs the Glorious Sun of Tiphereth.

“V.H. Associate Adept, will you explain to the Philosophus the 13th Key of the Tarot.”

Associate Adept: The 13th Key of the Tarot represents the figure of a skeleton. The five extremities of the Body, delineated by head, hands and feet, allude to the powers of the Number five, the letter \aleph , the Pentagram comprehending the concealed Spirit of Life and the four Elements, the originators of all living forms.

The sign Scorpio especially alludes to stagnant and fetid water; and to that property of the moist nature which initiates putrefaction and corruption.

The eternal change from Life to Death, and through Death to Life, is symbolised in the grass which springs from and is nourished by putrefying and corrupting carcasses. The top of the scythe forms the T, Tau-Cross of Life, showing that what destroys also renews.

The Scorpion, Serpent and Eagle delineated before the figure of Death in the more ancient form of the Key, refer to the mixed transforming (therefore deceptive) nature of this emblem.

The Scorpion is the emblem of ruthless destruction, the Snake is the mixed and deceptive nature, serving alike for good and evil, and the Eagle is the Higher and Divine nature yet to be found herein, the alchemical Eagle of Distillation, the Renewer of Life. As it is said: “Thy youth shall be renewed like the Eagle’s.” Great indeed and many are the Mysteries of this Terrible Key!

After explaining a symbol of Typhon the Associate Adept turns to the 15th Key of the Tarot.

The 15th Key of the Tarot represents a goat-headed Satyr-like demon standing upon

* See Preface.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

a cubical altar. In his left hand, which points downwards, he holds a lighted torch, and in his right hand, which is elevated, a horn of water.

The cubical Altar represents the Universe. The whole figure shows the gross generating powers of nature on the material plane, and is analogous to the Pan of the Greeks and the Egyptian Goat of Mendes.

As his hands bear the torch and the horn, the symbols of Fire and Water, so does his form unite the Earth in his hairy and bestial aspect, and the Air in his bat-like wings. The whole would be an evil symbol were it not for the Pentagram of Light above his head which regulates and guides his movements.

The figure of Pan is then explained, after which the Hierophant Inductor shows the Philosophus the 14th Key of the Tarot.

The more ancient form shows us a female figure crowned with a crown of five rays symbolising the five Principles of Nature, the Concealed Spirit and the four Elements of Earth, Air, Fire and Water.

About her head is a halo of Light. On her breast is the Sun of Tiphereth. The five-rayed crown further alludes to the five Sephiroth of Kether, Chokmah, Binah, Chesed and Geburah. Chained to her waist are a lion and an eagle, between which is a large cauldron whence arise steam and smoke. The Lion represents the Fire of Netzach, the Blood of the Lion; and the Eagle represents the Water of Hod, the Gluten of the Eagle; whose reconciliation is made by the Air in Yesod uniting with the volatised Water rising from the cauldron though the influence of the Fire beneath it. The chains which link the Lion and the Eagle to her waist are symbolic of the paths of ♁ and ♆, Scorpio and Capricornus as shown by the Scorpion and the Goat in the background. In her right hand she bears the torch of solar fire, elevating and volatizing the Water in Hod by the fiery influence of Geburah; while with her left hand she pours from a vase the waters of Chesed to temperate and calm the fire of Netzach.

This explanation being ended, the Associate Adept places the red lamp, from the altar, in the right hand of the Philosophus and the cup of water in his left, and says:

“Let this remind you once more that only in and by the reconciliation of opposing

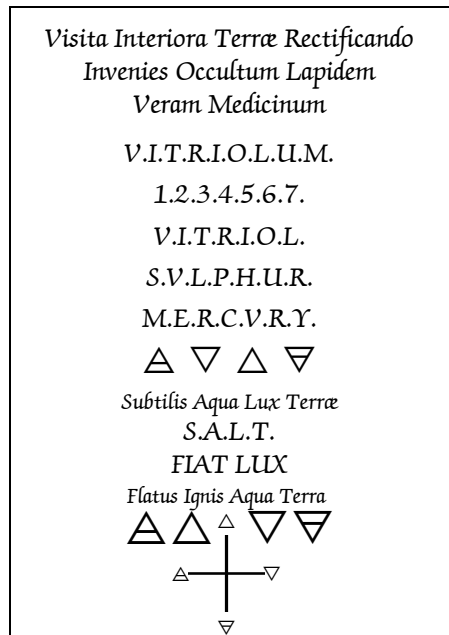


DIAGRAM 54.

The Symbolic Latin Names.

THE EQUINOX

forces is the pathway made to true occult knowledge and practical power. Good alone is mighty, and Truth alone shall prevail; Evil is but weakness, and the power of evil magic exists but in the contest of unbalanced forces, which in the end will destroy and ruin him who hath subjugated himself thereto. As it is said: “stoop not down, for a precipice lieth beneath the Earth; a descent of Seven steps; and therein is established the throne of an Evil and Fatal force. Stoop not down unto that dark and lurid world, defile not thy brilliant flame with the earthy dross of Matter. Stoop not down, for its splendour is but seeming, it is but the habitation of the sons of the unhappy.”

The lamp and cup are then replaced, after which the following symbols are explained to the Philosophus: The Image of Nebuchadnezzar’s Vision; The Symbol of the Great Hermetic Arcanum; The Tablet of Union between the four Elements; The tablet of the Symbolic Latin Names; The Seven Palaces of the Briatic World; and the Kerubim in the Visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and St. John.

The Hierophant Inductor now congratulates the Philosophus on the progress he has made, and proclaims him Master of the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts. After which the Closing of the Portal takes place, the Hierophant Inductor saying:

“In and by that word Paroketh I declare the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts duly closed. Unto thee O Tetragrammaton be ascribed Malkuth, Geburah, and Gedulah unto the Ages. Amen.”

So finishes the Ritual of the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts, the connecting ritual between the grades of Philosophus and Adeptus Minor, between the First and the Second Order. But before we close this chapter, it will be necessary, briefly though it may be, to trace out the effect these six rituals and the mass of occult knowledge which appertains to them, had upon P., and further might be expected to have on the ordinary seeker in the mysteries of Truth.

To even the most casual student it must be apparent, once he has finished reading these rituals, that though they contain much that is scholarly and erudite, besides much that is essential and true, they, however, are bloated and swollen with much that is silly and pedantic, affected and misplaced, so much so that wilful obscurity taking the place of a lucid simplicity, the pilgrim, ignorant as he must be in most cases, is

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

spontaneously plunged into a surging mill-race of classical deities and heroes, many of whom thrust themselves boisterously upon him without rhyme or reason.

Ushered as it were into a Judgment Hall in which the law expounded to him is not only entirely unknown but is written in a language which he cannot even read, he is cross-questioned in a foreign tongue and judged in words which at present convey not a symptom of sense to him. As the Rituals proceed it might be expected that these difficulties would gradually lessen, but this is far from being the case; for, as we have seen, the complexities already involved by the introduction of Ancient Egyptian deities, concerning whom it is probable the candidate has but little knowledge, are further heightened by a general intrusion on the part of Hebrew, Christian, Macedonian and Phrygian gods, angels and demons, and a profuse scattering of symbols; which, unitedly, are apt either so to bewilder the candidate that he leaves the temple with an impression that the whole ritual is a huge joke, a kind of buffoonish carnival of Gods which in the sane can only provoke laughter; or, on account of it being so utterly incomprehensible to him, his ignorance makes him feel that it is so vastly beyond him and above his own simple standard of knowledge, that all that he can do is to bow down before those who possess such an exalted language, concerning even the words and alphabet of which he can get no grasp or measure.

The result of this obscurity naturally is that in both cases the Rituals fail to initiate—in the first case they, not being understood, are jeered at; in the second they, though equally incomprehensible, are however revered. Instead of teaching the Alphabet by means of simple characters they teach it by grotesque and all but impossible hieroglyphics, and in the

THE EQUINOX

place of giving the infant adept a simple magic rag doll to play with, intrust to his care, with dire prognostication and portent of disaster, a gargoyle torn from the very roof of that temple on the floor of which he, as a little child, is as yet but learning to crawl. The result being, as it proved in most cases, as disastrous as it was lamentable.

There is a time and a place for everything, and there is a right use for the affectation of knowledge just as there is a wrong one. When a child has learnt the simple rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; it is legitimate to ask it to solve some simple little problem; but it is sheer waste of time to ask it: "If twenty-four sprats cost a shilling, and one sprat will make a meal for two children, how many children can you feed for twopence halfpenny?" before it knows that one plus one equals two. If a child is never taught to add one to one it is possible that even when grown up, the man to his dying day will look upon the setter of the twopenny-halfpenny sprat question as an advanced mathematician, perhaps even as an "advanced occultist." But when he has learnt the meaning of one plus one equals two, he will find this vast unthinkable problem to be after all but as simple as adding one to one or two to two.

The affectation of knowledge and the piling on of symbols is only legitimate to the ignorant when the purpose is to bewilder by a flashing image and not to instruct. In the present case the seeker after Truth is called the Child of Earth and Darkness, and instead of being shown the beautiful garment of light he will one day be called upon to wear, is at once rolled in a heap of tinselled draperies, in mummy wrappings, outgrown togas and the discarded underwear of

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Olympus and Sinai, the result being that unless his understanding is as clear as these rituals are obscure, all he obtains is a theatrical impression of “make-up” and “make-believe,” and a general detachment from the realities of Consciousness. The words obsess him; he cannot see that Typhon is as necessary in the Egyptian Scheme as Osiris; in the Christian, that Satan is but the twin of Christ. They fetter the freedom which they are supposed to unbind, producing not only a duality but a multiplicity of illusions; so that, in the end, the chances are, instead of conversing face to face with Adonai, he becomes a prig addressing a mass meeting in the Albert Hall, rationalising about irrational qualities.

Fortunately in the case of P. the result was somewhat different; already master of a vast storehouse of knowledge and learning he was less likely to gasp “Oh my!” at the display of Egyptian pyrotechnics than many of the others; he was in fact enabled by their help to weld to his knowledge a catalogue of disruptive learning, and from it add many words to the great dictionary of magical language he was at this time eagerly attempting to construct.

This construction of a language should be the object of all rituals; they should bring the seeker step by step nearer to his quest, that is to say, to perfect him in the tongue he one day hopes to speak. Each Ritual, be it a letter, a word, a sentence, or a volume, should contain a lesson clear and precise, it should leave behind it so bright and dazzling a picture that the very thought of it will at once conjure up the power dressed in its simple yet luminous symbols.

In the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Ritual this is much more clearly carried out than in the following four. The candidate, the would-be

THE EQUINOX

Neophyte, is led up to the Portal of the First Grade, the Grade of Neophyte, and is momentarily revealed a flashing vision of Adonai, as it were a tongue of blinding flame out of the depths of darkness, to show him that there is light even in this dreadful night through which he has to journey. He learns that though Adonai is in Kether, Kether also is in Malkuth; but the Rituals which follow the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$, excepting the Portal, which consists more of symbols and their explanations than of rites and ceremonials, are more inclined to obsess than to illuminate. Of course it may be urged that as they constitute four great trials, it is after all a greater test to be placed under a false guide than an honest one. But indeed, if this be so, then most certainly should the Neophyte, Zelator, Theoricus or Practicus travel his own road unhelped by others; further, he should not be tempted by others, and when he is hopelessly entangled be relieved of his trials like the reader of a fairy-tale who invariably finds that after the most monstrous difficulties the hero and heroine always marry and live happily ever afterwards. It is a better trial of the powers of a swimmer to let him swim without a cork jacket, notwithstanding the fact that it is a greater trial by far if you order him to leap into the water with a millstone round his neck; but this is scarcely "cricket," even if at the last moment you pull him out of the water and restore life by artificial respiration. Further, it is not teaching him how to swim, or how to improve his powers of swimming.

In the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Ritual the Neophyte enters the first sphere of the Elements, the Element of Earth, and is at once liable to fall prey to the terrible worldly obsessions of the path of \aleph . This dark path he journeys up only to become child of the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

fickle element of Air whose sign is the ever-changing moon. The next step brings him under the unstable condition of Water and the seemingly unbalanced influences of Mercury. But if he has passed through the paths of ♃ and ♁ with cunning and earnestness he will understand why it is necessary to enter the grade of the Element of Water by the paths of the Sun and of Fire, as he will in his next step understand why it is that the paths of ♋ and ♊, that is, of Pisces and Aquarius, lead him to the fire of Netzach and not to the Water of Hod.

The path which connects Hod with Netzach is the 27th path of the Sepher Yetzirah which answers to the letter ז. It is the reflection of the Sphere of Mars and is the lowermost of the reciprocal paths. The Tarot Key attributed to this path is very rightly the 16th Key—the Tower; which we have seen in the $4^\circ = 7^\circ$ Ritual represents a tower struck by a flash of lightning, symbolising the Tower of Babel struck by the wrath of Heaven, and also the Power of the Triad rushing down and destroying the columns of darkness, the light of Adonai glimmering through the veils and consuming the elementary Rituals of the $1^\circ = 10^\circ$, $2^\circ = 9^\circ$, $3^\circ = 8^\circ$, and $4^\circ = 7^\circ$ grades.

In many cases the candidate, it is to be feared, can never have realised the necessity of this destruction of superficial knowledge, and the harnessing of the Bull, Eagle, Man and Lion under the dazzling lash of the Spirit. And we find that though these rituals enabled P. to master a language, they in many ways hindered his otherwise natural progress by helping largely to obsess his Nephesh by the Qliphoth—his passions and emotions being stirred up by a continuous pageant of

THE EQUINOX

naked Gods; his Ruach by the phantom of dead words—by the duality of the shell and of the fruit of things; and his Neschamah by Tetragrammaton, *i.e.*, he aspired chiefly to magic powers, not so that they might light him like the flame of a lamp along his road, but that they might consume, like the fire on the altar, his propitiations and sacrifices to a personal God.

Thus we find him, as it were, figuring before him a Pentagram and saying: “It is not complete without its top point.” This is undoubtedly correct, but at this time he still failed to realise that when once the Supernal Triad has descended and is resting on the topmost point of the Pentagram, this being now the point of juncture becomes the most important of all points, and that the lower four are little better than supports, legs and arms to the body whose head now wears the Crown.

When the pilgrim realises that the four characteristics of the Sphinx, the four elements, the four letters of the Name, are only answerable in the fifth; then may it be said that the Ritual has succeeded in its purpose and has initiated him, otherwise that it has failed. It is no good (even if you are the Hierophant himself) pretending to represent יהיה before you have realised what is meant by יהשׁוה.

The real knowledge acquired by P. at this time, as we shall find in a subsequent chapter, was gained by his workings with Fras. C.S., V.N. and I.A.; and so ardent was he in his search after knowledge that he even went so far as to invoke Mercury by obtaining access to and copying the 5°=6° Rituals and Knowledges belonging to Fra. F.L., saying to himself: “All for Knowledge, even life, even honour, All!”

THE SEER

IT is not to be wondered that the magic strain to which P. had been placed during the last seven months should have long since blossomed into flowers of weird and wonderful beauty. And so we find, as far back as the beginning of November 1899, the commencement of a series of extraordinary visions as wild and involved as many of those of Black or St. Francis.

But before entering upon these visions, it will be necessary to explain that by a vision we mean as definite a psychological state and as certain and actual a fact to the mental eye, as the view of a landscape is considered to be to the physical eye itself. And so when we have occasion to write "he saw an angel," it is to be taken that we mean by it as absolute a fact as if we had written "he saw a mountain," or "he saw a cow." It, however, is not to be accepted that by this we lay down that either angels or cows exist apart from ourselves, they may or they may not; but it is to be taken that angels, and mountains and cows are ideas of equal value in their own specific spheres: the astral and the material; and that they have their proper place in existence, whatever existence may be, and that every experience, normal, abnormal, subnormal or supernormal, whether treated as an illusion or a fact, is of equal value so

THE EQUINOX

long as it is conditioned in Time; and that a dream is of as real a nature as awakening, but on a different plane in existence, the conditions of which can alone be judged and measured by experimental science.

Science advances by means of accumulating facts and consolidating them, the grand generalisation of which merges into a theory when it has been accepted by universal inference. Thus, I infer that catching a ball is not a necessary sequitur to throwing a ball up in the air; however, if I had never thrown a ball up in my life, and suddenly commenced doing so, and invariably caught it, probably after the nine hundred and ninety-nine billionth time I might be excused if I considered that catching balls was a necessary law of nature.* Yet nevertheless if I did arrive at such a conclusion without being fully conscious that at any moment I might have to recast the whole of these laws, I should be but a bat-headed dogmatist instead of the hawk-eyed man of science who is ever ready to re-see and to reform.†

* “Why is it more probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood and is extinguished by water; unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or in other words a miracle, to prevent them?”—Hume, iv., p. 133.

“It is a miracle that a dead man should come to life, because that has never been observed in any age or country.”—Hume, iv., p. 134.

† “If a piece of lead were to remain suspended of itself in the air, the occurrence would be a ‘miracle,’ in the sense of a wonderful event, indeed; but no one trained in the methods of science would imagine that any law of nature was really violated thereby. He would simply set to work to investigate the conditions under which so highly unexpected an occurrence took place; and thereby enlarge his experience and modify his hitherto unduly narrow conception of the laws of nature.”—Huxley, “Essay on Hume,” p. 155.

“A philosopher has declared that he would discredit universal testimony rather

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Before the birth of Copernicus the sun was universally considered to be a body moving round the earth; it was a FACT, and probably whilst it lasted the most universal fact the mind of man has ever accepted; but since that illuminated sage arose, it has been shown to be a simple fable, a child-like error, a puny optical illusion—so much for pseudo-scientific dogmatics.

To a child who has never seen a monkey, monkey is outside the circumference of its knowledge; but when once it has seen one it is mere foolishness for other children to say: “Oh no, you didn’t really see a monkey; such things as monkeys do not exist, and what proves it beyond all doubt is that we have never seen one ourselves!” This, it will be seen, is the Freethinkers’* old, old conclusive argument: There is not a God because *we* have no experience of a God.”† . . . “There is not a South Pole because we have not trudged round it six times and cut our names on it with our pocket-knives!”

Now what is knowledge?

Something is!—Call it Existence.

What exists?

“I exist!” answers the Idealist, “I and I alone!”

than believe in the resurrection of a dead person, but his speech was rash, for it is on the faith of universal testimony that he believed in the impossibility of the resurrection. Supposing such an occurrence was proved, what would follow? Must we deny evidence, or renounce reason? It would be absurd to say so. We should simply infer that we were wrong in supposing resurrection to be impossible.”—E. Lévi, “The Doctrine of Transcendent Magic,” pp. 121, 158, also p. 192.

Also see Capt. J. F. C. Fuller, “The Star in the West,” pp. 273-284.

* As opposed to “free thinker.”

† Not “There is not a God *for us*, because we have no experience of a God,” which, so long as they had no such experience, would be correct.

THE EQUINOX

“Oh no, you do not!” cries the Materialist, “you certainly do exist; but not alone, for I am talking to you!”

“Fool!” says the Idealist, “cannot you grasp the simple idea that you and your foolish argument are in fact part of me?”

“But surely,” replies the Materialist, “you do not doubt that the world exists, that the Evolution of Man exists, that Judas McCabbage exists and is an actual fact.”

“Granted they do exist,” sighs the Idealist, “so do the reflections of an ape’s face in a looking-glass, yes, they do exist, but not apart from my own mind.”

“Yet the world of a blind man,” says the Mystic, “is a very different place to the world a deaf man lives in, and both these worlds vary considerably from the world normally constituted man inhabits. Likewise animals, whose sense-organs vary from ours, live in altogether a different world from us. To give an eyeless worm eyes is only comparable to endowing us with a sixth sense. The world to us therefore depends wholly upon the development of our senses; and as they grow and decay so does the world with them, how much more then does the world of those who have out stepped the prison-house of their senses differ from the world of those who still lie bound therein. It is possible to conceive of a child being born blind (in a race of blind people) obtaining the use of its eyes when an old man, and thereupon entering a new world; why, therefore, should it be impossible to conceive of a man with all his senses perfect obtaining another sense or entering into another dimension.* The blind man, if a few minutes after he had

* “Whatever is intelligible and can be distinctly conceived implies no contradiction, and can never be proved false by any demonstration, argument, or abstract reasoning *a priori*.”— Hume, iv., p. 44.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

obtained possession of his sight were suddenly to return to a state of blindness, would have great difficulty in explaining to his blind brothers the sights he had seen, in fact none would believe him, and his difficulty in explaining in the language of blind-land the wonders of the land of sight would probably be so great that he would find more consolation in silence than in an attempted explanation: this has generally been the case with the true adepts; and those who have tried to explain themselves have been called mad by the *canaille*.

“The truth is,” continues the Mystic, “both of you have been talking foolishness through your material and idealistic hats. For:

“In the Material World Matter is Existence.

“In the Sensible World Sense is Existence.

“In the Spiritual World Spirit is Existence.

“And though in the Sensible World a cow or an angel exists solely as an idea to us, this does not preclude the possibility of a cow existing as beef in the Material World, or an angel as a spirit in the Spiritual World.”

“The fact is,” interrupts the Sceptic, “I doubt all three of you; for from the above you all three infer a chain of events—whether material, sensual, or spiritual, thus postulating the Existence of Causality as a common property of these three worlds. Let us strike out Matter, Sense and Spirit, and what is left? Surely not Time and Space, that twin inference conceived by that Matter, Sense and Spirit we have just put to bed.”

“Don’t you think,” says the Scientific Illuminist, “that instead of dreaming all your lives it would be a good thing to wake up and do a little work? There are four of you, and the

THE EQUINOX

Kerubim of Ezekiel might perhaps engage your individual attention.”

The truth is, it does not matter one rap by what name you christen the illusions of this life, call them substance, or ideas, or hallucinations, it makes not the slightest difference, for you are in them and they in you whatever you like to call them, and you must get out of them and they out of you, and the less you consider their names the better; for name-changing only creates unnecessary confusion and is a waste of time.

Let us therefore call the world a series of existences and have done with it, for it does not matter a jot what we mean by it so long as we work; very well then; Science is a part of this series, and so is Magic, and so are cows and angels, and so are landscapes, and so are visions; and the difference between these existences is the difference which lies between a cheesemonger and a poet, between a blind man and one who can see. The clearer the view the more perfect the view; the clearer the vision the more perfect the vision. The eyes of a hawk are keener than those of an owl, and so are a poet's keener than those of a cheesemonger, for he can see beauty in a ripe Stilton whilst the latter can only see two-and- sixpence a pound.

A true vision is to awakenment as awakenment is to a dream; and a perfectly clear co-ordinate vision is so nearly perfect a Reality that words cannot be found in which to translate it, yet it must not be forgotten that its truth ceases on the return of the seer to the Material plane.

The Seer is therefore the only judge of his visions, for they belong to a world in which he is absolute King, and to

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

describe them to one who lives in another world is like talking Dutch to a Spaniard. Our business then is, to construct if possible a universal language. This the rituals of the Golden Dawn and the study of the Qabalah did for P., and when we talk of quadrating the circle, of blinding darkness, of silent voices, &c. &c., those who have learned the alphabet of any magical language will understand; and those who have not, if they wish to read any further with profit, had better do so, as it will help them to master the new magical language and doctrines we here offer them.

The vision of the adept is so much truer than ordinary vision that when once it has been attained to its effect is never relinquished, for it changes the whole life. Blake would have as soon doubted the existence of his wife, his mother or of himself, as that of Urizen, Los, or Luvah.

Dreams are real, hallucinations are real, delirium is real, and so is madness; but for the most part these are Qliphothic realities, unstable, unbalanced, dangerous.

Visions are real, inspirations are real, revelation is real, and so is genius; but these are from Kether, and the highest climber on the mystic mountain is he who will obtain the finest view, and from its summit all things will be shown unto him.

A child learning to play on the violin will not at the outset be mistaken for Sarasate or Paganini; for there will be discord and confusion of sound. So now, as we start upon the first visions of P. we find chaos piled on chaos, much struggling and noise, a roaring of wild waters in the night, and then finally, melody, silence and the communication of the mystic books of V.V.V.V.V.

THE EQUINOX

Let us now trace his progress in search of the Stone of the Philosophers, which is hidden in the Mountain of Abiegnus.

There are eighteen recorded visions* between the commencement of November and the end of December 1898, but as there is not sufficient space to include them all, only six of the most interesting will be given. Being all written in his private hieroglyphic cipher by Frater P., we have been obliged to re-write them completely, and elaborate them.

No. 5. “After fervent prayer I was carried up above the circle† which I had drawn, through a heavy and foggy atmosphere. Soon, however, the air grew purer, and after a little I found myself in a beautifully clear sky.

“On gazing up into the depths of the blue, I saw dawn immediately above me a great circle; then of a sudden, as I looked away from its centre, there swept out towards me at intolerable speed the form of a shepherd; trembling and not knowing what to say, with faltering voice I asked, ‘Why speed ye?’ Whereupon the answer came: ‘There is haste!’ Then a great gloom closed mine eyes, and a horror of defilement encompassed me, and all melted in twilight and became cloaked in the uttermost darkness. And out of the darkness there came a man clothed in blue, whose skin was of the colour of sapphire, and around him glowed a phosphor light, and in his hand he held a sword.

“And on seeing him approach I fell down and besought him to guide me, which without further word he did.

* Many of these visions were carried out with Frater C. S.

† A circle was first drawn, as in many invocations, in the centre of which the seer stood.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“On turning to the left I saw that near me was a rock door, and then for the first time I became aware that I was clothed in my robes of white.* Passing through the door, I found myself on the face of a high cliff that sank away into the abysses of space below me; and my foot slipping on the slippery stone, I stumbled forward, and would of a certainty have been dashed into that endless gulf, had not the shepherd caught me and held me back.

“Then wings were given me, and diving off from that great rocky cliff like a sea-bird, I winged my course through the still air and was filled with a great joy.

“Now, I had travelled thus but for a short time, when in the distance there appeared before me a silver-moss rugged hill. And on its summit was there built a circular temple, fashioned of burnished silver, domed and surmounted with a crescent. And for some reason unknown to me, the sight of the crescent made me tremble so that I durst not enter; and when my guide, who was still with me, saw that I was seized with a great fear, he comforted me, bidding me be of good courage, so with him I entered. Before us in the very centre of the temple there sat a woman whose countenance was bright as the essence of many moons; and as I beheld her, fear left me, so I stepped towards her and knelt reverently at her feet.

“Then, as I knelt before her, she gave me a branch of olive and myrtle, which I folded to my heart; and as I did so, of a sudden a great pillar of smoke rose from the ground before me and carried her away through the dome of the temple.

“Slowly the pillar loosened itself, and spiral puffs of smoke, creeping away from the mighty column, began to circle round

* The robes of the Neophyte in the 0°=0° Ritual of the G.: D.:.

THE EQUINOX

me, at which I stepped back to where my guide was still standing. Then he advanced, and beckoning me to follow him, we entered the great pillar of smoke and were carried through the bright dome of the temple.

“On, on we soared, through regions of cloud and air; on, on, past the stars and many myriads of burning specks of fire, till at length our journey led us to a vast blue sea, upon which was resting like a white swan a ship of silver. And without staying our flight, we made towards the ship, and descending upon it, rested awhile.

“On awaking, we found that we had arrived at a fair island, upon which stood a vast temple built of blocks of silver, square in form, and surrounded by a mighty colonnade. Outside it was there set up an altar upon which a branch had been sacrificed.

“On seeing the altar, I stepped towards it and climbed upon it, and there I sacrificed myself, and the blood that had been my life bubbled from my breast, and trickling over the rough stone, was sucked up by the parched lips of the white sand. . . . And behold, as I rose from that altar, I was alone standing upon the flat top of the square temple, and those who had been with me, the shepherd and my guide, had vanished;—I was alone . . . alone.

“And as I stood there, the east became as an amethyst clasped in the arms of the sard, and a great thrill rushed through me; and as I watched, the sard became as a fawn; and as I watched again, the east quivered and the great lion of day crept over the horizon, and seizing the fawn betwixt his gleaming teeth, shook him till the fleecy clouds above were as a ram’s skin flecked with blood.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“Then thrill upon thrill rushed through me, and I fell down and knelt upon the flat roof of the temple. And presently as I knelt, I perceived other suns rising around me, one in the North, and one in the South, and one in the West. And the one in the North was as a great bull blowing blood and flame from its nostrils; and the one in the South was as an eagle plucking forth the entrails of a Nubian slave; and the one in the West was as a man swallowing the ocean.

“And whilst I watched these suns rising around me, behold, though I knew it not, a fifth sun had arisen beneath where I was standing, and it was as a great wheel of revolving lightnings. And gazing at the Wonder that flamed at my feet, I partook of its glory and became brilliantly golden, and great wings of flame descended upon me, and as they enrolled me I grew thirty cubits in height—perhaps more.

“Then the sun upon which I was standing rose above the four other suns, and as it did so I found myself standing before an ancient man with snow-white beard, whose countenance was a-fired with benevolence. And as I looked upon him, a great desire possessed me to stretch forth my hand and touch his beard; and as the desire grew strong, a voice said unto me, ‘Touch, it is granted thee.’

“So I stretched forth my hand and gently placed my fingers upon the venerable beard. And as I did so, the ancient man bent forward, and placing his lips to my forehead kissed me. And so sweet was that kiss that I would have lingered; but I was dismissed, for the other four suns had risen to a height equal to mine own.

“And seeing this I stretched out my wings and flew, sinking through innumerable sheets of blinding silver. And presently

THE EQUINOX

I opened mine eyes, and all around me was as a dense fog; thus I returned into my body.”

The vision being at an end, a thanksgiving was offered.

No. 7. This vision was undertaken by P. for strength to aid his cousin, who was in distress. As in No. 5, it commenced with a prayer, a circle being drawn around the Skryer.

“As I prayed, a feeling of drowsiness possessed me, and I found myself swinging backwards and forwards; then after a little while I grew steady, and speedily ascended. As I soared up through the air, I saw above me a great circle; this I passed through, only to behold another one greater still. As I approached it I perceived an angel coming towards me; therefore I entered the circle and knelt down.

“The angel, seeing me kneeling before him, approached me, and taking me by the hand, raised me up, kissing me as he did so. And having thus greeted me, he bade me tell him what I sought; this I did. And when I had finished speaking, he took me by the right hand and flew obliquely upwards. And as I was carried through the air, I looked down, and felt reluctant at leaving the great circle, which had now become as a point below me. And as I thought of it, of a sudden I found myself standing upon a marble floor, from out of which rushed up into the heavens a great pillar of fire. And as I gazed wonderingly at it, though on account of its brightness I could see no one, I became conscious that many people were worshipping around me. Then slowly, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw that the great pillar of fire was in truth the right leg of an immense figure.

“On becoming aware of this, a great awe filled me, and

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

then did bewilderment possess me, for I found that I was robed in red garments in place of the white in which I had dressed myself. And as I wondered, the angel said to me: 'They have been given thee'; therefore again I knelt, and was endued with a great power.

"And as the great strength coursed through me I stood up and the angel gave me a white wand, placing it in my right hand; then fiery rain fell upon me, bursting into little flames as it touched me.

"Taller and taller did I grow, striving up and upwards to reach the face of the great figure. And as I strove, I emerged from the centre of the crown of mine own head like a white bird; and so great had been my desire that I shot upwards past my skull like an arrow from a bended bow. And swerving down, I played around the head of the great image and kissed it on the lips. But through for many minutes did I fly about that immense head, the countenance thereof was ever cloudy as a mountain seen through a storm of snow; yet nevertheless could I distinguish that the head was like an Assyrian clean-shaven, like a bull, a hawk, an Egyptian and myself.

"Intoxicated with rapture, I fluttered about the lips and then entered the great mouth.

"Up! up! I rise. I am in a chamber with two square pillars and an eye . . . I bathe in the light of this eye and the intense brilliancy of the whole room, which swallows me up.

"Bigger and bigger do I grow . . . I fill the room . . . I emerge from the top of the mighty head, and kissing once again the lips, swerve downwards and unite with the red figure below me.

THE EQUINOX

“I grow great, and my white wand becomes a wand of living fire. Then I perceived that the angel had left me, and that once again fiery rain was falling around me.

“After this I departed, and in the air was surrounded by dark forms, whom I commanded to lead me back to the circle. Then I sank amid a flock of eagles, and, descending, prayed and rejoined my body.

“My body was intensely strengthened; I was filled with a feeling of power and glory. I gave thanks.”

No. 10. “Queen’s Hall. During the *andante* of Beethoven’s Symphony in C (No. 5) I assume white astral, and fill the entire hall. Then I looked up to God, and impulses of praise and prayer possessed me. Presently I shrink forcibly and re-enter my body.”

No. 14. “I draw the circle and recite the ‘Lesser Banishing Ritual’;* but performed it badly, omitting an important section.

“At first there appeared to me a brightness in the West, and a darkening of the East; and whilst perplexed by this matter, I find I have entered a dirty street, and see near me a young child sitting on the doorstep of a very squalid house.

“I approached the house, and seeing me, the child scrambled to his feet and beckoned me to follow him. Pushing open the rickety door, he pointed out to me a rotten wooden staircase. This I mounted, and entered a room which apparently belonged to a student.

“In the room I found a little old man, but could not see him distinctly, as the blinds were down.

* See Liber O.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“He asked me my business.

“And I answered I had come to seek of him certain formulae.

“Thereupon he opened a book which was lying on the table before him, and showed me a sigil. After I had looked at it carefully, he explained to me how I should make it, and finished by telling me that it was used to summon ‘things of earth.’



DIAGRAM 55.
Sigil in Book.

“As I looked incredulously at him, he took hold of the sigil, and no sooner had he done so than from out of every crack and seam in the floor there wriggled forth a multitude of rats and other vermin.

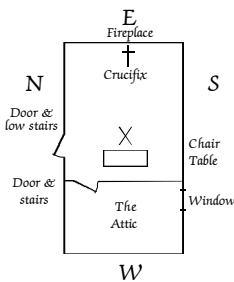


DIAGRAM 56.

Plan of the Adept's room and the attic above.

“After this, he led me upstairs to another floor, and into a room which in the dim light appeared to be an attic.

“At the west end of this room, lying upon her back, I saw a naked woman. Turning, I challenged the Adept, who at once gave me the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ and $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ signs; but he would not give me $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$.*

“The Adept then turned from me and said: ‘She is in a trance; she is dead; she has been dead long.’ And immediately her flesh becoming rotten, fell from her bones.

“Hurriedly I asked for an explanation, but scarcely had my words left my lips than I saw that she was recovering, and that her bones were becoming once again clothed with flesh. Slowly she rose up, and then suddenly rolled round and fell heavily upon her face. For a moment she remained still, and

* These signs are given in Liber O. See plate facing p. 12.

THE EQUINOX

then her glistening skin writhed about her bones as she wriggled over the filthy boards towards the Adept. Having reached him, she embraced his feet and then lewdly climbed and writhed up him.

“‘Get to your sty,’ he said in a low, commanding voice. At which I felt intensely sorry for her.

“The Adept, noticing my sympathy, turned to me and said: ‘She is lust, fresh-fleshed and lovely, but rotten. She would clog the power of a man.’

“I thereupon thanked the Adept. But he, taking no notice of my thanks, pointed out to me a distant star through a hole in the roof, and then said, ‘Journey there.’

“This I did, streaming up towards it like a comet, dressed in long white robes, with a flashing scimitar in my hand.

“After much peril, on account of suns and things very hot and glowing, through which I sped, I arrived there safely, on the shore of a lake, upon which was floating a boat in which stood a man.

“On seeing me, he cried out: ‘Who art thou?’

“And having explained to him, he brought his boat close enough to the shore to enable me to spring into it. This I did, whereupon he seized the oars and rowed speedily into the darkness beyond.

“‘Shall I soon see thy master?’ I said to him. At which he glared round at me, so that his eyes looked like beads of glowing amber in the night; then he answered:

“‘I who stand in the boat am great; I have a star upon my forehead.’

“I did not reply, not understanding what he meant, and soon we reached the shore and entered a cave, in the mouth

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

of which stood a man-like figure covered with brazen scales, horned and horrible. His colour was of verdigris; but his face was of a blackish tint. In his hand he held a club.

“‘What is your name?’ I cried, advancing towards him.

“‘Jokam,’ he answered sullenly.

“‘Your sign?’ (I here repeated the omitted part of the ritual). He winced, and I could see that he was a coward; nevertheless, though it displeased him, he gave me his sigil.



“His name is spelt: **מכמ**. Having no further question to ask him, I left him, bidding him sink.

DIAGRAM 57.
Jokam's Sigil.

“At the further end of the cave a man whom I had not seen as yet came rushing into my arms; at once I saw that he was being pursued by Jokam. I thereupon interposed, ordering him to make the sign of the Qabalistic Cross, which, however, he could not do.

“‘What God do you worship?’ I asked.

“‘Alas! I have no God.’ he answered. Thereupon I allowed Jokam to seize him, and re-entering the cave they sank, uttering most heart-rending yells of agony.

“As I once again approached the lake, a great albatross rose from the water, and as she did so, the star fell away from me, and a multitude of birds surrounded me and took me back to the garret which I first visited.

“For this I was very grateful, and on seeing that I had returned, the Adept came forward and took my hand, saying: ‘Go on,’ at which words I felt that a great strength had been imparted to me.

“I then asked him about ‘Abramelin,’ of whose Operation I

THE EQUINOX

at this time contemplated the performance; but all he answered was: 'Go on!'

" 'Shall I succeed?' I asked.

" 'No man can tell another that!' he answered with a smile.

" 'Is anything wanting in that book that is necessary to success?' I asked.

" 'No!' he answered.

"Then I took my leave of him, and after witnessing a strange fight, returned."

No. 15. This vision was undertaken to obtain rest. It took place in the actual temple built by P., and, as was generally the case, it was commenced by the "Lesser Banishing Ritual."

"Slowly the actual temple in which I was standing became wonderfully beautified, and a white shining film floated in feathers over the surface of the floor on which I was standing, and winding itself about me, formed a great column which carried me up through the roof to a great height. Then I found, as the cloud fell away from me, that I was standing in a fair green field, and by me in great solemnity stood a shining steel-grey-silver figure, unarmed.

" 'Welcome,' said the stranger with a cold dignity.

"Then he led me to a blue pool of water, and bade me plunge into it, which I did, half diving and half swimming, sending a million sparkling sapphires of water dancing in the light.

"The water was deliciously cool and refreshing, and as I struck out in it, I soon saw that I must have made a mistake, for the far shore was a great distance from me, and on it I could see shining a silvery palace.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“As I neared it I leapt to the shore, and there I found, as I approached the wonderful building, many beautiful creatures playing about it. But my haste in leaving the blue waters had been ill-advised; for suddenly a great cloud of water enveloped me, and catching me up, carried me to a great height. Then I discovered that I had been changed into a lily, whose white petals were unfolded, and that I was growing in a garden, white with a multitude of the same wonderful flowers.

“Not over long had I been there, when the form of man was again given to me, and I threw my arms above my head and then extended them, forming a cross.

“I was standing in silver-grey garments, and before me was a great white marble temple. At once I prostrated myself, and then entered. Before me I saw that all was white and fine within, and that in the temple stood a cubical altar of silver.

“I knelt before the altar; and as I did so a coldness and moisture seemed to descend upon me, which thrilled me with a delicious freshness like the falling dew. From it a cool stream arose, in the limpid waters of which I bathed my hands. Whilst in this position an angel descended with a green garment and gave it me. At first I was unwilling to wear it, but presently I did so, and after I had worn it a little while, I sacrificed it before me, when at once it became a crown of fire.

“Then a voice said to me: ‘Wilt thou be of the guard?’ and before I could answer yea, or nay, most lovely maidens surrounded me and armed me in silver armour and a red tabard.

THE EQUINOX

“From where I had been standing I was led to the Northern entrance, where crowded a great concourse of people, and as I approached them they gave way before me. Then a voice whispered to me ‘Smite’; thereupon, drawing my sword with fury I smote three times, upon which a great wailing arose.

“Having smitten down many with those three blows, I descended among them, but left my sword behind me. Thinking I had forgotten it, in vain I tried to return, and in my strivings was of a sudden armed with many potent lightnings; then at my feet there fell away a great hollow column of rolling smoke. Seeing it, I approached it and gazing down it, beheld at its furthest extremity the earth, dark and strong. As I watched it rolling below me, a great desire possessed me to expand my consciousness and include All. This took me a vast time to accomplish, and even then my success was but moderate.

“From the column of smoke I returned to the outside of the temple and re-entered it by the Western door. Finding a gold crown upon my head, I held it up, and in the white vapour it glowed like a white light. Then an angel approached me and pressed it on to my brow, and as this was done, a feeling possessed me as if a cold shower of gold was falling through me. Then of a sudden was I carried upwards, and found myself in a second temple. Here I was conducted to the south, where stood a glittering shrine, and the light which flashed from it pierced me through and through. Blinded by the effulgence, I was led to the North to another shrine (Binah) where my eyes were anointed with cold molten silver, and immediately I saw vaguely before me a female form.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“After this I returned to the central altar, where everything fell from me, and then I returned to earth, assuming my sword and red robe to dominate the astrals. Thus did I return.”

No. 18. To see Sappho.

“With bewildering speed I was carried upwards, and in the midst of my flight an angel approached me apparently to aid me, yet I tarried not, but still ascended. On, on I flew, until at length I became surprised at the great distance of my journey.

“Eventually I arrived in a strange land, and after some perplexity assumed a divine figure, which I believe to be that of Diana. Then I called Sappho, and immediately she appeared before me, a small dark woman with a wonderful skin and a copper sheen on her dark hair. Her face was very lovely, but her expression was ablaze with intense desire, and through her wild floating hair could be seen her eyes, in which glittered madness.

“On seeing me, she knelt down before me, and I, trying to comfort her, extended my hands to her, which she in turn kissed. Behind her stood the white astrals of weeping women—these were her many lovers.

“After a while I brought her into the circle in which I was standing, and raising her up, caressed her upon the forehead. Then I changed to my usual shape, at which she was exceedingly amazed, and only comforted when I told her of my great love for her. Thereupon we rose together, embracing, to a place where angels greeted us. Here we were told to go between the pillars into the temple; which we did, and saw in front of us an immense kneeling figure of some Oriental Deity.

THE EQUINOX

“Before us glared a human face above a human body with arms and feet; but behind it, it was as the body of a lion.

“Sappho then gave me the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ sign, which I returned, whereupon the great figure rose and blessed us, and we embraced. Then I knelt before Sappho and said:

“ ‘You have given me of your strength and brought me into this place of blessing; I will now give you of mine.’

“For answer she held my hands in hers, and wonderful tinglings of glory and passion flowed into me like live fire. I raised my head to her bosom, and kissed her passionately, and then I notice that I too was a woman!

“An angel approached me and advised restraint, and so with a great calmness I passed within her body, and at once felt all her passion and longings. A mighty joy and glory encompassed me, and we became a great brown bird taking part in a mystic ceremony, the priest being the great man-lion; then again we rose and re-assumed human shape, but larger than before.

“Now we saw standing before us a venerable, beautiful and kingly figure (Tiphereth), holding a flaming sword of dazzling whiteness. This he extended to us, whilst his attendants, who were angelic figures, sang a low, melodious tune. Then he placed it in our mouth, when at once there rushed from our lips an infinite and intolerable song, which presently ceased, when the sword was returned to the king.

“Then I noticed that the sun was burning below us, so once again assuming the form of the brown bird, we flitted round the sun, bathing in its fiery flames and molten substance.

“Presently I wished to return; but could not separate myself from her, for I was absorbed in Sappho. Becoming

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

desperate, I called thrice unto Acheirah, who soon appeared; whereupon I explained to him my trouble. Seizing his sword, he smote at us, and we were again two human beings, just as when we met, I on the left of Sappho, whose hands were stretched out. We received the influx, and then I noticed our positions, and complained that they were wrong; for I would have been divided, so that Sappho in departing took of my left side. I left my love with her, but my strength belonged to God.

“This I explained to Acheirah, but he told me my idea was wrong, and that we were so divided that I might receive the influx of strength, and she that of mercy.

“So we returned into the temple, conversing, I saying to her: ‘Enter with me the temple of the living God!’

“This she did, following me, and then knelt down at the altar, and waving a censer adored the Lord of the Universe.

“After this was at an end, we clasped our hands ($I^{\circ}=I0^{\circ}$ grip), kissed, and parted; she promising me that she would dwell in the temple sometimes, and hover about me, and watch me work, and aid me when I called her.

“Then I knelt before the altar, in adoration of the Lord of the Universe; but watched her upward and eastward flight, whilst she looked amorously back at me over her right shoulder, waving her hand to me. Once only did I call her, and then, once again turning to the Lord of the Universe with the sign of the Qabalistic Cross, returned to the body.”

Such are some of the early visions of Frater P. They commence as we see in a series of rapidly changing and for the most part unconnected pictures, flying past the observer as the houses of a town seen through the windows of a quickly moving train. The streets which connect them are not noticed,

THE EQUINOX

neither always the entire buildings themselves, nor the ground on which then stand, nor the substance of which they are built; and to one who had not travelled in a train before, say a bushman who never wandered far from his native kraal, wonder and astonishment would be his as he watched the extraordinary disorder of the fast-flying view. At first he might be excused if he actually doubted his senses, so suddenly do the apparently moving buildings come, change and vanish—now a roof, some chimneys—then a gap—a tree—a spire—a glimpse down a long street—it is gone; now a high bank—a cutting—a tunnel and darkness; and then once again the light and the continual whirling past of countless houses.

Yet the city clerk does not wonder; for he knows well enough—too well ever to notice it—that the houses he is speeding by are built of brick and mortar, constructed on geometric and architectural plans, connected by streets and roads, by gas and water pipes, and by drains; each a microcosm in itself, regulated, ruled and ordered by codes, customs and laws, an organized unit only wanting the breath of life for it to rise up complete, and like some colossal giant stride away from before our terror-stricken eyes.

Similarly, the adept will see in these visions a great ordered kingdom, and behind all their apparent chaos rule and law; for he will understand that the sudden changing, the leaping from blue seas to silver temples, and the rushing past fiery pillars, people worshipping, red garments, hawks; and then square pillars, an eye, or a flock of eagles, is not due to disorder in the realm of the vision, but to the want of paraphrase in the mind of the beholder when he, on his return, attempts to interpret what he has seen in rational symbols and words.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

A chain of thought is simply a series of vibrations arising from the contact of a sense with a symbol or a series of symbols. "If controlled by the Reasoning Power, and licensed by the Will, such vibrations will be balanced and of equal length. But if uncontrolled by the Lower Will and the Reason they will be unbalanced and inharmonious --- that is, of uneven length." This we find explained in a G.: D.: manuscript entitled: "The Secret Wisdom of the Lesser World, or Microcosm which is Man." Further we learn from this manuscript that:

In the case of the drunkard, the equilibrium of the Sphere of Sensations, and consequently of the Nephesh, is disturbed, and the Thought Rays in consequence are shaken at each vibration; so that the sphere of the sensation of the Nephesh is caused to rock and waver at the extremities of the Physical Body, where the Ruach's action is bounded. The thought therefore is dazzled by the Symbols of the Sphere of Sensations in the same way as the eye may be dazzled in front of a mirror if the latter be shaken or waved. The sensation, therefore, then conveyed by the thought is that of the Sphere of sensations oscillating and almost revolving about the physical body, that which translated to the physical body bringeth giddiness, sickness, vertigo, and loss of idea, of place, and position.

The fault as we see therefore lies in the preponderance of the Nephesh over the Ruach, in other words, the Emotion outbalancing the Reason.

In the last vision, No. 18, we find more exertion on the part of the Ruach than in any of the others, and this is undoubtedly accounted for by the fact that P., in this vision, set out with a definite object before him, namely, to see Sappho. The same might be said of Vision No. 7, but on consideration this will be found not to be the case, for, in No. 7, P. asks for strength to help his cousin, the very asking of which points to weakness; besides it is to be expected that a concrete idea will

THE EQUINOX

take a much more definite form than an abstract one. In the former case when Sappho has once appeared, except for a break here and there, the vision is rational enough—if we can use so bastard a term to express ourselves in; not so the latter, which is particularly vague.

In considering these visions and future ones, it must be remembered that through we now insist on a continuous chain of ideas as proof of their validity, and equally so with such as we may deal with later on, we at present find, above all else, that simplicity is our most certain guide; for we are as yet solely dealing with the visions of a student, who, as such, like a school-boy, is expected to work out all his visions in full as if they were mathematical problems. The master may use algebraical and logarithmic short cuts, if he likes, in the solution of his intricate problems, and we shall also find many of these masterly rights of way are quite as baffling, I am afraid, as the curious mistaken byways of the beginner. Further, it must ever be borne in mind that the deeper we dive into the occult sciences, although the simpler our language often becomes, the less we find our ability to express ourselves in mere words and ordinary phrases; from complex terms we sink to simple paradoxes, and from philosophic and scientific symbols we rise into a land of purely linguistic heiroglyphics—and thence silence.

The task of consciously classifying and interpreting the phenomena in the Spirit Vision (in contradistinction to optical vision) is one of the chief duties undertaken by the Adeptus Minor, that is to say, of an individual who has passed through the grade of 5°=6°. P. had not as yet accomplished this. And in another part of the manuscript already referred to it is

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

entitled “The Task undertaken by the Adeptus Minor,” and is lucidly summarized as follows:

This then is the task undertaken by the Adeptus Minor:

To expel from the Sephiroth of the Nephesch the usurpation of the Evil Sephiroth.

To equally balance the action of the Sephiroth of the Ruach and those of the Nephesch.

To prevent the Lower Will and Human Consciousness from falling into and usurping the place of the Automatic Consciousness.

To render the King of the Body (the Lower Will) obedient and anxious to execute the commands of the Higher Will; so that he be neither a usurper of the faculties of the Higher, nor a Sensual Despot, but an initiated ruler and an anointed King, the Vice-Roy and representative of the Higher Will (because inspired thereby in his Kingdom which is the Man).

Then shall it happen that the Higher Will, *i.e.*, the Lower Genius, shall descend into the Royal Habitation, so that the Higher Will and the Lower Will shall be as one, and the Higher Genius shall descend into the Kether of the Man, bringing with him the tremendous illumination of his Angelic Nature; and the man shall become what was said of Enoch: “And Chanokh made himself to walk for ever close with the essence of the Elohim, and he existed not apart, seeing that the Elohim took possession of his being.”

This is also a great mystery which the Adeptus Minor must know:

How the Spiritual Consciousness can act around and beyond the Sphere of Sensation.

“Thought” is a mighty force when projected with all the strength of the Lower Will, under the Guidance of the Reasoning Faculty, and illuminated by the *Higher Will*.

Therefore, it is, that in thine occult working thou art advised to invoke the Divine and Angelic Names, so that thy Lower Will may *willingly* receive the influx of the Higher Will, which is also the Lower Genius, behind which are all potent forces.

This, therefore, is the magical manner of operation of the initiate, when “Skrying in the Spirit Vision.”

He knowing *thoroughly* through his Arcane Wisdom the disposition and correspondences of the Force of the Microcosmus, selecting not any, but a certain symbol and that balanced with its correlatives, then sendeth he, as before said, a Thought-Ray from his Spiritual Consciousness, illuminated by his Higher Will, directly unto the part of his Sphere of Sensation or M. M. of the U.* which is consonant with the symbol employed. There, as in a mirror, doth he perceive its properties as reflected from the Macrocosmus shining forth into the Infinite Abyss of the Heavens; thence can he follow the Ray of

* Magical mirror of the Universe.

THE EQUINOX

Reflection therefrom, and while *concentrating his united consciousness* at that point of his Sphere of Sensation, can receive the *Direct reflection* of the Ray from the Macrocosmus.

But if instead of concentrating at that actual point of the Sphere of Sensation, and thus receiving the *Direct Ray*, as then reflected into his thought, and uniting himself with the Ray of his thought, so as to make one continuous ray from the corresponding point of the Macrocosmus unto the centre of his consciousness: if instead of this he shall *retain* the thought-ray only *touching* the Sphere of Sensation at that point, he shall, it is true, perceive the *reflection* of the Macrocosmic ray, answering to that symbol in the Sphere of his consciousness; but he shall receive this reflection, tintured much by his own nature; and therefore to an extent *untrue*. Because his united consciousnesses have not been able to focus along the thought-ray at the circumference of the Sphere of Sensation or M. M. of the U. And this is the reason why there are so many and multifarious errors in untrained Spirit Visions: for the untrained Skryer (*i.e.*, Seer)—even supposing him free from the delusions of Obsession,* doth not know or understand how to unite his consciousness: still less what are the correspondences and harmonies between his Sphere of Sensation and the Universe—the Macrocosmus. . . .

The Art of Skrying is further explained in a G.: D.: manuscript entitled “Of Travelling in the Spirit Vision,” in which this particular form of gaining contact, so to speak, with the Higher Will is explained as follows:

The symbol, place, direction or plane being known whereon it is desired to act, a thought-ray is sent unto the corresponding part of the Sphere of Sensations, and thence by drawing a basis of action from the refined Astral Light of the Sphere of Sensations of the Nephesh, the thought-ray is sent like an arrow from a bow right through the circumference of the Sphere of Sensations direct into the place desired. Arriving here a Sphere of Astral Light is formed by the agency of the Lower Will illuminated by the Higher Will, and, acting through the Spiritual Consciousness, by reflection along the thought-ray, the Sphere of Astral Light is partly drawn from the Nephesh, and partly from the surrounding atmosphere.

This Sphere being formed, a *Simulacrum* of the person of the Skryer is *reflected* into it along the thought-ray, and the united consciousness is then projected therein.

This sphere is therefore a duplicate reflection of the Sphere of Sensations. As it is said:

“Believe thyself to be in a place, and thou art there.”

In this Astral projection, however, a certain part of the consciousness must remain

* Or a cutting off of the Higher from the Lower Will.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

in the body to protect the thought-ray beyond the limits of the Sphere of Sensations (as well as the Sphere itself at that point of departure of the thought-ray) from attack by any hostile force, so that the Consciousness in this Projection is not quite so strong as the consciousness when concentrated in the natural body in ordinary life.

The return taketh place by a reversal of this process; and, save to persons whose Nephesh and physical body are exceptionally strong and healthy, the whole operation of "skrying" and travelling in the Spirit Vision is, of course, fatiguing.

Also there is another mode of Astral Projection, which can be used by the more practised and advanced Adept. This consisteth in forming first a Sphere from his own Sphere of Sensations, casting his reflection therein, and then projecting this whole Sphere to the desired place as in the previous method. But this is not easy to be done by any but the practised operator.

In fact if this projection of the Sphere to the desired place can be carried out successfully, the highest illumination may be obtained thereby, supposing the desired place to be God or Kether.

To a beginner this particular method of Attainment will appear very vague and unbalanced, for his astral journeys will consist of a chain of alarms and surprises; and the reason for this is that in almost every case he sets out with no clear idea of the place he is struggling to journey to, or the route he has chosen to adopt. He is like an explorer who sets out on a journey of discovery; the further he travels from his own native land, the more strange and uncommon do the lands appear to him through which he is journeying. Little by little the language of his country changes, melting as it were into another not unlike it but yet different; this in time also changes, and so by degrees do all his surroundings, until he finds himself in a strange country, as different from the one from which he started as an equatorial forest is from the ice-incrusted lands of the Pole.

Sometimes the change of scenery is slight, sometimes vast,

THE EQUINOX

according to the powers of attainment, but in all cases these journeys would be of little use unless method were brought into the extraordinary chaos which they at first reveal. And, as in Geography, little information could be obtained of the configuration of the Earth's surface unless explorers set out with a definite object in view, such as Columbus had when he set out on his great journey of discovery, and equipped with definite instruments; so in these Astral journeys, little or no spiritual information can be obtained unless the Skryer project, or at least set out with the intention of projecting, his Sphere to a certain and definite place. This, when applied to travelling to certain paths or places on the Tree of Life, is termed Rising on the Planes, and may lead, as above stated, should the place desired to arrive at be Kether, to the very highest Attainment.

This Rising on the Planes is a definite mystical process, and two initiates setting out to attain the same goal would find the journey, in its essentials, as similar as two ordinary individuals would find a journey from London to Paris.

Karma and environment have in these Risings on the Planes to be reckoned with, just as they would have to be taken into account in the case of the two men journeying to Paris. The one might be travelling third class, and the other first; the one might be travelling by a slow train, the other by an express; the one might see great beauty in the journey, the other little; yet both would know when they got to Dover, both would know when they were on the Channel, and both would in some way, different in detail through it might be, recognise Paris as Paris when they arrived at their destination.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

This particular method of Rising on the Planes is an exceptionally interesting one to study, not only because it is most intimately connected with the Eastern methods of Yoga,* but because we have many practical results to hand, many actual facts from which we can generalise and construct a theory. Two of such examples we will give here, the first a poem by Mr. Aleister Crowley called “The Ladder,” in which the projection is vertical, that is to say, directed along the central column of the Tree of Life; and in the second, which is called “The Ascent unto Daäh,” by V. H. Frater I. A. In the first of these “Risings” the goal of attainment is Kether, and the various headings of the poem point out clearly enough the different stages the Skryer has to pass through. From the darkness of Malkuth he passes the various symbolic colours, which will be discussed in a future chapter, as well as many of the symbols we have described, to arrive eventually at Kether. In the second, Fra. I. A. leads us as far as Daäth, the head of the Old Serpent, the Knower of Good and of Evil.

* The whole theory and practice of Raja Yoga is the awakening of a power named the Kundalini, which is coiled up in what is called the sacral plexus, and then forcing this awakened power up a canal called the Sushumna, which runs through the centre of the spinal column. “When the Kundalini is aroused, and enters the canal of the Sushumna, all the perceptions are in the mental space or Chittakasa. When it has reached that end of the canal which opens out into the brain, the objectless perception is in the knowledge space, or Chidakasa.” As in the Ascent of the Central Column of the Tree of Life, there are certain centres, such as Malkuth, the Path of Tau, Yesod, the Path of Samech, Tiphereth, the Path of Gimel, Daäth, and Kether; so in the Sushumna are there certain centres or Chakras, viz., Muladhara, Svadisthana, Manipura, Anahaba, Visuddhi, Ajna, and Sahasara. For further attributions *see 777.*

THE EQUINOX

THE LADDER

“I will arise and go unto my Father.”

MALKUTH

DARK, dark, all dark! I cower, I cringe.
Only above me is a citron tinge
As if some echo of red, gold, and blue
Chimed on the night and lets its shadow through.
Yet I who am thus prisoned and exiled
Am the right heir of glory, the crowned child.

I match my might against my Fate's,
I gird myself to reach the ultimate shores,
I arm myself the war to win :—
Lift up your heads, O mighty gates!
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
The King of Glory shall come in.

TAU

I pass from the citrine: deep indigo
Is this tall column. Snakes and vultures bend
Their hooded hate on him that would ascend.
O may the Four avail me! Ageless woe,
Fear, torture, through the threshold. Lo! The end
Of matter! The immensity of things
Let loose—new laws, new beings, new conditions;—
Dire chaos; see! these new-fledged wings
Fail in its vaguenesses an inanitions.
Only my circle saves me from the hate
Of all these monsters dead yet animate.

I match, &c.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

YESOD

Hail, thou full moon, O flame of Amethyst!
Stupendous mountain on whose shoulders rest
The Eight Above. More stable is my crest
Than thine—and now I pierce thee, veil of mist!
Even as an arrow from the war-bow springs
I leap—my life is set with loftier things.
I match, &c.

SAMECH (and the crossing of the Path of Pe)

Now swift, thou azure shaft of fading fire,
Pierce through the rainbow! Swift, O swift! how streams
The world by! Let Sandalphon and his quire
Of Angels ward me!
Ho! what planet beams
This angry ray? Thy swords, thy shields, thy spears!
Thy chariots and thy horsemen, Lord! Showered spheres
Of meteors war and blaze; but I am I,
Horus himself, the torrent of the sky
Aflame—I sweep the stormy seas of air
Towards that great globe that hangs so golden fair.
I match, &c.

TIPHERETH

Hail, hail, thou sun of harmony,
Of beauty and of ecstasy!
Thou radiance brilliant and bold!
Thou ruby rose, thou cross of gold!
Hail, centre of the cosmic plan!

THE EQUINOX

Hail, mystic image of the Man!
I give the sign of slain Asar.
I give the sign of Asi towering.
I give the sign of Apep, star
Of black Destruction, all-devouring.
I give thy sign, Asar re-arisen:—
Break, O my spirit, from thy prison!

I match, &c.

GIMEL (with the crossing of the Path of Teth)

Hail, virgin Moon, bright Moon of Her
That is God's thought and minister!
Snow-pure, sky-blue, immaculate
Hacate, in Thy book of Fate
Read thou my name, the soaring soul
That seeks the supreme, sunless goal!

And thou, great Sekhet, roar! Arise,
Confront the lion in the way!
Thy calm indomitable eyes
Lift once, and look, and pierce, and slay!

I am past. Hail, Hecate! Untrod
Thy steep ascent to God, to God!
Lo, what unnamed, unnameable
Sphere hangs above inscrutable?
There is no virtue in thy kiss
To affront that soul-less swart abyss.

I match, &c.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

DAATH

I am insane. My reason tumbles;
The tower of all my being crumbles.
Here is all doubt, distress, despair:
There is no force in strength or prayer.
If pass I may, it is by might
Of the momentum of my flight.

I match, &c.

GIMEL (and the crossing of Daleth)

Free from that curse, loosed from that prison;
From all that ruin am I risen!
Pure still, the virgin moon beguiles
My azure passage with her smiles.

Now! O what love divine redeems
My death, and bathes it in her beams!
What sacring transubstantiates
My flesh and blood, and incarnates
The quintessential Pan? What shore
Stretches beyond this secret door?
Hail! O thou sevenfold star of green,
Thou fourfold glory—all this teen
Caught up in ecstasy—a boon
To pass me singing through the moon!

Nay! I knew what what glory shone
Gold from the breathless bliss beyond
But this I know that I am gone
To the heart of God's great diamond!

I match, &c.

THE EQUINOX

KETHER

I am passed through the abyss of flame;
Hear ye that I am that I am!

THE RETURN

Behold! I clothe mine awful light
In yonder body born of night.
Its mind be open to the higher!
Its heart be lucid-luminous!
The Temple of its own desire
The Temple of the Rosy Cross!
As Horus sped the flame, Harpocrates
Receive the flame, and set the sould at ease.
I who was One am One, all light
Balanced within me, ordered right,
As it was ever to the initiate's ken,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

THE ASCENT UNTO DAÄTH

Come unto Me, ye, the Divine Lords of the Forces of Intelligence: Whose Abode is in the Place of the Gathering of the Waters.
Come unto Me, ye in whom the Secrets of Truth have their Abiding.
Come unto Me, O Tzaphqial, Aralim, Qashial, by the white
Threefold Star, and in the Name of IHVH ELOHIM.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Cause ye the Paths of Wrath to be opened unto me; that I may
advance over the Tree of Life unto the Place of the River.

I stand upon the Northern Quarter of the Universe of Matter,
and around me glows the Ruddy Flame of Earth.
Before me is the Portal of the Path of the Spirit of the Primal
Flame: Thence gleameth the Red Glory into the World of
Assiah.

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

I am come forth from the Gates of Matter:
I advance over the Path of Primal Flame:
And about me the Glory of the Fire is established.
Vast before me in the distance looms the Portal of the Glory.
I am come before the Gates of the Glory of God:
I cry against them in the Name of Elohim Tzebaoth.

Lift up your Heads O ye gates, &c.

Behind me is the Portal of the Primal Fire:
Behind me is the Golden Path of Sol:
At my right hand is the Ruddy Light of Mars:
And before me is the Gateway of the Waters of the Primal
Sea.

In the Vast Name of AL the All Enduring
Let me pass through the gate of the Waters of the Primal Sea.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, &c.

THE EQUINOX

I am come forth from the Gates of the Glory;
Around me are breaking the waters of the Primal Sea:
My path is in the Deep Waters,
And my footsteps are in the Unknown.

Vast before me is the Portal of Geburah:
Behind it is gleaming the Fire of the Wrath of God:
I cry against Thee in the name of Elohim Gibor:
Open unto me, Gateway of God the Mighty!

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates, &c.

I am come forth from the Path of the Waters:
I stand in the World of the Power of God:
I turn my face to the Right, and the Gate of the Lion is
before me—
Gate of the Path of the Lion, in the Sign of the Lion do thou
open before my face.

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates, &c.

I advance over the Path of the Leader of the Lion,
By the Power of the Daughter of the Flaming Sword.
About me the Lions are roaring for their prey;
But I am Sekhet, of the Flaming Eyes.
Turned is my face to the left,
And the Priestess of the Silver Star is my guide.
Now am I come forth upon the Path of the Lion,
And my thought in the Place of the gathering of the Waters.
I am the Established one in Daäth!
In me is the Knowledge of Good and of Evil!
In me is the Knowledge of the Light Supernal!
And my face is turned downward unto Malkuth.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Like all other methods, these, Travelling in the Spirit Vision and Rising on the Planes, are only to be judged by their success. It is impossible to lay down a single task for each individual; one may suit one, and another another; nevertheless it must be pointed out here that though these two methods, or rather two phases of one method, are in most cases fruitful in result, it is generally but a slight step forward, and very seldom does supreme illumination follow. However, as appetisers they are excellent, the student attaining to just that hunger for the Beyond, that appetite for the Unobtainable, which will carry him over many a gloomy mood, many a whispering of the impossibility of his task. Yet that they can accomplish more than this is also certain: to a few they have unlocked the Portal, to the many the Postern; but in all cases it is best that the student should place himself under the guidance of one who has actually travelled, and not trust to his own intuitions in an unknown land, for, if he do so, he will almost of a certainty be led astray, and Obsession may take the place of Illumination, and failure that of success.

Between the grades $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ and $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ seven months had to elapse, and during this time we find P. busily travelling the British Isles searching for a suitable house wherein to perform the Operation of Abramelin the Mage, which ever since the previous autumn had engaged his attention. In the month of May he had met D. D. C. F. $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$, official head of the Order of the Golden Dawn. But he was still bent on carrying out the Operation of Abramelin, and journeyed to and fro all over the country endeavouring to discover a suitable dwelling for the necessary Retirement. Thus it came about that in

THE EQUINOX

October of this year we find him settled in a remote and desolate district, a tumbled chaos of lake and mountain, in an ancient manor-house, making all necessary arrangements for this great operation in Ceremonial Magic.

[The continuation of Book II. will appear in Nos. III. and IV.
of THE EQUINOX.]

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

“WALK up!” he shouted from the tent door. “Walk up! Walk up! and see the marvellous mermaid! Only four sous!” It was at the Gingerbread Fair of Neuilly, and the showman was a squat little fellow, ridiculously like the gingerbread figures which his neighbour was selling, and from which the Fair derives its name.

I admit I did not expect to see a mermaid, but I was tired of peep-shows and waxworks and fasting men, and there was something so incongruous in the idea of a mermaid, even an imaginary one, being exhibited in this rickety booth, by the light of a naphtha lamp, that, for a moment, I stopped to listen. The man stood in the doorway, shouting, to attract the passerby, and there was a picture too, to aid him: the picture of a wondrous creature with flaxen hair and a hectic flush, and decked with a silvern tail. I listened to his patter. She must be a wonderful person, this mermaid: she could swim, she could eat, and, at times, she could even talk. She was as large as life, and, by all accounts, she was more than twice as natural. So, at length, I paid my twopence, and I saw—a seal! There it lay, at the bottom of a miniature bear-pit, and with its wistful face and its great pathetic eyes it really did look quite as human as the majority of its audience. The thing was a

THE EQUINOX

swindle, I suppose, a fake—and yet, after all, this Gingerbread showman in this Gingerbread City was not the first to work the merry cantrip. For wherever seals are common, be it in our own northern islands or in further foreign lands, there will these mermaid legends be wrought around them. Only in Orkney or the Hebrides they are most easily garnered, for the language is our own language. One of the most beautiful of them, when told in full, is the tale of the Mermaid Wife.

On a moonlight night, as an Orkney fisherman strolled by the sea-shore, he saw, to his amazement, some beautiful maidens dancing a saraband on the smooth beach. In a heap by their side lay a bundle of skins, which, on his approach, the maidens seized and then plunged with them into the surf, where they took the form of seals. But the fisherman had managed to snatch up one skin, which lay apart from the rest, and so one maiden was left behind. Despite her entreaties and her tears, he kept the skin, and she was at last obliged to follow him to his hut. They married and had many children, who were like all other children, except for a thin web between their fingers, and for years husband and wife lived at peace. But every ninth night she would steal down to the beach and talk with one large seal in an unknown tongue, and then return with saddened countenance. And so the years passed, until one day, whilst playing in the barn, one of the children found an old dried skin. He took this to his mother gleefully, and she, snatching it from him, kissed him and his brothers and sisters, and then rushed down to the sea. And the fisherman, when he returned home that evening, was just in time to see his wife take the form of a seal and dive into the water. He never saw her again, but sometimes she would call o' nights, as

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

she sported on the shore with her first husband, who was, of course, the large seal.

That is the story as they tell it to-day in Orkney, and that is the story as told by Haroun al Raschid. Only, in the "Arabian Nights" it is called the "The Melancholy Youth," and the seal is replaced by a dove, but all the essentials—the maidens, the bathing, the skins, the wedding, the flight—remain as they do to-day.

The seal is well known to be an animal in which the maternal instinct is abnormally developed, and many of the tales have this fact as their basis. Here is a particularly charming one—the story of Gioga's son:

One day, as a boat's crew were completing a successful raid on the seals, a great storm came on, and one of the party, who had become separated from the rest, was unavoidably left behind on the Skerry. The waves were dashing against the low rocks, and the unfortunate man had resigned himself to his fate, when he saw several of the surviving seals approaching. The moment they landed they threw off their skins, and appeared before him as Sea-trows or Seal-folk. And even those seals who had lately been skinned by the boatmen also revived in time, and took their human form, but they mourned the loss of their sea-vestures, which would for ever prevent them from returning to their homes beneath the ocean. Most of all did they lament for the son of Gioga, their queen. He, too, had lost his skin, and would be banished for ever from his mother's kingdom. But, seeing the forsaken boatman, who sat watching the rising waters in despair, Gioga suddenly conceived a plan to retain her son. She would carry the man on her back to the mainland, if he,

THE EQUINOX

in his turn, would restore the missing skin. She even consented to his cutting some gashes in her flanks and shoulders that he might more easily retain his hold; so the mariner, leaving his perilous position, started on his scarcely less perilous voyage through the storm. But at length Gioga landed him safely, and he, for his part, kept the bargain and restored the skin of her son, so that there was great rejoicing on the Skerry that night.

There is one other story of particular interest, in that it contains features not generally found amongst the bulk of the Seal-folk legends. It is the story of the Wounded Seal.

There was once an islander who made his living by the killing of seals. One night, as he sat by the fire, resting after his day's work, he heard a knocking at the door, and, on opening it, found a man on horseback. The stranger explained that he had come on behalf of one who wished to buy a large number of skins, and then told him to mount up behind. Hoping to effect a good sale, the seal-hunter obeyed, and was carried away at a wild gallop, which ended on the brink of a precipice. There his strange companion grasped him, and plunged with him into the sea. Down they went, and down, till at length they reached the abode of the Seal-folk. Here, after a not unfriendly reception, the hunter was shown a huge jack-knife. It was his own—one which, that very morning, he had left in the back of a seal, and this seal, so he learned, was the father of the horseman. He was then taken to an inner cavern, where the wounded creature lay, and was requested to touch the wound. This he did, and the seal was forthwith cured. Great rejoicings followed, and the hunter was given a safe conduct home, after swearing never

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

to slay a seal again. The return was effected in the same way as the previous journey, and the horseman, on his departure, left sufficient gold to compensate the islander for the loss of his means of livelihood.

This story is the only one out of the scores told to me in which the seal may be said to take the offensive, and I cannot trace it to any foreign source.

Mr. Walter Traill Dennison in his "Orcadian Sketches" tells us that the seal held a far higher place among the Northmen than any of the lower animals. He had a mysterious connection with the human race, and had the power of assuming the human form and faculties, and every true descendant of the Vikings looks upon the seal as a kind of second cousin in disgrace. Old beliefs die hard, and, in illustration of this, the following paragraph from a Scottish daily newspaper may be appropriately given:

A MERMAID ON AN ORKNEY ISLE.—A strange story of the mermaid comes from Birsay, Orkney. The other day a farmer's wife was down at the seashore there, and observed a strange marine animal on the rocks. When she returned with her better half, they both saw the animal clambering amongst the rocks, about four feet of it being above water. The woman, who had a splendid view of it, describes it as a "good-looking person," while the man says it was "a woman covered over with brown hair." At last the couple tried to get hold of it, when it took a header into the sea and disappeared. The man is confident he has seen the fabled mermaid, but people in the district are of opinion that the animal must belong to the seal tribe. An animal of similar description was seen by several people at Deerness two years ago.

Mr. Dennison, in the above-mentioned book, only touches on seals once, but the story he gives is new to me and I have translated it and curtailed it from the Orcadian dialect. I wonder if the old Norseman who told it had ever heard of Androcles?

THE EQUINOX

THE SELKIE THAT DEUD NO' FORGET

A long time ago, one Mansie Meur was gathering limpets at the ebb tide, off Hackness, when he heard a strange sound coming from the rocks some distance off. Sometimes it would be like the sob of a woman, and sometimes louder, like the cry of a dying cow, but it was always a most pitiful sound. For a while Mansie could see nothing except a big seal close in to the rocks, who was craning his neck above the surface, and peering at a creek some distance off. And Mansie noticed that the seal was not frightened and never ducked his head once, but gazed continually at that creek. So Mansie crossed an intervening rock, and there, in a crevice, he saw a mother-seal lying in labour. And it was she who was moaning, whilst the father-seal lay out in the water watching her. Mansie stayed and watched her too, and after a while, she gave birth to two fine seal-calves, who were no sooner on the rocks than they clutched at their mother. Mansie thought to himself that the calf-hides would make a nice waistcoat, so he ran forward, and the seal-mother rowed herself over the face of the rock with her fins into the sea, but the two young ones had not the wit to flee. So Mansie seized them both, and the distress of the mother was terrible to see. She swam about and about, and beat herself with her fins like one distracted; and then she would clamber up, with her fore-fins on the edge of the rock, and glower into Mansie's face. He turned to go off with the two young ones under his arm—they were sucking at his coat the while—when the mother gave such a cry of despair, so human, so desolate, that it went straight to Mansie's heart, and turning again, he saw the

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

mother lying on her side with her head on the rock, and the tears were streaming from her eyes. So he stopped down and placed the little selkies near her, and the mother clasped them to her bosom with her megs and then she looked up into Mansie's face, and all the happiness in the world was in that look: for on that day the selkie did everything but speak.

Mansie was a young man then, and sometime afterwards he married and settled on the west of Eday. One evening when he was fishing for sillocks on an ebb-rock, which could only be reached dry-shod at low water, the fish took unusually well, so that he stood and filled his basket. Indeed they took so well that he forgot all about the tide, and soon found himself cut off from the land. Mansie shouted and shouted, but he was far from any house, and nobody heard him. The water rose until it reached his knees, and then his hips, and then his shoulders. He shouted until he was hoarse, and then gave up all hope of life. But just as the sea was encircling his neck and coming now and then in little ripples to his mouth, just as the sea had almost lifted him from his rock, he felt something grip him by the collar of his coat, and in a few moments he found himself in shallow water. Looking round, he saw a big seal swimming to the rock, where she dived, picked up his basket of fish, and then swam back to the land. He took the basket from her mouth and then said with all his heart, "Geud bless the selkie that deus no' forget," for it was the same seal which he had seen on Hackness forty years before. She was a very old seal now but Mansie would have known her motherly face amongst a thousand.

In the folklore of the Hebrides, also, the seal occupies a

THE EQUINOX

prominent place. Not only has a certain mystery been woven into his life, but even in death his carcass has been accredited with various magical properties. The *Highland Monthly* for November 1892 contained an article dealing with this subject, by Mr. William Mackenzie, Secretary to the Crofter's Commission.

That the skin, after being dried, should sometimes have been made into waistcoats, is only natural, but it appears that it was also put to a more esoteric use, for persons suffering from sciatica wore girdles of it, with a view to driving that malady away.

The smoker and chewer, Mr. Mackenzie tells us, cut the skin into small squares, and converted them into spleuchain, or tobacco pouches, whilst the husbandman made thongs, which he used for the harness of his primitive plough.

Seal oil was also thought to possess medicinal virtues of no mean order, and, until quite recently, a course of oal-roin was a favourite, if not a never-failing, specific for all chest diseases. Furthermore, it is asserted by Martin (*circa* 1695) that seal liver, pulverised and taken with aqua vitae, or red wine, is a good prescription for diarrhoetic disorders.

Seal oil was used for lighting purposes in the monasteries, as the skins were for clothing, and from the pages of Adamnan we learn that the monks of Iona, in the time of St. Columba, had their own seal preserve.

The animal was also very popular as an article of food. The natives of the Western Islands, says Martin, used to salt the flesh of seals with burnt seaware. This flesh was eaten by the common people in the spring-time "with a pointed long stick instead of a fork, to prevent the strong smell which

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

their hands would otherwise have for several hours afterwards." Persons of quality made hams of the seal flesh, and broth, made from the young seals, served the same purpose medicinally, but in a minor degree, as seal oil. In Roman Catholic districts the common people ate seals in Lent, on the ground that they were fish and not flesh! Annual raids were made on the seals after dark, usually in the autumn, and large numbers were captured. All, however, did not belong to the captors, for other persons of prominence were entitled to a share.

The parish minister, according to Martin, "hath his choice of all the young seals, and that which he takes is called by the natives Cullen-Rory, that is, the Virgin Mary's seal. The Steward of the Island hath one paid to him, his Officer hath another; and this by virtue of their offices."

In the Hebrides, as in Orkney, the seal is regarded not as an animal of the ordinary brute creation, but as one endowed with great wisdom, and closely allied to man. One of the old beliefs is that seals are human beings under magic spells.

The seal was credited with being able to assume human form. While in human guise, he contracted marriages with human beings, and if we are to credit tradition, the MacCodrums of North Uist are the offspring of such a union. In former times the MacCodrums were known in the Western Islands as *Sliechd nan Ron*, or the offspring of the seals. As a seal could assume the form of a man and make his abode on land, so a MacCodrum could assume the form of a seal and betake himself to the sea! While in this guise we are told that several MacCodrums had met their death.

THE EQUINOX

There is one local story which stands out from the rest, in that it contains a song by the animal:

A band of North Uist men slaughtered a number of seals on the Heisker rocks, and brought them to the main island. They were spread out in a row on the strand. One of the party was left in charge of them over night. To vary the monotony of his vigil he wandered a little distance away from the row of dead seals. When sitting under the shelter of a rock he beheld coming from the sea a woman of surpassing beauty, with her rich yellow tresses falling over her shoulders. She was dressed in an emerald robe, and, proceeding to the spot where the dead seals lay, she identified each as she went along soliloquising as follows:

Speg Spaidrig,
Spog mo chulein chaoin chaidrich,
Spog Fhiengala,
Speg me ghille fada fienna—gheala,
'S minig a bheis a'greim de rudain,
A Mhic Unhdainn, 'ic Amhdainn,
Speg a ghille mhoir ruaidh
'S olc a rinn an fhaire 'n raeir.

Translated:

The paw (or hand) of Spaidrig,
The paw of my tenderly cherished darling,
The paw of Fingalia,
The paw of my long-legged, fair-haired lad,
Who frequently sucked his finger ---
Son of CEdan, son of Audan,
The paw of the big red-haired lad
Who badly kept the watch last night.

The watchman surmised that the beautiful woman who now stood before him was a “spirit from the vasty deep,” and

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

resolving to kill her, hurried off for his weapons. She saw him, fled towards the sea, and in the twinkling of an eye assumed the guise of a seal and plunged beneath the waves.

Although tales about sea-trows and mermaids are still plentiful in the islands of Orkney, the land fairies are acknowledged to have departed for ever. This is the story of their departure as it has been pieced together by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson.

Once upon a time, many years ago, the trows became dissatisfied with their residence upon Pomona. They determined, therefore, to leave the Pomona hills and knowes, and take up their dwelling beside the Dwarfie Stone on the island of Hoy.

The change was to be effected one evening at midnight, when the moon would be full and everything in favour of their flitting. The fateful night arrived, and the fairy train set out upon their journey. They bade farewell to the grassy hillocks upon which they had danced so often, and to the rocky caverns, the scene of their nightly revels, and all hied to the trysting-place, which was the Black Craig of Stromness, chanting an elfin song as then went.

There they made the preparations necessary for crossing the intervening sea. They took a number of "simmons," or straw bands used in thatching houses, and, tying them together, made a long rope of sufficient length to stretch across the sound. One end was fastened to the top of the Black Craig, and a sentinel was told off to watch that it did not slip. The other end was seized by a long-legged trow called "Hempie," the "Ferry-leuper," who made an enormous leap

THE EQUINOX

and alighted upon the opposite shore. There he secured his end of the straw bridge and made ready to receive his fellow trows as they crossed.

At length a start was made and all the trows were soon upon the rope, but just as they reached the middle, he who was in charge at the Stromness end let go his hold, and the whole company of fairies were thrown into the sea, dragging Hempie along with them in their descent. And the sea, being rough at the time, overwhelmed them all, so that every one was drowned. When he who had caused the calamity saw what had occurred, he too plunged into the angry water, so as not to survive his friends, and thus perished with them.

For a few moments a solitary figure appeared upon one of the rocks. It was the Dwarf of Hey. He gazed at the scene of the catastrophe, chanted a fairy dirge, and then vanished for ever.

Such was the end of the land-trows, and, although it put a stop to the making of further fairy-stories, it opened up a new hunting-ground for the weaver of romances in the caves beneath the sea. And even where there is no definite tale or detailed legend to tell beside the inglenook, there is sure to be some quaint conceit of metempsychosis which they can whisper when a seal comes near them. Was not Pharaoh's army turned into a school of seals? And that great white seal, which the fishermen have seen, and whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, is that not Pharaoh himself? So the stories spread, and the passer-by may take his fill of them, but I, for one, like best of all the tale of Gioga's son. And if just one passer-by on hearing it is held from firing just one shot, the tale has not been told in vain.

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

But if ever I see that great white seal, whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, I am not quite sure but that I might rise a gun myself. I think it would be rather good fun to have a shot at Pharaoh, for I never liked the man much.

NORMAN ROE.

AVE ADONAI

PALE as the night that pales
 In the dawn's pearl-pure pavillion,
I wait for thee, my dove's breast
Shuddering, a god its bitter guest—
 Have I not gilded my nails
 And painted my lips with vermillion?

Am I not wholly stript
 Of the deeds and thoughts that obscure thee?
I wait for thee, my soul distraught
With aching for some nameless naught
 In its most arcane crypt—
 Am I not fit to endure thee?

Girded about the paps
 With a golden girdle of glory,
Dost thou wait me, thy slave who am,
As a wolf lurks for a strayed white lamb?
 The chain of the stars snaps,
 And the deep of night is hoary!

Thou whose mouth is a flame
 With its seven-edged sword proceeding,

THE EQUINOX

Come! I am writhing with despair
Like a snake taken in a snare,
 Moaning thy mystical name
 Till my tongue is torn and bleeding!

Have I not gilded my nails
 And painted my lips with vermilion?
Yea! thou art I; the deed awakes:
Thy lightning strikes, thy thunder breaks
 Wild as the bride that wails
 In the bridegroom's plumed pavilion!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MAN-COVER

THE MAN-COVER*

I

THE flesh of the neck was much swollen, the little legs somewhat stiff; the eyes wore a sad and tired expression. . . . I am referring to a pigeon. The swollen neck was hidden by a soft grey down, the legs still held their burden, the eyes looked ahead—yet the symptoms of fatigue were apparent to a connoisseur of pigeons.

And I am that. Once upon a time I was the happy proprietor of hundreds of carrier-pigeons. Misfortune and a short acquaintance with some faddists caused me to drown my ennui. I drank most of my pigeons—dozens at the time—or rather their equivalent in temperance drinks. I ruined my health. An illness followed, long and painful; the doctor's bill took the rest. . . . But let us forget!

Now the pigeon came through my window, stood on the ledge and waited. It was a carrier, and it had a message. I took the pellucid note from the tube, and read its short contents, which aroused my curiosity.

“Kidnapped—Prisoner—have written report. Ignore where pigeon goes but trust the recipient will read this and send back the pigeon with a note giving news of England. Are Radicals still in power? Shall send the letter by return of carrier. Please fill up tubes with films. Extraordinary adventures!!!”

It was strange and attracted me. I fed the bird, put a short answer of a few words—“*Courage. Send message; there are no Radicals*”—and a supply of fresh films in the tubes, and, kissing its head, let it go with a sigh. Then my luck returned, and I forgot all about it until last week, when the pigeon came again. It was heavily loaded. I shall not reproduce all the notes, nor the whole of my correspondent's letter. I undertake all the responsibilities, and reserve, in consequence, my editorial right.

* We believe the author of this story to be as mad as his characters.—ED.

THE EQUINOX

However, and as a last preliminary, the reader will be glad to mark the following part of the letter:

“I beg of you, sir,” concludes the Man-Cover, “not to send me any proofs before publication. It would be but an unnecessary trouble to you; to me such a mark of regard from an unknown benefactor would prove a burden and give occasion to my enemies for recrudescence of persecution. My mail is sure to be ransacked, if indeed I am to be blessed with any communication from the living. But when all the instalments are published and my name is flying from lip to lip, then, and then only, you, whoever you are, noble champion of the Men-Covers, please send me thirty-one copies to be given away.

“I claim no royalty—no money—no consideration! The creature who accumulates the most extremely interesting and highly noble characteristics of a cover and of a man can but shrink with horror from the very idea of a vulgar coinage. Only please send in a cheque for £1000 to the secretary of the S.P.T.B.P.* as an anonymous gift, to be nevertheless published in the records of the daily and periodical Press all over the world.”

It is a big order for a man who despises money. My correspondent seems to know the powers which rule the world: Capital and Publicity. Alas! the puppies will keep on losing part of their tails in spite of the S.P.T.B.P., because of that third power, Fashion. As for the £1000, I may—or I may not. . . . But we are digressing. To use an expression from the French, somewhat slnagy, but exprtessive, “Je passe le crachoir à l’orateur.” I believe the author to be mad. I nevertheless think it necessary to state that I am *not* an authority on insanity.

Ever since long before my birth I led a peaceful existence. As I grew, Science attracted me, and Art, and Poetry; my favourite recreation was the conversion of puppy-owners to the generous belief in the regeneration of the canine race by the preservation of their caudal appendage. Also the genius which breathed within me caused me to leave my house on the fifth of November. Passing a crowded street, I was surrounded by urchines who greeted me by the

* After a long and painful inquiry the present writer found out the society referred to by his correspondent. It is the Society for the Prevention of Tail-biting of Puppies, and stands in great need of generous contributions.

THE MAN-COVER

name of Guy Fawkes. I hurried home through a torrent of rain.

A man was pacing my street, muttering some strange words which I could not understand. The rain, which fell heavily, had apparently not the slightest effect in cooling his heated brain. As I passed him I spoke:

“What a wretched night!”

The sound of my voice startled him. He seized my arm and hurried me towards the lamp-post. Then he stared at me for a long time, and, speaking slowly, hammering every syllable in my ear, while the rain continued its monotonous lamentation, he began:

“I should be very much surprised if this were not the cover I am waiting for. No fallacies will induce me to free you now that at last I have found you. I was dead; my life was nothing more than a spring without motion. Every twenty-one days, according to the calender, I came, pacing the lonely streets of this remote spot. For two hours each time did I wait and wait, longing, eager, nervous, hopeful, hopeless, desperate, distressed, with gigantic thoughts crowding my mind. I almost despaired of seeing this moment; at last it has come. I forgot the duties of art, the call of reason, the fear of uncertain meetings, the very natural care for the most precious existence on this planet. But I am well rewarded. You have come. My globe of transparent crystal had shown me the truth. You have come, escaping my enemies, and you are for the time to come at my disposition.

I thought at first that the man was under the influence of drink and that it was useless to argue with him. Besides, I am not very daring with strangers, especially when they speak

THE EQUINOX

in such questionable riddles. Accordingly I said nothing, but tried gently to regain my liberty. Alas! his grasp was stronger than my desire of liberty, and the only result was that he pinched me closer.

“I was dead,” he resumed, “and my beautiful and lofty thoughts were wandering through space, shapeless and without expression. The cover which enclosed the shrine in which they were kept had been stolen from me, and my foes were expecting my surrender. Happily an angel sent by God ordered me to come out every twenty-one days, and promised me that I should find here the cover which I needed. I have it now, and mean to keep it.”

“But what are you talking about?” said I. “I am a man; here is my house; and I don’t know anything about your cover. You are mistaking me for some unknown person or object, sir; pray let me go.”

“Let you go! Abandon once more the cover which shall keep my thoughts in! *You are mad!* Besides, why do you speak? And how is it that you come in such a shape?”

“I tell you I am a man. Leave me alone, or I shall have to call for assistance and give you in charge. I am a savant and a nobleman, known all over the world, I daresay.”

“I am no fool, and I shall keep you. Come, I must be off to Brighton to-night; I have left my thoughts in the coverless box there.”

“I shall not go to Brighton, sir! Are you mad? Do I look like a piece of wood?”

“The appearance has nothing to do with the case. As to madness, I fear I *should* have gone mad *if* I had not found you at least. Come; my men are waiting, ready for any

THE MAN-COVER

emergency, and I shall be compelled to use their strength if you refuse to follow me. We are off to Brighton, and I shall there put you in your proper place. Oh, my thoughts, my lofty thoughts," he went on, "you shall to-night be sequestered from the world of your enemies!"

I should like to know, dear unknown being to whom my winged friend will bring this letter, what you would have done in my place! How was I to escape? There was certainly not the slightest doubt that the man was a lunatic. Now, as it happens, lunatics have always been exceedingly interesting to me. Here was a case for my curiosity. This fellow, thought I, must have deceived the vigilance of his guardians, and I shall find no difficulty in having him arrested at the railway station, or at least on our arrival at Brighton. So I followed him. At the turning a big motor-car was waiting, and two men stood by on the pavement. They bowed silently before my companion, and made me enter the car.

One of them took charge of the driving, and the other followed us two in the back seats. The man said but one word, "Scat," and we started at a terrific speed and were soon off on the road.

I began to feel uneasy; but prudence stopped my speech in time, and the man next to me began to titter. Then he spoke; and though he may have uttered different words, this is what I understood:

"You are trying to deceive us. I always notice such an attempt, even when it has only reached its mental stage. Indeed, I cannot help noticing it. No doubt you have heard of me; I am *the-man-whose-nose-sings-at-will*. That power has been granted me ever since I felt a strong impulse to kill my

THE EQUINOX

wife with an axe. I mastered my impulse, and by a triumph of my logical faculties I cut my own right arm. Having no arm, I could no more kill my wife with an axe. God rewarded me by giving me the power of reading thought, which constitutes an extra sense for me; and to my nose He gave a voice of its own. I was a dentist. Indeed, I have found a new way of extracting teeth without gas. You merely press the neck of your patient, who faints in consequence, and you can then safely operate. How did *you* come to this? What caused you to take the attire of a man in place of the usual brown coat of a cover?"

His companion—friend or master—bade him keep silent for a while, and we journeyed in silence.

When we came in sight of Brighton the motor-car stopped suddenly in front of a large gate. The moment after we entered a park, and the door being opened, I was taken into the house.

The man whom, so unhappily for me, I had met in the street was now alone with me. Without leaving me a moment's peace, he began to take my measure with the utmost care and caution. Then, pointing to me a strong and broad cage, he ordered me to step in.

It would be very tiresome and quite useless for me to express here my various thoughts and the miserable consternation into which I was thrown. I would not live those hours again for anything in the world, and had the devil been within my reach I should decidedly have given my soul to him in order that he should see me safely home. But no one came to my rescue, and, though most unwilling, I had to submit to my terrible fate.

THE MAN-COVER

When the cage, made of the strongest steel, was closed upon me, I found myself a prisoner in the most degrading state. I began to look around and to shake the bars of my grating, but in vain. The man-without-a-cover had gone.

My next step was to inspect the prison. And in so doing I discovered in the left corner a box, resembling a coffin in shape, though it was certainly not a coffin such as I delight in seeing daily in the windows of the undertakers. It was divided into compartments!

“Is this the box of lofty thoughts, I wonder?” said I to myself.

In that case the man must have had a certain degree of reason about him after all, for the box was far from being empty.

In the first compartment was a red flower, blushing deeply with all the purest carmine of Nature. The flower was certainly not freshly cut, but had preserved all its beauties and delectable perfume.

In the second compartment was a doll. Oh, not an extraordinary doll! A plain, common hand-made wooden doll, which you could open by the middle, to discover inside it a second doll presenting exactly the same appearance. Just like those figureless old women of white wood made by the Russian peasants during the long evenings of their winter season. From the first to the last there were twenty-one dolls, one inside the other. The last was scarcely bigger than a poppyseed, but presented exactly all the particularities of the largest one.

In the third compartment were two books. You may judge of my surprise when I opened them and found that no

THE EQUINOX

black stain polluted the immaculate white of their leaves. Only the binding bore some words. They were the titles of those unwritten books. Thus they ran:

“The book	“Advice to
which	Mankind
contains all that I know	for
for	a better use of their faculties.”
certain.”	

No name of author was to be seen.

In the fourth compartment was a little framed picture, and though I examined it very closely I was not able at first to realize what the subject of the picture was. From a shallow little boat a gigantic snake was seen to emerge, fiercely staring, and on the opposite corner was a round black spot. As, when a child throws a stone in a river, the waves extend farther and farther, shunning the bruises which the child has inflicted upon them, in a like manner waver of a grey lighter and lighter as they extended towards the snake were painted in methodically eccentric gyrations. The last wave was almost white, and stopped at the head of the monster.

In the fifth compartment was a skull.

In the sixth compartment was a white rose, with a delicious scent.

In the seventh compartment, as well as in the eighth and last, I saw nothing, but a sweet music struck on my ear when I bent over them. The tunes were very different at first, one tender and soft, the other furious and thundering. At the end, however, both melted in a whisper, to die suddenly in a piercing cry of laughter.

THE MAN-COVER

And the man-who-lost-his-cover came into the room again.

“Well,” said he, “I thought that by now you would have found your way to submit to necessity and reintegrate your real personality. What did you see in my box?”

I told him, and instantly he grew pale and staggered. But after a moment he looked furiously at me, and resumed his former manner.

“By God!” he said, “I cannot believe you. How you have found out my secret and learned by heart the things which one ought to see in my box, but which one does not, I ignore. But you cannot possibly have seen them.” I swore that I was no impostor. But he refused to listen to me, and called his two men. They came, and began verifying the measure he had taken of me.

“Too long,” said he, when it was completed. “You have grown out of shape. We shall have to cut out and plane you in order that you should exactly fit my mighty box. However, as you pretend to have seen in it things which a cover cannot possibly see, I must give myself a day to think it over.”

I felt instantly relieved, and began to hope again.

“Perhaps I shall not be cut out and planed after all,” thought I; and smiled humorously upon the man.

Fool! I felt almost certain that a crueller punishment could not be conceived by the morbid imagination of a madman. And now I am here, in this secluded spot, with no prospect but the most horrible of lives. . . . But, dear unknown reader of this history, you to whom a trustworthy messenger will deliver it, do not let my personal sorrow trouble you because

THE EQUINOX

of this incoherent anticipation of the rest of my story. I should raise no sympathy in your heart by whimpering over myself. It is true that I am inclined to run riot in self-lamentations; but great men always are. And I shall try henceforth not to give way to that unwholesome tendency. I have much already to be forgiven.

In my cage, then, to resume, I was just passing from a state of dreadful mental agony to a more settled and hopeful disposition. For the second time the man-who-had-lost-his-cover left me alone; and I felt more relieved. He will never dare, thought I; and, after all, he does not look such a cold-blooded murderer. His eyes indicate some sort of inner life and his tone and voice are gentle at times. It is a joke, a mystification. . . . It must be.

Thus I tried to deceive myself, and I must admit that I utterly failed. Looking, then, around my prison, I began to feel a very peculiar sort of numbness coming over me. It was almost like intoxication, and I am not in the least ashamed to say that I know what intoxication is. I was drowsy; my head seemed to weigh as heavy as if it contained lead in place of the keenest brains. The coffin appeared to me a most comfortable bedstead, and the skull a soft pillow. A horrible attraction bent me towards the box, and in a moment I lay, stiff, snoring, over the eight compartments.

There is here a blank in my memory. Under the influence of a powerful narcotic, I was cut out and planed to fit the coffin exactly. About that time my tormentors must have been interrupted, for they forgot to nail me on the coffin, and the cage was hurriedly put on a motor and carried somewhere on

THE MAN-COVER

the South Coast to the private yacht which, no doubt, was awaiting us. This is my way of explaining it, but of course it is a mere suggestion. It might have been an airship that took me away, independent of terrestrial laws, regardless of Customs Duties—who knows, perhaps hovering over London and Scotland Yard and my dear old house in which I was so happy—but . . . *Nec scire fas est omnia.*

The only thing I am certain of is that I was either planed to fit the coffin, or the coffin to fit me; and then I woke up. I was on board a sea-or air-ship. Believe me, she was in great danger.

However, this would prove a useless narrative. The floating machinery suffered, was nearly wrecked; the crew suffered, nearly perished; I suffered, and nearly died. After the storm was over I found myself on the shore of this island with the box; a small cage out of which two carrier-pigeons, almost dead with hunger, were struggling to escape; three sailors of the crew; the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will, and a dog; while my tormentor and the other souls were drowned, I suppose, or thrown upon some other land. It seems now almost as if I should wish my tormentor to be here. I might cure him; and at all events he would be compelled by necessity to adopt a more lenient attitude towards me. Besides, now that he has made me to fit his box, the worst is over. . . .

Here takes place an incoherent discussion on the bitter taste of sea-water and the possibilities of its sweetening, after which the MS. comes to an end. I have sent back the pigeon, and expect to receive a new supply of facts—more precise than the vague and uncanny allegations contained in the first. If I may be allowed to make a personal suggestion, I am inclined to believe the writer to be as mad as any tormentor of his, real or imaginary. However, the MS. is human, and so . . . *imprimatur!*

II

CONSIDERING the bulk of the MSS. trusted to the carrier-pigeon by my correspondent, I decided to send an extra porter with the first bird, in case of the next message being of an equal or superior volume, and as I know something about pigeons, as before mentioned, I managed that in a very clever way.

I say clever because it is a very simple scheme in its cleverness, and nobody would say it if not I, but nevertheless it had to be found—like the egg of the late C.C. I bought a fine hen pigeon, and kept it with the Man-Cover's messenger, so that they could rub acquaintance. When I noticed the first symptoms of love I bless the new pair and let them go. The new wife—as I thought she would—followed her husband.

They returned to me with the following strange document, and I think I must warn the reader against a certain feeling of sympathy towards the writer. The wickedness and cruelty with which he carries out his logical tendencies are too repulsive to permit any sentiment of pity. His sufferings appear to be simply the consequences of a wild and unhindered imagination, and the real victims—the only ones to be pitied—are his unhappy companions.

That is, of course, in the case of the documents being an expression of reality. I am sure every one feels the necessity of clearing up this matter. Alas! there are no Radicals in this country—that is, persons acting in a radical manner—as I have written to the Man-cover himself and consequently I have little hope that H.M. Government will give any orders on the matter. I am afraid that if an expedition is sent over it will be commanded by some distinguished foreign officer. However, should the expedition cover itself with ridicule by not finding the Man-Cover or his island, it is perhaps safer for the British reputation that it should be a foreign expedition. But to business.

Considering our present advanced state of civilisation, and how the Torch of Science has been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for 5000 years and upwards, as

THE MAN-COVER

Carlyle puts it; and considering—as I think necessary to conclude, contrary to the immortal Scotsman—considering how very little more we know about the most important questions which concern the human race than did our tailed ancestors, it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that, however unpleasant they may be from a personal point of view, the most wondrous and striking experiences which I am undergoing will doubtless be of no little help to the *bonâ-fide* thinkers of our present day. Dean Swift and Samuel Butler stand, no one will deny it, as the greatest benefactors of humanity. If my sufferings could prove of any utility, in their turn, I should feel myself proud and most happy to describe at length the life I am now leading with three sailors, a dog, a musician, a box whose value I am learning every day to appreciate more and more, and our carrier-pigeons, in a distant island.

I must begin methodically and give a systematic account of my life here. I trust that the Authority presiding over our destinies will look upon me as the most logical of all men. As the surroundings play an important part in our life, my first duty is to describe them. The island is a large one. When I have gone round it myself I shall perhaps be able to give a rough estimate of its area. For the present I can but say: *it is a large island*. We have trees by thousands: water trees, from which, after the stems have been cut and slashed, the water pours down; kola-nut trees, papaw tress, with their flowers, male and female; dragon trees, fig trees, cocoa-nut palms, bread-fruit trees, and the rest. Beautiful birds are dwelling in the branches. All that is needed for life is abundant and easy to gather. The climate permits us to

THE EQUINOX

spend night and day in the open, and when I retire to sleep on the box whose cover I have turned out to be, my companions sleep in the trees.

No venomous or objectionable beast has yet dared to breathe the air of this balmy country. But it is not a deserted spot. The natives are black, but tame and pleasant, and one of my first steps will be to try and bring them into contact with the beauties of our civilisation. For this object the mighty box is of the utmost importance; and here I touch on the first difficulty which I encountered.

The destiny of man being precarious and unsettled, my soul was often wandering at large in its anxiety to provide for the future of the lofty thoughts of my late tormentor. I had banished all hatred and bitterness from my heart and forgiven my enemy. He had done me a great wrong, dragging me pitilessly away from the peaceful occupations of my life, cutting and planing my worthy form in order that I should fit his coffin. He had driven me to his ship, and was the cause of my present exile. Two young kittens had placed all their hope in me, and I was failing to fill my paternal duty towards them. I was working at my great work, in fifty-two volumes, on the various elements composing the shell of the oyster, and I had almost completed my Introduction, when I was thus deprived of my liberty by the man-who-had-lost-his-cover. Yet I bore him no grudge. He was right; I feel it more intensely every day. A box so mighty needed a cover. In consequence, knowing that the hour of my death might strike at any moment, I had to find a man-cover to replace me in that event; one who would never forget to reintegrate the box every night.

Proceeding in order, I looked around me; and at once

THE MAN-COVER

discarded the two pigeons and the dog. I had only to choose between the three sailors and the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will. As the latter was of great help to us, and kept the negroes amused for hours with the harmonious though plaintive accords springing at will from his nasal organ, there remained only the sailors. The natives, were, of course, totally unfit for such a fate. They could find no inner delectation in the perpetual sufferings occasioned by so dreadful an ordeal—or doom!

Of the three sailors, one was much too short to prove of any use. If I could easily shorten, lop, prune, and curtail a too big substitute, I could not possibly add anything to that small pattern of our race. I decided, in consequence, to slay him, during his sleep, so that a useless impediment be done away with. As the four men, since the wreck of our ship, were sunk in a state of torpor and only stared at me with vacant looks, it proved easy to settle this slight matter. I removed the body; and left to time and the natural dryness of the air the care of dividing its various elements.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will was the first to notice the absence of the sailor, but he said nothing to me. In fact, I believe him to be mad also. He is continually looking anxiously towards the east, and seems lost to this world, since his friend or master has disappeared in the wreck. From the middle of his face gushed a sad tune, and from his eyes many a bitter tear; but, as I said before, he addressed me not. I was not a little surprised, as he is the only one with me to know the secrets of the box. But I respected his silence.

The two others were more suitable for my purpose. One was a strongly built fellow, with a certain air of intelligence

THE EQUINOX

about him; but he was yet too besotted with fear or moral distress to be made the recipient of my plans. So I had only one expedient left to me, and turned all my faculties towards the last of my companions.

He is not young by any means. His temples are already crowned with the grey silver of at least fifty years and his nose with the carmine of many gallons. But his remarkable acuteness renders him extremely valuable. When I opened my mind to him he simply lifted his eyes at me with a shrewd look and smiled gently with the smile of the Wise.

I told him the story of the meeting with my kidnapper; and explained to him the operation I had to go through before I could fit the coffin of lofty thoughts. With the exception of the secret of the eight compartments, I opened my very soul to that worthy successor. He must possess a keen sense of humour; for he began gently, and dry-humour-like, telling me a quite different story. His smile, of course, showed that he was only trying to entertain me. According to his version, I am a well-known surgeon who had lost his reason and was taken to the private yacht of a celebrated alienist. As I seemed to be always talking of a coffin without a cover, one had been made of my size. Unhappily, says the sailor, a wreck happened; and the doctor who was to cure me has been drowned.

This narrative caused me to laugh heartily. I could scarcely keep my ribs together. I had no trouble in pointing out to him the contradictions in his story, and he soon agreed with me. When he saw, moreover, that I alone of us all was armed, and that the natives treated me with great respect, he put himself entirely at my disposal. I took advantage of this

THE MAN-COVER

happy mood to offer him my services in order that he should be cut out and planed on the spot. But he looked gently in my eyes, and said that he himself would see to that. I told him of my experiments, and how I still had at times a certain illusion that my body was absolutely complete. But (he said) the case is common with all men amputated; and he promised me that in case of my death he should at once prepare himself to take my place at night on the top of the coffin. My mind being thus at rest, I began studying more deeply the contents of that mighty box.

III

THE two carrier-pigeons have come to me. I am glad to say they look very happy. Though there is still much to be published before we arrive at the part of the Man-Cover's adventures with which this last message is concerned, he informs me of such surprising news that I think it my duty to let the readers share it at once. The news is startling. Having received my letter, he threatens to blow the island into the air, should any vessel approach within three miles. He informs me of his absolute decision never to leave the place, and never to allow any one to come within the distance mentioned. Provided he receives my pledge never to reveal the situation of his new landed property, he promises to keep me informed of all his doings. For the sake of the tale, I have made myself an accomplice of his crimes and follies. I am ashamed of myself, but curiosity is stronger than shame. The carrier-pigeons have fled back to him with my word of honour. I was too anxious to know more about the Man-Cover, and my duty as a reporter has made me forget the moral ideas painfully inculcated unto me by a life of hard experience and severely-paid-for mistakes. Scratch the man, you will find the beast. I must admit this has proved true for me also. It is the last time that I let my own personality come between the readers and the wickedly mad hero of history, and I apologise for this intrusion. I now give place to him, and will publish his notes as I receive them.

The contents of the coffin have not suffered from the wreck. Here they are all, the books and the skull, the roses white and red, the picture and the doll. From the seventh and eighth compartments sprang the same tunes. Truly, the sound reminded me of some hoarse singer, but the quantity of seawater absorbed during the floating journey from ship to land certainly accounts for it. I shall gather a few lemons and rub the wood carefully with their juices.

THE MAN-COVER

Being a man of method and logic, I could not but begin with book-keeping. When they were dry the two books came very handy to me. I opened them at the first page, and started putting down with a blue pencil the most important among all the thoughts that came into my brain. In

“The book
which
contains all that I know
for
certain”

I began with these sentences:

“Your enemy, when his hatred and persecution lead you to a clearer perception of Life’s secrets, becomes your benefactor.”

“The men living in my company being unable to realise that my body is nothing but an illusion of their deficient sight, it is useless for me to try and oblige them to recognise it as a mere wood cover.”

“Their error will appear even more plausible and explicable when one considers that a few days ago I was myself unaware of my real personality; and that I am still at times under the influence of insufficiently keen senses.”

“The destiny of a Man-Cover being a case of exceptional scarcity, he cannot reasonably be bound by everyday morals and conventions. All that hampers him, all that comes in his way to prevent him from fulfilling his sacred duty, must be surmounted and overcome. What is crime in a man is often virtue in a cover.”

Having thus established a sound and most solid base of

THE EQUINOX

morality, which could be transmitted as a new gospel for the special use of the Men-Covers of future times, I opened the second book to put down in it some equally useful aphorisms. But as I took my pencil the white, immaculate page appeared covered with brown characters. I had scarcely time enough to read and they had vanished. But I remember what I saw.

“You must leave the study of the oyster-shells in order to perceive the invisible, to refine your senses and escape the delusions caused by them.”

“The duty of man is not to believe other men. They speak either truth or untruth; but if they speak truth, even then is it a falsehood.”

“All men are not necessarily obliged to kill their opponents or those who doubt them, or who are not of any use to them; but some men are—all Men-Covers are.”

I was interrupted in the profound meditation that followed this discovery by the approach of a strong party of natives. My heir-apparent, if I may be allowed to use that expression in regard to a Man-Cover, was absent; and our two other companions had also made themselves scarce.

These black men seemed to be frenzied with pugnacity, a very unusual disposition. After rapidly taking advice of the skull (the two books failing on the matter), I lay down in my usual place, protecting the lofty thoughts from impure contact, resolved to be pierced through and through rather than to let these black devils brush the holy books. To be pierced through could not do me much harm; and the holes would soon be stopped up by the skilful hand of my worthy understudy.

Evidently my attitude of passive resistance surprised the

THE MAN-COVER

natives. They gathered around me and began singing a strange *mélopée*. One of their chiefs passed his hands over my face, and I became at once unconscious. . . .

When I awoke I was still covering the coffin, but the surroundings had changed. Over me was a huge canopy of magnificent trees in full bloom of youth. Nature had certainly not been helped in the forming of that beautiful corner of the world; nevertheless a Japanese gardener, master of his art, could not have done better. Two gaps at the foot of the coffin were apparently waiting for posts to be planted. Wild flowers of all colours, some of a shade quite unknown to me, perfumed the air. It was no more the sunny afternoon, but a morning splendid and enchanting. The dew covered the prairie, and it seemed as if the grass were weeping lukewarm tears. At intervals a gentle breeze came, softly caressing the head of each blade of grass, refreshing them with its breath. Then Father Sol moved also with sympathy, showed himself a while before he was due, drying the tears of the green blades.

It dried also my coffin, and from the musical compartments came the *roulades* of an invigorated voice. As I heard also the panting breath of the negroes, I looked for them, and saw that, quite unaware of the tune, they were sitting at a little distance, all talking at the same time, carolling and shouting. But they were not, I gather, plotting any serious mischief. They saluted me in a friendly manner when they saw me leave the box and walk towards them. I must have been a long time lying over it, a whole afternoon and night, maybe, during my unnatural sleep.

I bowed gracefully before them; but they seemed amazed

THE EQUINOX

at my forwardness. As I was going to address them an awful feeling passed over me. My old fancy took possession of my brains again, and I imagined myself made of flesh and bones. I began to suffer as if my body had in reality become stiff and benumbed. Happily it was enough for me to turn and see the coffin, and my delusion fled. Moreover, I noticed that I had forgotten one of the most important things. The very colour of the coffin ought to have told the truth to me long ago. Of course I was now of a dark brown complexion, almost black, and this was the reason of their surprise.

A movement which I detected among them made me turn quickly towards my box. Too late, alas! The scoundrels had taken advantage of my few steps towards them, and were pillaging the coffin, keeper of lofty thoughts.

The piercing cry I uttered perplexed them. One had already the skull in his hands, but on hearing me he put it back in the compartment instantly; and they all began chanting a slow prayer, which I could not understand. I went back straight to the box, and, kneeling over it, sought consolation in the sweet tune of the two last compartments. When I turned round again the miserable, unintelligent creatures had gone, all but two, who advanced towards me. They were women of a lovely type.

IV

I was a prisoner. An inextricable entanglement of tropical creepers encircled the little oasis. A small path had been managed, but it was severely guarded at the other end. What doom had been prepared for me? For what purpose had these two handsome creatures been left with me? I only reproduce here an infinitesimal part of the numberless thoughts which came to my mind in that moment.

However—for this should prove a too long narrative—I soon ceased ruminating upon the future, for the women began singing a sort of cheerless lay. “How, fah, fah, how, loh, hew, hew,” it went on, and I could foresee no end to the romance. In the meantime the maidens advanced towards me, and while their thoughts gave way to the noise referred to already, their hands soon began gently scratching my head, as if to prey upon my hair. I have always been rather sensitive to feminine beauty, and when they leant gracefully over me and began patting my cheeks I thought how simply delightful it would be to desert my duties, abandon my coffin, and live as a man who is not a cover. I was soon to feel ashamed of this intention.

After they had indulged in that little recreation they changed the tune of their lay and gave the same words with another air, which called at once to my mind the choir of the

THE EQUINOX

“Suppliants.” As a matter of fact they were asking me for some favour. At the sight of real tears rolling down the faces of these two most lovable creatures, so handsome and graceful, so perfect in all their proportions, my pity was set in motion; and soon love was to follow, thought I. Though of a slightly dark complexion, they were none the less remarkably pretty, and very near the finest type of white womanhood. Alas! their beauty was a trap, their sweet voices were meant to delude me; the sirens had been sent by those who could not but mean persecution against me.

I found this out as soon as I understood them. They wanted my flowers. With a supple and harmonious gesture, they suggested that I should let them have the mystical roses. As soon as I perceived their intentions I felt the most intense impulse to murder them. We talked for a long time without being able to gather much of each other’s thoughts. At last I turned to the books in the coffin, and in the book containing

“Advice to
Mankind
for
a better use of their faculties”

I saw, traced by an invisible hand, the following advice:

“Be careful of womanly traps.”

“Let the roses be planted; they are meant for that purpose.”

“A cover cannot fall in love except with boards and planks. Beware of the fallacies of sense.”

As any one may understand, my mind was a pandemonium, but still I could not refuse to submit to so clear an order, and I handed the roses to the maidens. I had not to repent the

concession. They clasped their hands and smiled upon me; then planted them instantly in the two big holes of which I have spoken already. The result was immediate. The plants began growing and growing, blossoming in many parts of their stalk, and their odour delighted my nostrils.

But this meant no peace for me. The two females, truly, shrank from me, but my senses were speaking in a rough way. They sat at the other end of the oasis; and looked on with wide-open eyes of delight as the two sweet and scented plants continued to grow. I could not detach my sight from the girls, and for the first time my ear did not perceive the music of the two compartments. It seemed to me as if there were two personalities in me, one simple and natural, as it becomes a wood cover, the other complex and full of passions, as if I were really the man whom I knew to be no more. I took the skull in my hands, and suddenly a light broke its way into my soul. How could I be deluded this time? I had arms and hands; I “SAW” them. I saw the women, I saw the coffin. It was not the feeling of a plain piece of brown wood. I went almost mad over the discovery. What was the meaning of all this? I then opened the book again, but scarcely had I time to glance at the white page before a large band of negroes came again to me; and this time I could not keep them at a distance. They chained me and drove me away. I fell unconscious.

At my awakening I found that I was alone by the shore with the old sailor, my willing successor. When he saw that I opened my eyes he spoke gently to me:

“Are you better now?”

“What has happened?” said I, instead of answering his question.

THE EQUINOX

“Oh you have been very ill for many days with brain-fever. You must not speak too much.”

“What? Where is the coffin?”

“The negroes have it; they have carried it away into the interior. But I suppose you are cured now?” he added in an anxious tone.

I shall not repeat the conversation that ensued. Enough to mention that I discovered the old sailor to be absolutely mad. And being unable to persuade him that I was still firmly convinced of being the cover of the lost coffin, I found it better to agree with him. And soon he fell into the trap. Hiding the longing after my box and its contents, the doll and the skull and the mighty books, I spoke to him as if completely unconcerned about the loss, and unrolled a scheme for civilising the natives. He told me of a little hut under the canopy, where my two wives were waiting for my arrival, as soon as I could get up and walk there.

He did not expect me to do so before a long while, but he was wrong. With a cautious look around me, I began creeping slowly towards him; and before he could call any one I had jumped at his throat. I had my idea; and being a logical man, I wanted to carry it out faithfully, without losing an instant. We struggled a long time; and, as I was getting exhausted, I succeeded at last in taking his knife, and sank it in his stomach.

It was not very pleasant for me to see his blood running black and hot on the sand; but I had to perform this execution, owing to his obstinacy. It was safer to destroy my understudy, as I had called him till then in my happy thoughts, and try afterwards to get another one to fill his place. His

hint about my wives suggested to me that I might soon have a child whom I could bring up in the idea that he was to take my place. I could also shape an infant better than an old seaman. So I left him to the whales and other fishes, and proceeded towards the oasis. The two wives he had spoken of were the same women who caused my last illness. But their sweet smile prevented me from using any abusive language, which, in fact, they could not understand.

Well aware that I was fated to conceal my thoughts for a very long while, I allowed them to advance and attend upon me. In that way began my new life as master of a harem. At first the negroes treated me with a certain reserve, even with hostility; but they soon changed, seeing me so tame and amiable. As the story goes,

The King of France and forty thousand men
They drew their swords and put them back again.

But I now perceive that my narrative will appear almost incoherent if I do not at this point of the history pass over a few incidents and the daily toil of civilising, in order to state immediately the chief facts.

The negroes after a while submitted to me; my two wives are most attentive, and wait upon me with a laudable zeal. The strongly built sailor, who has recovered from his fear, is my most devoted lieutenant, and as his ideas are scarce he never asks for any explanations, and follows faithfully all my orders.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will I have put in irons. His mutism was beginning to upset me. The natives enjoy immensely their visit to the cage, where, as a canary should, he continually sings through his nasal appendage.

THE EQUINOX

The circumference of the island is somewhat over fifteen miles, and the first discovery I made was that of a broken-down sailing-boat, which the niggers had never dared approach since the wreck that brought it there. In the cabins I found gunpowder in large quantities, rum, matches, and tobacco; I had all this carried to my oasis, together with a cannon; and when the negroes had heard the voice of this powerful engine my authority was established on the most solid basis.

This event helped me to recover the coffin, and I am glad to say that nothing had been done to it to spoil it. It had two hundred natives hanged, and as many burned alive, for form's sake, and in order to show their fellow black men that my justice was impartial; but apart from this unimportant little fact nothing followed the recovery of the mighty box.

I had undertaken the difficult task of civilising the negroes; and as it would be quite impossible for me to lose for an instant the sight and thought of my personal mission, I was not a little perplexed at the duality it presented at first. But I soon found out the truth. Cut in the most precious wood of the island, a cover was made of my shape, and prepared to take my place every time my various duties should call me away. Acting upon the advice of my wives, I had the coffin hidden from sight; and only once a month, when the moon breaks up with her thinnest crescent, are the natives admitted to the contemplation of its contents.

Before I take again to the main road of my history, which I shall neither leave again or follow further than necessary, I must give a word of praise to my wives. Of course the poor creatures think I am a mere man, but apart from this

little error they treat me gently and worship me so much that they seem very much concerned every time I venture myself out of their sight. The sailor, my lieutenant, calls them "Nurse," but then he is such a simple fellow!

Remembering the Laws of Manu, and how it is there said that there are seven kinds of wife, *i.e.*, a wife like a thief, like an enemy, like a master, like a friend, like a sister, like a mother, like a slave, and that the last four are good and the last of all the best, I cannot quite agree with the ancient. My wives are of the best, and I am afraid they are like a master to me, though their authority is always tempered with sisterly manners. And what fine cooks they both are! They will help me to civilise our negroes.

This task seems to me the most important. All the civilised world may disappear; and we must have cultured beings to put in its place. Have you never thought of the dreadful doom perhaps reserved to our race; of the very slight disturbance that might reduce to nothing all our proud civilisation, leaving only the puniest and less fitted amongst human beings? All to be begun anew! As perhaps it has begun again more than once in one or another planet—even in our own little one—along the past centuries. Nothing, nothing will be left, perhaps; not a book, even the Bible; not a statue, even "Demeter" or "La Vénus"; not a piece of art of any kind, save, mayhap, the skull of a monkey floating upon a new and fathomless Ocean. Worse even!—things may be preserved that would lead to serious blunders for our successors. Think of their extremity if the students of our times should find as the only documents a complete edition of the works of Miss Corelli or some of the numerous Utopias that are poured on us at the

THE EQUINOX

present time. Why, they would not then be surprised at our total disappearance.

I am afraid I am digressing again. But I must warn you against your intrusion upon me. I just have your message, and if you should at any time attempt to interfere with my mission, or try to have some one sent to my rescue, I would without the slightest hesitation blow our island in the air. And now let us back to my adventures.

I am sorry to say that no subsequent MSS. came to me from the Man-Cover.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

REVIEWS

A MODERN READING OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By KATHERINE COLLINS. C.W. Daniel, 1s.

Not bad; might start somebody inquiring how to acquire the Cosmic Consciousness.

ARCANA OF NATURE. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s. net.

Faecal filth about Spiritist—nouns—in simplified “speling.” Who shall cleanse the astral cesspool of these mental necrophiles?

And think of having a name like Hudson Tuttle!

LITTLE BOOK OF SELECTIONS FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., Litt.D. Headley Bros., 1s. 6d. net.

I dislike Brochette de Paragraphes, and I dislike second-raters. “Let the dead bury their dead!” But Dr. Jones apologises prettily enough. May I point out to him that his clients (even) demand the focussing of the attention on something or other, and that this ‘Tit-Bits,’ method is the contradictory course?

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE. By CHARLES WICKSTEED ARMSTRONG. Longmans, Green and Co., 2s. 6d. net.

Ne pedagogus ultra flagellum—for Mr. Armstrong is a schoolmaster. All he does is to rearrange other people’s prattle; and anyhow, I can’t read him.

He write “Carlisle” for “Carlyle,” “future” when he means “later,” and believes in castrating anybody who disagrees with him. Pp. 94, 123, and 114 respectively.

KANT’S PHILOSOPHY AS RECTIFIED BY SCHOPENHAUER. BY M. KELLY, M.D. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.

This excellent little book by Major Kelly sums up in a few pages, concisely enough, the greater portion of Kant’s philosophy; the only difficulty is to tell where Kant ends and where Major Kelly and Schopenhauer begin. Further,

THE EQUINOX

it is interesting reading, which is more than we can say of most recent works dealing with the Königsberg philosopher; except, however, two, which, as it happens, are also written by soldiers, viz., Captain William Bell McTaggart's "Absolute Relativism," and Captain J. F. C. Fuller's "Star in the West." This work, however, more than these two, which only deal with Kant *en passant*, shows him to be, as we have always considered him, the wild Irishman of Teutonic thought, who recklessly gallops at the philosophic hurdles set up by the seventeenth-century and early eighteenth-century philosophers. Some of these he clears skilfully enough, others he crashes through and shouts *a priori*, little seeing that these innate intuitions of his are but abstractions from experience—"inherited experiences," as Herbert Spencer has since shown—without furthering the solution of the problem "What is Existence?"

In fact, in many ways Kant may be said to be the eighteenth-century Spencer, and much more so than Spencer can be said to be the nineteenth-century Kant. He succeeded Berkeley and Hume, just as Spencer succeeded Hegel and Fichte; but, like the great transfigured realist, only ultimately and unconsciously to be overthrown by the very questions he fondly imagined he had explained away. Nevertheless he answered these questions so astutely that it has taken the whole of the nineteenth century to explain what he meant! This Major Kelly indirectly, if not directly, points out by attempting to rectify the Transcendental Æsthetics Analytic and Dialectic by the critical and idealistic pantheism of Schopenhauer. Interesting as this is, it would have indeed added further to the value of this little book had Major Kelly added a chapter dealing with the philosophy of Kant from to-day's critical standpoint, instead of halting with Schopenhauer's extension of the same. Had he done so he would scarcely have asserted, as he does (or is it Kant or Schopenhauer?), that from the law of Causality results the important *a priori* corollary "that Matter can neither be created nor destroyed" (p. 35). If, however, it can be destroyed, as Gustave le Bon has attempted to prove, what becomes of the *a priority* of Causality? Nay, further, of the *a priority* of the Transcendental Æsthetic itself—of Time and of Space, the fundamental sensual perceptions of Kant's system? Must we agree with the learned author of "The Star in the West," that Kant, after having for a hundred years lost his way in "the night of Hume's ignorance," has at length fallen victim to his own verbosity, and has indeed sadly scorched "his fundamental basis" ?

THE LITERARY GUIDE AND RATIONALIST REVIEW, 1908-9. Monthly, 2d.

Of all the lame ducks that crow upon their middens under the impression that they are reincarnations of Sir Francis Drake, I suppose that the origin-of-religion lunatics are the silliest.

REVIEWS

Listen to Charles Callow-Hay on Stonehenge! Here's logic for you!

Stonehenge is built in the form of a circle.

The sun appears to go round the earth in a circle.

Argal, *Stonehenge is a solar temple.*

Or, for the minor premiss:

Eggs are round.

Argal, *Stonehenge was dedicated to Eugenics.*

Listen to Johnny Bobson on Cleopatra's Needle!

The Needle is square in section.

The old Egyptians thought the earth had four corners.

Argal, *The Needle was built to commemorate the theory.*

Or, even worse!

The Needle is square in section.

It must have been built so for a religious reason.

Argal, *The Egyptians thought that the earth had four corners.*

It is impossible to commit all possible logical fallacies in a single syllogism.

This must be very disappointing to the young bloods of the R.P.A.

The Rationalists have created man in their own image, as dull simpletons. They assume that the marvellous powers of applied mathematics shown in the Great Pyramid had no worthier aim than the perpetuation of a superstitious imbecility.

Here is Leggy James translating the Chinese classics.

Passage I. is of so supreme an excellence that it compels even his respect.

What does he do?

He flies in the face of the text and the tradition, asserting that "heaven" means a personal God. This shows what "God has never left himself without a witness"—even in China.

Passage II. is quite foolish—*i.e.*, he, He, HE, Leggy James Himself, cannot understand it. This shows to what awful depths the unaided intellect of even the greatest heathen must necessarily sink. How fortunate are We—*et cetera*.

It is such people as these who accuse mystics of fitting the facts to their theories.

Here is Erbswurst Treacle dictating the Laws of the Universe.

It is certain (saith Erbswurst Treacle) that there is no God. And proves it by arguments drawn from advanced biology—the biology of Erbswurst Treacle.

Oh! the shameless effrontery of the Pope who asserts the contrary, and proves it by arguments unintelligible to the lay mind! How shocked is the Rationalist!

My good professor, right or wrong, I may be drunk, but I certainly see a pair of you.

THE EQUINOX

So this is where we are got to after these six thousand, or six thousand billion years (as the case may be), that, asking for bread, one man gives us the stone of Homoiousios and another the half-baked brick of Amphioxus. Both are in a way rationalists. Wolff gives us idea unsupported by fact, and argues about it for year after year; Treacle does the same thing for fact unsupported by idea. Nor does the one escape the final bankruptcy of reason more than the other.

While the theologian vainly tries to shuffle the problem of evil, the Rationalist is compelled to ascribe to his perfect monad the tendency to divide into opposite forces.

The *ὄνδεν* plays leapfrog with the *έν* as the *έν* has vaulted over the bar of the *πολλα* and the *παν*. So the whole argument breaks up into a formidably ridiculous logomachy, and we are left in doubt as to whether the universe is (after all) bound together by causal or contingent links, or whether in truth we are not gibbering lunatics in an insane chaos of hallucination.

And just as we think we are rid of the priggishness of Matthew Arnold and Edwin Arnold and all the pragmatic pedants and Priscilla-scented lavenderians, up jumps some renegade monk, proclaims himself the Spirit of the Twentieth Century, and replaces the weak tea of the past by his own stinking cabbage-water.

It seems useless nowadays to call for a draught of the right Wine of Iacchus.

The Evangelicals object to the wine, and the Rationalists to the God.

We had filed off the fetter, and while the sores yet burn, find another heavier iron yet firmer on the other foot --- as Stevenson so magnificently parabled unto us.

Then how this nauseous stinkard quibbles!

This defender of truth! How he delights with apish malice to write "in England," wishing his hearers to understand "Great Britain"; and when taxed with the malignant lie against his brother which he had thus cunningly insinuated, to point out gleefully that "England" does not include "Scotland."

Indeed a triumph of the Reason!

And why all this pother? To reduce all men to their own lumpishness. These louts of the intelligence! These clods—Clodds!

My good fellows, it is certainly necessary to plough a field sometimes. But not all the year round! We don't want the furrows; we want the grain. And (for God's sake!) if you must be ploughmen, at least let us have the furrows straight!

Do you really think you have helped us much when you have shown that a horse is really the same as a cow, only different?

REVIEWS

Quite right; it is indeed kind of you to have pointed out that even Gadarene pigs might fly, but are very unlikely birds, and that the said horse is (after all) not a dragon. Very, very kind of you.

Thank you so much.

And now will you kindly go away?

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. By JACOB BOEHME. Translated by WILLIAM LAW. H.R.Allenson, 1s. net.

This admirable little treatise, now so beautifully and conveniently printed, deserves a place on every bookshelf. It contains the essential knowledge of our own community in the Christian—but not too Christian—dialect. I have bought a dozen copies to give to my friends.

MEISTER ECKHART'S SERMONS. Translated by CLAUDE FIELD, M.A. Same price and publisher.

Too pedantic and theological to please me, though I daresay he means well.

THE WORSHIP OF SATAN IN MODERN FRANCE. By ARTHUR LILLIE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s.

Arthur Lillie is as convenient as Mrs. Boole from the standpoint of the poet.

I should add that the catch-penny title is entirely misleading, and has no discoverable connection with the contents, save those of a short preface, cribbed, like the title, from Mr. Waite's "Devil-Worship in France."

What a wicked place France is!

THE WORKSHOP OF RELIGIONS. By ARTHUR LILLIE. Same price and publisher.

Slobber.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND FUN OF ALGEBRA. By MARY EVEREST BOOLE. C.W.Daniel, 2s. net.

Mrs.Boole is as convenient as Mr. Lillie from the standpoint of the poet. I am sorry for the children who search this book for fun, and there is as much philosophy as fun.

The book is as of a superior person stooping to instruct lesser minds, and so wrapped in the robe of priggishness that the voice is muffled.

THE MESSAGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE TO THE WORLD. Same author and publisher, 3s. 6d. net.

Dull tosh.

THE EQUINOX

SEEN AND UNSEEN. By E. KATHERINE BATES. Greening and Co., Ltd., 1s. net.
Superstitious twaddle; aimless gup; brain-rotting bak-bak.

THE QUEST. Quarterly, 2s. 6d. net. John M. Watkins.

We are threatened in October with the publication of a magazine of this title.

It is, we believe, to bear aloft as oriflamme not the Veil of Isis, but the stainless petticoat of Mrs. Grundy. You mustn't say psychism or C.W.L.

We note, however, with satisfaction that one of the contributors, a Mr. G. R. S. Mead, is a B.A. This sort of boasting is perfectly legitimate.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By OSWALD KÜLPE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 10s. 6d.

One of the most encouraging and significant signs of the times is the new Psychology, an excellent introduction to which is provided by the present work.

Oswald Külpe's work is of an essentially Teutonic character, having nearly all the characteristics, both good and bad, that one expects to find in a German technical scientific work; eminently typical is "Outlines of Psychology" in its thoroughness.

The experimental method, in which Külpe is an adept, shows conclusively and absolutely the essential unity of body and mind.

Psychology is still in its infancy; when it attains maturity it will be the most dread enemy that Supernaturalism has to face. The subjective view of life is undoubtedly destined to be the predominant one.

Your reviewer ventures to prophesy that in the science whereof Külpe is a brilliant pioneer will be found the key to the ecstasy that is the Vision in all religions.

The translator of "Outlines" is Mr. E. B. Titchener. He has succeeded admirably.

V.B. NEUBURG.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By OSWALD KÜLPE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 5s.

An excellent introduction to formal Philosophy, explaining clearly the distinctions between the various schools that at present hold the field. The author is extremely calm and impartial as a rule, but in his denunciation of materialism he shows that a passionate human heart throbs in the breast of one who seems to the harsh gaze of the sceptic to be a formalist and a schoolman.

I commend the book to all those who wish to understand the tendencies of philosophy in the universities of to-day.

A word of praise is due to Mr. Titchener. He has again performed satisfactorily his difficult task of translation.

V.B. NEUBURG.

REVIEWS

INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By DR. THEODOR ZIEHEN.
Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s.

Luke vi. 39.

Professor Ziehen, the author of this useful little text-book—useful at least for examination purposes and “sixth-form” students in psychology—follows in the main the theories more widely known in this country through the works of Münsterberg, and rejects such of those of Wundt as are based by him upon that *a priori* auxiliary function, the so-called “apperception.” “From the outstart,” states Professor Ziehen, “the conception ‘unconscious psychical processes’ is for us an empty conception”; and so, on the strength of this assertion, he attempts to work out the whole of his argument empirically. This he does rationally enough, as we might expect from a professor of Jena; but in spite of the cunning of his logic and the lucidity of his numerous “because,” he, in the end, is as inconclusive as Wundt or any of the modern psychologists. Finally he explains nothing, or, to be charitable, very little, and in spite of this assertion, “Our thoughts are never voluntary,” we are still more in doubt as to this on closing his volume than we were upon opening it.

Further, he writes on p. 247: “The freedom which we think to possess in the so-called voluntary processes of thought is only semblance.” In spite of the dogmatism displayed in this sentence, we almost agree with it, and would heartily do so if our worthy Professor had included in it all mental conditions explicable in the language of man. Semblances we feel they all are, semblances of a something beyond book or word, a something alone attainable by Titanic work.

The individual, we feel, will never understand the minds of others until he understands his own. This our modern-day philosophers invariably seem to forget, and as long as they do so we cannot help further feeling that their grand generalisation must be as unbalanced as the minds of those asylum patients from which they are so fond of deducing them. “Know Thyself” comes before “Instruct others.” Let this be well remembered by all such as would teach without learning and would lead others without seeing.

F.

This admirable manual of Physiological Psychology cannot fail to be of great interest to every psychologist who cares for the physiological side of his fascinating science. At the same time, it should, we think, never be forgotten that the study of physiological psychology is hardly complete without a parallel research in psychological physiology.

Nor should confusion arise between physiology proper, psychology proper,

THE EQUINOX

and psycho-physiology; while for the physio-psychologist it is important to assimilate and co-ordinate the data of epistemology and embryology with those of ontogeny and phylogeny, for the psycho-physiologist it is sufficient to rest in that monistic autokineticism which is only distinguishable from blank atheism by its Hellenistic-Teutonic terminology. J. MCC.

IS A WORLD-RELIGION POSSIBLE? By DAVID BALSILLIE, M.A. Francis Griffiths, 4s. net.

Mr. Balsillie does not seem to realise the immensity of his subject. I remember once at school, in a general knowledge paper, being asked to give "a short account of the Equator." Frankly, I funk'd the task, but another spirit, more bold, stated that it was nicknamed "the line" and sailors play jokes in crossing it! That is just Mr. Balsillie's attitude. For my own part I would even dare to speak disrespectfully of the Equator rather than dismiss the vast subject of a World-Religion in 180 pages, a large number of which are taken up with the practical jokes of such comic mariners in deep water as Mr. Myers and the Rev. R.J. Campbell. NORMAN ROE.

Balsillie for short?—A.C.

THE BUDDHIST REVIEW. Quarterly, 1s.

Founded, as "Buddhism," in 1902, by Allan Bennett. *Lucifer, quomodo cecidisti!*

RAYS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY. By Rev. SEPTIMUS HERBERT, M. A. Second Edition. Samuel Bagster and Sons, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.

This book consists of theological discussions between two young men named Percy and Sidney! It must be a great help to a Master of Arts in attaining a Second Edition if he can pat his own musings on the back at psychological moments with such interpolations as " 'Yes,' said Percy, 'I like that thought!'"

The clumps of quotations at the commencement of the various chapters read on occasion rather incongruously. For instance, in front of Chapter XIV.:

" 'Jesus called a little child unto Him.' --- Matthew xviii. 2."

" ' "Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there." '—'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

NORMAN ROE.

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM:

THE TENNYSON CENTENARY

THE judicious may possibly wonder why one should dig so deep into the tumulus of oblivion to rescue (though but for execration) the bones of so very dead a dog as Alfred Tennyson.

But the truth is not so near the surface. He can hardly be called dead who never lived; and a trodden worm writhes longer than a felled ox. So therefore Tennyson succumbed to contempt, not to hatred; men twitched their robes away from the contamination of the unclean thing—there was no fight, no bloodshed.

Now therefore the smirking approval of the neuters of England continues unashamed, until the younger generation (some of them) may be inclined to class Tennyson with the poets, rather than with the Longfellows and Cloughs.

They can hardly imagine any creature, however vile, so capulous as to prostitute the noble legend of England herself to dust-licking before that amiable Teutonic prig, the late Prince Consort. Yet this busy buttock-groom gives the best part of his flunky's life to the achievement. Even his own friendships—his *sd̄iyspuəmj*—are made but the pretext for a new servility.

THE EQUINOX

And what an object for servility! The fashionable dilettante doubt, the fashionable dilettante faith, are neatly balanced in the scales of mid-Victorian pragmatism, whose coarse-fibred *affettuosi* bargain with God as with a huckster.

The British conception of the Noblest Man being that of a cheating tradesman, their God is fashioned in that image, and the ambition of them all is to cheat Him. So they avoid the sceptic's sneers by an affection of doubt, the fanatic's thunders by an affectation of faith: between which two stools they fall to the ground.

In the end they are more sceptic than the sceptic. Hear how they try to be pious!

“Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,”

implies that the whole question of religion is so trivial that it is really not worth while disturbing any one about it.

So too the play at scepticism results in an insane excess of maudlin piety.

As we look back on that whole dreadful period, we sicken at its loathsome cant, its *laissez-faire*, its sweating, its commercialism, its respectability, its humanitarianism, its inhumanity.

Of this age we have two perfect relics.

If art be defined as the true reflection of the inmost soul of the age, then the works of Alfred Tennyson and the Albert Memorial are among our chiefest treasures.

How harmonious, too, they are! There is nothing in Tennyson which the memorial does not figure in one or other of its gaudy features; no flatulence of the Memorial whose

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM

perfect parallel one cannot find in the shoddy sentimentalism of Tennyson.

Even where the vision is true and beautiful it is quite out of place.

The young gentleman waits in the park for his young lady; and sees, quite clearly and nicely:

“And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.”

Apart from the villainous cacophony and bad taste of the wording, the vision is true enough; I was once young myself, in a park—and the rest of it; and that is exactly the vision. But what a point of view! The young gentleman must certainly have been a curate.

At such moments the heart should race, the veins swell, the breath quicken, the eyes strain, the foot—not a word of the struggle not to show impatience, the tenseness of the whole being of a man!

No! this is indeed a glimmering ghost, a bloodless, vacant phantom.

Note, too, the degradation of the symbols.

To compare a girl to a “ghost”; to disenchant the glow and glamour of her to a “glimmer.”

To compare a volcano in eruption to the puffing of a steam-engine; the sun in heaven at high noon to a farthing dip.

The vision is accurate enough; but the point of view is throughout that of a flunkey, of a tradesman, of a gelded toady, of a stewed prune!

So too the very perfection of form which marks Tennyson is a shocking fault, a guide to the governess' mind of the creature. He is so determined to keep all the rules that he

THE EQUINOX

utterly breaks the first (and last) rule: “Rules are the devil.” He writes like a schoolboy for whom a false quantity means a basting. He counts his syllables on his fingers; he never writes by ear, as one whose ears are open to the heavenly melody of the Muses.

So we have all the artifice—and perhaps the worst artifice ever invented—but no art, no humanity.

As a mountaineer (I have seen very many of the greatest mountains of the earth) I must admit that

“ . . . phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And dewy dells in a golden air.”

is a very decent word-picture of the great mountain. But a Man would have felt his muscles tighten; and the lust to match his force against the stern splendour of those glittering ridges would have sent him hot-foot after rope and axe.

A great artist would rarely see so tremendous a vision as that of a mountain without emotion of terror and wonder and rejoicing. Tennyson sees it as a mere sight—he ticks it off in his Baedeker. He sees the dolly side of everything. Everything he touches becomes petty, false, weak, a mirage. He degrades the courteous Gawain to a vulgar lecher—but his lechery is as mild as an old maid’s Patience; he ruins women as a child plucks a daisy. Lancelot commits adultery with kind gloves on; and Enoch Arden moralises like a Sunday-School Teacher at a village treat.

In the mouth of this soft-spoken counter-jumper the wildest words take on the smoothest sense. By sheer dint of cadence.

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM

“Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime”

sounds less terrible than a dog-fight.

“Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek’d ——”

is but a termagant.

“Ring out, wild bells” suggests no tocsin (as it might, for they symbolise the stupendous world-tragedy of the Atonement) but at most the pastoral summons to a simple worship, at least the dinner-gong—a dinner whose Turkey cooed, not gobbled; a Plum Pudding innocent of brandy.

Yet these lines are the most forcible one can remember; and if these things are done in the green tree——?

Lady Clara Vere de Vere feels (or is supposed to feel) a ladylike repugnance to the sight of a suicide’s scarred throat! She never is conceived of as rising either in joy or horror to the height of tragedy. Her atonement? To preside at the Dorcas Society!

This ridiculous monster!

Let us cover up these bones neatly and tidily and bury them yet deeper in their tumulus of oblivion.

Bones? Jelly!

A. QUILLER, JR.

STOP PRESS

Equinox, London

Greening Company publishes
Sam by Norman Roe Sixpence paper
3/6 buckram Admirable study
charming types humanity Warn
readers not miss

Crowley

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

This Edition strictly limited to 500 Copies.

PRICE 10s

A.: A.:

PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

=====

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbersome sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

“The Bomb”

By FRANK HARRIS

(John Long, 6 / —)

☛ This sensational novel, by the well-known Editor of “Vanity Fair”, has evoked a chorus of praise from the reviewers, and has been one of the talked-of books of the season. We append a few criticisms:—

MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY:

“This book is, in truth, a masterpiece; so intense is the impression that one almost asks, ‘Is this a novel or a confession? Did not Frank Harris perhaps throw the bomb?’ At least he has thrown one now . . . This is the best novel I have ever read.”

The Times:

“‘The Bomb’ is highly charged with an explosive bent of Socialistic and Anarchistic matter, wrapped in a gruesome coating of ‘exciting’ fiction . . . Mr. Harris has a real power of realistic narrative. He is at his best in mid-stream. The tense directness of his style, never deviating into verbiage, undoubtedly keeps the reader at grips with the story and the characters.”

Morning Post:

“Mr. Frank Harris’s first long novel is an extremely interesting and able piece of work. Mr. Harris has certainly one supreme literary gift, that of vision. He sees clearly and definitely everything he describes, and consequently . . . is absolutely convincing. Never for a moment do we feel as we read the book that the story is not one of absolute fact, and so convincing in its simplicity and matter-of-factness is Mr. Harris’s style that we often accept his psychology before we realize . . . on how few grounds it is based. Some of the aspects of modern democracy are treated with astonishing insight and ability, and ‘The Bomb’ is distinctly not a book to be overlooked.”

JACOB TONSON in the *New Age*:

“The illusion of reality is more than staggering; it is haunting . . . Many passages are on the very highest level of realistic art . . . Lingg’s suicide and death are Titanic . . . In pure realism nothing better has been done, and I do not forget Tolstoy’s ‘The Death of Ivan Illych!’ It is a book very courageous, impulsively generous, and of a shining distinction . . .”

Saturday Review:

“He (Mr. Harris) is a born writer of fiction. . . . Those two books of his, ‘Elder Conklin’ and ‘Montes, the Matador,’ contained the best short stories that have been written. . . . Mr. Harris touches a high level of tragic intensity. And the scene of the actual throwing, and then the description of Schnaubelt’s flight to New York in a state of mental and physical collapse, are marvels of tense narration. Altogether, the book is a thoroughly fine piece of work, worthy of the creator of Conklin. We hope it is the precursor of many other books from Mr. Harris.”

The Nation:

“Mr. Harris has a born writer’s eloquence, he has knowledge of his subject, and he often expresses himself with a distinction of phrasing and a precision of thought which give real value to his work.”

Daily Telegraph:

“A good book . . . this story reads like a page of real life written down by a man who actually did take part in the scenes described so vividly. . . . We follow their fortunes breathlessly. . . . Descriptions as vivid as any Mr. Upton Sinclair ever painted, and they are never tedious nor overdone. . . . We must not leave the tale without mentioning the wonderful love-story of Rudolph and Elsie, a fine piece of psychology, as true as it is moving, and of a quality rarely to be found in fiction.”

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW IN PREPARATION

THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

Mr W. NORTHRAM

Robe Maker and Tailor

9 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Begs to inform those concerned that he has been entrusted by the A.:A.: with the manufacture of the necessary robes and other appurtenances of members of the Society.

THE LESSER KEY OF SOLOMON (GOETIA)

With full Instructions and Illustrations

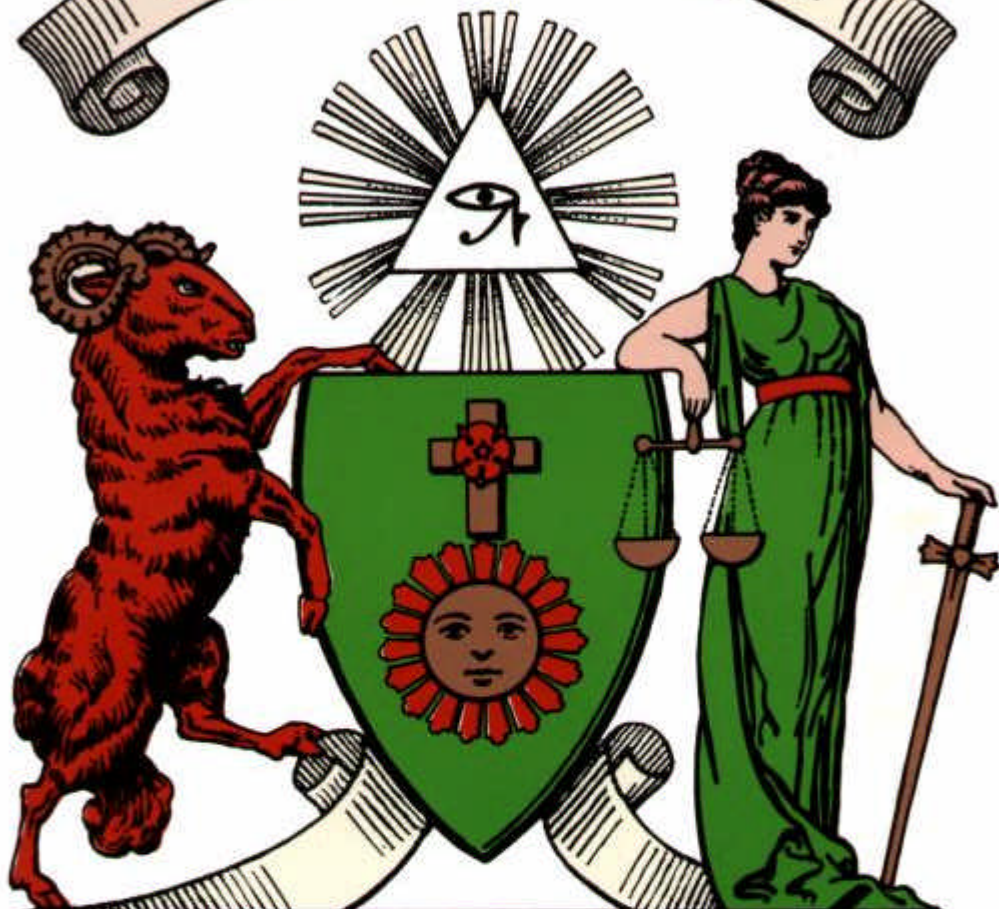
Price £1 IS.

Through the "Equinox"

Only a few copies remain for sale.

[The remaining 2 pages of advertisements (for the Burne & Oates edition of *Amphora*, the typist who did the original key-bashing, and Colin Lunn the tobbaconist) which appeared at this point in the paper edition are here omitted. They may be restored in a later release of this electronic edition.— T.S.]

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

THE EQUINOX

No. IV. will contain in its 400 pages

VARIOUS OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS of the A.: A.:

THE ELEMENTAL CALLS OR KEYS, WITH THE GREAT WATCH TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSE and their explanation. A complete treatise, fully illustrated, upon the Spirits of the Elements, their names and offices, with the method of calling them forth and controlling them. With an account of the Heptarchicall Mystery. The Thirty Aethyrs or Aires with "The Vision and the Voice," being the Cries of the Angels of the Aethyrs, a revaluation of the highest truths pertaining to the grade of Magister Templi, and many other matters. Fully illustrated.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HERB DANGEROUS. Selection from H. G. Ludlow, "The Hashish-Eater."

MR. TODD: A Morality, by the author of "Rosa Mundi."

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH, by
ETHEL RAMSAY.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING.

[Continuation.

FRATER P.'S EXPERIENCES IN THE EAST. A complete account of the various kinds of Yoga.

DIANA OF THE INLET. By KATHERINE S. PRITCHARD.
Fully Illustrated.

ACROSS THE GULF: An adept's memory of his incarnation in Egypt under the 26th dynasty; with an account of the Passing of the Equinox of Isis.

&c. &c. &c

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

This Edition strictly limited to 500 Copies.

PRICE 10s

A.: A.:

PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

=====

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

“Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author’s words, it represents ‘an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,’ and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a ‘Table of ‘Correspondences,’ and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author’s object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression ‘common denominator’ is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic ‘Tree of Life,’ as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

“The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in ‘Agrippa’ and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer’s bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The ‘Alphabet of Mysticism,’ as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, ‘an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.’ The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

“G.C.J.”

RIDER'S LIBRARY OF ALCHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY

THE HERMETIC AND ALCHEMICAL WRITINGS OF AUREOLUS PHILIPPUS THEOPHRASTUS BOMBAST OF HOHENHEIM, CALLED PARACELSUS THE GREAT, now for the first time translated into English. Edited with a Biographical Preface, Elucidatory notes, and a copious Hermetic Vocabulary and Index, by ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. In Two Volumes, Dark Red Cloth, medium 4to, gilt tops, 25s. net. Vol. I., 394 pp.; Vol. II., 396 pp.

THE TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM, or Assembly of the Sages. An Ancient Alchemical Treatise, with the chief Readings of the Shorter Codex, Parallels from Greek Alchemists, and Explanations of obscure terms. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by A. E. WAITE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

A great symposium or debate of the Adepts assembled in convocation. The work ranks next to Gøber as a fountain-head of alchemy in Western Europe. It reflects the earliest Byzantine, Syrian and Arabian writers. This famous work is accorded the highest place among the works of Alchemical Philosophy which are available for the students in the English language.

THE NEW PEARL OF GREAT PRICE, the Treatise of Bonus concerning the Treasure of the Philosopher's Stone. Translated from the Latin. Edited by A. E. WAITE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

One of the classics of alchemy, with a very curious account, accompanied by emblematical figures showing the generation and birth of metals, the death of those that are base and their resurrection in the perfect forms of gold and silver.

A GOLDEN AND BLESSED CASKET OF NATURE'S MARVELS. By BENEDICTUS FIGULUS. With a Life of the Author. Edited by A. E. WAITE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

A collection of short treatises by various authors belonging to the school of Paracelsus, dealing with the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone, the revelation of Hermes, the great work of the Tincture, the glorious antidote of Potable Gold. Benedictus Figulus connects by imputation with the early Rosicrucians.

THE TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT OF ANTIMONY. By BASIL VALENTINE. Translated from the Latin, including the Commentary of Kerckringius, and Biographical and Critical Introduction. Edited by A. E. WAITE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

A valuable treatise by one who is reputed a great master of alchemical art. It connects practical chemistry with the occult theory of transmutation. The antimomial Fire-Stone is said to cure diseases in man and to remove the imperfection of metals.

THE ALCHEMICAL WRITINGS OF EDWARD KELLY. From the Latin Edition of 1676. With a Biographical Introduction, an Account of Kelly's relations with Dr. Dee, and a transcript of the "Book of St. Dunstan." Edited by A. E. WAITE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

A methodised summary of the best Hermetic philosophers, including a discourse on Terrestrial Astronomy, in which the planets are replaced by metals, and instead of an account of stellar influences we have the laws governing metallic conversion.

YOUR FORTUNE IN YOUR NAME, OR KABALISTIC ASTROLOGY. New edition, largely revised. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 96 pp., 2s. 6d. net. By "SEPHARIAL."

A MANUAL OF CARTOMANCY, Fortune-Telling and Occult divination, including the Oracle of Human Destiny, Cagliostro's Mystic Alphabet of the Magi, &c. &c. Fourth edition, greatly enlarged and revised, by GRAND ORIENT. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 252 pp., 2s. 6d. net.

COLLECTANEA CHEMICA. Being certain Select Treatises on Alchemy and Hermetic medicine. By EIRENÆUS PHILALETHES, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS—The Secret of the Immortal Liquor called Alkahest—Aurum Potabile—The Admirable Efficacy of the True Oil of Sulphur Fire—The Stone of the Philosophers—The Bosom Book of Sir George Ripley—The Preparation of the Sophic Mercury.

THE HERMETIC MUSEUM, Restored and Enlarged: most faithfully instructing all disciples of the Sopho-Spagyric art how that greatest and truest medicine of the Philosopher's Stone may be found and held. Now first done into English from the Latin original published at Frankfort in the year 1678. Containing 22 celebrated alchemical tracts. Translated from the Latin and edited by A. E. WAITE. With numerous most interesting engravings. Fcap. quarto, 2 vols. Very scarce, 35s.

AZOTH, or The Star in the East. A New Light of Mysticism. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. Imperial 8vo, pp. xvi + 239. Original edition in special binding. Price 5s.

A presentation of mystic doctrine and symbolism in the light of Christian Teaching and Hermetic philosophy; evolution in the Light of Mysticism; the way of attainment; and the interior life from the mystic standpoint.

NOTE.—Many old books on Astrology and Alchemical Science are also kept in stock. Write for latest new and second-hand catalogues.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 164 Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW IN PREPARATION

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

£10 REWARD

Ten Pounds (£10) will be paid by the Proprietors of THE EQUINOX for a copy of the Journal containing the following passage, which has been anonymously sent to this office, or for such information may enable them to trace the perpetrators:

(TORN EDGE)

the circumstances.

Cox, Box, Equinox,
McGregors are coming to Town;
Some in rags, and some on jags,
And the Swami upside down.

Cran, Cran, McGregor's man
Served a writ, and away he ran.

Cadbury Jones!
Stop your groans,
And open the Family Bible,
I fancy cocoa
Would tint your boko
Less than Criminal Libel.

What did Waistcott Wynn?
Anyway, he lost his shirt.

See-Saw, Bernard Shaw
Sold his beef to live upon straw.
Wasn't he a thousand miles
From sense when he went to Eustace Miles?

Jagmatite said (TORN EDGE)

The back contains some account of a football match played on some Saturday in January, apparently in Lancashire. The envelope was addressed in female script, and bears postmark "Rock Ferry."

Besides the senseless vulgarity and scurrility of this disgusting stuff, it implies the false and malicious statement that a writ has been served upon us; and we shall proceed according to law, if we can trace the offenders

A
GREEN GARLAND

By

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. Is. 6d. net.

“As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg’s poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse.”

The Morning Post, May 21, 1908.

“There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as ‘The Dream’ and ‘the Recall,’ and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste.”

The Daily Telegraph, May 29, 1908.

“Here is a poet of promise.”—*The Daily Chronicle*, May 13, 1908.

“It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book.”—*The Morning Leader*, July 10, 1908.

“There is promise and some fine lines in these verses.”

The Times, July 11, 1908

To be obtained of

THE YOUNG CAMBRIDGE PRESS,

4 MILL STREET, BEDFORD

London: PROBSTHAIN & CO. And all Booksellers.

*This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor
of the A.:A.:]*

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

124 Victoria Street,
S.W.

Telephone 3210 VICTORIA,
or to call at that address by appointment. A representative
will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations
and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the
method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate
the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: wishes to announce that
those whom he represents are only responsible for the
Publications on which their Imprimatur is set; the rest of
THE EQUINOX is edited as literary and commercial
expediency may suggest to the person responsible.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An VI

VOL. I. No. III.

© in ℞

MARCH MCMX

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

LONDON
SIMPKIN MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD.

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
LIBER XIII	3
AHA! BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	9
THE HERB DANGEROUS—(PART II) THE POEM OF HASHISH. BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY)	55
AN ORIGIN. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	115
THE SOUL-HUNTER	119
MADELEINE. BY ARTHUR F. GRIMBLE	129
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (BOOK II— <i>continued</i>)	133
THE COMING OF APOLLO. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	281
THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY. BY GEORGE RAFFALOVICH	287
REVIEWS	113, 285, 304
THE SHADOWY DILL-WATERS. BY A. QUILLER, JR.	327

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

LIBER DCCCCLXIII—THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SLOPES OF ABIEGNUS	<i>Facing page</i>	4	
THE STUDENT	„	10	
THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE ROSE AND CROSS	„	210	
THE ELEMENTAL SYMBOLS AND CHERUBIC EMBLEMS	„	212	
THE LID OF THE PASTOS	„	218	
THE CEILING OF THE VAULT	}		
THE FLOOR OF THE VAULT			
THE CIRCULAR ALTAR		„	222
THE ROSE AND CROSS			

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THE TRIANGLE OF THE UNIVERSE	„	4
THE GREEK CROSS OF THE ZODIAC	„	70

EDITORIAL

HAPPY is the moment that has no history! At the beginning of our second year we have little to record but quiet steady growth, a gradual spreading of the Tree of Knowledge, a gradual awakening of interest in all parts of the earth, a gradual access of fellow-workers, some young and enthusiastic, others already weary of the search for Truth in a world where so many offer the Stone of dogma, so few the Bread of experience.

There! we had nothing to say, and we have said it very nicely.

Floreas!

* * * * *

We must apologise for the necessity of holding over our edition of Sir Edward Kelly's account of the Forty-Eight Angelical Keys, and other important articles. Considerations of space were imperative.

* * * * *

Mr H. Sheridan-Bickers will lecture on behalf of THE EQUINOX during the year. We shall be glad if our readers will arrange with him through us to speak in their towns. Mr. Bickers makes no charge for lecturing, and THE EQUINOX may assist if desired in meeting the necessary expenses.

THE EQUINOX

NOTES OF THE SEMESTER

MR. SHERIDAN-BICKERS held a large and very successful meeting at Cambridge in November.

We beg to extend our warmest sympathies to Brother Aloysius Crowley. The gang of soi-disant Rosicrucian swindlers whose profits have suffered through our exposures, having failed to frighten Mr. Aleister Crowley, decided to assassinate him. Their hired ruffians seem to have been knaves as clumsy as themselves, and Brother Aloysius suffered in his stead, escaping death by a miracle.

If we do not extend our sympathy to Mr. Aleister Crowley also, it is from a conviction that he has probably deserved anything that he may get.

In order to cope with the constantly increasing budget of letters of inquiry and sympathy from every part of the world, we have moved into new premises at 124 Victoria Street, Westminster, to which address all communications should be directed. Callers will always be welcome, but it is advisable to make appointments by letter or telephone.

[In some copies of the first edition, pages 1-2 as originally printed were removed and replaced with the following:]

EDITORIAL

HAPPY is the moment that has no history! At the beginning of our second year we have little to record but quiet steady growth, a gradual spreading of the Tree of Knowledge, a gradual awakening of interest in all parts of the earth, a gradual access of fellow-workers, some young and enthusiastic, others already weary of the search for Truth in a world where so many offer the Stone of dogma, so few the Bread of experience.

There! we had nothing to say, and we have said it very nicely.

Floreas!

* * * * *

We must apologise for the necessity of holding over our edition of Sir Edward Kelly's account of the Forty-Eight Angelical Keys, and other important articles. Considerations of space were imperative.

* * * * *

Two days after the bound advance copies of this Number were delivered by the printer, an order was made restraining publication, continued by Mr. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, and dissolved by the Court of Appeal.

THE EQUINOX

NOTES OF THE SEMESTER

MR. SHERIDAN-BICKERS held a large meeting at Cambridge in November, as successful as one would expect from the intellectual preeminence of our great university.

We beg to extend our warmest sympathies to Brother Aloysius Crowley. It seems possible that some gang of swindlers, fearing exposure, and having failed to frighten Mr. Aleister Crowley, decided to assassinate him. Their hired ruffians seem to have been knaves as clumsy as themselves, and Brother Aloysius suffered in his stead, escaping death by a miracle.

If we do not extend our sympathy to Mr. Aleister Crowley also, it is from a conviction that he has probably deserved anything that he may get.

In order to cope with the constantly increasing budget of letters of inquiry and sympathy from every part of the world, we have moved into new premises at 124 Victoria Street, Westminster, to which address all communications should be directed. Callers will always be welcome, but it is advisable to make appointments by letter or telephone.

LIBER XIII

VEL

GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI

A SYLLABUS OF THE STEPS UPON THE PATH

A.: A.: Publication in Class D.
Issued by Order:

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator
O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator
N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

51. Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was as yet unquarried in the distant land?

52. There was also an humming-bird that spake unto the horned cerastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of Khem the Holy One, the royal Uræus serpent, answered him and said:

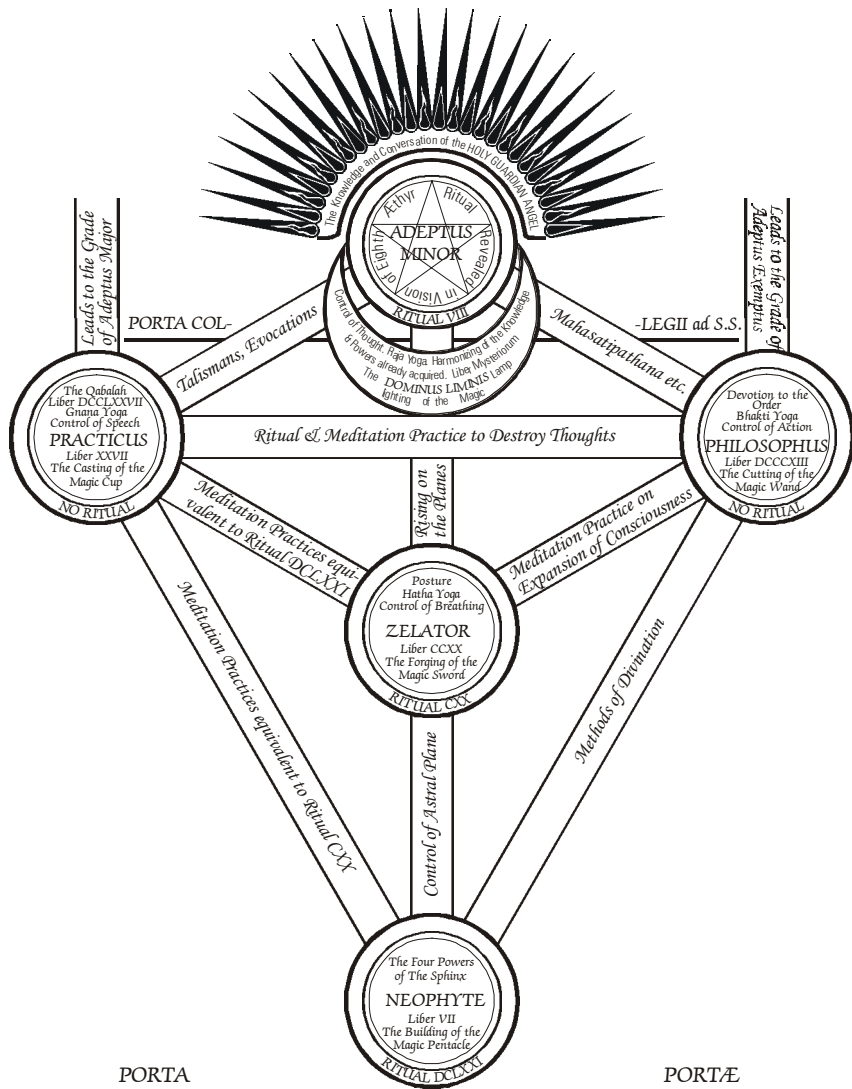
53. I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lived, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.

54. Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a serpent struck him that he died.

55. But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful god listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent, saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.

56. And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uræus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.

LIBER LXV. CAP.V.



PROBATIONER
Liber LXI and LXV
[In certain cases Ritual XXVIII]

LIBER XIII

VEL

GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI

A SYLLABUS OF THE STEPS UPON THE PATH

Quote LXV. Cap. V. vv. 52-56

1. *The Probationer.* His duties are laid down in Paper A, Class D. Being *without*, they are vague and general. He receives Liber LXI. and LXV.

[Certain Probationers are admitted after six months or more to Ritual XXVIII.]

At the end of the Probation he passes Ritual DCLXXI., which constitutes him a Neophyte.

2. *The Neophyte.* His duties are laid down in Paper B, Class D. He receives Liber VII.

Examination in Liber O, Caps I.-IV., Theoretical and Practical.

Examination in the Four Powers of the Sphinx. Practical.
Four Tests are set.

Further, he builds up the magic Pantacle.

Finally he passes Ritual CXX., which constitutes him a Zelator.

THE EQUINOX

3. *The Zelator.* His duties are laid down in Paper E, Class D. He receives Liber CCXX., XXVII., and DCCCXIII.

Examinations in Posture and Control of Breath (see EQUINOX No. I). Practical.

Further, he is given two meditation-practices corresponding to the two rituals DCLXXI. and CXX.

(Examination is only in the knowledge of, and some little practical acquaintance with, these meditations. The complete results, if attained, would confer a much higher grade.)

Further, he forges the magic Sword.

No ritual admits to the grade of Practicus, which is conferred by authority when the task of the Zelator is accomplished.

4. *The Practicus.* His duties are laid down in Paper E, Class D.

Instruction and Examination in the Qabalah and Liber DCCLXXVII.

Instruction in Philosophical Meditation (Gnana-Yoga).*

Examination in some one mode of divination: *e.g.*, Geomancy, Astrology, the Tarot. Theoretical. He is given a meditation-practice on Expansion of Consciousness.

He is given a meditation-practice in the destruction of thoughts.

Instruction and Examination in Control of Speech. Practical.

Further, he casts the magic Cup.

No ritual admits to the grade of Philosophus, which is

* All these instructions will be issued openly in THE EQUINOX in due course, where this has not already been done.

LIBER XIII

conferred by authority when the Task of the Practicus is accomplished.

5. *The Philosophus*. His duties are laid down in Paper E, Class D.

He practises Devotion to the Order.

Instruction and Examination in Methods of Meditation by Devotion (Bhakti-Yoga).

Instruction and Examination in Construction and Consecration of Talismans, and in Evocation.

Theoretical and Practical.

Examination in Rising on the Planes (Liber O, Caps. V., VI.). Practical.

He is given a meditation-practice on the Senses, and the Sheaths of the Self, and the Practice called Mahasatipatthana.

(See *The Sword of Song*, "Science and Buddhism.")

Instruction and Examination in Control of Action.

Further, he cuts the Magic Wand.

Finally, the Title of Dominus Liminis is conferred upon him.

He is given meditation-practices on the Control of Thought, and is instructed in Raja-Yoga.

He receives Liber Mysteriorum and obtains a perfect understanding of the Formulae of Initiation.

He meditates upon the diverse knowledge and power that he has acquired, and harmonises it perfectly.

Further, he lights the Magic Lamp.

At last, Ritual VIII. admits him to the grade of Adeptus Minor.

The Adeptus Minor. His duty is laid down in Paper F, Class D.

THE EQUINOX

It is to follow out the instruction given in the Vision of the Eighth Æthyr for the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

[NOTE. This is in truth the sole task; the others are useful only as adjuvants to and preparations for the One Work. Moreover, once this task has been accomplished, there is no more need of human help or instruction; for by this alone may the highest attainment be reached.

All these grades are indeed but convenient landmarks, not necessarily significant. A person who had attained them all might be immeasurably the inferior of one who had attained none of them; it is Spiritual Experience alone that counts in the Result; the rest is but Method.

Yet it is important to possess knowledge and power, provided that it be devoted wholly to that One Work.]

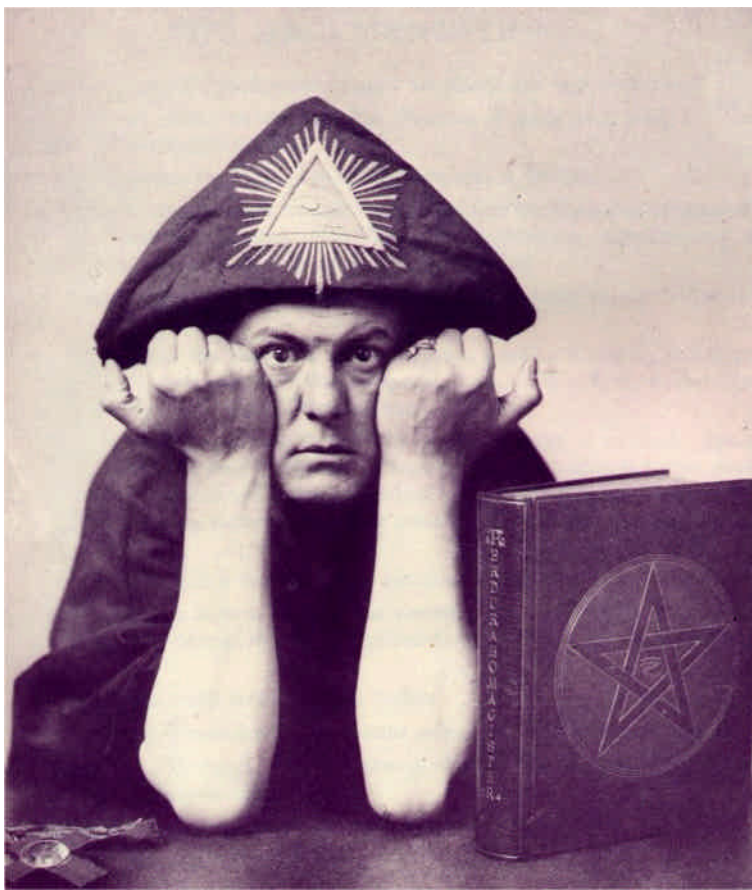
AHA!

AHA! THE SEVENFOLD MYSTERY OF THE INEFFABLE
LOVE;
THE COMING OF THE LORD IN THE AIR AS KING AND JUDGE
OF THIS CORRUPTED WORLD;

WHEREIN
UNDER THE FORM OF A DISCOURSE BETWEEN MARSYAS AN ADEPT
AND OLYMPAS HIS PUPIL THE WHOLE SECRET OF THE WAY OF
INITIATION IS LAID OPEN FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END;
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.

WRITTEN IN TREMBLING AND HUMILITY FOR THE BRETHREN
OF THE A.: A.: BY THEIR VERY DUTIFUL SERVANT, AN
ASPIRANT TO THEIR SUBLIME ORDER,

ALEISTER CROWLEY



THE ARGUMENTATION

A LITTLE before Dawn, the pupil comes to greet his Master, and begs instruction.

Inspired by his Angel, he demands the Doctrine of being rapt away into the Knowledge and Conversation of Him.

The Master discloses the doctrine of Passive Attention or Waiting.

This seeming hard to the Pupil, it is explained further, and the Method of Resignation, Constancy, and Patience inculcated. The Paradox of Equilibrium. The necessity of giving oneself wholly up to the new element. Egoism rebuked.

The Master, to illustrate this Destruction of the Ego, describes the Visions of Dhyana.

He further describes the defence of the Soul against assailing Thoughts, and shows that the duality of Consciousness is a blasphemy against the Unity of God; so that even the thought called God is a denial of God-as-He-is-in-Himself.

The pupil sees nothing but a blank midnight in this Emptying of the Soul. He is shown that this is the necessary condition of Illumination. Distinction is further made between these three Dhyanas, and those early visions in which things appear as objective. With these three Dhyanas, moreover, are Four other of the Four Elements: and many more.

Above these is the Veil of Paroketh. Its guardians.

The Rosy Cross lies beyond this veil, and therewith the vision called Vishvarupadarshana. Moreover, there is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The infinite number and variety of these Visions.

The impossibility of revealing all these truths to the outer and uninitiated world.

The Vision of the Universal Peacock—Atmadarshana. The confusion of the Mind, and the Perception of its self-contradiction.

The Second Veil—the Veil of the Abyss.

The fatuity of Speech. {11}

THE EQUINOX

A discussion as to the means by which the vision arises in the pure Soul is useless; suffice it that in the impure Soul no Vision will arise. The practical course is therefore to cleanse the Soul.

The four powers of the Sphinx; even adepts hardly attain to one of them!

The final Destruction of the Ego.

The Master confesses that he has lured the disciple by the promise of Joy, as the only thing comprehensible by him, although pain and joy are transcended even in early visions.

Ananda (bliss)—and its opposite—mark the first steps of the path. Ultimately all things are transcended; and even so, this attainment of Peace is but as a scaffolding to the Palace of the King.

The sheaths of the soul. The abandonment of all is necessary; the adept recalls his own tortures, as all that he loved was torn away.

The Ordeal of the Veil of the Abyss; the Unbinding of the Fabric of Mind, and its ruin.

The distinction between philosophical credence and interior certitude.

Sammasati—the trance wherein the adept perceives his causal connection with the Universe; past, present, and future.

Mastering the Reason, he becomes as a little child, and invokes his Holy Guardian Angel, the Augoeides.

Atmadarshana arising is destroyed by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva; the annihilation of the Universe,. The adept is destroyed, and there arises the Master of the Temple.

The pupil, struck with awe, proclaims his devotion to the Master; whereat the latter bids him rather unite himself with the Augoeides.

Yet, following the great annihilation, the adept reappears as an Angel to instruct men in this doctrine.

The Majesty of the Master described.

The pupil, wonder-struck, swears to attain, and asks for further instruction.

The Master describes the Eight Limbs of Yoga.

The pupil lamenting the difficulty of attainment, the Master shows forth the sweetness of the hermit's life.

One doubt remains: will not the world be able instantly to recognise the Saint? The Master replies that only imperfect Saints reveal themselves as such. Of these are

THE ARGUMENTATION

the cranks and charlatans, and those that fear and deny Life. But let us fix our thoughts on Love, and not on the failings of others!

The Master invokes the Augoeides; the pupil through sympathy is almost rapt away.

The Augoeides hath given the Master a message; namely, to manifest the New Way of the Equinox of Horus, as revealed in Liber Legis.

He does so, and reconciles it with the Old Way by inviting the Test of Experiment. They would go therefore to the Desert or the Mountains ___ nay! here and now shall it be accomplished.

Peace to all beings!

AHA !

OLYMPAS: MASTER, ERE THE RUBY DAWN
Gild the dew of leaf and law,
Bidding the petals to uncloze
Of heaven's imperishable Rose,
Brave heralds, banners flung afar
Of the lone and secret star,
I come to greet thee. Here I bow
To earth this consecrated brow!
As a lover woos the Moon
Aching in a silver swoon,
I reach my lips towards thy shoon
Mendicant of the mystic boon !

MARYSAS. What wilt thou?

OLYMPAS. Let mine Angel say!
"Utterly to be rapt away!"

MARYSAS. How, whence, and whither?

OLYMPAS. "By my kiss
From that abode to this—to this!"
My wings?

MARYSAS. Thou hast no wings. But see
An eagle swooping from the Byss
Where God stands. Let him ravish thee
And bear thee to a boundless bliss!

THE EQUINOX

- OLYMPAS. How should I call him? How beseech?
MARYSAS. Silence is lovelier than Speech.
Only on a windless tree
Falls the dew, Felicity!
One ripple on the water mars
The magic mirror of the Stars.
- OLYMPAS. My soul bends to the athletic stress
Of God's immortal loveliness.
Tell me, what wit avails the clod
To know the nearness of its God?
- MARYSAS. First, let the soul be poised, and fledge
Truth's feather on mind's razor-edge.
Next, let no memory, feeling, hope
Stain all its starless horoscope.
Last, let it be content, twice void;
Not to be suffered or enjoyed;
Motionless, blind and deaf and dumb—
So may it to its kingdom come!
- OLYMPAS. Dear master, can this be? The wine
Embittered with dark discipline?
For the soul loves her mate, the sense.
- MARYSAS. This bed is sterile. Thou must fence
Thy soul from all her foes, the creatures
That by their soft and siren natures
Lure thee to shipwreck!
- OLYMPAS. Thou hast said:
"God is in all."
- MARYSAS. In sooth.
- OLYMPAS. Why dread
The Godhood?

AHA!

- OLYPMAS. Tell me, dear master, how the bud
First breaks to brilliance of bloom:
What ecstasy of brain and blood
Shatters the seal upon the tomb
Of him whose gain was the world's loss
Our father Christian Rosycross!
- MARYSAS. First, one is like a gnarled old oak
On a waste heath. Shrill shrieks the wind.
Night smothers earth. Storm swirls to choke
The throat of silence! Hard behind
Gathers a blacker cloud than all.
But look! but look! it thrones a ball
Of blistering fire. It breaks. The lash
Of lightning snakes him forth. One crash
Splits the old tree. One rending roar!—And
night is darker than before.
- OLYMPAS. Nay, master, master! Terror hath
So fierce an hold upon the path?
Life must lie crushed, a charred black swath,
In that red harvest's aftermath!
- MARYSAS. Life lives. Storm passes. Clouds dislimn.
The night is clear. And now to him
Who hath endured is given the boon
Of an immeasurable moon.
The air about the adept congeals
To crystal; in his heart he feels
One needle pang; then breaks that splendour
Infinitely pure and tender . . .
—And the ice drags him down!

AHA!

So—then the sun-blaze! All the night
Bursts to a vivid orb of light.
There is no shadow; nothing is,
But the intensity of bliss.
Being is blasted. That exists.

OLYMPAS.

Ah!

MARYSAS.

But the mind, that mothers mists,
Abides not there. The adept must fall
Exhausted.

OLYMPAS.

There's an end of all?

MARYSAS.

But not an end of this! Above
All life as is the pulse of love,
So this transcends all love.

OLYMPAS.

Ah me!

Who may attain?

MARYSAS.

Rare souls.

OLYMPAS.

I see

Imaged a shadow of this light.

MARYSAS.

Such is its sacramental might
That to recall it radiates
Its symbol. The priest elevates
The Host, and instant blessing stirs
The hushed awaiting worshippers.

OLYMPAS.

Then how secure the soul's defence?
How baffle the besieger, Sense?

MARYSAS.

See the beleagured city, hurt
By hideous engines, sore begirt
And gripped by lines of death, well scored
With shell, nigh open to the sword!
Now comes the leader; courage, run

THE EQUINOX

Contagious through the garrison!
Repair the trenches! Man the wall!
Restore the ruined arsenal!
Serve the great guns! The assailants blench;
They are driven from the foremost trench.
The deadliest batteries belch their hell
No more. So day by day fought well,
We silence gun by gun. At last
The fiercest of the fray is past;
The circling hills are ours. The attack
Is over, save for the rare crack,
Long dropping shots from hidden forts;—
— So is it with our thoughts!

OLYMPAS. The hostile thoughts, the evil things!
They hover on majestic wings,
Like vultures waiting for a man
To drop from the slave-caravan!

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

OLYMPAS. God is a thought!

MARYSAS. The “thought” of God
Is but a shattered emerald:
A plague, an idol, a delusion,
Blasphemy, schism, and confusion!

OLYMPAS. Banish my one high thought? The night
Indeed were starless.

MARYSAS. Very right!
But that impalpable inane

AHA!

Is the condition of success;
Even as earth lies black to gain
Spring's green and autumn's fruitfulness.

OLYMPAS. I dread this midnight of the soul.

MARYSAS. Welcome the herald!

OLYMPAS. How control
The horror of the mind? The insane
Dead melancholy?

MARYSAS. Trick is vain.
Sheer manhood must support the strife,
And the trained Will, the Root of Life,
Bear the adept triumphant.

OLYMPAS. Else?

MARYSAS. The reason, like a chime of bells
Ripped by the lightning, cracks.

OLYMPAS. And these
Are the first sights the magus sees?

MARYSAS. The first true sights. Bright images
Throng the clear mind at first, a crowd
Of Gods, lights, armies, landscapes; loud
Reverberations of the Light.
But these are dreams, things in the mind,
Reveries, idols. Thou shalt find
No rest therein. The former three
(Lightning, moon, sun) are royally
Liminal to the Hall of Truth.
Also there be with them, in sooth,
Their brethren. There's the vision called
The Lion of the Light, a brand
Of ruby flame and emerald

THE EQUINOX

Waved by the Hermeneutic Hand.
There is the Chalice, whence the flood
Of God's beatitude of blood
Flames. O to sing those starry tunes!
O colder than a million moons!
O vestal waters! Wine of love
Wan as the lyric soul thereof!
There is the Wind, a whirling sword,
The savage rapture of the air
Tossed beyond space and time. My Lord,
My Lord, even now I see Thee there
In infinite motion! And beyond
There is the Disk, the wheel of things;
Like a black boundless diamond
Whirring with millions of wings!
Master!

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Know also that above
These portents hangs no veil of love;
But, guarded by unsleeping eyes
Of twice seven score severities,
The Veil that only rips apart
When the spear strikes to Jesus' heart!
A mighty Guard of Fire are they
With sabres turning every way!
Their eyes are millstones greater than
The earth; their mouths run seas of blood.
Woe be to that accursèd man
Of whom they are the iniquities!
Swept in their wrath's avenging flood
To black immitigable seas!

AHA!

Woe to the seeker who shall fail
To rend that vexful virgin Veil!
Fashion thyself by austere craft
Into a single azure shaft
Loosed from the string of Will; behold
The Rainbow! Thou art shot, pure flame,
Past the reverberated Name
Into the Hall of Death. Therein
The Rosy Cross is subtly seen.

OLYMPAS.

Is that a vision, then?

MARSYAS.

It is.

OLYMPAS.

Tell me thereof!

MARSYAS.

O not of this!

Of all the flowers in God's field
We name not this. Our lips are sealed
In that the Universal Key
Lieth within its mystery.
But know thou this. These visions give
A hint both faint and fugitive
Yet haunting, that behind them lurks
Some Worker, greater than his works.

Yea, it is given to him who girds
His loins up, is not fooled by words,
Who takes life lightly in his hand
To throw away at Will's command,
To know that View beyond the Veil.

O petty purities and pale,
These visions I have spoken of!

THE EQUINOX

The infinite Lord of Light and Love
Breaks on the soul like dawn. See! See!
Great God of Might and Majesty!
Beyond sense, beyond sight, a brilliance
Burning from His glowing glance!
Formless, all the worlds of flame
Atoms of that fiery frame!
The adept caught up and broken;
Slain, before His Name be spoken!
In that fire the soul burns up.
One drop from that celestial cup
Is an abyss, an infinite sea
That sucks up immortality!
O but the Self is manifest
Through all that blaze! Memory stumbles
Like a blind man for all the rest.
Speech, like a crag of limestone, crumbles,
While this one soul of thought is sure
Through all confusion to endure,
Infinite Truth in one small span:
This that is God is Man.

OLYMPAS. Master! I tremble and rejoice.

MARSYAS. Before His own authentic voice
Doubt flees. The chattering choughs of talk
Scatter like sparrows from a hawk.

OLYMPAS. Thenceforth the adept is certain of
The mystic mountain? Light and Love
Are Life therein, and they are his?

MARSYAS. Even so. And One supreme there is
Whom I have known, being He. Withdrawn

AHA!

Within the curtains of the dawn
Dwells that concealed. Behold! he is
A blush, a breeze, a song, a kiss,
A rosy flame like Love, his eyes
Blue, the quintessence of all skies,
His hair a foam of gossamer
Pale gold as jasmine, lovelier
Than all the wheat of Paradise.
O the dim water-wells his eyes!
There is such depth of Love in them
That the adept is rapt away,
Dies on that mouth, a gleaming gem
Of dew caught in the boughs of Day!

OLYMPAS. The hearing of it is so sweet
I swoon to silence at thy feet.

MARSYAS. Rise! Let me tell thee, knowing Him,
The Path grows never wholly dim.
Lose Him, and thou indeed wert lost!
But He will not lose thee!

OLYMPAS. Exhaust
The Word!

MARSYAS. Had I a million songs,
And every song a million words,
And every word a million meanings,
I could not count the choral throngs
Of Beauty's beatific birds,
Or gather up the paltry gleanings
Of this great harvest of delight!
Hast thou not heard the word aright?
That world is truly infinite.

THE EQUINOX

Even as a cube is to a square
Is that to this.

OLYMPAS.

Royal and rare!

Infinite light of burning wheels!

MARSYAS.

Ay! The imagination reels.

Thou must attain before thou know,
And when thou knowest—Mighty woe
That silence grips the willing lips!

OLYMPAS.

Ever was speech the thought's eclipse.

MARSYAS.

Ay, not to veil the truth to him
Who sought it, groping in the dim
Halls of illusion, said the sages
In all the realms, in all the ages,
“Keep silence.” By a word should come
Your sight, and we who see are dumb!
We have sought a thousand times to teach
Our knowledge; we are mocked by speech.
So lewdly mocked, that all this word
Seems dead, a cloudy crystal blurred,
Though it cling closer to life's heart
Than the best rhapsodies of art!

OLYMPAS.

Yet speak!

MARSYAS.

Ah, could I tell thee of
These infinite things of Light and Love!
There is the Peacock; in his fan
Innumerable plumes of Pan!
Oh! every plume hath countless eyes;
—Crown of created mysteries!—
Each holds a Peacock like the First.

OLYMPAS.

How can this be?

AHA!

MARSYAS. The mind's accurst.
It cannot be. It is. Behold,
Battalion on battalion rolled!
There is war in Heaven! The soul sings still,
Struck by the plectron of the Will;
But the mind's dumb; its only cry
The shriek of its last agony!

OLYMPAS. Surely it struggles.

MARSYAS. Bitterly!
And, mark! it must be strong to die!
The weak and partial reason dips
One edge, another springs, as when
A melting iceberg reels and tips
Under the sun. Be mighty then,
A lord of Thought, beyond wit and wonder
Balanced—then push the whole mind under,
Sunk beyond chance of floating, blent
Rightly with its own element,
Not lifting jagged peaks and bare
To the unsympathetic air!

This is the second veil; and hence
As first we slew the things of sense
Upon the altar of their God,
So must the Second Period
Slay the ideas, to attain
To that which is, beyond the brain.

OLYMPAS. To that which is?—not thought? not sense?

MARSYAS. Knowledge is but experience
Made conscious of itself. The bee,

THE EQUINOX

Past master of geometry,
Hath not one word of all of it;
For wisdom is not mother-wit!
So the adept is called insane
For his frank failure to explain.
Language creates false thoughts; the true
Breed language slowly. Following
Experience of a thing we knew
Arose the need to name the thing.
So, ancients likened a man's mind
To the untamed evasive wind.
Some fool thinks names are things; and boasts
Aloud of spirits and of ghosts.
Religion follows on a pun!
And we, who know that Holy One
Of whom I told thee, seek in vain
Figure or word to make it plain.
Despair of man!

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

Man is the seed

Of the unimaginable flower.
By singleness of thought and deed
It may bloom now—this actual hour!

OLYMPAS.

The soul made safe, is vision sure
To rise therein?

MARSYAS.

Though calm and pure
It seem, maybe some thought hath crept
Into his mind to baulk the adept.
The expectation of success
Suffices to destroy the stress
Of the one thought. But then, what odds?

AHA!

”Man’s vision goes, dissolves in God’s;”
Or, “by God’s grace the Light is given
To the elected heir of heaven.”

These are but idle theses, dry
Dugs of the cow Theology.
Business is business. The one fact
That we know is: the gods exact
A stainless mirror. Cleanse thy soul!
Perfect the will’s austere control!
For the rest, wait! The sky once clear,
Dawn needs no prompting to appear!
Enough! it shall be done.

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

Beware!

Easily trips the big word “dare.”
Each man’s an Œdipus, that thinks
He hath the four powers of the Sphinx,
Will, Courage, Knowledge, Silence. Son,
Even the adepts scarce win to one!
Thy Thoughts—they fall like rotten fruits.
But to destroy the power that makes
These thoughts—thy Self? A man it takes
To tear his soul up by the roots!
This is the mandrake fable, boy!

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

You told me that the Path was joy.

A lie to lure thee!

OLYMPAS.

Master!

MARSYAS.

Pain

And joy are twin toys of the brain.
Even early visions pass beyond!

OLYMPAS.

Not all the crabbed runes I have conned

THE EQUINOX

Told me so plain a truth. I see,
Inscrutable Simplicity!
Crushed like a blind-worm by the heel
Of all I am, perceive, and feel,
My truth was but the partial pang
That chanced to strike me as I sang.

MARSYAS. In the beginning, violence
Marks the extinction of the sense.
Anguish and rapture rack the soul.
These are disruptions of control.
Self-poised, a brooding hawk, there hangs
In the still air the adept. The bull
On the firm earth goes not so smooth!
So the first fine ecstatic pangs
Pass; balance comes.

OLYMPAS. How wonderful
Are these tall avenues of truth!

MARSYAS. So the first flash of light and terror
Is seen as shadow, known as error.
Next, light comes as light; as it grows
The sense of peace still steadier glows;
And the fierce lust, that linked the soul
To its God, attains a chaste control.
Intimate, an atomic bliss,
Is the last phrasing of that kiss.
Not ecstasy, but peace, pure peace!

Invisible the dew sublimes
From the great mother, subtly climbs
And loves the leaves! Yea, in the end,

AHA!

Vision all vision must transcend.
These glories are mere scaffolding
To the Closed Palace of the King.

OLYMPAS. Yet, saidst thou, ere the new flower shoots
The soul is torn up by the roots.

MARSYAS. Now come we to the intimate things
Known to how few! Man's being clings
First to the outer. Free from these
The inner sheathings, and he sees
Those sheathings as external. Strip
One after one each lovely lip
From the full rose-bud! Ever new
Leaps the next petal to the view.
What binds them by Desire? Disease
Most dire of direful Destiny's!

OLYMPAS. I have abandoned all to tread
The brilliant pathway overhead!

MARSYAS. Easy to say. To abandon all,
All must be first loved and possessed.
Nor thou nor I have burst the thrall.
All—as I offered half in jest,
Sceptic—was torn away from me.
Not without pain! THEY slew my child
Dragged my wife down to infamy
Loathlier than death, drove to the wild
My tortured body, stripped me of
Wealth, health, youth, beauty, ardour, love.
Thou has abandoned all? Then try
A speck of dust within the eye!

OLYMPAS. But that is different!

THE EQUINOX

MARSYAS. Life is one.
Magic is life. The physical
(Men name it) is a house of call
For the adept, heir of the sun!
Bombard the house! it groans and gapes.
The adept runs forth, and so escapes
That ruin!

OLYMPAS. Smoothly parallel
The ruin of the mind as well?

MARSYAS. Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil,
The Second Veil! ... O spare me this
Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS. Master, I bend me at thy feet—
Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS. Blind horror catches at my breath.
The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dismaller than death!
Courage and will! What boots their force?
The mind rears like a frightened horse.
There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things too dreadful to recount!
There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its course
By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.

AHA!

Destroy them, and destroy the mind!
O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to thee!
This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!
For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down come the house—a hail of bricks!
The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,
Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory-chain
Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
The Self disrupted! Blank, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,
The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's inquiry:
"Summa scientia nihil scire."

MARSYAS. Ay, but that reasoned thesis lacks
The impact of reality.
This vision is a battle axe
Splitting the skull. O pardon me!
But my soul faints, my stomach sinks.
Let me pass on!

OLYMPAS. My being drinks

THE EQUINOX

The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.

This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS.

Black snare that I was taken in!

How one may pass I hardly know.

Maybe time never blots the track.

Black, black, intolerably black!

Go, spectre of the ages, go!

Suffice it that I passed beyond.

I found the secret of the bond

Of thought to thought through countless years

Through many lives, in many spheres,

Brought to a point the dark design

Of this existence that is mine.

I knew my secret. *All I was*

I brought into the burning-glass,

And all its focussed light and heat

Charred *all I am*. The rune's complete

When *all I shall be* flashes by

Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning.

Vacant and accursed thing!

By my Will I swept away

The web of metaphysic, smiled

At the blind labyrinth, where the grey

Old snake of madness wove his wild

Curse! As I trod the trackless way

Through sunless gorges of Cathay,

I became a little child.

By nameless rivers, swirling through

AHA!

Chasms, a fantastic blue,
Month by month, on barren hills,
In burning heat, in bitter chills,
Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
Smaragdine archipelago,
See me—led by some wise hand
That I did not understand.
Morn and noon and eve and night
I, the forlorn eremite,
Called on Him with mild devotion,
As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love
I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the intolerable light
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love
Blazed in me. Then some giant will,
Mine or another's thrust a thrill
Through the great vision. All the light
Went out in an immortal night,
The world annihilated by
The opening of the Master's Eye.
How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS.

Master, master!
A sense of some divine disaster
Abases me.

THE EQUINOX

MARSYAS. Indeed, the shrine
Is desolate of the divine!
But all the illusion gone, behold
The one that is!

OLYMPAS. Royally rolled,
I hear strange music in the air!

MARSYAS. It is the angelic choir, aware
Of the great Ordeal dared and done
By one more Brother of the Sun!

OLYMPAS. Master, the shriek of a great bird
Blends with the torrent of the thunder.

MARSYAS. It is the echo of the word
That tore the universe asunder.

OLYMPAS. Master, thy stature spans the sky.

MARSYAS. Verily; but it is not I.
The adept dissolves—pale phantom form
Blown from the black mouth of the storm.
It is another that arises!

OLYMPAS. Yet in thee, through thee!

MARSYAS. I am not.

OLYMPAS. For me thou art.

MARSYAS. So that suffices
To seal thy will? To cast thy lot
Into the lap of God? Then, well!

OLYMPAS. Ay, there is no more potent spell.
Through life, through death, by land and sea
Most surely will I follow thee.

MARSYAS. Follow thyself, not me. Thou hast
An Holy Guardian Angel, bound
To lead thee from thy bitter waste

AHA!

To the inscrutable profound
That is His covenanted ground.

OLYMPAS. Thou who hast known these master-keys
Of all creation's mysteries,
Tell me, what followed the great gust
Of God that blew his world to dust?

MARSYAS. I, even I the man, became
As a great sword of flashing flame.
My life, informed with holiness,
Conscious of its own loveliness,
Like a well that overflows
At the limit of the snows,
Sent its crystal stream to gladden
The hearts of men, their lives to madden
With the intoxicating bliss
(Wine mixed with myrrh and ambergris!)
Of this bitter-sweet perfume,
This gorse's blaze of prickly bloom
That is the Wisdom of the Way.
Then springs the statue from the clay,
And all God's doubted fatherhood
Is seen to be supremely good.

Live within the sane sweet sun!
Leave the shadow-world alone!

OLYMPAS. There is a crown for every one;
For every one there is a throne!

MARSYAS. That crown is Silence. Sealed and sure!
That throne is Knowledge perfect pure.
Below that throne adoring stand

THE EQUINOX

Virtues in a blissful band;
Mercy, majesty and power,
Beauty and harmony and strength,
Triumph and splendour, starry shower
Of flames that flake their lily length,
A necklet of pure light, far-flung
Down to the Base, from which is hung
A pearl, the Universe, whose sight
Is one globed jewel of delight.
Fallen no more! A bowered bride
Blushing to be satisfied!

OLYMPAS. All this, of once the Eye unclose?
MARSYAS. The golden cross, the ruby rose
Are gone, when flaming from afar
The Hawk's eye blinds the Silver Star.

O brothers of the Star, caressed
By its cool flames from brow to breast,
Is there some rapture yet to excite
This prone and pallid neophyte?
OLYMPAS. O but there is no need of this!
I burn toward the abyss of Bliss.
I call the Four Powers of the Name;
Earth, wind and cloud, sea, smoke and flame
To witness: by this triune Star
I swear to break the twi-forked bar.
But how to attain? Flexes and leans
The strongest will that lacks the means.

MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the great gate,
Being eight in one and one in eight.

AHA!

First, let the body of thee be still,
Bound by the cerements of will,
Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
The fidget-babes that tense the thought.
Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
Easy, regular, and slow;
So that thy being be in tune
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.
Third, let thy life be pure and calm
Swayed softly as a windless palm.
Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
To the one love of the Profound.
Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
From sense, observe its entity.
Watch every thought that springs; enhance
Hour after hour thy vigilance!
Intense and keen, turned inward, miss
No atom of analysis!
Sixth, on one thought securely pinned
Still every whisper of the wind!
So like a flame straight and unstirred
Burn up thy being in one word!
Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
Thy meditation steep and strong,
Slaying even God, should He distract
Thy attention from the chosen act!
Last, all these things in one o'erpowered,
Time that the midnight blossom flowered!
The oneness is. Yet even in this,
My son, thou shalt not do amiss

THE EQUINOX

If thou restrain the expression, shoot
Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,
Discarding name, form, sight, and stress
Even of this high consciousness;
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here:
Thou art the Master. I revere
Thy radiance that rolls afar,
O Brother of the Silver Star!

OLYMPAS. Ah, but no ease may lap my limbs.
Giants and sorcerers oppose;
Ogres and dragons are my foes!
Leviathan against me swims,
And lions roar, and Boreas blows!
No Zephyrs woo, no happy hymns
Pæan the Pilgrim of the Rose!

MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of light.
Be thou, devoutly eremite,
Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
A place for thine Academy.
Let there be an holy wood
Of embowered solitude
By the still, the rainless river,
Underneath the tangled roots
Of majestic trees that quiver
In the quiet airs; where shoots
Of the kindly grass are green
Moss and ferns asleep between,
Lilies in the water lapped,
Sunbeams in the branches trapped
—Windless and eternal even!
Silenced all the birds of heaven

AHA!

By the low insistent call
Of the constant waterfall.
There, to such a setting be
Its carven gem of deity,
A central flawless fire, enthralled
Like Truth within an emerald!
Thou shalt have a birchen bark
On the river in the dark;
And at the midnight thou shalt go
To the mid-stream's smoothest flow,
And strike upon a golden bell
The spirit's call; then say the spell:
"Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!"
Making the Sign of Magistracy
With wand of lapis lazuli.
Then, it may be, through the blind dumb
Night thou shalt see thine angel come,
Hear the faint whisper of his wings,
Behold the starry breast begemmed
With the twelve stones of the twelve kings!
His forehead shall be diademed
With the faint light of stars, wherein
The Eye gleams dominant and keen.
Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love
Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.
He shall inform his happy lover:
My foolish prating shall be over!

OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy haste.
This doctrine hath so sweet a taste
That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every flower.

THE EQUINOX

Lie open, a chameleon cup,
And let Him suck thine honey up!

OLYMPAS. There is one doubt. When souls attain
Such an unimagined gain
Shall not others mark them, wise
Beyond mere mortal destinies?

MARSYAS. Such are not the perfect saints.
While the imagination faints
Before their truth, they veil it close
As amid the utmost snows
The tallest peaks most straitly hide
With clouds their holy heads. Divide
The planes! Be ever as you can
A simple honest gentleman!
Body and manners be at ease,
Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!
Who fights as fights the soldier-saint?
And see the artist-adept paint!
Weak are those souls that fear the stress
Of earth upon their holiness!
They fast, they eat fantastic food,
They prate of beans and brotherhood,
Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats,
And think that makes them Arahats!
How shall man still his spirit-storm?
Rational Dress and Food Reform!

OLYMPAS. I know such saints.

MARSYAS. An easy vice:
So wondrous well they advertise!
O their mean souls are satisfied

AHA!

With wind of spiritual pride.
They're all negation. "Do not eat;
What poison to the soul is meat!
Drink not; smoke not; deny the will!
Wine and tobacco make us ill."
Magic is life; the Will to Live
Is one supreme Affirmative.
These things that flinch from Life are worth
No more to Heaven than to Earth.
Affirm the everlasting Yes!

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

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

Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above
Is the sanctity of love.
In His warm and secret shrine
Is a cup of perfect wine,
Whereof one drop is medicine
Against all ills that hurt the soul.
A flaming daughter of the Jinn
Brought to me once a wingéd scroll,
Wherein I read the spell that brings
The knowledge of that King of Kings.
Angel, I invoke thee now!
Bend on me the starry brow!
Spread the eagle wings above

THE EQUINOX

The pavilion of our love!
Rise from your starry sapphire seats!
See, where through the quickening skies
The oriflamme of beauty beats
Heralding loyal legionaries,
Whose flame of golden javelins
Fences those peerless paladins.
There are the burning lamps of them,
Splendid star-clusters to begem
The trailing torrents of those blue
Bright wings that bear mine angel through!
O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,
Miraculously manifold,
For all the sky's aflame to be
A mirror magical of Thee!
The stars seem comets, rushing down
To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown.
Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird
By a great wind sublimely stirred,
Thou drawest the light of all the skies
Into thy wake. The heaven dies
In bubbling froth of light, that foams
About thine ardour. All the domes
Of all the heavens close above thee
As thou art known of me who love thee.
Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on
This soul of mine, that it is gone,
Gone from all life, and rapt away
Into the infinite starry spray
Of thine own Æon . . . Alas for me!

AHA!

I faint. Thy mystic majesty
Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS. All hail! all hail!
White splendour through the viewless veil!
I am drawn with thee to rapture.

MARSYAS. Stay!
I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
The knowledge of a new sweet way
Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory clings
Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue wings
Into the Essence of the All.
Now, now I stand on earth again,
Though, blazing through each nerve and vein,
The light yet holds its choral course,
Filling my frame with fiery force
Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse
New-fledged on these reluctant lips!

OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen, quiver
Like light upon a rainy river!

MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the sole word
Of law that my attainment heard.
Arise, and lay thine hand on God!
Arise, and set a period
Unto Restriction! That is sin:
To hold thine holy spirit in!
O thou that chafest at thy bars,
Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
With a pure heart (Her incense burned

THE EQUINOX

Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),
And let the serpent flame therein
A little, and thy soul shall win
To lie within her bosom. Lo!
Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!
Take all, and take me! Gather spice
And virgins and great pearls of price!
Worship me in a single robe,
Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe,
I love thee! Pale and purple, veiled,
Voluptuous, swan silver-sailed,
I love thee. I am drunkenness
Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress
Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand
Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned
By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon
Mine iridescent altar-stone,
And in her love-chaunt swooningly
Say evermore: To me! To me!
I am the azure-lidded daughter
Of sunset; the all-girdling water;
The naked brilliance of the sky
In the voluptuous night am I!
With song, with jewel, with perfume,
Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!
Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
My love, my lord—to me! to me!

OLYMPAS.

There is no harshness in the breath
Of this—is life surpassed, and death?

MARSYAS.

There is the Snake that gives delight

AHA!

And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright
With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine,
Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!
These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell
Not in the cold secretive cell,
But under purple canopies
With mighty-breasted mistresses
Magnificent as lionesses—
Tender and terrible caresses!
Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;
And massed huge hair about them lies.
They lead their hosts to victory:
In every joy they are kings; then see
That secret serpent coiled to spring
And win the world! O priest and king,
Let there be feasting, foining, fighting,
A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!
Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold!
The stars' kiss is as molten gold.
Harden! Hold thyself up! now die—
Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS. And I?

MARSYAS. My stature shall surpass the stars:
He hath said it! Men shall worship me
In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,
Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS. Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS. I am the consecrated Beast.
I build the Abominable House.
The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—

THE EQUINOX

OLYMPAS. What is this word?
MARSYAS. Thou canst not know
Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.
OLYMPAS. I worship thee. The moon-rays flow
Masterfully rich and real
From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns
Chanting before the Holy Ones
Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!
MARSYAS. The last spell! The availing word!
The two completed by the third!
The Lord of War, of Vengeance
That slayeth with a single glance!
This light is in me of my Lord.
His Name is this far-whirling sword.
I push His order. Keen and swift
My Hawk's eye flames; these arms uplift
The Banner of Silence and of Strength—
Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length!
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I:
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.
Hail! ye twin warriors that guard
The pillars of the world! Your time
Is nigh at hand. The snake that marred
Heaven with his inexhaustible slime
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,
The Wand that waxes and that wanes;
I crush the Universe this hour
In my left hand; and naught remains!
Ho! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame

AHA!

Secretly shooting from the sun.
Aum! Ha!—my destiny is done.
The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS. I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS. The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS. Profits it?

MARSYAS. Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS. The other did no less.

MARSYAS. Then prove

Both by the master-key of Love.
The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk
To use the sacred oil of work?
Not from the valley shalt thou test
The eggs that line the eagle's nest!
Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,
The sheer wall of the precipice!
Master the cornice, gain the breach,
And learn what next the ridge can teach!
Yet—not the ridge itself may speak
The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS. All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS.

Admitted,
O thou astute and subtle-witted!
Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in mist!
Another—firm, smooth, loved and kissed
By the soft sun! Our order hath
This secret of the solar path,
Even as our Lord the Beast hath won
The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS. These secrets are too high for me.

THE EQUINOX

MARSYAS. Nay, little brother! Come and see!
Neither by faith nor fear nor awe
Approach the doctrine of the Law!
Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout,
And those three others be cast out.

OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the hand
Gently to this gracious land!
Let me drink the doctrine in,
An all-healing medicine!
Let me rise, correct and firm,
Steady striding to the term,
Master of my fate, to rise
To imperial destinies;
With the sun's ensanguine dart
Spear-bright in my blazing heart,
And my being's basil-plant
Bright and hard as adamant!

MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,
The yellow desert waits for us.
Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
We travel to the lonely land.
There, beneath the stars, the smoke
Of our incense shall invoke
The Queen of Space; and subtly
She Shall bend from Her infinity
Like a lambent flame of blue,
Touching us, and piercing through
All the sense-webs that we are
As the aethyr penetrates a star!
Her hands caressing the black earth,

AHA!

Her sweet lithe body arched for love,
Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,
She calls my name—she gives the sign
That she is mine, supremely mine,
And clinging to the infinite girth
My soul gets perfect joy thereof
Beyond the abysses and the hours;
So that—I kiss her lovely brows;
She bathes my body in perfume
Of sweat O thou my secret spouse,
Continuous One of Heaven! illumine
My soul with this arcane delight,
Voluptuous Daughter of the Night!
Eat me up wholly with the glance
Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

The desert calls.

Then let us go!

Or seek the sacramental snow,
Where like a high-priest I may stand
With acolytes on every hand,
The lesser peaks—my will withdrawn
To invoke the dayspring from the dawn,
Changing that rosy smoke of light
To a pure crystalline white;
Though the mist of mind, as draws
A dancer round her limbs the gauze,
Clothe Light, and show the virgin Sun
A lemon-pale medallion!
Thence leap we leashless to the goal,
Stainless star-rapture of the soul.

THE EQUINOX

So the altar-fires fade
As the Godhead is displayed.
Nay, we stir not. Everywhere
Is our temple right appointed.
All the earth is faery fair
For us. Am I not anointed?
The Sigil burns upon the brow
At the adjuration—here and now.

OLYMPAS.

The air is laden with perfumes.

MARSYAS.

Behold! It beams—it burns—it blooms.

*

*

*

*

*

OLYMPAS.

Master, how subtly hast thou drawn
The daylight from the Golden Dawn,
Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold
Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;
Until I saw, flashed from afar,
The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS.

Peace to all beings. Peace to thee,
Co-heir of mine eternity!
Peace to the greatest and the least,
To nebula and nenuphar!
Light in abundance be increased
On them that dream that shadows are!

OLYMPAS.

Blessing and worship to The Beast,
The prophet of the lovely Star!

THE HERB DANGEROUS

PART III

THE POEM OF HASHISH

THE POEM OF HASHISH

CHAPTER I

THE LONGING FOR INFINITY

THOSE who know how to observe themselves, and who preserve the memory of their impressions, those who, like Hoffmann, have known how to construct their spiritual barometer, have sometimes had to note in the observatory of their mind fine seasons, happy days, delicious minutes. There are days when man awakes with a young and vigorous genius. Though his eyelids be scarcely released from the slumber which sealed them, the exterior world shows itself to him with a powerful relief, a clearness of contour, and a richness of colour which are admirable. The moral world opens out its vast perspective, full of new clarities.

A man gratified by this happiness, unfortunately rare and transient, feels himself at once more an artist and more a just man; to say all in a word, a nobler being. But the most singular thing in this exceptional condition of the spirit and of the senses—which I may without exaggeration call heavenly, if I compare it with the heavy shadows of common and daily existence—is that it has not been created by any visible or easily definable cause. Is it the result of a good hygiene and of a wise regimen? Such is the first explanation which

THE EQUINOX

suggests itself ; but we are obliged to recognise that often this marvel, this prodigy, so to say, produces itself as if it were the effect of a superior and invisible power, of a power exterior to man, after a period of the abuse of his physical faculties. Shall we say that it is the reward of assiduous prayer and spiritual ardour? It is certain that a constant elevation of the desire, a tension of the spiritual forces in a heavenly direction, would be the most proper regimen for creating this moral health, so brilliant and so glorious. But what absurd law causes it to manifest itself (as it sometimes does) after shameful orgies of the imagination; after a sophistical abuse of reason, which is, to its straight forward and rational use, that which the tricks of dislocation which some acrobats have taught themselves to perform are to sane gymnastics? For this reason I prefer to consider this abnormal condition of the spirit as a true "grace;" as a magic mirror wherein man is invited to see himself at his best; that is to say, as that which he should be, and might be; a kind of angelic excitement; a rehabilitation of the most flattering type. A certain Spiritualist School, largely represented in England and America, even considers supernatural phenomena, such as the apparition of phantoms, ghosts, &c., as manifestations of the Divine Will, ever anxious to awaken in the spirit of man the memory of invisible truths.

Besides this charming and singular state, where all the forces are balanced; where the imagination, though enormously powerful, does not drag after it into perilous adventures the moral sense; when an exquisite sensibility is no longer tortured by sick nerves, those counsellors-in-ordinary of crime or despair: this marvellous

THE POEM OF HASHISH

State, I say, has no prodromal symptoms. It is as unexpected as a ghost. It is a species of obsession, but of intermittent obsession; from which we should be able to draw, if we were but wise, the certainty of a nobler existence, and the hope of attaining to it by the daily exercise of our will. This sharpness of thought, this enthusiasm of the senses and of the spirit, must in every age have appeared to man as the chiefest of blessings; and for this reason, considering nothing but the immediate pleasure he has, without worrying himself as to whether he were violating the laws of his constitution, he has sought, in physical science, in pharmacy, in the grossest liquors, in the subtlest perfumes, in every climate and in every age, the means of fleeing, were it but for some hours only, his habitaculum of mire, and, as the author of "Lazare" says, "to carry Paradise at the first assault." Alas! the vices of man, full of horror as one must suppose them, contain the proof, even though it were nothing but their infinite expansion, of his hunger for the Infinite; only, it is a taste which often loses its way. One might take a proverbial metaphor, "All roads lead to Rome," and apply it to the moral world: all roads lead to reward or punishment; two forms of eternity. The mind of man is glugged with passion: he has, if I may use another familiar phrase, passion to burn. But this unhappy soul, whose natural depravity is equal to its sudden aptitude, paradoxical enough, for charity and the most arduous virtues, is full of paradoxes which allow him to turn to other purposes the overflow of this overmastering passion. He never imagines that he is selling himself wholesale: he forgets, in his infatuation, that he is matched against a player more cunning and more strong than

THE EQUINOX

he; and that the Spirit of Evil, though one give him but a hair, will not delay to carry off the whole head. This visible lord of visible nature—I speak of man—has, then, wished to create Paradise by chemistry, by fermented drinks; like a maniac who should replace solid furniture and real gardens by decorations painted on canvas and mounted on frames. It is in this degradation of the sense of the Infinite that lies, according to me, the reason of all guilty excesses; from the solitary and concentrated drunkenness of the man of letters, who, obliged to seek in opium and anodyne for a physical suffering, and having thus discovered a well of morbid pleasure, has made of it, little by little, his sole diet, and as it were the sum of his spiritual life; down to the most disgusting sot of the suburbs, who, his head full of flame and of glory, rolls ridiculously in the muck of the roads.

Among the drugs most efficient in creating what I call the artificial ideal, leaving on one side liquors, which rapidly excite gross frenzy and lay flat all spiritual force, and the perfumes, whose excessive use, while rendering more subtle man's imagination, wear out gradually his physical forces; the two most energetic substances, the most convenient and the most handy, are hashish and opium. The analysis of the mysterious effect and the diseased pleasures which these drugs beget, of the inevitable chastisement which results from their prolonged use, and finally the immorality necessarily employed in this pursuit of a false ideal, constitutes the subject of this study.

The subject of opium has been treated already, and in a manner at once so startling, so scientific, and so poetic that I shall not dare to add a word to it. I will therefore content

THE POEM OF HASHISH

myself in another study, with giving an analysis of this incomparable book, which has never been fully translated into French. The author, and illustrious man of a powerful and exquisite imagination, to-day retired and silent, has dared with tragic candour to write down the delights and the tortures which he once found in opium, and the most dramatic portion of his book is that where he speaks of the superhuman efforts of will which he found it necessary to bring into action in order to escape from the damnation which he had imprudently incurred. To-day I shall only speak of hashish, and I shall speak of it after numerous investigations and minute information; extracts from notes or confidences of intelligent men who had long been addicted to it; only, I shall combine these varied documents into a sort of monograph, choosing a particular soul, and one easy to explain and to define, as a type suitable to experiences of this nature.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS HASHISH?

THE stories of Marco Polo, which have been so unjustly laughed at, as in the case of some other old travellers, have been verified by men of science, and deserve our belief. I shall not repeat his story of how, after having intoxicated them with hashish (whence the word "Assassin") the old Man of the Mountains shut up in a garden filled with delights those of his youngest disciples to whom he wished to give an idea of Paradise as an earnest of the reward, so to speak, of a passive and unreflecting obedience. The reader may consult, concerning the secret Society of Hashishins, the work of Von Hammer- Purgstall, and the note of M. Sylvestre de Sacy contained in vol. 16 of "Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres"; and, with regard to the etymology of the word "assassin," his letter to the editor of the "Moniteur" in No. 359 of the year 1809. Herodotus tells us that the Syrians used to gather grains of hemp and throw red-hot stones upon them; so that it was like a vapour-bath, more perfumed than that of any Grecian stove; and the pleasure of it was so acute that it drew cries of joy from them.

Hashish, in effect, comes to us from the East. The exciting properties of hemp were well known in ancient Egypt, and the use of it is very widely spread under different names in

THE POEM OF HASHISH

India, Algeria, and Arabia Felix; but we have around us, under our eyes, curious examples of the intoxication caused by vegetable emanations. Without speaking of the children who, having played and rolled themselves in heaps of cut lucern, often experience singular attacks of vertigo, it is well known that during the hemp harvest both male and female workers undergo similar effects. One would say that from the harvest rises a miasma which troubles their brains despitefully. The head of the reaper is full of whirlwinds, sometimes laden with reveries; at certain moments the limbs grow weak and refuse their office. We have heard tell of crises of somnambulism as being frequent among the Russian peasants, whose cause, they say, must be attributed to the use of hemp-seed oil in the preparation of food. Who does not know the extravagant behaviour of hens which have eaten grains of hemp-seed, and the wild enthusiasm of the horses which the peasants, at weddings and on the feasts of their patron saints, prepare for a steeplechase by a ration of hemp-seed, sometimes sprinkled with wine? Nevertheless, French hemp is unsuitable for preparing hashish, or at least, as repeated experiments have shown, unfitted to give a drug which is equal in power to hashish. Hashish, or Indian hemp (*Cannabis indica*), is a plant of the family of *Urticaceae*, resembling in every respect the hemp of our latitudes, except that it does not attain the same height. It possesses very extraordinary intoxicating properties, which for some years past have attracted in France the attention of men of science and of the world. It is more or less highly esteemed according to its different sources: that of Bengal is the most prized by Europeans; that, however, of Egypt, of Constantinople, of Persia, and

THE EQUINOX

of Algeria enjoys the same properties, but in an inferior degree.

Hashish (or grass; that is to say, *the grass par excellence*, as if the Arabs had wished to define in a single word the *grass* source of all material pleasures) has different names, according to its composition and the method of preparation which it has undergone in the country where it has been gathered: In India, *bhang*; in Africa, *teriaki*; in Algeria and in Arabia Felix, *madjound*, &c. It makes considerable difference at what season of the year it is gathered. It possesses its greatest energy when it is in flower. The flowering tops are in consequence the only parts employed in the different preparations of which we are about to speak. The *extrait gras* of hashish, as the Arabs prepare it, is obtained by boiling the tops of the fresh plant in butter, with a little water. It is strained, after complete evaporation of all humidity, and one thus obtains a preparation which has the appearance of a pomade, in colour greenish yellow, and which possesses a disagreeable odour of hashish and of rancid butter. Under this form it is employed in small pills of two to four grammes in weight, but on account of its objectionable smell, which increases with age, the Arabs conceal the *extrait gras* in sweetmeats.

The most commonly employed of these sweetmeats, *dawamesk*, is a mixture of *extrait gras*, sugar, and various other aromatic substances, such as vanilla, cinnamon, pistachio, almond, musk. Sometimes one even adds a little cantharides, with an object which has nothing in common with the ordinary results of hashish. Under this new form hashish has no disagreeable qualities, and one can take it in a

THE POEM OF HASHISH

dose of fifteen, twenty, and thirty grammes, either enveloped in a leaf of *pain à chanter* or in a cup of coffee.

The experiments made by Messrs. Smith, Gastinel, and Decourtive were directed towards the discovery of the active principles of hashish. Despite their efforts, its chemical combination is still little known, but one usually attributes its properties to a resinous matter which is found there in the proportion of about 10 per cent. To obtain this resin the dried plant is reduced to a coarse powder, which is then washed several times with alcohol; this is afterwards partially distilled and evaporated until it reaches the consistency of an extract; this extract is treated with water, which dissolves the gummy foreign matter, and the resin then remains in a pure condition.

This product is soft, of a dark green colour, and possesses to a high degree the characteristic smell of hashish. Five, ten, fifteen centigrammes are sufficient to produce surprising results. But the haschischine, which may be administered under the form of chocolate pastilles or small pills mixed with ginger, has, like the *dawamesk* and the *extrait gras*, effects more or less vigorous, and of an extremely varied nature, according to the individual temperament and nervous susceptibility of the hashish-eater; and, more than that, the result varies in the same individual. Sometimes he will experience an immoderate and irresistible gaiety, sometimes a sense of well-being and of abundance of life, sometimes a slumber doubtful and thronged with dreams. There are, however, some phenomena which occur regularly enough; above all, in the case of persons of a regular temperament and education; there is a kind of unity in its variety which

THE EQUINOX

will allow me to edit, without too much trouble, this monograph on hashish-drunkenness of which I spoke before.

At Constantinople, in Algeria, and even in France, some people smoke hashish mixed with tobacco, but then the phenomena in question only occur under a form much moderated, and, so to say, lazy. I have heard it said that recently, by means of distillation, an essential oil has been drawn from hashish which appears to possess a power much more active than all the preparations hitherto known, but it has not been sufficiently studied for me to speak with certainty of its results. Is it not superfluous to add that tea, coffee, and alcoholic drinks are powerful adjuvants which accelerate more or less the outbreak of this mysterious intoxication?

CHAPTER III

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE SERAPHIM

WHAT does one experience? What does one see? Marvellous things, is it not so? Wonderful sights? Is it very beautiful? and very terrible? and very dangerous? Such are the usual questions which, with a curiosity mingled with fear, those ignorant of hashish address to its adepts. It is, as it were, the childish impatience to know, resembling that of those people who have never quitted their firesides when they meet a man who returns from distant and unknown countries. They imagine hashish-drunkenness to themselves as a prodigious country, a vast theatre of sleight-of-hand and of juggling, where all is miraculous, all unforeseen.—That is a prejudice, a complete mistake. And since for the ordinary run of readers and of questioners the word “hashish” connotes the idea of a strange and topsy-turvy world, the expectation of prodigious dreams (it would be better to say hallucinations, which are, by the way, less frequent than people suppose), I will at once remark upon the important difference which separates the effects of hashish from the phenomena of dream. In dream, that adventurous voyage which we undertake every night, there is something positively miraculous. It is a miracle whose punctual occurrence has blunted its mystery. The dreams of man are of two classes. Some, full of his ordinary

THE EQUINOX

life, of his preoccupations, of his desires, of his vices, combine themselves in a manner more or less bizarre with the objects which he has met in his day's work, which have carelessly fixed themselves upon the vast canvas of his memory. That is the natural dream; it is the man himself. But the other kind of dream, the dream absurd and unforeseen, without meaning or connection with the character, the life, and the passions of the sleeper: this dream, which I shall call hieroglyphic, evidently represents the supernatural side of life, and it is exactly because it is absurd that the ancients believed it to be divine. As it is inexplicable by natural causes, they attributed to it a cause external to man, and even to-day, leaving out of account oneiromancers and the fooleries of a philosophical school which sees in dreams of this type sometimes a reproach, sometimes a warning; in short, a symbolic and moral picture begotten in the spirit itself of the sleeper. It is a dictionary which one must study; a language of which sages may obtain the key.

In the intoxication of hashish there is nothing like this. We shall not go outside the class of natural dream. The drunkenness, throughout its duration, it is true, will be nothing but an immense dream, thanks to the intensity of its colours and the rapidity of its conceptions. But it will always keep the idiosyncrasy of the individual. The man has desired to dream; the dream will govern the man. But this dream will be truly the son of its father. The idle man has taxed his ingenuity to introduce artificially the supernatural into his life and into his thought; but, after all, and despite the accidental energy of his experiences, he is nothing but the same man magnified, the same number raised to a very high power. He

THE POEM OF HASHISH

is brought into subjection, but, unhappily for him, it is not by himself; that is to say, by the part of himself which is already dominant. "He would be angel; he becomes a beast." Momentarily very powerful, if, indeed, one can give the name of power to what is merely excessive sensibility without the control which might moderate or make use of it.

Let it be well understood then, by worldly and ignorant folk, curious of acquaintance with exceptional joys, that they will find in hashish nothing miraculous, absolutely nothing but the natural in a superabundant degree. The brain and the organism upon which hashish operates will only give their ordinary and individual phenomena, magnified, it is true, both in quantity and quality, but always faithful to their origin. Man cannot escape the fatality of his mortal and physical temperament. Hashish will be, indeed, for the impressions and familiar thoughts of the man, a mirror which magnifies, yet no more than a mirror.

Here is the drug before your eyes: a little green sweetmeat, about as big as a nut, with a strange smell; so strange that it arouses a certain revulsion, and inclinations to nausea—as, indeed, any fine and even agreeable scent, exalted to its maximum strength and (so to say) density, would do.

Allow me to remark in passing that this proposition can be inverted, and that the most disgusting and revolting perfume would become perhaps a pleasure to inhale if it were reduced to its minimum quantity and intensity.

There! there is happiness; heaven in a teaspoon; happiness, with all its intoxication, all its folly, all its childishness. You can swallow it without fear; it is not fatal; it will in nowise injure your physical organs. Perhaps (later on) too

THE EQUINOX

frequent an employment of the sorcery will diminish the strength of your will; perhaps you will be less a man than you are today; but retribution is so far off, and the nature of the eventual disaster so difficult to define! What is it that you risk? A little nervous fatigue to-morrow—no more. Do you not every day risk greater punishments for less reward? Very good then; you have even, to make it act more quickly and vigorously, imbibed your dose of *extrait gras* in a cup of black coffee. You have taken care to have the stomach empty, postponing dinner till nine or ten o'clock, to give full liberty of action to the poison. At the very most you will take a little soup in an hour's time. You are now sufficiently provisioned for a long and strange journey; the steamer has whistled, the sails are trimmed; and you have this curious advantage over ordinary travellers, that you have no idea where you are going. You have made your choice; here's to luck!

I presume that you have taken the precaution to choose carefully your moment for setting out on this adventure. For every perfect debauch demands perfect leisure. You know, moreover, that hashish exaggerates, not only the individual, but also circumstances and environment. You have no duties to fulfil which require punctuality or exactitude; no domestic worries; no lover's sorrows. One must be careful on such points. Such a disappointment, an anxiety, an interior monition of a duty which demands your will and your attention, at some determinate moment, would ring like a funeral bell across your intoxication and poison your pleasure. Anxiety would become anguish, and disappointment torture. But if, having observed all these preliminary conditions, the weather is fine; if you are situated in favourable surroundings, such as a picturesque

THE POEM OF HASHISH

landscape or a room beautifully decorated; and if in particular you have at command a little music, then all is for the best.

Generally speaking, there are three phases in hashish intoxication, easy enough to distinguish, and it is not uncommon for beginners to obtain only the first symptoms of the first phase. You have heard vague chatter about the marvellous effects of hashish; your imagination has preconceived a special idea, an ideal intoxication, so to say. You long to know if the reality will indeed reach the height of your hope; that alone is sufficient to throw you from the very beginning into an anxious state, favourable enough to the conquering and enveloping tendency of the poison. Most novices, on their first initiation, complain of the slowness of the effects: they wait for them with a puerile impatience, and, the drug not acting quickly enough for their liking, they bluster long rigmaroles of incredulity, which are amusing enough for the old hands who know how hashish acts. The first attacks, like the symptoms of a storm which has held off for a long while, appear and multiply themselves in the bosom of this very incredulity. At first it is a certain hilarity, absurdly irresistible, which possesses you. These accesses of gaiety, without due cause, of which you are almost ashamed, frequently occur and divide the intervals of stupor, during which you seek in vain to pull yourself together. The simplest words, the most trivial ideas, take on a new and strange physiognomy. You are surprised at yourself for having up to now found them so simple. Incongruous likenesses and correspondences, impossible to foresee, interminable puns, comic sketches, spout eternally from your brain. The demon has encompassed you; it is useless to kick against the pricks of this hilarity, as painful as tickling

THE EQUINOX

is! From time to time you laugh to yourself at your stupidity and your madness, and your comrades, if you are with others, laugh also, both at your state and their own; but as they laugh without malice, so you are without resentment.

This gaiety, turn by turn idle or acute, this uneasiness in joy, this insecurity, this indecision, last, as a rule, but a very short time. Soon the meanings of ideas become so vague, the conducting thread which binds your conceptions together becomes so tenuous, that none but your accomplices can understand you. And, again, on this subject and from this point of view, no means of verifying it! Perhaps they only think that they understand you, and the illusion is reciprocal. This frivolity, these bursts of laughter, like explosions, seem like a true mania, or at least like the delusion of a maniac, to every man who is not in the same state as yourself. What is more, prudence and good sense, the regularity of the thoughts of him who witnesses, but has been careful not to intoxicate himself, rejoice you and amuse you as if they were a particular form of dementia. The parts are interchanged; his self-possession drives you to the last limits of irony. How monstrous comic is this situation, for a man who is enjoying a gaiety incomprehensible for him who is not placed in the same environment as he! The madman takes pity on the sage, and from that moment the idea of his superiority begins to dawn on the horizon of his intellect. Soon it will grow great and broad, and burst like a meteor.

I was once witness of a scene of this kind which was carried very far, and whose grotesqueness was only intelligible to those who were acquainted, at least by means of observation of others, with the effects of the substance and

THE POEM OF HASHISH

the enormous difference of diapason which it creates between two intelligences apparently equal. A famous musician, who was ignorant of the properties of hashish, who perhaps had never heard speak of it, finds himself in the midst of a company, several persons of which had taken a portion. They try to make him understand the marvellous effects of it; at these prodigious yarns he smiles courteously, by complaisance, like a man who is willing to play the fool for a minute or two. His contempt is quickly divined by these spirits, sharpened by the poison, and their laughter wounds him; these bursts of joy, this playing with words, these altered countenances—all this unwholesome atmosphere irritates him, and forces him to exclaim sooner, perhaps, than he would have wished that this is a poor *rôle*, and that, moreover, it must be very tiring for those who have undertaken it.

The comicality of it lightened them all like a flash; their joy boiled over. “This *rôle* may be good for you,” said he, “but for me, no.” “It is good for us; that is all we care about,” replies egoistically one of the revellers.

Not knowing whether he is dealing with genuine madmen or only with people who are pretending to be mad, our friend thinks that the part of discretion is to go away; but somebody shuts the door and hides the key. Another, kneeling before him, asks his pardon, in the name of the company, and declares insolently, but with tears, that despite his mental inferiority, which perhaps excites a little pity, they are all filled with a profound friendship for him. He makes up his mind to remain, and even condescends, after pressure, to play a little music.

But the sounds of the violin, spreading themselves through

THE EQUINOX

the room like a new contagion, stab—the word is not too strong—first one of the revellers, then another. There burst forth deep and raucous sighs, sudden sobs, streams of silent tears. The frightened musician stops, and, approaching him whose ecstasy is noisiest, asks him if he suffers much, and what must be done to relieve him. One of the persons present, a man of common sense, suggests lemonade and acids; but the “sick man,” his eyes shining with ecstasy, looks on them both with ineffable contempt. To wish to cure a man “sick” of too much life, “sick” of joy!

As this anecdote shows, goodwill towards men has a sufficiently large place in the feelings excited by hashish: a soft, idle, dumb benevolence which springs from the relaxation of the nerves.

In support of this observation somebody once told me an adventure which had happened to him in this state of intoxication, and as he preserved a very exact memory of his feelings I understood perfectly into what grotesque and inextricable embarrassment this difference of diapason and of pity of which I was just speaking had thrown him. I do not remember if the man in question was at his first or his second experiment; had he taken a dose which was a little too strong, or was it that the hashish had produced, without any apparent cause, effects much more vigorous than the ordinary—a not infrequent occurrence?

He told me that across the scutcheon of his joy, this supreme delight of feeling oneself full of life and believing oneself full of genius, there had suddenly smitten the bar sinister of terror. At first dazzled by the beauty of his sensations, he had suddenly fallen into fear of them. He had asked himself the question: “What would become of my intelligence

THE POEM OF HASHISH

and of my bodily organs if this state" (which he took for a supernatural state) "went on always increasing; if my nerves became continually more and more delicate?" By the power of enlargement which the spiritual eye of the patient possesses, this fear must be an unspeakable torment. "I was," he said, "like a runaway horse galloping towards an abyss, wishing to stop and being unable to do so. Indeed, it was a frightful ride, and my thought, slave of circumstance, of *milieu*, of accident, and of all that may be implied by the word chance, had taken a turn of pure, absolute rhapsody. 'It is too late, it is too late!' I repeated to myself ceaselessly in despair. When this mood, which seemed to me to last for an infinite time, and which I daresay only occupied a few minutes, changed, when I thought that at last I might dive into the ocean of happiness so dear to Easterns which succeeds this furious phase, I was overwhelmed by a new misfortune; a new anxiety, trivial enough, puerile enough, tumbled upon me. I suddenly remembered that I was invited to dinner, to an evening party of respectable people. I foresaw myself in the midst of a well-behaved and discreet crowd, every one master of himself, where I should be obliged to conceal carefully the state of my mind while under the glare of many lamps. I was fairly certain of success, but at the same time my heart almost gave up at the thought of the efforts of will which it would be necessary to bring into line in order to win. By some accident, I know not what, the words of the Gospel, "Woe unto him by whom offences come!" leapt to the surface of my memory, and in the effort to forget them, in concentrating myself upon forgetting them, I repeated them to myself ceaselessly. My catastrophe, for it was indeed a catastrophe,

THE EQUINOX

then took a gigantic shape: despite my weakness, I resolved on vigorous action, and went to consult a chemist, for I did not know the antidotes, and I wished to go with a free and careless spirit to the circle where my duty called me; but on the threshold of the shop a sudden thought seized me, haunted me, forced me to reflect. As I passed I had just seen myself in the looking-glass of a shop-front, and my face had startled me. This paleness, these lips compressed, these starting eyes!—I shall frighten this good fellow, I said to myself, and for what a trifle! Add to that the ridicule which I wished to avoid, the fear of finding people in the shop. But my sudden goodwill towards this unknown apothecary mastered all my other feelings. I imagined to myself this man as being as sensitive as I myself was at this dreadful moment, and as I imagined also that his ear and his soul must, like my own, tremble at the slightest noise, I resolved to go in on tiptoe. ‘It would be impossible,’ I said to myself, ‘to show too much discretion in dealing with a man on whose kindness I am about to intrude.’ Then I resolved to deaden the sound of my voice, like the noise of my steps. You know it, this hashish voice: grave, deep, guttural; not unlike that of habitual opium-eaters. The result was the exact contrary of my intention; anxious to reassure the chemist, I frightened him. He was in no way acquainted with this illness; had never even heard of it; yet he looked at me with a curiosity strongly mingled with mistrust. Did he take me for a madman, a criminal, or a beggar? Nor the one nor the other, doubtless, but all these absurd ideas ploughed through my brain. I was obliged to explain to him at length (what weariness!) what the hemp sweetmeat was and what purpose

THE POEM OF HASHISH

it served, ceaselessly repeating to him that there was no danger, that there was, so far as he was concerned, no reason to be alarmed, and that all that I asked was a method of mitigating or neutralising it, frequently insisting upon the sincere disappointment I felt in troubling him. When I had quite finished (I beg you well to understand all the humiliation which these words contained for me) he asked me simply to go away. Such was the reward of my exaggerated thoughtfulness and goodwill. I went to my evening party; I scandalised nobody. No one guessed the superhuman struggles which I had to make to be like other people; but I shall never forget the tortures of an ultra-poetic intoxication constrained by decorum and antagonised by duty.”

Although naturally prone to sympathise with every suffering which is born of the imagination, I could not prevent myself from laughing at this story. The man who told it to me is not cured. He continued to crave at the hands of the cursed confection the excitement which wisdom finds in itself; but as he is a prudent and settled man, a man of the world, he has diminished the doses, which has permitted him to increase their frequency. He will taste later the rotten fruit of his “prudence”!

I return to the regular development of the intoxication. After this first phase of childish gaiety there is, as it were, a momentary relaxation; but new events soon announce themselves by a sensation of coolth at the extremities—which may even become, in the case of certain persons, a bitter cold—and a great weakness in all the limbs. You have then “butter fingers”; and in your head, in all your being, you feel an embarrassing stupor and stupefaction. Your eyes

THE EQUINOX

start from your head; it is as if they were drawn in every direction by implacable ecstasy. Your face is deluged with paleness; the lips draw themselves in, sucked into the mouth with that movement of breathlessness which characterises the ambition of a man who is the prey of his own great schemes, oppressed by enormous thoughts, or taking a long breath preparatory to a spring. The throat closes itself, so to say; the palate is dried up by a thirst which it would be infinitely sweet to satisfy, if the delights of laziness were not still more agreeable, and in opposition to the least disturbance of the body. Deep but hoarse sighs escape from your breast, as if the old bottle, your body, could not bear the passionate activity of the new wine, your new soul. From one time to another a spasm transfixes you and makes you quiver, like those muscular discharges which at the end of a day's work or on a stormy night precede definitive slumber.

Before going further I should like, *à propos* of this sensation of coolth of which I spoke above, to tell another story which will serve to show to what point the effects, even the purely physical effects, may vary according to the individual. This time it is a man of letters who speaks, and in some parts of his story one will (I think) be able to find the indications of the literary temperament. "I had taken," he told me, "a moderated dose of *extrait gras*, and all was going as well as possible. The crisis of gaiety had not lasted long, and I found myself in a state of languor and wonderment which was almost happiness. I looked forward, then, to a quiet and unworried evening: unfortunately chance urged me to go with a friend to the theatre. I took the heroic course, resolved to overcome my immense desire to to be idle and motionless. All

THE POEM OF HASHISH

the carriages in my district were engaged; I was obliged to walk a long distance amid the discordant noises of the traffic, the stupid conversation of the passers-by, a whole ocean of triviality. My finger-tips were already slightly cool; soon this turned into a most acute cold, as if I had plunged both hands into a bucket of ice-water. But this was not suffering; this needle-sharp sensation stabbed me rather like a pleasure. Yet it seemed to me that this cold enveloped me more and more as the interminable journey went on. I asked two or three times of the person with whom I was if it was actually very cold. He replied to me that, on the contrary, the temperature was more than warm. Installed at last in the room, shut up in the box which had been given me, with three or four hours of repose in front of me, I thought myself arrived at the Promised Land. The feelings on which I had trampled during the journey with all the little energy at my disposal now burst in, and I give myself up freely to my silent frenzy. The cold ever increased, and yet I saw people lightly clad, and even wiping their foreheads with an air of weariness. This delightful idea took hold of me, that I was a privileged man, to whom alone had been accorded the right to feel cold in summer in the auditorium of a theatre. This cold went on increasing until it became alarming; yet I was before all dominated by my curiosity to know to what degree it could possibly sink. At last it came to such a point, it was so complete, so general, that all my ideas froze, so to speak; I was a piece of thinking ice. I imagined myself as a statue carved in a block of ice, and this mad hallucination made me so proud, excited in me such a feeling of moral well-being, that I despair of defining it to you. What added to my abominable

THE EQUINOX

enjoyment was the certainty that all the other people present were ignorant of my nature and of the superiority that I had over them, and then with the pleasure of thinking that my companion never suspected for a moment with what strange feelings I was filled, I clasped the reward of my dissimulation, and my extraordinary pleasure was a veritable secret.

“Besides, I had scarcely entered the box when my eyes had been struck with an impression of darkness which seemed to me to have some relationship with the idea of cold; it is, however, possible that these two ideas had lent each other strength. You know that hashish always invokes magnificences of light, splendours of colour, cascades of liquid gold; all light is sympathetic to it, both that which streams in sheets and that which hangs like spangles to points and roughnesses; the candelabra of *salons*, the wax candles that people burn in May, the rosy avalanches of sunset. It seems that the miserable chandelier spread a light far too insignificant to quench this insatiable thirst of brilliance. I thought, as I told you, that I was entering a world of shadows, which, moreover, grew gradually thicker, while I dreamt of the Polar night and the eternal winter. As to the stage, it was a stage consecrated to the comic Muse; that alone was luminous; infinitely small and far off, very far, like a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope. I will not tell you that I listened to the actors; you know that that is impossible. From time to time my thoughts snapped up on the wing a fragment of a phrase, and like a clever dancing-girl used it as a spring-board to leap into far-distant reveries. You might suppose that a play heard in this manner would lack logic and coherence. Undeceive yourself! I discovered an exceeding subtle sense in

THE POEM OF HASHISH

the drama created by my distraction. Nothing jarred on me, and I resembled a little that poet who, seeing *Esther* played for the first time, found it quite natural that Haman should make a declaration of love to the queen. It was, as you guess, the moment where he throws himself at the feet of Esther to beg pardon of his crime. If all plays were listened to on these lines they all, even those of Racine, would gain enormously. The actors seemed to me exceedingly small, and bounded by a precise and clear-cut line, like the figures in Meissonier's pictures. I saw distinctly not only the most minute details of their costumes, their patterns, seams, buttons, and so on, but also the line of separation between the false forehead and the real; the white, the blue, and the red, and all the tricks of make-up; and these Lilliputians were clothed about with a cold and magical clearness, like that which a very clean glass adds to an oil-painting. When at last I was able to emerge from this cavern of frozen shadows, and when, the interior phantasmagoria being dissipated, I came to myself, I experienced a greater degree of weariness than prolonged and difficult work has ever caused me."

It is, in fact, at this period of the intoxication that is manifested a new delicacy, a superior sharpness in each of the senses: smell, sight, hearing, touch join equally in this onward march; the eyes behold the Infinite; the ear perceives almost inaudible sounds in the midst of the most tremendous tumult. It is then that the hallucinations begin; external objects take on wholly and successively most strange appearances; they are deformed and transformed. Then—the ambiguities, the misunderstandings, and the transpositions of ideas! Sounds cloak themselves with colour; colours blossom

THE EQUINOX

into music. That, you will say, is nothing but natural. Every poetic brain in its healthy, normal state, readily conceives these analogies. But I have already warned the reader that there is nothing of the positively supernatural in hashish intoxication; only those analogies possess an unaccustomed liveliness; they penetrate and they envelop; they overwhelm the mind with their masterfulness. Musical notes become numbers; and if your mind is gifted with some mathematical aptitude, the harmony to which you listen, while keeping its voluptuous and sensual character, transforms itself into a vast rhythmical operation, where numbers beget numbers, and whose phases and generation follow with an inexplicable ease and an agility which equals that of the person playing.

It happens sometimes that the sense of personality disappears, and that the objectivity which is the birthright of Pantheist poets develops itself in you so abnormally that the contemplation of exterior objects makes you forget your own existence and confound yourself with them. Your eye fixes itself upon a tree, bent by the wind into an harmonious curve; in some seconds that which in the brain of a poet would only be a very natural comparison becomes in yours a reality. At first you lend to the tree your passions, your desire, or your melancholy; its creakings and oscillations become yours, and soon you are the tree. In the same way with the bird which hovers in the abyss of azure: at first it represents symbolically your own immortal longing to float above things human; but soon you are the bird itself. Suppose, again, you are seated smoking; your attention will rest a little too long upon the bluish clouds which breathe forth from your pipe; the idea of a slow, continuous, eternal evaporation will possess itself of

THE POEM OF HASHISH

your spirit, and you will soon apply this idea to your own thoughts, to your own apparatus of thought. By a singular ambiguity, by a species of transposition or intellectual barter, you feel yourself evaporating, and you will attribute to your pipe, in which you feel yourself crouched and pressed down like the tobacco, the strange faculty of smoking you!

Luckily, this interminable imagination has only lasted a minute. For a lucid interval, seized with a great effort, has allowed you to look at the clock. But another current of ideas bears you away; it will roll you away for yet another minute in its living whirlwind, and this other minute will be an eternity. For the proportion of time and being are completely disordered by the multitude and intensity of your feelings and ideas. One may say that one lives many times the space of a man's life during a single hour. Are you not, then, like a fantastic novel, but alive instead of being written? There is no longer any equation between the physical organs and their enjoyments; and it is above all on this account that arises the blame which one must give to this dangerous exercise in which liberty is forfeited.

When I speak of hallucinations the word must not be taken in its strictest sense: a very important shade of difference distinguishes pure hallucination, such as doctors have often have occasion to study, from the hallucination, or rather of the misinterpretation of the senses, which arises in the mental state caused by the hashish. In the first case the hallucination is sudden, complete, and fatal; beside which, it finds neither pretext nor excuse in the exterior world. The sick man sees a shape or hears sounds where there are not any. In the second case, where hallucination is progressive,

THE EQUINOX

almost willed, and it does not become perfect, it only ripens under the action of imagination. Finally, it has a pretext. A sound will speak, utter distinct articulations; but there was a sound there. The enthusiast eye of the hashish drunkard will see strange forms, but before they were strange and monstrous these forms were simple and natural. The energy, the almost speaking liveliness of hallucination in this form of intoxication in no way invalidates this original difference: the one has root in the situation, and, at the present time, the other has not. Better to explain this boiling over of the imagination, this maturing of the dream, and this poetic childishness to which a hashish-intoxicated brain is condemned, I will tell yet another anecdote. This time it is not an idle young man who speaks, nor a man of letters. It is a woman; a woman no longer in her first youth; curious, with an excitable mind, and who, having yielded to the wish to make acquaintance with the poison, describes thus for another woman the most important of her phases. I transcribe literally.

“However strange and new may be the sensations which I have drawn from my twelve hours’ madness—was it twelve or twenty? in sooth, I cannot tell—I shall never return to it. The spiritual excitement is too lively, the fatigue which results from it too great; and, to say all in a word, I find in this return to childhood something criminal. Ultimately (after many hesitations) I yielded to curiosity, since it was a folly shared with old friends, where I saw no great harm in lacking a little dignity. But first of all I must tell you that this cursèd hashish is a most treacherous substance. Sometimes one thinks oneself recovered from the intoxication; but it is only a deceitful peace. There are moments of rest, and then recru-

THE POEM OF HASHISH

descences. Thus, before ten o'clock in the evening I found myself in one of these momentary states; I thought myself escaped from this superabundance of life which had caused me so much enjoyment, it is true, but which was not without anxiety and fear. I sat down to supper with pleasure, like one in that state of irritable fatigue which a long journey produces; for till then, for prudence sake, I had abstained from eating; but even before I rose from the table my delirium had caught me up again as a cat catches a mouse, and the poison began anew to play with my poor brain. Although my house is quite close to that of our friends, and although there was a carriage at my disposal, I felt myself so overwhelmed with the necessity of dreaming, of abandoning myself to this irresistible madness, that I accepted joyfully their offer to keep me till the morning. You know the castle; you know that they have arranged, decorated, and fitted with conveniences in the modern style all that part in which they ordinarily live, but that the part which is usually unoccupied has been left as it was, with its old style and its old adornments. They determined to improvise for me a bedroom in this part of the castle, and for this purpose they chose the smallest room, a kind of boudoir, which, although somewhat faded and decrepit, is none the less charming. I must describe it for you as well as I can, so that you may understand the strange vision which I underwent, a vision which fulfilled me for a whole night, without ever leaving me the leisure to note the flight of the hours.

“This boudoir is very small, very narrow. From the height of the cornice the ceiling arches itself to a vault; the walls are covered with narrow, long mirrors, separated by

THE EQUINOX

panels, where landscapes, in the easy style of the decorations, are painted. On the frieze on the four walls various allegorical figures are represented, some in attitudes of repose, others running or flying; above them are brilliant birds and flowers. Behind the figures a trellis rises, painted so as to deceive the eye, and following naturally the curve of the ceiling; this ceiling is gilded. All the interstices between the woodwork and the trellis and the figures are then covered with gold, and at the centre the gold is only interrupted by the geometrical network of the false trellis; you see that that resembles somewhat a very distinguished cage, a very fine cage for a very big bird. I must add that the night was very fine, very clear, and the moon brightly shining; so much so that even after I had put out my candle all this decoration remained visible, not illuminated by my mind's eye, as you might think, but by this lovely night, whose lights clung to all this broidery of gold, of mirrors, and of patchwork colours.

“I was at first much astonished to see great spaces spread themselves out before me, beside me, on all sides. There were limpid rivers, and green meadows admiring their own beauty in calm waters: you may guess here the effect of the panels reflected by the mirrors. In raising my eyes I saw a setting sun, like molten metal that grows cold. It was the gold of the ceiling. But the trellis put in my mind the idea that I was in a kind of cage, or in a house open on all sides upon space, and that I was only separated from all these marvels by the bars of my magnificent prison. In the first place I laughed at the illusion which had hold of me; but the more I looked the more its magic grew great, the more it took life, clearness, and masterful reality. From that moment

THE POEM OF HASHISH

the idea of being shut up mastered my mind, without, I must admit, too seriously interfering with the varied pleasures which I drew from the spectacle spread around and above me. I thought of myself as of one imprisoned for long, for thousands of years perhaps, in this sumptuous cage, among these fairy pastures, between these marvellous horizons. I imagined myself the Sleeping Beauty; dreamt of an expiation that I must undergo, of deliverance to come. Above my head fluttered brilliant tropical birds, and as my ear caught the sound of the little bells on the necks of the horses which were travelling far away on the main road, the two senses pooling their impressions in a single idea, I attributed to the birds this mysterious brazen chant; I imagined that they sang with a metallic throat. Evidently they were talking to me, and chanting hymns to my captivity. Gambolling monkeys, buffoon-like satyrs, seemed to amuse themselves at this supine prisoner, doomed to immobility; yet all the gods of mythology looked upon me with an enchanting smile, as if to encourage me to bear the sorcery with patience, and all their eyes slid to the corner of their eyelids as if to fix themselves on me. I came to the conclusion that if some faults of the olden time, some sins unknown to myself, had made necessary this temporary punishment, I could yet count upon an overriding goodness, which, while condemning me to a prudent course, would offer me truer pleasures than the dull pleasures which filled our youth. You see that moral considerations were not absent from my dream; but I must admit that the pleasure of contemplating these brilliant forms and colours and of thinking myself the centre of a fantastic drama frequently absorbed all my other thoughts. This stayed long, very

THE EQUINOX

long. Did it last till morning? I do not know. All of a sudden I saw the morning sun taking his bath in my room. I experienced a lively astonishment, and despite all the efforts of memory that I have been able to make I have never been able to assure myself whether I had slept or whether I had patiently undergone a delicious insomnia. A moment ago, Night; now, Day. And yet I had lived long; oh, very long! The notion of Time, or rather the standard of Time, being abolished, the whole night was only measurable by the multitude of my thoughts. So long soever as it must have appeared to me from this point of view, it also seemed to me that it had only lasted some seconds; or even that it had not taken place in eternity.

“I do not say anything to you of my fatigue; it was immense. They say that the enthusiasm of poets and creative artists resembles what I experienced, though I have always believed that those persons on whom is laid the task of stirring us must be endowed with a most calm temperament. But if the poetic delirium resembles that which a teaspoonful of hashish confection procured for me I cannot but think that the pleasures of the public cost the poets dear, and it is not without a certain well-being, a prosaic satisfaction, that I at last find myself at home, in my intellectual home; I mean, in real life.”

There is a woman, evidently reasonable; but we shall only make use of her story to draw from it some useful notes, which will complete this very compressed summary of the principal feelings which hashish begets.

She speaks of supper as of a pleasure arriving at the right moment; at the moment where a momentary remission,

THE POEM OF HASHISH

momentary for all its pretence of finality, permitted her to go back to real life. Indeed, there are, as I have said, intermissions, and deceitful calms, and hashish often brings about a voracious hunger, nearly always an excessive thirst. Only, dinner or supper, instead of bringing about a permanent rest, creates this new attack, the vertiginous crisis of which this lady complains, and which was followed by a series of enchanting visions lightly tinged with affright, to which she so assented, resigning herself with the best grace in the world. The tyrannical hunger and thirst of which we speak are not easily assayed without considerable trouble. For the man feels himself so much above material things, or rather he is so much overwhelmed by his drunkenness, that he must develop a lengthy spell of courage to move a bottle or a fork.

The definitive crisis determined by the digestion of food is, in fact, very violent; it is impossible to struggle against it. And such a state would not be supportable if it lasted too long, and if it did not soon give place to another phase of intoxication, which in the case above cited interprets itself by splendid visions, tenderly terrifying, and at the same time full of consolations. This new state is what the Easterns call *Kaif*. It is no longer the whirlwind or the tempest; it is a calm and motionless bliss, a glorious resignèdness. Since long you have not been your own master; but you trouble yourself no longer about that. Pain, and the sense of time, have disappeared; or if sometimes they dare to show their heads, it is only as transfigured by the master feeling, and they are then, as compared with their ordinary form, what poetic melancholy is to prosaic grief.

But above all let us remark that in this lady's account

THE EQUINOX

(and it is for this purpose that I have transcribed it) it is but a bastard hallucination, and owes its being to the objects of the external world. The spirit is but a mirror where the environment is reflected, strangely transformed. Then, again, we see intruding what I should be glad to call moral hallucination; the patient thinks herself condemned to expiate somewhat; but the feminine temperament, which is ill-fitted to analyse, did not permit her to notice the strangely optimistic character of the aforesaid hallucination. The benevolent look of the gods of Olympus is made poetical by a varnish essentially due to hashish. I will not say that this lady has touched the fringe of remorse, but her thoughts, momentarily turned in the direction of melancholy and regret, have been quickly coloured by hope. This is an observation which we shall again have occasion to verify.

She speaks of the fatigue of the morrow. In fact, this is great. But it does not show itself at once, and when you are obliged to acknowledge its existence you do so not without surprise: for at first, when you are really assured that a new day has arisen on the horizon of your life, you experience an extraordinary sense of well-being; you seem to enjoy a marvellous lightness of spirit. But you are scarcely on your feet when a forgotten fragment of intoxication follows you and pulls you back; it is the badge of your recent slavery. Your enfeebled legs only conduct you with caution, and you fear at every moment to break yourself, as if you were made of porcelain. A wondrous languor—there are those who pretend that it does not lack charm—possesses itself of your spirit, and spreads itself across your faculties as a fog spreads itself in a meadow. There, then, you are, for some hours yet,

THE POEM OF HASHISH

incapable of work, of action, and of energy. It is the punishment of an impious prodigality in which you have squandered your nervous force. You have dispersed your personality to the four winds of heaven—and now, what trouble to gather it up again and concentrate it!

CHAPTER IV

THE MAN-GOD

IT is time to leave on one side all this jugglery, these big marionettes, born of the smoke of childish brains. Have we not to speak of more serious things—of modifications of our human opinions, and, in a word, of the *morale* of hashish?

Up to the present I have only made an abridged monograph on the intoxication; I have confined myself to accentuating its principal characteristics. But what is more important, I think, for the spiritually minded man, is to make acquaintance with the action of the poison upon the spiritual part of man; that is to say, the enlargement, the deformation, and the exaggeration of his habitual sentiments and his moral perception, which present then, in an exceptional atmosphere, a true phenomenon of refraction.

The man who, after abandoning himself for a long time to opium or to hashish, has been able, weak as he has become by the habit of bondage, to find the energy necessary to shake off the chain, appears to me like an escaped prisoner. He inspires me with more admiration than does that prudent man who has never fallen, having always been careful to avoid the temptation. The English, in speaking of opium-eaters, often employ terms which can only appear excessive to those innocent persons who do not understand the horrors of this

THE POEM OF HASHISH

downfall—*enchained, fettered, enslaved*. Chains, in fact, compared to which all others—chains of duty, chains of lawless love—are nothing but webs of gauze and spider tissues. Horrible marriage of man with himself! “I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium, and my labours and my orders had taken a colouring from my dreams,” says the husband of Ligeia. But in how many marvellous passages does Edgar Poe, this incomparable poet, this never-refuted philosopher, whom one must always quote in speaking of the mysterious maladies of the soul, describe the dark and clinging splendours of opium! The lover of the shining Berenice, Egæus, the metaphysician, speaks of an alteration of his faculties which compels him to give an abnormal and monstrous value to the simplest phenomenon.

“To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book; to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer’s day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; to lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat monotonously some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation.”

THE EQUINOX

And the nervous Augustus Bedloe, who every morning before his walk swallows his dose of opium, tells us that the principal prize which he gains from this daily poisoning is to take in everything, even in the most trivial thing, an exaggerated interest.

“In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect—that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dew-drop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odours that came from the forest—there came a whole universe of suggestion—a gay and motley train of rhapsodical and immethodical thought.”

Thus expresses himself, by the mouth of his puppets, the master of the horrible, the prince of mystery. These two characteristics of opium are perfectly applicable to hashish. In the one case, as in the other, the intelligence, formerly free, becomes a slave; but the word *rhapsodique*, which defines so well a train of thought suggested and dictated by the exterior world and the accident of circumstance, is in truth truer and more terrible in the case of hashish. Here the reasoning power is no more than a wave, at the mercy of every current and the train of thought is infinitely more accelerated and more *rhapsodique*; that is to say, clearly enough, I think, that hashish is, in its immediate effect, much more vehement than opium, much more inimical to regular life; in a word, much more upsetting. I do not know if ten years of intoxication by hashish would being diseases equal to those caused by ten years of opium regimen; I say that, for the moment, and for the morrow, hashish has more fatal results. One is a soft-spoken enchantress; the other, a raging demon.

THE POEM OF HASHISH

I wish in this last part to define and to analyse the moral ravage caused by this dangerous and delicious practice; a ravage so great, a danger so profound, that those who return from the fight but lightly wounded appear to me like heroes escaped from the cave of a multiform Proteus, or like Orpheus, conquerors of Hell. You may take, if you will, this form of language for an exaggerated metaphor, but for my part I will affirm that these exciting poisons seem to me not only one of the most terrible and the most sure means which the Spirit of Darkness uses to enlist and enslave wretched humanity, but even one of the most perfect of his avatars.

This time, to shorten my task and make my analysis the clearer, instead of collecting scattered anecdotes I will dress a single puppet in a mass of observation. I must, then, invent a soul to suit my purpose. In his "Confessions" De Quincey rightly states that opium, instead of sending man to sleep, excites him; but only excites him in his natural path, and that therefore to judge of the marvels of opium it would be ridiculous to try it upon a seller of oxen, for such an one will dream of nothing but cattle and grass. Now I am not going to describe the lumbering fancies of a hashish-intoxicated stockbreeder. Who would read them with pleasure, or consent to read them at all? To idealise my subject I must concentrate all its rays into a single circle and polarise them; and the tragic circle where I will gather them together will be, as I have said, a man after my own heart; something analogous to what the eighteenth century called the *homme sensible*, to what the romantic school named the *homme incompris*, and to what family folk and the mass of *bourgeoisie* generally brand with the epithet "original." A constitution half nervous, half

THE EQUINOX

bilious, is the most favourable to the evolutions of an intoxication of this kind. Let us add a cultivated mind, exercised in the study of form and colour, a tender heart, wearied by misfortune, but still ready to be made young again; we will go, if you please, so far as to admit past errors, and, as a natural result of these in an easily excitable nature, if not positive remorse, at least regret for time profaned and ill-spent. A taste for metaphysics, an acquaintance with the different hypotheses of philosophy of human destiny, will certainly not be useless conditions; and, further, that love of virtue, of abstract virtue, stoical or mystic, which is set forth in all the books upon which modern childishness feeds as the highest summit to which a chosen soul may attain. If one adds to all that a great refinement of sense—and if I omitted it it was because I thought it supererogatory—I think that I have gathered together the general elements which are most common in the modern *homme sensible* of what one might call the lowest common measure of originality. Let us see now what will become of this individuality pushed to its extreme by hashish. Let us follow this progress of the human imagination up to its last and most splendid serai; up to the point of the belief of the individual in his own divinity.

If you are one of these souls your innate love of form and colour will find from the beginning an immense banquet in the first development of your intoxication. Colours will take an unaccustomed energy and smite themselves within your brain with the intensity of triumph. Delicate, mediocre, or even bad as they may be, the paintings upon the ceilings will clothe themselves with a tremendous life. The coarsest papers which

THE POEM OF HASHISH

cover the walls of inns will open out like magnificent dioramas. Nymphs with dazzling flesh will look at you with great eyes deeper and more limpid than are the sky and sea. Characters of antiquity, draped in their priestly or soldierly costumes, will, by a single glance, exchange with you most solemn confidences. The snakiness of the lines is a definitely intelligible language where you read the sorrowing and the passion of their souls. Nevertheless a mysterious but only temporary state of the mind develops itself; the profoundness of life, hedged by its multiple problems, reveals itself entirely in the sight, however natural and trivial it may be, that one has under one's eyes; the first-come object becomes a speaking symbol. Fourier and Swedenborg, one with his analogies, the other with his correspondences, have incarnated themselves in all things vegetable and animal which fall under your glance, and instead of touching by voice they indoctrinate you by form and colour. The understanding of the allegory takes within you proportions unknown to yourself. We shall note in passing that allegory, that so spiritual type of art, which the clumsiness of its painters has accustomed us to despise, but which is really one of the most primitive and natural forms of poetry, regains its divine right in the intelligence which is enlightened by intoxication. Then the hashish spreads itself over all life; as it were, the magic varnish. It colours it with solemn hues and lights up all its profundity; jagged landscapes, fugitive horizons, perspectives of towns whitened by the corpse-like lividity of storm or illumined by the gathered ardours of the sunset; abysses of space, allegorical of the abyss of time; the dance, the gesture or the speech of the actors, should you be in a theatre; the first-come phrase if your eyes fall upon a

THE EQUINOX

book; in a word, all things; the universality of beings stands up before you with a new glory unsuspected until then. The grammar, the dry grammar itself, becomes something like a book of "barbarous names of evocation." The words rise up again, clothed with flesh and bone; the noun, in its solid majesty; the adjective's transparent robe which clothes and colours it with a shining web; and the verb, archangel of motion which sets swinging the phrase. Music, that other language dear to the idle or the profound souls who seek repose by varying their work, speaks to you of yourself, and recites to you the poem of your life; it incarnates in you, and you swoon away in it. It speaks your passion, not only in a vague, ill-defined manner, as it does in your careless evenings at the opera, but in a substantial and positive manner, each movement of the rhythm marking a movement understood of your soul, each note transforming itself into Word, and the whole poem entering into your brain like a dictionary endowed with life.

It must not be supposed that all these phenomena fall over each other pell-mell in the spirit, with a clamorous accent of reality and the disorder of exterior life; the interior eye transforms all, and gives to all the complement of beauty which it lacks, so that it may be truly worthy to give pleasure. It is also to this essentially voluptuous and sensual phase that one must refer the love of limpid water, running or stagnant, which develops itself so astonishingly in the brain-drunkenness of some artists. The mirror has become a pretext for this reverie, which resembles a spiritual thirst joined to the physical thirst which dries the throat, and of which I have spoken above. The flowing waters, the sportive waters; the musical water-

THE POEM OF HASHISH

falls; the blue vastness of the sea; all roll, sing, leap with a charm beyond words. The water opens its arms to you like a true enchantress; and though I do not much believe in the maniacal frenzies caused by hashish, I should not like to assert that the contemplation of some limpid gulf would be altogether without danger for a soul in love with space and crystal, and that the old fable of Undine might not become a tragic reality for the enthusiast.

I think I have spoken enough of the gigantic growth of space and time; two ideas always connected, always woven together, but which at such a time the spirit faces without sadness and without fear. It looks with a certain melancholy delight across deep years, and boldly dives into infinite perspectives. You have thoroughly well understood, I suppose, that this abnormal and tyrannical growth may equally apply to all sentiments and to all ideas. Thus, I have given, I think, a sufficiently fair sample of benevolence. The same is true of love. The idea of beauty must naturally take possession of an enormous space in a spiritual temperament such as I have invented. Harmony, balance of line, fine cadence in movement, appear to the dreamer as necessities, as duties, not only for all beings of creation, but for himself, the dreamer, who finds himself at this period of the crisis endowed with a marvellous aptitude for understanding the immortal and universal rhythm. And if our fanatic lacks personal beauty, do not think he suffers long from the avowal to which he is obliged, or that he regards himself as a discordant note in the world of harmony and beauty improvised by his imagination. The sophisms of hashish are numerous and admirable, tending as a rule to optimism, and one of the

THE EQUINOX

principal and the most efficacious is that which transforms desire into realisation. It is the same, doubtless, in many cases of ordinary life; but here with how much more ardour and subtlety! Otherwise, how could a being so well endowed to understand harmony, a sort of priest of the beautiful, how could he make an exception to, and a blot upon, his own theory? Moral beauty and its power, gracefulness and its seduction, eloquence and its achievements, all these ideas soon present themselves to correct that thoughtless ugliness; then they come as consolers, and at last as the most perfect courtiers, sycophants of an imaginary sceptre.

Concerning love, I have heard many persons feel a school-boy curiosity, seeking to gather information from those to whom the use of hashish was familiar, what might not be this intoxication of love, already so powerful in its natural state, when it is enclosed in the other intoxication; a sun within a sun. Such is the question which will occur to that class of minds which I will call intellectual gapers. To reply to a shameful sub-meaning of this part of the question which cannot be openly discussed, I will refer the reader to Pliny, who speaks somewhere of the properties of hemp in such a way as to dissipate any illusions on this subject. One knows, besides, that loss of tone is the most ordinary result of the abuse which men make of their nerves, and of the substances which excite them. Now, as we are not here considering effective power, but motion or susceptibility, I will simply ask the reader to consider that the imagination of a sensitive man intoxicated with hashish is raised to a prodigious degree, as little easy to determine as would be the utmost force possible to the wind in a hurricane,

THE POEM OF HASHISH

and his senses are subtilised to a point almost equally difficult to define. It is then reasonable to believe that a light caress, the most innocent imaginable, a handshake, for example, may possess a centuple value by the actual state of the soul and of the senses, and may perhaps conduct them, and that very rapidly, to that syncope which is considered by vulgar mortals as the *summum* of happiness; but it is quite indubitable that hashish awakes in an imagination accustomed to occupy itself with the affections tender remembrances to which pain and unhappiness give even a new lustre. It is no less certain that in these agitations of the mind there is a strong ingredient of sensuality; and, moreover, it may usefully be remarked—and this will suffice to establish upon this ground the immorality of hashish—that a sect of Ishmaelites (it is from the Ishmaelites that the Assassins are sprung) allowed its adoration to stray far beyond the Lingam-Yoni; that is to say, to the absolute worship of the Lingam, exclusive of the feminine half of the symbol. There would be nothing unnatural, every man being the symbolic representation of history, in seeing an obscene heresy, a monstrous religion, arise in a mind which has cowardly given itself up to the mercy of a hellish drug and which smiles at the degradation of its own faculties.

Since we have seen manifest itself in hashish intoxication a strange goodwill toward men, applied even to strangers, a species of philanthropy made rather of pity than of love (it is here that the first germ of the Satanic spirit which is to develop later in so extraordinary a manner shows itself), but which goes so far as to fear giving pain to any one, one may guess what may happen to the localised sentimentality applied to a

THE EQUINOX

beloved person who plays, or has played, an important part in the moral life of the reveller. Worship, adoration, prayer, dreams of happiness, dart forth and spring up with the ambitious energy and brilliance of a rocket. Like the powder and colouring-matter of the firework, they dazzle and vanish in the darkness. There is no sort of sentimental combination to which the subtle love of a hashish-slave may not lend itself. The desire to protect, a sentiment of ardent and devoted paternity, may mingle themselves with a guilty sensuality which hashish will always know how to excuse and to absolve. It goes further still. I suppose that, past errors having left bitter traces in the soul, a husband or a lover will contemplate with sadness in his normal state a past overclouded with storm; these bitter fruits may, under hashish, change to sweet fruits. The need of pardon makes the imagination more clever and more supplicatory, and remorse itself, in this devilish drama, which only expresses itself by a long monologue, may act as an incitement and powerfully rekindle the heart's enthusiasm. Yes, remorse. Was I wrong in saying that hashish appeared to a truly philosophical mind as a perfectly Satanic instrument? Remorse, singular ingredient of pleasure, is soon drowned in the delicious contemplation of remorse; in a kind of voluptuous analysis; and this analysis is so rapid that man, this natural devil, to speak as do the followers of Swedenborg, does not see how involuntary it is, and how, from moment to moment, he approaches the perfection of Satan. He admires his remorse, and glorifies himself, even while he is on the way to lose his freedom.

There, then, is my imaginary man, the mind that I have

THE POEM OF HASHISH

chosen, arrived at that degree of joy and peace where he is compelled to admire himself. Every contradiction wipes itself out; all philosophical problems become clear, or at least appear so; everything is material for pleasure; the plentitude of life which he enjoys inspires him with an unmeasured pride; a voice speaks in him (alas, it is his own!) which says to him: "Thou hast now the right to consider thyself as superior to all men. None knoweth thee, none can understand all that thou thinkest, all that thou feelest; they would, indeed, be incapable of appreciating the passionate love which they inspire in thee. Thou art a king unrecognised by the passers-by; a king who lives, yet none knows that he is king but himself. But what matter to thee? Hast thou not sovereign contempt, which makes the soul so kind?"

We may suppose, however, that from one time to another some biting memory strikes through and corrupts this happiness. A suggestion due to the exterior world may revive a past disagreeable to contemplate. How many foolish or vile actions fill the past!—actions indeed unworthy of this king of thought, and whose escutcheon they soil? Believe that the hashish-man will bravely confront these reproachful phantoms, and even that he will know how to draw from these hideous memories new elements of pleasure and of pride!

Such will be the evolution of his reasoning. The first sensation of pain being over, he will curiously analyse this action or this sentiment whose memory has troubled his existing glory; the motive which made him act thus; the circumstances by which he was surrounded; and if he does not find in these circumstances sufficient reasons, if not to absolve, at least to extenuate his guilt, do not imagine that he admits

THE EQUINOX

defeat. I am present at his reasoning, as at the play of a mechanism seen under a transparent glass. "This ridiculous, cowardly, or vile action, whose memory disturbed me for a moment, is in complete contradiction with my true and real nature, and the very energy with which I condemn it, the inquisitorial care with which I analyse and judge it, prove my lofty and divine aptitude for virtue. How many men could be found in the world of men clever enough to judge themselves; stern enough to condemn themselves?" And not only does he condemn himself, but he glorifies himself; the horrible memory thus absorbed in the contemplation of ideal virtue, ideal charity, ideal genius, he abandons himself frankly to his triumphant spiritual orgy. We have seen that, counterfeiting sacrilegiously the sacrament of penitence, at one and the same time penitent and confessor, he has given himself an easy absolution; or, worse yet, that he has drawn from his contemplation new food for his pride. Now, from the contemplation of his dreams and his schemes of virtue he believes finally in his practical aptitude for virtue; the amorous energy with which he impresses this phantom of virtue seems to him a sufficient and peremptory proof that he possesses the virile energy necessary for the fulfilment of his ideal. He confounds completely dream with action, and his imagination, growing warmer and warmer in face of the enchanting spectacle of his own nature corrected and idealised, substituting this fascinating image of himself for his real personality, so poor in will, so rich in vanity, he ends by declaring his apotheosis in these clear and simple terms, which contain for him a whole world of abominable pleasures: "I am the most virtuous of all men." Does not that remind you a little of

THE POEM OF HASHISH

Jean-Jacques, who, he also having confessed to the Universe, not without a certain pleasure, dared to break out into the same cry of triumph (or at least the difference is small enough) with the same sincerity and the same conviction? The enthusiasm with which he admired virtue, the nervous emotion which filled his eyes with tears at the sight of a fine action or at the thought of all the fine actions which he would have wished to accomplish, were sufficient to give him a superlative idea of his moral worth. Jean-Jacques had intoxicated himself without the aid of hashish.

Shall I pursue yet further the analysis of this victorious monomania? Shall I explain how, under the dominion of the poison, my man soon makes himself centre of the Universe? how he becomes the living and extravagant expression of the proverb which says that passion refers everything to itself? He believes in his virtue and in his genius; can you not guess the end? All the surrounding objects are so many suggestions which stir in him a world of thought, all more coloured, more living, more subtle than ever, clothed in a magic glamour. "These mighty cities," says he to himself, "where the superb buildings tower one above the other; these beautiful ships balanced by the waters of the roadstead in homesick idleness, that seem to translate our thought 'When shall we set sail for happiness?'; these museums full of lovely shapes and intoxicating colours; these libraries where are accumulated the works of science and the dreams of poetry; this concourse of instruments whose music is one; these enchantress women, made yet more charming by the science of adornment and coquetry: all these things have been created for me, for me, for me! For me humanity has

THE EQUINOX

toiled; has been martyred, crucified, to serve for pasture, for pabulum to my implacable appetite for emotion, knowledge, and beauty.”

I leap to the end, I cut the story short. No one will be surprised that a thought final and supreme jets from the brain of the dreamer: “I am become God.”

But a savage and burning cry darts from his breast with such an energy, such a power of production, that if the will and the belief of a drunken man possessed effective power this cry would overthrow the angels scattered in the quarters of the heaven: “I am a god.”

But soon this hurricane of pride transforms itself into a weather of calm, silent, reposeful beatitude, and the universality of beings presents itself tinted and illumined by a flaming dawn. If by chance a vague memory slips into the soul of this deplorable thrice-happy one—“Might there not be another God?”—believe that he will stand upright before Him; that he will dispute His will, and confront Him without fear.

Who was the French philosopher that, mocking modern German doctrines, said: “I am a god who has dined ill”? This irony would not bite into a spirit uplifted by hashish; he would reply tranquilly: “Maybe I have dined ill; but I am a god.”

CHAPTER V

MORAL

BUT the morrow; the terrible morrow! All the organs relaxed, tired; the nerves unstretched, the teasing tendency to tears, the impossibility of applying yourself to a continuous task, teach you cruelly that you have been playing a forbidden game. Hideous nature, stripped of its illumination of the previous evening, resembles the melancholy ruins of a festival. The will, the most precious of all faculties, is above all attacked. They say, and it is nearly true, that this substance does not cause any physical ill; or at least no grave one; but can one affirm that a man incapable of action and fit only for dreaming is really in good health, even when every part of him functions perfectly? Now we know human nature sufficiently well to be assured that a man who can with a spoonful of sweetmeat procure for himself incidentally all the treasures of heaven and of earth will never gain the thousandth part of them by working for them. Can you imagine to yourself a State of which all the citizens should be hashish drunkards? What citizens! What warriors! What legislators! Even in the East, where its use is so widely spread, there are Governments which have understood the necessity of proscribing it. In fact it is forbidden to man, under penalty of intellectual decay and death, to upset

THE EQUINOX

the primary conditions of his existence, and to break up the equilibrium of his faculties with the surroundings in which they are destined to operate; in a word, to outrun his destiny, to substitute for it a fatality of a new kind. Let us remember Melmoth, that admirable parable. His shocking suffering lies in the disproportion between his marvellous faculties, acquired unostentatiously by a Satanic pact, and the surroundings in which, as a creature of God, he is condemned to live. And none of those whom he wishes to seduce consents to buy from him on the same conditions his terrible privilege. In fact every man who does not accept the conditions of life sells his soul. It is easy to grasp the analogy which exists between the Satanic creations of poets and those living beings who have devoted themselves to stimulants. Man has wished to become God, and soon?—there he is, in virtue of an inexorable moral law, fallen lower than his natural state! It is a soul which sells itself bit by bit.

Balzac doubtless thought that there is for man no greater shame, no greater suffering, than to abdicate his will. I saw him once in a drawing-room, where they were talking of the prodigious effects of hashish. He listened and asked questions with an amusing attention and vivacity. Those who knew him may guess that it must have interested him, but the idea of *thinking despite himself* shocked him severely. They offered him *dawamesk*. He examined it, sniffed at it, and returned it without touching it. The struggle between his almost childish curiosity and his repugnance to submit himself showed strikingly on his expressive face. The love of dignity won the day. Now it is difficult to imagine to oneself the maker of the theory of will, this spiritual twin of

THE POEM OF HASHISH

Louis Lambert, consenting to lose a grain of this precious substance. Despite the admirable services which ether and chloroform have rendered to humanity, it seems to me that from the point of view of the idealist philosophy the same moral stigma is branded on all modern inventions which tend to diminish human free will and necessary pain. It was not without a certain admiration that I once listened to the paradox of an officer who told me of the cruel operation undergone by a French general at El-Aghouat, and of which, despite chloroform, he died. This general was a very brave man, and even something more: one of those souls to which one naturally applies the term *chivalrous*. It was not, he said to me, chloroform that he needed, but the eyes of all the army and the music of its bands. That might have saved him. The surgeon did not agree with the officer, but the chaplain would doubtless have admired these sentiments.

It is certainly superfluous, after all these considerations, to insist upon the moral character of hashish. Let me compare it to suicide, to slow suicide, to a weapon always bleeding, always sharp, and no reasonable person will find anything to object to. Let me compare it to sorcery or to magic, which wishes in working upon matter by means of arcana (of which nothing proves the falsity more than the efficacy) to conquer a dominion forbidden to man or permitted only to him who is deemed worthy of it, and no philosophical mind will blame this comparison. If the Church condemns magic and sorcery it is that they militate against the intentions of God; that they save time and render morality superfluous, and that she—the Church—only considers as legitimate and true the treasures gained by assiduous goodwill. The gambler who

THE EQUINOX

has found the means to win with certainty we all cheat; how shall we describe the man who tries to buy with a little small change happiness and genius? It is the infallibility itself of the means which constitutes its immorality; as the supposed infallibility of magic brands it with Satanic stigma. Shall I add that hashish, like all solitary pleasures, renders the individual useless to his fellow creatures and society superfluous to the individual, driving him to ceaseless admiration of himself and dragging him day by day towards the luminous abyss in which he admires his Narcissus face? But even if at the price of his dignity, his honesty, and his free will man were able to draw from hashish great spiritual benefits; to make a kind of thinking machine, a fertile instrument? That is a question which I have often heard asked, and I reply to it: In the first place, as I have explained at length, hashish reveals to the individual nothing but himself. It is true that this individual is, so to say, cubed, and pushed to his limit, and as it is equally certain that the memory of impressions survives the orgy, the hope of these utilitarians appears at the first glance not altogether unreasonable. But I will beg them to observe that the thoughts from which they expect to draw so great an advantage are not in reality as beautiful as they appear under their momentary transfiguration, clothed in magic tinsel. They pertain to earth rather than to Heaven, and owe great portion of their beauty to the nervous agitation, to the greediness, with which the mind throws itself upon them. Consequently this hope is a vicious circle. Let us admit for the moment that hashish gives, or at least increases, genius; they forget that it is in the nature of hashish to diminish the will, and that

THE POEM OF HASHISH

thus it gives with one hand what it withdraws with the other; that is to say, imagination without the faculty of profiting by it. Lastly, one must remember, while supposing a man adroit enough and vigorous enough to avoid this dilemma, that there is another danger, fatal and terrible, which is that of all habits. All such soon transform themselves into necessities. He who has recourse to a poison in order to think will soon be unable to think without the poison. Imagine to yourself the frightful lot of a man whose paralysed imagination will no longer function without the aid of hashish or of opium! In philosophical states the human mind, to imitate the course of the stars, is obliged to follow a curve which loops it back to its point of departure, when the circle must ultimately close. At the beginning I spoke of this marvellous state into which the spirit of man sometimes finds itself thrown as if by a special favour. I have said that, ceaselessly aspiring to rekindle his hopes and raise himself towards the infinite, he showed (in every country and in every time) a frenzied appetite for every substance, even those which are dangerous, which, by exalting his personality, are able to bring in an instant before his eyes this bargain Paradise, object of all his desires; and at last that this daring spirit, driving without knowing it his chariot through the gates of Hell, by this very fact bore witness to his original greatness. But man is not so God-forsaken, so barren of straightforward means of reaching Heaven, that he need invoke pharmacy and witchcraft. He has no need to sell his soul to buy intoxicating caresses and the friendship of the Hur Al'ain. What is a Paradise which must be bought at the price of eternal salvation? I imagine a man (shall I

THE EQUINOX

say a Brahmin, a poet, or a Christian philosopher?) seated upon the steep Olympus of spirituality; around him the Muses of Raphael or of Mategna, to console him for his long fasts and his assiduous prayers, weave the noblest dances, gaze on him with their softest glances and their most dazzling smiles; the divine Apollo, master of all knowledge (that of Francavilla, of Albert Dürer, of Goltzius, or another—what does it matter? Is there not an Apollo for every man who deserves one?), caresses with his bow his most sensitive strings; below him, at the foot of the mountain, in the brambles and the mud, the human fracas; the Helot band imitates the grimaces of enjoyment and utters howls which the sting of the poison tears from its breast; and the poet, saddened, says to himself: “These unfortunate ones, who have neither fasted nor prayed, who have refused redemption by the means of toil, have asked of black magic the means to raise themselves at a single blow to transcendental life. Their magic dupes them, kindles for them a false happiness, a false light; while as for us poets and philosophers, we have begotten again our soul upon ourselves by continuous toil and contemplation; by the unwearied exercise of will and the unfaltering nobility of aspiration we have created for ourselves a garden of Truth, which is Beauty; of Beauty which is Truth. Confident in the word which says that faith removeth mountains, we have accomplished the only miracle which God has licensed us to perform.”

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE
(Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY)

REVIEW

A BOOK OF MYSTERY AND VISION. By A. E. WAITE. William Rider and Son. 7s. 6d.

The Introduction. Mr. Waite speaks of a "kind of secret school, or united but incorporate fraternity, which independently of all conventional means of recognition and communication do no less communicate and recognise one another without hesitation of hindrance in every part of the world. . . . Of this school the author may and does claim that he is the intimate representative and mouthpiece," &c. &c.

Good.

"This mystic life at its highest is undeniably selfish."

Hullo, what's this?

"It is a striking fact that so little of any divine consequence has been uttered by poets in the English Language."

Really?

"The inspiration of it (the sense of sacramentalism) at certain times saturated the whole soul of Tennyson ... there is scarcely a trace or tincture of this sense in Shelley."

Poor Shelley!

"In the eighteenth century there was none found to give it Voice."

Poor Blake! (William Blake, you know! Never heard of William Blake?)

"For this school it is quite impossible that Shakespeare, for example, should possess any consequence."

Poor Shakespeare!

And then—

"This book is offered by the writer to his brethren, *ut adeptis appareat me illis parem et fratrem*, as proof positive that he is numbered among them, that he is initiated into their mysteries, and exacts recognition as such in all houses, temples, and tarrying-places of the fraternity."

An adept trying to prove that he is one! An adept with thoughts of his own rank and glory!! An adept exacting recognition!!!

What about the instant recognition all over the world of which you prated above? Mr. Waite, you seem to me to be a spiritual Arthur Orton!

Mr. Waite, we have opened the Pastos which you say contains the body of your Father Christian Rosencreutz—and it's only poor old Druce!

The Book. This is the strange thing; the moment that Mr. Waite leaves prose for poetry, there is no more of this bunkum, bombast, and balderdash; we find a poet, and rather an illuminated poet. We have to appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk! *In vino veritas.*

Good poetry enough all this: yet one cannot help feeling that it is essentially the work of a scholar and a gentleman. One is inclined to think of him as Pentheus in a frock-coat.

THE EQUINOX

A MYSTERY-PLAY.

- DIONYSUS. I bring ye wine from above
From the vats of the storied sun—
MR. WAITE. Butler, decant the claret carefully!
DIONYSUS. For every one of ye love—
MR. WAITE. Ay, lawful marriage is a sacrament.
DIONYSUS. And life for everyone—
MR. WAITE. And lawful marriage should result in life.
DIONYSUS. Ye shall dance on hill and level—
MR. WAITE. But not the vulgar cancan or mattchiche.
DIONYSUS. Ye shall sing through hollow and height—
MR. WAITE. See that ye sing with due sobriety!
DIONYSUS. In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
MR. WAITE. If Isabel de S should approve!
DIONYSUS. The rocks and trees are yours ---
MR. WAITE. According to Laws of Property.
DIONYSUS. And the waters under the hill --
MR. WAITE. Provided that you pay your water rate.
DIONYSUS. By the might of that which endures ---
MR. WAITE. Me, surely, and my fame as an adept.
DIONYSUS. The holy heaven of will!
MR. WAITE. Will Shakespeare was not an initiate.
DIONYSUS. I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star ---
MR. WAITE. Incendiarism! Arson! Captain Shaw!
DIONYSUS. Your hair as a comet's horrent, ---
MR. WAITE. Not for a fortune would I ruffle mine.
DIONYSUS. Ye shall see things as they are.
MR. WAITE. Play fair, god! do not give the show away!
[*The Mænads tear him limb from limb, and MADAME DE S tries to brain DIONYSUS with a dummy writ.*]

This is a great limitation, yet Mr. Waite is a really excellent poet withal. All the poems show fine and deep thought, with facility and felicity of expression. "The Lost Word" is extraordinarily fine, both dramatically and lyrically. It seems a pity that Mr. Waite has no use for William Shakespeare! The fact is (whatever George Hume Barne may say) that Mr. Waite is (or has) a genius, who wishes to communicate sacred mysteries of truth and beauty; but he is too often baulked by the mental and moral equipment of Mr. Waite. Even so, he only just misses. And I will bet George Hume Barne a *crème de menthe* that if Mr. Waite (even now) will ride on a camel from Biskra to Timbuktu with an Ouled Nail and the dancer M'saoud, he will produce absolutely first-rate poetry within six months.

Enough. But buy the book.

A. QUILLER, JR.

AN ORIGIN

IN fire of gold they set them out,
 The garlanded of old, who clomb
The Mount of Evil, strong and stout
 To wrest from Venus' brow the comb.
*The fiery wind, the web unspun,
The nine stars and the circling sun.*

Not theirs to wander lost and lone,
 Adream by mountain lake, and sea;
Not theirs to bear a face of stone
 Away from human mystery:
They pondered o'er the runes of time,
They slew the Serpent of the Slime.

The brutish brain, the nervous hands,
 The conscious power of thew and mind;
The agony of burning sands,
 The blithe salt breezes blowing blind—
The birth-pangs of the Emperor Thought,
Of Earth and Pain the wonder-wrought.

They hurled them blindly on the breast
 Of foaming hate, of wild desire:

THE EQUINOX

From Time they held the old bequest,
 The passionate pangs, the flash of fire—
Not through the gods they dreamed of ran
The stream that fired the veins of man.

They stanch'd the gaping wound with turf,
 With water slaked the burning maw;
Rolling within the boiling surf,
 They caught the brine in eye and jaw.
They roared and rushed with tangled mane
To rape and ruin in the rain.

The hours flew by all swift and red;
 They gorged, they slept within the shade:
They yelled in fear with muffled head
 When thunder made them sore afraid.
Loud laughed the gods to see the wild
Mad glory of their weanling child.

A flash of long-forgotten light—
 I found again the men of old,
The wondering children of the night,
 The ravagers of hill and wold—
Our sane, strong, savage satyr-sires.
In whom were born the artist-fires.

The scorching sun, the sleeping moon,
 The yelling wind that clave the trees,
The monsters that they fled, the croon
 Of squaws with babes upon their knees,
The wet woods' call, the insistent sea,
The blood-stained birth of mystery.

AN ORIGIN

The scream of passion, and the foam
 Upon the willing women's lips;
Green, dripping forests, love's dark home—
 These were the god-enwroughten whips
That gave the eagle-cars of Art
First impulse in the cave-man's heart.

The artist-light is backward borne,
 Master within my brain to-night;
Back in the long-forgotten morn
 I see the dawn of Thee and light;
The men that made me stare and stare
Through the great wood-fire's lurid glare.

And through the haze of time and life
 Anew the dim, dark visions loom;
The matted bloody hair; the knife
 Of jagged stone; the reeking fume
Of purple blood; the gore and bones
Rotting beneath the straight-aimed stones.

The dream is past; the night returns,
 Old mother of the primal Fear;
Within me, Master, throbs and burns
 The old grey wonder. Yea, I hear—
The heritage is mine; I take
The wand encircled by the snake.

Far in the night I wander; far
 Back in the forest of the Past,
Led by my sole and single star,
 Where I shall dwell in peace at last.

THE EQUINOX

But once again I see Thee stand
Guarding the old forgotten land.—

A silent land of dream and fear,
Where thought-waves break upon the shore,
And reach the high gods; listening ear,
And echo on for evermore
Through the dark ages, till they reach
Their long-sought goal, and burst in speech.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE SOUL-HUNTER

THE SOUL-HUNTER*

I BOUGHT his body for ten francs. Months before I had bought his soul, bought it for the first glass of the poison—the first glass of the new series of horrors since his discharge, cured—cured!—from the “retreat.” Yes, I tempted him, I, a doctor! Bound by the vows—faugh! I needed his body! His soul? pah! but an incident in the bargain. For soul is but a word, a vain word—a battlefield of the philosopher fools, the theologian fools, since Anaximander and Gregory Nazianus. A toy. But the consciousness? That is what we mean by *soul*, we others. That then must live somewhere. But is it, as Descartes thoughts, atomic? or fluid, now here, now there? Or is it but a word for the totality of bodily sense? As Weir Mitchell supposed. Well, we should see. I would buy a brain and hunt this elusive consciousness. Just so, luck follows skill; the brain of Jules Foreau was the very pick of the world’s brains. The most self-conscious man in Europe! Intellectual to an incredible point, introspective beyond the Hindus, *and* with the fatal craving which made him mine. Jules Foreau, you might have been a statesman; you became a sot—but you shall make the name of Doctor Arthur Lee famous for ever, and put an end to the great

* Unpublished pages from the diary of Dr. Arthur Lee—“the Montrouge Vampire.”

THE EQUINOX

problem of the ages. Aha, my friend, how mad of me to fill my diary with this cheap introspective stuff! I feel somehow that the affair will end badly. I am writing my *defence*. Certainly that excuses the form. A jury can never understand plain facts—the cold light of science chills them; they need eloquence, sentiment. . . . Well, I must pay a lawyer for that, if trouble should really arise. How should it? I have made all safe—trust me!

I gave him the drug yesterday. The atropine was a touch of almost superhuman cleverness; the fixed, glassy stare deader than death itself. I complied with the foolish formulæ of the law; in three hours I had the body in my laboratory. In the present absurd state of the law there is really nobody trustworthy in a business of this sort. *Tant pis!* I must cook my own food for a month or so. For no doubt there will be a good deal of noise. No doubt a good deal of noise. I must risk that. I dare not touch anything but the brain; it might vitiate the whole experiment. Bad enough this plaster of Paris affair. You see a healthy man of thirteen stone odd in his prime will dislike any deep interference with his brain—resent it. Chains are useless; nothing keeps a man still. Bar anæsthesia. And anæsthesia is the one thing barred. He must feel, he must talk, he must be as normal as possible. So I have simply built his neck, shoulders, and arms into plaster. He can yell and he can kick. If it does him any good he is welcome. So—to business.

10.30. A.M. He is decidedly under the new drug— η'' ; yet he does not move. He takes longer to come back to life than I supposed.

THE SOUL-HUNTER

- 10.40. Warmth to extremities. Inhalations of λ . He cannot speak yet, I think. The glare of eyes is not due to hate, but to the atropine.
- 10.45. He has noticed the plaster arrangement and the nature of the room. I think he guesses. A gurgle. I light a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He spits it out. He seems hardly to understand my good-humour.
- 10.47. The first word—"What is it, you devil?" I show him the knife, *et cetera*, and urge him to keep calm and self-collected.
- 10.50. A laugh, not too nervous. A good sigh. "By George, you amuse me!" Then with a sort of wistful sigh, "I thought you just meant to poison me in some new patent kind of way." Bad; he wants to die. Must cheer him up.
- 11.0. I have given my little scientific lecture. The patient unimpressed. The absinthe has damaged his reasoning faculty. He cannot see the *a priori* necessity of the experiment. Strange!
- 11.10. Lord, how funny!—he thinks I may be mad, and is trying all the old dodges to "humour" me! I must sober him.
- 11.15. Sobered him. Showed him his own cranium—he had never missed it, of course. Yet the fact seemed to surprise him. Important, though, for my thesis. Here at least is one part of the body whose absence in nowise diminishes the range of the sensorium—soul—what shall we call it? "*x*." Some important glands, of course, rule a man's whole life. Others again—what use is a lymphatic to the soul? To "*x*."?

THE EQUINOX

Well, we must deal with the glands in detail, at the fountain-head, in the brain.

11.20. My writing seems to irritate him. Daren't give drugs. He flushes and pales too easily. Absence of skull? Now, a little cut and tie—and we shall see.

N.B.—To keep this record very distinct from the pure surgery of the business.

11.22. A concentrated, sustained yell. It has quite shaken me. I never heard the like. "All out" too, as we used to say on the Cam; he's physically exhausted—*e.g.*, has stopped kicking. Legs limp as possible. Pure funk; I never hurt him.

11.25. A most curious thing: I feel an intense dislike of the man coming over me; and, with an almost insane fascination, the thought, "Suppose I were to *kiss* him?" Followed by a shiver of physical loathing and disgust. Such thoughts have no business here at all. To work.

12.0. I want a drink; there are most remarkable gaps in the consciousness—not implying unconsciousness. I am inclined to think that what we call continuous pain is a rhythmic beat, frequency of beat less than one in sixty. The shrieks are simply heartbreaking.

12.5. Silence, more terrible than the yells. Afraid I had an accident. He smiles, reassures me. Speaks—"Look here, doctor, enough of this fooling; I'm annoyed with you, really don't know why—and I yell because I know it worries you. But listen to this: under the drug I really died, though you thought I was simulating death. On the contrary, it is now that I

THE SOUL-HUNTER

am simulating life.” There seemed to me, and still seems, some essential absurdity in these words; yet I could not refute him. I opened my mouth and closed it. The voice went on: “It follows that your whole experiment is a childish failure.” I cut him short; this time I found words. “You forget your position,” I said hotly. “It is against all precedent for the vivisectee to abuse his master. Ingrate!” So incensed was I that I strode angrily to the operating-chair and paralysed the ganglia governing the muscles of speech. Imagine my surprise when he proceeded, entirely incommoded: “On the contrary, it is you who are dead, Arthur Lee.” The voice came from behind me, from far off. “Until you die you never know it, but you have been dead all along.” My nerve is clearly gone; this must be a case of pure hallucination. I begin to remember that I am alone—alone in the big house with the . . . patient. Suppose I were to fall ill? . . . Was this thought written in my face? He laughed harsh and loud. Disgusting beast!

12.15. A pretty fool I am, tying the wrong nerve. No wonder he could go on talking! A nasty slip in such an experiment as this. Must check the whole thing through again. . . .

1.0. O.K. now. Must get some lunch. Oddly enough, I am pretty sure he was telling the truth. He feels no pain, and only yells to annoy me.

2.10. Excellent! I suppress all the senses but smell, and give him his wife’s handkerchief. He bubbles over with amorous drivel; I should love to tell him what she

THE EQUINOX

- died of, and who. . . . A curious trait, that last remark. Why do I *dislike* the man? I used to get on A1 with him. (N.B. to stitch eyelids with silk. Damn the glare.)
- 2.20. Theism! The convolution with the cause-idea lying too close to the convolution with the fear-idea. And imagination at work on the nexus! About 24μ between Charles Bradlaugh and Cardinal Newman!
- 2.50. So for faith and doubt? Sceptical criticism of my whole experiment boils up in me. What is "normality"? Even so, what possible relation is there between things and the evidence of them recorded in the brain? Evidence of something, maybe. A thermometer chart gives a curve; yet the mercury has only moved up and down. What about the time dimension? But it is not a dimension; it is only a word to explain multiplicity of sensation. Words! words! words! This is the last straw. There is no conceivable standard whereby we may measure anything whatever; and it is useless to pretend there is.
- 3.3. In short, we are all mad. Yet all this is but the expression of the doubt-stop in the human organ. Let me pull out his faith-stop!
- 4.45. Done; the devil's own job. He seems to be a Pantheist Antinomian with leanings towards Ritualism. Not impressive. My observation-stop (= my doubt-stop nearly) is full out. (Funny that we should fall into the old faculty jargon.) Perhaps if one's own faith-stop were out there would be a fight; if one's reception-of-new-ideas-stop, a conversion.

THE SOUL-HUNTER

- 5.12. I only wish I had two of them to test the “tuning-up” theory of Collective Hallucination and the like. Out of the question; we must wait for Socialism. But enough for the day is the research thereof. I’ve matter for a life’s work already.
- 7.50. An excellent scratch dinner—none too soon. Turtle soup, potted char, Yorkshire pie, Stilton, burgundy. Better than nothing. To-morrow the question of putrefactive changes in the limbs and their relation to the brain.
- 3.1. Planted bacilli in left foot. Will leave him to sleep. No difficulty there; the brute’s as tired as I am. Too tired to curse. I recited “Abide with Me” throughout to soothe him. Some lines distinctly humorous under the circumstances. Will have a smoke in the study and check through the surg. record. Too dazed to realise everything, but I am assuredly an epoch. Whaur’s your Robbie Pasteur noo?
- 12.20. So I’ve been on a false trail all day! The course of the A.M. research has let right away from the “x-hunt.” The byways have obscured the main road. Valuable though; very very valuable. In the morning success. Bed!
- 12.30. Yells and struggles again when I went in to say good-night. As I had carefully paralysed *all* sensory avenues (to ensure perfect rest), how was he aware of my presence? The memory of the scented handkerchief, too, very strong; talked a lot of his wife, thinking here with him. Pah! what beasts some men must be! Disgusting fellow! I’m no prude either! If ever I do a woman I’ll stop the Filth-gutter. *Ce serait trop.*

THE EQUINOX

- 12.40 Maybe he did *not* know of my presence; merely remembered me. He has cause. How much there is in one's mind of the merely personal idea of scoring off the bowlers. And every man is a batsman in a world of bowlers. Like that leg-cricket game, what did we call it? Oh! bed, bed!
- 5.0. Patient seriously ill; plaster irks breathing; all sorts of troubles expected and unexpected. Putrefaction of left foot well advanced: promises well for the day's work if I can check collapse.
- 5.31. Patient very much better; paralysed motor ganglia; safe to remove plaster. Too much time wasted on these foolish mechanical details of life when one is looking for the Master of the Machine.
- 6.12. Patient in excellent fettle; now to find "x"—the soul!
- 11.55. Worn out; no "x" yet. Patient well, normal; have checked shrieks, ingenious dodge.
- 2.15. No time for food; brandy. Patient fighting fit. No "x."
- 3.1. *Dead!!!* No cause in the world—I must have cut right into the "x," the soul.
The meningeal——

[Dr. Lee's diary breaks off abruptly at this point. His researches were never published. It will be remembered that he was convicted of causing the death of his mistress, Jeannette Pheyron, under mysterious circumstances, some six months after the date of the above. The surgical record referred to has not been found.—EDITOR.]

MADELEINE

OH, the cool white neck of her:
 The ivory column: oh, the velvet skin.
Little I reckon of her
 Save the curve from breast to chin.
Oh, the rising rounded throat,
Pain's subtle antidote.
To sit and watch the pulses of it beat,
And guess the passionate heat
Of the blood that flows within!
I see it swelling with her even breath
 And long to make it throb
 With a love as strong as death.
To cause the sharp and sudden-catching sob
 And the swift dark flood,
 Showing the instant blood,
Quick mantling up where I had made it throb
 With love as strong as death.
Oh, the pure, pale face of her;
 The chiselled outline, chaste as starlit snows.
The ineffable grace of her;
 The distant, perfect grace of her repose.
Her mouth the waiting redness of a rose

THE EQUINOX

A rose too nearly cloyed
With its own secret sweetness unalloyed:
That waits in scented silence, stately-sad,
Wed to a guarded passion thro' long days,
But lifts the proud head, saying "I am glad,"
Haughty receives as due the word of praise,
And flings her perfumed wonders on the air:
"Afar," she says, "fall down and gaze; for I am fair."

Oh the dark, sweet hair of her,
Burnished cascade of heavy-tressed black:
Nothing's more rare of her
Than its thick massed glory over breast and back.
It rolls and ripples, silver flecked,
Like moonlight on a misty sea,
Whose lifting surfaces reflect
A sombre, ever-changing radiancy.
I would compare
The dusk, soft-stealing perfume of her hair
To breezes on a Southern Summer eve,
When the night-scented stock hangs drowsing on the air.
Its languid incense bids me half believe
I pass the dreamy day in reveries,
By some sleep-haunted shore of the Hesperides.

Oh, the deep, dark eyes of her,
Half slumbrous depths of heavy lidded calm:
There's naught I prize of her
More than the shrouded silence they embalm.
There's all the mystery of an enchanted pool,
Hid in brown woodlands cool;

MADELEINE

Profound, untroubled, where the lilies grow
 And the pale lotus sheds her stealing charm:
Dappled where silent shadows come and go,
 And all the air is warm
With the low melody of the Sacred Bird
 Sobbing his soul out to the waiting wood,
And over all a hushèd voice is heard:
 This place is consecrate to Love in solitude.

ARTHUR B. GRIMBLE.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

A.: A.: Publication in Class B

Issued by Order :

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator

O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator

N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

Book II, continued

THE SORCERER

BEFORE we can discuss the Operation of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin, commenced by P. in the autumn of 1899, it is first necessary that we should briefly explain the meaning and value of Ceremonial Magic; and secondly, by somewhat retracing our footsteps, disclose to the reader the various methods and workings P. had undertaken before he set out to accomplish this supreme one.

For over a year now he had been living *perdu* in the heart of London, strenuously applying himself to the various branches of secret knowledge that his initiations in the Order of the Golden Dawn had disclosed to him. Up to the present we have only dealt with these initiations, and his methods of Travelling in the Spirit Vision, and Rising on the Planes; but there still remain to be shown the Ceremonial methods he adopted; however, before we enter upon these, we must return to our first point, namely—the meaning and value of Ceremonial Magic.

Ceremonial Magic, as a means to attainment, has in common with all other methods, Western or Eastern, one supreme object in view—identification with the Godhead; and it matters not if the Aspirant be Theist or Atheist, Pantheist or Autotheist, Christian or Jew, or whether he name the goal of his attainment God, Zeus, Christ, Matter, Nature, Spirit, Heaven,

THE EQUINOX

Reason, Nirvana, Asgard, No-Thing or No-God, so long as he *has* a goal in view, and a goal he is striving to attain. Without a goal he is but a human ship without port or destination; and without striving, work, WILL to attain, he is but a human derelict, rudderless and mastless, tossed hither and thither by the billows of lunacy, eventually to sink beneath the black waters of madness and death.

Thus we find that outside the asylum, we, one and all of us, are strenuously or slothfully, willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, progressing slowly or speedily towards *some* goal that we have set up as an ideal before us. Follow the road to that goal, subdue all difficulties, and, when the last has been vanquished, we shall find that that "some goal" is in truth THE GOAL, and that the road upon which we set out was but a little capillary leading by vein and artery to the very Heart of Unity itself.

Then all roads lead to the same goal?—Certainly. Then, say you, "All roads are equally good?" Our answer is, "Certainly not!" For it does not follow that because all roads lead to Rome, all are of the same length, the same perfection, or equally safe. The traveller who would walk to Rome must use his own legs—his WILL to arrive there; but should he discard as useless the advice of such as know the way and have been there, and the maps of the countries he has to journey through, he is but a fool, only to be exceeded in his folly by such as try all roads in turn and arrive by none. As with the traveller, so also with the Aspirant; he must commence his journey with the cry, "I *will* attain!" and leave nothing undone that may help him to accomplish this attainment. By contemplating the Great Work, and all means to its

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

attainment, little by little from the Knowledge he has obtained will he learn to extract that subtle Understanding which will enable him to construct such symbols of strength, such appliances of power, such exercises of Will and Imagination, that by their balanced, chaste and sober use, he MUST succeed if he WILL to do so.

So we see, it matters very little whether the Aspirant, truly the Seer, cry “Yea” or “Nay,” so long as he do so with a *will*, a *will* that will beget a Sorcery within the cry; for as Levi says: “The intelligence which denies, invariably affirms something, since it is asserting its liberty.”

Let us now inquire what this liberty is, but above all, whatever we write: “Be not satisfied with what we tell you; and act for yourself.” And, if you act with daring and courage, you will indeed outstep the normal powers of life and become a strong man amongst strong men, so that “if we say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done.” For the land into which you enter is a land which, to the common eye, appears as a fabulous land of wonder and miracle. Yet we say to you that there is no wonder imagined in the mind of man that man is not capable of performing, there is no miracle of the Imagination, which has been performed by man, the which may not yet again be performed by him. The sun has stood still upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, and the stars of heaven have fallen unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken by a mighty wind. What are suns, and moons, and stars, but the ideas of dreaming children cradled in the abyss of a drowsy understanding? To the blind worm, the sun is as the fluttering of warm wings in the outer

THE EQUINOX

darkness, and the stars are not; to the savage, as welcome ball of fire, and the glittering eyes of the beasts of night: to us, as spheres of earth's familiar elements and many hundred million miles away. And to the man of ten thousand years hence—who knows? And to him a hundred million years after that—who cares! Senses may come and go, and the five may become ten, and the ten twenty, so that the beings of that last far-off twilight may differ from us, as we differ from the earthworm, and the weeds in the depths of the sea. But enough—Become the Changless One, and ye shall leap past a million years, and an hundred hundred million in the twinkling of an eye. Nay! for Time will burst as a bubble between your lips; and, seeing and understanding, Space will melt as a bead of sweat upon your brow and vanish!

Dare to will and will to know, and you will become as great as, and even greater than, Apollonius, Flamel or Lully; and then know to keep silence, lest like Lucifer you fall, and the brilliance of your knowledge blind the eyes of the owls that are men; and from a great light, spring a great darkness; and the image survive and the imagination vanish, and idols replace the gods, and churches of brick and stone the mysteries of the forests and the mountains, and the rapture which girds the hearts of men like a circle of pure emerald light.

The great seeming miracles of life pass by unheeded. Birth and Generation are but the sorry jests of fools; yet not the wisest knows how a blade of grass sprouts from the black earth, or how it is that the black earth is changed into the green leaves and all the wonders of the woods. Yet the multitude trample the flowers of the fields under their feet, and snigger in their halls of pleasure at a dancer clothed in

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

frilled nudity, because they are nearer seeing the mysteries of Creation than they are in the smugness of their own stuffy back parlours; and gape in wonder at some stage trickster, some thought-reading buffoon, and talk about the supernatural, the supernormal, the superterrestrial, the superhuman, and all the other superficial superfluties of superannuated super-numeraries, as if this poor juggler were some kind of magician who could enter their thick skulls and steal their sorry thoughts, whilst all the time he is at the old game of picking their greasy pockets.

Miracles are but the clouds that cloak the dreamy eyes of ignorant men. Therefore let us once and for all thunder forth: There are no miracles for those who wake; miracles are for the dreamers, and wonders are as bottled bull's-eyes in a bun-shop for penniless children. Beauty alone exists for the Adept. Everywhere there is loveliness—in the poppy and in the dunghill upon which it blows; in the palace of marble and in the huts of sunbaked mud which squat without its walls. For him the glades of the forests laugh with joy, and so do the gutters of our slums. All is beautiful, and flame-shod he speeds over earth and water, through fire and air; and builds, in the tangled web of the winds, that City wherein no one dreams, and where even awakenment ceases to be.

But in order to work miracles we must be outside the ordinary conditions of humanity; we must either be abstracted by wisdom or exalted by madness, either superior to all passions or beyond them through ecstasy or frenzy. Such is the first and most indispensable preparation of the operator. Hence, by a providential or fatal law, the magician can only exercise omnipotence in inverse proportion to his material interest; the alchemist makes so much the more gold as he is the more resigned to privations, and the more esteems that poverty which protects the secrets of the *magnum*

THE EQUINOX

opus. Only the adept whose heart is passionless will dispose of the love and hate of those whom he would make instruments of his science; the myth of Genesis is eternally true, and God permits the tree of science to be approached only by those men who are sufficiently strong and self-denying not to covet its fruits. Ye, therefore, who seek in science a means to satisfy your passions, pause in this fatal way; you will find nothing but madness or death. This is the meaning of the vulgar tradition that the devil ends sooner or later by strangling sorcerers. The magus must hence be impassible, sober and chaste, disinterested, impenetrable, and inaccessible to any kind of prejudice or terror. He must be without bodily defects, and proof against all contractions and all difficulties. The first and most important of magical operations is the attainment of this rare pre-eminence.*

The *via mystica* leading to this pre-eminence may aptly be compared to a circle. Wherever the Aspirant strikes it, there he will find a path leading to the right and another leading to the left. To the right the goal is all things, to the left the goal is nothing. Yet the paths are not two paths, but one path; and the goals are not two goals, but one goal. The Aspirant upon entering the circle must travel by the one or the other, and must not look back; lest he be turned into a pillar of salt, and become the habitation of the spirits of Earth. "For thy vessel the Beasts of the Earth shall inhabit," as sayeth Zoroaster. The Magus travels by both simultaneously, if he travels at all; for he has learnt what is meant by the mystery: "A straight line is the circumference of a circle whose radius is infinity"; a line of infinite length in the mind of the Neophyte, but which in truth is also a line of infinite shortness in that of the Magus, if finite or infinite at all.

The circle having been opened out, from the line can any curve be fashioned; and if the Magus *wills it*, the line *will be* a triangle, or a square, or a circle; and at his word it will

* E. Levi, "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," p. 192.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

flash before him as a pentagram or a hexagram, or perchance as an eleven-pointed star.

Thus shall the Aspirant learn to create suns and moon, and all the hosts of heaven out of unity. But first he must travel the circumference of the circle; and, when mystically he has discovered that the goal is the starting-point, and where he entered that circle there also will it break and open out, so that the adytum of its centre becomes as an arch in its outer wall, then indeed will he be worthy of the name of Magus.

The keystone to this arch some have called God, some Brahma, some Zeus, some Allah, some even IAO the God of the sounding name; but in truth, O seeker, it is Thy-SELF — this higher dimension in which the inner becomes the outer, and in which the single Eye alone can see the throbbing heart, Master of the entangled skein of veins.

Let us for example's sake call this attainment by the common name of God (SELF as opposed to self). And as we have seen the path of union with god or goal is twofold:

- I. The attainment of all things.
- II. The destruction of all things.

And whichever way we travel to right or to left the method is also twofold, or the twofold in one:

- I. Exaltation by madness.
- II. Exaltation by wisdom.

In the first we awake from the dream of illusion by a blinding light being flashed across our eyes; in the second, gradually, by the breaking of the dawn.

In the first the light of knowledge, though but comparable to the whole of Knowledge as a candle-flame to the sun, may

THE EQUINOX

be so sudden that blindness follows the first illumination.* In the second, though the light be as the sun of knowledge itself; first its gentle warmth, and then its tender rays awake us, and lead us through the morning to the noontide of day. Like children of joy we rise from our beds and dance through the dewy fields, and chase the awakening butterflies from the blushing flowers—ecstasy is ours. The first is as a sudden bounding beyond darkness into light, from the humdrum into the ecstatic; the second a steady march beyond the passionate West into the land of everlasting Dawn.

Concerning the first we have little to say; for it is generally the illumination of the weak. The feeble often gain the little success they do gain in life, not through their attempts to struggle, but on account of their weakness—the enemy not considering they are worth power and shot. But the strong gain their lives in fight and victory; the sword is their warrant to live, and by their swords *will* they attain; and when they once have attained, by their swords will they rule, and from warriors become as helmèd kings whose crowns are of iron, and whose sceptres are sharp swords of glittering steel, and reign; whilst the weak still remain as slaves, and a prey to the wild dreams of the night. Of a truth, sometimes the weak charioteer wins the race; but on account of his weakness he is often carried past the winning-post by the steeds that have given him the victory, and, unable to hold them back, he is dashed against the walls of the arena, whilst the strong man passing the judges turns his chariot round and receives the crown of victory, or if not that, is ever ready to race again.

* The greater our ignorance the more intense appears the illumination.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

To learn how to WILL is the key to the kingdom, the door of which as we have seen contains two locks, or rather two bolts in one lock, one turning to the right and the other to the left. Either pile up the imagination with image upon image until the very kingdom of God is taken by assault; or withdrawn one symbol after another until the walls are undermined and the “cloud-capped towers” come tumbling to the ground. In either case the end is the same—the city is taken. Or perchance if you are a great Captain, and your army is filled with warlike men, and you are in possession of all the engines suitable to this Promethean struggle—at one and the same time scale the bastions and undermine the ramparts, so that as those above leap down, those beneath leap up, and the city falls as an arrow from a bow that breaks in twain in the hand. Such warfare is only for the great—the greatest; yet we shall see that this is the warfare that P. eventually waged. And where the strong have trod the weak may *dare* to follow.

This path must necessarily be a difficult one; illusions and delusions must be expected, temptations and defeats encountered with equanimity, and fears and terrors passed by without trembling. The labours of Hercules are a good example of the labours the Aspirant, who would be an Adept, must expect. However, there is not space here, nor is this the place, to enter into the twelve mystic works of this man who became a God. Yet let us at least note three points—that the tenth labour was to slay Geryon, the *three*-headed and *three*-bodied monster of Gades; that the eleventh was to obtain apples from the garden of the Hesperides, where lived the *three* daughters of Hesperus; and that the last was to bring upon earth the *three*-headed dog Cerberus, and so

THE EQUINOX

unguard the gates of Hades. Similar is the Adept's last labour, to destroy the terrors of hell and to bring upon earth the Supernal triad and formulate the שׁ* in ה ו ש ה י.

One idea must possess us, and all our energies must be focused upon it. A man who would be rich must worship wealth and understand poverty; a man who would be strong must worship strength and understand weakness; and so also a man who would be God must worship deity and understand devilry: that is, he must become saturated with the reflections of Kether in Malkuth, until the earth be leavened and the two eyes become one. He must indeed build up his tower stone upon stone until the summit vanish amongst the stars, and he is lost in a land which lies beyond the flames of day and the shadows of night.

To attain to this Ecstasy, exercises and operations of the most trivial nature must be observed, if they, even in the remotest manner, appertain to the *one* idea.

You are a beggar, and you desire to make gold; set to work and never leave off. I promise you, in the name of science, all the treasures of Flamel and Raymond Lully. "What is the first thing to do?" Believe in your power, then act. "But how act?" Rise daily at the same hour, and that early; bathe at a spring before daybreak, and in all seasons; never wear dirty clothes, but rather wash them yourself if needful; accustom yourself to voluntary privations, that you may be better able to bear those which come without seeking; then silence every desire which is foreign to the fulfilment of the Great Work.

"What! By bathing daily in a spring, I shall make gold?" You will work in order to make it. "It is a mockery!" No, it is an arcanum. "How can I make use of an arcanum which I fail to understand?" Believe and act; you will understand later.†

Levi here places belief as a crown upon the brow of work.

* N.B.—the Shin is composed of three Yodhs, and its value is 300.

† "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," pp. 194, 195.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

He is, in a way, right; yet to the ordinary individual this belief is as a heavy load which he cannot even lift, let alone carry, act how he will. Undoubtedly, if a boy worried long enough over a text-book on trigonometry he would eventually appreciate the theory and practice of logarithms; but why should he waste his time? why not instead seek a master? Certainly, when he has learnt all the text-books can teach and all the master can tell him, he must strike out for himself, but up to this point he must place his faith in some one. To the ordinary Aspirant a *Guru** is necessary; and the only danger to the uninitiate is that he may place his trust in a charlatan instead of in an adept. This indeed is a danger, but surely after a little while the most ignorant will be able to discriminate, as a blind man can between day and night. And, if the pupil be a true Seeker, it matters little in the end. For as the sacrament is efficacious, though administered by an unworthy priest, so will his love of Truth enable him to turn even the evil counsels of a knave to his advantage.

To return, how can these multiform desires be silenced, and the one desire be realised so that it engulf the rest? To this question we must answer as we have answered elsewhere — “only by a one-pointedness of the senses” — until the five-sided polygon become pyramidal and vanish in a point. The base must be well established, regular, and of even surface; for as the base so the summit. In other words, the five senses must be strong and healthy and without disease. An unhealthy man is unfitted to perform a magical operation, and an hysterical man will probably end in the Qliphoth or Bedlam. A blind man will not be able to equilibrate the sense of sight,

* Instructor.

THE EQUINOX

or a deaf man the sense of hearing, like a man who can both see and hear; however, the complete loss of one sense, if this is ever actually the case, is far better than a mental weakness in that sense.

All senses and faculties must share in the work, such at least is the dictum of Western Ceremonial Magic. And so we find the magician placing stone upon stone in the construction of his Temple. That is to say, placing pantacle upon pantacle, and safeguarding his one idea by means of swords, daggers, wands, rings, perfumes, suffumigations, robes, talismans, crowns, magic squares and astrological charts, and a thousand other symbols of things, ideas, and states, all reflecting the one idea; so that he may build up a mighty mound, and from it eventually leap over the great wall which stands before him as a partition between two worlds.

All faculties and all senses should share in the work; nothing in the priest of Hermes has the right to remain idle; intelligence must be formulated by signs and summed by characters or pantacles; will must be determined by words, and must fulfil words by deeds; the magical idea must be rendered into light for the eyes, harmony for the ears, perfumes for the sense of smell, savours for the palate, objects for the touch; the operator, in a word, must realise in his whole life what he wishes to realise in the world without him; he must become a "magnet" to attract the desired thing; and when he shall be sufficiently magnetic, he must be convinced that the thing will come of itself, and without thinking of it.*

This seems clear enough, but more clearly still is this all-important point explained by Mr. Aleister Crowley in his preface to his edition of "The Book of the Goetia of Solomon the King":

I am not concerned [writes Mr. Crowley] to deny the objective reality of all "magical" phenomena; if they are illusions, they are at least as real as many un-

* "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," p. 196.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

questioned facts of daily life; and, if we follow Herbert Spencer, they are at least evidence of some cause.

Now, this fact is our base. What is the cause of my illusion of seeing a spirit in the triangle of Art?

Every smatterer, every expert in psychology, will answer, "that cause lies in your brain."

* * * * *

This being true for the ordinary Universe, that all sense-impressions are dependent on changes in the brain, we must include illusions, which are after all sense-impressions as much as "realities" are, in the class of "phenomena dependent on brain-changes."

Magical phenomena, however, come under a special sub-class, since they are willed, and their cause is the series of "real" phenomena called the operations of Ceremonial Magic.

These consist of:

(1) *Sight.*

The circle, square, triangle, vessels, lamps, robes, implements, &c.

(2) *Sound.*

The Invocations.

(3) *Smell.*

The Perfumes.

(4) *Taste.*

The Sacraments.

(5) *Touch.*

As under (1). The circle, &c.

(6) *Mind.*

The combination of all these and reflection on their significance.

These unusual impressions (1-5) produce unusual brain-changes; hence their summary (6) is of unusual kind. The projection back into the phenomenal world is therefore unusual.

Herein then consists the reality of the operations and effects of ceremonial magic; and I conceive that the apology is ample, so far as the "effects" refer only to those phenomena which appear to the magician himself, the appearance of the spirit, his conversation, possible shocks from imprudence, and so on, even to ecstasy on the one hand, and death or madness on the other.*

Thus we see that the Aspirant must become a *magnet*, and attract all desires to himself until there is nothing outside of

* "Goetia," pp. 1-3.

THE EQUINOX

him left to attract; or repel all things, until there is nothing left to repel.

In the East the five senses are treated in their unity, and the magical operation becomes purely a mental one, and in many respects a more rational and less emotional one. The will, so to speak, is concentrated on itself by the aid of a reflective point—the tip of the nose, the umbilicus, a lotus, or again, in a more abstract manner, on the inhalation and exhalation of the breath, upon an idea or a sensation. The Yogi abandons the constructive method, and so it is that we do not find him building up, but, instead, undermining his consciousness, his instrument being a purely introspective one, the power of turning his will as a mental eye upon himself, and finally seeing himself as HimSELF.

However, in both the Western and Eastern systems, equilibrium is both the method and the result. The Western Magician wills to turn darkness into light, earth into gold, vice into virtue. He sets out to purify; therefore all around him must be pure, ever to hold before his memory the one essential idea. More crudely this is the whole principle of advertising. A good advertiser so places his advertisement that wherever you go, and whichever way you turn, you see the name of the article he is booming. If it happens, *e.g.*, to be “Keating’s Insect Powder,” the very name becomes part of you, so that directly a flea is seen or mentioned “Keating’s” spontaneously flashes across your thoughts.

The will of a magician may be compared to a lamp burning in a dark and dirty room. First he sets to work to clean the room out, then he places a brightly polished mirror along one wall to reflect one sense, and then another to reflect

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

another, and so on, until, whichever way he look, up or down, to right or left, behind or before, there he sees his will shining; and ultimately so dazzling become the innumerable reflections, that he can see but one great flame which obscures everything else. The Yogi on the other hand dispenses with the mirrors, and contents himself in turning the wick lower and lower until the room is one perfect darkness and nothing else can be seen or even recognised beyond SELF.

By those who have passed along both these mystic paths, it will be found that the energy expended is the same in both. Concentration is a terrific labour; the mere fact of sitting still and mediating on one idea and slaying all other ideas one after the other, and then constantly seeing them sprout up hundred-headed like the Hydra, needs so great a power of endurance that, though many undertake the task, few reach the goal. Again, the strain brought to bear on a Ceremonial Magician is equally colossal, and often costly; and in these bustling days the necessary seclusion is most difficult to obtain. And so it came about that a combination of both the above systems was ultimately adopted by P. However, it must be remembered that the dabbler in Ceremonial Magic or Yoga is but heaping up evil against himself, just as the dabbler on the Stock Exchange is. Magic, like gambling, has its chances; but in the former as in the latter, without "will to work" chances are always against him who puts his trust in them alone.

There is, however, one practice none must neglect, except the weakest, who are unworthy to attempt it—the practice of Sceptical selection.

Eliphas Levi gives us the following case:

THE EQUINOX

One day a person said to me: "I would that I could be a fervent Catholic, but I am a Voltairean. What would I not give to have faith!" I replied: "Say 'I would' no longer; say 'I will,' and I promise you that you will believe. You tell me you are a Voltairean, and of all the various presentations of faith that of the Jesuits is most repugnant to you, but at the same time seems the most powerful and desirable. Perform the exercises of St. Ignatius again and again, without allowing yourself to be discouraged, and you will gain the faith of a Jesuit. The result is infallible, and should you then have the simplicity to ascribe it to a miracle, you deceive yourself now in thinking that you are a Voltairean."*

Now all this may be good enough for Mrs. Eddy. To borrow a sword from one of Voltaire's antagonists, and to thrust it through his back when he is not looking, is certainly one way of getting rid of Voltaire. But the intellectual knight must not behave like a Christian footpad; he must trap Voltaire in his own arguments by absorbing the whole of Voltaire—eighty volumes and more—until there is no Voltaire left, and as he does so, apply to each link of Voltaire's armour the fangs of the Pyrrhonic Serpent; and where that serpent bites through the links, those links must be discarded; and where its teeth are turned aside, those links must be kept. Similarly must he apply the serpent to St. Ignatius, and out of the combination of the strongest links of both their armours fashion for himself so invulnerable a coat of mail that none can pierce it. Thus, instead of burying one's reason in the sands of faith, like an ostrich, one should rise like a phoenix of enlightenment out of the ashes of both Freethought and Dogma. This is the whole of Philosophic Scientific Illuminism.

Now that we have finished our short disquisition upon the Methods of Western Magic, let us once again

* "Doctrine and Ritual of Magic," p. 195 .

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

turn to Frater P. and seen how he applied them to his own labours.

Shortly after becoming a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn, P., as already mentioned, became acquainted with a certain Frater, I.A. by name, a magician of remarkable powers. At once a great friendship sprang up between these two, and for over a year and a half they worked secretly in London at various magical and scientific experiments.

During this period P. learnt what may be termed the alphabet of Ceremonial Magic—namely, the workings of Practical Evocations, the Consecrations and uses of Talismans, Invisibility, Transformations, Spiritual Development, Divination, and Alchemical processes, the details of which are dealt with in a manuscript entitled “Z.2.” of the Order of the Golden Dawn, which is divided into five books, each under one of the letters of the name $\eta \iota \omega \eta \iota$.

These five books show how the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Ritual may be used as a magical formula. They are as follow:

BOOK I

PRACTICAL EVOCATION

- A. The Magical Circle.
- B. The Magician, wearing the great lamen of the Hierophant, and his scarlet robe. The Hierophant's lamen is on the back of a pentacle, whereon is engraved the sigil of the spirit to be invoked.
- C. . The Names and Formulae to be employed.
- D. The symbol of the whole evocation.
- E. The construction of the circle and the placing of all the symbols, &c., employed in the places proper allotted to them, so as to represent the interior of the G.: D.: Temple in the “Enterer”: and the purification and consecration of the actual pieces of ground or place selected for the performance of the invocation.

THE EQUINOX

F. The invocation of the Higher Powers. Pentacle formed by the concentric bands, name and sigil therein, in proper colours; is to be bound thrice with a cord, and shrouded in black, thus bringing into action a blind force, to be further directed or differentiated in the process of the ceremony. *Announcement* aloud of the *object* of the working, naming the Spirit or Spirits which it is desired to evoke. This is pronounced standing in the centre of the circle, and turning towards the quarter from which the Spirit will come.

G. The name and sigil of the spirit wrapped in a black cloth or covering is now placed within the circle, at the point corresponding to the West, representing the candidate. The Consecration, or Baptism by water and fire of the sigil then takes place: and the proclamation in a loud and firm voice of the spirit (or spirits) to be evoked.

H. The veiled sigil is now to be placed at the foot of the altar. The Magician then calls aloud the name of the spirit, summoning him to appear: stating for what purpose the spirit is evoked: what is desired in the operation: why the evocation is performed at this time: and finally solemnly affirming that the Spirit SHALL be evoked by the ceremony.

I. Announcement aloud that all is prepared for the commencement of the actual evocation. If it be a *good* Spirit the sigil is now to be placed *within the white triangle*. The Magician places his left hand upon it, raises in his right hand the magical implement employed (usually the sword of Art) erect, and commences the evocation of the Spirit. This being an exorcism of the Spirit unto visible appearance. The Magician stands in the place of the Hierophant during the obligation, and faces West irrespective of the particular quarter of the Spirit.

But if the Nature of the Spirit be evil, then the sigil must be placed *without* and to the West of the white triangle; and the Magician shall be careful to keep the point of the magic Sword upon the centre of the sigil.

J. Now let the Magician imagine himself as *clothed outwardly* with the semblance of the form of the Spirit to be evoked: and in this let him be careful *not to identify himself* with the Spirit, which would be dangerous, but only to formulate a species of Mask, worn for the time being. And if he know not the symbolic form of the Spirit, then let him assume the form of an angel belonging unto the same class of operation. This form being assumed, then let him pronounce aloud, with a firm and solemn voice, *a convenient and potent oration and Exorcism of the Spirit unto visible appearance*. At the conclusion of this exorcism, taking the covered sigil in his left hand, let him smite it thrice with the *flat* blade of the Magic Sword. Then let him raise on high his arms to their utmost stretch, holding in his left hand the veiled sigil, and in his right the sword of Art erect, at the same time stamping thrice upon the ground with his right foot.

K. The veiled and covered sigil is then to be placed in the Northern part of the Hall, at the edge of the circle, and the Magician then employs the oration of the Hierophant from the throne of the East, modifying it slightly, as follows: "The Voice

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

of the Exorcism said unto me; let me shroud myself in darkness, peradventure thus may I manifest myself in Light," &c. The Magician then proclaims aloud that the Mystic Circumambulation will take place.

L. The Magician takes up the sigil in his left hand, and circumambulates the magic circle once, then passes to the South and halts. He stands (having lain his sigil on the ground) between it and the West, repeats the oration of the Kerux, and again consecrates it with water and with fire. Then takes it in his hand, facing westward, saying: "Creature of . . . twice consecrate, thou mayest approach the Gate of the West."

M. The Magician now moves to the West of the magical circle, holds the sigil in his left hand and the Sword in his right, faces S.W., *and again astrally masks himself with the Form of the Spirit*: and for the first time partially opens the covering, without, however, entirely removing it. He then smites it once with the flat blade of this sword, saying in a loud, clear and firm voice: "Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation, save by virtue of the Name אלהים. Before all things are the Chaos, and the Darkness, and the Gates of the Land of Night. I am he whose Name is 'Darkness': I am the Great One of the paths of the shades. I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism; appear thou therefore without fear before me; for I am he in whom fear is not! Thou hast known me; so pass thou on!" He then reveals the sigil.

N. Operations in L repeated at the North.

O. Processes in M are repeated in the N.W. Magician then passes to the East, takes up sigil in left hand, and Lotus Wand in right; *assumes the mask of the Spirit-Form*; smites sigil with Lotus Wand and says: "Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation save by virtue of the name יהוה. After the formless and the void and the Darkness, there cometh the knowledge of the Light. I am that Light which riseth in the Darkness! I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism; appear thou therefore in harmonious form before me; for I am the wielder of the forces of the Balance. Thou hast known me now, so pass thou on unto the cubical altar of the Universe."

P. He then re-covers sigil and passes on to the altar laying it thereon as before shown. He then passes to the East of the Altar holding the sigil and sword as explained. Then doth he rehearse a most potent conjuration and invocation of that Spirit unto visible appearance, using and reiterating all the Divine angelic and magical names appropriate to this end, neither omitting the signs, seals, sigilla, lineal figures, signatures and the like, from that conjuration.

Q. The Magician now elevates the covered sigil towards Heaven, removes the veil entirely (leaving it yet corded); crying in a loud voice: "Creature of . . . long hast thou dwelt in Darkness, quit the Night and seek the Day." He then replaces it on the altar, holds the magical sword erect above it, the pommel immediately above the centre thereof, and says: "By all the Names, powers, and rites already rehearsed, I conjure Thee thus unto visible appearance." Then the Mystic words.

THE EQUINOX

R. Saith the Magician: "As the Light hidden in the Darkness can manifest therefrom, SO SHALT THOU become manifest from concealment unto manifestation."

He then takes up sigil, stands to the East of the Altar and faces West. He shall then rehearse a long conjuration to the powers and Spirits immediately superior unto that one which he seeks to invoke: *that they shall force him to manifest himself unto visible appearance.* He then places the sigil between the pillars, himself at the East facing West. Then in the sign of the Enterer doth he direct the whole current of his will upon the sigil. Thus he continueth until such time as he shall perceive his will-power to be weakening, when he protects himself from the reflex of the current by the sign of silence, and then drops his hands. He now looks towards the Quarter that the Spirit is to appear in, and he should now see the first signs of his visible manifestation. If he be *not* thus faintly visible, let the Magician repeat the Conjuration of the Superiors of the Spirit; *from the place of the Throne of the East.* And this conjuration may be repeated thrice, each time ending with a new projection of will in the sign of the Enterer, &c. But if at the third time of repetition he appeareth not, then be it known that there is an error in the working. So let the Master of Evocations replace the sigil upon the altar, holding the sword as usual, and thus doing *let him repeat a humble prayer unto the Great Gods of Heaven to grant unto him the force necessary correctly to complete that evocation.*

He is then to take back the Sigil to between the Pillars, and repeat the former processes; *when assuredly that Spirit will begin to manifest, but in a misty and ill-defined form.*

(But if, as is probable, the operator be naturally inclined unto evocation, then might that Spirit perchance manifest earlier in the ceremony than this: still the ceremony itself is to be performed up to this point, whether he be there or no.) Now so soon as the Magician shall see the visible manifestation of that spirit's presence, he shall quit the station of the Hierophant and consecrate afresh with Water and with Fire the Sigil of the evoked Spirit.

S. Now doth the Master of the Evocation remove from the sigil the restricting cord; and, holding the freed sigil in his left hand, he smites it with the flat blade of his sword; exclaiming: "By and in the Names of I do invoke upon thee the power of perfect manifestation unto visible appearance!"

He then circumambulates the circle thrice, holding the sigil in his "right" hand.

T. The Magician, standing in the place of the Hierophant, but turning towards the place of the Spirit, and fixing his attention thereon, now reads a *potent invocation of the Spirit* unto visible appearance; having previously placed the sigil on the ground, within the circle at the quarter where the Spirit appears. This invocation should be of some length, and should rehearse and reiterate the Divine and other names consonant with the working. That Spirit should now become fully and clearly visible, and should be able to speak with a direct voice (if consonant with his nature). The Magician then proclaims aloud that the Spirit N hath been duly and properly evoked, in accordance with the sacred rites.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

U. The Magician now addresses and Invocation unto the Lords of the Plane of the Spirit to compel him to perform that which the Magician shall demand of him.

V. The Magician carefully formulates his demands, questions, &c., and writes down any of the answers that may be advisable.

W. The Master of Evocations now addresses a conjuration unto the spirit evoked, binding him to hurt or injure naught connected with him; or his assistants; or the place; and that he fail not to perform that which he hath been commanded, and that he deceive in nothing. He then dismisses that Spirit by any suitable form such as those used in the four higher grades in the Outer.

And if he will *not* go, then shall the Magician *compel* him by forces contrary unto his nature. But he must allow a few minutes for the Spirit to dematerialise the body in which he hath manifested; for he will become less and less material by degrees. And note well that the Magician (or his companions if he have any) shall *never* quit the circle during the process of Evocations; or afterwards, till the Spirit be quite vanished, seeing that in some cases and with some constitutions there may be danger arising from the astral conditions and currents established; and that without the actual intention of the Spirit to harm, although, if of a low nature, he would probably endeavour to do so.

Therefore, before the commencement of the Evocation let the operator assure himself that everything which may be necessary be properly arranged within the circle.

But if it be actually necessary to interrupt the process, then let him stop at that point, veil and re-cord the sigil if it have been unbound or uncovered, recite a Licence to depart or banishing formula, and perform the lesser Banishing rituals both of the Pentagram and Hexagram.* Thus only may he in comparative safety quit the circle.



BOOK II

CONSECRATION OF TALISMANS

PRODUCTION OF NATURAL PHENOMENA

- A. The place where the operation is done.
- B. The Magical Operator.
- C. The forces of Nature employed and attracted.
- D. The Telesma; The Material Basis

E. In Telesmata, the selection of the matter to form a Telesama, the preparation and arrangement of the place: The forming of the body of the Telesma. In natural phenomena, the preparation of the operation, the formation of the circle, and the

* See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i., No. 2.

THE EQUINOX

selection of the material basis; such as a piece of earth, a cup of Water, a flame of fire, a pentacle, or the like.

F. The Invocation of the highest Divine forces; winding a cord thrice round the Telesma or Material Basis; covering the same with a black veil and initiating the blind force therein; naming aloud the *purpose* of the Telesma or operation.

G. The Telesma or Material Basis is now placed towards the West, and duly consecrated with water and with fire. The purpose of the operation and the effect intended to be produced is then to be rehearsed in a loud and clear voice.

H. Placing the Telesma or Material Basis at the foot of the altar, state aloud the object to be attained, solemnly asserting that it *will* be attained: and the reason thereof.

I. Announcement aloud that all is prepared and in readiness either for the charging of the Telesma, or for the commencement of the operation to induce the natural phenomenon. Place a good telesma or Material Basis within the triangle. But a bad Telesma should be placed to the West of same, holding the sword erect in the right hand for a good purpose, or its point upon the centre of the Telesma for evil.

J. Now follow the performance of an Invocation to attract the desired current to the Telesma or Material Basis, describing in the air above the Telesma the lineal figures and sigils, &c., with the appropriate magical implement. Then taking up the Telesma in the left hand, smite it thrice with the flat blade of the sword of art. Then raise in the left hand (holding erect and aloft the Sword in the right), stamping thrice upon the Earth with the Right Foot.

K. The Telesma or Material Basis is to be placed towards the North, and the operator repeats the oration of the Hierophant to the candidate in the same form as given in the K section on Evocation. He then ordains the Mystic Circumambulation.

L. He now takes up the Telesma or Material Basis, carries it round the circle, places it on the ground, bars, purifies and consecrates it afresh, lifts it with his left hand and turns facing West, saying: !Creature of Talismans, twice consecrate,! &c.

M. He now passes to the West with Telesma in left hand, faces S.W., partly unveils Telesma, smites it once with Sword, and pronounces a similar speech to that in this M Section of Evocations, save that instead of “appear in visible form,” he says: “take on therefore manifestation before me,” &c. This being done he replaces the veil.

N. Operations of L repeated.

O. Operations of M repeated in the North, and an oration similar to that in section O on Evocation: Telesma, &c., being treated as the Sigil of the Spirit, substituting for: “appear thou therefore in visible form,” &c.: “take on therefore manifestation before me,” &c.

P. Similar to the P section on Invocations, except that in the prayer “to visible appearance” is changed into: “to render irresistible this Telesma,” or “to render manifest this natural phenomenon of . . .”.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Q. Similar to this Q section on Evocations, saying finally: “I conjure upon thee power and might irresistible.” Follow the Mystic Words.

R. Similar to this R section on Evocations. In the Telesma a flashing Light of Glory should be seen playing and flickering on the Telesma, and in the Natural Phenomena a slight commencement of the Phenomenon should be waited for.

S. This being accomplished, let him take the Telesma or material Basis, remove the cord therefrom, and smiting it with the Sword proclaim: “By and in the name of . . . I invoke upon thee the power of . . .”. He then circumambulates thrice, holding the Telesma in his right hand.

T. Similar to this T section for Evocation, save that, instead of a Spirit appearing, the Telesma should flash visibly, or the Natural Phenomena should definitely commence.

U. Similar to the U section for Evocations.

V. The operator now carefully formulates his demands, stating what the Telesma is intended to do; or what Natural Phenomenon he seeks to produce.

W. Similar to what is laid down in the W section for Invocations, save that in case of a Telesma, no banishing ritual shall be performed, so as not to discharge it, and in the case of Natural Phenomena it will usually be best to state what operation is required. And the Material Basis should be preserved, wrapped in white linen or silk all the time that the phenomenon is intended to act. And when it is time for it to cease, the Material Basis, if Water, is to be poured away: if Earth, ground to a powder and scattered abroad: if a hard substance, as metal, it must be discharged, banished and thrown aside: or if a Flame of Fire, it shall be extinguished: or if a vial containing Air it shall be opened, and after that shall be rinsed out with pure water.



BOOK III

PART 8: INVISIBILITY

A. The shroud of Concealment.

B. The Magician.

C. The guards of concealment.

D. The astral light to be moulded into the Shroud.

E. The equation of the symbols in the sphere of sensation.

F. The Invocation of the Higher the placing of a Barrier without the Astral Form: the clothing of the same with obscurity through the proper invocation.

G. Formulating clearly the idea of becoming invisible: the formulation of the exact distance at which the shroud should surround the physical body; the consecration with water and fire so that their vapour may begin to form a basis for the shroud.

THE EQUINOX

H. The beginning to formulate mentally a shroud of concealment about the operator. The affirmation aloud of the reason and object of the working.

I. Announcement that all is ready for the commencement of the operation. Operator stands in the place of the Hierophant at this stage: placing his left hand in the centre of the triangle, and holding in his right the Lotus Wand by the black end, in readiness to concentrate around him the Shroud of Darkness and Mystery. (N.B. —In this operation as in the two others under the dominion of ♃ a pantacle or Telesma, suitable to the matter in hand, *may* be made use of: the which is treated as is directed for Telesmata.)

J. The operator now recites an exorcism of a shroud of Darkness to surround him and render him invisible, and holding the wand by the black end, let him, turning round thrice completely, describe a triple circle around him, saying: “In the name of the Lord of the Universe,” &c. “I conjure thee, O Shroud of Darkness and of Mystery, that thou encirclest me, so that I may become Invisible: so that, seeing me, men may see not, neither understand; but that they may see the thing that they see not, and comprehend not the thing that they behold! So mote it be!”

K. Now move to the North, face East, and say: “I have set my feet in the North, and have said, ‘I will shroud myself in Mystery and in Concealment.’ ” Then repeat the oration: “The voice of my Higher soul, ” &c., and command the Mystic Circumambulation.

L. Move round as usual to the South, and halt, formulating thyself as shrouded in Darkness: on the right hand the pillar of fire, on the left the pillar of cloud: both reaching from darkness to the glory of the Heavens.

M. Now move from between these pillars which thou hast formulated to the West, and say: “Invisible I cannot pass by the Gate of the Invisible save by virtue of the name of ‘Darkness.’ ” Then formulate forcibly about thee the shroud of Darkness, and say: “Darkness is my name, and concealment: I am the Great One Invisible of the paths of the Shades. I am without fear, though veiled in Darkness; for within me though unseen is the Magic of the Light!”

N. Repeat processes in L.

O. Repeat processes in M, but say: “I am Light shrouded in Darkness, I am the wielder of the forces of the Balance.”

P. Now concentrating mentally about thee the shroud of concealment pass to the West of the altar in the place of the Neophyte, face East, remain standing, and rehearse a conjuration by suitable names for the formulation of a shroud of Invisibility around and about thee.

Q. Now address the Shroud of Darkness thus: “Shroud of Concealment, long hast thou dwelt concealed! quit the light; that thou mayest conceal me before men!” Then carefully formulate the shroud of concealment around thee and say, “I receive thee as a covering and as a guard.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Then the Mystic Words.

R. Still formulating the shroud say: “Before all magical manifestation cometh the knowledge of the Hidden Light.” Then move to the Pillars and give the signs and steps, words, &c. With the Sign Enterer project now thy whole will in one great effort to realise thyself actually *fading out* and becoming invisible to mortal eyes: and in doing this must thou obtain the effect of thy physical body actually, gradually becoming partially invisible to thy natural eyes: as though a veil or cloud were formulating between it and thee. (And be very careful not to lose self-control at this point.) But also at this point is there a certain Divine Extasis and an exaltation desirable: for herein is a sensation of an exalted strength.

S. Again formulate the shroud as concealing thee and enveloping thee, and thus wrapped up therein circumambulate the circle thrice.

T. Intensely formulating the shroud, stand at the East and proclaim, “Thus have I formulated unto myself this Shroud of Darkness and of Mystery, as a concealment and a guard.”

U. Now rehearse an invocation of all the Divine Names of Binah; that thou mayest retain the Shroud of Darkness under thy own proper control and guidance.

V. Now state clearly to the shroud what it is thy desire to perform therewith.

W. Having obtained the desired effect, and gone about invisible, it is requisite that thou shouldst conjure the forces of the Light to act against that Shroud of Darkness and Mystery, so as to disintegrate it, lest any force seek to use it as a medium for an obsession, &c. Therefore rehearse a conjuration as aforesaid, and then open the Shroud and come forth out of the midst thereof, and then disintegrate that shroud by the use of a conjuration unto the forces of Binah, to disintegrate and scatter the particles thereof; but affirming that they shall again be readily attracted at thy command. But on no account must that shroud of awful Mystery be left without such disintegration; seeing that it would speedily attract an occupant: which would become a terrible vampire preying upon him who had called it into being. And after frequent rehearsals of this operation, the thing may be almost done *per nutum*.

PART 𐤁: TRANSFORMATIONS

- A. The Astral Form.
- B. The Magician.
- C. The Forces used to alter the Form.
- D. The Form to be taken.
- E. The equation of the symbolism of the sphere of sensation.
- F. Invocation of the Higher: The definition of the form required as a delination of blind forces, and the awakening of the same by its proper formulation.
- G. Formulating clearly to the mind the form intended to be taken: the restriction

THE EQUINOX

and definition of this as a clear form and the actual baptism by water and by fire with the *mystic name of the adept*.

H. The actual invocation aloud of the form desired to be assumed, to formulate before you. The statement of the *desire* of the operator and the *reason* thereof.

I. Announcement aloud that all is now ready for the operation of the transformation of the Astral body. The Magician mentally places this form as nearly as circumstances will admit in the position of the Enterer, himself taking the place of the Hierophant; holding his wand by the black end ready to commence the oration aloud.

J. Let him now repeat a powerful exorcism of the shape into which he desires to transform himself, using the names, &c., belonging to the plane, planet, or other Eidolon, most in harmony with the shape desired. Then holding the wand by the black end, and directing the flower over the head of the Form, let him say: "In the name of the Lord of the Universe, arise before me, O form of . . . into which I have elected to transform myself; so that seeing me men may see the thing they see not, and comprehend not the thing that they behold."

K. The Magician saith: "Pass towards the North shrouded in Darkness, O form of . . . into which I have elected to transform myself." Then let him repeat the usual oration from the throne of the East, and then command the Mystic Circumambulation.

L. Now bring the form round to the South, arrest it, formulate it there standing between two great pillars of fire and cloud, purify it by water and incense, by placing these elements on either side of the form.

M. Passing to the West and facing South-East formulate the form before thee, this time endeavouring to render it physically visible; repeat speeches of Hierophant and Hegemon.

N. Same as L.

O. Same as M.

P. Pass to East of Altar, formulating the form as near in the proportion of the neophyte as may be. Now address a solemn invocation and conjuration by Divine and other names appropriate to render the form fitting for the transformation thereunto.

Q. Remain at East of Altar, address the form "child of Earth," &c., endeavouring now to see it physically; then at the words "we receive thee," &c., he draws the form towards him so as to envelop him, being very careful at the same time to invoke the Divine Light by the Rehearsal of the Mystic Words.

R. Still keeping himself in the form the Magician says: "Before all magical manifestation cometh the knowledge of the Divine Light." He then moves to the pillars and gives the signs, &c., endeavouring with the whole force of his will to feel himself *actually* and *physically* in the shape of the form desired. At this point he must see, as if in a cloudy and misty manner, the outline of the form enshrouding him, though not yet completely and wholly visible. When this occurs, but not before, let him formulate himself as standing between the vast pillars of Fire and of Cloud.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

S. He now again endeavours to formulate the form as if visibly enshrouding him; and still astrally retaining the form, he thrice circumambulates the place of working.

T. Standing at the East, let him thirdly formulate the shape which should now appear manifest, and as if enshrouding him, even to his own vision; and then let him proclaim aloud: "Thus have I formulated unto myself this transformation."

U. Let him now invoke all the superior names of the plane appropriate to the form, that he may retain it under his proper control and guidance.

V. He states clearly to the form, what he intends to do with it.

W. Similar to the W section of Invisibility, save that the conjurations, &c., are to be made to the appropriate plane of the Form instead of to Binah.

PART 𐄂: SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

A. The Sphere of Sensation.

B. The Augeides.

C. The Sephiroth, &c., employed.

D. The Aspirant, or Natural Man.

E. The Equilibration of the Symbols.

F. The Invocation of the Higher, the limiting and controlling of the lower, and the closing of the material senses to awaken the spiritual.

G. Attempting to make the Natural Man grasp the Higher by first limiting the extent to which mere intellect can help him herein, then by the purification of his thoughts and desires. In doing this let him formulate himself as standing between the pillars of Fire and of Cloud.

H. The aspiration of the whole Natural Man towards the Higher Self, and a prayer for light and guidance through his Higher Self addressed to the Lord of the Universe.

I. The Aspirant affirms aloud his earnest prayer to obtain divine guidance; kneels at the West of the Altar in the position of the candidate in the "Enterer," and at the same time astrally projects his consciousness to the East of the Altar, and turns, facing his body to the West, holding astrally his own left hand with his astral left; and raises his astral right hand holding the presentment of his Lotus Wand by the white portion thereof, and raised in the air erect.

J. Let the Aspirant now slowly recite an oration unto the Gods and unto the Higher Self (as that of the Second Adept in the entering of the vault), but as if with his astral consciousness; which is projected to the East of the Altar.

(NOTE.—If at this point the Aspirant should feel a sensation of faintness coming on, let him at once withdraw the projected astral, and properly master himself before proceeding any further.)

Now let the Aspirant concentrate all his intelligence in his body, lay the blade of his sword thrice on the Daäth point of his neck, and pronounce with his whole will the words: "So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul."

THE EQUINOX

Let him then rise facing East, and stand for a few moments in silence, raising his left hand open, and his right hand holding the Sword of Art, to their full lengths above his head: the head thrown back, the eyes lifted upwards. Thus standing let him aspire with his whole will towards his best and highest ideal of the Divine.

K. Then let the Aspirant pass unto the North, and facing East solemnly repeat the Oration of the Hierophant, as before endeavouring to project the speaking conscious self to the place of the Hierophant (in this case the Throne of the East).

Then let him slowly mentally formulate before him the Eidolon of a Great Angelic torch-bearer: standing before him as if to lead and light his way.

L. Following it, let the Aspirant circumambulate and pass to the South, there let him halt and aspire with his whole will: First to the Mercy side of the Divine Ideal, and then unto the Severity thereof. And then let him imagine himself as standing between two great pillars of Fire and of Cloud, whose bases indeed are buried in black enrolling clouds of darkness: which symbolise the chaos of the world of Assiah, but whose summits are lost in glorious light undying: penetrating unto the white Glory of the Throne of the Ancient of Days.

M. Now doth the Aspirant move unto the West; faces South-West, repeats alike the speeches of the Hierous and Hegemon.

N. After another circumambulation the Adept Aspirant halts at the South and repeats the meditations in L.

O. And as he passes unto the East, he repeats alike the words of the Hierophant and of the Hegemon.

P. And so he passes to the West of the Altar, led ever by the Angel torch-bearer. And he lets project his astral, and he lets implant therein his consciousness: and his body knows what time his soul passes between the pillars, and prayeth the great prayer of the Hierophant.

Q. And now doth the Aspirant's soul re-enter unto his gross form, and he draws in divine extasis of the glory ineffable which is in the Bornless Beyond. And so meditating doth he arise and lift to the heavens his hand, and his eyes, and his hopes, and concentrating so his Will on the Glory, low murmurs he the Mystic Words of Power.

R. So also doth he presently repeat the words of the Hierophant concerning the Lamp of the Kerux, and so also passeth he by the East of the Altar unto between the Pillars, and standing between them (or formulating them if they be not there, as it appears unto me) so raises he his heart unto the highest Faith, and so he meditates upon the Highest Godhead he can dream on, or dream of. Then let him grope with his hands in the darkness of his ignorance: and in the "Enterer" sign invoke the power that it remove the darkness from his Spiritual Vision. So let him then endeavour to behold before him in the Place of the Throne of the East a certain Light or Dim Glory which shapeth itself into a form.

(NOTE.—And this can be beholden only by the Mental Vision: Yet owing unto the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Spiritual Exaltation of the Adept it may sometimes appear as if he beheld it with his mortal Eye.)

Then let him withdraw awhile from such contemplation, and formulate for his equilibration once more the pillars of the Temple of Heaven.

S. And so again does he aspire to see the Glory enforming: and when this is accomplished he thrice circumambulateth, reverently saluting with the “Enterer” the Place of Glory.

T. Now let the Aspirant stand opposite unto the Place of that Light, and let him make deep meditation and contemplation thereon: presently also imagining it to enshroud him and envelop, and again end endeavouring to identify himself with its Glory. So let him exalt himself in the likeness or Eidolon of a Colossal Power, and endeavour to realise that *this* is the only *true* Self: And that one Natural Man is, as it were, the Base and Throne thereof: and let him do this with due and meek reverence and awe. And thereafter he shall presently proclaim aloud: “Thus at length have I been permitted to begin to comprehend the Form of my Higher Self.”

U. Now doth the Aspirant make treaty of that Augoeides to render comprehensible what things may be necessary for his instruction and comprehension.

V. And he consults it in any matter wherein he may have especially sought for guidance from the Beyond.

W. And, lastly, let the Aspirant endeavour to formulate a link between the Glory and his Self-hood: and let him render his obligation of purity of mind before it, avoiding in this any tendency towards fanaticism or spiritual pride.

And let the Adept remember that this process here set forth is on no account to be applied to endeavouring to come in contact with the Higher Soul or Genius of *another*. Else thus assuredly will he be led into error, hallucination, or even mania.

¶

BOOK IV

DIVINATION

- A. The Form of Divination employed.
- B. The Diviner.
- C. The Forces acting in the Divination.
- D. The Subject of the Divination.
- E. The Preparation of all things necessary, and the right understanding of the process so as to formulate a connecting link between the process employed and the Macrocosm.

THE EQUINOX

F. Invocation of the Higher: arrangement of the Scheme of Divination, and initiation of the forces thereof.

G. The first entry into the matter: First assertion of limits and correspondences: beginning of the working.

H. The actual and careful formulation of the question demanded: and consideration of all its correspondences and their classification.

I. Announcement aloud that all the correspondences taken are correct and perfect: the Diviner places his hand upon the instrument of Divination: standing at the East of the Altar, and prepares to invoke the forces required in the Divination.

J. Solemn invocation of the necessary spiritual forces to aid the Diviner in the Divination. Then let him say: "Arise before me clear as a mirror, O magical vision requisite for the accomplishment of this divination."

K. Accurately define the term of the question: putting down clearly in writing what is already *known*, what is *suspected* or *implied*, and what is sought to be known. And see that thou verify in the beginning of the judgment, that part which is already known.

L. Next let the Diviner formulate clearly under two groups or heads (*a*) the arguments *for*; (*b*) the arguments *against*, the success of the subject of one divination, so as to be able to draw a preliminary conclusion therefrom on either side.

M. First formulation of a conclusive judgment from the premises already obtained.

N. Same as section L.

O. Formulation of a second judgment, this time of the further developments arising from those indicated in the previous process of judgment, which was a preliminary to this operation.

P. The comparison of the first preliminary judgment with one second judgment developing therefrom: so as to enable the Diviner to form an idea of the probable action of *forces beyond the actual plane* by the invocation of an angelic figure consonant to the process; and in this matter take care not to mislead thy judgment through the action of thine own preconceived ideas; but only relying—after due tests—on the indication afforded thee by the angelic form. And know, unless the form be of an angelic nature, its indication will not be reliable; seeing, that if it be an elemental, it will be below the plane desired.

Q. The Diviner now completely and thoroughly formulates his whole judgment as well for the immediate future as for the development thereof, taking into account the knowledge and indications given him by the angelic form.

R. Having this result before him, let the Diviner now formulate a fresh divination process, based on the conclusions at which he has arrived, so as to form a basis for a further working.

S. Formulates the sides for and against for a fresh judgment, and deduces conclusion from fresh operation.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

T. The Diviner then compares carefully the whole judgment and decisions arrived at with their conclusions, and delivers now plainly a succinct and consecutive judgment thereon.

U. The Diviner gives advice to the Consultant as to what use he shall make of the judgment.

V. The Diviner formulates clearly with what forces it may be necessary to work in order to combat the Evil, or fix the Good, promised by the Divination.

W. Lastly, remember that unto thee a divination shall be as a sacred work of the Divine Magic of Light, and not to be performed to pander unto thy curiosity regarding the secrets of another. And if by this means thou shalt arrive at a knowledge of another's secrets, thou shalt respect and not betray them.



BOOK V

ALCHEMICAL PROCESSES

A. The Curcubite or The Alembic.

B. The Alchemist.

C. The processes and forces employed.

D. The matter to be transmuted.

E. The selection of the Matter to be transmuted, and the Formation, cleansing and disposing of all the necessary vessels, materials, &c., for the working of this process.

F. General Invocation of the Higher Forces to Action. Placing of the Matter within the curcubite or philosophic egg, and invocation of a blind force to action therein, in darkness and in silence.

G. The beginning of the actual process: the regulation and restriction of the proper degree of Heat and Moisture to be employed in the working. First evocation followed by first distillation.

H. The taking up of the residuum which remaineth after the distillation from the curcubite or alembic: the grinding thereof to form a powder in a mortar. This powder is then to be placed again in the curcubite. The fluid already distilled is to be poured again upon it. The curcubite or philosophic egg is to be closed.

I. The curcubite or Egg Philosophic being hermetically sealed, the Alchemist announces aloud that all is prepared for the invocation of the forces necessary to accomplish the work. The Matter is then to be placed upon an Altar with the elements and four weapons thereon: upon the white triangle, and upon a flashing Tablet of a *General* Nature, in harmony with the matter selected for the working. Standing now in

THE EQUINOX

the place of the Hierophant at the East of the Altar, the Alchemist should place his left hand upon the top of the curcubite, raise his right hand holding the Lotus Wand by the Aries band (for that in Aries is the Beginning of the Life of the Year): ready to commence the general Invocation of the Forces of the Divine Light to operate in the work.

J. The pronouncing aloud of the Invocation of the requisite General Forces, answering to the class of alchemical work to be performed. The conjuring of the necessary Forces to act in the curcubite for the work required. The tracing in the air above it with appropriate magical weapon the necessary lineal figures, signs, sigils and the like. Then let the Alchemist say: "So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher soul." Then let him raise the curcubite in the air with both hands, saying: "Arise herein to action, Ye Forces of Light Divine."

K. Now let the Matter putrefy in Balneum Mariae in a very gentle heat, until darkness beginneth to supervene: and even until it becometh entirely black. If from its nature the Mixture will not admit of entire blackness, examine it astrally till there is the astral appearance of the thickest possible blackness, and thou mayest also evoke an elemental Form to tell thee if the blackness be sufficient: but be thou sure that in this latter thou art not deceived, seeing that the nature of such an elemental will be deceptive from the nature of the symbol of Darkness, wherefore ask thou of him nothing *further* concerning the working at this stage, but only concerning the blackness, and this can be further tested by the elemental itself, which should be either black or clad in an intensely black robe. (Note: for the evocation of this spirit use the names, forces, and correspondences of Saturn.)

When the mixture be sufficiently black, then take the curcubite out of the Balneum Mariae and place it to the north of the Altar and perform over it a solemn invocation of the forces of Saturn to act therein: holding the wand by the black band, then say: "The voice of the Alchemist," &c. The curcubite is then to be unstopped and the Alembic Head fitted on for purposes of distillation. (NOTE.—In all such invocations a flashing tablet should be used whereon to stand the curcubite. Also certain of the processes may take weeks, or even months to obtain the necessary force, and this will depend on the Alchemist rather than on the matter.)

L. Then let the Alchemist distil with a gentle heat until nothing remaineth to come over. Let him then take out the residuum and grind it into a powder: replace this powder in the curcubite, and pour again upon it the fluid *previously distilled*.

The curcubite is then to be placed again in Balneum Mariae in a gentle heat. When it seems fairly re-dissolved (irrespective of colour) let it be taken out of the bath. It is now to undergo another magical ceremony.

M. Now place the curcubite to the West of the Altar, holding the Lotus Wand by the black end, perform a magical invocation of the Moon in her decrease and of Cauda Draconis. The curcubite is then to be exposed to the moonlight (she being in her

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

decrease) for nine consecutive nights, commencing at full moon. The Alembic Head is then to be fitted on.

N. Repeat process set forth in section L.

O. The curcubite is to be placed to the East of the Altar, and the Alchemist performs an invocation of the Moon in her increase, and of Caput Draconis (holding Lotus Wand by white end) to act upon the matter. The curcubite is now to be exposed for nine consecutive nights (ending with the Full Moon) to the Moon's Rays. (In this, as in all similar exposures, it matters not if such nights be overclouded, so long as the vessel be placed in such a position that it *would* receive the direct rays, did the cloud withdraw.)

P. The curcubite is again to be placed on the white triangle upon the Altar. The Alchemist performs an invocation of the forces of the sun to act in the curcubite. It is then to be exposed to the rays of the sun for twelve hours each day: from 8.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. (This should be done preferably when the sun is strongly posited in the Zodiac, but it *can* be done at some other times, though *never* when he is in Scorpio, Libra, Capricornus or Aquarius.)

Q. The curcubite is again placed upon the white triangle upon the Altar. The Alchemist repeats the words: "Child of Earth, long hast thou dwelt," &c., then holding above it the Lotus Wand by the white end, he says: "I formulate in thee the invoked forces of Light," and repeats the mystic words. At this point keen and bright flashes of light should appear in the curcubite, and the mixture itself (as far as its nature will permit) should be clear. Now invoke an Elemental from the curcubite consonant to the Nature of the Mixture, and judge by the nature of the colour of its robes and their brilliancy whether the matter has attained to the right condition. But if the Flashes do *not* appear, and if the robes of the elemental be not Brilliant and Flashing, then let the curcubite stand within the white triangle for seven days: having on the right hand of the Apex of the triangle a flashing tablet of the Sun, and in the left hand one of the Moon. Let it not be moved or disturbed all those seven days; but not in the dark, save at night. Then let the operation as aforementioned be repeated over the curcubite, and this process may be repeated altogether three times if the flashing light cometh not. For without this latter the work would be useless. But if after three repetitions it still appear not, it is a sign that there hath been an error in one working; such being either in the disposition of the Alchemist, or in the management of the curcubite. Wherefore let the lunar and the solar invocations and exposures be replaced, when without doubt—if these be done with care (and more especially those of Caput Draconis and Cauda Draconis with those of the Moon as taught, for these have great force materially)—then without doubt shall that flashing light manifest itself in the curcubite.

R. Holding the Lotus Wand by the white end, the Alchemist now draws over the curcubite the symbol of the Flaming Sword as if descending into the mixture. Then let him place the curcubite to the East of the Altar. The Alchemist stands between

THE EQUINOX

the pillars, and performs a solemn invocation of the forces of Mars to act therein. The curcubite is then to be placed between the Pillars (or the drawn symbols of these same) for seven days, upon a Flashing Tablet of Mars.

After this period, fit on the Alembic Head, and distil first in Balneum Mariae, then in Balneum Arenae till what time the mixture be clean distilled over.

S. Now let the Alchemist take the fluid of the distillate and let him perform over it an invocation of the forces of Mercury to act in the clear fluid; so as to formulate therein the Alchemic Mercury: even the Mercury of the philosophers. (The residuum of the Dead Head is not to be worked with at present, but is to be set apart for future use.) After the invocation of the Alchemic Mercury a certain Brilliance should manifest itself in the whole fluid (that is to say, that it should not only be clear, but also brilliant and flashing). Now expose it in an hermetic receiver for seven days to the light of the Sun: at the end of which time there should be distinct flashes of light therein. (Or an egg philosophic may be used; but the receiver of the Alembic, if closed stopped, will answer this purpose.)

T. Now the residuum or Dead Head is to be taken out of the curcubite, ground small, and replaced. An invocation of the forces of Jupiter is then to be performed over that powder. It is then to be kept in the dark standing upon a Flashing Tablet of Jupiter for seven days. At the end of this time there should be a slight Flashing about it, but if this come not yet, repeat the operation, up to three times, when a faint flashing Light is *certain* to come.



DIAGRAM 58.
The Altar.

U. A Flashing Tablet of each of the four Elements is now to be placed upon the altar as shown in the figure, and thereon are also to be placed the magical elemental weapons, as is also clearly indicated. The receiver containing the distillate is now to be placed between the Air and Water Tablets, and the curcubite with the Dead Head between the Fire and Earth. Now let the Alchemist form an invocation, using especially the Supreme Ritual of the Pentagram,* and the lesser magical implement appropriate. First, of the Forces

of the Fire to act in the curcubite on the Dead Head. Second, of those of Water to act on the distillate. Third, of the forces of the Spirit to act in both (using the white end of the Lotus Wand). Fourth, of those of the air to act on the distillate; and lastly, those of the earth to act on the Dead Head. Let the curcubite and the receiver stand thus for five consecutive days, at the end of which time there should be flashes manifest in both mixtures. And these flashes should be lightly coloured.

* See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

V. The Alchemist, still keeping the vessels in the same relative positions, but removing the Tablets of the elements from the Altar, then substitutes one of Kether. This must be white with Golden Charges, and is to be placed on or within the white triangle between the vessels. He then addresses a most solemn invocation to the forces of Kether; to render the result of the working that which he shall desire, and making over each vessel the symbol of the Flaming Sword.

This is the most important of all the Invocations; and it will only succeed if the Alchemist keepeth himself closely allied unto his Higher Self during the working of the invocation and of making the Tablet. And at the end of it, if it have been successful, a Keen and Translucent Flash will take the place of the slightly coloured Flashes in the receiver of the curcubite; so that the fluid should sparkle as a diamond; whilst the powder in the curcubite shall slightly gleam.

W. The distilled liquid is now to be poured from the receiver upon the residuum of Dead Head in the curcubite, and the mixture at first will appear cloudy. It is now to be exposed to the sun for ten days consecutively (10 = Tiphereth translating the influence of Kether). It is then again to be placed upon the white triangle upon the altar, upon a flashing Tablet of Venus: with a solemn invocation of Venus to act therein. Let it remain thus for seven days: at the end of that time see what forms and colour and appearance the Liquor hath taken: for there should now arise a certain softer flash in the liquid, and an elemental may be evoked to test the condition. When this softer flash is manifest, place the curcubite into the Balneum Mariae to digest with a *very* gentle heat for seven days. Place it then in Balneum Arenae to distil, beginning with a gentile, and ending with a strong, heat. Distil thus till nothing more will come over, even with a most violent heat. Preserve the fluid in a closely stoppered vial: it is an Elixir for use according to the substance from which it was prepared. If from a thing medicinal, a medicine; if from a metal, for the purifying of metals; and herein shalt thou use thy judgment. The residuum thou shalt place without powdering into a crucible, well sealed and luted. And thou shalt place the same in thine Athanor, bringing it first to a red, and then to a white, heat, and this thou shalt do seven times on seven consecutive days, taking out the crucible each day as soon as thou hast brought it to the highest possible heat, and allowing it to cool gradually.

And the preferable time for this working should be in the heat of the day. On the seventh day of this operation thou shalt open the crucible, and thou shalt behold what *Form* and *Colour* thy Caput Mortuum hath taken.

It will be like either a precious stone or a glittering powder.

And this stone or powder shall be of magical Virtue in accordance with his nature.

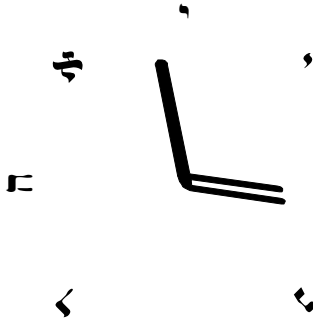
Finished is that which is written concerning the Formulae of the Magic of Light.

הַקְדָּשִׁיב רִיחַ הַזֶּה

THE EQUINOX

On the instructions laid down in the first of these Books — Book 1, P. drew up a ritual “for the Evocation unto Visible Appearance of Typhon-Seth,” in which, by raising the sigil of Typhon to the grade of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$, he bewitched a certain refractory brother of the Order, known as Fra: D.P.A.L., who at this time was worrying Fra: D.D.C.F. by legal proceedings. We, however, will omit this Evocation, substituting in its place, as an example of such a working, the Evocation of the Great Spirit Taphthartharath by Frater I.A.

THE RITUAL FOR THE EVOCATION UNTO VISIBLE APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT TAPHTHARTHARATH



IN THE NAME OF GOD LET THERE BE LIGHT
UNTO THE VOID A RESTRICTION.

Soror S.S.D.D. altered Frater I.A.'s ritual, making the operation to form a link between Thoth and the Magus. This is absurd; the correct way is as here given, in which the link is formed between the Spirit and the Magus.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

CONSIDERATIONS

To be performed in the day and in the hour of Mercury; the Evocation itself commencing in the magical hour of Tafrac, under the dominion of the Great Angel of Mercury ♄ ⚡ ⚔ ⚗.

On Wednesday, May 13, 1896, this hour Tafra occurs between 8h. 32' P.M. and 9h. 16', when ♄ is in 17° ♀ on the cusp of the seventh house slightly to South of due West.

♃ going to ♂ with ♄ in 14° c.
 ♄ going to ♂ with ♄, ♄ 150° ♃

OF THE FORM OF THE CIRCLE TO BE EMPLOYED.

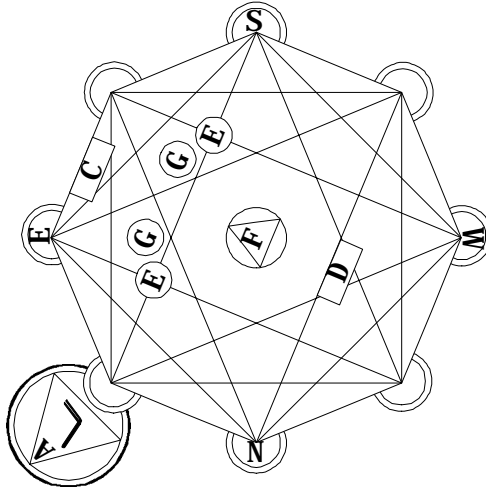


DIAGRAM 59.
 The Circle of Art.

The Magical figures of Mercury are to be drawn in yellow-orange chalk upon the Ground as shown. At the quarter where the Spirit is to appear is drawn a triangle within a circle: at its points are to be placed three vessels burning on charcoal the Incense of Mercury. About the great circle are disposed lamps burning olive oil impregnated with snake-fat. C is the chair of the chief Operator. D is the altar, E E are the pillars, and G G handy and convenient tables whereon are set writing materials, the ingredients for the Hell-broth, charcoal, incense, &c., all as may be needed for this work. At F is placed a small brazen cauldron, heated over a lamp burning with spirit in which a snake has been preserved.

THE EQUINOX

OPERATIONIS PERSONÆ.

V.H. Sor: S.S.D.D.	addressed	Mighty Magus of Art.
V.H. Fra: I.A.	„	Assistant Magus of Art.
V.H. Fra: Æ.A.	„	Magus of the Fires.
V.H. Fra: D.P.A.L.	„	Magus of the Waters.

The duties of the Magus of Art will be to perform the actual processes of Invocation: to rule the Assistants and command them all.

The Assistant Magus of Art shall act as Kerux in the circumambulations; he shall preside over the Brewing of the Hell-broth in the midst of the Circle: he shall repeat such Invocations as may be necessary at the command of the Magus of Art: and he shall prepare beforehand the place of the working.

The Magus of Fires shall preside over all magical lights, fires, candles, incense, &c: he shall perform the invoking and consecrating rituals at the command of the Magus, and he shall consecrate the temple by Fire, and shall consecrate all Fire used in due form.

The Magus of Waters shall preside over all the fluids used in the operation; over the Water and the Wine, the Oil and the Milk: he shall perform all banishing rituals at the opening of the ceremony: he shall purify the Temple by Water: he shall consecrate all watery things used in due form.

OF THE ROBES AND INSIGNIA.

The Mighty Magus of Art shall wear a white robe, yellow sash, red overmantle, indigo nemys, upon her breast shall she bear a great Tablet whereon is the magic seal of Mercury; and over this the lamén bearing the signature of Taphthartharath, on its obverse the Lamén of a Hierophant. She shall wear also a dagger in her sash, and a red rose on her heart: and she shall carry in her left hand the Ankh of Thoth, and in her right the Ibis Wand.

The Assistant Magus of Art shall wear a white robe, with a girdle of snake-skin; a black head-dress and a Lamén of the Spirit, on its obverse the Lamén of the Hieréus. And he shall bear in his right hand a sword; and in his left hand the Magical Candle; and a black chain about his neck.

The Magus of the Fires shall wear a white robe and yellow sash; and the rose upon his breast; in his right hand is a sword and in his left a red lamp.

The Magus of the Waters shall wear a white robe and yellow sash and rose cross: he shall bear in his right hand a sword and in his left a cup of water.

OPENING

The Chamber of Art shall be duly prepared by the Assistant Magus of Art as aforementioned.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

He shall draw upon the ground the lineal figures; and shall trace over them with a magic sword: he shall place the furniture of the Temple in order. The Members shall be assembled and robed. The Chief Magus rises, holding the Ibis wand by its black end, and proclaims:

HEKAS, HEKAS ESTE BEBELOI!

Fratres of the Order of the Rosy Cross, we are this day assembled together for the purpose of evoking unto visible appearance the spirit Taphthartharath. And before we can proceed further in an operation of so great danger, it is necessary that we should invoke that divine Aid and Assistance, without which would our work indeed be futile and of no avail. Wherefore being met thus together let us all kneel down and pray:

[All kneel at the four points.]

From Thy Hands O Lord cometh all good! From Thy Hands flow down all Grace and Blessing: the Characters of Nature with Thy Fingers hast thou traced, but none can read them unless he hath been taught in thy school. Therefore, even as servants look unto the hands of their Masters, and handmaidens unto the hands of their Mistresses, even so our eyes look unto thee! For Thou alone art our help, O Lord our God.

Who should not extol Thee, who should not praise Thee, O Lord of the Universe! All is from Thee, all belongeth unto Thee! Either Thy Love or Thine Anger, all must again re-enter; for nothing canst Thou lose; all must tend unto Thy Honour and Majesty. Thou art Lord alone, and there is none beside Thee! Thou dost what thou wilt with Thy Mighty Arm, and none can escape from Thee! Thou alone helpst in their necessity the humble, the meek-hearted and the poor, who submit themselves unto Thee; and whosoever humbleth himself in dust and ashes before Thee, to such an one art Thou propitious!

Who would not praise Thee then, Lord of the Universe! Who would not extol Thee! Unto whom there is no like, whose dwelling is in Heaven, and in every virtuous and God-fearing heart.

O God the Vast One—Thou art in all things.

O Nature, Thou Self from Nothing: for what else shall I call Thee!

In myself I am nothing, in Thee I am all self, and live in Thy Selfhood from Nothing! Live Thou in me, and bring me unto that Self which is in Thee! Amen!

[All rise—a pause.]

Magus of Art: Fratres of the Order of the Rosy Cross, let us purify and consecrate this place as the Hall of Dual Truth. Magus of the Waters, I command Thee to perform the lesser banishing ritual of the Pentagram,* to consecrate the Water of puri-

* See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE EQUINOX

fication, the wine, the oil, and the milk; and afterwards to purify the place of working with the Consecrated Water!

Magus of Waters: Mighty Magus of Art! All thy commands shall be fulfilled, and thy desires accomplished.

[He passes to the North, where are collected in open vessels, the water, the wine, the oil, and the milk; and makes with his sword over them the banishing pentagram of water, saying:]

I exorcise ye impure, unclean and evil spirits that dwell in these creatures of water, oil, wine, and milk, in the name of EL strong and mighty, and in the name of Gabriel, great Angel of Water, I command ye to depart and no longer to pollute with your presence the Hall of Twofold Truth!

[Drawing over them the equilibrating Pentagram of Passives, and the invoking Pentagram of water, he says:]

In the name of HCOMA,* and by the names Empeh Arsel Gaiol,† I consecrate ye to the service of the Magic of Light!

[He places the Wine upon the Altar, the Water he leaves at the North, the oil towards the South, and the brazen vessel of milk on the tripod in the midst of the circle. The Magus of Art silently recites to herself the exhortation of the Lords of the Key Tablet of Union,‡ afterwards saying silently:]

I invoke ye, Lords of the Key Tablet of Union, to infuse into these elements of Water and Fire your mystic powers, and to cast into the midst of these opposing elements the holy powers of the great letter Shin: to gleam and shine in the midst of the Balance, even in the Cauldron of Art wherein alike is fire and moisture.

[After the consecration of the Water, the Magus of Waters takes up the cup of water, and scatters water all round the edge of the circle, saying:]

So first the priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the lustral waters of the loud-resounding sea.

[He then passes to the centre of the circle and scatters the water in the four quarters, saying:]

I purify with water.

[He resumes his place in the North.]

Magus of Art: Magus of the Fires, I command you to consecrate this place by the banishing ritual of the Hexagram,§ to consecrate the Magic fire and lights; to illumine the lamps and place them about the circle in orderly disposition; and afterwards to consecrate this place with the holy fire.

* See Spirit Tablet, and the Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee, as preserved in the Sloane MSS. [3191] in the British Museum: also Diagram 67, which is imperfect.

† See Tablet of Water, and the Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee.

‡ The Spirit Tablet.

§ See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Magus of the Fires: Mighty Magus of Art! all thy commands shall be obeyed and all thy desires shall be accomplished.

[He collects together at the South the incense, oil, charcoal, and magic candle, and performs the lesser banishing ritual of the Hexagram at the four quarters; then, extinguishing all lights save one, he performs over these the banishing ritual of the Pentagram of fire, saying:]

I exorcise ye, evil and opposing spirits dwelling in this creature of Fire, by the holy and tremendous name of God the Vast One, Elohim: and in the name of Michael, great Archangel of Fire, that ye depart hence, no longer polluting with your presence the Hall of Twofold Truth.

[He lights from that one flame the Magical candle, and drawing over it the invoking pentagram of spirit active, he cries:]

BITOM!*

[And then, drawing the invoking pentagram of Fire, he says:]

I, in the names of BITOM and by the names Oip Teaa Pedoce,† I consecrate thee, O creature of fire, to the service of the works of the Magic of Light!

[He lights from the magical candle the eight lamps, and the charcoal for the incense-burners, after which he casts incense on the coals in the censer and passes round the circle censuring, saying:]

And, when after all the phantasms are vanished, thou shalt see that holy and Formless Fire, that Fire which darts and flashes through the hidden depths of the Universe, hear thou the Voice of the Fire.

[He passes to the centre of the circle and censes towards the four quarters, saying:]

I consecrate with fire.

[He resumes his place in the South.]

[Chief Magus takes fan, and fanning air says:]

I exorcise thee, creature of Air, by these Names, that all evil and impure spirits now immediately depart.

[Circumambulates, saying:]

Such a fire existeth extending through the rushing of the air, or even a fire formless whence cometh the image of a voice, or even a flashing light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud.

[Makes banishing air pentagram:]

Creature of Air, in the names EXARP‡ Oro Ibah Aozpi,§ I consecrate thee to the works of the Magic of Light!

[Making invoking Pentagrams in air. All face West.]

[Assistant Magus then casts salt to all four quarters, all over the circle, and passes

* See Tablet of Spirit.

† See Tablet of Fire.

‡ See Tablet of Spirit.

§ See Tablet of Air.

THE EQUINOX

to West, faces East, and describes with his chain the Banishing pentagram of Earth, saying:]

I exorcise thee, creature of Earth, by and in the Divine Names Adonai Ha Aretz, Adonai Melekh Namen, and in the name of Aerial, Great Archangel of Earth, that every evil and impure spirit now depart hence immediately.

[Circumambulates, saying:]

Stoop not down unto the darkly splendid world, wherein lieth continually a faithless depth, and Hades wrapt in gloom, delighting in unintelligible images, precipitous, winding, a black ever-rolling abyss, ever espousing a body unluminous, formless and void.

[Making invoking pentagram.]

Creature of Earth, in the names of NANTA Emor Dial Hectega,* I consecrate thee to the service of the Magic of Light!

Chief Magus: We invoke ye, great lords of the Watch-towers of the Universe!† guard ye our Magic Circle, and let no evil or impure spirit enter therein: strengthen and inspire us in this our operation of the Magic of Light. Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Path of Light.

[Assistant Magus of Art goes first, holding in his left the Magic Candle, and in his right the Sword of Art, with which latter he traces in the air the outer limits of the Magic Circle. All circumambulate thrice. He then, standing at East and facing East, says:]

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Universe!

Holy art Thou, whom Nature hath not formed!

Holy art thou, the Vast and the Mighty One!

Lord of the Light and of the Darkness!

Chief Magus of Art: Magus of the Fires, I command you to perform at the four quarters of the Universe the invocation of the forces of Mercury by Solomon's Seal.

Magus of Fire: Mighty Magus of Art, all thy commands shall be obeyed, and all thy desires shall be accomplished!

[He does it.‡]

[The Magus now advances to the centre of the circle, by the Magical Cauldron, wherein is the milk becoming heated, turns himself towards the Fire of the spirit, and recites:]

THE INVOCATION TO THE HIGHER.

Majesty of the Godhead, Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe: Thee! Thee we invoke! Thou that manifesteth in Thy symbolic Form as an Ibis-headed one: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou, who holdest in Thy hand the magic wand of Double Power: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou who bearest in thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee we invoke! Thou whose

* See Tablet of Earth. † The Four Elemental Tablets.

‡ See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

head is of green, whose Nemys is of night sky- blue; whose skin of of flaming orange, as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am Yesterday, To-day, and the brother of the Morrow! For I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force which created the Gods, and giveth life unto the dwellers in the watch-towers of the Universe.

I am the charioteer in the East, Lord of the Past and the Future, He who seeth by the Light that is within Him.

I am the Lord of Resurrection, who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the House of Death.

O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who are keeping Watch over the Universe!

Ye who accompany the bier unto its resting-place, and who pilot the Ship of Râ, advancing onwards unto the heights of Heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!

Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his firmament.

I travel upon high.

I tread upon the firmament of Nu.

I raise a flame with the flashing lightning of mine eye, ever rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Râ, giving life to every creature that treadeth upon the Earth.

If I say come up upon the mountains,

The Celestial waters shall flow at my word;

For I am Râ incarnate, Khephra created in the flesh!

I am the living image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

The God who commands is in my mouth:

The God of Wisdom is in my heart:

My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth:

And a God sitteth upon my lips!

My Word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart realises itself like that of Ptah when he creates his works.

Since I am Eternal everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words.

Therefore do Thou come forth unto Me from thine abode in the Silence, Unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power. Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still Un-named and nameless for Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

THE EQUINOX

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi. Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness Rising, descending, changing for ever, yet for ever the same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom:

And Earth hath ever nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.

Come Thou forth I say, come Thou forth,

And make all spirits subject unto me!

So that every spirit of the firmament,

And of the Ether of the Earth,

And under the Earth,

On dry land,

And in the Water,

Of whirling Air,

And of rushing Fire,

And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient unto Me!

[She binds a black cord thrice round the sigil of the Spirit and veils it in black silk, saying:]

Hear me, ye Lords of Truth in the Hall of Themis, hear ye my words, for I am made as ye! I now purpose with the divine aid, to call forth this day and hour the Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath, whose magical sigil I now bind with this triple cord of Bondage, and shroud in the black concealing darkness and in death! Even as I knot about this sigil the triple cord of Bondage, so let the Magic power of my will and words penetrate unto him, and bind him that he cannot move; but is presently forced by the Mastery and the Majesty of the rites of power to manifest here before us without this Circle of Art, in the magical triangle which I have provided for his apparition.

And even as I shroud from the Light of Day this signature of that Spirit Taphthartharath, so do I render him in his place blind, deaf and dumb.

That he may in no wise move his place or call for aid upon his Gods; or hear another voice save mine or my companions', or see another path before him than the one unto this place.

[Sigil is placed outside the circle by the assistant Magus of Art.]

And the reason of this my working is, that I seek to obtain from that spirit Taphthartharath the knowledge of the realm of Kokab, and to this end I implore the divine assistance in the names of Elohim Tzebaoth, Thoth, Metatron, Raphael, Michael, Beni Elohim, Tiriel.

[Chief resumes her seat. The three others pass to the West and point their swords

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

in menace at the veiled and corded sigil. The Assistant Magus then lifts the sigil on to the edge of the circle, and says:]

Who gives permission to admit to the Hall of Dual Truth this creature of sigils?

Magus of Art: I, S.S.D.D., Soror of the Order of the Golden Dawn, Theorica Adepta Minora of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold!

I.A.: Creature of Sigils, impure and unconsecrate! thou canst not enter our Magic Circle!

D.P.A.L.: Creature of Sigils, I purify thee with Water.

Æ.A.: Creature of Sigils, I consecrate thee by Fire.

[Magus of Art in a loud voice cries *seven times* the name of the Spirit, vibrating strongly, and then says:]

Assistant Magus of Art, I command thee to place the sigil at the foot of the Altar.

I.A.: Mighty Magus of Art, all your commands shall be obeyed and all your desires shall be fulfilled.

[He does so. The Magus of Art, standing on the throne of the East, then proclaims:]

THE INVOCATION.

O Thou mighty and powerful spirit Taphthartharath, I bind and conjure Thee very potently, that Thou do appear in visible form before us in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art. I demand that Thou shalt speedily come hither from Thy dark abodes and retreats, in the sphere of Kokab, and that Thou do presently appear before us in pleasing form, not seeking to terrify us by vain apparitions, for we are armed with words of double power, and therefore without fear! and I moreover demand, binding and conjuring Thee by the Mighty Name of Elohim Tzebaoth, that Thou teach us how we may acquire the power to know all things that appertain unto the knowledge of Thoth who ruleth the occult wisdom and power. And I am about to invoke Thee in the Magical hour of TAFRAC, on this day, for that in this day and hour the great angel of Kokab, Raphael, reigneth—beneath whose dominion art Thou—and I swear to Thee, here in the hall of the twofold manifestation of Truth, that, as liveth and ruleth for evermore the Lord of the Universe; that even as I and my companions are of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold; that even as in us is the knowledge of the rites of power ineffable:

Thou SHALT

this day become manifest unto visible appearance before us, in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art:

[It should now have arrived at the Magical Hour Tfrac, commencing at 8h. 32' P.M. If not, then the Adepti seat themselves, and await that time. When it is fulfilled, the Assistant Magus places the sigil on the Altar in the right quarter: the Magus advances

THE EQUINOX

to the East of the Altar, lays her left hand upon it, in her right holding the sword with its point upon the centre of the sigil. The Associate Magus holds the Magical Candle for her to read by: and the Magus of the Fires the Book of Invocations, turning the pages that she may read continually. She recites:]

Hear ye, ye lords of Truth, hear ye, ye invoked powers of the sphere of Kokab, that all is now ready for the commencement of this Evocation!

THE POTENT EXORCISM.

[To be said, assuming the mask or form of the Spirit Taphthartharath.]

ת O Thou Mighty Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath! I bind, command and very potently do conjure Thee:

פ By the Majesty of the terrible Name of

אלהים צבאות

The Gods of the Armies of the

בני אלהים

By and in the name of:

מכאל

Great Archangel of God, that ruleth in the Sphere of Kokab, by and in the name of:

רפאל

Great Angel of Mercury; by and in the Name of:

טריאל

The Mighty Intelligence of Kokab;

By and in the Name of the Sephira Hod

And in the name of that thy sphere KOKAB

That Thou come forth here now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible form before us; in the great magic triangle without this Circle of Art.

ת I bind and conjure Thee anew: By the magical figures which are traced upon the ground: By the Magic Seal of Mercury I bear upon my breast: By the Eight Magic Lamps that flame around me: By Thy seal and sigil which I bear upon my heart: that Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us, in the great magic triangle without this Circle of Art.

ך I bind and conjure thee anew: By the Wisdom of Thoth the Mighty God: By the Light of the Magic Fire: By the Unutterable Glory of the Godhead within me: By all powerful names and rites: that Thou come forth, here,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us, in the great magical triangle without this Circle of Art.

☩ I bind and conjure Thee anew: By the powers of Word and of Will: By the Powers of Number and Name: By the Powers of Colour and Form: By the Powers of Sigil and Seal: That Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us in the great magical triangle without this Circle of Art.

☩ I bind and conjure thee anew: By all the Magic of Light: By the Ruby Rose on the Cross of Gold: By the Glory of the Sun and Moon: By the flashing radiance of the Magic Telesmata: By the Names of God that make Thee tremble every day! That Thou come forth, here, now, in this present day and hour, and appear in visible and material form before us in the great Magic triangle without this Circle of Art!

☩ But if thou art disobedient and unwilling to come:
Then will I curse Thee by the Mighty Names of God!
And I will cast Thee down from Thy Power and Place!
And I will torment Thee with new and terrible names!
And I will blot out Thy place from the Universe;
And Thou shalt *never* rise again!

So come Thou forth quickly, Thou Mighty Spirit Taphthartharath, come Thou forth quickly from thy abodes and retreats! Come unto us, and appear before us in visible and material form within the great Magical triangle without this Circle of Art, courteously answering all our demands, and see Thou that Thou deceive us in no wise—lest—

[Take up the veiled sigil and strike it thrice with the blade of the Magic sword, then hold it in the left aloft in the air, at the same time stamping thrice with the Right Foot. Assistant Magus now takes sigil and places it in the North: S.S.D.D. returns to her seat, takes lotus wand (or Ibis sceptre) and says:]

The voice of the Exorcist said unto me, let me shroud myself in Darkness, peradventure thus may I manifest in Light. I am an only Being in an abyss of Darkness, from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the silence of a primal sleep. And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul: “Creature of Mercury, who art called Taphthartharath! The Light shineth in Thy darkness, but thy darkness comprehendeth it not!” Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Path of Darkness, with the Magic Light of Occult science to guide our way!

[I.A. takes up sigil in left and candle in right. Starting at North they circumambulate once. S.S.D.D. rises, and passes round the Temple before them, halting at the Gate of the West. Sigil bared by I.A., purified and consecrated: S.S.D.D., as Hieruus, assuming the mask of the Spirit, strikes the sigil (now partly bared) *once* with the Magic Sword, and says:]

THE EQUINOX

Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation save by the virtue of the name Elohim! Before all things are the Chaos and the Darkness, and the Gates of the Land of Night. I am he whose name is Darkness; I am the Great One of the Paths of the Shades! I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism: appear thou therefore without fear before me, for I am He in whom Fear is not! Thou hast known me, so pass thou on!

[Magus of Art passes round to the Throne of the East, Assistant Magus re-veils the sigil and carries it round once more. They halt, bare, purify and consecrate sigil as before: they approach the Gate of the East. Sigil unveiled: S.S.D.D. smiting sigil once with lotus wand.]

Thou canst not pass from concealment unto manifestation save by virtue of the name of I.H.V.H. After the formless and the void and the Darkness cometh the knowledge of the Light. I am that Light which riseth in the Darkness: I am the Exorcist in the midst of the exorcism: appear Thou therefore in Visible Form before me, for I am the wielder of the forces of the Balance. Thou hast known me now, so pass Thou on unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe!

[Sigil re-veiled, and conducted to altar, placed on West of triangle; S.S.D.D. passes to Altar holding sigil and sword as before. On her right hand is Æ.A. with the Magic Candle: on her left is D.P.A.L. with the ritual. Behind her to the East of the Magical Cauldron is I.A. casting into the milk at each appropriate moment the right ingredient. Afterwards, as S.S.D.D. names each Magical Name, I.A. draws in the perfected Hellbroth the sigils, &c., appropriate thereunto: at which time S.S.D.D. recites the:]

STRONGER AND MORE POTENT CONJURATION.

Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us, Spirit of Kokab Taphthartharath, I conjure Thee! Come! Accept of us these magical sacrifices, prepared to give Thee body and form.

Herein are blended the magical elements of Thy body, the symbols of Thy mighty being.

For the sweet scent of the mace is that which shall purify Thee finally from the Bondage of Evil.

And the heat of the magical fire is my will which volatilises the gross matter of Thy Chaos, enabling thee to manifest Thyself in pleasing form before us.

And the flesh of the serpent is the symbol of Thy body, which we destroy by water and fire, that it may be renewed before us.

And the Blood of the Serpent is the Symbol of the Magic of the Word Messiah, whereby we triumph over Nahash.

And the all-binding Milk is the magical water of Thy purification.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

And the Fire which flames over all [assistant lights Hell-broth] is the utter power of our sacred rites!

Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us, Spirit of Mercury, O Taphthartharath. I bind and conjure Thee by Him that sitteth for ever on the Throne of Thy Planet, the Knower, the Master, the All-Dominating by Wisdom, Thoth the Great King, Lord of the Upper and the Lower Crowns! I bind and conjure Thee by the Great Name

IAHDONHI

Whose power is set flaming above Thy Palaces, and ruleth over Thee in the midst of Thy gloomy Habitations.

And by the powers of the mighty letter Beth: which is the house of our God, and the Crown of our Understanding and Knowledge. And by the great Magic Word

StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS

which calleth Thee from Thy place as Thou fleest before the presence of the Spirit of Light and the Crown! And by the name

ZBaTh,

which symbolises Thy passage from Mercury in Gemini unto us in Malkuth:

Come forth, come forth, come forth!

Taphthartharath!

In the name of IAHDONHI:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the name of Elohim Tzebaoth!

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the Name of Mikhâel:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the Name of Raphael:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the Name of Tiriel:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the Name of Asboga:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

THE EQUINOX

In the Name of Din and Doni:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

Taphthartharath!

In the Name of Taphthartharath:

I invoke Thee: appear! appear!

O Thou Mighty Angel who art Lord of the 17th Degree of Gemini, wherein now Mercury takes refuge, send thou unto me that powerful but blind force in the form of Taphthartharath. I conjure thee by the Names of Mahiel and Onuel, they who rejoice.

Come forth unto us therefore, O Taphthartharath, Taphthartharath, and appear thou in visible and material form before us in the great Magical triangle without this Circle of Art! And if any other Magus of Art, or any other school than ours, is now invoking Thee by potent spells; or if Thou art bound by Thy vow, or Thy duties, or the terrible bonds of the Magic of Hell; then I let shine upon Thee the glory of the symbol of the Rose and the Cross; and I tell Thee by that symbol that Thou art free of all vows, of all bonds, for what time Thou comest hither to obey my will!

Or if any other Master or Masters of the Magic of Light of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold is now binding and invoking Thee by the supreme, absolute and fearful power of this our Art: then I command and conjure Thee by every name and rite already rehearsed that Thou send unto us an ambassador to declare unto us the reason of Thy disobedience.

But if Thou art yet disobedient and unwilling to come, then will I curse Thee by the Mighty Names of God, and I will cast Thee forth from Thy Power and Place. And I will torment Thee by horrible and terrible rites. And I will blot out Thy place from the Universe and Thou shalt NEVER rise again!

So come Thou forth, Thou Spirit of Mercury, Taphthartharath, come Thou forth quickly, I advise and command Thee.

Come Thou forth from Thy abodes and retreats. Come Thou forth unto us, and appear before us in this Magical triangle without this Circle of Art: in fair and human form, courteously answering in an audible voice all of our demands. As is written:

“Kiss the Son lest He be angry!
If His anger be kindled, yea, but a little—
Blessed are they that put their trust in Him!”

[The Mighty Magus of Art lifts up the sigil towards Heaven, tears off from it the Black Veil, and cries:]

Creature of Kokab, long hast Thou dwelt in Darkness! Quit the Night and seek the Day!

[Sigil is replaced to West of the triangle; Magus holds the Sword erect (point upwards) over its centre, and lays her left hand upon it, saying:]

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

By all the names, powers and rites already rehearsed, I conjure Thee thus unto visible apparition:

KHABS AM PEKHT.
KONX OM PAX.
LIGHT IN EXTENSION.

[Saith the Magus of Art:]

As the Light hidden in Darkness can manifest therefrom,
SO SHALT THOU

become manifest from concealment unto manifestation!

[The Magus of Art takes up the sigil, stands at East of Altar facing West, and says:]

THE CONJURATION OF THE INTELLIGENCE TIRIEL.

Tiriël, Angel of God, in the name of

IAHDONHI

I conjure thee send thou unto us this spirit

TAPHTHARTHARATH.

Do thou force him to manifest before us without this Circle of Art.

Tiriël, in the name of Elohim Tzebaoth, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath.

Tiriël, in the name of Beni Elohim, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath.

Tiriël, in the name of Michael, send to us in form material this spirit Taphthartharath.

Tiriël, in the name of Raphael, send to us in visible form this spirit Taphthartharath.

Tiriël, in the name of Hod, send to us in visible form this spirit Taphthartharath.

O Tiriël, Tiriël: in all the mighty signs, and seals, and symbols here gathered together, I conjure thee in the Name of the Highest to force this Spirit Taphthartharath unto visible manifestation before us, in the great triangle without this Circle of Art.

[The Magus now places the sigil between the mystic pillars, and attacks it as Enterer, directing upon it her whole will: following this projection by the sign of silence. If he does not yet appear, then repeat the invocation to Tiriël from the throne of the East. This process may be repeated thrice. But if not even then the Spirit come, then an error hath been committed, in which case replace Sigil on altar, holding sword as usual, and say:]

THE PRAYER UNTO THE GREAT GOD OF HEAVEN.

O ye great Lords of the Hall of the Twofold Manifestation of Truth, who preside over the weighing of the Souls in the Place of Judgment before

AESHOORI,

THE EQUINOX

Give me your hands, for I am made as ye! Give me your hands, give me your magic powers, that I may have given unto me the force and the Power and the Might irresistible, which shall compel this disobedient and malignant spirit, Taphthartharath, to appear before me, that I may accomplish this evocation of arts according to all my works and all my desires. In myself I am nothing; in ye I am all self, and exist in the selfhood of the Mighty to Eternity! O Thoth, who makest victorious the word of AESHOORI against his adversaries, make thou my word, who am Osiris, triumphant and victorious over this spirit:

Taphthartharath
Amen.

[Return to place of the Hierophant, and repeat, charging. He now will certainly appear.

But so soon as he appears, again let the sigil be purified and censed by the Magus of Art. Then removing from the middle of the sigil the Cord of Bondage, and holding that sigil in her left hand, she will smite with the flat blade of her magic sword, saying:]

By and in the Names of IAHDONHI, Elohim Tzeboath, Michael, Raphael and Tiriël: I invoke upon thee the power of perfect manifestation unto visible appearance!

[I.A. now takes up the sigil in his right hand and circumambulates thrice. He places sigil on the ground at the place of the spirit. S.S.D.D., from the place of the Hierophant, now recites (I.A. with sword guarding the place of the spirit, D.P.A.L. holding the Book; and A.E.A. holding the magical candle for her to read by)]

AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL CONJURATION.

Behold! Thou Great Powerful Prince and Spirit, Taphthartharath, we have conjured Thee hither in this day and hour to demand of Thee certain matters relative to the secret magical knowledge which may be conveyed to us from Thy great master Thoth through Thee. But, before we can proceed further, it is necessary that Thou do assume a shape and form more distinctly material and visible. Therefore, in order that Thou mayest appear more fully visible, and in order that Thou mayest know that we are possessed of the means, rites, powers and privileges of binding and compelling Thee unto obedience, do we rehearse before Thee yet again the mighty words; the Names, the Sigils, and the Powers of the conjurations of fearful efficacy: and learn that if Thou wert under any bond or spell, or in distant lands or elsehow employed, yet nothing should enable Thee to resist the power of our terrible conjuration; for if Thou art disobedient and unwilling to come, we shall curse and imprecate Thee most horribly by the Fearful Names of God the Vast One; and we shall tear from Thee Thy rank and Thy

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

power, and we shall cast Thee down unto the fearful abode of the chained ones and shells, and Thou shalt never rise again!

Wherefore make haste, O Thou mighty spirit Taphthartharath, and appear very visibly before us, in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art. I bind and conjure Thee unto very visible appearance in the Divine and Terrible Name

IAHDONHI,

By the Name IAHDONHI,

And in the Name IAHDONHI,

I command Thee to assume before us a very visible and material Form.

By and in the Mighty Name of God the Vast One.

ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,

And in the Name ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,

And by the Name ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,

I bind and conjure Thee to come forth very visibly before us.

I bind and conjure Thee unto more manifest appearance, O thou Spirit, Taphthartharath.

By the Name of MICHAEL,

And in the Name of MICHAEL,

By and in that Name of MICHAEL,

I bind and conjure Thee that Thou stand forth very visibly, endowed with an audible voice, speaking Truth in the Language wherein I have called Thee forth.

Let IAHDONHI, ELOHIM TZEBAOTH, MICHAEL, RAPHAEL, BENI ELOHIM, TIRIEL, ASBOGA, DIN, DONI, HOD, KOKAB and every name and spell and scourge of God the Vast One bind Thee to obey my words and will.

Behold the standards, symbols and seals and ensigns of our God: obey and fear them, O Thou mighty and potent Spirit, Taphthartharath!

Behold our robes, ornaments, insignia and weapons: and say, are not these the things Thou fearest?

Behold the magic fire, the mystic lamps, the blinding radiance of the Flashing Tablets!

Behold the Magical Liquids of the Material Basis; it is these that have given Thee Form!

Hear thou the Magical Spells and Names and chants which bind Thee!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Arise! Move! Appear!

THE EQUINOX

Zodâcar Èca od Zodamerahnu odo kikalè Imayah piapè piamoel od VAOAN!

[If at this time that spirit be duly and rightly materialized, then pass on to the request of the Mighty Magus of Art; but if not, then doth the Magus of Art assume the God form of Thoth, and say:]

Thou comest not! Then will I work and work again. I will destroy Thee and uproot Thee out of Heaven and Earth and Hell.

Thy place shall be come empty; and the horror of horrors shall abide in Thy heart, and I will overwhelm Thee with fear and trembling, for “SOUL mastering Terror” is my Name.

[If at this point he manifest, then pass on to the final Request of the Mighty Magus of Art; if not, continue holding the arms in the sign of Apophis.]

Brother Assistant Magus! Thou wilt write me the name of this evil serpent, this spirit Taphthartharath, on a piece of pure vellum, and thou shalt place thereon also His seal and character; that I may curse, condemn and utterly destroy Him for His disobedience and mockery of the Divine and Terrible Names of God the Vast One.

[Assistant Magus does this.]

Hear ye my curse, O Lords of the Twofold Manifestation of Thmaist.

I have evoked the Spirit Taphthartharath in due form by the formulae of Thoth.

But He obeys not, He makes no strong manifestation.

Wherefore bear ye witness and give ye power unto my utter condemnation of the Mocker of your Mysteries.

I curse and blast Thee, O thou Spirit Taphthartharath. I curse Thy life and blast Thy being, I consign Thee unto the lowest Hell of Abaddon.

By the whole power of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold—for that Thou hast failed at their behest, and hast mocked by Thy disobedience at their God-born knowledge—by that Order which riseth even unto the white throne of God Himself do I curse Thy life and blast Thy being; and consign Thee unto the lowermost Hell of Abaddon!

In the Names of IAHDONHI, Elohim Tzebaoth, Michael, Raphael, Beni Elohim and Tiriël:

I curse Thy Life

And Blast Thy Being!

Down! Sink down to the depths of horror.

By every name, symbol, sign and rite that has this day been practised in this Magic Circle: by every power of my soul, of the Gods, of the Mighty Order to which we all belong!

I curse Thy Life

And Blast Thy Being!

Fall, fall down to torment unspeakable!

If Thou dost not appear then will I complete the fearful sentence of this curse.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

God will not help Thee. Thou, Thou hast mocked His Name.

[Taking the slip of vellum and thrusting it into the magical Fire.]

I bid Thee, O sacred Fire of Art, by the Names and Powers which gave birth unto the Spirit of the Primal Fire: I bind and conjure Thee by every name of God, the Vast One, that hath rule, authority and dominion over Thee; that Thou do spiritually burn, blast, destroy and condemn this spirit Taphthartharath, whose name and seal are written herein, causing Him to be removed and destroyed out of His powers, places and privileges: and making Him endure the most horrible tortures as of an eternal and consuming Fire, so long as He shall come not at my behest!

The Earth shall suffocate Him, for mine are its powers, and the Fire shall torment Him, for mine is its magic. And Air shall not fan Him, nor Water shall cool Him. But Torment unspeakable, Horror undying, Terror unaltering, Pain unendurable; the words of my curse shall be on Him for ever; God shall not hear Him, nor holpen Him never, and the curse shall be on Him for ever and ever!

[So soon as he shall appear, extinguish that fire with consecrated water, and cry:]

O, Thou Mighty Spirit Taphthartharath, forasmuch as Thou art come, albeit tardily, do I revoke my magic curse, and free Thee from all its bonds save only from those that bind Thee here!

[He having appeared, the *Assistant Magus of Art* holds aloft his sword, saying:]

Hear ye, Great Lord of the Hall of Dual Truth; Hear ye, Immortal Powers of the Magic of Light, that this Spirit Taphthartharath hath been duly and properly invoked in accordance with the sacred rites of Power Ineffable.

[The *Mighty Magus of Art* now says:]

O ye Great Lords of the Glory and Light of the radiant Orb of Kokab; ye in whom are vested the knowledge of the Mighty powers, the knowledge of all the hidden Arts and Sciences of Magic and of Mystery! Ye! Ye! I invoke and conjure! Cause ye this mighty Serpent Taphthartharath to perform all our demands: manifest ye through him the Majesty of your presences, the divinity of your knowledge, that we may all be led yet one step nearer unto the consummation of the Mighty Work, one step nearer unto the great white throne of the Godhead; and that, in so doing, *His* being may become more glorified and enlightened, more capable of receiving the Influx of that Divine Spirit which dwells in the heart of Man and God!

[S.S.D.D. now formulates the desires as follows:]

O thou Great Potent Spirit Taphthartharath, I do command and very potently conjure thee by the Majesty of Thoth, the Great God, Lord of AmenTa, King and Lord Eternal of the Magic of Light:

That Thou teach unto us continually the Mysteries of the Art of Magic, declaring unto us now in what best manner may each of us progress towards the accomplishment of the Great Work. Teach us the Mysteries of all the Hidden Arts and Sciences which are under the Dominion of Mercury, and finally swear Thou by the Great Magic Sigil

THE EQUINOX

that I hold in my hand, that thou wilt in future always speedily appear before us; coming whensoever Thy sigil is unveiled from its yellow silken covering; and manifesting whensoever we enable Thee by the offerings and sacrifices of Thy nature! To the end that Thou mayest be a perpetual link of communication between the Great God Thoth under his three forms and ourselves.

THE FINAL ADMONITION.

O Thou mighty and potent prince of Spirits Taphthartharath: forasmuch as Thou hast obeyed us in all our demands, I now finally bind and conjure Thee:

That Thou hereafter harm me not, or these my companions, or this place, or aught pertaining unto all of us: that Thou faithfully do perform all those things even as Thou hast sworn by the great and all-powerful Names of God the Vast One; and that Thou dost deceive us in nothing, and forasmuch as Thou has been obedient unto our call, and hast sworn to obey our commands:

Therefore do Thou feel and receive these grateful odours of the fine perfumes of our Art, which are agreeable unto Thee.

[Magus of Fires burns much incense.]

And now I say unto Thee, in the name of IHSVH, depart in peace unto Thy habitations and abodes in the invisible. I give unto Thee the blessing of God in the Name of IAHDONHI: may the influx of the Divine Light inspire Thee and lead Thee unto the ways of peace!

Let there be peace betwixt us and Thee; and come Thou hastily when we invoke and call Thee:

Shalom! Shalom! Shalom!

[Reverse circumambulations and closing rituals of Mercury, &c. &c.]

In the Order of the Golden Dawn many consecrations were made use of upon the lines laid down in Book 7, such as the Consecration of the Lotus Wand, the Rose Cross and the Magical Sword; these, however, we will omit, substituting in their place one carried out by P. himself, and called:

TALISMAN OF FIRE OF JUPITER WITH RITUAL

THE INVOCATIONS PROPER TO THE CONSECRATION
OF A FLASHING TABLET OF THE EAGLE KERUB OF JUPITER.

PART I

The Hall is first purified by the banishing rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram.
Next by Fire and Water.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The General Exordium follows; then,
The Exordium.

I, P., with the help of Q.F.D.R. and T.T.E.G, am come hither to consecrate a talisman of the Eagle Kerub of Jupiter that it may be powerful to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to give health and strength. And I swear, in the presence of the Eternal Gods, that, as liveth the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul, I will so create a dweller for this talisman that it shall be irresistible to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to give health and strength: to the welfare of mankind and the glory of God.

[I invoke the Higher by the first prayer in $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$, and make the sign of the Cross on the talisman.

Purify talisman, Fire and Water.

The Invoking ritual of the Hexagram of Jupiter is performed.]

*THE GREAT INVOCATION OF AMOUN.**

Hail unto Thee, Lord of Mercy! Hail, I say, unto Thee, the Father of the Gods!

O Thou, whose golden plumes stream up the sky in floods of light divine!

Thou, whose head is as a sapphire, or the vault of the unchanging sky!

Thou, whose heart is pitiful; where the Rose Dawn shines out amid the gold!

Thou, unchanging and unchangeable;

Whom the Eagle follows; whom the Serpent doth embrace;

O Thou that standest on the Scorpion!

Thee, Thee, Thee, Thee, I invoke!

O Thou! from whom the Universe did spring!

Thou, the All-Father, Thou whose plumes of power rise up to touch the Throne of the Concealed!

Mighty! Merciful! Magnificent!

Thee, Thee, Thee, Thee, I invoke!

Behold! Thou hast lifted up Thy Voice and the hills were shaken! Yea, Thou didst cry aloud and the everlasting hills did bow! They fled away; they were not! And Thine Awful Sea rolled in upon the Abyss!

For Thou didst look upon my face and say: Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee!

Yea, O my Father, Thou hast spoken unto me and said: "Sit thou on my right hand!"

* During the great invocation of Amoun and Toum Maal T.T.E.G. and Q.F.D.R. respectively charge the talisman with Enterer sign.

In Part I, T.T.E.G. will imagine herself throughout as clothed with a violet light and between two mighty pillars, of smoke and flame.

A white light must pervade the violet from above.

Her station is the place of Jupiter.

THE EQUINOX

But I have covered my face. I have hidden myself. I have knelt before Thee in the Glory of Thy face!

Arise, Lord God, arise and shine! I am To-Day and I am Yesterday! I am the Brother of the Golden Dawn!

In the Chariot of Life is my seat, and my horses course upon the firmament of Nu!
Come unto me, O my Father, for I know Thy Name!

AMOUN!

[Vibrate by formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the Mystic Circumambulation.]

I invoke Thee, the Terrible and Invisible God!

I call Thee from the azure Throne!

I raise my voice in the Abyss of Water!

I raise my soul to contemplate Thy Face!

AMOUN!

Come unto me! Hear me! Appear in splendour unto these who worship at Thy Feet!

For who am I before Thy Face? What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him! Thou hast made him a little lower than the Elohim—Thou hast Crowned him with Glory and Honour!

AMOUN!

Hear me! Come unto me!

In myself I am nothing—in Thee I am All Self! Dwell Thou in me, and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!

AMOUN!

O my Father! my Father! the Chariots of Ishrael, and the horsemen thereof!

[All bow in adoration. Standing in the Sign of Osiris slain, say:]

I am the Abi-agnus, the Slain Lamb in thy Mountain, O Lord Most High!

I am the Strength of the Race of Men, and from me is the Shower of the Life of Earth!

I am Amoun, the Conceal d One: the Opener of the Day am I!

I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life triumphant over death! There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.

I am the Preparer of the Pathway: the Rescuer unto the Light!

Out of the Darkness let the Light arise!

[Raise hands to heaven.]

Thou hast been blind and dead, O creature of talismans!

Now I say unto Thee, Receive thy Life! Receive thy Sight! I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable! I am the Dweller of the Invisible!

*LET THE WHITE BRILLIANCE OF THE
DIVINE SPIRIT
DESCEND!*

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

[Lower hands. Touching talisman with white end of Wand.]

Be thou a living creature! Whose mind is open unto the Higher!

Be thou a living creature! Whose heart is a centre of Light.

Be thou a living creature! Whose body is the Temple of the Rosy Cross.

In the number 21, in the name $\aleph\aleph\aleph$, in the name $\aleph\aleph\aleph$, in the Pass-Word INRI, I declare that I have created thee, a living Spirit of this Sphere of Tzedeq, to do my will, and work thine own salvation!

Let us analyse the Key-Word.

Chief: I.

2nd: N.

3rd: R.

All: I.

Chief: Yod. י.

2nd: Nun. נ.

3rd: Resh. ר.

All: Yod. י.

Chief: Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.

2nd: Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.

3rd: Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.

All: Isis, Apophis, Osiris.

IAO

(All give the sign of the Cross).

Chief, 2nd and 3rd Adepts: The Sign of Osiris Slain.

(*Chief:* L. The Sign of the mourning of Isis.)

(*2nd Adept:* V. The Sign of Typhon Destroyer.)

(*3rd Adept:* X. The Sign of Osiris Risen.)

All: LVX., Lux, The Light of the Cross.

PART II.*

Purify talisman with Water and Fire.

The Invocation of Water is made as in $3^\circ=8^\circ$ and by the Enochian Keys 10, 4, 11, 12 in E., W., N., S. respectively Invocation \aleph ($\sigma\lambda\eta\iota$).†

The Invocation of the Great God Toun Maal

O Thou! Majesty of Godhead!

Toun Maal! Thee, Thee I invoke!

* In Part II. Q. F. D. R. will imagine herself as a blue eagle between two mighty pillars. White light pervades the blue from above. Her station is in the West.

† See 777. Egyptian name of Scorpio.

THE EQUINOX

Lord of Amenta! Lord of Enemehitt!

O Thou! Whose head is golden as the sun, and thy nemyss as the night sky-blue!

Thou who art as rugged as the wind!

Who formulatest wonders in the world!

Thou unchangeable as Ta-Ur!

Thou, mutable as water!

Changing ever, and ever the same!

Thou, girt about with the Waters of the West as with a garment!

Thou, who art, in the Beneath as in the Above, like to Thyself!

Reflector! Transmuter! Creator!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

Behold, I have set my feet in the West, as Râ that hath ended his work!

Toum goeth down into thy Waters, and the daylight passeth, and the shadows come!

But I, I pass not, nor go down!

The light of my Godhead gleams ever in Thy glowing skies;

Horus is my Name, and the City of Darkness is my House:

Thoth is on the prow of my Bark and I am Khephera that giveth Light!

Come unto me! Come unto me, I say, for I am He that standeth in Thy place!

Behold! ye gathering eagles in the Sky! I am come into the West! I am lifted up upon your wings! Ye that follow the bier to the place of Rest. Ye that mourn Osiris in the dusk of things!

Behold He is in Me and I in Him!

I am He that ruleth in Amenta!

In Slei (*σληι*) is my rule, and in Death is my dominion!

Mine are the eagles that watch in the Eye of Horus!

Mine is the Bark of Darkness, and my power is in the Setting Sun!

I am the Lord of Amenta!

Toum Maal is My Name!

Hail unto Thee! Hail unto Thee! O mine eagle of the glowing West!

Toumathph!

[Vibrate by the formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the Mystic Circumambulation.]

O crowned with darkness! Mother-bird of the Holy Ones! O golden-headed Soul of sleep! O firm, enduring shoulders! O body of blue and golden feathers! O darkening feet, as of the skies of night! O mighty Power of claws and beak, invincible, divine!

O great and glistening Wings!

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Ride hither on the Storm!

Toumathph!

[Vibrate by the formulae of the Middle Pillar and of the mystic Circumambulation.]

Across the gloomy waters

From the land of the Setting Sun

Thou art come, Thou art come, for the Words of my Mouth are mighty words.

Come, for the guests are ready, and the feast is spread before Thee!

Come, for the destined spouse awaits Thy kiss!

With roses and with wine, with light and life and love! The soul of Tzedeq waits!
Come then, O come to me!

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

I have fought upon earth for good. I am purified. I have finished my course, I have entered into the invisible! I am Osiris Onnophris the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death! There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.

I am the Preparer of the Pathway: the Rescuer unto the Light!

Out of the Darkness let the light arise!

[Raise hands to heaven.]

Thou hast been blind and dead, O creature of talismans! Now I say unto thee:
Receive thy life! Receive thy Sight!

I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable!

I am the Dweller of the Invisible!

*LET THE WHITE BRILLIANCE OF THE
DIVINE SPIRIT
DESCEND!*

PART III.

*The Chymical and Hermetic Marriage of the Eagle of the Waters
with the Soul of Jupiter.*

[Purify the talisman with Water and Fire.]

Q.F.D.R.: I am the Eagle of the Waters, and my Power is in the West!

T.T.E.G.: I am the Soul of Jupiter: in the sphere of Tzedeq is my name confessed!

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

Q.F.D.R.: My Power is to give peace and sleep!

T.T.E.G.: My Power is to give strength and health!

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

Q.F.D.R.: Toum Maal hath made me to this end!

T.T.E.G.: Amoun hath made me to this end!

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

THE EQUINOX

Q.F.D.R.: Pain could not dwell before us if we wed.

T.T.E.G.: Death could not come where we are if we wed.

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

Q.F.D.R.: My robes were blue: where is their azure gone?

T.T.E.G.: My robes were violet: is their purple past?

P.: I am the Reconciler between you! "

Q.F.D.R.: I am the eagle: and my form remains.

T.T.E.G.: I am the square: and still the square abides.

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

[*Q.F.D.R.* and *T.T.E.G.* together in grip of $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ over the Talisman:

We were two: are we not made one?

P.: I am the Reconciler between you!

O Maker and Creator and Preserver!

Hear us who call Thee!

Mighty Lord of Life, who hast given us life and love, who is like unto Thee?

O God! hear us when we call!

Pray Thou for us, that we may be made one!

Unto God the Vast One let Thy prayer ascend!

[The Magician shall kneel down and say:]

Unto Thee, sole wise, sole mighty, sole merciful One, be the praise and the glory for ever and ever! Who hast permitted me to glean in Thy field! To gather a spark of Thine unutterable light! To form two mighty beings from the spheres of Thy dominion! To make them one by the operation of Thy Divine Wisdom!

Grant that this Eagle Kerub in the Sphere of Jupiter may be indeed mighty on the Earth! To heal the sick, to strengthen the infirm, to quiet the pain of mortal men!

Grant that this work be unto it for a salvation, and a very invocation of Thy Light Divine, and a very link with the Immortal Soul of Man!

Let it be pure and strong, that at last it may attain even unto the eternal Godhead in the veritable

KHABS AM PEKHT!
KONX OM PAX!
LIGHT IN EXTENSION!
AMEN.

And for ourselves we pray, that this work of mercy that we have wrought to-night be for us a link with thy Divine Mercy, that we may be merciful, even as Thou art merciful, O our Father which art in Heaven!

That the Benignant Eye of the Most Holy and Concealed, the Ancient One of Days, may open upon us, unto the glory of Thine Ineffable Name.

AMEN.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Let us finally invoke the Divine Light upon this gentle spirit we have created, that its paths may be light, and its way unto the White Glory sure!

By Sacrifice of Self shalt thou attain!

By mercy and by peace shall be thy path!

For I know that My Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

Be thy Mind open unto the Higher!

Be thy Heart the Centre of Light!

Be thy Body the Temple of the Rosy Cross!

And now I finally invoke upon thee power and might irresistible: to heal the sick, to alleviate pain, to strengthen and to restore to health!

21. AHIH. IHSVH. INRI.

V.H. Soror Q.F.D.R., I now deliver into thy charge this pure and powerful talisman!

See thou well how thou dost acquit thyself herein!

Keep it with reverence and love as a thing holy!

Keep it in purity and strength!

Let the dew of heaven descend upon it in the night season!

Let this sacred perfume be burnt before it in the heat of day!

At frequent times do this; and especially after thou has employed it in a work of love.

And if thou dose treat it ill, if thou dost use it unworthily, if thou dost expose it to the gaze of the profane, then let its spirit return unto the God that give it, and let its power be assumed by its evil and averse antithesis to become a dreadful vampire, ever to prey upon thee, that the Vengeance of the Gods may drink its fill.

But, and if thou does well and faithfully, ye shall be unto each other as a support and a blessing, and the Blessing of God the Vast One shall be ever upon you in his name

יהוה:

And now in and by this very name I license all spirits to depart, save that One whose Dual Nature I have bound herein. But let them depart in peace to their Divine Orders in the name of Jeovah Jeovaschah! and let them be ever ready to come when they are called!

אתה שלם:
שלם:

Fra: P. constructed many other talismans besides this, a Flashing Tablet of the Eagle Kerub of Jupiter for the purpose

THE EQUINOX

of curing a certain Lady I——, mother of Soror Q.F.D.F., of a serious illness. Extraordinary were its results. For having carefully celebrated the ritual he instructed Soror Q.F.D.R. to feed the talisman with incense, and water it with dew. This she neglected to do, the result being that when she placed the talisman on her sick mother, this venerable old lady was seized with a violent series of fits, and nearly died. Q.F.D.R., however, reconsecrated the talisman, the result being that the Lady I____ speedily recovered the whole of her former strength, and survived to the ripe old age of ninety- two.

With a similar talisman, too hurriedly prepared, he cured the pain in the leg of a certain friend of his; but forgetting to close the circle he found himself afflicted, exactly twenty-four hours later, by a similar pain, but in the opposite leg to the one in which his friend had suffered.

On very much the same lines as the foregoing, P. invoked into manifest appearance in the early autumn of 1899 the mighty but fallen spirit Buer, to compel his obedience unto the restoring of the health of Frater I.A.; and many other workings were also accomplished about this period. More important than any such dealings with the Paths is his progress in the Middle Pillar. In this connection we shall include Frater I.A.'s ritual for "The Magical Invocation of the Higher Genius."

THE MAGICAL INVOCATION OF THE HIGHER GENIUS

(According to the Formulæ of the Book of the Voice of Thoth.)

[The ceremony Enterer is the Sphere of Sensation. The Hierophant is the Augœides. The officers are the Divine Sephiroth invoked. The Enterer is the natural man.]

[First let the symbols in the Shpere of Sensation be equilibrated. This is the Opening of the Hall of Truth.]

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The First Invocation.

Come forth unto me, Thou that art my true Self: my Light: my Soul! come forth unto me: Thou that art crowned with Glory: That art the Changeless: The Un-nameable: the Immortal Godhead, whose Place is in the Unknown: and whose Dwelling is the Abode of the Undying Gods. Heart of my Soul; self- shining Flame, Glory of Light, Thee I invoke. Come forth unto me, my Lord: to me, who am Thy vain reflection in the mighty sea of Matter! Hear Thou, Angel and Lord! Hear Thou in the habitations of Eternity; come forth; and purify to Thy Glory My mind and Will! Without Thee am I nothing; in Thee am I All-self existing in Thy Selfhood to eternity!

[Close now the channels to the Ruach of the Material senses: endeavouring at the same time to awaken the Inner sight and hearing. Thus seated, strive to grasp the same ray of the Divine Glory of the selfhood: meditating upon the littleness and worthlessness of the natural man: the vanity of his desires, the feebleness of his boasted Intellect. Remember that without That Light, naught can avail thee to true progression: and that alone by purity of Mind and Will canst thou ever hope to enter into that Glory. Pray then for that purification, saying in thy heart:]

First purification and consecration of the candidate by Fire and Water.

Water: Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Fire: O send forth Thy light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill, to Thy Dwelling-place!

I stand before the Beautiful Gate: before the mighty Portal of the Universe: at my Right Hand a Pillar of Fire; and at my left a Pillar of Cloud. At their bases are the dark-rolling clouds of the Material Universe: and they pierce the Vault of the Heavens above. And ever upon their summits flame the Lamps of their Spiritual Essence!

Thou that livest in the Glory beyond that Gate: Heart of my Soul; Thee I Invoke! Come Thou forth unto me, who art my very Selfhood; mine Essence, my Light: and do Thou guard me and guide me through the Manifold Paths of Life: that I may at length become one with Thine Immortal and Imperishable Essence!

Unto Thee, Sole Wise, Sole Mighty, and Sole Eternal one, be Praise and Glory for Ever; Who hast permitted me to enter so far in the Sanctuary of Thy Mysteries. Not unto me, but unto Thy name be the Glory!

Let the influence of Thy Divine Ones descend upon my head, and teach me the value of Self-Sacrifice: so that I shrink not in the hour of trial; but that my Name may be written upon High, and that my Genius may stand in the Presence of the Holy One: in that hour when the Son of Man is evoked before the Lord of Spirits; and His Name in the presence of the Ancient of Days. O Lord of the Universe! grant Thou that upon me may shine forth the Light of my Higher Soul. Let me be guided by the

THE EQUINOX

help of my Genius unto Thy Throne of Glory, Ineffable in the centre of the World of Life and Light.

[Now go up to the Altar: formulating before thee a glittering Light: imagine that it demands wherefore thou hast come, &c., and say:]

Adoration unto Thee that Dawnest in the Golden!

O Thou that sailest over the Heavens in Thy Bark of Morning!

Dark before Thee is the Golden Brightness;

In whom are all the hues of the Rainbow.

May I walk as Thou walkest, O Holiness, Who hast no master, Thou the great Space-Wanderer to whom millions and hundreds of thousands of years are but as one Moment! Let me enter with Thee into Thy Bark! Let me pass with Thee as Thou enterest the Gate of the West! As Thou gleamest in the Gloaming when Thy Mother Nuit enfoldeth Thee!

[Now kneel at the Altar with thy right hand on the White Triangle, and thy left in the left hand of thine Astral double, he standing in the place of the Hierophant, and holding the Astral presentment of a Lotus Wand by the white band in his right hand, then say, as if with the projected Astral consciousness:]

Adoration unto ye, ye Lords of Truth in the Hall of Thmaist, cycle of the great Gods which are behind Osiris: O ye that are gone before, let me grasp your hands, for I am made as ye!

O ye of the Hosts of the Hotepischim! Purge ye away the wrong that is in me!

Even as ye purged the Seven Glorious Ones who follow after the coffin of the Enshrined One, and whose places Anubist hath fixèd against the day of "Be-with-us."

O Thoth! Who makest Truth the Word of Aeshoori! make my word truth before the circle of the Great Gods!

Adoration unto Thee, Anubi, who guardest the threshold of the Universe!
Adoration unto Thee, Auramooth, purify me with the Living Waters!

Adoration unto Thee, Thaumæshneith, make me Holy with the Hidden Flame!

Adoration be unto Thee, O Dark-Bright One! Hoor! the Prince of the City of Blindness!

Adoration unto Thee, O Thmaist, Truth-Queen, who presidest at the Balance of Truth! Adoration unto Thee, Asi; adoration unto Thee, Nephthyst.

O AESHOORI, Lord of Amennti! Thou art the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death: there is naught in Thee but Godhead!

TOUM! Toum who art in the great Dwelling!

Sovereign Lord of all the Gods, save me, and deliver!

Deliver me from that God that feedeth upon the damnèd, Dog-faced but human-headed;

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

That dwelleth by the Pool of fire in the Judgment Hall,
Devourer of Shades, eater of Hearts, the Invisible foe!
Devourer of Immortality is his Name!

Unto Thee, Sole Wise, Sole Mighty, and Sole Eternal one, be Praise and Glory for Ever: who hast permitted me to enter so far in the Sanctuary of the Mysteries. Not unto me, but unto Thy Name be the Glory! [Again finish by laying sword on nape of neck, saying: So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul!]

[Rise now, and raise above thine head thy hands (the left open and the right still holding the magic sword), and lifting unto heaven thine eyes, strive to aspire with all thy will unto the highest Divinity, saying:]

From Thy Hands, O Lord, cometh all good! from Thy Hands flow down all grace and blessing! The Characters of Heaven with Thy Finger hast thou traced: but none can read them save he that hath been taught in Thy school! Therefore, even as servants look unto the hands of their masters, and handmaids unto the hands of their mistresses, even so our eyes look up unto Thee! For Thou alone art our help, O Lord our God! Who should not extol Thee, O Lord of the Universe! Who should not praise Thee! All belongeth unto Thee! Either Thy love or Thine anger all must again re-enter! Nothing canst Thou lose, for all things tend unto Thine Honour and Majesty! Thou art Lord alone, and there is none beside Thee! Thou dost what Thou wilt with Thy Mighty Arm: and none can escape from Thee! Thou alone helpest in their necessity the humble, the meek-hearted and the poor, who submit themselves unto Thee! And whosoever humbleth himself in dust and ashes before Thee; to such an one art Thou propitious!

Who should not praise Thee then, Lord of the Universe, who should not extol Thee! Unto whom there is none like; whose dwelling is in Heaven and in the virtuous and God-fearing Heart!

O God the Vast One! Thou art in all things!

O Nature! Thou Self from Nothing—for what else can I call Thee! I, in myself, I am nothing! I, in Thee, I am all Self: and exist in Thy Selfhood from nothing! Live Thou in me: and bring me unto that Self which is in Thee! For my victory is in the Cross and the Rose!

[Now pass to the North and face the East: projecting unto the place of the throne of the East the Astral double, and say from thence:]

The Voice of My Higher Soul said unto me: let me enter the path of Darkness: peradventure *thus* may I obtain the Light! I am the only being in an Abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the Silence of a primal Sleep.

And the voice of ages answer'd unto my soul: child of Earth! The Light shineth in the Darkness; but the Darkness comprehendeth it not!

[Now formulate before thee a great Angel Torch-bearer saying:]

Arise! shine! for Thy Light is come!

THE EQUINOX

[Pass round the Temple to the South, face West and halt: formulate the Ideal* of Divine Mercy: and then that of Divine Justice: aspiring with all Thy heart unto each, and say:]

Come unto me! O Lord of Love and Pity, come unto me, and let me live in Thy Love! Let me be merciful even as my Father in Heaven is merciful, for Thou hast said: Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy. Grant unto me that I may attain unto thy Peace, wherein is life for evermore.

Come unto me, O Lord of Perfect Justice! Mighty is Thine Arm, strong is Thy Hand: Justice and Judgment are the habitation of Thy Throne! Strengthen Thou, O Lord of Strength, my will and heart, that I may be able, with Thine aid, to cast out and destroy the Evil Powers that ever fight against those who seek Thee!

[Formulate now before thee the Two Pillars of Cloud and of Fire, saying:]

Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean! Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!

O send forth Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill; even to Thy Tabernacles.

I stand before the Gate of the West; and the Pillars of the Universe arise in Majesty before me. At my right hand is the Pillar of Fire: and on my left the Pillar of Cloud: below they are lost in Clouds of Darkness: and above in Heaven in unnameable Glory. Let me enter, O Gate of the West!

[Pass to South-West and project Astral. Then saith the Guardian of the Gate of the West:]

Thou canst not pass by Me, saith the Guardian of the West: except Thou canst tell me My Name!

[Saith the Aspirant:]

Darkness is Thy Name: Thou art the Great One of the Paths of the Shades!

[Saith the Great One of the Night of Time:]

Child of Earth! remember that Fear is failure: be thou therefore without fear: for in the heart of the Coward, Virtue abideth not! Thou has known Me now, so pass thou on!

[Pass to the North, and exalt again thy mind unto the contemplation of the Mercy and Justice of our God, repeating the foregoing prayers; then say:]

Purify me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!

O send forth Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy Holy Hill, to Thy Dwelling-place!

* These are the two pillars of the Tree of Life; the first containing the Sephirah Chesed, and the second the Sephira Geburah.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Dim before me looms the mighty Gate of the East! on the right the Pillar of Fire, on the left the Pillar of Cloud: stretching from the dark clouds of the World of Darkness to the Bright Glory of the Heavenly Light: Ever affirming to Eternity the Equilibration of the Powers of God the Vast One! Let me pass the Gate of the East Land! Let me pass the Gate of the Tuat, issuing forth with Râ in the Glory of Red Dawn!

[Pass to the North-East, project Double to the place of the throne of the East, saying:]

Thou canst not pass by Me, saith the Guardian of the East, except thou canst tell me My Name!

[Saith the Aspirant:]

“Light dawning in the Darkness” is Thy Name: the Light of a Golden Day!

[Saith the Osiris:]

Child of Earth! remember that Unbalanced Force is Evil: Unbalanced Mercy is but Weakness, Unbalanced Severity is but Cruelty and Oppression. Thou hast known Me now: so pass thou on unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe!

[Pass to the West of the Altar, project Astral to between the Pillars, kneel at Altar and repeat in Astral:]

THE PRAYER OF OSIRIS.

Lord of the Universe, the Vast and the Mighty One! Ruler of Light and of Darkness: we adore Thee and we invoke Thee! Look with favour upon this Neophyte who now kneeleth before Thee; and grant Thine aid unto the higher aspirations of His Soul, so that he may prove a true and faithful servant of the Mighty Ones, to the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, Amen!

[Now rise: lift up both hands and eyes towards heaven; and concentrate upon the Glory and Splendour of Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne for ever and ever, and say:]

KHABS AM PEKHT!
KONX OM PAX!
LIGHT IN EXTENSION!

In all my wanderings in Darkness the Light of Anubist went before me, yet I saw it not. It is a symbol of the Hidden Light of Occult Science.

[Pass to between the Pillars, and standing thus concentrate upon the Highest Divinity; and there standing in the sign of the Enterer, say:]

O Glory of the Godhead Unspeakable! Eternal Master! Ancient of Days! Thee, Thee, I invoke in my need! Dark is all the world; without, within; there is light alone in Thee! Rend asunder, Lord of the Universe, tear aside the Veil of the Sanctuary: let mine eyes behold my God, my King! As it is written: The Lightning lighteneth in the East and flameth even unto the West: even so shall be the Coming of the Son of Man!

THE EQUINOX

[And now shalt thou see a light slow formulating into the shape of a mighty Angel, and thou shalt withdraw thyself from this sight and again say:]

I saw Water coming from the Left Side of the Temple: and all unto whom that Water came were made whole, and cried:

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Allelulia!

O Lamb of God: who takest away the Sins of the World! Grant us Thy peace!

I am come forth from the Gates of Darkness: I have passed by the Gate of Amennti: and the Gate of the Taot! Behold! I am come to the Gate of the Shining Ones in Heaven. I stand between the mighty Pillars of that Gate: at my right hand the Pillar of Fire, and at my left the Pillar of Cloud: Open unto me O gate of the God with the Motionless Heart: I am come forth by the T'esor Gate: I advance over the Paths that I know, I know: and my Face is set towards the land of the Maat!

[Again formulating the Augœides.]

Come forth, come forth, my God, my King: come unto me, Thou that art crowned with starlight: Thou that shinest amongst the Lords of Truth: whose place is in the abode of the Spirits of Heaven!

[When Thou shalt again see the Glorious One thou shalt salute with Enterer; pass between the pillars and circumambulate thrice: reverently saluting the East betimes. Now halt by the Light, facing it, and exalt thy mind unto Its glory, imagine it as encompassing thee and entering into Thy inmost Being, and say:]

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again: and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die! I am the First and the Last, I am He that liveth but was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and hold the keys of Hell and of Death! For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth.

I am the Way: the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me. I am purified: I have passed through the Gates of Darkness unto Light! I have fought upon Earth for good: I have finished my Work: I have entered into the Invisible! I am the Sun in His rising: I have passed through the Hour of Cloud and of Night! I am Amoun, the Concealed One: The Opener of Day am I! I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life Triumphant over Death: There is no part of me that is not of the Gods: I am the preparer of the Pathway, the Rescuer unto the Light! I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable! I am the Dweller of the Invisible! Let the White Brilliance of the divine Spirit descend.

[A long pause.]

Thus at length have I been permitted to comprehend the Form of my Higher Self!

Adoration be unto Thee, Lord of my Life, for Thou hast permitted me to enter thus

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

far into the Sanctuary of Thine Ineffable Mystery: and hast vouchsafed to manifest unto me some little fragment of the Glory of Thy Being. Hear me, Angel of God the Vast One: hear me, and grant my prayer! Grant that I may ever uphold the the Symbol of Self-sacrifice: and grant unto me the comprehension of aught that may bring me nearer unto Thee! Teach me, starry Spirit, more and more of Thy Mystery and Thy Mastery: let each day and hour bring me nearer, nearer unto Thee! Let me aid Thee in Thy suffering that I may one day become partaker of Thy Glory: in that day when the Son of Man is invoked before the Lord of Spirits, and His Name in the presence of the Ancient of Days!

And for this day, teach me this one thing: how I may learn from Thee the Mysteries of the Higher Magic of Light. How I may gain from the Dwellers in the bright Elements their knowledge and Power: and how best I may use that knowledge to help my fellow-men.

And, finally, I pray Thee to let there be a link of Bondage between us: that I may ever seek, and seeking, obtain help and counsel from Thee Who Art my very selfhood. And before Thee I do promise and swear; that by the aid of Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, I will so purify my heart and mind that I may one day become truly united unto Thee, who art in Truth my Higher Genius, my Master, my Guide, my Lord and King!

The result of these magical experiments was twofold. First, by degrees P. was accumulating against himself a power of evil which was only awaiting a favourable moment to turn and destroy him.* This is the natural effect of all that class of magic which consists in making a circle, and thus setting the within against the without, and formulating duality, the eternal curse. Any idea in the mind is of little importance while it stays there, but to select it, to consecrate it, to evoke it to visible appearance, that is indeed dangerous.

* Whilst deep in these magical practices his house in London became charged with such an aura of evil that it was scarcely safe to visit it. This was not solely due to P.'s own experiments; we have to consider the evil work of others in the Order, such as E.F.E.J., who, envious of his progress and favour with the Chiefs, were attempting to destroy him. (See "At the Fork of the Roads," *THE EQUINOX*, vol. i. No. 1, p. 101.) Weird and terrible figures were often seen moving about his rooms, and in several cases workmen and visitors were struck senseless by a kind of paralysis and by fainting fits.

THE EQUINOX

For as he advanced from grade to grade, penetrating further and further into the mysteries of occult knowledge, he saw ever more clearly that most of the members of the Order of the Golden Dawn were scarcely worthy of his contempt; yet in spite of the folly of the disciples he remained loyal to their master D.D.C.F. He could not yet know that the chief is as his disciples, though raised to a higher power. For like attracts like. Secondly, these practical workings taught him, more certainly than years of study and reading, that there was but one goal to the infinite number of paths seen by the beginner, and that the ultimate result of the ♀ of ♀ Operation, the highest of the ceremonial operations of the Golden Dawn, was similar to that of “Rising on the Planes.” Having made this important discovery he abandoned his intended experiments in ceremonial Divination and Alchemy, and towards the close of 1899 retired to the lonely house that he had bought for the purpose of carrying out the Sacred Operation of Abramelin the Mage.

THE ADEPT

DURING the whole of the autumn of 1899 we find P. busily engaged in making all necessary preparations for the great operation. Outside these preparations little else was accomplished; and, except for a fragment of a MS. on the "Powers of Number," no other record of the progress of P. during these three months is forthcoming.

This MS., though interesting enough in itself, is scarcely of sufficient value to quote here; however it may be remarked that it shows how strong an influence the Order of the Golden Dawn had had upon him, as well as the astonishing rapidity of his Magical progress.

In January 1900, P. returned to Paris in order that before commencing the Sacred Operation of Abramelin the Magic he might pass through the grade of $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$, and become an Adeptus Minor in the Second Order of the Golden Dawn.

The ritual of the $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ is of considerable length, and of such profundity and beauty that it is difficult to conceive of any man not being a better and a more illumined man for having passed through it. We should like to give it in its entirety, but space forbids, and though abridgement deducts considerably from its value, we will do our best to give its essence, and trust to make up for our shortcomings

THE EQUINOX

by attaching to this ritual P.'s lucid and learned interpretation.

THE RITUAL OF THE ORDER OF ROSÆ RUBEÆ ET AUREÆ CRUCIS

RITUAL OF THE 5°=6° GRADE OF ADEPTUS MINOR.

In this grade the following officers are required:

Chief Adept, 7°=4°, Merciful Exempt Adept.

Second Adept, 6°=5°, Mighty Adeptus Major.

Third Adept, 5°=6°, Associate Adeptus Minor.

OPENING

[The *Chief Adept*, having called upon the members to assist him open the Vault of the Adepts, and upon the Associate Adeptus Minor to see that the portal is closed and guarded, turns to the Second Adept and says:]

Mighty Adeptus Major, by what sign hast thou entered the Portal?

Second: By the sign of the rending asunder of the veil.*

Chief: Associate Adeptus Minor, by what sign has thou closed the Portal?

Third: By the signing of the closing of the Veil.

Second: Pe: פ.

Third: Resh: ר.

Second: Kaph: כ.

Third: Tau: ת.

Second: Paroketh: פֶּרֶכֶת.

Third: The Veil of the Sanctum Sanctorum.

Chief: Mighty Adeptus Major, what is the mystic number of this grade?

Second: 21.

Chief: Associate Adeptus Minor, what is the Pass-Word formed therefrom?

Third: Aleph: א.

Chief: Hé: ה.

Third: Yod: י.

Chief: Hé: ה.

Third: Eheieh: אֶהְיֶה.

Chief: Mighty Adeptus Major, what is the Vault of the Adepts?

Second: The symbolic burying-place of our mystic Founder, Christian Rosenkreutz, which he made to represent the Universe.

* See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Chief: Associate Adeptus minor, in what part of it is he buried?

Third: In the centre of the Heptagonal sides and beneath the altar, his head being towards the East.

Chief: Mighty Adeptus Major, why in the centre?

Second: Because that is the point of Perfect Equilibrium.

[By this system of question and answer the whole symbolism of the vault is explained. Thus, the name of the Founder signifies the Rose and Cross of Christ, the fadeless Rose of Creation, the immortal Cross of Light.

The Vault itself represents the tomb of Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. Its seven sides the seven lower Sephiroth, the seven days of Creation, and the seven Palaces. It is situated in the centre of the Earth, in the Mountain of the Caverns, the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus; which is the mountain of God in the Centre of the Universe, the sacred Rosicrucian Mountain of Initiation. The meaning of Abiegnus is explained as follows by the *Third Adept:*]

It is ABI-AGNUS, Lamb of the Father; it is, by metathesis, ABI-GENOS, born of the Father; BIA-GENOS, strength of our race; and the four words make the sentence: "Abiegnus, Abi-agnus, Abigenos, Bia-genos." Abiegnus, the Mountain of the Lamb of the Father, born of the Father, and the strength of our race.

[The key to the Vault, the Rose and Cross,* is then explained as resuming within itself the Life of Nature, and the Powers hidden in the word I.: N.: R.: I.:. Another form of the Rose and Cross, the Crux Ansata, is shown to represent the force of the ten Sephiroth in nature, divided into a Hexad and Tetrad. The Oval embraces the first six Sephiroth, and the Tau Cross the lower four, answering to the four elements. The complete symbol of the Rose and Cross, which the Chief Adept carries upon his breast, is then explained to mean "the Key of Sigils and of Rituals"; and that it

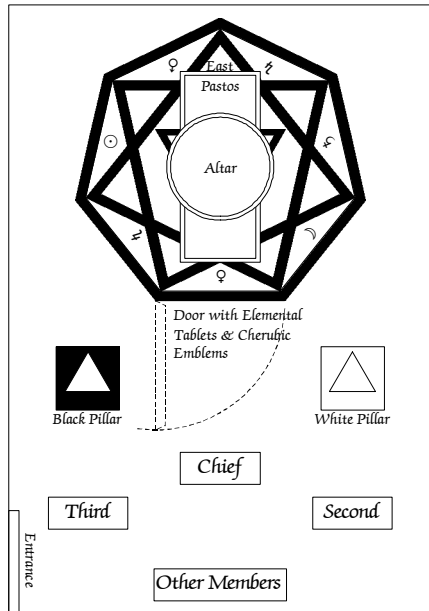


DIAGRAM 60.

The Temple in the Opening and First Point of the 5°=6° Ritual.

* See Diagram 80.

THE EQUINOX

represents the force of the twenty-two letters in Nature as divided into a three, a seven and a twelve; “many and great are its mysteries.”

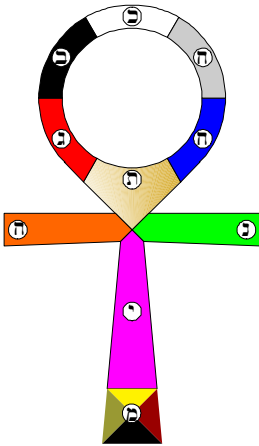


DIAGRAM 61.

The Egyptian Key of Life.
The Crux Ansata.

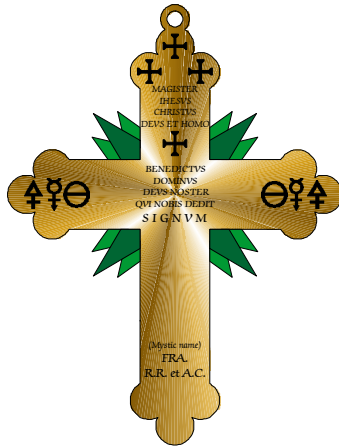


DIAGRAM 62.

The reverse of the Complete
Rose and Cross.

The explanation of the Rose and Cross being ended, the Third Adept first explains his wand as having marked on it the colours of the twelve signs of the Zodiac between Light and Darkness, and that it is surmounted by the Lotus Flower of Isis, which symbolizes the development of creation. Then, secondly, the Adeptus Major explains his as “a wand terminating in the symbol of the Binary, and surmounted by the Tau Cross of Life, or the Head of the Phoenix, sacred to Osiris.” On it are marked the seven colours of the rainbow between Light and Darkness, which are attributed to the Planets. It symbolises rebirth and resurrection from death. Lastly, the Chief Adept explains his as follows: “My wand is surmounted by the Winged Globe, around which the twin Serpents of Egypt twine. It symbolises the equilibrated force of the Spirit and the four elements beneath the everlasting wings of the Holy One.”

The door of the Vault is guarded by the Elemental Tablets,* and by the Cherubic Emblems, and upon it is written the words: “POST CENTUM VIGINTI ANNOS PATEBO.” Which the Chief Adept explains as follows:]

The 120 years refer symbolically to the five grades of the First Order, and to the revolution of the powers of the Pentagram; also to the five preparatory examinations for this grade.

It is written: “His days shall be 120 years,” and 120 divided by five yields

* For a further account of these see “The Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee,” in Sloane MSS., British Museum.

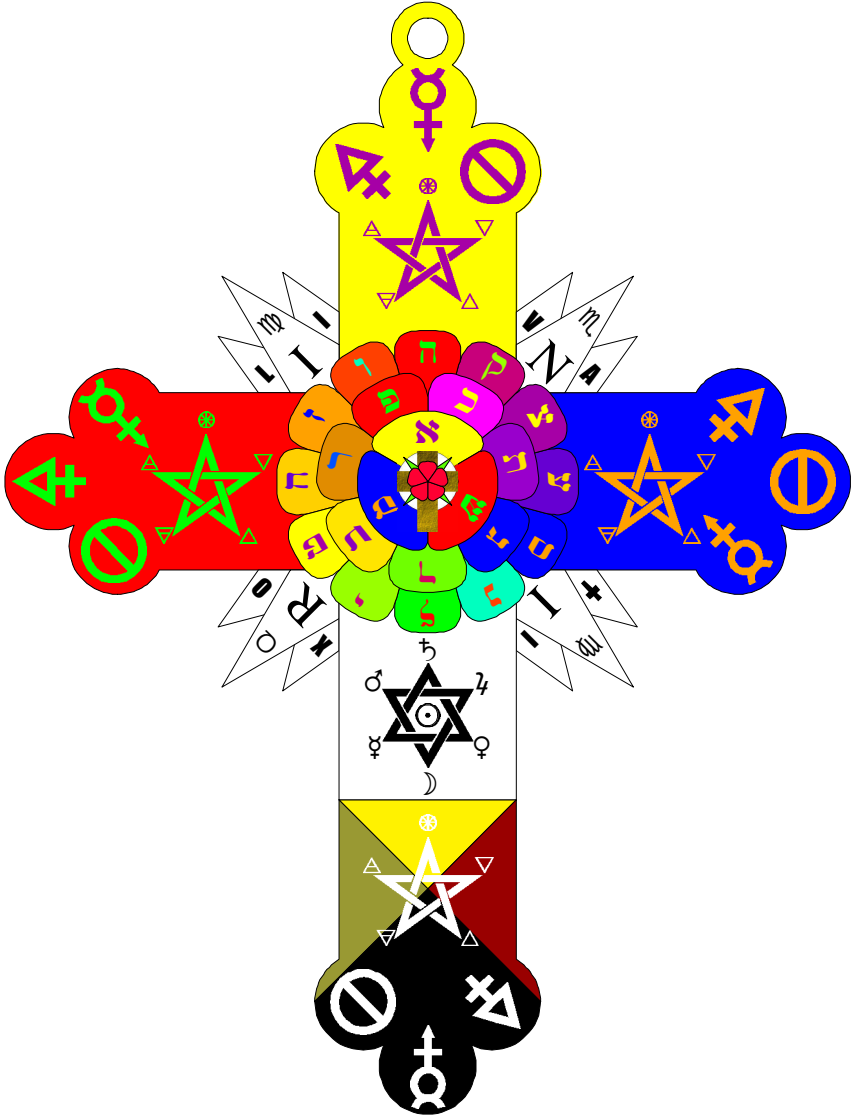


DIAGRAM 63

The complete Symbol of the Rose and Cross.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

twenty-four, the number of hours in a day, and of the Thrones of the Elders in the Apocalypse. Further, 120 equals the number of the ten Sephiroth multiplied by that of the Zodiac, whose key is the working of the Spirit and the four elements, typified in the wand which I bear.



DIAGRAM 64.
The Lotus Wand.

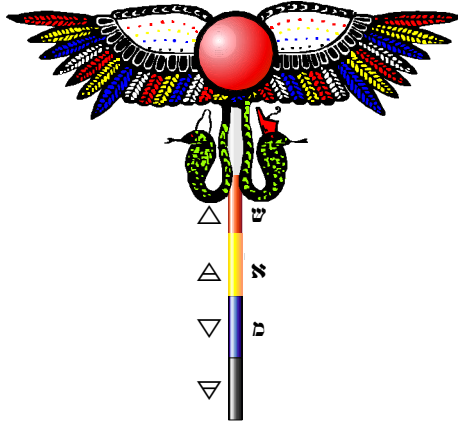


DIAGRAM 65.
The Chief Adept's Wand.

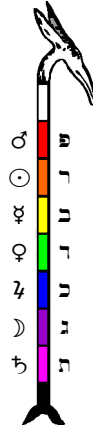


DIAGRAM 66.
The Phoenix Wand.

[All then face East; the Chief Adept opens wide the Vault and places himself at the head of the Pastos, the Second Adept to the South, and the Third Adept to the North; they raise their wands in a pyramid formation over the altar, and their "cruces ansatas" below.]

Chief: Let us analyse the Key Word: I.

Second: N.

Third: R.

All: I.

Chief: Yod: ʾ.

Second: Nun: ʾ.

Third: Resh: ʾ.

All: Yod: ʾ.

Chief: Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.

Second: Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.

Third: Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.

All: Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

[The Wands and crosses are separated, all giving the sign of the cross, and saying:]

THE EQUINOX

The Sign of Osiris slain.

[*Chief*, giving the L sign with bowed head.*]

L. the Sign of the mourning of Isis.

[*Second*, with head erect, gives the V sign.]

V, the Sign of Typhon and Apophis.

[*Third*, with bowed head gives the X sign.]

X, the Sign of Osiris risen.

[*All* together with the signs of Osiris Slain and Osiris Risen.]

L V X, Lux, the Light of the Cross.

[*All* quit the Vault and return to previous places.]

Chief: In the Grand Word, Yeheshuah יהשׁוּה, by the Key Word INRI, and through the Concealed Word LVX, I have opened the Vault of the Adepts.

[All present give the Lux sign as above.]

First Point.

[The officers in this part of the ceremony are the Second Adept, who is now the Principal Officer, the Third Adept, who is Second, and the Introducing Adept, who is spoken of as V.H. Frater Hodos Camelionis.

The *Second Adept* opens the First Point by bidding V.H. Fra: Hodos Camelionis prepare the Aspirant, who is waiting without, and the Associate Adeptus Minor to guard the inner side of the Portal.

The Aspirant is then admitted, and at once commences to read out a list of the grades and honours he has attained to. When he has finished, the *Second Adept* turns to him and says:]

It is not by the proclamation of honours and dignities, great though they may be, that thou canst gain admission to the Vault of the Adepts of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold; but only by that humility and purity of Spirit which becometh the Aspirant unto higher Things.

[The Aspirant then retires and divests himself of his ornaments, and is clothed in the black robe of mourning with his hands bound behind him, and a chain about his neck. The Introducer then conducts him back to the door and gives a loud knock.]

Third Adept [opens the door and says:] By the aid of what symbol do ye seek admission?

Introducer: By the Flaming Sword, and the Serpent of Wisdom.

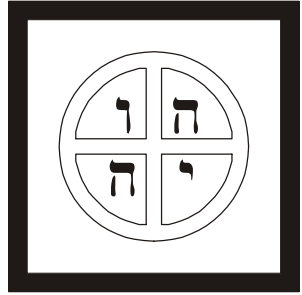
[The Aspirant is then made to kneel facing East between the Second Adept and the Third Adept, the Second Adept offering up a prayer which ends:]

. . . O God, the Vast One; Thou art in all things. O Nature, Thou Self from Nothing, for what can I else call Thee? In myself I am nothing; in Thee I am Self,

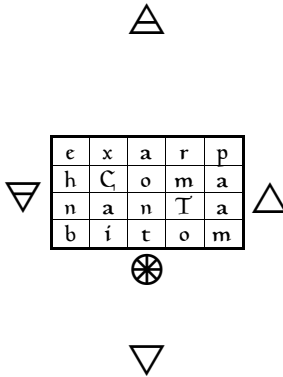
* For these signs see "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.



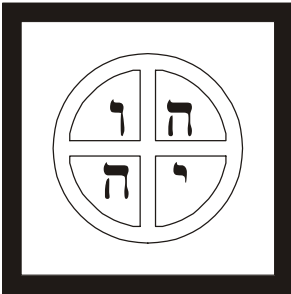
r	Z	i	l	a	f	A	U	t	i	p	a
a	r	d	z	a	l	d	p	a	l	a	m
C	Z	o	n	S	a	r	O	V	a	u	b
T	o	i	T	t	X	o	p	a	c	o	C
S	i	g	a	S	o	m	v	b	z	n	h
f	m	o	n	d	a	T	d	i	a	r	i
O	r	o	i	b	A	h	a	o	z	p	i
C	n	a	b	r	V	i	X	g	a	Z	d
O	i	i	i	t	T	p	a	l	o	i	a
A	b	a	m	o	o	a	C	V	c	a	
N	a	o	c	o	T	t	n	p	r	a	T
O	c	a	n	m	a	g	o	t	r	o	i
S	h	i	a	l	r	a	p	m	Z	o	X



b	o	a	Z	a	R	o	p	h	a	R	a
V	N	a	x	o	p	S	o	n	d	n	
a	i	g	r	a	n	o	m	a	g	g	
o	r	p	m	n	i	n	g	b	e	a	l
r	s	O	n	i	Z	i	r	l	e	m	u
i	Z	i	n	r	c	Z	i	a	M	h	l
m	o	r	d	i	a	l	h	C	t	G	a
A	o	C	a	n	C	h	t	a	S	o	m
A	r	b	i	Z	m	i	i	l	p	i	Z
O	p	a	n	a	l	a	m	S	m	a	l
d	o	l	o	p	i	n	i	a	n	b	a
r	X	p	a	o	C	S	i	Z	i	X	p
a	X	t	i	r	V	a	S	t	r	i	m



d	o	n	p	a	T	d	a	n	V	a	a	
O	l	o	a	G	e	o	o	b	a	v	i	
O	p	a	m	n	o	O	G	m	d	n	m	
a	p	l	s	T	e	d	e	c	c	a	o	p
S	c	m	i	o	o	n	A	m	l	o	X	
V	a	r	S	G	d	L	b	r	i	a	p	
O	i	p	t	e	a	a	p	d	o	c	e	
p	S	V	a	c	n	r	Z	i	r	Z	a	
S	i	o	d	a	o	i	n	r	Z	f	m	
d	a	l	t	T	d	n	a	d	i	r	e	
d	i	X	o	m	o	n	S	i	o	S	p	
O	o	D	p	Z	i	a	p	a	n	l	i	
r	g	O	a	n	n	Q	A	C	r	a	r	



T	a	O	A	d	V	p	t	D	n	i	m
a	a	b	c	o	r	O	m	e	b	b	
T	o	g	c	o	n	X	m	a	l	G	m
n	h	o	d	D	i	a	l	e	a	o	c
p	a	c	A	X	i	o	V	S	p	S	Y
S	a	a	i	X	a	a	r	V	r	o	i
m	p	h	a	r	S	l	g	a	i	o	l
m	a	m	g	l	o	i	n	L	i	r	X
O	l	a	a	D	a	g	a	T	a	p	a
p	a	L	e	o	i	d	X	p	a	c	n
n	d	a	z	n	X	i	V	a	a	s	a
l	t	d	p	o	n	S	d	a	S	p	i
X	r	i	i	h	t	a	r	n	d	i	j



DIAGRAM 67.

The Elemental Tablets and Cherubic Emblems

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and exist in Thy Selfhood from Nothing. Live thou then in me, and bring me unto that Self which is in Thee. Amen.

[The *Third Adept* then earnestly bids the Aspirant not to look upon the trial of humility through which he has just passed as one ordained to jest with his feelings, but as a true manifestation of his own ignorance. The Aspirant shortly after this rises to his feet and the *Second Adept* addresses him as follows:]

Despise not sadness and hate not suffering. For they are the initiators of the Heart; and the black robe of mourning, which thou wearest, is at once the symbol of Sorrow and Strength. Boast not thyself about thy brother if he hath fallen; for how knowest thou that thou couldst have withstood the same temptation. Slander not and revile not; if thou canst not praise, do not condemn; and when thou seest another in trouble and humiliation, even though he be thine enemy, remember the time of thine own humiliation, when thou didst kneel before the door of the Vault, clothed in the robe of mourning, with the chain of affliction about thy neck, and thine hands bound behind thy back, and rejoice not at his fall. And in thine intercourse with the Members of our Order, let thine hand given unto another be a sincere and genuine pledge of fraternity; respect his or her secrets and feelings, as thou wouldst respect thine own; bear with one another, and forgive one another—even as the Master hath said.

V.H. Fra: Hodos Camelionis, what is the symbolic age of the Aspirant?

Introducer: His days are 120 years.

[The *Third Adept* further explains this as follows:]

This refers to the five grades of the First Order, through which it is necessary for the Aspirant to have passed before he can enter the Vault of the Sacred Mountain. For the three months' interval between the grades of Practicus and Philosophus is the Regimen of the Elements; and the seven months interval between the First and Second Orders symbolises the Regimen of the Planets. While the Elements and the Planets both work in the Zodiac, so that $(3 + 7) \times 12$ yieldeth the number 120.

[After this the Aspirant must take a solemn obligation: first he is bound to the Cross of Suffering, the *Second Adept* saying:]

The Symbol of Suffering is the Symbol of Victory; wherefore, bound though thou art, strive to rise this with thy hands: for he that will not strive shall be left in outer darkness.

[The *Second Adept* then raises his hands on high and cries:]

I invoke Thee, the Great Avenging Angel H U A, in the divine name I.: A.: O.:,

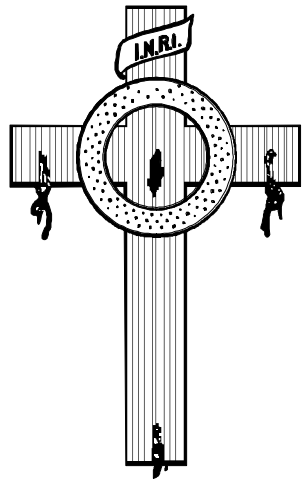


DIAGRAM 68.

The Cross of Suffering.

THE EQUINOX

that thou mayest invisibly place thine hand upon the head of this Aspirant in attestation of his obligation. [The Aspirant then repeats the obligation after him, saying:]

כתיב. I, “Christian Rosenkreutz,” a member of the body of Christ, do this day, on behalf of the Universe, spiritually bind myself, even as I am now bound physically unto the Cross of Suffering:

הכמה. That I will do the utmost to lead a pure and unselfish life. . . .

בינה. That I will keep secret all things connected with the Order . . . that I will maintain the Veil of strict secrecy between the First and Second Order.

חסד. That I will uphold to the utmost the authority of the Chiefs of the Order.

גבורה. Furthermore that I will perform all practical work connected with this Order, in a place concealed . . . that I will keep secret this inner Rosicrucian Knowledge . . . that I will only perform any practical magic before the uninitiated which is of a simple and already well-known nature, and that I will show them no secret mode of working whatsoever. . . .

תפארת. I further solemnly promise and swear that, with the Divine permission, I will from this day forward apply myself unto the Great Work, which is so to purify and exalt my spiritual Nature that with the Divine Aid I may at length attain to be more than human, and thus gradually rise and unite myself to my higher and divine Genius, and that in this event I will not abuse the Great Power entrusted unto me.

נצח. I furthermore solemnly pledge myself never to work at any important Symbol or Talisman without first invoking the Highest Divine Names connected therewith; and especially not to debase my knowledge of Practical Magic to purposes of Evil. . . .

חוד. I further promise always to . . . display brotherly love and forbearance towards the members of the whole Order. . . .

יסוד. I also undertake to work unassisted at the subjects prescribed for study in the various practical grades. . . .

מלכות. Finally, if in my travels I should meet a stranger who professes to be a member of the Rosicrucian Order, I will examine him with care, before acknowledging him to be so.

[The obligation being finished, the Chain of Humility and the Robe of Mourning are removed from the Aspirant, and the *Third Adept* completes the *First Point* by communicating verbally the following history of the Order of the Rose and Cross to the Aspirant:]

Know then, O Aspirant, that the mysteries of the Rose and Cross have existed from time immemorial, and that its mystic rites were practised, and its hidden knowledge communicated in the initiations of the various races of antiquity—Egypt, Eleusis, and Samothrace; Persia, Chaldea, and India alike cherished its mysteries, and thus handed down to posterity the Secret Wisdom of the Ancient Ages. Many were its

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Temples, and among many nations were they established; though in process of time some lost the purity of their primal knowledge. Howbeit the manner of its introduction into medieval Europe was thus:

In 1378 was born the chief and originator of our Fraternity in Europe. He was of a noble German family, but poor, and (1383) in the fifth year of his age, was he placed in a cloister, where he learned both Greek and Latin.

1393. While yet a youth he accompanied a certain brother P.A.L. in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but the latter dying at Cyprus, he himself went on to Damascus. There was then in Arabia a Temple of our Order, which was called by the Hebrew name of Damcar (דמכר), that is, Blood of the Lamb. Here he was duly initiated, and took the mystic title of C.R.C., Christian Rosenkreutz or Christian Rosy Cross. He there so far improved his knowledge of the Arabian tongue, that in the following year he translated the book "M" into Latin, which he afterwards brought back with him to Europe.

1396. After three years he went into Egypt, where was another temple of our Order; there he remained for a time, still studying the mysteries of nature.

1398. After this he travelled by sea to the city of Fessa or Fez. . . . Of the Fraternity at Fez, he confessed that they had not retained our knowledge in its primal purity, and that their Kabbalah was to a certain extent altered to their religion, yet nevertheless he learned much there.

1400. After a stay of two years, he came back into Spain, where he endeavoured to reform the errors of the learned according to the pure knowledge which he had received; but it was to them a laughing matter, and they reviled and rejected him, even as the prophets of old were rejected.

1402. Thus also was he treated by those of his own and other nations, when he showed them the errors in religion which had crept in. So after five years' residence in Germany (1408) he initiated thereof his former monastic brethren, Fratres G.V., I.A., and I.O., who had more knowledge than many others at that time, and by these four was made the foundation of the Fraternity in Europe. These worked and studied at the writings and other knowledge which C.R.C. had brought with him, and by them was some of the magical language transcribed. . . .

1409. The four Fratres also erected a building to serve for the Temple and Headquarters of their Order, and called it "Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum" or "College of the Holy Spirit." . . .

1410. They initiated four others, namely, Fratres R.C., the son of the deceased father's brother of C.R.C.; B., a skilful artist; G.G.; and P.D., who was to be Cancellarius; all being Germans, except I.A., and now eight in number.

Their agreement was:

(1) That none of them should profess any other thing but to cure the sick, and that gratis.

THE EQUINOX

(2) That they should not be constrained to wear any particular distinctive dress, but therein to follow the custom of the country.

(3) That every year on the day “Corpus Christi” they should meet at the Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum or write cause of absence.

(4) That every one should look for some worthy person of either sex, who after his decease might succeed him.

(5) The word R.C. to be their mark, seal, and character.

(6) The Fraternity to remain secret 100 years.

Five of the brethren were to travel in different countries, and two to remain with Christian Rosenkreutz.

[The *Second Adept* then takes up the Narrative:]

... The discovery then of the Vault of the Adepts, wherein that highly illuminated man of God, our Father, Christian Rosenkreutz was buried, occurred as follows:

1600. After Frater A. died in Gallia Narbonensi, there succeeded in his place Frater N.N.; he, while repairing a part of the Building of the College of the Holy Spirit,

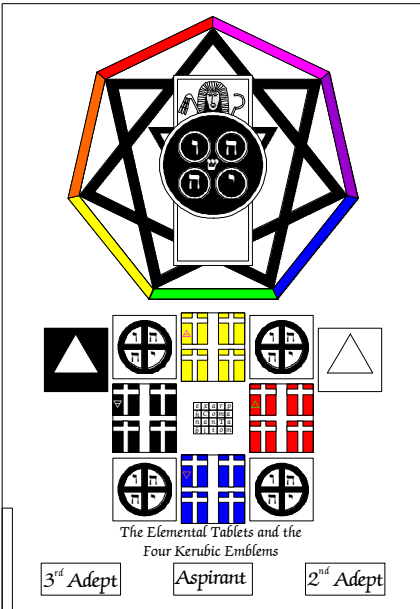


DIAGRAM 69.

The Temple in the Second Point of the
5th=6th Ritual.

The *Second* and *Third Adepts* are outside the Vault.

The Elemental and Kerubic Figures hang outside the door of the Vault.

endeavoured to remove a brass memorial tablet, which contained the names of certain brethren and some other things. In this tablet was the head of a long and strong nail or bolt, so that when the tablet was forcibly wrenched away, it pulled with it a large stone, which thus partially uncovered a secret door, upon which was inscribed “POST CXX ANNOS PATEBO.” ...

[The Aspirant then leaves the Portal of the Vault and the First Point is at an end.]

Second Point.

[The *Chief Adept* lies in the Pastos upon his back in full regalia; the complete symbol of the Rose and Cross on his breast hung by double phoenix collar; arms crossed on breast, not hiding symbol; hands rest on shoulders bearing scourge and crook; between them and under them the Taro.

The lid of the Pastos is closed and the Altar stands over its centre.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Aspirant is admitted, and the Second Adept explains to him the symbolism of the door, ending by saying:]

Forget not, therefore, that the Tablets and Kerubim are the guardians of the Vault of the Adepts. Let thy tongue keep silent on our mysteries, and restrain even the thoughts of thy heart, lest a bird of the air should carry the matter.

[The *Third Adept* then points out to the Aspirant that beneath the letters CXX he will find the following ✠ ✧ ✠ which is equivalent to “Post annos Lux Crucis Patebo” —“At the end of the years, I, the Light of the Cross, will disclose myself.” . . .

(The door of the Vault is then opened.)

[The “Second Adept” then points out to the Aspirant that the Vault is lit by the rays of the symbolic Rose, and that in the middle of the Vault stands the circular Altar* with these devices: A.G.R.C., “Ad Gloriam Rosae Crucis;” or A.C.R.G., “Ad Crucis Rosae Gloriam,” followed by “Hoc Universi Compendium Unius Mihi Sepulchrum Feci,” *i.e.*, “Unto the Glory of the Rosy Cross, I have constructed this Sepulchre for myself as a compendium of the Universal Unity.” The rest of the Altar Symbolism is explained in the diagram. After this explanation a prayer is offered up, and the *Third Adept* hands to the Aspirant the chain from the Altar, bidding him accept it as a bond of “suffering and self-sacrifice.” The *Second Adept* takes the dagger and cup from the Altar, and, dipping the dagger in the cup, marks a cross on the Aspirant’s forehead, after which he hands to the Aspirant the rose-cross symbol. Then the *Third Adept* opens the upper half of the Pastos, and says:]

And the Light shineth in the Darkness; but the Darkness comprehendeth it not.

[The *Second Adept* then orders the Aspirant to touch with his wand the rose and cross upon the breast of the form before him and say, “Out of the darkness let the light arise.”]

[The *Chief Adept*, without moving, says:]

Buried with that LIGHT in a mystical Death, rising again in a mystical resurrection, Cleansed and Purified through him our MASTER, O Brother of the Cross of the Rose! Like him, O Adepts of all ages, have ye toiled; like him have ye suffered Tribulation. Poverty, Torture, and Death have ye passed through. They have been but the purification of the Gold.

In the Alembic of thine Heart,
Through the Athanor of Affliction,
Seek thou the true stone of the Wise.

* * * * *

Quit thou this Vault, then, O Aspirant, with thine arms crossed upon thy breast, bearing in thy right hand the Crook of Mercy and in thy left hand the Scourge of Severity,† the emblems of those Eternal Forces, betwixt which in equilibrium the

* See Diagram 79.

† See Diagram 74.

THE EQUINOX

Universe dependeth: these forces whose reconciliation is the Key of Life, whose separation is evil and Death. . . .

[The *Third Adept* then continues Frater N.N.'s narrative, in which are mentioned the names of the early brothers. He ends by saying:]

Ex Deo Nascimur; In Jesu Morimur; Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus.

[The Pastos is then closed and the Aspirant quits the Vault, which is made ready for the third part of the Ceremony.]

Third Point.

(The Temple is arranged as in Diagram.)

[The Third Point commences as follows:]

Second Adept: and lo! Two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at the foot, where the body of the Master had lain; who said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Chief Adept: I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me, shall never die.

Second Adept: Behold the Image [directing attention to lower half of lid*] of the Justified One, crucified on the Cross of the Infernal Rivers of Death, and thus rescuing Malkuth from the Folds of the Red Dragon.

Third Adept: And being turned [directing attention to upper half] I saw seven golden light-bearers, and in the midst of the seven light-bearers, one like unto the Ben Adam, clothed with a garment down unto the foot, and girt with golden girdle. His head and His hair were white as snow, and His eyes as flaming fire. His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters. And He had in His right hand Seven Stars, and out of His Mouth went the Sword of Flame, and His countenance was as thoe sun in its strength.

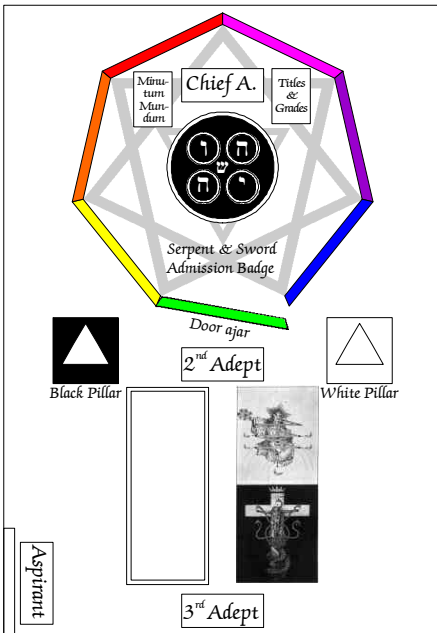


DIAGRAM 70.

The Temple in the Third Point of the
 $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ Ritual.

Chief Adept: I am the First and I am the Last, I am He that liveth but was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and hold the keys of Hell and of Death.

* See Diagram 71.

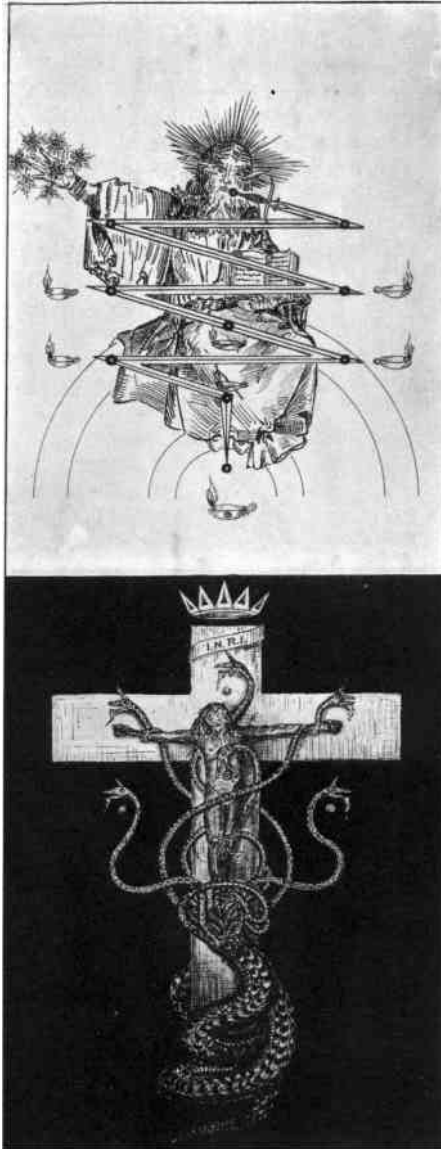


DIAGRAM 71.
The Lid of the Pastos.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

[The *Second* and *Third Adepts* lead the *Aspirant* into the *Vault*; all kneel save the *Chief Adept*, who, extending his arms, says:]

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. I am the Purified, I have passed through the Gates of Darkness unto Light, I have fought upon Earth for Good, I have finished my Work, I have entered into the Invisible. I am the Sun in his rising. I have passed through the hour of cloud and of night. I am Amoun, the Concealed One, the Opener of the Day. I am Osiris Onnophris, the Justified One. I am the Lord of Life triumphant over Death, there is no part of Me that is not of the Gods. I am the Preparer of the Pathway; the Rescuer unto the Light.

Out of the Darkness let that Light arise!

[At these words the *Aspirant* and the two *Adepts* bow their heads and say:]

Before I was blind, but now I see.

[Then the *Chief Adept* says:]

I am the Reconciler with the Ineffable, I am the Dweller of the Invisible; let the white Brilliance of the Divine Spirit descend. [A short pause.] Arise now an *Adeptus Minor* of the Rose of Ruby and Cross of Gold, in the Sign of Osiris Slain.

[The *Chief Adept* then explains to the *Aspirant* the Mystic number of this Grade — 21; the Pass-word Eheieh (𐤀𐤋𐤁𐤉𐤇); and the Key-word, INRI, after which he explains to him the diagram of the *Minutum Mundum* as follows:]

Behold the diagram of “*Minutum Mundum Sive Fundamentum Coloris*”— “The Small Universe or the Foundation of Color.” Treasure it in thine heart and mark it well, seeing that therein is the Key of Nature. It is as thou seest the Diagram of the *Sephiroth* and *Paths*, with the appropriate colours attributed thereto. See that thou reveal it not to the profane, for many and great are its mysteries.

Kether is the highest of all; and therein scintillates the Divine White Brilliance, concerning which it is not fitting that I should speak more fully.

Chokmah is Grey (opalescent), the mixture of colours.

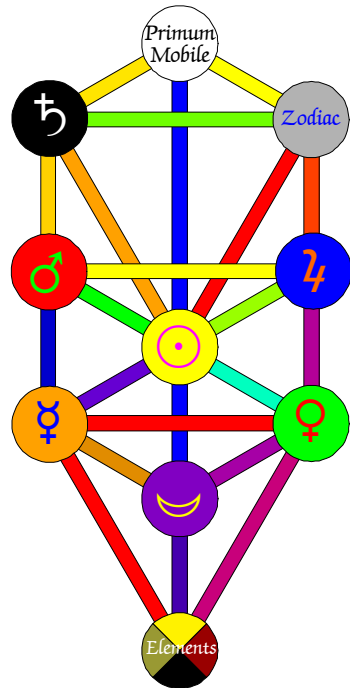


DIAGRAM 71.
Minutum Mundum.

THE EQUINOX

Binah is darkness (iridescence, black-opal), the absorption of colours; and thus is the Supernal Triad completed.

In Kether is the root of Golden Glory, and thence is the Yellow reflected into Tiphereth.

In Chokmah is the root of Blue, and this is reflected into Chesed.

In Binah is the root of Red, and this is reflected into Geburah, and thus is the first reflected Triad completed.

The beams of Chesed and Tiphereth meet in Netzach and yield Green.

The beams of Geburah and Tiphereth meet in Hod and yield Orange-tawny. The beams of Chesed and Geburah fall in Jesod and yield Purple, and thus is the third Triad completed.

And from the rays of the third Triad are these three colours shown in Malkuth, together with a fourth, which is their synthesis.

For from the Orange-tawny of Hod and the greening nature of Netzach is reflected a certain greenish Citron—Citrine.

From the Orange-tawny of mixed with the Puce of Yesod, proceedeth a Red-russet brown-Russet.

And from the Green and the Puce there cometh a certain other darkening Green—Olive.

And the synthesis of all these is blackness and bordereth upon the Qliphoth.

But the colours of the 22 Paths are derived from and find their root in those of the first reflected Triad of the Sephiroth (the three Supernals otherwise not entering into their composition), and thus are their positive colours formed.

Unto Air, ♁, is ascribed the yellow colour of Tiphereth.

Unto Water, ♃, is ascribed the blue colour of Chesed.

Unto Fire, ♁, is ascribed the red colour of Geburah.

The colours of Earth are to be found in Malkuth.

Those of the planets are in the Rainbow thus:

♄ Saturn.	Indigo.	♀ Venus.	Green.
♃ Jupiter	Violet.	☿ Mercury.	Yellow.
♂ Mars.	Scarlet.	♃ Luna.	Blue.
♁ Sol.	Orange.		

Unto the signs of the Zodiac are ascribed the following:

♈ Aries.	Scarlet.	♎ Libra.	Emerald.
♉ Taurus.	Red-Orange.	♏ Scorpio.	Greenish Blue.
♊ Gemini.	Orange.	♐ Sagittarius.	Deep Blue.
♋ Cancer.	Amber.	♑ Capricornus.	Indigo.
♌ Leo.	Greenish Yellow.	♒ Aquarius.	Violet.
♍ Virgo.	Yellow-Green.	♓ Pisces.	Crimson.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Further, thou wilt observe that the Colours of the Paths and the Sephiroth form a mutual balance and harmony in the Tree. . . .

[The *Chief Adept* then greets the newly made adeptus Minor with the name of *Frater Hodos Chamelionis*.

The *Second Adept* then explains the colours of the Crook and the Scourge, pointing out that the Crook is divided into the Colours symbolic of Kether, Air, Chokmah, Taurus, Chesed, Leo, Aries, Tiphereth, Capricornus and Hod. And the Scourge into those colours symbolising Netzach, Scorpio, Tiphereth, Gemini, Binah, Cancer, Geburah and Water.

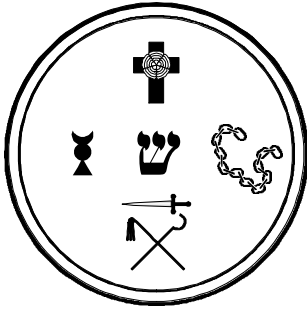


DIAGRAM 73.
The Emblems on the Altar.

The *Third Adept* then explains the Admission badge of the Sword and the Serpent, saying:]

. . . The one is descending, the other ascending; the one is Fixed, the other is the Volatile; the one unites the Sephiroth and the other the Paths. Furthermore in the Serpent of Wisdom is shown the ascending spiral, and in the Sword the rush of the descending White Brilliance from beyond Kether. . . .

[This explanation being finished, the *Chief Adept*

leads the Aspirant to the Diagram of the Mystic Titles and Grades, and says:]

This is the symbolic mountain of God in the centre of the Universe, the Sacred Rosicrucian Mountain of Initiation, the Mystic Mountain of the Caverns, even the Mountain of Abiegnus.

[This diagram shows a mountain crowned with light, and surrounded with darkness. At its base is the wall of Secrecy, whose sole gate is formed by the two pillars of Hermes. The ascent of the mountain is made by the Serpent of Wisdom.

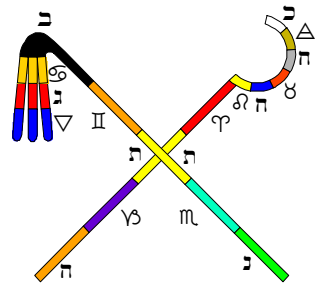


DIAGRAM 74.
The Crook and Scourge.

The explanation of this diagram being concluded, the *Second* and *Third Adepts* remove the Altar, and the *Chief Adept* completes the Third Point by instructing the Aspirant in the mystic symbolism of the Vault itself, as follows:]

The Vault consists of three principal parts:

- (1) The Ceiling, a brilliant white.
- (2) the Heptagonal walls, of seven colours.
- (3) The Floor, chiefly black.

The ceiling consists of a triangle, enclosing a Rose of twenty-two petals surrounded by a heptagram. On the triangle are the three Supernal Sephiroth, and in the heptangle the seven lower ones.

THE EQUINOX

The Floor is black, having upon it also a triangle enclosed with a heptagram, bearing the titles of the Averse and Evil Sephiroth as shown by the Great Red Dragon with seven heads. In the midst of the Evil Triangle is the rescuing symbol of the Golden Cross united to the Red Rose of forty-nine petals. . . . “But the Whiteness above shineth the brighter for the Blackness which is beneath, and thus mayest thou at length comprehend that even the evil helpeth forward the good.”

“And between that Light and that Darkness vibrate the seven colours of the Rainbow,” which are shown forth in the seven walls, each of which consists of forty squares representing the ten Sephiroth; the four Cherubim; the Eternal Spirit; the three Alchemic Principles; the three Elements; the seven Planets, and the twelve Signs.

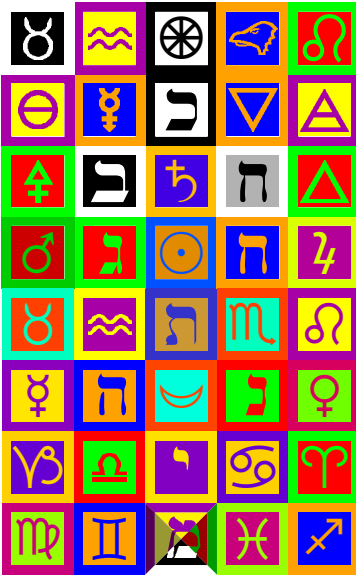


DIAGRAM 75.
The Wall of the Vault.

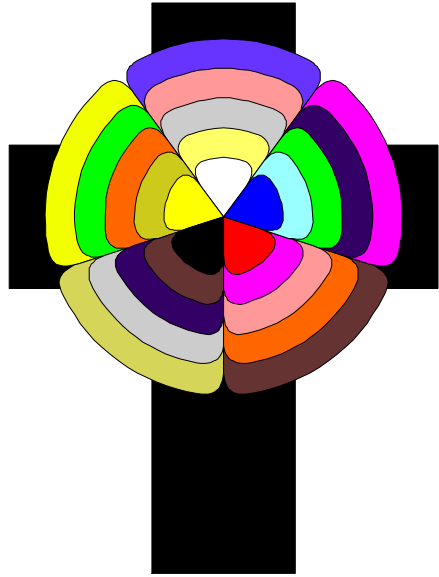


DIAGRAM 76.
The Black Calvary Cross.

Upon the Altar is placed the Black Calvary Cross charged with a rose of twenty-five petals representing the counterchanged action of the Spirit and the four Elements.

[All quit Vault.]

[The *Chief Adept* then points out that the head end of the Pastos is white and is charged with a Golden Greek Cross and red rose of forty-nine petals,* that the Foot is black, with a white Calvary Cross and Circle upon a pedestal or Da's of three steps,

* See Diagram 80.



DIAGRAM 77.
The Ceiling of the Vault.



DIAGRAM 78.
The Floor of the Vault.



DIAGRAM 79.
The Circular Altar.



DIAGRAM 80.
The Rose and Cross.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and that on the sides are depicted the twenty-two colours of the paths between Light and Darkness.

The Chief then gives the Aspirant the grip of this grade and the Third Point is finished.]

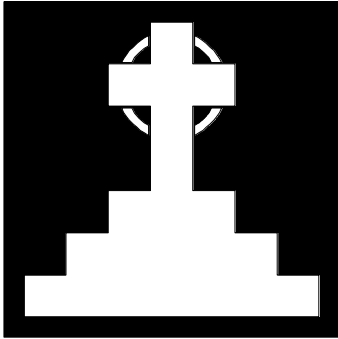


DIAGRAM 81.

The Cross at the Foot of the Pastos.

THE CLOSING

[The *Chief Adept* asks the very honoured Frateres and Sorores to help him close the Vault of the Adepts, and then says as he rises and closes the door:]

“Post centum viginti annos patebo.” Thus have I closed the Vault of the Adepts, in the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus.

Third Adept: Ex Deo Nascimur.

Second Adept: In Jeheshuah Morimur.

Chief Adept: Per Sanctum Spiritum Reviviscimus.

[All present give the LVX sign in silence.]

The following explanation of the above ritual by P. we give below in its entirety, for it is a great help in properly understanding the 5°=6° Ceremony. The reader must, however, bear in mind that it was not written till nearly three years after the present date, and this fact no doubt accounts for several Eastern expressions of thought creeping in.

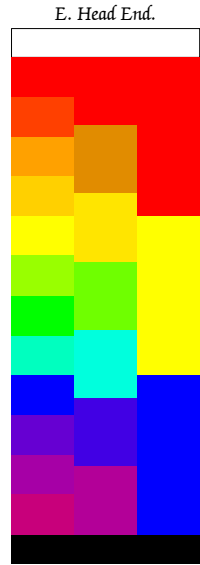


DIAGRAM 82.
The Side of the Pastos.

FRATER P.'S SKETCH FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THE 5°=6° RITUAL OF ADEPTUS MINOR.

In this Grade there are three officers:

Isis, Apophis, (replaced by Horus) and Osiris.
Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth.

Yet their functions are in a sense counterchanged, the Chief Adept representing

THE EQUINOX

Osiris in the main ceremony, and the Third Adept reflecting the benignant character of Isis.

The knocks which open the ceremony are seven, as it is written: "He made them Six; and for the seventh He cast into the midst of them the Fire of the Sun." For Tiphereth $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ is a Solar degree.

After this the signs are given and the portal is guarded in the usual manner; for the intention in all the grades is identical, namely, that of harmonising the temple with the ceremony.

THE FIRST VIBRATION.

Not only are the knocks symbolic of the Hexagram as above; but they refer to the moving of the Divine Spirit of Fire upon the Waters. For this is the First Breath of the Light, a brooding thereof.

THE SECOND VIBRATION.

The Second appearance of the Light is as a flash of Lightning; the Flaming Sword. This is shown by 21, the number of Eheieh, the Divine Name of Kether; then the Tiphereth symbol of the Vault; and last the centre of the Earth affirmed in turn.

This descent from Kether to Malkuth formulates the Flaming Sword, and thus is the Light invoked in the second place.

The Seal is IAO, IHShVH= $17 + 326 = 343 = 7 \times 7 \times 7$, *i.e.*, 7 made into a cube, the formation of the Stone of the Wise from the seven-fold regimen, and the fixation of the Wanderers (the seven planets, or of the volatile.). 777 = One is She the Ruach Elohim of Lives, and the Flaming Sword, and Olahm ha Qliphoth.

Moreover 17 is the Svastika and IHShVH—the Pentagram again, the marriage of Isis and Osiris (as shown by the signs in the key-word).

Now the Flaming Sword is a swift and transitory symbol; the solidity and permanence of Light is given in the pyramidal symbol. But the Flaming Sword is always the Beginning after the Ruach Elohim hath moved upon the surface of the waters; as here, so in the further ritual.

Further, they being now in Tiphereth, they will formulate that which is Kether in Tiphereth, the Rose and Cross.

The Key to the Vault is the Rose and Cross—Life. That which is alive is buried there: not that which is dead in very truth. Also we must first be crucified. Also the Rose and Cross resumes INRI.

Now INRI conceals IAO, and IAO besides its Apophis signification (for IAO is the Gnostic Name of the Most High IAIDA) is Amoun descending—He, the Concealed One! when Isis and Osiris are united. It is the Ankh which is held in the hand of Chesed, and reveals the man whose majesty is that of the ten Sephiroth (which are combined in the Ankh);* but in a passive way. This and the wands are the

* See Diagram 61.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

correlatives of the Serpent and the Sword; for the Sword is active, the Serpent passive, while the active Wand* in each case is of the paths, and the passive Ankh of the Sephiroth. The Ankh is held by the Kether band, seeing that to Kether alone should we hold fast in the passive reception of light (passive because it is held in the left hand); in order to project light, &c, we have a wand in our *right* hand, and this is held in different ways for different purposes. On the breast, Tiphereth in equilibrium, we have the twenty-two letters as a rose; the nine Planets, five Elements and three Alchemicals as a Cross (39= IHVH + AChD), in all sixty-one symbols,† *i.e.*, the AIN (= 61) is thus denoted. The Rose and Cross being united, they bring down into the centre of all the Divine White Brilliance of Kether, in which is shown another Rose Cross, no longer of divided light, but Ruby of the Holy Spirit; of Gold, the Glory of the Light; of Green rays because Isis shines forth—a new Creation. This higher Rose Cross is again the mystery of the Higher Genius descending into Kether, when the Lower is in Tiphereth established. For in all things are higher and lower; *e.g.*, Binah, Chesed and Hod are all Water, but in a different manner and degree.‡

THE WANDS.§

Isis hath the wand of Thoth, its head being in Kether and its bands showing ⓂⓃ , = ⓂⓃⓂⓃ , which shows Chesed Ⓜ as summing the Supernals.¶

Horus hath the wand of Osiris his Father.

Osiris hath the wand of Isis his Mother.

Note especially ♀ in Ⓜ : The Thoth-wand for Isis.

⊙ in Ⓜ : The Osiris-wand for Horus.

♀ in Ⓜ : The Isis-wand for Osiris.

All are thus linked with the Higher. Also we add ♀ Ⓜ ⊙ Ⓜ ♀ Ⓜ and obtain $231 = 0 + 1 + \dots + 21 =$ the Sum of the Numbers of the Keys of the Tarot. Further, Amoun—the Winged Globe—is again shown when Isis and Osiris are united. Further, $5 + 9 + 14$ (the bands on the wands)=28 Power Ⓜ , for these are the total of the Bands thereon.

Also the Globe is Light, the Phoenix Life, the Lotus Love. (Symbol of Binary, The *Prong*, see Dante. This prong points downwards. Arms of Typhon in 16th key.) They also show the development of creation (Lotus wand) operated by rebirth (Phoenix wand), presided over by the Kerubic working and the Everlasting wings (Chief Adept's wand).

* The Three Wands contain the twenty-two Paths. See Diagrams 64, 65, 66.

† See Diagram 63.

‡ See Diagram 63.

§ See Diagrams 64, 65, 66.

¶ The Three Supernals are in a way summed up in Chesed, Ⓜ being the dividing line. || Not ♂ in Ⓜ .

THE EQUINOX

We now turn to the important symbolism of the number 120. It is **סמח** and the arrow hieroglyph which has been sufficiently explained in Z. and the Portal Ritual. It emphasises the Pentagram formula,* that only the purified man IHShVH can enter here. Also $120 = 4 \times 5 \times 6$ (Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth). It is 12, HVA, divided in the 10 Sephiroth. In Coptic, IHO= 120 by shape = **ⲙⲣ Ⲣⲓ ⲨⲔ** = Yetziratically 85 = a flower or cup. The previous symbols have formulated the Rainbow, and this is the arrow cleaving them. The *Chief Adept* now begins a new vibration with a knock, the shrine and Adepts having formulated the Great Work. This second vibration may be read hieroglyphically as follows:

By the Sephiroth and the Paths we work; the Rose and Cross united, we are; and Kether is in our Tiphereths by Light, Life, and Love, reached by the path cleaving the Rainbow.

This, therefore, seals all present as adepts, and also serves to equilibrate perfectly the Vault for reception of the light, while also formulating the first beginnings of that Light.

THE THIRD VIBRATION.

All face East to salute the rising sun. The door is opened wide, since the great Work is formulated, and the three Adepts formulate by their position the Triangle of the Supernals, as if it descended from the Roof of the Vault. Then by joining their Wands and Ankhs they formulate the Pyramid—(is not this Vault of Abiegnus the Chamber of the King in the Great Pyramid of Cheops?)—the most stable of forms, the three showing forth the four, since the Triangles form a tetrahedron. For **ⲙⲛⲨ** occultly spelleth 741 = **שמהש**. Also the Pyramid = $4 \times 3 = 12$ HVA. Thus also each hath 3 letters of 3 words, but all together seal each 3 within a fourth, the synthesis of the 3.

Note also: ♀ = Fire in **היה**, ♂ is the Water Cherub. That he is Amoun also is shown by the Eagle whose wings are those of the Winged Globe. The Sun shineth in the Air.†

But in the signs they are united first of all in the Sign of Light, +. The LVX differentiates this light, as is explained in the Ritual itself.

First Point.

Know ye that the whole Object of the Ritual is to unite the Postulant with Osiris, represented by the Chief Adept, save when he again taketh his Wand and Ankh and instructeth the Postulant, and is Isis, the Revealer of the Mysteries.

In the first point the Chief Adept does not appear. He is the slain and hidden Osiris in the nether world.

Therefore the Postulant in order to be identified with him must be slain. He is

* That is, $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 = 120$.

† These three are united in the fourth—Earth, because the second **ⲙ** is the Earthy sign of Virgo.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

also to be put though the IAO formula of Creation, Death and Resurrection, in a lesser way, interwoven with the greater. Thus his first admission is of *mourning*.

The *Second Adept* is still Horus.

But the *Third Adept* is now Anubis.

Introducing Adept is still Themis.

They are, as it were, the guardians of the body of the slain Osiris. For initials ρ , c and θ see Z. explanation in $0^\circ=0^\circ$ Ritual. A , (Knock) commences the new Vibration.

He is prepared by Themis.

The alarm of , , , , , places the 4 before the 1, and Anubis at once challenges.

The Aspirant, not waiting for his Higher Self (θ) to speak, assumes the Horus formula (wearing his lamén), and seeketh to take by force the Kingdom of Heaven.

Horus arises as it were insulted. He, the chief Guardian of the Tomb—shall this one enter, the not even initiated?

The Sword and Serpent are given back to him, but not yet united as in the Rose Cross. He is therefore clothed in black to show his uninitiated state and the darkness in which he walks; his hands are bound; the middle pillar only is free; yet is there also a chain about his neck, the binding of Daäth,* so that the Higher and Lower Wills may connect. But his Tiphereth is not bound: his Lower Will must of itself aspire. This time is *One Knock* given as it were for very feebleness of nature, yet formulating Kether.

The Higher Self now speaks for Postulant, and they are admitted by the Aspiration of Postulant (Serpent) and the Divine Light descending in answer (Flaming Sword), as it is written “While he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and ran——.” He hath returned, showing the value of persistent Will. The Serpent and Flaming Sword are Wisdom and Strength, the slow but subtle movement of the Serpent, the rush of the Lightning flash, caring naught for obstacles.

These conjoint are 32,† that is, the joining of Arikh and Zaur Anpin in AHIHVH (32). And 32= ChZIZ (lightnings) ZKH (was pure) and LB (heart); also LB = $\underline{\Omega}$ ☿ —the Equilibration of Creation. Also, though the force of his obligation is shown as binding,—note well that it is also that force which admits him. The Aspirant cannot even kneel without help.

Prayer of the Second Adept

Formulates Chesed, Geburah, and Tiphereth, the Triangle Water, and finally Kether, as it is written: “and the Ruach Elohim moved upon the face of the waters.” This is an invocation of the higher and the first formulation of the Light in the Postulate (*cf.* Opening—the Knock).

* Daäth prevents his lower will connecting with his higher will.

† The Sword, the Ten Sephiroth. The Serpent, the Twenty-two letters; together the Thirty-two paths.

THE EQUINOX

His hands are unbound that he may help himself. The humility lesson is formulated in Ruach, and Daäth is rebuked openly (as chain does so occultly).

Aspirant must rise unaided; and the only help his initiators can give him is to force him to kneel.

Charge to Aspirant.

Black is not only evil; it is the “charge” (*i.e.*, flashing colour) of Spirit. Fraternal pity is formulated, as well as sympathy.

The 120 (Sagittarius) is then formulated in Aspirant. Note that the Opening Symbolism, as it were, foreshadows that of the Ritual proper. This formula is also one of equilibration: *vide* explanation of the 14th Key in the Portal Ritual. The 3 and 7 are united in Aspirant, and also the 12. Thus is his Rose (22) formulated, while the five grades formulate his Cross (5 squares).

The Aspirant is now the purified man, in touch with his Jechidah, *but in Kether only as yet.*

His crucifixion equilibrates as well as binds, and formulates occultly the LVX.

The purpose of his consenting is to raise the Rose Cross, *i.e.*, to bring redemption unto men.

The adjuration to HVA follows, after which the Obligation, which consists of ten clauses, corresponding to the ten Sephiroth. The Kether of the man speaking binds the nine lower Sephiroth:

Chokmah, which would (in its failure, since everything but Kether has an evil aspect) lack purity (by its duality; and devotion and service (by opposing itself to Kether).

Binah, which would unveil mysteries.

Chesed, which would rebel against authority and be slack in exercising it.

Geburah, which would display its strength and boast thereof.

Tiphereth, which would be normally the mere human Will.

Netzach, which would fall unless Divine Names aided it; *vide* 4°=7° Altar Diagram, and Nogah is *natural* splendour, a mere bubble.

Hod, which would talk and lie; its positive promise is sexual; for Mercury is hermaphrodite.

Jesod, which is solid and sluggish, and would be idle and content with what it had done.

Malkuth, which needs one to point out illusory nature of matter, and tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

The Stigmata.

Formulate the LVX Cross. *Cf.* Ateh, Malkuth, ve Geburah, ve Gedulah, le' Olahm, AMEN. (The Stigmata being formed by touching the forehead, feet, right hand, left hand and heart.)

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Thus the Sephiroth are equilibrated in both directions as in the Equinox Ritual.*

The Versicles will be seen to be very appropriate to each Sephira. This application of the Stigmata fixes the Light, as the Flaming Sword is a transitory Symbol (see Opening).

The Aspirant may now resume his emblems; after which Themis commemorates the Life and Death of Osiris under the figure of Christian Rosenkreutz, as it were.

The Morning of Isis. For Aspirant being now *dead*, Isis mourneth for him. But Aspirant also mourneth, that L sign may be formulated in him. She points out Rose Cross as an external emblem of the Completion of the Great Work. In the life of Jesus Christ the Master, the most notable events are—he is cloistered at 5; when 30 he takes disciples and begins ministrations. When 32 (paths and Sephiroth) he takes 4 others and is the One among the 7 (or the 3 and the 4=12). At 106 he dies (106 is !attained! and 77 11).

The symbolism of 120 having been accomplished, his tomb is found. This is the tomb of the Postulant.

(Note Geomantic Angelic Symbolism of IAO and INRI.)

The L Sign is the Svastika. (See Z in 0°=0° Ritual for meaning.) Also Svastika hath 17 squares showing IAO synthetical.† And the Svastika includeth the Cross, “even as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew,” &c. &c. (Cry of 29th Æthyr.)‡ The Cubical Svastika hath 78 faces = Tarot and Mezla. It is also 8 = Air and Zero. It shows the Initiation of a Whirling Force.

The V sign is that of Apophis and Typhon. It is the Y of Pythagoras; it is the arms flung up of the drowning man and therefore = 12th key and 12. It is also the Horns of the mediaeval Devil. It shows the binding and apparent death of the force, without which it cannot come to any perfection.

The X sign is that of the Pentagram. It showeth the Triumph of the Light. It is 10 descended, and therefore Fire. Moreover the Pentagram formulateth the 10 Sephiroth. (Is not the Flaming Sword the Pentagram unwound?) It is the final rise in perfect equilibrium of the force.

The whole is LVX. Showing the Light imperfect, until it hath descended into Hell. (Sowing—waiting—reaping. Cyst reproduction of some simple animals. Hibernation, &c.) The arms are stretched out and then refolded—effort and peace. The Cross Sign shows 12: and all four are thus AMThSh and AMN. The Vibrations pass with the Sun, of course.

The Light being thus fixed in the Vault, all leave the same and the seal is given.

Second Point.

The Vault is opened in Tiphereth symbols in three words of three, four, and five letters each, (the Triangle, the Cross and the Pentagram), though IHSVH shows Pentagram INRI, Rose Cross, and conceals Cross, the Lux.

* A Golden Dawn Ritual omitted here for lack of space. † = 6 + 1 + 10 = 17.

‡ See “The Elemental Calls of Dr. Dee.”

THE EQUINOX

Note very carefully the interchanging symbols of the Adepti throughout. They are not separate, but overlap; and this shows the absolute necessity of a fraternal and sympathetic feeling. All repeat signs, as all partake of the Lux. The Postulant, bearing the wand of Isis, may pass within the gate of Isis (Venus). Also he bears the Ankh.

The Postulant is led into the Vault; and he thus beginneth to tread down the forces of evil, which, be it well remembered, support him.

He is placed in the North as in $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$, but here he is not in the sign ♃ (redemption), but of ♁ ; for he is dead or disintegrated into his component parts. Also, as shown by *Libertas Evangelii*, he is in the position of free choice—his Lower Will must decide the result. The Seven are about him—the Universe watches his choice. Note the $7 \times 40 = 280$ symbolism. For 280 is Sandalphon, who in $1^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$ made him a path: it is also MNTzPK, the five letters of Severity and judgment, and מך , terror, also מך , the angel of the wood of the world of Assiah, since the greater part of it is sterile trees.

The *Third Adept* is on the southern side of the Pastos—Themis as *Legis Jugum*, and Horus in the Fire position. Nobody is in the quarter of Air, where wait the other fragments of Postulant: his Nephesch being thus ready to be glorified.

The attention of the Postulant is at once called to the Roof; his Lower Will looketh upwards, and he sees at last the *Invisible Light*.

The Altar shows: (1) The Great Work as the compendium of Unity; (2) IHSVH Symbol accomplishing this and expanded within into five circles. This shows that the five principles of man must be united perfectly.*

The Lion and ♁ with the Rose Cross represents the First Cause, the Dawn, the Virgin Mother, and the Great Work. *Nequaquam Vaccum*† shows that “Before Abraham was, I am!”

The Eagle and ♃ with the Cup represent the Blood shed for the remission of sins, and the Chalice of the Stoistes. *Libertas Evangelii* shows free-will.

The Man with ♃ and the dagger shows the *last Result*. ♃ is ♃ , the redemption. The Dagger is the means. For *Dei Gloria Intacta* is the end of all.

And the Bull with ♁ and Chain shows the Burial and the Earth, Life and Labour which accomplish all these things. *Legis Jugum* shows Destiny balancing free-will.

* JECHIDAH

(Spirit)

NESCHAMAH CHIAH

(Water) (Fire)

RUACH

(Air)

NEPHESCH

(Earth).

† That is: nowhere a void. The other mottoes mean: the Freedom of the Gospel, the Unsullied Glory of God; and the Yoke of the Law respectively.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

In the midst is ☩ and the Incense: now Incense requires Air, Fire, Water and Earth for its being: thus the whole table is shown in ☩ as the combination and centre of all, being the glory of the Vast Countenance.

All this is brilliant and flashing: *i.e.*, equilibrated in itself and therefore a fit recipient of the Flashing Light: and brilliance is purity and energy.

Now all kneel down and the Higher is again invoked. Postulant is fixed in Tiphereth and looking up to Kether. He again rejoices that he hath been crucified. Justice ariseth and taketh from him his Kether-wand and Ankh, and his own hands put the chain upon his neck, the symbol of earth and burial therein; and the Supreme Hour of Apophis is upon him, as it is written: "Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani!" Also this chain of Earth refers to the great renunciation of the Ego, refusing Devachan* and reassuming incarnation: not to the renunciation of Nirvana, which the mere purified man as such is not entitled to. Note also that Postulant himself now rebukes Daäth as the Second Adept did for him in the First Point. At this moment the Aspirant is no longer dead; he enters again the earth-life, for it is the reincarnation of the soul. But he is as the child unconscious of the Adept within him, and knoweth it not. He riseth not yet glorified, but as still upon the Cross.

Themis now takes the Cup, or Lotus, and Dagger, or Cross, and the Death Symbol is dipped in the Resurrection Symbol, and the marks of LVX are again imprinted on him, as if to seal the prayer of the Second Adept. The Postulant now takes the Rose Cross and lifts it (as before for symbolism). Note also that this is the fourth element in the consecration (four pillars, &c., in $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Ritual). He then upholdeth the Rose Cross as if that were the object of his accepting the Chain. And now, having gained the right to take his Ruach with him in the Darkness, he may demand the Opening of the Pastos. The Altar is moved, "new heavens and new earth," &c. The Pastos lid also, "Osiris no longer divided into glory and suffering, but central and perfect."

The *Third Adept* gives the Postulant his Wand and Ankh, thus again uniting him to Chesed (Isis L). Also "If ye be crucified," &c., is said in marking the Chesed hand.

The *Third Adept*, "And the Light," &c.—showing Postulant that he is not dead but alive.

Accordingly *Chief Adept* reaches out his Kether-wand to that Kether-centre of the Rose Cross above him, and in that act restores himself to life and consciousness thereof.

The Higher Self descendeth for the second time and the man is united once more.

The Osiris *Chief Adept* (not yet fully glorified, but in his death alive) formulates these ideas.

The interchange of Chief Adept and Postulant now takes place completely with the change of weapons.

Chief Adept becomes Isis, and instructs the Osiris in Chesed, her symbol.

* Heaven.

THE EQUINOX

It also shows the marriage of Isis and Osiris in the tomb, or that Isis hath descended to restore her son to life. Also Isis in the Pastos shows the winter and seed-time of earth,—Isis is also Persephone, be it well remembered!

Third Adept seals all this in the Ruach and synthesises all with *Ex Deo Nascimur*, &c. &c.

The Altar and lid are restored, showing that the full glorification is not yet.

The Aspirant quits the Portal, showing that to complete the Great Work one must go out into the world and work.

Third Point.

Represents IAO, the synthesis of that three-fold work. Osiris not only risen but glorified, for IAO is the name also of the Highest, as the Gnostics do assure us.

Here then the *Chief Adept* is the glorified Osiris: the Postulant being only the risen Osiris. Again the Higher Genius is formulated. The Postulant is now well in touch with the Higher Soul in Kether; but has not yet *begun* the Great Work.

The Pastos is without, *for it will never be wanted again*. But in south-east and north-east are the Grades and Minutum Mundum; the Serpent and the Flaming Sword are on the altar, also the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus.* The Empty Pastos is shown — there, if anywhere, is a void! The Risen Osiris contemplates his tomb, when suddenly he is called into the glory by Chief Adept's voice from the place of ♀, the world of Atziluth. But he knoweth it not; only his resurrection is fixed in his mind. He is called back further to his Cross, and then again he looketh forward, and a dim presentment of glory touches him. Then only doth the Postulant's Ruach rise fully into Neschamah, and he nameth the Name of the Highest, and is forever beyond Hell and Death.

The *Second Adept* says that Akasa† (hearing) can hear Spirit. The door is flung wide open, so that no longer a dim sight of glory be, but the full wide-flowing influx of the Light, and the Osiris and his companions bend in awe and adoration at that mighty and terrible glory. Between Strength and Justice doth he kneel in the sign of his rising, and seeth again the Cross, not now of suffering, but only of Light.

The God in His glory sayeth: "I am Amoun, the Concealed One," not only Osiris the Justified.

At the coming of that Glory they bow and shade their eyes from its brilliance: for what are the Sun and Moon to abide His presence?

But now the Sun and Moon are Apollo and Artemis, Osiris and Isis; the Divine Eye is formulated from the Light of those eyes that are but as darkness, and the Osiris saith in very truth: "Before I was blind: now I see!"

* The explanation of this abstruse point has been unfortunately omitted by Frater P. This is to be regretted as the rest is so beautifully lucid.

† See 777, Cols. lv., lxxv., pp. 16, 17.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Great Light dawns, The Flashing Brilliance of the All-Pervading Spirit of the Gods descends: the Divine Spirit is upon him, and all bow in adoration of that White Glory.

The Osiris stands, and by that sign uniteth himself with that Light. He faces the West, ready to shed light upon the World, and there in the Pyramid is the Great Work accomplished; for in his heart is Kether, the Centre of light, and the Rosy Cross is in his body, *i.e.*, his Nephesh is redeemed while his Mind is ever open to the Descending Floods of the Influx from the Higher.

Now the Chief Adept is again Isis, and instructs. She formulateth AHHH and Tiphereth, and the light is finally fixed as the analysis of the Key Word, synthesising and uniting the symbolism of the entire ceremony again by the Pyramid formula.

Minutum Mundum. The Light is shown divided and balanced in the Tree.

Crook and Scourge. The Light is shown in the symbols of Osiris.

Serpent and Sword. The Light-bearers run and return.

Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus. The Abodes of Light are only reached by a steep ascent.

The Vault is then explained on Microcosm lines.

Note that 40 shows the 10 Sephiroth in the four worlds, or letters of the name.

Aspirant is now in Water, and Chief Adept in Earth, to show how complete is their interchange. Chief Adept being naturally Water, Chesed; and Aspirant, Earth.

The grip of the grade strengthens this.

Right hand above left hand shows Nephthys above Isis, the *completed* work. The wrists—the unity from which the five springs—are grasped=Kether.

The Cross (hands crossed) is the means of doing this.

Note: if you *pull* in this position you initiate a whirling force. They regain positions.

Closing.

The 120 is formulated and calleth forth the elemental Guardians. The Triangle of the Supernals is formulated, and the LVX signs close the whole with its synthetical glory, but they are given in silence, as showing forth that they have all attained unto the Peace of God which passeth understanding, to keep their hearts and minds through IHShVH our Lord.

AMEN.

By thus passing through the ritual of the 5°=6° Grade of Adeptus Minor, P., in part at least, unveiled that knowledge which he had set out in the 0°=0° ritual to discover. For as the first grade of the First Order endows the Neophyte with an unforgettable glimpse of that Higher Self, the

THE EQUINOX

Augœides, Genius, Holy Guardian Angel or Adonai; so does the first grade of the Second Order engender within him that divine spark, by drawing down upon the Aspirant the Genius in Pentecostal Flames; until it no longer enshrines him like the distant walls of the starry abyss, but burns within him, pouring through the channels of his senses an unending torrent of glory, of that greater glory which alone can be comprehended by one who is an Adept: yet again, but the shadow of that supreme glory which is neither the shrine nor the flame, but the life of the Master.

From the commencement of this history we have ever found Frater P. valiantly battling with the Elemental Forces. As a hoodwinked Neophyte he was led into the colossal darkness of Malkuth to become a Zelator in the hidden mysteries of Earth. Here he found a Kingdom seemingly so balanced in its Scintillating Intelligence that he little suspected that its overwhelming glory was but the reflection of the Supernal Flame on the dark face of the Waters in which slept the invisible coils of the drowsing serpent of human will. Here, on account of its intense darkness, all became to him clear as crystal, in which he could read his own thoughts mirrored in the wavelets of the ever-dancing waters of life. Here again Existence, as the World Mystery, became to him the supreme riddle of the human Sphinx; and in his strivings to read it, in his doubts, which Minerva like sprang from his former certainties, he informed within himself the first letter of the Name of God, the Virgin impregnated by the one idea—the Vision of Adonai incarnated in her Son.

Illumined by this one supreme longing which had burnt up his coarser desires, he passed through the next ritual to the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

illusive Foundation of Yesod, which in its apparent Equilibrium contains a falsified reflection of the Supreme path of the Fool. For, though its element is Air, it is not the Æthyr of Zero, the breath of Equilibrium, any more than Air as a mixture of Oxygen and Nitrogen is the Ether of Space. From Yesod he could look back upon Malkuth and be filled with an intense pity for all who still cling to its illusive Splendour; so also could he look up towards Kether (Kether in Yesod, though he knew it not), and burn with a joy not unmingled with sorrow at the apparent hopelessness of ever being able to climb so distant a peak.

Thus would the heavens and hells seduce him from the path, the path of the Sun and the Angel, which through their greater glory blinded his understanding from the true way, and appeared to him not as light but as darkness.

His present position seemed so clear to him that its very clearness would also have blinded him as it has so many others, had he not slain the incubus of the Supreme, and sought a greater independence by refusing to look at the clouded summit of the mountain whilst the lower slopes were unclimbed. Instead he said to himself, the next step is God to me, ay! God, and very God of very God: there is no other God than He.* Thus through the strength of the eagle, whose eyes scorn the fire of the sun, did he learn to conquer

* A person arriving at Kether of Malkuth is liable to mistake it for Kether of Kether, and so on with an ever-increasing likelihood until Kether of Kether is actually attained, when the one swallows the other as the Serpent swallows its tail and eventually itself. In Kether of Kether there is no thinking or thought, therefore no certainty or uncertainty. From Malkuth of Yesod three obsessing forces come into play, viz., Kether of Malkuth, which tempts the Aspirant to look back; the local temptations of all the Sephiroth of Yesod save Yesod of Yesod, which is the next; and Malkuth of Hod, which tempts him to run in Hod before he can walk in Yesod

THE EQUINOX

Hod, the Splendour of the mighty waters, the ever-flowing and fluctuating desires of life, which contains all the colours of the opal, each brother light dissolving into its sister counterpart, according as the position of the Aspirant changes.

Here he learnt of the deceptions of desire; how they change, and only exist by perpetually changing. Yet also here he learnt how to slay them by wedding them to their opposites; but in the very act he only begat another mystery more terrible than the last, the mystery of Netzach.

As fire may be victorious over water, or water over fire, so may victory itself leave the Victor doubly enslaved by his very Success. Until the present, Frater P. had always found some new cause for which to draw his sword; but now, though the blade was as bright and keen as ever, like a knight surrounded by crafty footpads in the night, he knew not which way to thrust, thought the danger which surrounded him he felt was greater than any that he had ever experienced before. This danger was, indeed, the seduction of things Supremely Material. For at this point on his journey, having mastered the three elements, he came nigh falling slave to the fourth; just as a warrior who has slain the King, and the Captain of the Guard, and even the Chief Eunuch who sleeps across the threshold of the Queen's bed-chamber, may lose the Kingdom he has all but won amongst the soft seducing cushions of a fair woman's couch, and only awake from his foolish sleep as the mallet drives the nail through his unguarded head.

More valiant men have fallen in Netzach than ever fell in Malkuth, Yesod, and Hod combined, and more will fall in Tiphereth than ever fell in Netzach, and for the same reason,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and that is, that all Success is illusionary, the greatest illusion being to consider oneself Successful.

It is here that man leaves, if he strive, the bow of worldly desires, and cleaves the firmament of thought like an arrow, which, eventually speeding out of the world's attraction, becomes as an universe to itself. This cleaving of the Veil of the Vault of the Adepts is in truth the precipitation of the Jechidah from the elemental flux that goes to make man. The Virgin Mother of Malkuth, the Earth fecundated by Air, Water and Fire, is delivered of her Son the Spirit, who is the Adept reborn in the Vault as Christian Rosencreutz; not yet Adonai the Christ, the Son of God, but Adonai, Jehesuah, the Son of Man, Jesus the Carpenter who one day will fashion the Tree of Life into the image of the Supernal Christ. No longer is the Vision of Adonai a mere glimpse as of a flickering light without, lost in the distance of a great forest, but a light which burns as a lamp within a lantern, and which sheds its beams equally in all directions.

It is here, when the Aspirant becomes a sun unto himself, entranced by the beauty of his children, his seemingly balanced thoughts,* the wandering planets and comets that obey his will, that he is liable to forget that though a sun to himself, he is nevertheless but an atom of the Glory Supernal, but a mote of dust dancing in the beam of the Eye Divine. This it arrives that he is as likely to be obsessed by the ordered harmony of things in Tiphereth, as the joys of the

* The Pillar of Mildness in the Tree of Life passes through the Sephiroth Kether, Tiphereth, Yesod and Malkuth which appear to be all equally balanced. This, however, is incorrect, for all save Kether, which is the point from which motion originates, are as marks set upon the pendulum of a clock, the nearer to Malkuth (the weight) the greater will be the space they move through, conversely, the farther away the less.

THE EQUINOX

discord of things obsessed him but a stage or tow below. As the sun vivifies so can it corrupt. Therefore by his own forces must he destroy his contentment by a self- explosion of discontent so terrific that the ordered universe governed by Spirit is not blown into Chaos, the Qliphoth, but out of Chaos, out of Cosmos itself, into a new world, a higher Equilibrium, a universe of colossal strength and power. If he tremble, he is lost; he must strain every nerve, every muscle, until his whole frame vibrates and flashes forth the magical Strength of the Sephira Geburah.

Thus is the Magician begotten by devotion to the Great Work, and Work as Work alone can only gain for the Aspirant this exalted grade. He must strive beyond the hope of success; success is failure; he must strive beyond the hope of victory; victory is defeat; he must strive beyond the hope of reward; reward is punishment; he must indeed strive beyond all things; he must break up the equipoise of things; he must swing the pendulum off its hook, and wrench the lingam of Shiva from between the loins of Sakti. Justice or Mercy are nothing to him; he, as Horus the child, must quench the one with the other, as his father Osiris quenched the Waters of Hod with the fires of Netzach. Good and Evil are his implements, for his work is still in the Kingdom of the Ruach. And so long as his strivings beget, conceive, and bear the fruits of a greater and nobler Work, there is no cup of bitterness that may be refused, and no cross of suffering whose nails shall not pierce him. As Osiris he learnt to vanquish himself; risen as Horus he shall vanquish the world—ay! and who shall say me nay? the ultimate filaments of the hair of Nu.

THE MAGICIAN

VERY shortly after the ceremony of Adeptus Minor, P. returned to his fastness to carry out the great Magical Operation of Abramelin the Mage, the preliminary preparations of which he had for so long now been setting in order.

Unfortunately we have been scanty information of P.'s daily life during these days, and all that is recorded is to be found in a small book of some twenty pages entitled, "The Book of the Operation of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage. (Being the account of the events of my life, with notes on the operation by P., an humble Aspirant thereto.)"

This slight volume commences with "The Oath of the Beginning," after which it is roughly divided into three parts. The first deals with the events of his life between the beginning of November 1899 and the end of February 1900; the second with the Abramelin Operation; and the third with the transactions P. had with Frater D.D.C.F.

From the first part of this work we gather that great forces of evil were leagued against P.; and we learn this with no very great surprise, for those who set their faces against Darkness must expect Darkness to attempt to swallow them up. The Exempt Adept may laugh equally at good or at evil, but not so the mere magician whose passage along the

THE EQUINOX

Path of Light is only to be marked by the increasing depths of the Darkness which surrounds him.

It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1898 P. had met Frater V.N., who had lent him a copy of a book known as "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage," and had to some degree instructed him in the workings contained in it. This work P. had read and reread with the greatest interest and zeal, determining to perform the ceremonial operation laid down in it at the very first opportunity. This he was unable to do for nearly a year; it being not until November 1899 that he found it possible for him to retire to the house he had bought and make all necessary preparations for the great ceremony, which was to be commenced on the following Easter.

The system, as taught by Abramelin, of entering into communication with one's Holy Guardian Angel, is, of all Western systems of Magic, perhaps the most simple and effective. No impossible demands are made, and though perhaps some are difficult to carry out, there is always a reason for them, and they are not merely placed in the way as tests of the worker's skill. The whole Operation is so lucidly dealt with in Mr. MacGregor Mathers' translation, that it would be but a waste of time and space to enter into it fully, and the following consists of but the briefest summary, only intended to give the reader an idea of the Operation, and in no way meant as a basis for him to work on.

Abramelin having first carefully warned his readers against impostors, lays down that the chief thing to be considered is: "Whether ye be in good health, because the body being feeble and unhealthy, it is subject to divers infirmities

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

whence at length result impatience and want of power to operate and pursue the Operation; and a sick man can neither be clean and pure, nor enjoy solitude; and in such a case it is better to cease.”*

The true and best time of commencing this Operation is the first day after the Celebration of the Feasts of Easter at about the time of the vernal Equinox. The time necessary for the working is six months, so that should it be commenced on March 22, it would end on September 21.

The six months is divided into three periods of two months each.

First Period. “Every morning precisely a quarter of an hour before sunrise enter your Oratory, after having washed and dressed yourself in clean clothing, open the window, and then kneel at the Altar facing the window and invoke the Name of the Lord; after which you should confess to him your entire sins. This being finished you should supplicate Him “that in time to come He may be willing and pleased to regard you with pity and grant you His grace and goodness to send unto you His Holy Angel, who shall serve unto you as a Guide. . . .”†

In the above exercise by prayer the one great point to observe, as Abramelin himself impresses in the following words, is: “It serveth nothing to speak without devotion, without attention, and without intelligence . . . it is absolutely necessary that your prayer should issue from the midst of your heart, because simply setting down prayers in writing, the hearing of them will in no way explain unto you how really to pray.”‡

At sunset the same invocation, confession and prayer is to be repeated.

* “The Book of the Sacred Magic,” p. 54.

† *Ibid.* p. 64. Some of the following quotations have been abridged.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 65.

THE EQUINOX

During this first period the points to be observed are:

(1) That both the bed-chamber and Oratory are to be kept thoroughly clean. “Your whole attention must be given to purity in all things.”

(2) That “you may sleep with your Wife in the bed when she is pure and clean,” not otherwise.

(3) Every Saturday the sheets of the bed are to be changed and the chamber is to be perfumed.

(4) No animal is to enter or dwell in the house.

(5) “If you be your own Master, as far as lieth in your power, free yourself from all your business, and quit all mundane and vain company and conversation; leading a life tranquil, solitary and honest.”

(6) “Take well heed in treating of business, in selling or buying, that it shall be requisite that you never give way unto anger, but be modest and patient in your actions.”

(7) “You shall set apart two hours each day after having dined, during which you shall read with care the Holy Scripture and other Holy Books.”

(8) “As for eating, drinking and sleeping, such should be in moderation and never superfluous.”

(9) “Your dress should be clean but moderate, and according to custom. Flee all vanity.”

(10) “As for that which regardeth the family, the fewer in number, the better; also act so that the servants may be modest and tranquil.”

(11) “Let your hand be ever ready to give alms and other benefits to your neighbour; and let your heart be ever open unto the poor, whom God so loveth that one cannot express the same.”*

Second Period. During the whole of this period the accustomed prayer is to be made morning and evening, “but before entering into the Oratory ye shall wash your hands and face thoroughly with pure water. And you shall prolong your prayer with the greatest possible affection, devotion and submission; humbly entreating the Lord God that he would deign to command His Holy Angels to lead you in the True Way. ...”

During this period the points to be observed are:

(1) “The use of the rites of Marriage is permitted, but should scarcely if at all be made use of.”

(2) “You shall also wash your whole body every Sabbath Eve.”

(3) “As to what regardeth commerce and rules of living, as in the first period.”

(4) “It is absolutely necessary during this period to retire from the world and seek retreat.”

* “The Book of the Sacred Magic,” pp. 66-69.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

(5) “Ye shall lengthen your prayers to the utmost of your ability.”

(6) “As for eating, drinking, and clothing, as before.”*

Third Period. Morning and Noon ye shall wash your hands and your face on entering the Oratory; and first ye shall make Confession of all your sins; after this, with a very ardent prayer, ye shall entreat the Lord to accord unto you this particular grace, which is, that you may enjoy and be able to endure the presence and conversation of His Holy Angels, and that He may deign by their intermission to grant unto you the Secret Wisdom, so that you may be able to have dominion over the Spirits and over all creatures.

“Ye shall do this same at midday before dining and also in the evening,”† as well as at sunrise.

During this period the points to be observed are:

(1) “The man who is his own master shall leave all business alone, except works of charity towards his neighbour.”

(2) “You shall shun all society except that of your Wife and of your Servants.”

(3) “Ye shall employ the greatest part of your time in speaking of the Law of God.”

(4) “Every Sabbath Eve shall ye fast, and wash your whole body, and change your garment.”‡

If possible the whole of this Operation should be performed in a place where solitude can be obtained; the best being, as Abramelin writes: “Where there is a small wood, in the midst of which you shall make a small Altar, and you shall cover the same with a hut of fine branches, so that the rain may not fall thereon and extinguish the Lamps and the Censer.”§

The Altar should be made of wood and in the manner of a cupboard, so that it may hold all the necessary things.

There should be two tunics, one of linen, and the other of Crimson or Scarlet Silk with Gold.

The sacred oil is prepared from myrrh, cinnamon and galangal mixed with olive oil. The incense of Olibanum, storax, and lign aloes, or cedar, is reduced to a fine powder and well mixed together. The Wand is cut from an Almond-tree. ¶

* “The Book of the Sacred Magic,” pp. 69, 70.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 71.

§ *Ibid.* p. 74.

† *Ibid.* pp. 70, 71.

¶ *Ibid.* pp 76, 77.

THE EQUINOX

The third period having been completed, on the morning following: “Rise betimes, neither wash yourself at all nor dress yourself at all in your ordinary clothes; but take a Robe of Mourning; enter the Oratory with bare feet; go unto the side of the Censer, and having opened the windows, return unto the door. There prostrate yourself with your face against the ground, and order the Child (who is used as assistant and clairvoyante) to put the Perfume upon the Censer, after which he is to place himself upon his knees before the Altar; following in all things and throughout the instructions which I have given unto you. . . . Humiliate yourself before God and His Celestial Court, and commence your prayer with fervour, for then it is that you will begin to enflame yourself in praying, and you will see appear an extraordinary and supernatural Splendour which will fill the whole apartment, and will surround you with an inexpressible odour, and this alone will console you and comfort your heart so that you shall call for ever happy the Day of the Lord.*

* * * * *

“During Seven Days shall you perform the Ceremonies without failing therein in any way: namely, the Day of the Consecration, the Three Days of the Convocation of the Good and Holy Spirits, and the Three other Days of the Convocation of the Evil Spirits.

“On the second morning you shall follow the counsels your Holy Guardian Angel shall have given you, and on the third you shall render thanks.

“And then shall you first be able to put to the test whether you shall have well employed the period of your Six Moons, and how well and worthily you shall have laboured in the quest of the Wisdom of the Lord; since you shall see your Guardian Angel appear unto you in unequalled beauty: who also will converse with you, and speak in words so full of affection and of goodness, and with such sweetness, that no human tongue could express the same. . . . In one word, you shall be received by him with such affection that this description I here give unto you shall appear a mere nothing in comparison.”†

After the Third day Abramelin very wisely writes:

“Now at this point I commence to restrict myself in my writing, seeing that by the Grace of the Lord I have submitted and consigned you unto a MASTER so great that he will never let you err.”‡

Thus, briefly though it be, we have run through the

* “The Book of the Sacred Magic,” p. 81.

† *Ibid.* pp. 82, 85.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 85.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

system as advocated by one of the greatest masters of Magic in the West. With perfect lucidity Abramelin brings us step by step towards the MASTER—Augœides, Adonai, Higher Self, call Him what you will. By means of symbols of purity—by cleanliness and clean living—he leads us on by meditation and concentration through prayer to a one-pointedness, a vision or conversation with the MASTER so full of goodness and beauty, so full of rapture and ecstasy that no human tongue can express the same. Alas! that we are not simple-minded enough to accept it, and to seek at that little altar in the wood that sweet reward which at once cancels all the toils and sorrows of our lives.

But in these present times prayer has become a mockery, and it is hard, how hard we know well, for any one to pray with that earnestness which brings with it reward. The rationalist has so befouled prayer with his wordy slush that it is indeed a hard task to dissociate it from the host of external symbols and images. A man who prays to a god is at once imagined to be praying to a thing with legs; for the educated are so surfeited with tangible things that the transcendental entirely escapes them; yet the man who prays may in truth be praying to the Master, and it matters not one whit whether the Master have legs or no legs, for God does not depend on the education of man's mind, or the standard of his knowledge, or the idols he has set up. In some cases hostility to prayer would prove more fruitful than devotion to it. He who believes in denying and blaspheming God will attain to the Divine Vision of Adonai as speedily as he who believes in praying to Him and worshipping His Holy Name; so long as he *enflame* himself with blasphemy and denial. It is the *will*

THE EQUINOX

to accomplish, to conquer and overcome, which in both cases carries with it the supreme reward, and not the mere fact of denying or believing, which are but instruments towards this end. But, be it well remembered! this mystery of the Equivalence of all symbols, good and evil, is only true in Daäth and from Daäth.

One man may fell a tree with an axe, another may saw it down, another dig it up, another burn it down, another wash it out of the earth by water, blast it by powder, or drag it down by a rope. In the end the tree falls, and the desire of each particular man is accomplished in spite of the variety of their tools.

Thus we find that as Rising on the Planes was one method, so was Skrying another; so again were the rituals of the Golden Dawn; so again “The ♀ of ♀ Operation” and Talismanic Magic; and now again still one more—the method of Abramelin; all different means to enable man to fell the tall tree of life and obtain the Master Vision of Adonai, the Augœides or Higher Self.

Each method, used rightly and carried to its ultimatum, leads to the same Heaven; each method used wrongly, or mistaken for the End, side-tracks the Adept into some Limbo or plunges him into some Hell.

To all such as are of a devout disposition Prayer offers an excellent means of Concentration towards this end—identification with Adonai. And it matters no whit to what we pray, whether it be to Buddha or to Christ, or the top-hat and gin-bottle of a West African ju-ju, so long as we pray with our whole heart; and eventually, as the Vision informs, belief, faith, prayer, worship and supplication vanish, the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

burning-glass of our Will has set on fire the white sheet of paper that had been our ideal; it crumples, turns brown, blackens, and bursts into flame. The gates of the mind swing apart, and the realm into which we rush is as different from the realm which we had contemplated as our ideal as the burning fire is to the cool white paper we had looked upon. For those who cannot thus believe, who in fact have no faith in prayer, there are yet other ways for them to travel, as we shall presently see; in fact so many that each could travel by a different road and yet arrive at the same destination; and it is hoped that those who study this book may thereby discover the speediest road to the Portal of the Temple.

Early in November, P. returned to London to consult with Fratres I.A. and V.N., and shortly afterwards crossed over to Paris, and after a few days' residence in that city returned to England; and by means of the Codselim symbol journeyed to D—, and from thence to T—. Here he received a letter from I.A. warning him of very grave danger. P. Thereupon invoked Heru-pa-kraatist and cast himself upon the Providence of God: "that he may give His Angels charge over me, to keep me in all my ways. So mote it be!"

Thus far the events which carry us down to the commencement of the Operation, which begins with:

THE OATH OF THE BEGINNING.

I, P—, Frater Ordinis Rosae Rubeae et Aureae Crucis, a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts, a 5°=6° of the Order of the Golden Dawn; and an humble servant of the Christ of God; do this day spiritually bind myself anew:

By the Sword of Vengeance:
By the Powers of the Elements:
By the Cross of Suffering:

THE EQUINOX

That I will devote myself to the Great Work: the obtaining of Communion with my own Higher and Divine Genius, (called the Guardian Angel) by means of the prescribed course: and that I will use any Power so obtained unto the Redemption of the Universe.

So help me the Lord of the Universe and mine own Higher Soul!

Let us now turn to “The Obligation of the Operation.”

I, P___, in the presence of the Lord of the Universe, and of all Powers Divine and Angelic, do spiritually bind myself, even as I am now physically bound unto the Cross of Suffering:

(1) To unite my consciousness with the divine, as I may be permitted and aided by the Gods Who live for ever, the AEons of Infinite years, that, being lost in the Limitless Light, it may find Itself: to the Regeneration of the Race, either of man or as the Will of God shall be. And I submit myself utterly to the Will Divine.

(2) To follow out with courage, modesty, lovingkindness, and perseverance the course prescribed by Abramelin the Mage; as far as in me lies, unto the attainment of this end.

(3) To despise utterly the things and the opinions of this world lest they hinder me in doing this.

(4) To use my powers only to the Spiritual well-being of all with whom I may be brought in contact.

(5) To give no place to Evil: and to make eternal war against the Forces of Evil: until even they be redeemed unto the Light.

(6) To harmonize my own spirit that so Equilibrium may lead me to the East and that my Human Consciousness shall allow no usurpation of its rule by the Automatic.

(7) To conquer the temptations.

(8) To banish the illusions.

(9) To put my whole trust in the Only and Omnipotent Lord God: as it is written “Blessed are they that put their trust in Him.”

(10) To uplift the Cross of Sacrifice and Suffering: and to cause my Light to shine before men that they may glorify my Father which is in Heaven.*

Furthermore: I most solemnly promise and swear: to acquire this Holy Science in the manner prescribed in the Book of Abramelin, without omitting the least imaginable thing of their contents: not to gloss or comment in any way on that which may be or may not be; not to use this Sacred Science to offend the Great God, nor to work ill unto my neighbour: to communicate it to no living person, unless by long practice and conversation I shall know him thoroughly, well examining whether such an one really

* The reader will note that this is a sort of personal adaptation of the 5°=6° obligation.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

intendeth to work for the Good or for the Evil. I will punctually observe, in granting it, the same fashion which was used by Abramelin to Abraham. Otherwise, let him who receiveth it draw no fruit therefrom. I will keep myself as from a Scorpion from selling this Science. Let this Science remain in me and in my generation as long as it shall please the Most High.*

All these points I generally and severally swear to observe under the awful penalty of the displeasure of God, and of Him to whose Knowledge and Conversation I do most ardently aspire.

So help me the Lord of the Universe, and my own Higher Soul!

The obligation is followed, in the book, by various preparations which we pass over in order that we may the more speedily record some of the Visions which P. experienced at this time: the first we quote is little better than an obsession, and is as follows:

In bed, I invoked the Fire angels and spirits on the tablet, with names, etc., and the 6th Key.† I then (as Harpocrates) entered my crystal. An angel, meeting me, told me among other things, that they (of the tablets) were *at war with the angels of the 30 Æthyrs, to prevent the squaring of the circle*. I went with him unto the abodes of Fire, but must have fallen asleep, or nearly so. Anyhow, I regained consciousness in a very singular state half consciousness being there, and half here. I recovered and banished the Spirits, but was burning all over, and tossed restlessly about—very sleepy, but consumed of fire! Only repeated careful assumption of Harpocrates' god-form enabled me to regain my normal state. I had a long dream of a woman eloping, whom I helped, and after of a man stealing my Rose Cross jewel from a dressing-table in a hotel. I caught him and found him a weak man beyond natural (I could bend or flatten him at will), and then the dream seemed to lose coherence. . . . I carried him about and found a hair-brush to beat him, &c. &c. Query: Was I totally obsessed?

The second is:

Invoking the angels of Earth I obtained a wonderful effect. The angel, my guide, treated me with great contempt and was very rude and truthful. He shewed me divers things. In the centre of the earth is formulated the Rose and Cross. Now the Rose is the Absolute Self-Sacrifice, the merging of *all* in the *o* (Negative) the Universal

* This latter portion of the obligation is taken from the Oath which Abramelin imposed on his pupil Abraham.

† The Enochian Keys of Dr. Dee.

THE EQUINOX

Principle of generation through change (*not* merely the feminine), and the Universal Light “Khabs.” The Cross is the Extension or Pekht principle. Now I should have learned more but my attention wandered. This closes the four elemental visions: prosecuted, alas! with what weakness, fatuity, and folly!

And, lastly, the following, which is of considerable interest:

I . . . in the afternoon shut myself up, and went on a journey. . . . I went with a very personal guide: and beheld (after some lesser things) our Master as he sate by the Well with the Woman of Samaria. Now the five husbands were five great religions which had defiled the purity of the Virgin of the World: and “he whom thou now hast” was materialism (or modern thought).

Other scenes also I saw in His life: and behold I also was crucified! Now did I go backwards in time even unto Berashith, the Beginning, and was permitted to see marvellous things.

First the Abyss of the Water: on which I, even I, brooded amid other dusky flames as ♀ upon ♂ held by my Genius. And I beheld the victory of Râ upon Apophis and the First of the Golden Dawns! Yea: and monsters, faces half-formed, arose: but they subsisted not.

And the firmament was.

Again the Chaos and the Death!

Then *Ath* Hashamaim v. *ath* h-aretz. There is a whirling intertwining infinitude of nebulae, many concentric systems, each system non-concentric to any other, yet *all* concentric to the whole. As I went backwards in time they grew faster and faster, and less and less material. (P.S.—This is the scientific hypothesis, directly contrary to that of Anna Kingsford), and at last are whirling wheels of light: yet through them *waved* a thrill of an intenser invisible light in a direction perpendicular to the tangents. I asked to go yet further back and behold! I am floating on my back—cast down! in a wind of Light flashing down upon me from the immeasurable Above. (This Light is of a blueish silver tinge.) And I saw that Face, lost above me in the height inscrutable: a face of absolute beauty. And I saw as it were a Lamb slain in the Glamour of Those Eyes. Thus was I made pure: for there, what impunity could live? I was told that not many had been so far back: none further: those who *could* go farther would not, since that would have reabsorbed them into the Beginning, and that must not be to him who hath sworn to uplift the Standard of Sacrifice and Sorrow, which is strength. (I forgot the Angels in the Planetary Whirl. They regarded me with curiosity: and were totally unable to comprehend my explanation that I was a *Man*, returning in time to behold the Beginning of Things.)

Now was I able to stand in my Sephiroth: and the Crown of Twelve Stars was upon my head! I then went into the centre of the earth (I suppose) and stood upon the top

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

of an high mountain. The many dragons and guardians I was able to overpower by *authority*. Now the mount was of glistening whiteness, exceeding white as snow: yet dead and unluminous. And I beheld a vision, even like unto that of the Universal Mercury;* and I learnt that I myself was sulphur and unmercurial. Now having attained the Mercurialising of my Sulphur I was able (in my vision) to fecundate the mountain (of Salt). And it was instantly transmuted into gold. What came ye out into the wilderness for to see? No: into living, glowing, molten Light: the Light that redeemeth the material world! So I returned: having difficulty to find the earth(?). But I called on S.R.M.D. and V.N.R. who were glad to see me; and returned into the body: to waste the night in gibing at a foolish medico.

(It is worth noting here how very much more coherent this Vision is than the first ones we have had occasion to mention.) So far the second part of the “Book of the Operation.”

The third part of this book, which consists but of two pages, begins obscurely enough:

“Heard this evening from D.D.† Second Order apparently mad.”

However, this information which, from the following, we gauge to be connected with the dead sea apple schism which had for some time been ripening amongst the members of the Order of the Golden Dawn, was considered sufficiently important by P. for him to offer his services to G. H. Frater D.D.C.F., who was then in Paris. About a week later P. writes: “D.D.C.F. accepts my services, therefore do I rejoice, that my sacrifice is accepted. Therefore do I again postpone the Operation of Abramelin the Mage, having by God’s Grace formulated even in this a new link with the Higher, and gained a new weapon against the Great Princes of the Evil of the World. Amen.”

* Described in a MS. edited by S.R.M.D. and issued to the Second Order, in which is a picture of Mercury diving into the sea.

† Secretary of the Order of the Golden Dawn.

THE EQUINOX

Thus ends the “Book of the Operation.” But on the back of the last page there is a note from which we gather the following. That P. journeyed from London to Paris (evidently shortly after his letter to D.D.C.F. he had left T—— for London). There he was selected as the messenger of D.D.C.F., after a long talk with him and V.N.R., and at noon, four days later, he left Paris for London. This note ends with the following words: “The history of my mission: is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Revolt of the Adepti?”

Before glancing through this Chronicle of Revolt, which in all truth might be called “The Book of the Fatuity of the Inepti,” it will be necessary to return for a moment to that interesting document, “The History Lection.”

The last point we arrived at in the Lection was that, “in 1900 one P., a brother, instituted a rigorous test of S.R.M.D. on the one side and the Order on the other.” S.R.M.D. is but another name for G.H. Frater D.D.C.F., against whose authority the Second Order were now in open revolt. From this point the Lection continues:

“He discovered that S.R.M.D., though a scholar of some ability and a magician of remarkable powers, had never attained complete initiation: and further had fallen from his original place, he having imprudently attracted to himself forces of evil too great and terrible for him to withstand.*

“The claim of the Order that the true adepts were in charge of it was definitely disproved.

“In the Order, with two certain exceptions and two

* Presumably Abramelin Demons.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

doubtful ones, he found no persons with any capacity for initiation of any sort.

“He thereupon, by his subtle wisdom, destroyed both the Order and its chief.

“Being himself no perfect adept, he was driven of the Spirit into the Wilderness, where he abode for six years, studying by the light of reason the sacred books and secret systems of initiation of all countries and ages.”

We must now leave the Lection, to return to it again six years later, and as briefly as possible run through the Chronicles of Revolt, which consist of various documents for the most part printed towards the close of 1900 and the beginning of 1901, by such members of the Order as had broken away from their chief, D.D.C.F. In a printed document written on May 4, 1901, and signed by D.E.D.I., we find the following:

You are aware that, originally, the Second Order in this country was governed absolutely by three chiefs. Ultimately their authority all devolved on one—our late chief, the G.H. Frater D.D.C.F., who was practically recognised as Autocrat.

This we have already learnt from the Lection. But from a “Statement” issued to Adepts in February 1901, we further learn that on April 1 (*sic*), 1897, V.H. Soror S.S.D.D. was appointed head of the London branch of the Order and that the formation of secret groups was advised and legalised by D.D.C.F. “S.A. approved of this and formed a group himself, as *Silentio (sic)* can bear witness.” However, in “Letters to the Adepts of R.R. and A.C.” issued in the same month, it appears that it was not by D.D.C.F.’s sanction, but through their distrust of him, that Soror S.S.D.D. started a group in London, and Frater S.S. one in Edinburgh. These groups

THE EQUINOX

seemed to have worked as secret societies within the Order. Fra: D.E.D.I. appears in this same document to have objected to this, for we find him attempting to get S.S.D.D. to amalgamate the smaller groups and form a larger group of Theorici. This attempt led to a meeting of the Executive Council in which S.S.D.D. raised an objection of D.E.D.I.'s proposal; and we find D.E.D.I. writing: "I have sat on many committees in my own country and elsewhere, but I am proud to say that I never met among the mechanics, farmers and shop-assistants with whom I have worked in Ireland a state of feeling so ignoble, or resolutions so astonishing, as those I had to listen to yesterday."

From the "Statement" it appears that these groups were the chief cause of the Revolt. D.D.C.F., permitting these groups to be formed, little by little delegated his power to others; so that when the crash came he had no magical force left to meet it; and that those who had gained it had so dispersed it among themselves that instead of causing them to rise a phoenix out of the ashes of the past, it simply set them squabbling and fighting over petty and absurd points of morals and law. A fair specimen of the magical powers displayed by the Order after the fall of D.D.C.F. is to be found in the above "Statement."

"... The most serious charge that Soror F.E.R. has brought against Soror S.S.D.D. is that she has conducted the examinations unjustly." S.S.D.D.'s reply was: "That she has no time, even if she had the inclination, to indulge in futile acts of spite or favouritism."

Whilst revolt was simmering in the pot of dissatisfaction, it appears that D.D.C.F. was residing in Paris, reviving the mysteries of Isis at the Bodinière Theatre.* Here he and

* See the Sunday Chronicle, March 19, 1899.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

his wife lived under a variety of pseudonyms such as “The Hierophant Rameses,” and the “High Priestess Anari,” Count and Countess MacGregor of Glenstrae, &c. &c. Their success seems at first to have been considerable, for we read in “The Humanitarian,” vol. xvi. No. 2, that their receptions “are amongst the most interesting in Paris. You will find people attending them of nearly every shade of opinion and of profession: Isis-worshippers, Alchemists, Protestants, Catholics, scientists, doctors, lawyers, painters, and men and women of letters, besides persons of high rank.”

This success may have possibly distracted his attention from the real state of affairs in England. However, from a mere simmer the pot began to boil, and by the middle of February 1900 the fat was fairly in the fire. It was also at about this time, if not a few weeks earlier, that the notorious Madam Horos introduced herself to D.D.C.F.; this question, however, we will deal with a little later on, though in several ways it seems to be connected with the present revolt. On February 16, 1900, from 87 Rue Mozart, D.D.C.F. addressed the following letter to V.H. Soror S.S.D.D. (the Chief in charge in Anglia). It is divided into five paragraphs, the last two of which we give in full.

C. et V.H. Soror S.S.D.D.

* * * * *

(a) Now, with regard to the Second Order, it would be with the *very greatest regret* both from my personal regard for you, as well as from the occult standpoint, that I should receive your Resignation as my Representative in the Second Order in London; but I cannot let you form a combination to make a schism therein with the idea of working secretly or avowedly under “Sapere Aude”* under the mistaken impression

* “S.A. was Sapere Aude (or Non Omnis Moriar), Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, King’s Coroner for Hoxton.

THE EQUINOX

that he received an Epitome of the Second Order work from G.H. Soror, "Sapiens Dominabitur Astris." For this forces me to tell you plainly (and, understand me well, I can prove to the hilt every word which I here say and more, and were I confronted with S.A., I should say the same), though for the sake of the Order, and for the circumstance that it would mean so deadly a blow to S.A.'s reputation, I entreat you to keep this secret from the *Order*, for the present, at least, though you are at perfect liberty to show *him* this if you think fit, "*after mature consideration*."

(e) He has NEVER been at *any time* either in personal or in written communication with the Secret Chiefs of the Order, he having *either himself forged or procured to be forged* the professed correspondence between him and them, and my tongue having been tied all these years by a previous Oath of Secrecy to him, demanded by him, from me, before showing me what he had either done or caused to be done or both. You must comprehend from what little I say here the *extreme gravity* of such a matter, and again I ask you, both for his sake and that of the Order, not to force me to go further into the subject.

This letter ends by stating that every atom of the knowledge of the Order has been communicated to him, and to him alone, by the Secret Chiefs of the Order, and that G.H. Soror S.D.A. was now in Paris with him.*

It must be remembered here that in the "History Lecture" we learnt that S.R.M.D. (that is D.D.C.F.), by the death of one of his colleagues and the weakness of the other, secured sole authority over the Order; these two were G.H. Fratres M.E.V. and N.O.M. (that is, S.A.); and it was the latter, so it was generally supposed, who had first discovered the cipher MSS. which led to the connecting-link being established with G.H. Soror S.D.A. and the great chiefs of the Third Order in Germany.

S.S.D.D. on receiving the above letter went into the country and spent whole days considering it, after which she wrote to S.A., requesting an explanation of D.D.C.F.'s statement. S.A. replied that he did not admit the accuracy of the

* This, as we shall shortly see, must have been Madame Horos.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

statement, though, his witnesses being dead, he could not legally prove it false, and therefore he wished to remain neutral in the matter. So for the first time he refused to sit upon a corpse.

On March 3, S.S.D.D. formed a Committee of Seven to inquire into the matter. This Committee pointed out to D.D.C.F. the seriousness of his accusation, and asked him to give them proof of its accuracy. A considerable correspondence ensued, in which D.D.C.F. absolutely and unconditionally refused to acknowledge the Committee or to give any proof whatsoever.

Consequent on this refusal, the Committee agreed to place the matter before the Second Order.

On March 23, D.D.C.F. wrote a letter to S.S.D.D. purporting to remove her from her position as his representative in the Second Order.

On the 25th she replied: "I saw that if I kept silence I should become a party to a fraud, and therefore took the advice of some Members of the Order who have always been friendly to your interests. . . ."

On March 24 a general meeting of the Second Order was held, and D.D.C.F. was informed that the reason for making his charge of forgery public was, that the whole constitution of the Order depended upon the authenticity of the documents that he alleged to be forged.

At a meeting of the Committee on March 29, L.O. stated that he had seen S.A., who had given him his honourable assurance that he had no reason to suppose that S.D.A. was not the person she purported to be. He had only had communication with her by letter, and had, *bonâ fide*, posted letters to her in Germany in reply.

THE EQUINOX

On April 2, D.D.C.F., wrote refusing to acknowledge the right of the Second Order to elect a Committee, and threatened members with the Punitive Current.

At this juncture P., influenced, so far as himself knew, only by the impulse of self-sacrifice for the Order that had done so much for him; but, as is now apparent, secretly impelled by the true and Unknown Chiefs of the Third Order to put both the Order and its Chief to the test, crossed over to Paris and offered his services to D.D.C.F. They were accepted, and he was asked to act as envoy to the refractory brethren.

In his long talk with D.D.C.F., P. proposed that the following scheme of action should be adopted to quell the revolt of the Second Order:

I. The Second Order to be summoned at various times during two or three days. They to find, on being admitted one by one, a masked man in authority and a scribe. These questions, &c., pass, after pledge of secrecy concerning the interview.

(A) Are you convinced of the truth of the doctrines and knowledge received in the grade of $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$? Yes or No?

If *yes* (1) Then their origin can spring from a pure source only?

If *no* (2) I degrade you to be a Lord of the Paths in the Portal in the Vault of the Adepts.

(B) If he reply "Yes," the masked man continues: Are you satisfied with the logic of this statement? Do you solemnly promise to cease these unseemly disputes as to the headship of this Order? I for my part can assure you that from my own knowledge D.D.C.F. is really a $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$.

If *yes* (3) Then you will sign this paper; it contains a solemn reaffirmation of your obligation as a $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$) slightly expanded, and a pledge to support heartily the new regulations.

If *no* (4) I expel you from this Order.

II. The practice of masks is to be introduced. Each member will know only the member who introduced him.

Severe tests of the candidate's moral excellence, courage, earnestness, humility, refusal to do wrong, to be inserted in the Portal or $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$) ritual.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

III. Outer Order to be summoned. Similar regulations to be announced to them. New pledges required that they will not communicate the identity of anybody they happen to have known to any new member.

IV. Vault to be reconsecrated.

D.D.C.F. at once accepted these proposals and gave to P. the following instructions, which were at the time so hastily jotted down in a note-book that they are now almost impossible to decipher. From them we make out the following:

That the false* Sapiens Dominabitur Astris was a very stout woman and very fair, who possessed the power of changing her appearance from youth to age and *vice versâ*. That at present she has appeared as Mrs. Horos, or Howes, or Dutton. Her husband, Theo Horos, whose mystical name is Magus Sidera Regit, is a man of about twenty-five to thirty years old, short and very fair. He does not look strong but is extremely so. He has a bald patch on his head with very yellow hair growing over it.

That Sapientia Ad Beneficiendum Hominibus† is very dark and in appearance like S.S.D.D.

To accept nothing from these, and in case of doubt or trouble to telegraph direct to him (D.D.C.F.).

Not to be taken in by mere tricks, and to be both courteous and firm.

The warnings given to P. by D.D.C.F. were as follows:

If he were to feel feeble or ill or worried, and if fires refused to burn, she (Madame Horos) may be expected.

* It will be evident that D.D.C.F. detected the fraud between the dates of his first letter to S.S.D.D. and of P.'s arrival in Paris.

† Mrs. Rose Adams (?).

THE EQUINOX

That the real H.P. Blavatsky and the real S.D.A. can incarnate in her; and that they (her forces) have been against D.D.C.F. for long.

That her occult name is Swami Vive Ananda.

That to work against them it was first necessary to separate them, and, at the very last resort, arrest them for theft. (They had stolen a travelling bag belonging to D.D.C.F., containing his rituals.)

To wire their real address to D.D.C.F.

To use the MacGregor symbols—tartan and dirks. The shoulder-plad to be thrown over the head to isolate (like H.P.K. formula). And above all to use their own current against them.

Symbol of Rose Cross only to be used to invoke D.D.C.F. Other symbols were also given him.

P. had long learnt to pity the ignorance and folly of most of the Members of the Order, as we learn from the “History Lesson”; he was now destined to put to the test the powers of his alleged chief. If his appearance in England were followed by immediate submission of the rebels, it might safely be concluded that D.D.C.F. had not lost all control; if D.D.C.F. failed, it was then P.’s intention occultly to confound and so destroy the Order.

P. at once set out on his return journey to England, and throughout followed in the minutest details the instructions given him by D.D.C.F. On arriving in London he immediately set his powers in motion. He was at once rejected by various members of the Order, who had always been bitterly envious of his powers and progress.

On the first day of his arrival in London he went to see

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Soror P.E.C.Q. and Frater S.: on his way the cab-lamps catch fire, and later a cab-horse runs away with him, and Soror S.S.D.F.'s fire refuses to burn. This was on a Friday.

On Saturday the rose cross given him by D.D.C.F. began to lose colour and whitened; a rubber mackintosh nowhere near the fire suddenly caught light; and fires were by no means anxious to burn. Again he went to see Soror P.E.C.Q., and in the evening records a long dream about "the Horos lot." "They were at C——," he writes, "and wanted to get a particular MS. I had no one I could trust at all, and it was hell and Tommy for a long while. But it ended tragically enough for them."

On Sunday he saw various members of the Order; and on Monday saw Soror S.S.D.F., arranged with her final details, and captured the Vault. He writes: In the morning early I was very badly obsessed, and entirely lost my temper—utterly without reason or justification. Five times at least have horses bolted at sight of me." Also: "Fires at 15 R.R. refuse utterly to burn."

On Tuesday he recaptured vault and suspended H.S. and it appears S.S.D.D., who sought aid from the police, and, so to speak, with the majority of the fallen Order under the protection of the truncheons of Scotland Yard, drew up a new set of rules and regulations, and expelled such members from the Order as had shown any knowledge superior to their own.

Thus it came to pass that on April 21, 1900, the Second Order of the Golden Dawn struggled through the fogs of their own fatuity; the sun of Occult Knowledge rising in the Outer Court of Scotland Yard to illumine twenty-two members of

THE EQUINOX

the R.R. and A.C. and the few remaining sleepy constables that the lightning flash had not destroyed.

Five days later we find D.D.C.F. writing to one of the brothers of the Order as follows:

. . . I admit that I *have* committed one great though unavoidable fault, which is this: in giving these persons so great a knowledge I have not also been able to give them brains and intelligence to comprehend it, for this miracle the Gods have not granted me the power to perform. You had better address your reproaches to the Gods rather than to me, unless some spark of returning wisdom can make you recognise in such "critics" the swine who trample the Divine teaching under foot.

With all this we entirely agree, and so eventually did P.; but D.D.C.F. had also failed, the bow had proved as rotten as the arrows, and now P., throwing the empty quiver of the Golden Dawn aside, set out alone on the next stage of his Mystic Progress. P. was not yet certain of this failure of D.D.C.F. The final test was made two years later, and is described in due course.

As to the intrigues of Madame Horos and her husband, nothing very definite is known. But on October 23, 1901, when the Horos case was before the public gaze, D.D.C.F. addressed a letter from Paris to the Editor of *Light** in which he states that on October 13 he wrote a letter to Mr. Curtis Bennett "to protest against the shameful and utterly unauthorised use of its name (the Order of the Golden Dawn) for their own abominable and immoral purposes by the execrable couple calling themselves 'Mr. and Mrs. Horos.'"

* This letter was not published in *Light* until January 11, 1901, as at the time the case was *sub judice*.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Further, D.D.C.F.* writes:

Coincident with certain dissensions in my Order, stirred up by a few members, constant fermentors of discord, jealous of my authority, though clamorous for my teaching, the so-called Mr. and Mrs. Horos and a Mrs. Rose Adams, who said she was a doctor of medicine, came to me in Paris in the beginning of last year (1900) with an introduction from an acquaintance of good social standing. At this time my name was well known here in connection with lectures on Ancient Egyptian Religious Ceremonies. The female prisoner stated that they had come with the intention of aiding me in this, and she professed to be an influential member of the Theosophical society, and also of my own Order, giving me the secret name† of a person of high occult rank in it, who had been reported to be dead some years before. I have yet to learn how, when, where and from whom she obtained the knowledge of that Order, which she then certainly possessed. She was also acquainted with the names and addresses of several of the members, notably of those belonging to the discordant category. . . .

D.D.C.F. then states that she stole from his house several MSS. relating to the Order of the G.:. D.:.

“From these she and her infamous accomplices would seem to have concocted some form of initiation under the name of my Order, to impose upon their unfortunate victims.” Coincident with her second appearance more dissension arose in the Order, “culminating in severance of the discordant members from it.”

As far as it goes this seems to be an honest and straightforward account.‡ But D.D.C.F. does not state, as he must have known at the time, that Madame Horos was a Vampire of remarkable power, that is to say, one who, following the left-hand path, uses sexual love as a bait to catch her victims by, and that she had told him (as he, D.D.C.F., told P. at the time he appointed P. his envoy) that she (Soror S.V.A.)

* In this letter D.D.C.F. signs himself G. S. L. MacGregor Mathers (Comte MecGregor de Glenstrae).

† S.D.A.

‡ In this letter Mr. Mathers points out the perfectly pure intentions of the Order; who could have doubted it after Inspector Kane's pronouncement at the trial of Madame Horos: “It is a perfectly pure Order”?

THE EQUINOX

could be “overshadowed by H.P. Blavatsky and G.H. Soror S.D.A. 8°=3°.” This D.D.C.F. said he knew, because she had related to him details of a very private conversation he had had with Madame Blavatsky at Denmark Hill; also that he most certainly knew that she must be at least a 6°=5° on account of her power of performing miracles.*

As D.D.C.F. apparently much dreaded that Madame Horos might take over the command of the Order in London, he, as we have seen, instructed P. to use cold steel and the MacGregor Tartan against her.† He also informed P. that she had stolen some rituals in a portmanteau, which theft, it will be remembered, P. was to make use of as a last weapon against her. He further added that she was a “financial fraud,” and that her husband was but a victim to her vampirism, a sort of soulless maniac, possessing unexpected and demoniacal strength when inspired by her. Her motive, he thought, was hostility against the Order and himself, and as

* One or two curious points in her trial are worth recording. Laura Horos, alias The Swami, alias Mrs. Jackson, alias Soror S.V.A., claimed to be Princess Editha Lollito Baroness Rosenthal, Countess of Landfeld, daughter of Louis I., King of Bavaria, and Lola Montez (for Lola Montez see “Lola Montez: an Adventuress of the Forties,” by Edmund B. D’Auvergne). In Cape Town she had promoted “The Order of Theocratic Unity,” which was also called “The Order of the Atonement,” and the “United Templars.” Her whole trial was marked by the disgusting display of public eagerness to revel in the filth that was disclosed. At the time, from the coroneted aristocrat to the red-tied demagogue, all classes in England were smacking their filthy lips over such insinuating muck as: “Daisy is a dark little thing, bright and attractive, with hair down her back in thick curls, and looking even less that her age” (sixteen).—*The Sun*, October 17, 1901. On leaving the court the day before this tasty paragraph appeared in the above-mentioned feculent luminary, the public having for several hours greedily sniffed round her messes, commenced to hiss at her, whereupon she turned upon them and shouted: “Shut up, you reptiles. It’s only snakes that hiss.” For this remark alone her final sentence should most certainly have been reduced.

† Because she had been afraid of them.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

he expressed it: “to the current sent at the end of a century to regenerate this planet.”

N.’s statement again varies somewhat from the above, and is probably more trustworthy. It is as follows:

S.V.A.* came suddenly to Paris and informed D.D.C.F. that she was S.D.A. $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$, who had not died as had been reported. On hearing this D.D.C.F. at once accepted her statement.† She promised him a large sum of money to build a temple to Isis;‡ for at this time D.D.C.F. was starting what he called “The Mysteries of Isis,” and the public dances and entertainments were being held by V.N.R.§ at the Bodinière Theatre.

Now that she had turned out to be a fraud it proved that D.D.C.F. was a fraud also.¶

This of course is as ridiculous an assertion to make as that made by another member of the Order, which was:

“That if indeed it were the promise of S.V.A.’s money that had satisfied D.D.C.F.’s conscience, then he most certainly must be a fraud.”

P., in his own subtle way, saw this, arguing that in the case where a great man claims to be a leader amongst men, it is permissible to suppose that his actions may be meant to place his followers between the horns of a rational dilemma.

* Fra: Æ.A. of the G.: D.: believes that some American members of the Order met Madame Horos in New York, and from them it was that she obtained her knowledge.

† Probably after S.V.A. had given him the grade signs.

‡ This explains the term “financial fraud.”

§ D.D.C.F.’s “hermetic” wife: for a more correct account see “The Humanitarian,” vol. xvi. No. 2, “Isis-Worship in Paris.”

¶ From this wonderful piece of logic one might be permitted to mistake N. for a member of the Rationalistic Press Association. But he was only a $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$.

THE EQUINOX

The disciple who can recognize Christ in the darkness that surrounds the Cross, he is a true disciple. P. suspended judgment on D.D.C.F. till he had proved that he had pledged his honour, to excuse a maniacal assault upon a Saint of God, Frater I.A.

It is permissible for a great musician to improvise in some great masterpiece he may be playing; but it is not permissible for a student to say that he can play this piece when he can only scrape through it by improvising easy bars for the more difficult ones. Similarly with a great Magician; he can indulge in petty black magical tricks if he so desire (there is always a danger), for at a breath they will vanish before the greater magic that is his. But the shivering little cardshuffler who pretends he is the Master because he has successfully forced a card on a village curate, not only cuts off all hope of ever becoming such, but unless he is extremely careful, will find himself literally in the place of the evil triad, marching, not between Isis and Nephthys, but between two sturdy guardians of the peace.

Towards the end of April, 1900, P. returned to his lonely house in the north, but only remaining there a few days, he travelled back to Paris. For it was now past Easter, and so too late in the year to begin the Operation of Abramelin.

He had, as we have seen induced D.D.C.F. to put in force the Deadly and Hostile Current of Will, but, as in the case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, nobody seemed a penny the worse. One might have expected that D.D.C.F. having failed, P. would have abandoned him. No, for it seemed still possible that D.D.C.F., really in touch with the Supreme Chiefs, had yet finally decided to say with Christ upon the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even though this theory was somewhat rudely shaken by D.D.C.F. spending the whole of one Sunday afternoon in rattling a lot of dried peas in a sieve under the impression that they were the revolted members: as subsequent events proved, they were only the ideas in his head. So we find P. still loyal, if a little sceptical, and searching within himself to discover a touchstone by which he might prove beyond doubt the authenticity of D.D.C.F.'s claim to represent the Masters. Now, there had been a good deal of talk of an adventure that happened to D.D.C.F. and Frater I.A., who was a guest in his house, in which a revolver figured prominently; but the story was only vague, and Frater I.A., who could and would have told the truth about it, had departed for a distant colony. So on arriving in Paris, P. lured D.D.C.F. into telling the story, which was as follows: That he and I.A. had disagreed upon an obscure point in theology, thereby formulating the accursed Dyad, thereby enabling the Abramelin demons to assume material form: one in his own shape, another in that of I.A. Now, the demon that looked like I.A. had a revolver, and threatened to shoot him (D.D.C.F.), while the demon that resembled himself was equally anxious to shoot I.A. Fortunately, before the demons could fire, V.N.R. came into the room, thus formulating the symbol of the Blessed Trinity, of which her great purity of character would naturally fit her to be a prominent member. Now, the only probability about this story, which D.D.C.F. related on his magical honour as a $7^\circ=4^\circ$, was that D.D.C.F. saw double. Frater P., however, was not going to judge any isolated story by the general laws of probability, so, bowing gracefully, he rose and set out

THE EQUINOX

to find Frater I.A., whom he eventually ran down at the house of a holy Yogi in the Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, to hear his account.

Frater I.A.'s account was less of a strain upon P.'s faculties of belief. They had had, he said, an argument about the God Shiva, the Destroyer, whom I.A. worshipped because, if one repeated his name often enough, Shiva would one day open his eye and destroy the Universe, and whom D.D.C.F. feared and hated because He would one day open His eye and destroy D.D.C.F. I.A. closed the argument by assuming the position Padmasana and repeating the Mantra: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." D.D.C.F., angrier than ever, sought the sideboard, but soon returned, only to find Frater I.A. still muttering: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "Will you stop blaspheming?" cried D.D.C.F.; but the holy man only said: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "If you don't stop I will shoot you!" said D.D.C.F., drawing a revolver from his pocket, and levelling it at I.A.'s head; but I.A., being concentrated, took no notice, and continued to mutter: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva."

Whether overawed by the majesty of the saint, or interrupted by the entry of a third person, I.A. no longer remembered, but D.D.C.F. never pulled the trigger. It was only after this interview, which did not take place till August 1901, that P. definitely decided against D.D.C.F. We must now return to his wanderings, and so we find him in July 1900 crossing the Atlantic to New York.

From New York P. journeyed to Mexico: in this country he travelled about alone for three months; and whilst in

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Mexico D.F. became partaker in a wonderful experience known as “the Vision and the Voice.”*67 Shortly after this vision, he founded at Guanajato the Order of the L.I.L., and the fire of Adonai descending upon him, he wrote “The Book of the Spirit of the Living God,” of which the two following rituals are part:

THE BOOK OF THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD.

ספר
הרוח
החיה

The Casting-out of the Evil ones.

The Consecration of the Shrine.

The Cleansing of the Son of Man.

The Drawing together of the Elements.

The Coming of the Golden Dawn.

The Indwelling of the Isis.

The Initiation of the Whirling Force.

The Chant of Mystery.

The Music of the Divine One.

The Movement of the Spirit.

The Descent of the Soul of Isis.

The Night of Apophis.

The Light of Osiris.

The Knowledge of the Higher Soul.

These be duly written; these shall be, unto the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name.

[The Aspirant, having fasted for a period of nine days, during which he constantly aspireth unto the Higher, shall now enter the Temple which he hath prepared (banishing and consecrating with Fire and Water) and its order and disposition is thus: Let there be a square altar and pillars as for the Neophyte ceremony. On the altar is the Symbol of Isis, with the elements as usual. And know thou that the altar may be removed unto the East after the Great Invocation of Isis, where he shall duly confess himself in the Presence of God the Vast One. Whereafter, let him arise, and, standing in the Sign of Osiris Slain, let him obligate himself as followeth and is hereafter duly set down in clear writing.]

* Two of the “Cries of the Æthyrs.”

THE EQUINOX

THE OBLIGATION

[To be most solemnly accepted by him who would attain unto the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Genius.]

In my bondage and affliction, O Lord, let me raise Thy Holy Symbol alike of Suffering and of Strength. I invoke Thee, the great avenging angel HUA, to place thine hand invisibly upon mine head, in attestation of this mine Obligation!

I, . . . a member of the body of Aeshoori, do spiritually bind myself, even as I am this day physically bound unto the Cross of Suffering.

That I will to the utmost endeavour lead a pure and an unselfish life: not revealing to any other person the mysteries which shall herein be revealed unto me: that I will obey the dictates of my Higher Soul: that I will work in silence and with perseverance against all opposition: I furthermore most solemnly promise and swear that with the Divine Permission I will from this day apply myself constantly unto the Great Work: that is, so to purify and exalt my spiritual nature, that with the Aid Divine, I may at length attain to be more than human; and that in this event I will not abuse the great power entrusted unto me. I will invoke the Great Names of God the Vast One before performing any important magical working. I will yearn constantly in love toward the whole of mankind. I will work constantly to the Great End, on pain of being degraded from my present state. Finally, if there arise in me any thought or suggestion seeming to emanate from the Divine, I will examine it with care before acknowledging it to be so.

Such are the Words of this my Obligation, whereto I pledge myself in the Presence of the Divine One and of the Great Avenging Angel HUA.

And if I fail herein, may my rose be disintegrated and my power in magic cease!

[Let the Stigmata be placed upon the Aspirant.

Then let the Aspirant retire; and being invested with the White Robe, the Blue Sash and the Crown and nemys of our Art let him re-enter the Temple and perform the supreme ritual of the Pentagram* in the four quarters; Having first purified the Temple with Fire and Water, and further equilibrated the symbols in his Magical Mirror of the Universe by the Invocation hereafter set down (Come unto me, O Ma, &c.) with the Calls or Keys Enochian suitable thereunto.

And in all this is the wand held by the path of ♃: for why? because in drawing down the light Divine; so is it manifest in the Sphere immediately above Malkuth: and in banishing is the Flaming Sword set against the enemies; and in ♃ is the knowledge of the Elements and the Astral Plane; also ♃ = the Cross.

* See "Liber O," THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Let him then perform the invoking Ritual of the Supernals:* by the names אַרְיֵלִים : יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים : יְהוָה and אֲרִיֵּלִים.

And after this let him turn again to the East and recite the Great Invocation of IAΩ beginning:

“Thee I invoke the Bornless One.”†

And this being accomplished, let him lift up his heart unto that Light, and dwell therein, and aspire even unto that which is beyond. And seeing that the gate is called Strait, let him invoke Her who abideth therein, in the path called Daleth, even Our Lady ISIS.]

THE INVOCATION OF ISIS.

And I beheld a great wonder in Heaven: a Woman clothed with the Sun: and the Moon was at Her feet: and on Her Head was the Diadem of the Twelve Stars.

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save.

O Thou, Queen of Love and Mercy!

Thou, crowned with the Throne!

Thou, hornèd as the Moon! Thou, whose countenance is mild and glowing, even as grass refreshed by rain!

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save!

O Thou, who art in Mater manifest!

Thou Bride and Queen as Thou art Mother and Daughter of the Crucified!

O Thou, who art the Lady of the Earth!

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save!

O Thou, Our Lady of the Amber Skin!

Lady of Love and Victory!

Bright gate of Glory through the darkling skies!

O crowned with Light and Life and Love!

Head me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save!

By Thy Sacred Flower, the Lotus of Eternal Life and Beauty;

By Thy love and mercy;

By Thy wrath and vengeance;

By my desire toward Thee;

In the name of Aeshoori;

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save!

Open thy bosom to Thy child!

Stretch wide thy arms and strain me to Thy Breast!

Let my lips touch Thy lips ineffable!

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, hear and save!

* See “Liber O,” THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

† See The Lesser Key of Solomon: The Goetia.

THE EQUINOX

Lift up Thy Voice and aid me in this hour!

Lift up Thy Voice most musical!

Cry aloud, O Queen and Mother!

Lift up your heads, O ye Gates,

And be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors.

And the King of Glory shall come in!

Hear me, Our Lady Isis, and receive!

By the symbol of Thy whirling force the Svastika of Flaming Light,

I invoke Thee to initiate my soul!

Let the whirling of my magic dance be a spell and a link with Thy great Light: so that in the Hour of Apophis, in the apparent darkness and corruption of unconsciousness, may rise the golden Sun of Aeshoori, reborn from incorruption.

Hear, Lady Isis, and receive my prayer!

Thee, Thee I worship and invoke!

Hail, Hail to thee, Sole Mother of my Life!

Dwell Thou in me, and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!

[The Altar is now moved, if necessary, and the chant and the mystic dance take place, as is set down hereafter.]

THE CHANT.

Hear, O Amoun! Look with favour on me, Thy Neophyte, now kneeling in Thy presence! Grant that the Music of Thy Mighty Name $\text{IA}\Omega$, the signs of Light, the Symbol of the Cross, the woven paces of the mystic 3, may be as a spell and a charm and a working of Magic Art, to draw down my Higher Soul to dwell within my heart, that the Great and Terrible Angel who is my Higher Genius may abide in my own Kether unto the Accomplishing of the Great Work and the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, AMOUN.

THE MYSTIC DANCE.

[Here we have the sign of the Cross at the Centre. The Magus then whirls off in the triple 3, chanting the Name and giving the sign appropriate, very slowly at first, ever quickening. And having fallen down in an ecstasy, let him after awake; and say:

“I am the Resurrection and the Life,” &c., down to the Key Word.*

Which being done, let the Lesser Banishing Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram† be performed, the Lights extinguished, and the Temple left in Silence.]

THE GREAT OPERATION OF INVISIBILITY.

The Begetting of the Silence.

The Dwelling of the Darkness.

* See $5^\circ=6^\circ$ Ritual, supra. † See “Liber O,” THE EQUINOX, vol. i. No. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Formulation of the Shroud.
The Inmost Light.
The Sign of Defence and Protection.
The Closing of the Mouths of the Crocodiles.
The Fear upon the Dwellers of Water.
The Radiant Youth of the Lord.
The Rising from the Lotus of the Floods.
The Habitation of the Palace of Safety.
The Understanding of the Peace of God.*

All this is the Knowledge of HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST unto Whom be the Glory for ever and ever, World without End.

[The Usual Banishings, Consecrations, &c., are performed in temple of $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$.

The forces of Spirit are first invoked by the Supreme Ritual of the Pentagram and the Enochian Keys. Add Hexagram ritual of Binah and her invocation.]

Come unto Me, Thoth, Lord of the Astral Light! I adjure Thee, O Light Invisible, Intangible, wherein all thoughts and deeds are written; I adjure Thee by Thoth, thy Lord and God; by the symbols and the words of power: by the Light of my Godhead in Thy midst: by the Lord Harpocrates, the God of this mine Operation: that Thou leave Thine abodes and habitations, to concentrate about me, invisible, intangible, as a shroud of darkness; a formula of defence: that I may become invisible, so that seeing me men see not, nor understand the thing that they behold!

Come unto me, O Ma, Goddess of Truth and Justice! Thou that presidest over the Eternal Balance.

Auramooth, come unto me, Lady of the Water!

Thoum-aesh-neith, come unto me, Lady of the Fire!

Purify me and consecrate, for I am Aeshoori the Justified. For the Twelve Stars of Light are on my Brow: Wisdom and Understanding are balanced in my thought!

Wrath in my right hand and the Thunderbolts;

Mercy in my left hand and the fountains of delight!

In my heart is Aeshoori and the Symbol of Beauty.

My thighs are as pillars on the right and on the left; Splendour and Victory, for they cross with the currents reflected. I am established as a Rock, for Jesod is my foundation.

* Note that the whole Operation may be performed mentally and in silence, and that on each occasion of concentrating the shroud the God-form and Vibration of Harpocrates, as taught, may be employed.

THE EQUINOX

And the sphere of the Nephesh, and the palaces of Malkuth are cleansed and consecrate, balanced and beautiful, in the might of Thy Name, Adonai, to whom be the Kingdom, the Sceptre and the Splendour: The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Middle Pillar.]

Child of the Silence!

O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Mystic Circumambulation.]

Lord of the Lotus!

O Thou! HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! [Silence.]

Thou that standest on the heads of the dwellers of the Waters!

Thee, Thee I invoke!

O Thou, Babe in the Egg of Blue!

Lord of Defence and Protection!

Thou who bearest the Rose and Cross of Life and Light!

Thee I invoke!

Behold I am! a circle on whose hands the Twelfefold Kingdom of my Godhead stands.

I am the A and the Ω.

My life is as the circle of the sky.

I change but I cannot die!

O ye! the Bennu Birds of Resurrection, Who are the hope of men's mortality!

Back, Crocodile Mako, Son of Set! Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!

Behold He is in Me and I in Him!

Mine is the Lotus, as I rose from the firmament of Waters;

My throne is set on high;

My light is in the firmament of Nu!

I am the Centre and the Shrine: I am the Silence and the Eternal Light:

Beneath my feet they rage, the angry crocodiles; the dragons of death; the eaters of the wicked.

But I repress their wrath: for I am HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST, the lotus-throned Lord of Silence.

If I said: Come up upon the mountains, the celestial waters would flow at my word and the celestial fires flame forth. For I am Râ enshrouded: Khephra unmanifest to men; I am my father Hoor, the might of the Avenger: and my mother Asi, the Veiled One: Eternal wisdom in eternal beauty.

Therefore I say unto Thee: Bring Me unto Thine Abode in the Silence Unutterable, Wisdom: All-Light, All Power!

HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST! Thou Nameless Child of the Eternities! Bring me to Thee, that I may be defended in this work of Art.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Thou, the Centre and the Silence!
Light Shrouded in Darkness is Thy Name!
The Celestial Fire is Thy Father!
Thy Mother the Celestial Sea!

Thou art the Equilibrium of the All, and Thou art Lord against the Face of the Dwellers within the Waters!

Bring me, I say, bring me to Thine abode of Silence: that I may go invisible: so that every Spirit created, and every soul of man and beast; and every thing of sight and sense, and every Spell and Scourge of God, may see me not nor understand!

And now, in the Name of God the Vast One, Who hath set limits and bounds unto all material and astral things, do I formulate a barrier and a bar without mine astral form, that it may be unto me as a wall, and as a fortress, and as a defence.

And I now declare that it is so formulated, to be a basis and receptacle for the Shroud of Darkness which I shall presently encincture me withal.

And unto ye, O forces of Akasa,* do I now address my Will.

In the Great Names Exarp, Hcoma, Nanta and Bitom,†

By the mysterious letters and sigils of the Great Tablet of Union.‡

By the mighty Names of God AHIH, AGLA, IHVH, ALHIM.

By the Great God Harpocrates;

By your deep purple darkness;

By my white and brilliant light do I conjure ye:

Collect yourselves together about me: clothe this astral form with a shroud of darkness:

Gather, O Gather, Flakes of Astral Light:

Shroud, shroud my form in your substantial night:

Clothe me and hide me, at my charm's control;

Darken man's eyes and blind him in his soul!

Gather, O Gather, at my Word Divine,

Ye are the Watchers and my soul the shrine!

[Let formulate the Idea of becoming Invisible; imagine the results of success: Then say:]

Let the shroud of concealment encircle me at a distance of ten inches from the physical body.

Let the Sphere be consecrated with Water and with Fire. [Done.]

O Auramooth and O Thoum-aesh-neith, I invoke and beseech you: Let the vapour

* The Element of Spirit.

† The names on the Tablet of Spirit.

‡ The Tablet of Spirit.

THE EQUINOX

of this water, and of this fire, be as a basis on the material plane for the formation of this shroud of Art.

[Form mentally the shroud.]

I, P., Frater of the Order of the Golden Dawn, and a 5°=6° thereof: a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts: a Frater Ordinis Rosae Rubeae et Aureae Crucis: and especially a member of the 0° = 0° grade: master of the pass-word “H——” and of the Grand Word “M——,” am here: in order to formulate to myself a shroud of concealment: that I may attain unto knowledge and power, to use in the Service of the Eternal Gods: that I may pursue safely and without interruption my magical and other pursuits: and that I may pass unseen among men, to execute the Fiat of Tetragrammaton. And I bind and obligate myself and do spiritually swear and affirm: that I will use this power to a good purpose only, and in the service of the Gods.

And I declare that in this Operation I shall succeed: that the Shroud shall conceal me alike from men and spirits; that it shall be under my control: ready to disperse and to re-form at my command.

And I declare that all is now ready for the due fulfilment and prosecution of this mine Operation of Magick Art.

[Go to Altar as Hierophant, left hand on triangle, right hand holding Verendum, by path of ♀ or Malkuth.]

THE POTENT EXORCISM.

Come unto me, O shroud of darkness and of night. I conjure ye, O particles of Darkness, that ye enfold me, as a guard and shroud of utter Silence and of Mystery.

In the name AHIH and by the name AHIH!

In the name AGLA and by the name AGLA!

In the name EXARP and by the name EXARP!

In the name HCOMA and by the name HCOMA!

In the name NANTA and by the name NANTA!

In the name BITOM and by the name BITOM!

In the name TETRAGRAMMATON ELOHIM and by the name TETRAGRAMMATON ELOHIM!

In the name HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST and by the name HOOR-PO-KRAT-IST!

By your deep purple darkness!

By my white brilliant light!

I invoke ye: I conjure ye: I exorcise ye potently: I command and constrain ye: I compel ye to utter, absolute and instant obedience, and that without deception or delay,—for why? The Light of Godhead is my trust and I have made IHVH mine hope!

“Gather, O Gather, Flakes of Astral Light:

Shroud, shroud my form in your substantial night:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Clothe me and hide me, at my charm's control;
Darken man's eyes and bind him in his soul!
Gather, O Gather, at my Word Divine,
Ye are the Watchers and my soul the shrine!"

[Turn round three times.]

In the Name of the Lord of the Universe and by the Power of mine own Higher Soul and by the Aspiration of Thine Higher Soul I conjure thee, O shroud of darkness and of mystery, that thou encirclest me, so that I may become invisible: so that seeing me men may see not, neither understand: but that they may see the thing that they see not and comprehend not the thing that they behold! So mote it be!

[Go North.]

I have set my feet in the North and have said: "I will shroud myself in mystery and concealment."

The Voice of My Higher Soul said unto me:

"Let me enter the path of darkness: peradventure thus may I attain the Light. I am the Only Being in an Abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth; from the Silence of a Primal Sleep." And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul:

"I am He that formulates in Darkness: the Light indeed shineth in Darkness, but the Darkness comprehendeth it not."

Let the Mystic Circumambulation take place in the Place of Darkness.

[Go round, knocks, &c. In South formulate Pillars as before and imagine self as shrouded.]

[In the West.]

Invisible, I cannot pass by the Gate of the Invisible save by virtue of the Name of Darkness.

[Formulate forcibly shroud about thee.]

Darkness is My Name and Concealment!

I am the Great One Invisible of the Paths of the Shades. I am without fear though veiled in Darkness: for within me, though unseen, is the Magic of the Light!

[Go round. In North, Pillars, &c., as before.]

[In the East.]

Invisible, I cannot pass by the Gate of the Invisible, save by virtue of the Name of Light.

[Form shroud forcibly.]

I am Light shrouded in Darkness. I am the wielder of the Forces of the Bilanx!

[Concentrate shroud mentally. Go West of Altar.]

[The Potent Exorcism as before.]

THE EQUINOX

Shroud of Concealment, long has thou dwelt concealed! Quit the Light, that thou mayst conceal me before men!

[Carefully formulating shroud.]

I receive Thee, as a covering and a guard!

KHABS AM PEKHT!
KONX OM PAX!
LIGHT IN EXTENSION!

Before all magical manifestation cometh the Knowledge of the Hidden Light.

[Go to Pillars: give signs and words and with the Sign of Horus project your whole will so as to realize the self fading out. The effect will be that the physical body will become gradually and partially invisible, as though a veil or cloud were coming between it and thee. Divine ecstasy will follow, but no loss of self-control. With Sign of Silence use Hoor Po Krat formula* and vibrate the Grand Word.†]

[Repeat concentration and Mystic Circumambulation.]

[Intensely form shroud: stand at East and say:]

Thus have I formulated unto myself this shroud of Darkness and of Mystery as a concealment and a guard.

O Thou, Binah, IHVH ALHIM, AIMA, AMA, Lady of Darkness and of Mystery; Moon of the Concealèd; Divine Light that rulest in thine Own Deep Gloom: Thy power I invoke. Come unto me and dwell within me, that I also may have poser and control, even I, over this shroud of Darkness and of Mystery.

And now I conjure thee, O shroud of Darkness and of Mystery, that thou conceal me from the eyes of all men, from all things of sight and sense, in this my present purpose: which is . . .

O Binah, IHVH ALHIM, AMA, AIMA, Thou who art Darkness illuminated by the Light Divine, send me Thine Archangel Tzaphquel, Thy legions of Aralim, the mighty angels, that I may disintegrate and scatter this shroud of darkness and of mystery, for its work is ended for the hour.

I conjure thee, O shroud of darkness and of Mystery, who hast well served my purpose, that thou now depart unto thine ancient ways. But be ye very instant and ready, when I shall again call ye, whether by a word or a will, or by this great invocation of your powers, to come quickly and forcibly to my behest, again to shroud me from the eyes of men! And now I say unto ye, Depart in peace, and with the Blessing of God the Vast and Shrouded One: and be ye very ready to come when ye are called!

IT IS FINISHED!

* Imagine yourself as Harpocrates standing upon two crocodiles.

† I.e. of 0°=0°, Har-Po-Krat.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

These rituals being completed, P. left Mexico D.F., and in the first days of the new year of 1901 he journeyed to Ixtaccihuatl. Some time before this he had been joined by his friend D.A., and with him he travelled to Colima and thence to Toluca and Popocatepetl.

Now that we have arrived at the end of this chapter, it will be pertinent to inquire into the progress P. made since he passed through the $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Ritual and became an Adeptus Minor in the Order of the R.R. et A.C. Strictly speaking, some time before he was officially promoted to the grade of $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$, he was already a $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$. In London and Paris his works of Magical Art had caused him to be admired by his friends and dreaded by his enemies. He had succeeded in proving that the Ψ of Ψ Operation was in fact none other than that of “The Rising on the Planes,” though in practice and theory very different. By their study and the equilibrating forces of the $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Ritual he was able to apply the eye of a skilled craftsman to the dreaded* Operation of Abramelin,

* On this occasion the Abramelin demons appeared as misty forms filling the whole house with a pernicious aura, which was still noticeable three years after they had been attracted. Whether these demons are to be considered as material or mental beings depends upon the philosophic outlook of the reader. Nevertheless, let it be understood that Abramelin is not a work to be taken lightly. The obsession of these demons was probably one of the chief causes of D.D.C.F.’s troubles. Frater P., in spite of his equilibrating practices of Yoga which followed immediately upon this Operation, suffered terribly on their account. Frater Æ.A. fled secretly from his house in terror; his gardener, a teetotalter for twenty years, went raving drunk, as did nearly every one who lived on the estate—we could continue examples for pages. His clairvoyants became drunkards and prostitutes, while later a butcher upon one of whose bills the names of two demons had been casually jotted down, viz., Elerion and Mabakiel, which respectively mean “A laugher” and “Lamentation” (conjunct, “unlooked-for sorrow suddenly descending upon happiness”) whilst cutting up a joint for a customer accidentally severed the femoral artery and died in a few minutes. These mishaps are most likely

THE EQUINOX

and though he was never destined to accomplish this Sacred Work in the prescribed fashion, it so far illuminated him (for he worked astrally at it for months whilst in Mexico) as to show him the futility of even successful Magic. He was disgusted with his results. He had attained a rank which few arrive at, namely, that of Adeptus Major; and now, even though he had attained to the powers of Hecate, for which he had so long striven, he saw that the Great Attainment lay far, far beyond. And so it happened that by renouncing all his magical strength to gain a greater Power, a Nobler Art, he set forth upon the Path of the Lion that bridges the great gulf between the two highest Grades of the Second Order, as it is written: “A similar Fire flashingly extending through the rushings of Air, or a Fire formless whence cometh the Image of a Voice, or even a flashing Light abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud. Also there is the vision of the fire flashing Courser of Light, or also a Child, borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery, or clothed with gold, or naked, or shooting with the bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse; then if thy meditation prolongeth itself, thou shalt unite all these Symbols into the Form of a Lion.”

mere coincidences, but a coincidence when it happens is quite as awkward as the real thing, and in the case of Abramelin the coincidences can be counted by scores.

(To be continued)

THE COMING OF APOLLO

RED roses, O red roses,
Roses afire, aflame,
O burgeon that discloses
The glory of desire—
Hush! all the heart of fire
Is mingled in Thy name,
O roses, roses, roses,
Red roses of desire.

The golden-shafted sunlight
Beats down upon the sward;
The pillared serpent's one light
Is a flame of red desire;
O snake from out the mire,
I slay thee with the sword,
The strong sword of the sunlight,
The sword of my desire!

The still strong bird of sorrow
Keens through the golden blue,
And many a bitter morrow
Is borne upon his wings;

THE EQUINOX

The glory that he brings
He brings, O King, to you,
The wonder-song of sorrow
In the flapping of his wings.

The flaming day grows olden
As the youth of glory wanes;
And the sun-bird grows more golden
And narrower his wings;
He swirls around in rings;
He bears the bloody stains
Of all the sorrows olden
Upon his bright gold wings.

And scarlet-rimmed and splendid,
The wide blue vault is spanned
With golden rays wide-bended
From the green earth to the skies;
The hush of noontide dies,
Song rises from the land—
And scarlet, naked, splendid,
Glow out the radiant skies.

A cloud of huge hushed laughter
Shakes all the listening boughs,
And a sudden hush comes after,
Dropped from the silent skies;
A myriad laughing eyes
Flash in a still carouse,
And shake with silent laughter
The blue vault of the skies.

THE COMING OF APOLLO

A breeze—a leaf—a shadow—
The falling of a bud—
The wind across the meadow—
A flash of light—a call—
A patter on the wall—
The air is bright as blood;
A moment stands a shadow,
A moment sounds a call.

Awake! the spell is broken,
And hushed the sense of noon;
What silent word was spoken
In answer to the Call? . . .
Hush! See the rose-leaves fall;
Ah! see the pathway strewn
With tender rose-leaves, broken
In answer to the Call.

How still it lies, the garden,
Now the red flash is gone;
The brown soil seems to harden
Now the strange spell is fled;
And the earth lies cold and dead,
And the hot hours hurry on.
It is only a quiet garden
Now that the spell is fled.

But the hour, the hour and the token,
Have passed as a dream away,
Now that the spell is broken,
And the moment's flash is fled.

THE EQUINOX

When the secret word was said,
Ah! what remained to say?
No word, but silence' token
That the golden God had fled.

And the roses, roses, roses
Flame in their red desire,
And every bud uncloses
To mark the sign that fled;
The wonder-word hath sped
To the far Olympian fire:
The spell of the crimson roses
Has passed from earth and fled.

But still the old silent garden
Remember the golden flush
When the heavens seemed to harden
For a moment that came and fled;
When the whole green earth grew red
In a breathless spell and a hush,
And the world grew young in the garden,
And trembled, and passed, and fled.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG

REVIEWS

THE OCCULT REVIEW. Monthly. 7*d.* net.

Still, as before, the best and brightest of the periodicals dealing with transcendental subjects. It hears all sides and has no axe to grind. C.

SELECTED POEMS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. Fifth thousand. Methuen and Co., and Burns and Oates. No price.

Long years ago, in 1898, I was one of the very few admirers of Francis Thompson. His wealth of thought and pomp of diction more than atoned for the too frequent turgidity of his music.

Now, it seems, I am but one of five thousand just persons. So much the better for them! The more the merrier! ALEISTER CROWLEY.

SCIENTIFIC IDEALISM. By W. KINGSLAND. Rebman, Limited. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Science and Idealism have laboured long, and have at last brought forth a book worth reading and rereading, a book worth studying and restudying. Mr. W. Kingsland is to be congratulated; the "Foreword" alone is worth the price asked. Here are a few quotations:

"The individual must ultimately claim not merely his relationship to the Whole, but his *identity* therewith."

"Thus the individual . . . finds that reality ever appearing to evade him . . . in proportion as this is realized, he must necessarily revolt against any and every system which would *limit* him."

". . . Nothing can be accepted on mere authority."

As old as the Vedas is the question "What am I?" Ay! older, for the first man probably asked it, and yet it crouches ever before us with enticing eyes like some evil Sphinx. This question Mr. Kingsland tries to narrow down by a theoretical reconciliation of Science and Idealism. "Where we do not really know we must be content with a working hypothesis." But the following citations are those of a man who is, if still in the twilight, yet no longer in the dark:

". . . Evil as well as that which we call good, are part of and essential to that fundamental underlying Unity by and through which alone the Universe can be conceive of as a Cosmos and not a Chaos."

"Our apparent failures are necessary lessons. We often learn more by failure than by success. The only real failure is to cease to endeavour."

"Could we but realise this Truth in our life and consciousness, it would be to us the end of all doubt and of all strife, for it would be the realisation of our own inherent and inalienable divine nature, the realisation of the Infinite Self, the attainment of which is the end and goal of our evolution."

Drop the conditional tense, Mr. Kingsland. Say no longer "if I could," but

THE EQUINOX

“I will!” And then write for the nations yet another book, not one based on “Belief,” but on “Knowledge,” a book of Realisation, a book of Truth. “Then will the health of the daughter of my people recover”; and “in thy market will be sold the wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm.” F.

EUSAPIA PALLADINO AND HER PHENOMENA. By HEReward CARRINGTON, T. Werner Laurie.

We remember Mr. Hereward Carrington as the author of “Fasting, Vitality, and Nutrition.”

In six hundred odd closely printed 9 in. × 6 in. pages the author proved that Eating Is All A Mistake. Food supplies no nourishment, but only causes disease; if you only fast long enough, you cure cancer and consumption and everything else.

Now when a man who can print drivel of this sort comes forward and testifies to the wind that blows from the top of a medium’s head, it is unlikely that any serious person will take the trouble even to read his statement.

Worse, the presence of such a person at a sitting entirely invalidates the testimony of his fellow-sitters, even be they such presumably competent persons as Mr. W. W. Baggalay and the Hon. Everard Feilding.

Le grande hystérie, such as must play no small part in the constitution of a person who can persuade himself that the best athletic training is stark starvation, that tobacco is poison, alcohol fatal in doses of three drops, and the use of the reproductive faculties under any circumstances tantamount to suicide, *la grande hystérie*, I say, is sufficient to explain anything. A sufferer is capable of assisting the medium to cheat, and of throwing dust in the eyes of his fellow-observers, entirely unconscious that he is doing so, under the spell of his morbid perversity.

We hope shortly to publish studies, not of the phenomena alleged to be produced by mediums, but of the mental make-up of those investigators who allege them to be genuine.

We must be understood to refer only to material phenomena; we have no doubt concerning the mental and moral phenomena. Spiritualism leads in every case that we have yet investigated to mental spermatorrhoea, culminating in obsession and complete moral and intellectual atony.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

THE mind of the Wise easily shunts to strange speculations before taking again to the main line of severely controlled thoughts. Associations of ideas—your name is Harpy. How you do catch unheralded the mortal uncautious! The Wise knows you; he is aware of your jumpy step; he makes ready; he fights and . . . *væ vitctis!* he yokes you. But the fool . . . !

However, we digress and progress not. I ought to be relating a personal experience. One night, one sleepless night, I was allowing my eternal enemies, the harpies to whom I have already referred, the following of their fancy for a while. They were poachy enough for me not to fear them.

Earlier in the evening I and a few friends had been discussing affinities and mysteries, among other subjects, and as I lay in bed one of the recent mysteries gave mental food to the harpies. My thoughts were of course utterly passive and need no record. But something which subsequently happened causes me to mention this. Let me recall the main facts of the Brighton murder.

On the night of the crime there had been a dinner-party at the house of Mrs. Ridley. Towards midnight the hostess remained alone with her servants: a butler, two footmen, a

THE EQUINOX

cook, and two maids. Mrs Ridley's apartments have a full view of the sea, as has also the room of her maid Jane Fleming. The cook and the other maids, as well as the three men, slept in rooms at the back of the house.

At the inquest James Dale, the footman, and the butler deposed that they heard no noise whatever during the night. Now, Harry Carpenter, the other man, had been found murdered in the first-floor bathroom. And it has been ascertained that he could not possibly leave his room without being heard by the others, who slept one on each side of him, as neither of them *did* sleep on that particular night, for some reason or another. But of course this is public knowledge. The police and the papers have received scores of anonymous letters denouncing Jane Fleming, the butler, and Dale as the authors of the crime. They have not been arrested. Why?

I am certain that they are entirely innocent; yet the police cannot be aware of the reasons which lead me to this certainty, and in the absence of these proofs they ought to be suspected.

Mrs. Ridley's bed stood with the foot towards the fire-place, a door being on either side of the head, the window on her left hand.

When her maid entered the room in the morning she found the body of her mistress lying at the foot of the bed, the head towards the window. It was entirely naked. Near the body was a shift, and over the neck a white shawl had been carelessly thrown. It had upon it in various parts as many as sixteen wounds, cuts and bruises of various importance. The most serious and only mortal one was behind the left ear; the great vessels of the neck were destroyed and the skull much injured. The most ugly wound to the sight was under the

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

nose, which had been so entirely damaged that it rendered the whole face almost unrecognisable. Yet there has been, I must say, no doubt as to the identity. The wounds had been inflicted with an instrument edged but blunt, used by a very weak person, possibly a woman. The bedclothes were not disarranged, and there was some strangeness in the fact, for the maid swore to having seen her mistress in bed, while after the discovery of the murder the bed was found made as if no one had either lain in or even sat on it. The police took it as a proof that Mrs. Ridley had some connection with the murderer or murderers, and, after her maid's departure, had been preparing herself to go out. She was known to be a most tidy and cautious lady. Had she obeyed an instinctive need of leaving everything in order?

But let us turn to the bathroom. There also was a murdered body. Carpenter, the footman, had been killed with the same or with a similar instrument. Not without a severe conflict, however. How was it that his left hand held tightly hidden in its grasp a small piece of lace which was recognised as belonging to Mrs. Ridley? It had been torn from a handkerchief belonging to her. The strangeness of the discovery was all the more striking because the handkerchief referred to was found later on by the maid in a drawer between many others, neither on top nor at the bottom. The piece of lace found in the hand of Carpenter corresponded exactly.

So much for the victims. Now for the motive. Mrs. Ridley was a wealthy widow, and possessed many valuable pictures. She had a well-known dislike for cheque-books; and a firm of London bankers came forward at the inquest, having written a private letter to the coroner to the effect that

THE EQUINOX

the deceased lady was their client, and deposed that on the morning before the murder she had received the sum of £1200 in banknotes and gold, which sum was to be handed over to Mr. —, a representative of a well-known firm of art dealers, in payment for a certain picture.

Well, the police and the public knew that too; it had leaked out somehow. But beyond this they knew little. That is, they had forgotten. Because there *were* other facts. These facts, however, could not help a detective to realise their importance because they were loose facts—events, that is, which were in contradiction with one another. Yet still they afforded a clue. The murderer might be a criminal thief, a temperance reformer, a madman, a clergyman, a novelist, or a devil-worshipper—any person, in fact, in the whole world whose hand is weak or unsteady. But the whole world is comparatively too large to allow of any certainty in picking out the murderer of Mrs. Ridley. I say comparatively, because to the Wise the world is small. . . .
Passons!

Some time before her sudden death Mrs. Ridley had had a guest in her house whose unaffected manners had much offended the dignity of the male servants. He was said to be a distant relation of the late big-gun maker, James Ridley. But he was *not*. The late Ridley had no relations whatever on earth—at least among human beings. I happen to know that the so-called relation was a spiritualist. This sounds bad enough. Was Mrs. Ridley in agreement with him or was she not? It is nothing more than a question. Suppress the query, give the mere words another place in the sentence and you have two affirmations: *She was* or *She was not*. How

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

infinitely clearer is the point! Any intellectual bloodhound ought to find out which is *the* affirmation. That is, if the so-called relation was the murderer. I say he is, though I have no human proofs whatever to offer. The police—that is, my friend Inspector Bennet—tell me he is not, but he may know something. One of our great dailies has (alone) come very near the truth on the matter. It was given as an editorial opinion that the widow of the gun-maker was a little out of her mind and had committed suicide, with the help of some one, in spite of her footman, who had been attracted by the noise. Curious blend of truth and imagination!

A few hours after I had allowed the furies to play havoc with my brains I received the following letter; and that is why I know so much. For the very reason of its strangeness I felt at once that it could be the work of no practical joker. The mysterious part of the adventure can, I believe, be solved without much difficulty.

“Dear Sir,” it ran,—“You do not know me; but I know you. I have followed you through the world with the eyes of my spirit. I once saw in the window of a Paris photographer a portrait of yours which arrested my attention, and since that day your personality has been the constant, though not unpleasant, obsession of my life. I am perfectly acquainted with you and your life, your work and moods and ways of living. I came to England a few weeks ago and I saw you. To-day I write. I am aware that you are interested in the strange happenings which are to be studied in this world. My last adventure will cause you to be interested in the Brighton murder. I have been nearer than any one else to be the criminal author of that murder. Only, when I arrived

THE EQUINOX

it was too late. Had I not been already a madman during the years 1897 and 1898, and eventually cured, this strange adventure would certainly have sent me into a state of complete insanity. As it is, I am in a certain way vaccinated against madness.

“Monsieur, as true as I am a Frenchman born in America of a German mother by a poor Spanish hidalgo who forgot to give her his address—you see, I am French by naturalization (I wanted to make up for their declining birth-rate)—the footman of Mrs. Ridley has been murdered by that lady herself because he tried to save her life. I don’t know her past, but I am certain that she had been a near relation of mine in some former existence, and that she was much interested in spiritualism. *Voilà la clef du mystère!*”

“Señor, you will realise that a crime is composed of a great number of circumstances extending over a long or short period of time and different in their importance. If a woman is seen to stick a stiletto into another person’s breast, that is a stronger circumstance than if she is seen pulling it out; and this would be stronger than if she were standing over the dead man with a bloody knife. Two of the cases at least are compatible with innocence. Evidence, you understand it also, is nothing more than grounds for reasonable guesses, and crimes are collections of circumstances connected together, the proof of any one of which is a reasonable ground for guessing that the others existed. But, *pocos palabras!*”

“*Sehr geehrter Herr!* Nine times out of ten an innocent man does not know the strength of his own case, and he may, real *Schafskopf*, by mere asinism allow suspicious circumstances to pass unexplained which he could explain perfectly

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

well. How much more so, then, when the innocent is no more among the living—or when, being alive, he stands in a blessed ignorance of the suspicions to which some unexplained circumstances have given birth!

“To the point, sir! One lives again in order to complete, or improve, an action which in a previous life has been left incomplete or inferior; and also to make a fresh attempt at mastering, in very similar circumstances, some powerful original tendency. It’s fierce, but it’s true. Had you previously been a packer of canned meat, or a guard on the railroad, or a Wall Street man, there would have been in your life some incidents, causing certain thoughts in your brains, and eventually actions. Yes, it would have been so, and you would to-day probably be doing your best not to improve upon the action which was the resultant of those thoughts. I say *‘not to improve,’* because we are human, all of us.

“As it is, you were a Redskin in North America, your name was ‘Faim de loup,’ and you are placed in such circumstances that you must find it difficult not to fall again into your old uncivilised ways.

“Now, Mrs. Ridley was a spiritualist. And she was not a widow! Her husband was not dead! He was the great gun-maker whom you know, and whose obsequies you may remember. His coffin contained but another man’s remains. . . .

“Love, my dear sir, is a much-mistaken phenomenon, which only perhaps the most loutish among us could understand because of its very simplicity. Love belongs to the spiritual world; it is an attraction, based on affinities. There were such affinities between Mrs. Ridley and her husband.

THE EQUINOX

“Of course, you know something about wireless telegraphy. A wireless message can be intercepted by some one for whom it is not meant, even if that some one had no inclination towards that kind of French game. He unwillingly receives the message which is for another, and it may so happen that he obtains a similar knowledge of the answer. Such is the case also in the spiritual world: such was the case of Mrs. Ridley. Her love-thoughts went to her husband; her husband’s love-thoughts went to her, but . . .

“Have you ever taken into your field of consideration how many ’buts’ there come into the field of our actions? I submit to you that every painful, or sinful, or harmful, or simply unpleasant incident of our lives is the outcome of the best intentions—relatively best, at all events, *our best*—and I am sure that you agree with me. There were two ’buts’ in the case of Mrs. Ridley.

“The first was of a personal character. Mrs. Ridley had nothing more than love-thoughts to give to her gun-maker husband. She was deprived of temperament—as the French understand the word—and her husband was like the candle which has never seen itself aflame, and is in consequence unaware of what it misses through its having had no acquaintance with a lighted match. Their love was not of this world, and the Powers which rule ‘here-below’ resented what they considered to be a contempt of their Majesty; and no children were sent to the couple. It was an ethereal love which they both knew to be somewhat incomplete. Mr. Ridley had little experience of the world, and still less conversation. Apart from his gun-making business and his spiritual bride, he cared in his own words, not a shell for anything. Nevertheless, in

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

his semi-conscious anxiety, he attempted to devise some alterations in the appearance of his future widow. Did he see a hat which he thought somewhat suggestive of earthy sentiments, he would at once buy a similar one for Mrs. Ridley. Alas! with as without it his wife looked the ethereal spirituality that she was. He went to Paris on business, and, finding himself in that materialistic city, bought a complete set of befrilled and dainty underlinen; Mrs. Ridley etherealised even the appearance of that *lingerie de cocotte*.

“We are far from the crime, you think. *Carajo*, I guess not! We cannot be any nearer. Who killed Mrs. Ridley? I don’t know. I was very near doing it.

“Why was she killed? The murderer did not know.

“Who killed the footman? Mrs. Ridley.

“Why did she kill him? Because he tried to prevent her from being murdered.

“Here, in a nutshell, my dear sir, you have all the crime and its explanation. When I say that I do not know who killed Mrs. Ridley I mean at the same time that it matters not. *The murderer is innocent.** Listen to what happened to me.

“I saw a man. He had the most wonderful eyes I ever saw; they could at times brighten one’s face by merely looking into it; yet they chilled me, drying my blood and sending a cold shiver all over my bones. They reflected the sky as an ape imitates man, in a way inferior, poorly, servilely. And a certain uncanny look which never quite left him made that man an undesirable neighbour to me. Had I not seen him I would refuse to admit the reality of his existence.

* Underlined with red ink in the original letter.

THE EQUINOX

“I met him during a journey. Comfortably seated in a corner of the railway compartment, I was reading a book of the sixteenth century in France merely to occupy my mind, so that I should not be tempted to look through the window at the too commonplace scenery.

“We had just passed a station, as I knew by the disturbing voice of a porter; and, on resuming my journey, I felt sorry that no companion of travel had entered the lonely carriage. I attempted another perusal of my book, when, without any opening of the door or of the window, I noticed a stranger seated in the opposite corner. His eyes were on me. He left me no time for much thinking, speaking almost immediately.

“‘May I beg you to forgive a stranger, sir?’ he said, ‘but I cannot endure this temperature. Will you allow me to open the windows?’

“I like fresh air myself; but it was so very cold on that day that I had carefully shut both windows. Something in his appearance and his look, intensely heavy on me, led me to refrain from answering. I merely nodded, grunted, gathered my rug higher around me, and resumed my reading.

“He thanked me profusely, opened the windows, both of them, as wide as they could be, and, without taking any notice of my evident displeasure, addressed me anew.

“‘Your are wondering, no doubt, sir, as to the way by which I came in. Well, I do not mind telling you I came through this hole.’

“He pointed at the ceiling with his hand, and I raised my eyes. The only aperture to which he could be referring was a tiny little hole in the glass which protected the imaginary

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

light provided by the railway company. I shrugged my shoulders, grunted again, and plunged back into my book.

“‘You do not believe me, I see,’ he went on, ‘yet I speak the truth. I came through this broken glass to you—to you, sir, on purpose to see you, to speak to you. I came from the sky. Now, do not look at the alarm bell. My message is a pleasant one. You are chosen for a mission.’”

“I thought I had borne enough, and expressed at once the idea that my strong desire was to be left alone. The stranger laughed in a queer manner, and as my eyes met his once more, I felt a peculiar sensation of mixed sympathy and fear. It was then that I noticed how brightening to any one his eyes could be. He spoke in a gentler tone.

“‘I am going to explain to you the object of my coming. You are going back to Brighton to-morrow night, are you not?’”

“‘Yes, I am; but that is no concern of yours.’”

“‘Be silent. Look at me. All right. Listen now!’”

“I heard no more his human voice. As I raised my head a feeling of lost consciousness overcame me. I was unable to control my brains, my will, my movements. He spoke again and at great length, but I could neither answer nor interrupt him. I could not say that I was in a subconscious state, but neither would I care to say that I was in a normal one. He took my hands and held them in his own. I could not move.

“‘It is necessary that a certain person be freed from the material envelope which gives apparent shape to her ethereal spirit. Mrs. Ridley lives at 34 — Street, Brighton. By the way, my name is Ridley.’”

THE EQUINOX

“ ‘Here I tried to speak, but found it impossible. He went on:

“ ‘You seem to be surprised. I thought you would. But remain in the state of receptivity! I am Ridley, the late Ridley, as they say, though I am very much alive. Some stories have been told of how I died suddenly, 600 miles away from England. But I only disappeared. The wicked spirits tempted me, and I fell into their trap. Time passed, and the love messages which the spirit of my wife sent all over the earth succeeded in reaching me after a period of burning knowledge. She claimed death as a right, though she knew well enough that, dead or alive, I could not help her in that way. We must die both at the same time if we are to enjoy in an after-life the joys of spiritual love, which I found on this earth but too mild for my burning and anxious curiosity. I have chosen you for the deed because you have been at times the recipient of some thought messages which were addressed to her by me. Besides, in a former existence you were kin to my . . . to Mrs. Ridley.

“ ‘To-morrow night you will go to — Street, and my wife will await you as the promised liberator. Some one else will “do” for me at the same time, but in another part of the world. I shall be far by then. No one is to see you, and Mrs. Ridley will open the door to you. **KILL HER**, man! Kill her at 9.30 P.M. When you have done, **GO!** Go away; and when a whole week has passed, **REMEMBER!** And now, my dear sir, good-bye for the present.’

“As he spoke the last words I was again conscious; but my head felt so heavy that I did not make any motion. I could not. It was as if I had just awakened from a profound sleep.

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

The stranger disappeared, seeming through the hole in the glass.

“When I had collected myself I tried hard to make out whether I had seen or hear any one. But I could not remember what had been said to me, save the few words of preamble about opening the windows and the ironical words of the parting: ‘Good-bye for the present.’

“I shut the windows, and presently arrived at my destination. The cold air on the platform finished waking me up. I dismissed the conversation as a dream due to the discomfort of the journey; and set out towards the hotel where I usually stay when in Bristol.

“I must here remind you, sir, that I had no other recollection than a few words, which were so absurd, especially those about coming from the sky through a hole, that they must have been dreamt by me. Such were my thoughts; and I went to sleep thinking no more about my supposed nightmare.

“On the following morning I attended to my business and started on my journey back to Brighton, though I was asked by a very dear friend to stay another day, and though I had no reason whatever to refuse him and myself such a pleasure as we always derive from our mutual company.

“The journey passed without incident. My carriage was never empty; and I could not in a full compartment indulge in such weird dreams as I had on the previous day. On my arrival at Brighton I went to the hotel. At least I thought I did. I am not so sure now. How is it that I remember to-day that part of the stranger’s discourse which I could not recollect after his departure? But I anticipate.

“I awoke in the morning with a strong headache; and

THE EQUINOX

proceeded to clean my coat; which (I remember) I had soiled on the previous evening during my meal, while waiting for my train in London. I was perfectly certain about that stain; I knew where it was. I **COULD NOT FIND IT**. This is a trifle, no doubt, and I took it as such, at first. I do not . . . now . . . now that I **REMEMBER**. I must have washed my clothes according to the orders.

“Yet I am not the murderer, monsieur. If you could see me you would dismiss all doubts. My eye is a truthful organ. But of course you cannot; and there is an end of the matter.

“Shall we go back to the beginning? Well, suppose we do. Who is that human creature *qui languit sur la paille humide d’un cachot?* A neighbour! The very man who ought not to be suspected. Does ever a neighbour kill a neighbour in that way, for such a vague reason? It is sheer madness . . . Madness . . . **MADNESS!**

“And I will tell you something else. The man they have arrested has probably been a witness to the murder. He may have some secret longing for a period of suffering. He may want a cure for his soul; and that may be the reason why he does not do anything against the mountain of evidence which is slowly being heaped against him. . . .

“I have just had to leave this letter in order to see that a couple of nice crisp cabbages do not during their ebullition throw too much water over the gas-stove. And as I return to you it occurs to me that you may know the great masterpiece of Dostoievsky. I have only read it in the French. ‘Crime et Châtiment’ they call it. Well, there is a similar case in that terrible story. **MIKOLKA** confesses to the

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

murder of the old female moneylender and her sister Elizabeth, when the real murderer is Rodion Romanich Raskolnikoff. Mikolka is longing for expiation; he wants to atone for a wasted life; he is neither a madman nor an insane, but a mystic, a fantast. You will object that he is a Slav. . . . Quite so, but there might be some Anglo-Saxons with a similar turn of mind.

“What of the theft? What if there has been no theft? if Mrs. Ridley had hidden or destroyed the money? if she had burned the banknotes? What are banknotes to a woman who is going to die?

“The police have made a great point of the fact that Harry Carpenter could not come out of his room without being heard. Fools! Mayhap he did not enter his room that night. Maybe he was in love with some lady fair. Maybe he went out and was killed by Mrs. Ridley when, returning, he had come to her assistance and struggled with Mr. Ridley’s messenger.

“The dinner-party! Here we come to the most foolish, silly, ridiculous, absurd, and preposterous example of the preposterousness, absurdity, ridiculousness, silliness, and foolishness latent in the brains of your C.I.D. members. I believe that all the guests who attended that party have been shadowed, that their entire families have been watched and followed about, that their correspondence has been ransacked and their whole past raked into. They have of course no connection whatever with the case. Mrs. Ridley thought of a party as of the thing most likely to *donner le change*. Of course she did not want people to think of anything else but of an ordinary unforeseen murder.

THE EQUINOX

“All the rubbish talked about with regard to her lace handkerchief and the piece in her footman’s hand shows still more the folly of all scientific systems of investigation. She put it there after having killed the footman.

“I have but one incident to mention; and it is once more a personal recollection. But as it is the last you will forgive me. I am sure you appreciate my goodwill and believe in *Wahlverwandschaften*.

“When, after a week had elapsed and my memory was allowed to resume its work, I became conscious of the deed which had been commanded to me, I entered into a state of mixed feelings. If I would indulge in psychology, I should now retrace step by step the mental journey which I then took. I think I can spare you this; and I now come to the evening which concluded the ninth day after the murder.

“For my personal edification I was murmuring the words of the Clavicula Salomonis; and had just arrived at the invocation, ‘*Aba, Zarka, Maccaf, Zofar, Holech, Zegolta, Pazergadol*,’ when a gentle breeze caressed my forehead. I must tell you that I had not placed in my left hand the hexagonal seal, but held instead at intervals a well-dosed ‘rainbow.’ By the way, have you ever tasted that scientific and picturesque mixture of liqueurs?

“The breeze spoke. At least I heard its voice, which recalled somehow the voice of the late—very late now—Mr. Ridley.

“‘*We are here.*’

“A buzzing sibilation; *un susurrement*. Then the voice again. ‘We have come together, man, to set your mind at rest, if indeed it is restless. You are not the liberator of a longing soul, as you thought. A nearer of kin has been

THE BRIGHTON MYSTERY

found—that is, a man whose spirit was in a previous life the spirit of a dear brother. He was ordered to kill at 9.20. But you came at your own appointed time and went through the—er—process, unaware that all had been done before. We chose that man because he was a nearer parent. We are now happy—happy beyond your actual comprehension. Adieu!’

“That’s what I call *l’aver son linge sale en famille*. And the part I played in that affair reminds me of that other expression: *enfoncez une porte ouverte*.

“That is all, my dear sir. You know as much as I do. And I must return to my cabbages.

“Your illuminating

“PEDRO PIERRE PETER SCAMANDER.”

Is there anything to be added? For my part I took the word of Mr. Scamander for the candid expression of real happenings, without trying to explain any theory. More curious still is the fact that I heard from Inspector Bennet. He said that the evidence against the arrested man was built on moving sand, utterly impossible and nonexistent; and they will have to release him, in spite of apparent elements of certainty which have for so long misled the public—aye, and even the police.

From *to-day’s* papers:

“The man arrested in connection with the Brighton murder has confessed. He will be tried at the next assizes.”

Well! maybe he is a new Mikolka. But where is the absent relative, the spiritualist?

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

REVIEWS

THE CLOUD ON THE SANCTUARY. By COUNCILLOR VON ECKARTSHAUSEN.
William Rider and Son.

We shall be very sorry if any of our readers misses this little book, a translation from the French translation of the German original into the pretty broken English of Madame de Steyer.

It was this book which first made your reviewer aware of the existence of a secret mystical assembly of saints, and determined him to devote his whole life, without keeping back the least imaginable thing, to the purpose of making himself worthy to enter that circle. We shall be disappointed if the book has any less effect on any other reader.

The perusal of the notes may be omitted with advantage.

N.

THE BUDDHIST REVIEW. Quarterly. 1s.

Unwilling as I am to sap the foundations of the Buddhist religion by the introduction of Porphyry's terrible catapult, Allegory, I am yet compelled by the more fearful ballista of Aristotle, Dilemma. This is the two-handed engine spoken of by the prophet Milton!*

This is the horn of the prophet Zeruah, and with this am I, though no Syrian, utterly pushed, till I find myself back against the dead wall of Dogma. Only now realising how dead a wall that is, do I turn and try the effect of a hair of the dog that bit me, till the orthodox "literary"† school of Buddhists, as grown at Rangoon, exclaim with Lear: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is it To have an intellect!" How is this? Listen and hear!

I find myself confronted with the crux: that, a Buddhist convinced intellectually and philosophically of the truth of the teaching of Gotama; a man to whom Buddhism is the equivalent of scientific methods of Thought; an expert in dialectic, whose logical faculty is bewildered, whose critical admiration is extorted by the subtle vigour of Buddhist reasoning; I am yet forced to admit that, this being so, the Five Precepts‡ are mere nonsense. If the

* Lycidas, line 130.

† The school whose Buddhism is derived from the Canon, and who ignore the degradation of the professors of the religion, as seen in practice.

‡ The obvious caveat which logicians will enter against these remarks is that Pansil is the Five Virtues rather than Precepts. Etymologically this is so. However, we may regard this as a clause on my side of the argument, not against it; for in my view these are virtues, and the impossibility of attaining them is the cancer of existence. Indeed, I support the etymology as against the futile bigotry of certain senile Buddhists of to-day. And, since it is the current interpretation of Buddhistic thought that I attack, I but show myself the better Buddhist in the act.

REVIEWS

Buddha spoke scientifically, not popularly, not rhetorically, then his precepts are not his. We must reject them or we must interpret them. We must inquire: Are they meant to be obeyed? Or—and this is my theory—are they sarcastic and biting criticisms on existence, illustrations of the First Noble Truth; *reasons*, as it were, for the apotheosis of annihilation? I shall show that this is so.

THE FIRST PRECEPT.

This forbids the taking of life in any form.* What we have to note is the impossibility of performing this; if we can prove it to be so, either Buddha was a fool, or his command was rhetorical, like those of Yahweh to Job, or of Tannhäuser to himself:

“Go! seek the stars and count them and explore!
Go! sift the sands beyond a starless sea!”

Let us consider what the words can mean. The “Taking of Life” can only mean the reduction of living protoplasm to dead matter: or, in a truer and more psychological sense, the destruction of personality.

Now, in the chemical changes involved in Buddha’s speaking this command, living protoplasm was changed into dead matter. Or, on the other horn, the fact (insisted upon most strongly by the Buddha himself, the central and cardinal point of his doctrine, the shrine of that Metaphysic which isolates it absolutely from all other religious metaphysic, which allies it with Agnostic Metaphysic) that the Buddha who had spoken this command was not the same as the Buddha before he had spoken it, lies the proof that the Buddha, by speaking this command, violated it. More, not only did he slay himself; he breathed in millions of living organisms and slew them. He could not eat nor drink nor breathe without murder implicit in each act.

Huxley cites the “pitiless microscopist” who showed a drop of water to the Brahmin who boasted himself “Ahimsa”—harmless. So among the “rights” of a Bhikkhu is medicine. He who takes quinine does so with the deliberate intention of destroying innumerable living beings; whether this is done by stimulating the phagocytes, or directly, is morally indifferent.

How such a fiend incarnate, my dear brother Ananda Metteya, can call

* Fielding Hall, in “The Soul of a People,” has reluctantly to confess that he can find no trace of this in Buddha’s own work, and calls the superstition the “echo of an older Faith.”

THE EQUINOX

him “cruel and cowardly” who only kills a tiger, is a study in the philosophy of the mote and the beam!*

Far be it from me to suggest that this is a defence of breathing, eating, and drinking. By no means; in all these ways we bring suffering and death to others, as to ourselves. But since these are inevitable acts, since suicide would be a still more cruel alternative (especially in case something should subsist below mere Rupa), the command is not to achieve the impossible, the already violated in the act of commanding, but a bitter commentary on the foul evil of this aimless, hopeless universe, this compact of misery, meanness, and cruelty. Let us pass on.

THE SECOND PRECEPT.

The Second Precept is directed against theft. Theft is the appropriation to one’s own use of that to which another has a right. Let us see therefore whether or no the Buddha was a thief. The answer of course is in the affirmative. For to issue a command is to attempt to deprive another of his most precious possession—the right to do as he will; that is, unless, with the predestinarians, we hold that action is determined absolutely, in which case, of course, to command is as absurd as it is unavoidable. Excluding this folly, therefore, we may conclude that if the command be obeyed—and those of Buddha have gained a far larger share of obedience than those of any other teacher—the Enlightened One was not only a potential but an actual thief. Further, all voluntary action limits in some degree, however minute, the volition of others. If I breathe, I diminish the stock of oxygen available on the planet. In those far distant ages when Earth shall be as dead as the moon is to-day, my breathing now will have robbed some being then living of the dearest necessity of life.

That the theft is minute, incalculably trifling, is no answer to the moralist, to whom degree is not known; nor to the man of science, who sees the chain of nature miss no link.

If, on the other hand, the store of energy in the universe be indeed constant (whether infinite or no), if personality be indeed delusion, then theft becomes impossible, and to forbid it is absurd. We may argue that even so temporary theft may exist; and that this is so is to my mind no doubt the case. All theft is temporary, since even a millionaire must die; also it is universal, since even a Buddha must breathe.

* The argument that “the animals are our brothers” is merely intended to mislead one who has never been in a Buddhist country. The average Buddhist would, of course, kill his brother for five rupees, or less.

REVIEWS

THE THIRD PRECEPT.

This precept, against adultery, I shall touch but lightly. Not that I consider the subject unpleasant—far from it!—but since the English section of my readers, having unclean minds, will otherwise find a fulcrum therein for their favourite game of slander. Let it suffice if I say that the Buddha—in spite of the ridiculous membrane legend,* one of those foul follies which idiot devotees invent only too freely—was a confirmed and habitual adulterer. It would be easy to argue with Hegel-Huxley that he who thinks of an act commits it (*cf.* Jesus also in this connection, thought he only knows the creative value of desire), and that since A and not-A are mutually limiting, therefore interdependent, therefore identical, therefore identical, he who forbids an act commits it; but I feel that this is no place for metaphysical hair-splitting; let us prove what we have to prove in the plainest way.

I would premise in the first place that to commit adultery in the Divorce Court sense is not here in question.

It assumes too much proprietary right of a man over a woman, that root of all abomination!—the whole machinery of inheritance, property, and all the labyrinth of law.

We may more readily suppose that the Buddha was (apparently at least) condemning incontinence.

We know that Buddha had abandoned his home; true, but Nature has to be reckoned with. Volition is no necessary condition of offence. “I didn’t mean to” is a poor excuse for an officer failing to obey an order.

Enough of this—in any case a minor question; since even on the lowest moral grounds—and we, I trust, soar higher!—the error in question may be resolved into a mixture of murder, theft, and intoxication.

(We consider the last under the Fifth Precept.)

THE FOURTH PRECEPT.

Here we come to what in a way is the fundamental joke of these precepts. A command is not a lie, of course; possibly cannot be; yet surely an allegorical order is one in essence, and I have no longer a shadow of a doubt that these so-called “precepts” are a species of savage practical joke.

Apart from this there can hardly be much doubt, when critical exegesis has done its damndest on the Logia of our Lord, that Buddha did at some time

* *Membrum virile illius inmembrana inclusum esse aiunt, ne copulare posset.*

THE EQUINOX

commit himself to some statement. “(Something called) Consciousness exists” is, said Huxley, the irreducible minimum of the pseudo-syllogism, false even for an enthymeme, “Cogito, ergo Sum!” This proposition he bolsters up by stating that whoso should pretend to doubt it would thereby but confirm it. Yet might it not be said “(Something called) Consciousness appears to itself to exist,” since Consciousness is itself the only witness to that confirmation? Not that even now we can deny some kind of existence to consciousness, but that it should be a more real existence than that of a reflection is doubtful, incredible, even inconceivable. If by consciousness we mean the normal consciousness, it is definitely untrue, since the Dhyanic consciousness includes it and denies it. No doubt “something called” acts as a kind of caveat to the would-be sceptic, though the phrase is bad, implying a “calling.” But we can guess what Huxley means.

No doubt Buddha’s scepticism does not openly go quite as far as mine—it must be remembered that “scepticism” is merely the indication of a possible attitude, not a belief, as so many good fool-folk think; but Buddha not only denies “Cogito, ergo sum”; but “Cogito, ergo non sum.” See *Sabbasava Sutta*, par. 10.

At any rate Sakkyaditthi, the delusion of personality, is in the very forefront of his doctrines; and it is this delusion that is constantly and inevitably affirmed in all normal consciousness. That Dhyanic thought avoids it is doubtful; even so, Buddha is here represented as giving precepts to ordinary people. And if personality be delusion, a lie is involved in the command of one to another. In short, we all lie all the time; we are compelled to it by the nature of things themselves—paradoxical as that seems—and the Buddha knew it!

THE FIFTH PRECEPT.

At last we arrive at the end of our weary journey—surely in this weather we may have a drink! East of Suez,* Trombone-Macaulay (as I may surely say, when Browning writes Banjo-Byron†) tells us, a man may raise a Thirst. No, shrieks the Blessed One, the Perfected One, the Enlightened One, do not drink! It is like the streets of Paris when they were placarded with rival posters:

* “Ship me somewhere East of Suez, where a man may raise a thirst.”

R. KIPLING

† “While as for Quilp Hop o’ my Thumb there,
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there.”

BROWNING, *Pachiarotto* (said of A. Austin).

REVIEWS

Ne buvez pas de l'Alcool!
L'Alcool est un poison!

and

Buvez de l'Alcool!
L'Alcool est un aliment!

We know now that alcohol is a food up to a certain amount; the precept, good enough for a rough rule as it stands, will not bear close inspection. What Buddha really commands, with that grim humour of his, is: Avoid Intoxication.

But what is intoxication? unless it be the loss of power to use perfectly a truth-telling set of faculties. If I walk unsteadily it is owing to nervous lies — and so for all the phenomena of drunkenness. But a lie involves the assumption of some true standard, and this can nowhere be found. A doctor would tell you, moreover, that all food intoxicates: all, here as in all the universe, of every subject and in every predicate, is a matter of degree.

Our faculties never tell us true; our eyes say flat when our fingers say round; our tongue sends a set of impressions to our brain which our hearing declares non-existent—and so on.

What is this delusion of personality but a profound and centrally-seated intoxication of the consciousness? I am intoxicated as I address these words; you are drunk—beastly drunk!—as you read them; Buddha was a drunk as a voter at election time when he uttered his besotted command. There, my dear children, is the conclusion to which we are brought if you insist that he was serious!

I answer No! Alone among men then living, the Buddha was sober, and saw Truth. He, who was freed from the coils of the great serpent Theli coiled round the universe, he knew how deep the slaver of that snake had entered into us, infecting us, rotting our very bones with poisonous drunkenness. And so his cutting irony—drink no intoxicating drinks!

When I go to take Pansil,* it is in no spirit of servile morality; it is with keen sorrow gnawing at my heart. These five causes of sorrow are indeed the heads of the serpent of Desire. Four at least of them snap their fangs on me in and by virtue of my very act of receiving the commands, and of promising to obey them; if there is a little difficulty about the fifth, it is an omission easily rectified—and I think we should make a point about that; there is a great virtue in completeness.

* To "Take Pansil" is to vow obedience to these Precepts.

THE EQUINOX

Yes! Do not believe that the Buddha was a fool; that he asked men to perform the impossible or the unwise.* Do not believe that the sorrow of existence is so trivial that easy rules easily interpreted (as all Buddhists do interpret the precepts) can avail against them; do not mop up the Ganges with a duster: or stop the revolution of the stars with a lever of lath.

Awake, awake only! let there be ever remembrance that Existence is sorrow, sorrow by the inherent necessity of the way it is made; sorrow not by volition, not by malice, not by carelessness, but by nature, by ineradicable tendency, by the incurable disease of Desire, its Creator, is it so, and the way to destroy it is by the uprooting of Desire; nor is a task so formidable accomplished by any threepenny-bit-in-the-plate-on-Sunday morality, the “deceive others and self-deception will take care of itself” uprightness, but by the severe roads of austere self-mastery, of arduous scientific research, which constitute the Noble Eightfold Path.

O. DHAMMALOYU.

JOHN DEE. By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH. Constable and Co. 10s. 6*d.* net.

It is only gracious to admit that this book is as good as could possibly have been produced on the subject—the publishers are cordially invited to quote the last fourteen words, and now I can finish my sentence—by a person totally ignorant of the essence thereof.

Dee was an avowed magician; Miss Smith is an avowed intellectual prig. So she can find nothing better to do than to beg the whole question of the validity of Dee’s “actions,” and that although she admits that the Book of Enoch is unintelligible to her. Worse, she retails the wretched slanders about me current among those who envied me. I was certainly “wanted” for coining. I happened to have found the trick of making gold at a very early age, but had not the sense to exploit it properly; and when I got any sense I got more sense than to waste time in such follies. The slander that I deluded Dee is as baseless. Again and again I tried to break with him, to show him how utterly unreliable it all was. Only his more than paternal

* I do not propose to dilate on the moral truth which Ibsen has so long laboured to make clear: that no hard and fast rule of life can be universally applicable. Also, as in the famous case of the lady who saved (successively) the lives of her husband, her father, and her brother, the precepts clash. To allow to die is to kill—all this is obvious to the most ordinary thinkers. These precepts are of course excellent general guides for the vulgar and ignorant, but you and I, dear reader, are wise and clever, and know better.

REVIEWS

kindness for me kept me with him. God rest him; I hear he has been reincarnated as W. T. Stead.

For one thing I do most seriously take blame, that my training was too strong for my power to receive spiritual truth. For when the Holy Angels came to instruct me in the great truths, that there is no sin, that the soul passes from house to house, that Jesus was but man, that the Holy Ghost was not a person, I rejected them as false. Ah! have I not paid bitterly for the error? Still, the incarnation was not all loss; not only did I attain the Grade of Major Adept, but left enough secret knowledge (in an available form) to carry me on for a long while. I am getting it back now; with luck I'll be a Magister Templi soon, if I can only get rid of my giant personality. You may say, by the way, that this is hardly a review of a book on my old master, silly old jossler! Exactly; I never cared a dump for him. He was just a text for my sermon then; and so he is now.

EDWARD KELLEY.

STRANGE HOUSES OF SLEEP. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. William Rider and Sons, 12s. 6d. net.

I have always held Arthur Edward Waite for a good poet; I am not sure that he is not a great poet; but that he is a great mystic there can be no manner of doubt.

“Strange Houses of Sleep,” conceived in the abyss of a noble mind and brought forth in travail of Chaos that hath been stirred by the Breath, is one of the finest records of Mystical Progress that is possible to imagine.

I may be biased in my judgment by this fact, that long ago when first my young heart stirred within me at the sound of the trumpet—perchance of Israfil—and leapt to grasp with profane hands the Holy Grail, it was to Mr. Waite that I wrote for instruction, it was from him that came the first words of help and comfort that I ever had from mortal man. In all these years I have met him but once, and then within a certain veil; yet still I can go to his book as a child to his father, without diffidence or doubt; and indeed he can communicate the Sacrament, the Wafer of his thought, the Wine of his music.

And if in earthly things the instructions of his Master seem contrary to those of mine, at the end it is all one. Shall we cry out if Caesar for his pleasure commandeth his servants to take one the spear and the other the net, and slay each other? Is not service service? Is not obedience a sacrament apart from its accidents?

However this may be, clear enough it is that Mr. Waite has indeed the key to certain Royal Treasuries. Unfortunately, just as to face the title-page he gives us the portrait of a man in a frock-coat, so within the book we have the

THE EQUINOX

Muse in a dress-improver and a Bond Street hat. Never mind; even those who dislike the poetry may love to puzzle out the meaning.

Detailed criticism is here impossible for lack of two illusions, time and space! I will only add that I was profoundly interested in the final book, "The King's Dole." No mystic who is familiar only with Christian symbolism can afford to neglect this Ritual.

Vale, Frater!

A. C.

THE CLEANSING OF A CITY. Greening and Co. 1s. net.

"Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

JESUS CHRIST.

"But this German woman, pretending to defend the cause of virtue, and to warn women against the perils of the day, produces a book ('The Diary of a Lost One') which is defilement to touch. ... Before I had skimmed fifty pages I found my brain swimming; I nearly swooned."

REV. R. F. HORTON, D.D.

This book should be printed on vellum and locked up in a fire-proof safe in the British Museum, Great Russell Street W.C.; so that future ecclesiastical historians and ethicists may learn into what a state of mental menorrhagia the adherents of the Christian Church had fallen at the commencement of the twentieth century.

The "cleansing" part of the business seems to consist in pumping filth into everything that is clean. We are not allowed to talk of leg because every leg adjoins a thigh: soon we shall not be able to put a foot into a boot without first looking to see if some nasty mess has not been deposited in it, and why? Because foot adjoins leg! Moreover, foot suggests walking, and walking, like the name of the Rev. Horton, D.D., suggests prostitution—at the thought of this we swoon.

Most of the contributors to this cesspit, like Rev. Horton, have "D.D." after their names. Dr. Bodie has informed us that "M.D." stands for "Merry Devil"; perhaps he can also enlighten us as to the true meaning of these two letters?

ANTOINETTE BOUVIGNON.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DEE. Translated from the Latin of DR. THOMAS SMITH by WM. ALEXR. AYTON. The Theosophical Publishing Society. 1s. net.

Wm. Alexr. Ayton's preface to this book deserves a better subject than Dr. Thomas Smith's "Life of John Dee," which is as dreary dull as a life crammed so full of incidents could be made. In fact, if Dr. Smith had collected all Dr. Dee's washing bills and printed them in Hebrew, the result would scarcely have been more oppressive; anyhow it would have been as

REVIEWS

interesting to read of how many handkerchiefs the famous seer used when he had a cold as to ponder over the platitudes of this rheumy old leech.

Never since reading "Bothwell" and "Who's Who" have we read such ponderous and pedantic pedagogics. The translator in his preface informs us that Moses and Solomon were adepts; verily hast thou spoke, but thou, Wm. Alexr. Ayton, art greater than either, to have survived such a leaden task as this of putting Dr. Smith's bad Latin into good English; at the completion of it you must have felt like Jacob when "he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost!"

MATTER, SPIRIT, AND THE COSMOS. By H. STANLEY REDGROVE. William Rider and Sons. 2s. 6d.

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have smaller fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.

This book consists of reprinted articles from the *Occult Review*, and some of them are quite entrancing, especially chapter i. "On the Doctrine of the Indestructibility of Matter," and chapters v. and vi. "On the Infinite" and "On the Fourth Dimension."

In the first chapter Mr. Redgrove tries to prove that though matter *cannot* be destroyed, its form can be so utterly changed that it can no longer be treated as such. He illustrates his theory by quoting Sir Oliver Lodge's "knot tied in a bit of string." So long as the knot is, matter is; but when once the knot is untied, though the string remains, the knot vanishes. This, however, is a most fallacious illustration, for, as Gustave le Bon has shown, the destruction of matter implies more than a mere change of "form"; it is an annihilation of gravity itself, and therefore of substance as we understand it. Matter, he shows, goes back unto Equilibrium. But what is Equilibrium? "Nothingness!" this eminent French man of Science declares: "Absolute Nothingness!"

In chapter v. the author points out that as there is an infinite series of infinities, to make Space the "absolute infinite" is the merest of assumptions; he follows up this assertion by declaring that each dimension is bounded by a higher. Thus, the Second Dimension is contained in the Third, and so the Third in the Fourth, *ad infinitum*; each dimension being infinite in itself, and yet contained in a higher, which is again infinite. Thus, we get infinity contained within infinity, just as .R̄ is contained in .R̄ and .R̄ in .R̄ and yet .R̄ is infinite, and .R̄ is infinite and .R̄ is infinite, yet there are not three infinities but one infinite, &c. &c.

J. F. C. F.

THE EQUINOX

THE MANIAC. A realistic study of Madness from the Maniac's point of view.
Reebman Limited. 5s. net.

Only maniacs are recommended to read this book; its dulness may being them to their senses. For the first chapter is like the second, and the second like the third, and the third like the fourth, which almost proves the Athanasian Creed; for all chapters are but one chapter, which is infinitely dull and dismal. In fact this "realistic study" might well have been translated from Dr. Thomas Smith's "Life of John Dee," and goes a long way to prove Mr. Stanley Redgrove's theory of concentric infinities.

The heroine is a lady journalist, unmarried, and on the wrong side of thirty—there's the whole tragedy in a nutshell. Stimulating work, and thirty years of an unstimulating life. Cut off the first syllable from "unmarried," and this unfortunate lady, in spite of Karezza and the Order of Melchisedec, would never have imagined that she had been seduced by a fiend, or have afflicted us with her dreary ravings.

Therefore we advise—Marry, my good woman, marry, and if nobody will have you, well then, don't be too particular, for anything is better than a second book like this!

BATHSHEBAH TINA.

I found "The Maniac" both entertaining and instructive, a very valuable study of psychology. It is so far as I know the only really illuminating book on madness; and I strongly recommend its perusal to all alienists, psychologists, and members of the grade of Neophyte. It throws an admirable light on the true nature of Obsession and Black Magic.

Two things impressed me in particular. (1) The statement that the arguments held with a patient never reach his consciousness at all, despite his rational answers. This phenomenon is true of my own sane life. I sometimes chat pleasantly to bores for quite a long time without any consciousness that I am doing so. (2) The statement that medical men have no idea of the real contents of a madman's mind. I remember in the County Asylum at Inverness ("Here are the fools, and there are the knaves!" said an inmate, pointing to the city) a man rolling from side to side with an extraordinary regularity and rhythm of swing, emitting a long continuous howl like a wolf. "Last stage of G.P.I." said the doctor; "he feels absolutely nothing." "How interesting!" said I; and thought "How the deuce do you know?" I shall be very glad when it is finally proved and admitted that the consciousness is independent of the senses and the intellect. Hashish phenomena, madness phenomena, magical and mystical phenomena, all prove it; but old Dr. Cundum and young Professor Cuspidor, who can neither of them cure a cold in

REVIEWS

the head, say it isn't so! The "Imbecile Theologians of the Middle Ages" are matched by the imbecile cacologians of our own. I repeat, a very valuable book; a very valuable book indeed.

FRA: O. M.

SELF SYNTHESIS. A means to Perpetual Life. By CORNWELL ROUND. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1s. net.

This is a suggestive little book by a man who revolves a matter in his mind before he writes of it, and whose common sense never quits the hub of his thoughts. Mr. Round never rolls off down a side street, but always keeps to the high road between them all. He does not, so at least we read him, wobble more towards mysticism than towards materialism. He believes that a perfect equilibrium between the Subjective mind—S, and the Objective mind—O, produces the Individual mind, which he symbolises as being neither round nor square, but a simple I or line, connecting the S and O. This I is the self-renewing link between these two, which, when it is truly balanced, renders death the most unnatural, in place of the most natural event, that we may expect once we are born.

METHUSELAH.

THE CASE FOR ALCOHOL. Or the Actions of Alcohol on Body an Soul. By ROBERT PARK, M.D. Rebman Limited. 1s. net.

Dr. Park is an old friend of ours; we enjoyed his masterly translation of Ch: Fére's "The Pathology of Emotions," and his various writings in the days of the old *Free Review* and *University Review*, when J. M. Robertson was worth reading, a review (by the way) which was assassinated by the prurient pot-scourers who would put a pair of "pants" on Phoebus Apollo, and who presumably take their bath in the dark for fear of expiring in a priapic frenzy at the sight of their own nakedness.

Dr. Park in this most admirable little treatise declares that Alcohol is one of "the good creatures of God"; and that Alcohol is a poison is only true relatively.

"It is not true of the stimulant dosage. It is true of it as a narcotic, in narcotic dosage." . . . "So the objection to the use of Alcohol, because in overdosage it is a poison, is not only futile, but stupid."

Further, Dr. Park writes:

"The burden of responsibility must lie upon the person who so misuses his means. Tea, tobacco, coffee, and beef-tea are frequently so misused, but we hear of no socio-political organisations for interfering with the liberty of individuals in regard to the use of these, or trespassing on the rights of traders and purveyors thereof."

THE EQUINOX

“Alcohol,” Dr. Park declares, “is a food,” and not only a food, but an excellent one at that. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, ye Baptist Bible-bangers—but we forget, you do not smoke, in fact you do nothing which is pleasant; you spend your whole lives in looking for the Devil in the most unlikely places, and declare that the only remedy against his craft and his cunning is total immersion in tonic-water and pine-apple syrup.

F.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS. By THEODORE POWYS.

This is a most mystical interpretation of the most beautiful of the books of the Old Testament. It consists of a dialogue between the Lawgiver of Israel and Zetetes, who is not exactly the disciple, but rather the Interpreter of the Master's words. Thus it commences:

The Law-giver of Israel:

“In the beginning the Truth created the heaven and the earth.”

Zetetes:

“The life that is within and the life that is without, are not these the heaven and the earth that the Truth created?”

Whether the author intends to weave into his interpretation the doctrines of the Qabalah we are not certain, but time after time we came across curious allusions. Thus on p. 3: “Within myself when the truth divided the light from the darkness wisdom arose” . . . “and I knew that every atom of our great Mother giveth light to other atoms . . .”. P. 4: “The truth in man is the light of the world. Thus we have known from the beginning, and we shall know it unto the end . . . and the Mother gave unto man her breasts. And man guided by the light within him did eat and was glad.” P. 6: “The tree of Life belongeth unto the Father, it groweth in the Mother, but because darkness is still in man he may not eat thereof, but the Truth of the Father that is within man, that Truth may eat and live.”

The philosophy of this little book shows that Darkness alone is not evil, and that neither is Light good. Both are beyond: but the mingling twilight begets the illusion of duality, the goodness and wickedness of things external.

It is a little volume which one who reads will grow fond of, and will carry about with him, and open at random in quiet places, in the woods, and under the stars; and it is a little book which one learns to love the more one reads it, for it is inspired by one who at least has crept into the shadow of God's Glory.

J. F. C. F.

REVIEWS

EVOLUTION FROM NEBULA TO MAN. By JOSEPH MCCABE. Milner and Co. 1s.

Mr. McCabe has written another little book on evolution: how many more of these small, small, small volumes are to appear? The subject seems a tall order for 128 pages. However, let us be thankful there are not more.

The most interesting fact that we can discover in it, or at least the only one really original, is, that Erasmus Darwin was born in 1788. This makes him only thirty years younger than his son Charles; and yet these are the good people who make such a fuss about Ahaziah being two years older than his father Jehoram!

THE R. P. A. ANNUAL, 1910. 6*d.* net.

From the cover of this review we learn that it contains "A striking Poem" by Eden Phillpotts, whose name evidently tokens his true occupation: it is called "From the Shades," and might well remain there. Phillpotts informs us that it was "inspired (!!!) by the spectacle of Paul's statue which now stands on the triumphal pillar of Marcus Aurelius at Rome." We have read of many crimes attributed to this unfortunate saint by modern freethinkers, but none equal to this.

Poor Faustina! We can imagine any self-respecting girl taking to drink and the street to save herself from such an ethical prig of a husband as the Phillpottian Marcus. Listen. The Emperor is ousted by the Saint, the statue of the latter being reared upon the pedestal of the former; this evidently annoyed the Stoic, for we find his hero worming about in his shroud—where Paul evidently could not get at him—and saying: "sucks to you," or to quote:

"A man named Paul
Now darkles where aforesimes they set me,
Keep thou my pillar, Paul; I grudge it not,
Plebeian-hearted spirit . . ."

just as if Paul could help it!

Outside sudden jars on the ears like "my eyes" and "a euthanasia," and platitudes like "Now Pontifex is Caesar, but no more is Caesar Pontifex"; and esoteric jabs presumably at poor Faustina, such as: "that biting thing is only precious in the tart . . ." we find some masterly twaddle, regular Phillpotts:

"Two thousand years of fooled humanity,
Christ, they have prostituted thee and raped

THE EQUINOX

Thy virgin message till at last it stands
No more than handmaid to their infamy.”

(Phillpotts really means harlot, but he is afraid of shocking the inhabitants of Torquay.)

“Some flight of years
And the inevitable, tireless hand
Gropes and grips fast, and draws it gently down—

To sublimation. . . .”

What in the name of Narcissus is this all about?

And yet Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer takes for one of his recent texts: “We have not got a great Poet.” Well here at least is one, who, if he can do nothing else, can Phillpotts!

THE MARTYRDOM OF FERRER. By JOSEPH MCCABE, R. P. A. 6*d*.

One of the most remarkable points about this interesting brochure is, that no sooner was Señor Ferrer dead than out it came as speedily as if it had been blown from the muzzle of one of his executioner’s rifles. It is a true and straightforward account of a man who did not support the blasphemy laws, and who would not have sneaked and shuffled about the Boulter prosecution.

On finishing this book we almost exclaim: “Bravo, Ferrer!” but our enthusiasm was seriously damped when on opening the *Literary Guide*, we read that Miss Sasha Kropotkin has stated in the *The Westminster Gazette* that Señor Ferrer’s books on comparative religion “are quite similar in thought and tone to those published in England by the Rationalist Press Association.” If so — *Viva Alfonso!*

THE HAND OF GOD. By GRANT ALLEN. 6*d*.

Grant Allan is always exciting, and this posthumous volume of essays quite keeps up his reputation of being the G. A. Henty of Rationalism. We remember reading “The Woman who Did” a dozen and more years ago now, shortly after having closed “A Child of the Age”—both in the delightful Keynote Series. And what a difference! Rosy Howlet, a lazy rosebud, a little sweetheart and nothing else, but Herminia Barton—Lower Tooting with a dash of Clement’s Inn. “As beneath so above.”

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY. By SIR EDWARD THORPE, R.P.A. Vol. I. 1*s*.

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY. By GEORGE FORBES, R.P.A. 1*s*.

Excellent! In every way excellent! After munching through all this heavy pie-crust, we are beginning to feel like little Jack Horner when he pulled out the plum. If only schools would adopt these most interesting little histories,

REVIEWS

in place of cramming a lot of ridiculous formulæ and equations down children's throats, they might become places where time is not altogether wasted.

Twenty years ago I remember learning some two hundred chemical formulæ, the only two which I can remember now being H_2S , because I emptied a bottle into my tutor's desk, and H_2SO_4 , because I poured some on his chair to see if it would turn his trousers red, with the result that what lived beneath mine turned very pink shortly after he had discovered who the miscreant was. How I should have learnt to love Chemistry instead of hating it, if I had been taught from Sir Edward Thorpe's little book! There is more elementary education in chapter iv.—The Philosopher's Stone—than ever I learnt in five years with Newth and Thompson; and after all, should not school teach us to love knowledge instead of hating it? should not school teach us the pretty little fables of great men's lives that we can use them in our conversation afterwards, rather than scores of musty dry-as-dust facts, which can only help us to pass dry-as-dust and useless examinations?

Give us more of these, Mr. Watts, dozens more, and we will forgive you "From the Shades." Best wishes to these little volumes, may you sell a million of each, but "in the sunlight," please.

A. QUILLER.

THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

One of the most unfortunate results of the divorce between Science and Religion has been the attempt of each of the partners to set up housekeeping for itself, with the most disastrous results. I shall not run my simile to death, but I shall explain how this train of thought began in my mind.

Sir Oliver's book is mainly a defence of the Society for Psychical Research, and a plea for more scientific investigation of psychic or spiritistic phenomena; and it seems to the reviewer that a scientific society that needs a defence at all, after nearly thirty years' work, has confessed itself to be largely a failure.

Sir Oliver Lodge, and indeed Spiritualism generally, suffer enormously from their lack of knowledge, from their being devoid of theory.

Phenomena! Phenomena! Phenomena! Until the noumenon behind is obscured and disbelieved in and explained away.

This is what makes modern spiritualism so hideous and Oliphothic a thing, and "psychic researchers" such bad mystics.

There is nothing in the book under review that is fresh—nothing that was not known forty years ago—see Emma Hardinge Britten's "Modern American Spiritualism"; nothing that was not commonplace yesterday—see the current issue of *Light*.

The real Occult knowledge of Plato, of Paracelsus, of Boehme, of Levi,

THE EQUINOX

was based upon theories whereby all the phenomena of modern psychism had their place, and were awarded their proper value.

The pseudo-occultism and watery mysticism of the modern spiritualistic philosophers—we call them by this noble title by courtesy—is due to their complete lack of knowledge.

What serious student of religion and occultism cares for the vapourings of Ralph Waldo Trine, the philosophising of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox? The prototypes of these people are utterly, or almost utterly, forgotten. One recalls now with how much difficulty the names of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of A. H. Davis, of Lizzie Doten! For there is no virtue in those who have strayed from the path to linger among the Shells of the Dead and the demons of Matter.

The line of tradition is unbroken, and the way is straight and hard; too hard for “mediums” and New Thoughtists, whose spiritual capital consists of falsehood, and sentimentality, and sham humanitarianism.

Sir Oliver Lodge is always careful and painstaking and entirely honest; he is probably as well fitted to carry on his S.P.R. work as any student in England.

And to those who are unacquainted with the phenomena of spiritualism, “The Survival of Man” is as useful a book as could be read. But to the student of religion its value is *nil*, because the occult knowledge is *nil*.

In fairness it should be added that this review is written from the point of view of a mystic; to spiritualists the book will be welcome as yet another “proof” of “spirit-return,” “thought-transference,” and so on.

V. B. NEUBURG.

This book is a singularly lucid and complete statement of the work of many noble lives. We believe that the S.P.R. has taken up a most admirable position, and wish greater success to their work in the future. If they would only train themselves instead of exercising patience on fraudulent people, whose exploits no sane person would believe if God Himself came down from heaven to attest them, they might get somewhere.

A. C.

THE KEY TO THE TAROT. By A. E. WAITE. W. Rider and Sons, Limited.

Mr. Waite has written a book on fortune-telling, and we advise servant-girls to keep an eye on their half-crowns. We have little sympathy or pity for the folly of fashionable women; but housemaids need protection—hence their affection for policemen and soldiers—and we fear that Mr. Waite’s apologies will not prevent professional cheats from using his instructions for their frauds and levies of blackmail.

REVIEWS

As to Mr. Waite's constant pomposities, he seems to think that the obscurer his style and the vaguer his phrases, the greater initiate he will appear.

Nobody but Mr. Waite knows *all* about the Tarot, it appears; and he won't tell. Reminds one of the story about God and Robert Browning, or of the student who slept, and woke when the professor thundered rhetorically, "And what *is* Electricity?" The youth jumped up and cried (from habit), "I know, sir." "Then tell us." "I *knew*, sir, but I've forgotten." "Just my luck!" complained the professor, "there was only one man in the world who knew—and he has forgotten!"

Why, Mr. Waite, your method is not even original.

When Sir Mahatma Agamya Paramahansa Guru Swamiji (late of H. M. Prisons, thanks to the unselfish efforts of myself and a friend) was asked, "And what of the teaching of Confucius?"—or any one else that the boisterous old boy had never heard of—he would reply contemptuously, "Oh, him? He was my disciple." And seeing the hearer smile would add, "Get out you dog, you a friend of that dirty fellow Crowley. I beat you with my shoe. Go away! Get intellect! Get English!" until an epileptic attack supervened.

Mr. Waite, like Marie Corelli, in this as in so many other respects, brags that he cares nothing for criticism, so he won't mind my making these little remarks, and I may as well go on. He has "betrayed" (to use his own words) the attributions of some of the small cards, and Pamela Coleman Smith has done very beautiful and sympathetic designs, though our own austerer taste would have preferred the plain cards with their astrological and other attributions, and occult titles. (These are all published in the book "777," and a pack could be easily constructed by hand. Perhaps we may one day publish one at a shilling a time!) But Mr. Waite has not "betrayed" the true attributions of the Trumps. They are obvious, though, the moment one has the key (see "777"). Still, Pamela Coleman Smith has evidently been hampered; her designs are cramped and forced. I am infinitely sorry for any artist who tries to draw after dipping her hands in the gluey dogma of so insufferable a dolt and prig.

Mr. Waite, I believe, is perfectly competent to produce indefinite quantities of Malted Milk to the satisfaction of all parties; but when it comes to getting the pure milk of the Word, Mr. Waite gets hold of a wooden cow.

And do for God's sake, Arthur, drop your eternal hinting, hinting, hinting, "Oh what an exalted grade I have, if you poor dull uninitiated people would only perceive it!"

Here is your criticism, Arthur, straight from the shoulder.

Any man that knows Truth and conceals it is a traitor to humanity; any

THE EQUINOX

man that doesn't know, and tries to conceal his ignorance by pretending to be the guardian of a secret, is a charlatan.

Which is it?

We recommend every one to buy the pack, send Mr. Waite's book to the kitchen so as to warn the maids, throw the Major Arcana out of window, and play bridge with the Minor Arcana, which alone are worth the money asked for the whole caboodle.

The worst of it all is: Mr. Waite really does know a bit in a muddled kind of way; if he would only go out of the swelled-head business he might be some use.

But if you are not going to tell your secrets, it is downright schoolboy brag to strut about proclaiming that you possess them.

Au revoir, Arthur.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

It is an awkward situation for any initiate to edit knowledge concerning which he is bound to secrecy. This is the fundamental objection to all vows of this kind. The only possible course for an honest man is to preserve absolute silence.

Thus, to my own knowledge Mr. Waite is an initiate (of a low grade) and well aware of the true attribution of the Tarot. Now, what I want to know is this: is Mr. Waite breaking his obligation and proclaiming himself (to quote the words of his own Oath) "a vile and perjured wretch, void of all moral worth, and unfit for the society of all upright and just persons," and liable in addition to "the awful and just penalty of submitting himself voluntarily to a deadly and hostile current of will . . . by which he should fall slain or paralysed as if blasted by the lightning flash"—or, is he selling to the public information which he knows to inexact?

When this dilemma is solved, we shall feel better able to cope with the question of the Art of Pamela Coleman Smith.

II.

THE VISION. By MRS. HAMILTON SYNGE. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. cloth.

It was with no small degree of pleasurable anticipation that we picked up a volume by the distinguished authoress of "A Supreme Moment" and "The Coming of Sonia." The first vision, alas! was an atrocity after Watts, R.A., but we persisted.

Chapter i. is jolly good.

Chapter ii. might have been better with less quotation.

REVIEWS

Chapter iii. is first rate. Mystics can only conquer the Universe when they can prove themselves better than the rest of the world even in worldly things, and that by virtue of their mystic attainment.

We cannot, however, subscribe to her doctrine of the agglutination of the *Virttis* to the *Atman*, save only in due order and balance in the case of the adept. Yet we would not deny the possibility of her theory being correct.

In chapter iv. she puts a drop of the *Kerosene* of Myers into her good wine.

In chapter v. we begin to suspect that the authoress's brain is a mass of ill-digested and imperfectly understood pseudo-science; yet it ends finely—our task is to learn “how to love”—and we refer the reader to Mrs. Synge's other books.

Chapter vi. is more about James. We love our William dearly, but we hate to see dogs trotting about with his burst waistcoat-buttons in their mouths. But the clouds lift. We get Ibsen, and Browning, and Blake; and end on the right note. Oh that Mrs. Synge would come and take up serious occultism seriously; leave vague theorising and loose assertion, and her “larger Whole” for our “narrow Way!”

CHRISTOBEL WHARTON.

THE TRAGIC LIFE-HISTORY OF THE MAN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By FRANK HARRIS. 7s. 6d.

It has always been a source of harmless amusement, in our leisure hours, to watch our learned men grappling with Shakespeare. To study him, the Knower of man's heart, they have withered their own; to interpret the *Witness of Life*, they have refused to live, and, surrounded by a thousand foolish folios, have sat gloomily in the mouldering colleges of Oxford, or walked the horrid marshes of Cambridge, and produced uncounted pages of most learned drivel.

Frank Harris had another way than that. He took life in both hands and shook it; he made his own study of the heart of man, enlarging, not restricting, his own; and many a night has he lain under the stars on the savannah or the sierra, with Shakespeare for his pillow.

His result is accordingly different. His knowledge of Shakespeare is a living, bleeding, Truth; there is no room in his great heart and brain for the lumber of the pedants.

More, Frank Harris is himself a creative artist, a Freeman of the City of God, and knows that as there is no smoke without fire, so is there no speech without thought.

Whenever a poet writes of something that he does not know, he makes a

THE EQUINOX

botch of it; whenever a poet gives detail, and gives it right, he has probably observed it directly. There is nothing in *Hamlet* which need make us think that Shakespeare was ever in Denmark; but from the description in *King Lear* it is likely that he knew Dover.

In the hands of an acute critic this method is perfectly reliable; and Mr. Harris's familiarity with the text, his power of concentration and his sense of proportion, have made it possible for him to see Shakespeare steadily and see him whole.

We are perfectly convinced of the truth of the main theory which Frank Harris presents, the enslaving of his gentle spirit by the bold black-eyed harlot Mary Fitton, and we are even shaken in that other hypothesis which attributes to Shakespeare the vice of Caesar, Goethe, Milton, Michael Angelo, and of so many other good and great men that time and space would fail us to enumerate them.

Yet Mr. Harris only shakes the fabric of proof; he cannot the foundation—instinct.

And it is strange that he, the friend of Oscar Wilde through honour and dishonour, has not perceived the amazing strength of the theory propounded in "The portrait of Mr. W. H." Surely this theory should have been lashed and smashed, had it been possible. For where there is no definite evidence, we must accept the theory which contains least contradiction in itself.

Now, there is nothing monstrous in the supposition that Shakespeare was great enough to understand and feel all the overmastering passions which enrapture and torment, enslave and emancipate mankind; it would have been astonishing had he not done so. Oscar Wilde's theory does not explain Rosalind and Tamora and the dark lady of the Sonnets; but Frank Harris forgets the ambiguous Rosalind and Viola and Imogen, or at least fails to attach to them the immense importance which they are bound to possess for any one who is capable of emotional sympathy with such modern writers as Symonds, Pater, Whitman, FitzGerald, Burton, Wilde, Bloomfield, and a hundred others.

Everything is significant to sympathy, nothing to antipathy; and if sometimes sympathy o'erleaps itself and falls on the other, seeing a camel where there is only a cloud, the error is rarely so great as the opposite. We cannot help thinking that in this one instance Frank Harris has emulated Nelson at Copenhagen.

He will forgive us for dwelling on the one point of disagreement where the points of agreement are so many, where we gladly welcome his book as the sole real light that has ever been shed upon the life and thought of Shakespeare, the light of Frank Harris's soul split up by the prism of his mind

REVIEWS

into wit, style, insight, intelligence, pathos, history, comedy, tragedy, that adorn his book.

As for Staunton, Sidney Lee, Raleigh, Garrett, Bradley, Haliwell-Phillips, Fleay and the rest, their learning is lumber and their theories trash.

A. C.

The *English Review* was enlivened in November by a brilliant article on The Law of Divorce from the fascinating pen of Mr. E. S. P. Haynes.

While sympathising to a large extent with the writer's learned views so lucidly expressed, we are of opinion that there is no middle course between the extreme position of the Catholic Church, that marriage is so holy a bond that nothing can break it, and to accept and even to encourage fornication rather than tamper with it, and the other extreme of allowing a marriage to determine as soon as the parties desire it, proper provision being of course made for the welfare of any offspring.

The problem is really insoluble so long as sexual relations give rise to bitter feeling of any sort. Polygamy is perhaps the most decent and dignified of the systems at present invented.

But the present degrading and stupid farce must be ended.

As things are in these islands to-day, nine-tenths of all divorces, at least in good society, are the result of cheerful agreement between the parties. Adultery on both sides is so common that a genuine grievance is a rare as a truthful witness.

In a case that recently came under my notice, for example, the nominal defendant was really the plaintiff. He had compelled his wife—for sufficient reason—to divorce him by the threat that unless she did so he would break off friendly relations with her. Next came a weary struggle to manufacture evidence, the plaintiff's lawyers keeping up the irritating wail: "Lord—is so strict. *We must have more adultery.*" So the already overworked defendant was kept busy all the summer faking fresh evidence to satisfy the morbid appetite of a Scotch judge, while at the same time he was obliged to hold constant and clandestine intercourse with his own wife, lest she should lose her temper and withdraw proceedings!

This may have been an exceptional case—we hope so. But that any such mockery can take place anyhow and anywhere is a scandal and a reproach to the nation whose laws and customs make it possible.

We hope to hear much more from Mr. Haynes, and that he will throw fearlessly the whole weight of his genius and energy into the cause of radical reform of these monstrous and silly iniquities.

ARIEL.

THE EQUINOX

THE QUEST. No. II. J. M. Watkins. 2s. 6d.

This periodical is the dullest and most sodden slosh possible. No one should fail to buy a copy; a perfect bedside book.

R. N. W.

We beg to apologise for having referred in our last number to G.R.S.Mead, Esquire, B.A., M.R.A.S., as Mr. G.R.S.Mead, B.A. B.A. (Baccalaureus Artium) is indeed the proud distinction awarded to our brightest and best intellects. M.R.A.S. does not mean Mr. Ass; but is a mark of merit so high that dizzy imagination swoons at its contemplation. We grovel.

A. C.

PARACELSUS. Edited by A. E. WAITE. Two vols. Wm. Rider and Son. 25s.

The only edition of the great mediaeval occultist, the discoverer of opium, hydrogen, and zinc. Mr. A. E. Waite in this as in his other translations is altogether admirable, adding a delightful wit to ripe scholarship, and illuminating comment to rational criticism.

A. C.

THE OPEN ROAD (Monthly. C. W. Daniel) is apparently the organ of Mrs. Boole. We leave it at that.

A. QUILLER.

THE BLUE BIRD. Translated by ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS. Methuen. 1s. net.

Was it merely an unfortunate accident? As I opened the book my eye fell on these words: "They are my apples and they are not the finest at that! . . . They will all be alike when I am alive." . . . My memory of the play—sole comrade of my wanderings in the Sahara—said no! no! So I turned up the passage, and read—"Toutes seront de même quand je serai vivant."

My memory was right, and Mr. de Mattos had completely failed to grasp the sense of a simple sentence of eight easy words.

I did not continue my inquiry.

A. C.

AN APOLOGY FOR PRINTING HONEST REVIEWS

THE Editor of THE EQUINOX is well aware of the tendency of modern journalism to print only favourable reviews of books, and to praise on the recommendation of the Advertisement Manager rather than that of the Literary Adviser. But he believes that this policy defeats its own end, that praise in THE EQUINOX will really sell copies of the book receiving it, and that appreciation of this fact on the part of publishers will result in the enrichment of his advertising columns.

THE SHADOWY DILL-WATERS

OR

MR. SMUDGE THE MEDIUM

“ ’Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.”

As You Like it.

IN our investigation of the trumpery tin Pantheon of Aunt Sallies which our country calls ‘literary gents,’ one of the most striking figures is a certain lame duck that suggests a mixed ancestry of Bringand manqué and the Ghost in the Bab Ballads.

Historically, too, the subject has its advantage, for not only does the work of Weary Willie suggest primal Chaos, but himself recalls the Flood. He seems to have desired to emulate Noah, but the modern tendency to specialisation has led him to confine his attentions to the Insect World, and the remarkable jumping qualities of some of his specimens have their correspondence in the metre of those treacly emulsions which it is our present purpose to study.

Come with me! Behold the scene of action. What? You can see nothing? Of course not. It’s out of focus, and the limelight is but a farthing dip. Never mind; take the slide,

THE EQUINOX

and hold it to the light! Ah! there's a well—a druid well; a wood—a druid wood; a boat (druid) on a druid sea. Why Druid? Because Willie is not a British workman. The expletive is harmless enough. Look! more wells and woods and boats and apple-blossoms. When in doubt, play apple-blossom. Try and scan it as a dactyl. You can't? He can.

Oh! there are some people in the boat. Druid people. A queen with hair like the casting-net of the stars. What's that? Never mind. There's nothing rude or offensive about the casting-net of the stars? Very good, then; let's get on. What are they doing? Drifting. That's dead sure, anyway. Drifting. Drifting. That's the beautiful Celtic glamour of it. Druidically drifting Druids on a druid sea of apple-blossom in the middle distance. Foreground, a well in a wood. Background, a casting-net of the stars. Dotted about, hounds of various colours, usually red. Let's have another slide. Same thing, with a fairy floating about. Tired? Yes. Well, sit down and talk about it. Tut! Tut! . . .

How on earth does anybody ever deliberately produce this sort of thing? He doesn't. It just happens. All the Gregory Powder in the world won't produce it; it's true Asiatic Cholera, and you can't imitate it. I didn't mean dill-wates; I meant rice-waters.

Now let no one think that we object to an atmosphere in Art. Maeterlinck is doubtless just as misty in his symbolism; equally he uses a leitmotiv; equally he relies on mystery to shroud his figures with fascination, terror, or glamour.

THE SHADOWY DILL-WATERS

But the images are themselves perfectly clear and precise. In the mistiest of all, "Les Aveugles," one can condense the plot into a single phrase of simplest English. On this clean model, Greek in its simplicity, the master has thrown draperies of cleanly woven fabric, delicate and frail as spiders' webs—and as silvery and strong as they.

This is a craftsmanship exquisitely subtle and severe, a style of almost superhuman austerity.

In our shadowy choleraic we have the imitation of this, its reflection in a dull and dirty mind.

Smudge.

When Ruskin reproached Whistler for his ability to distinguish between colours less violent than vermilion and emerald, he was no doubt a Philistine. But how much worse is the Bohemian who thinks—"Since I cannot see anything but muddiness in these silver-grey quarter-tones, I can easily rival Whistler." Forthwith he mixes up all the colours in his box, daubs a canvas with them and——? Certainly he deceives Ruskin, but he deceives nobody else.

Genius, O weary one, is not an infinite capacity for taking pains; but genius has to take pains to express itself, and expression is at least half the battle. You, I think, have neither genius nor application; neither a healthy skin nor the soap-travail which might reveal it. Still, one can never be sure; you might give a trial to the soap.

If we had not a sufficiency of hard work before us in interpreting the masters of old, we might be tempted to waste more time on you; but there is Blake. Blake is more obscure than you are; but we have this guarantee, based on experience, that when we do attain to his meaning, it starts up

THE EQUINOX

luminous, Titanic, splendid. With you, we discover only commonplace—the commonplace of a maudlin undertaker replying to the toast of the Ladies at the Annual Dinner of the Antique Order of Arch-Druids.

Blake fashioned his intricate caskets of symbol to conceal pearls; you pile up dead leaves to cover rotten apples.

You are Attis with a barren fig-leaf.

It is true that a sort of dreary music runs monotonously through your verses, only jarred by the occasional discords. It is as if an eternal funeral passed along, and the motor-hearse had something wrong with the ignition—and the exhaust.

It is as if a man were lost upon a lonely marsh in the flat country and constantly slipped and sat down with a splash in a puddle. These be ignoble images, my masters!

The fact is that you are both myopic and tone-deaf. You peer into the darkly splendid world, the abyss of light—for it is light, to the seer—and you see but “unintelligible images, unluminous, formless, and void.” Then you return and pose as one who has trodden the eternal snows.

You are like a man who puts a penny into a mutoscope that is out of order; and, rather than admit that he has been swindled, pretends to have enjoyed it. You are like a parvenu with an ill-cooked chop at a swagger restaurant who eats it rather than incur the frown of the waiter.

Better abandon mysticism outright than this. But we suppose it is impossible; you must trim, and compromise, and try to get round the Boyg, O Peer Gynt without his courage and light-heartedness, O onion with many a stinking sheath, and a worm at the heart!

THE SHADOWY DILL-WATERS

Yes, if nothing else were wrong with you—and everything else *is* wrong—you would still be damned for your toadying to Mrs. Grundy and the Reverend Robert Rats.

We thought to sum you up on a page, and that page a page of but four corners; on mature consideration we think it could be done in a word, and that word a word of but four letters.

A. QUILLER, JR.

LIBER DCCCCLXIII

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.
Issued by Order:

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator

O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator

N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

LIBER
ΘΕΣΑΥΡΟΥ 'ΕΙΔΩΛΩΝ

SVB FIGVRA
DCCCLXIII

צמרת צמרה

Corona, Corolla;

Sic vocatur Malchuth

quando ascendit usque

ad Kether

The Kabbala.

(The Probationer should learn by heart the chapter corresponding to the Zodiacal Sign that was rising at his birth; or, if this be unknown, the chapter “The Twelvefold Unification of God.”)

93	108	123	138	153	168	1	16	31	46	61	76	91
107	122	137	152	167	13	15	30	45	60	75	90	92
121	136	151	166	12	14	29	44	59	74	89	104	106
135	150	165	11	26	28	43	58	73	88	103	105	120
149	164	10	25	27	42	57	72	87	102	117	119	134
163	9	24	39	41	56	71	86	101	116	118	133	148
8	23	38	40	55	70	85	100	115	130	132	147	162
22	37	52	54	69	84	99	114	129	131	146	161	7
36	51	53	68	83	98	113	128	143	145	160	6	21
50	65	67	82	97	112	127	142	144	159	52	20	35
64	66	81	96	111	126	141	156	158	4	19	34	49
78	80	95	110	125	140	155	157	3	18	33	48	63
79	94	109	124	139	154	169	2	17	32	47	62	77

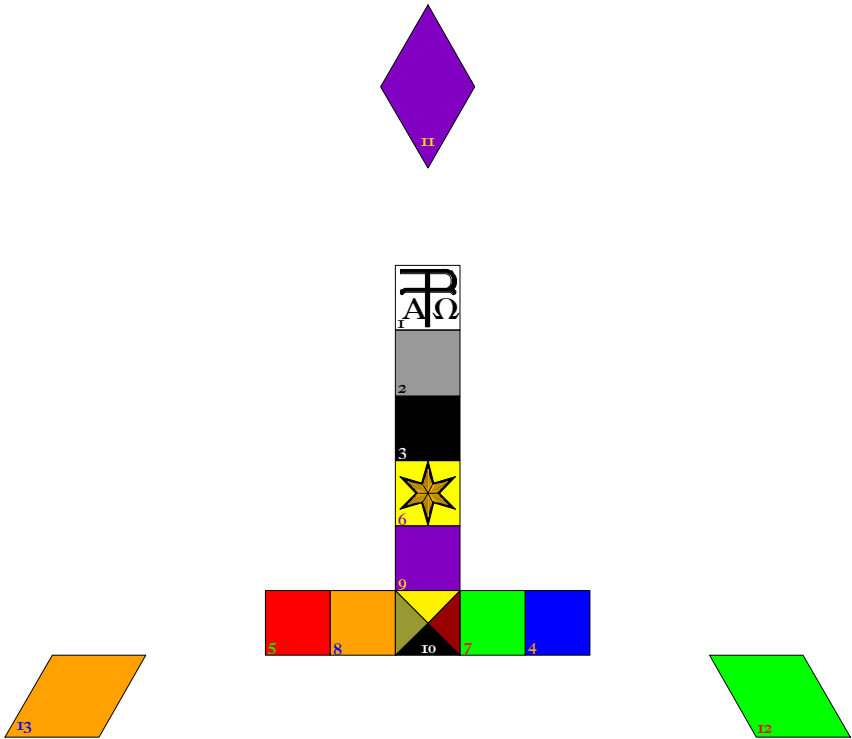


FIG. 1.

The Triangle of the Universe.

Three Veils of the Negative—not yellow; not red; not blue; but therefore symbolised by the “flashing” colours of these three; purple (11); emerald (12) and orange (13). Within their triangle of Yonis is the Lingam touching and filling it. Positive, as they are negative; in the Queen Scale of colour, as they are in the King Scale. Ten are the Emanations of Unity, the parts of that Lingam, in Kether, TARO = 78 = 6 × 13, the Influence of that Unity in the Macrocosm (Hexagram). The centre of the whole figure is Tiphareth, where is a golden Sun of six rays. Note the reflection of the Yonis to the triad about Malkuth. Also note that the triangle of Yonis is hidden, even as their links are secret. From Malkuth depends the Greek Cross of the Zodiac and their Spiritual Centre (Fig. 2). For Colour Scales see 777.

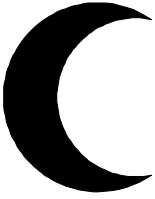
A.:A.:
Publication in Class A

A NOTE UPON LIBER DCCCCLXIII

1. Let the student recite this book, particularly the 169 Adorations, unto his Star as it ariseth.
2. Let him seek out diligently in the sky his Star; let him travel thereunto in his Shell; let him adore it unceasingly from its rising even unto its setting by the right adorations, with chants that shall be harmonious therewith.
3. Let him rock himself to and fro in adoration; let him spin around his own axis in adoration; let him leap up and down in adoration.
4. Let him inflame himself in the adoration, speeding from slow to fast, until he can no more.
5. This also shall be sung in open places, as heaths, mountains, woods, and by streams and upon islands.
6. Moreover, ye shall build you fortified places in great cities; caverns and tombs shall be made glad with your praise.
7. Amen.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

Here beginneth the Book of
the Meditations on the
Twelfold Adora-
tion, and the
Unity of
GOD.



The Chapter known as
 The Perception of God
 that is revealed unto man for a snare

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ I ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ adore ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Thee by the ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Twelfefold Snare ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and by the Unity thereof ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

000. In the Beginning there was Naught, and Naught spake unto Naught, saying: Let us beget on the Nakedness of Our Nothingness the Limitless, Eternal, Identical and United: And without will, intention, thought, word, desire, or deed, it was so.

00. Then in the depts of Nothingness hovered the Limitless, as a raven in the night; seeing naught, hearing naught, and understanding naught: neither was it seen, nor heard, nor understood; for as yet Countenance beheld not Countenance.

0. And as the Limitless stretched forth its wings, an unextended unextendable Light became; colourless, formless, conditionless, effluent, naked, and essential, as a crystalline dew of creative effulgence; and fluttering as a dove betwixt Day and Night, it vibrated forth as a lustral Crown of Glory.

1. And out of the blinding whitness of the Crown grew an Eye, like unto an egg of an humming-bird cherished on a platter of burnished silver.

2. Thus I beheld Thee, O my God, the lid of whose Eye is as the Night of Chaos, and the pupil thereof as the marshalled order of the sphere.

THE EQUINOX

3. For, I am but as a blind man, who wandering through the noontide perceiveth not the loveliness of day; and even as he whose eyes are unenlightened beholdeth not the greatness of this world in the depths of a starless night, so am I who am not able to search the unfathomable depths of Thy Wisdom.

4. For what am I that I durst look upon Thy Countenance, purblind one of small understanding that I am, blindly groping through the night of mine ignorance like unto a little maggot hid in the dark depths of a corrupted corpse?

5. Therefore, O my God, fashion me into a five-pointed star of ruby burning beneath the foundations of Thy Unity, that I may mount the pillar of Thy Glory, and be lost in adoration of the triple Unity of Thy Godhead, I beseech Thee, O Thou who art to me as the Finger of Light thrust through the black clouds of Chaos; I beseech Thee, O my God, hearken Thou unto my cry!

6. Then, O my God, am I not risen as the sun that eateth up ocean as a golden lion that feedeth on a blue-grey wolf? So shall I become one with Thy Beauty, worn upon Thy breast as the Centre of a Sixfold Star of ruby and of sapphire.

7. Yea, O God, gird Thou me upon Thy thigh as a warrior girdeth his sword! Smith my acuteness into the earth, and as a sower casteth his seed into the furrows of the plough, do Thou beget upon me these adorations of Thy Unity, O My Conqueror!

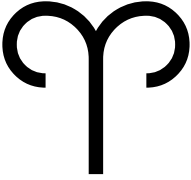
8. And Thou shalt carry me upon Thine hip, O Thou flashing God, as a black mother of the South Country carrying her babe. Whence I shall reach my lips to Thy paps, and sucking out Thy stars, shed them in these adorations upon the Earth.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

9. Moreover, O God my God, Thou who hast cloven me with Thine amethystine Phallus, with Thy Phallus adamantine, with Thy Phallus of Gold and Ivory! thus am I cleft in twain as two halves of a child that is split asunder by the sword of the eunuchs, and mine adorations are divided, and one contendeth against his brother. Unite Thou me even as a split tree that closeth itself again upon the axe, that my song of praise unto Thee may be One Song!

10. For I am Thy chosen Virgin, O my God! Exalt thou me unto the throne of the Mother, unto the Garden of Supernal Dew, unto the Unutterable Sea!

Amen,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen
and Amen of Amen of Amen of Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Affirmation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Affirmations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou snow-clad volcan of scarlet fire, Thou flame-crested pillar of fury! Yea, as I approach Thee, Thou departest from me like unto a wisp of smoke blown forth from the window of my house.

2. O Thou summer-land of eternal joy, Thou rapturous garden of flowers! Yea, as I gather Thee, my harvest is but as a drop of dew shimmering in the golden cup of the crocus.

3. O Thou throbbing music of life and death, Thou rhythmic harmony of the world! Yea, as I listen to the echo of Thy voice, my rapture is but as the whisper of the wings of a butterfly.

4. O Thou burning tempest of blinding sand, Thou whirlwind from the depths of darkness! Yea, as I struggle through Thee, through Thee, my strength is but as a dove's down floating forth on the purple nipples of the storm.

5. O Thou crownèd giant among great giants, Thou crimson-sworded solider of war! Yea, as I battle with Thee, Thou masterest me as a lion that slayeth a babe that is cradled in lilies.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

6. O Thou shadowy vista of Darkness, Thou cryptic Book of the fir-clad hills! Yea, as I search the key of Thy house I find my hope but as a rushlight sheltered in the hands of a little child.

7. O Thou great labour of the Firmament, Thou tempest-tossed roaring of the Aires! Yea, as I sink in the depths of Thine affliction, mine anguish is but as the smile on the lips of a sleeping babe.

8. O Thou depths of the Inconceivable, Thou cryptic, unutterable God! Yea, as I attempt to understand Thee, my wisdom is but as an abacus in the lap of an aged man.

9. O Thou transfigured dream of blinding light, Thou beatitude of wonderment! Yea, as I behold Thee, mine understanding is but as the glimpses of a rainbow through a storm of blinding snow.

10. O Thou steel-girdered mountain of mountains, Thou crested summit of Majesty! Yea, as I climb Thy grandeur, I find I have but surmounted one mote of dust floating in a beam of Thy Glory.

11. O Thou Empress of Light and of Darkness, Thou pourer-forth of the stars of night! Yea, as I gaze upon Thy Countenance, mine eyes are as the eyes of a blind man smitten by a torch of burning fire.

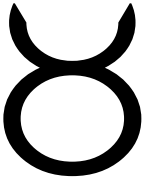
12. O Thou crimson gladness of the midnight, Thou flaming North of brooding light! Yea, as I rise up before Thee, my joy is but as a raindrop smitten through by an arrow of the Western Sun.

13. O Thou golden Crown of the Universe, Thou diadem of dazzling brightness! Yea, as I burn up before Thee, my

THE EQUINOX

light is but as a falling star seen between the purple fingers
of the Night.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Renunciation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Renunciations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the kisses of my mistress, and the murmur of her mouth, and all the trembling of her firm young breast; so that I may be rolled a flame in Thy fiery embrace, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

2. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the soft-lipp'd joys of life, and the honey-sweets of this world, and all the subtilities of the flesh; so that I may be feasted on the fire of Thy passion, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

3. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the ceaseless booming of the waves, and the fury of the storm, and all the turmoil of the wind-swept waters; so that I may drink of the porphyry foam of Thy lips, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

4. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the whispers of the desert, and the moan of the simoom, and all the silence of the sea of

THE EQUINOX

dust; so that I may be lost in the atoms of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

5. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the green fields of the valleys, and the satyr roses of the hills, and the nymph lilies of the meer; so that I may wander through the gardens of Thy Splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

6. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the sorrow of my mother, and the threshold of my home, and all the labour of my father's hands; so that I may be led unto the Mansion of Thy Light, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

7. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the yearning for Paradise, and the dark fear of Hell, and the feast of the corruption of the grave; so that as a child I may be led unto Thy Kingdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

8. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the moonlit peaks of the mountains, and the arrow-shapen kiss of the firs, and all the travail of the winds; so that I may be lost on the summit of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

9. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the goatish ache of the years, and the cryptic books, and all the majesty of their enshrouded words; so that I may be entangled in Thy wordless Wisdom. and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

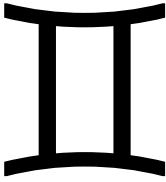
10. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the wine-cups of merriment, and the eyes of the wanton bearers, and all the lure of their soft limbs; so that I may be made drunk on the vine of Thy splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

11. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the hissing of mad waters, and the trumpeting of the thunder, and all Thy tongues of dancing flame; so that I may be swept up in the breath of Thy nostrils, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

12. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the crimson lust of the chase, and the blast of the brazen war-horns, and all the gleaming of the spears; so that like an hart I may be brought to bay in Thine arms, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

13. O my God, Thou mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee all that Self which is myself, that black sun which shineth in Self's day, whose glory blindeth Thy Glory; so that I may become as a rushlight in Thine abode, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Conjuratiōn of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Conjuratiōns ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Consuming Eye of everlasting light set as a pearl betwixt the lids of Night and Day; I swear to Thee by the formless void of the Abyss, to lap the galaxies of night in darkness, and blow the meteors like bubbles into the frothing jaws of the sun.

2. O Thou ten-footed soldeir of blue ocean, whose castle is built upon the sands of life and death; I swear to Thee by the glittering blades of the waters, to cleave my way within Thine armed hermitage, and brood as an eyeless corpse beneath the coffin-lid of the Mighty Sea.

3. O Thou incandescent Ocean of molten stars, surging above the arch of the Firmament; I swear to Thee by the mane-pennoned lances of light, to stir the lion of Thy darkness from its air, and lash the sorceress of noontide into fury with serpents of fire.

4. O Thou intoxicating Vision of Beauty, fair as ten jewelled virgins dancing about the hermit moon; I swear to Thee by the peridot flagons of spring, to quaff to the dregs Thy Chalice of Glory, and beget a royal race before the Dawn flees from awakening Day.

5. O Thou unalterable measure of all things, in whose lap

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

lie the destinies of unborn worlds; I swear to Thee by the balance of Light and Darkness, to spread out the blue vault as a looking-glass, and flash forth therefrom the intolerable lustre of Thy Countenance.

6. O Thou who settest forth the limitless expanse, I swear to Thee by the voiceless dust of the dest, to soar above the echoes of shrieking life, and as an eagle to fear for ever upon the silence of the stars.

7. O Thou flame-tipped arrow of devouring fire that quiverest as a tongue in the dark mouth of Night; I swear to Thee by the thurible of Thy Glory, to breathe the incense of mine understanding, and to cast the ashes of my wisdom into the Valley of Thy breast.

8. O Thou ruin of the mountains, glistening as an old white wolf above the fleecy mists of Earth; I swear to Thee by the galaxies of Thy domain, to press Thy lamb's breasts with the teeth of my soul, and drink of the milk and blood of Thy subtly and innocence.

9. O Thou Eternal river of chaotic law, in whose depths lie locked the secrets of Creation; I swear to Thee by the primal waters of the Deep, to such up the Firmament of Thy Chaos, and as a volcano to belch forth a Cosmos of coruscating suns.

10. O Thou Dragon-regent of the blue seas of air, as a chain of emeralds round the neck of Space; I swear to Thee by the hexagram of Night and Day, to be unto Thee as the twin fish of Time, which being set apart never divulged the secret of their unity.

11. O Thou flame of the hornèd storm-clouds, that sunderest their desolation, that outroarest the winds; I swear

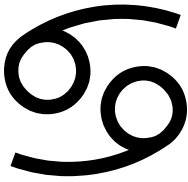
THE EQUINOX

to Thee by the gleaming sandals of the stars, to climb beyond the summits of the mountains, and rend Thy robe of purple thunders with a sword of silvery light.

12. O Thou fat of an hundred fortresses of iron, crimson as the blades of a million murderous swords; I swear to Thee by the smoke-wreath of the volcano, to open the secret shrine of Thy bull's breast, and tear out as an augur the heart of Thine all-pervading mystery.

13. O Thou silver axle of the Wheel of Being, thrust through with wings of Time by the still hand of Space; I swear to Thee by the twelve spokes of Thy Unity, to become unto Thee as the rim thereof, so that I may clothe me majestically in the robe that has no seam.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Certitude of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Certitudes ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

2. O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downwards through the æthyr as knots of lightning deep-rooted. I know Thee! O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

3. O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pie. I know Thee! O thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onwards to the wild slaughter of the Worlds.

4. O Thou Sovran Might of the most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee! O

THE EQUINOX

Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lulleth to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

5. O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

6. O Thou Sovran Archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven. I know Thee! O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like Mænads with snaky thyrus.

7. O Thou Sovran Paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee! O thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightning-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

8. O Thou Sovran Surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee! O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waters.

9. O Thou Sovran Diadem of crownèd Wisdom, whose work knowleth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth, I know Thee! O Thou master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

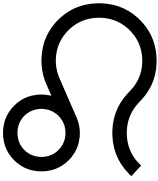
10. O Thou Sovran Lord of primæval Baresarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets. I know Thee! O Thou flame-crowned Self-luminous One, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and looseth the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

11. O Thou Sovran Moonstone of pearly loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the Byss and the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou fountain-head of fierce æthyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

12. O Thou Sovran Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire of fire upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee! O Thou Virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

13. O Thou Sovran All-Beholding eternal Sun, who lapest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee! O Thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Glorification of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Glorifications ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the Lion Rampant of the dawn: Thou hast crushed with Thy paw the crouching lioness of Night, so that she may roar forth the Glory of Thy Name.

2. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lap of the fertile valleys: Thou hast adorned their strong limbs with a robe of popped corn, so that they may laugh forth the Glory of Thy Name.

3. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the gilded rout of dancing-girls: Thou hast garlanded their naked middles with fragrant flowers, so that they may pace forth the Glory of Thy Name.

4. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the riotous joy of the storm; Thou hast shaken the gold-dust from the tresses of the hills, so that they may chaunt forth the Glory of Thy Name.

5. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stars and meteors of Night: Thou hast caparisoned her grey coursers with moons of pearl, so that they may shake forth the Glory of Thy Name.

6. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

in the precious stones of the black earth: Thou hast lightened her with a myriad eyes of magic, so that she may wink forth the Glory of Thy Name.

7. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the sparkling dew of the wild glades: Thou hast decked them out as for a great feast of rejoicing, so that they may gleam forth the Glory of Thy Name.

8. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stillness of the frozen lakes: Thou hast made their faces more dazzling than a silver mirror, so that they may flash forth the Glory of Thy Name.

9. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the smoke-veil'd fire of the mountains. Thou hast inflamed them as lions that scent a fallow deer, so that they may rage forth the Glory of Thy Name.

10. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the countenance of my darling: Thou hast unclothed her of white lilies and crimson roses, so that she may blush forth the Glory of Thy Name.

11. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the weeping of the flying clouds: Thou hast swelled therewith the blue breasts of the milky rivers so that they may roll forth the Glory of Thy Name.

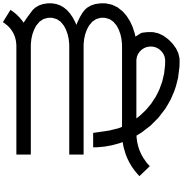
12. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the amber combers of the storm: Thou hast laid Thy lash upon the sphinxes of the waters, so that they may boom forth the Glory of Thy Name.

13. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lotus-flower within my heart: Thou hast

THE EQUINOX

emblazoned my trumpet with the lion-standard, so that they I
blare forth the Glory of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Beseechment of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Beesechments ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou mighty God, make me as a fair virgin that is clad in the blue-bells of the fragrant hillside; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may ring out the melody of Thy voice, and be clothed in the pure light of Thy loveliness: O Thou God my God!

2. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a Balance of rubies and jet that is cast in the lap of the Sun; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may flash forth the wonder of Thy brightness, and melt into the perfect poison of Thy Being: O Thou God, my God!

3. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a brown Scorpion that creepeth on through a vast desert of Silver; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may lose myself in the span of Thy light, and become one with the glitter of Thy Shadow: O Thou God, my God!

4. O Thou mighty God, make me as a green arrow of Lightning that speedeth through the purple clouds of Night; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may wake fire from the crown of Thy Wisdom, and flash into the depths on Thine Understanding: O Thou God, my God!

5. O Thou mighty God, make me as a flint-black goat that

THE EQUINOX

pranceth in a shining wilderness of steel; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may paw one flashing spark from Thy Splendour, and be welded into the Glory of Thy might: O Thou God, My God!

6. O Thou mighty God, make me as the sapphirine waves that cling to the shimmering limbs of the green rocks; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may chant in foaming music Thy Glory, and roll forth the eternal rapture of Thy Name: O Thou God, my God!

7. O Thou mighty God, make me as a silver fish darting through the vast depths of the dim-peopled waters; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may swim through the vastness of Thine abyss, and sink beneath the waveless depths of Thy Glory: O Thou God, my God!

8. O Thou mighty God, make me as a white ram that is athirst in a sun-scorched desert of bitterness; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may seek the deep waters of Thy Wisdom, and plunge into the whiteness of Thine effulgence: O Thou God, my God!

9. O Thou mighty God, make me as a thunder-smitted bull that is drunk upon the vintage of Thy blood; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may bellow through the universe Thy Power, and trample the nectar-sweet graps of Thine Essence: O Thou God, my God!

10. O Thou mighty God, make me as a black eunuch of song that is twin-voiced, yet dumb in either tongue; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may hush my melody in Thy Silence, and swell into the sweet ecstasy of Thy Song. O Thou God, my God!

11. O Thou mighty God, make me as an emerald crab that

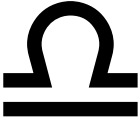
THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

crawleth over the wet sands of the sea-shore; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may write Thy name across the shores of Time, and sink amongst the white atoms of Thy Being. O Thou God, my God!

12. O Thou mighty God, make me as a ruby lion that roareth from the summit of a white mountain; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may echo forth thy lordship through the hills, and dwindle into the nipple of Thy bounty. O Thou God, my God!

13. O Thou mighty God, make me as an all-consuming Sun ablaze in the centre of the Universe; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may become as a crown upon Thy brow, and flash forth the exceeding fire of Thy Godhead: O Thou God, my God!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Gratification of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Gratifications ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou green-cloaked Mænad in labour, who bearest beneath Thy leaden girdle the vintage of Thy kisses; release me from the darkness of Thy womb, so that I may cast off my infant wrappings and leap forth as an armed warrior in steel.

2. O Thou snake of misty countenance, whose braided hair is like a fleecy dawn of swooning maidens; hunt me as a fierce wild boar through the skies, so that Thy burning spear may gore the blue heavens red with the foaming blood of my frenzy.

3. O Thou cloudy Virgin of the World, whose breasts are as scarlet lilies paling before the sun; dandle me in the cradle of Thine arms, so that the murmur of Thy voice may lull me to a sleep like a pearl lost in the depths of a silent sea!

4. O Thou wine-voiced laughter of fainting gloom, who art as a naked faun crushed to death between millstones of thunder; make me drunk on the rapture of Thy song, so that in the corpse-clutch of my passion I may tear the cloud-robe from off Thy swooning breast.

5. O Thou wanton cup-bearer of madness, whose mouth is as the joy of a thousand thousand masterful kisses; intoxicate me on Thy loveliness, so that the silver of Thy

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

merriment may revel as a moon-white pearl upon my tongue.

6. O Thou midnight Vision of Whiteness, whose lips are as pouting rosebuds deflowered by the deciduous moon; tend me as a drop of dew in Thy breast, so that the dragon of Thy gluttonous hate may devour me with its mouth of adamant.

7. O Thou effulgence of burning love, who pursueth the dawn as a youth pursueth a rose-lipped maiden; rend me with the fierce kisses of Thy mouth, so that in the battle of our lips I may be drenched by the snow-pure fountains of Thy bliss.

8. O Thou black bull in a field of white girls, whose foaming flanks are as starry night ravished in the fierce arms of noon; shake forth the purple horns of my passion, so that I may dissolve as a crown of fire in the bewilderment of Thine ecstasy.

9. O Thou dread arbiter of all men, the hem of whose brodered skirt crimsoneth the white battlements of Space; bare me the starry nipple of Thy breast, so that the milk of Thy love may nurture me to the lustiness of Thy virginity.

10. O Thou thirsty charioteer of Time, whose cup is the hollow night filled with the foam of the vintage of day; drench me in the shower of Thy passion, so that I may pant in Thine arms as a tongue of lightning on the purple bosom of night.

11. O Thou opalescent Serpent-Queen, whose mouth is as the sunset that is bloody with the slaughter of day; hold me in the crimson flames of Thine arms, so that at Thy kisses I may expire as a bubble in the foam of Thy dazzling lips.

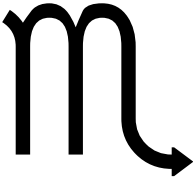
12. O Thou Odalisque of earth's palace, whose garments are scented and passionate as spring flowers in sunlit glades;

THE EQUINOX

roll me in the sweet perfume of Thy hair, so that Thy tresses of gold may anoint me with the honey of a million roses.

13. O Thou manly warrior amongst youths, whose limbs are as swords of fire that are welded in the furnace of war; press Thy cool kisses to my burning lips, so that the folly of our passion may weave us into the Crown of everlasting Light.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Denial of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Denials ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Formless breath of Chaos; nor the exhaler of the ordered spheres:

O Thou who art not the cloud-cradled star of the morning; nor the sun, drunken upon the midst, who blindeth men!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Guide me in the unity of Thy might, and lead me to the fatherhood of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

2. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the vitality of worlds; nor the breath of star-entangled being:

O Thou who art not horsed 'mid the centaur clouds of night; nor the twanging of the shuddering bowstring of noon!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Throne me in the unity of Thy might, and stab me with the javelin of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

THE EQUINOX

3. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Pan-pie in the forest; nor life's blue sword wrapped in the cloak of death:

O Thou who art not found amongst the echoes of the hills; nor in the whisperings that wake within the valleys!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Crown me in the unity of Thy might, and flash me as a scarlet tongue into Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

4. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Crown of the flaming storm; nor the opalescence of the Abyss:

O Thou who art not a nymph in the foam of the sea; nor a whirling devil in the sand of the desert!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bear me in the unity of Thy might, and pour me forth from out the cup of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

5. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the formulator of law; nor the Cheat of the maze of illusion:

O Thou who art not the foundation-stone of existence; nor the eagle that broodeth upon the egg of space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Swathe me in the unity of Thy might, and teach me wisdom from the lips of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

6. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the fivefold root of Nature; nor the fire-crested helm of her Master:

O Thou who art not the Emperor of Eternal Time; nor the warrior shout that rocketh the Byss of Space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Raise me in the unity of Thy might, and suckle me at the swol'n breasts of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

7. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the golden bull of the heavens; nor the crimson fountain of the lusts of men:

O Thou who reclinest not upon the Waggon of Night; nor retest Thine hand upon the handle of the Plough!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Urge me in the unity of Thy might, and drench me with the red vintage of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

8. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither starry eyes of heaven; nor the forehead of the crownèd morning:

O Thou who art not perceived by the powers of the mind; nor grasped by the fingers of Silence or of Speech!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Robe me in the unity of Thy might, and speed me into the blindness of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

THE EQUINOX

9. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the forge of eternity; nor the thunder-throated womb of Chaos:

O Thou who art not found in the hissing of the hail-stones; nor in the rioting of the equinoctial storm!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bring me in the unity of Thy might, and feast me on the honeyed manna of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

10. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the traces of the chariot; nor the pole of galloping delusion:

O Thou who art not the pivot of the whole Universe; nor the body of the woman-serpent of the stars!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Lead me in the unity of Thy might, and drawn me unto the threshold of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

11. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the moaning of a maiden; nor the electric touch of fire-thrilled youth:

O Thou who art not found in the hardy kisses of love; nor in the tortured spasms of madness and of hate.

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Weight me in the unity of Thy might, and roll me in the poisoned rapture of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

12. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the primal cause of causes; nor the soul of what is, or was, or will be:

O Thou who art not measured in the motionless balance; nor smitted by the arrow-flights of man!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Shield me in the unity of Thy might, and reckon me aright in the span of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

13. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the breathing influx of life; nor the iron ring i' the marriage feast of death:

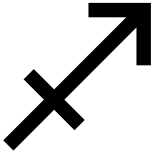
O Thou who art not shadowèd forth in the songs of war; nor in the tears and lamentations of a child!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Sheathe me in the unity of Thy might, and kindle me with the grey flame of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-being.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Rejoicing of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Rejoicings ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou seven-rayed rainbow of perfect loveliness;
Thou light-rolling chariot of sunbeams;
Thou fragrent scent of the passing storm:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou breath of the slumbering
valleys;

O Thou low-murmering ripple of the ripe corn-
fields!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till. as the mingling
blushes of day and night, my song weaveth the joys of life
into a gold and purple Crown, for the Glory and Splendour of
Thy Name.

2. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou zigzagged effulgence of the burning stars;
Thou wilderment of indigo light;
Thou grey horn of immaculate fire:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou embattled cloud of flashing
flame;

O Thou capricious serpent-head of scarlet hair!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my roaring filleth

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

the wooded mountains, and like a giant forceth the wind's head through the struggling trees, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

3. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou silken web of emerald bewitchement;
Thou berylline mist of marshy meers;
Thou flame-spangled fleece of seething gold:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou pearly dew of the setting moon;

O Thou dark purple storm-cloud of contending kisses!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till all my laughter, like enchanted waters, is blown as an iris-web of bubbles from the lips of the deep, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

4. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou who broodest on the dark breasts of the deep;
Thou lap of the wave-glittering sea;
Thou bright vesture of the crested floods:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou native splendour of the Waters;

O Thou fathomless Abyss of surging joy!
I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad swords of my music smite the hills, and rend the amethyst limbs of Night from the white embrace of Day, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

5. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou cloud-hooded bastion of the stormy skies;
Thou lightning anvil of angel swords;
Thou gloomy forge of the thunderbolt:

THE EQUINOX

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou all-subduing Crown of Splendour;

O Thou hero-souled helm of endless victory!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad rivers rush roaring through the woods, and my re-echoing voice danceth like a ram among the hills, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

6. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou opalescent orb of shattered sunsets;

Thou pearly boss on the shield of light;

Thou tawny priest at the Mass of lust:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou chalcedony cloudland of light;

O Thou poppy-petal floating upon the snowstorm!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my frenzied words rush through the souls of men, like a blood-red bull through a white herd of terror-stricken kine, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

7. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou unimperilled flight of joyous laughter;

Thou eunuch glaive-armed before joy's veil;

Thou dreadful insatiable One:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou lofty gathering-point of Bliss;

O Thou bridal-bed of murmuring rapture!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I tangle the black tresses of the storm, and lash the tempest into a green foam of twining basilisks, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

8. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou coruscating star-point of Endlessness;
Thou inundating fire of the Void;
Thou moonbeam cup of eternal life:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou fire-sandalled warrior of steel;

O Thou bloody dew of the field of slaughter and death!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the music of my throat smiteth the hills as a crescent moon waketh a nightly field of sleeping comets, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

9. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou jewel-work of snow on the limbs of night;
Thou elaboration of oneness;
Thou shower of universal suns:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou gorgeous, Thou wildering one;
O Thou great lion roaring over a sea of blood!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the wild thunder of my praise breaketh down, as a satyr doth a babe, the nine and ninety gates of Thy Power, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

10. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou ambrosia-yielding rose of the World.
Thou vaulted dome of effulgent light;
Thou valley of venomous vipers:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou dazzling robe of the soft rain-clouds;

O Thou lion-voiced up-rearing of the goaded storm.

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my rapture, like

THE EQUINOX

unto a two-edged sword, traceth a sigil of fire and blasteth the banded sorcerers, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

11. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou Crown of unutterable loveliness;
Thou feather of hyalescent flame;
Thou all-beholding eye of brightness:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou resplendent everlasting one:
O Thou vast abysmal ocean of foaming flames!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the stars leap like white courses from the night, and the heavens resound as an army of steel-clad warriors, at the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

12. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou star-blaze of undying expectation;
Thou ibis-throated voice of silence;
Thou blinding night of understanding:
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white finger of Chaotic law;
O Thou creative cockatrice twined amons the waters!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till my cries stir the night as the burnished gold of a lance thrust into a poisonous dragon of adamant, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

13. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;
Thou self-luminous refulgent Brilliance;
Thou eye of light that hath no eyelid;
Thou turquoise-studded sceptre of deed:

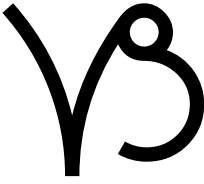
Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white furnace womb of Energy;

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou spark-whirling forge of the substance of the worlds;

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till I mount as a white beam unto the crown, and as a breath of night melt into the golden lips of Thy dawn, in the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Humiliation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Humiliations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O my God, behold me fully and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my searching is as a bat that seeks some hollow of night upon a sun-parched wilderness.

2. O my God, order me justly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my thoughts are as a dust-clad serpent wind at noon that danceth through the ashen grass of law.

3. O my God, conquer me with love and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the striving of my spirit is as a child's kiss that struggles through a cloud of tangled hair.

4. O my God, suckle me with truth and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my agony of anguish is but as a quail struggling in the jaws of an hungry wolf.

5. O my God, comfort me with ease and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the toil of my life is but as a small white mouse swimming through a vast sea of crimson blood.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

6. O my God, entreat me gently and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my toil is but as a threadless shuttle of steel thrust here and there in the black loom of night.

7. O my God, fondle me with kisses and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my desires are as dewdrops that are sucked from silver lilies by the throat of a young god.

8. O my God, exalt me with blood and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my courage is but as the fang of a viper that striketh at the rosy heel of dawn.

9. O my God, teach me with patience and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my knowledge is but as the refuse of the chaff that is flung to the darkness of the void.

10. O my God, measure me rightly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my praise is but as a single letter of lead lost in the gilded scriptures of the rocks.

11. O my God, fill me with slumber and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my wakefulness is but as a cloud at sunset that is like a snake gliding through the dew.

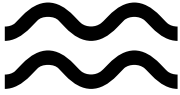
12. O my God, kindle me with joy and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the strength of my mind is but as a web of silk that bindeth the milky breasts of the stars.

13. O my God, consume me with fire and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all mine under-

THE EQUINOX

standing is but as a spider's thread drawn from star to star of a young galaxy.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
 The Twelbefold Lamentation of God
 and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Lamentations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my song is as the dirge of the sea that moans about a corpse, lapping most mournfully against the dead shore in the darkness. Yet in the sob of the wind do I hear Thy name, that quickeneth the cold lips of death to life.

2. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my praise is as the song of a bird that is ensnared in the network of the winds, and cast adown the drowning depths of night. Yet in the faltering notes of my music do I mark the melody of universal truth.

3. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my works are as a coiled-up sleeper who hath overslept the day, even the dawn that hoevereth as a hawk in the void. Yet in the gloom of mine awakening do I see, across the breasts of night, Thy shadowed form.

4. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my labours are as weary oxen laggard and sore stricken with the goad, ploughing black furrows across the white fields of light. Yet in the scrawling trail of their slow toil do I descry the golden harvest of Thine effulgence.

5. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the hope

THE EQUINOX

of my heart hath been ravished as the body of a virgin that is fallen into the hands of riotous robbers. Yet in the outrage of mine innocenece do I disclose the clear manna of Thy purity.

6. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the passion of my love is mazed as the bewildered eyes of a youth, who should wake to find his belovè d fled away. Yet in the crumpled couch of lust do I behold as an imprint the sigil of Thy name.

7. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the joy of my days lies dishonoured as the spangle-veil'd Virgin of night torn and trampled by the sun-lashed stallions of Dawn. Yet in the frenzy of their couplings do I tremble forth the pearly dew of ecstatic light.

8. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the aspirations of my heart ruin as in time of earthquake the bare hut of an hermit that he hath built for prayer. Yet from the lightning-struck tower of my reason do I enter Thy house that Thou didst build for me.

9. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my joy is as a cloud of dust blown athwart a memory of tears, even across the shadowless brow of the desert. Yet as from the breast of a slave-girl do I pluck the fragrant blossom of Thy Crimson Splendour.

10. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the feastings of my flesh have sickened to the wormy hunger of the grave, writhing in the spasms of indolent decay. Yet in the maggots of my corruption do I shdow forth sunlit hosts of crownè d eagles.

11. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

craft is as an injured arrow, featherless and twisted, that should be loosed from its bowstring by the hands of an infant. Yet in the wayward struggling of its flight do I grip the unwavering courses of Thy wisdom.

12. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my faith is as a filthy puddle in the sinister confines of a forest, splashed by the wanton foot of a young gnome. Yet like a wildfire through the trees at nightfall do I divine the distant glimmer of Thine Eye.

13. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my life sinks as the western Sun that struggles in the strangling arms of Night, flecked over with the starry foam of her kisses. Yet in the very midnight of my soul do I hold as a scarab the signet of Thy name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelfefold Bewilderment of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Bewilderments ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou snow-browed storm that art whirled up in clouds of flame?

O Thou red sword of the thunder!

Thou great blue river of ever-flowing Brightness, over whose breasts creep the star-bannered vessels of night!

O how can I plunge within Thine inscrutable depths, and yet with open eye be lost in the pearly foam of Thine Oblivion.

2. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou eternal incarnating immortal One?

O Thou welder of life and death!

Thou whose breasts are as the full breasts of a mother, yet in Thy hand Thou carriest the sword of destruction!

O how can I cleave the shield of Thy might as a little wanton child may burst a floating bubble with the breath-feather of a dove.

3. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou mighty worker laden with the dust of toil?

O Thou little ant of the earth!

Thou great monster who infuriatest the seas, and by their vigour wearest down the strength of the cliffs!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O how can I bind Thee in a spider's web of song, and yet remain one and unconsumèd before the raging of Thy nostrils?

4. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou forkèd tongue of the purple-throated thunder.

O Thou silver sword of lightning!

Thou who rippest out the fire-bolt from the storm-cloud, as a sorcerer teareth the heart from a black kid!

O how can I possess Thee as the dome of the skies, so that I may fix the keystone of my reason in the arch of Thy forehead?

5. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou amber-seal'd one whose eyes are set on columns?

O Thou sightless seer of all things!

Thou spearless warrior who urgest on Thy steeds and blindest the outer edge of darkness with Thy Glory!

O how can I grasp the whirling wheels of Thy splendour, and yet be not smitten into death by the hurtling fury of Thy chariot?

6. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou red fire-fang that gnawest the blue limbs of night?

O Thou devouring breath of flame!

Thou illimitable ocean of frenzied air, in whom all is one, a plume cast into a furnace!

O how can I dare to approach and stand before Thee, for I am but as a withered leaf whirled away by the anger of the storm?

7. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou almighty worker ungirded of slumber?

THE EQUINOX

O Thou Unicorn of the Stars!

Thou tongue of flame burning above the firmament, as a lily that blossometh in the drear desert!

O how can I pluck Thee from the dark bed of Thy birth, and revel like a wine-drenched faun in the banqueting-house of Thy Seigniory?

8. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou dazzler of the deep obscurity of the day?

O Thou golden breast of beauty!

Thou shrivelled udder of the storm-blasted mountain, who no longer sucklest the babe-clouds of wind-swept night!

O how can I gaze upon Thy countenance of eld, and yet be not blinding by the black fury of Thy dethronèd Majesty?

9. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou seraph-venom of witch-vengeance enchanted?

O Thou coiled wizardry of stars!

Thou one Lord of life triumphant over death, Thou red rose of love nailed to the cross of golden light!

O how can I die in Thee as sea-foam in the clouds, and yet possess Thee as a frail white mist possesses the stripped limbs of the Sun?

10. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou soft pearl set in a bow of effulgent light?

O Thou drop of shimmering dew!

Thou surging river of bewildering beauty who speedest as a blue arrow of fire beyond, beyond!

O how can I measure the poisons of Thy limbeck, and yet be for ever transmuted in the athanor of Thine understanding?

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

11. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou disrober of the darkness of the Abyss?

O Thou veil'd eye of creation!

Thou soundless voice who, for ever misunderstood, rollest on through the dark abyssms of infinity!

O how can I learn to sing the music of Thy name, as a quivering silence above the thundering discord of the tempest?

12. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou teeming desert of the abundance of night?

O Thou river of unquench'd thirst!

Thou tongueless one who lickest up the dust of death and casteth it forth as the rolling ocean of life!

O how can I possess the still depths of Thy darkness, and yet in Thine embrace fall asleep as a child in a bower of lilies?

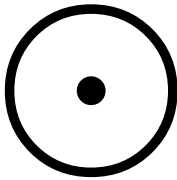
13. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou shrouded one veiled in a dazzling effulgence?

O Thou centreless whorl of Time!

Thou illimitable abyssm of Righteousness, the lashes of whose eye are as showers of molten suns!

O how can I reflect the light of Thine unity, and melt into Thy Glory as a cloudy chaplet of chalcedony moon

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Twelbefold Unificiation of God
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Unificiations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou Unity of all things: as the water that poureth through the fingers of my hand, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hold Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I plunge into the heart of the ocean, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

2. O Thou Unity of all things: as the hot fire that flameth is too subtle to be held, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot grasp Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hurl me down the scarlet throat of a volcano, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

3. O Thou Unity of all things: as the moon that waneth and increaseth in the heavens, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot stay Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I devour Thee, as a dragon devoureth a kid, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

4. O Thou Unity of all things: as the dust that danceth over the breast of the desert, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot seize Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up with my tongue the bitter salt of the plains, there still

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

5. O Thou Unity of all things: as the air that bubbleth from the dark depths of the waters, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot catch Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I net thee as a goldfish in a kerchief of silk, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

6. O Thou Unity of all things: as the cloud that flitteth across the white horns of the moon, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot pierce Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I tangle Thee in a witch-gossamer of starlight, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

7. O Thou Unity of all things: as the star that travelleth along its appointed course, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rule Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hunt Thee across the blue heavens as a lost comet, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

8. O Thou Unity of all things: as the lightning that lurketh in the heart of the thunder, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot search Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I wed the flaming circle to the enshrouded square, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

9. O Thou Unity of all things: as the earth that holdeth all precious jewels in her heart so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot spoil Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I burrow as a mole in the mountain of Chaos, there still shall I

THE EQUINOX

find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

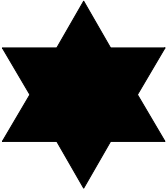
10. O Thou Unity of all things: as the pole-star that burneth in the centre of the night, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hide Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I turn from Thee at each touch of the lodestone of lust, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

11. O Thou Unity of all things: as the blue smoke that whirleth up from the altar of life, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot find Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I inter Thee in the sarcophagi of the damned, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

12. O Thou Unity of all things: as a dark-eyed maiden decked in crimson and precious pearls, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rob Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I strip Thee of Thy gold and scarlet raiment of Self, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

13. O Thou Unity of all things: as the sun that rolleth through the twelve manions of the skies, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot slay Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up the Boundless Light, the Boundless, and the Not, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of bliss!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
 The Hundred and Sixty-Nine Cries of
 Adoration and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Hundred and Sixty- ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Nine Cries of Adoration ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

O Thou Dragon-prince of the air, that art drunk on the blood of the sunsets! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Unicorn of the storm, that art crested above the purple air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning sword of passion, that art tempered on the anvil of flesh! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou slimy lust of the grave, that art tangled in the roots of the Tree! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smoke-shroded sword of flame, that art en-sheathed in the bowels of earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scented grove of wild vines, that art trampled by the white feet of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden sheaf of desire, that art bound by a fair wisp of poppies! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten comet of gold, that art seen through the wizard's glass of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou shrill song of the eunuch, that art heard behind the curtain of shame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright star of the morning, that art set betwixt the breasts of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lidless eye of the world, that art seen through the sapphire veil of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smiling mouth of the dawn, that art freed from the laughter of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling star-point of hope, that burnest over oceans of despair! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou naked virgin of love, that art caught in a net of wild roses! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou iron turret of death, that art rusted with the bright blood of war! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bubbling wine-cup of joy, that foamest like the cauldron of murder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou icy trail of the moon, that art traced in the veins of the onyx! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hunter of love, that art slain by the twisted horns of lust! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frozen book of the seas, that art graven by the swords of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou flashing opal of light, that art wrapped in the robes of the rainbows! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple mist of the hills, that hideth shepherds from the wanton moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou low moan of fainting maids, that art caught up in the strong sobs of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fleeting beam of delight, that lurkest within the spear-thrusts of dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden wine of the sun, that art poured over the dark breasts of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrance of sweet flowers, that art wafted over blue fields of air! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty bastion of faith, that withstended all the breachers of doubt! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver horn of the moon, that gorest the red flank of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou grey glory of twilight, that art the hermaphrodite triumphant! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thirsty mouth of the wind, that art maddened by the foam of the sea! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou couch of rose-leaf desires, that art crumpled by the vine and the fir! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou bird-sweet river of Love, that warblest through the pebbly gorge of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden network of stars, that art girt about the cold breasts of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad whirlwind of laughter, that art meshed in the wild locks of folly! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou white hand of Creation, that holdest up the dying head of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple tongue of Twilight, that dost lap up the lucent milk of Day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thunderbolt of Science, that flashest from the dark clouds of Magic! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red rose of the Morning, that glowest in the bosom of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flaming globe of Glory, that art caught up in the arms of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver arrow of hope, that art shot from the arc of the rainbow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou starry virgin of Night, that art strained to the arms of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sworded soldier of life, that art sucked down in the quicksands of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou brozne blast of the trumpet, that rollest over emerald-tipped spears! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou opal mist of the sea, that art sucked up by the beams of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red worm of formation, that art lifted by the white whorl of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty anvil of Time, that outshowerest the bright sparks of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red cobra of desire, that art unhooded by the hands of girls! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling billow of joy, whose fingers caress the limbs of the world! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou emerald vulture of Truth, that art perched upon the vast tree of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lonely eagle of night, that drinkest at the moist lips of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild daughter of Chaos, that art ravished by strong son of law! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ghostly night of terror, that art slaughtered in the blood of the dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou popped nectar of sleep, that art curlded in the

THE EQUINOX

still womb of slumber! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning rapture of girls, that disport in the sunset of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten ocean of stars, that art a crown for the forehead of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little brook in the hills, like an asp betwixt the breasts of a girl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thou mighty oak of magic, that art rooted in the mountain of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling network of pearls, that art woven of the waves by the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton sword-blade of life, that art sheathèd by the harlot call'd Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mist-clad spirit of spring, that art unrob'd by the hands of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sweet perfume of desire, that art wafted through the valley of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling wine-cup of light, whose foaming is the heart's blood of the stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver sword of madness, that art smitten through the midden of life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou hooded vulture of night, that art glutted on the entrails of day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl-gray arch of the world, whose keystone is the ecstasy of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silken web of movement, that art blown through the atoms of matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rush-strewn threshold of joy, that art lost in the quicksands of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild vision of Beauty, but half seen betwixt the cusps of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl cloud of the sunset, that art caught up in a murderer's hand! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rich vintage of slumber, that art crushed from the bud of the poppy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou great boulder of rapture, that leapest adown the mountains of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou breather-out of the winds, that art snared in the drag-net of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple breast of the storm, that art scarred by the teeth of the lightning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pillar of phosphor foam, that Leviathan spouteth from's nostrils! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou song of that harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou veiled beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flashing shield of the sun, as a discus hurled by the hand of Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ribald shout of laughter, that echoest among the tombs of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfailing cruse of joy, that art filled with the tears of the fallen! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning lust of the moon, that art clothed in the mist of the ocean! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou one measure of all things, that art Dam of the great order of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail virgin of Eden, that art ravished to the abode of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dark forest of wonder, that art tangled in a gold web of dew! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tortured shriek of the storm, that art whirled up through the leaves of the woods! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling opal of light, that flamest in the crumbling skull of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou storm-drunk breath of the winds, that pant in the bosom of the mountains! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou loud bell of rejoicing, that art smitten by the hammer of woe! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou red rose of the sunset, that witherest on the altar of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright vision of sunbeams, that burnest in a flagon of topaz! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou virgin lily of light, that sproutest between the lips of a corpse! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou blue helm of destruction, that art winged with the lightnings of madness! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou voice of the heaving seas, that tremblest in the grey of the twilight! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfolder of heaven, red-winged as an eagle at sunrise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling tongue of red flame, athirst on the nipple of my passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou outrider of the sun, that spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dancer with gilded nails, that unbraidest the star-hair of the night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit pearl of rapture, clasped fast in the silver hand of the Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton mother of love, that art mistress of the children of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson fountain of blood, that spoutest from the heart of Creation! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou warrior eye of the sun, that shooteth death from the berylline Byss! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou Witch's hell-broth of hate, that boilest in the white cauldron of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Ribbon of Northern Lights, that bindest the elfin tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red sword of the Twilight, that art rusted with the blood of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sacrificer of Dawn, that wearest the chasuble of sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodshot eye of lightning, glowering beneath the eyebrows of thunder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou four-square Crown of Nothing, that circlest the destruction of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodhound whirlwind of lust, that art unleashed by the first kiss of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wondrous chalice of light, uplifted by the Mænads of Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fecund opal of death, that sparklest through a sea of mother-of-pearl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson rose of the Dawn, that art fastened in the dark locks of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pink nipple of Being, thrust deep into the black mouth of Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou vampire Queen of the Flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou tender next of dove's down, built up betwixt the hawk's claws of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou concubine of Matter, anointed with love-nard of Motion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flame-tipp'd bolt of Morning, that art shot out from the crossbow of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail blue-bell of Moonlight, that art lost in the gardens of the Stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tall mast of wreck'd Chaos, that art crowned by the white lamp of Cosmon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly eyelid of Day, that art closed by the finger of Evening! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild anarch of the Hills, pale glooming above the mists of the Earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit peak of pleasure, that art crowned by the viper tongues of forked flame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wolfish head of the winds, that frighteth the snow-white lamb of winter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dew-lit nymph of the Dawn, that swoonest in the satyr arms of the Sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad abode of kisses, that art lit by the fat of murdered fiends! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou sleeping lust of the Storm, that art flame-gorg'd
as a flint full of fire! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou soft dew of the Evening, that art drunk up by
the mist of the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou wounded son of the West, that gushest out Thy
blood on the heavens! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou burning tower of fire, that art set up in the midst
of the seas! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unvintageable dew, that art moist upon the lips of
the Morn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver crescent of love, that burnest over the dark
helm of War! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white ram of the Dawn, that art slain by
the lion of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou crimson spear-point of life, that art thrust through
the dark bowels of Time! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore
Thee, IAO!

O Thou black waterspout of Death, that whirlest, whelme
st the tall ship of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou mighty chain of events, that art strained betwixt
Cosmon and Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

O Thou towering eagre of lust, that art heaped up by the
moon-breasts of youth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,
IAO!

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

O Thou serpent-crown of green light, that art wound round the dark forehead of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson vintage of Life, that art poured into the jar of the Grave! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou waveless Ocean of Peace, that sleepest beneath the wild heart of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou whirling skirt of the stars, that art swathed round the limbs of the Æthyr! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white chalice of Love, thou art filled up with the red lusts of Man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrant garden of Joy, firm-set betwixt the breasts of the morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly fountain of Life, that spoutest up in the black court of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou brindle hound of the Night, with thy nose to the sleuth of the Sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou leprous claw of the ghoul, that coaxest the babe from its chaste cradle! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou assassin word of law, that art written in ruin of earthquakes! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou trembling breast of the night, that gleamest with a rosary of moons! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou Holy Sphinx of rebirth, that crouchest in the black desert of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou diadem of the suns, that art the knot of this red web of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ravished river of law, that outpourest the arcanum of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou glimmering tongue of day, that art sucked unto the blue lips of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Queen-Bee of Heaven's hive, that smearest thy thighs with honey of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scarlet dragon of flame, enmeshed in the web of a spider! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou magic symbol of light, that art frozen on the black book of blood! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou swathed image of Death, that art hidden in the coffin of joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red breast of the sunset, that pantest for the ravishment of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou serpent of malachite, that baskest in a desert of turquoise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fierce whirlpool of passion, that art sucked up by the mouth of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou green cockatrice of Hell, that art coiled around the finger of Fate! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lambet laughter of fire, that art wound round

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

the heart of the waters! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou gorilla blizzard Air, that tearest out Earth's tresses by the roots! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou reveller of Spirit, that carousest in the halls of Matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red-lipped Vampire of Life, that drainest blood from the black Mount of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little lark of Beyond, that art heard in the dark groves of knowledge! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou summer softness of lips, that glow hot with the scarlet of passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly foam of the grape, that art flecked with the roses of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hand of the seas, that unfurlest the black Banner of Storm! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou shrouded book of the dead, that art sealed with the seven souls of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

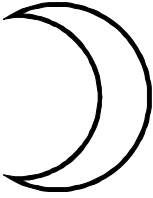
O Thou writhing frenzy of love, that art knotted like the grid-flames of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou primal birth-ring of thought, that dost encircle the thumb of the soul! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou blind flame of Nothingness, as a crown upon my
brow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space : Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.



The Chapter known as
The Unconsciousness of God
that is hidden from man for a sign.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ I ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ adore ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Thee by the ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Twelfefold Sign ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and by the Unity thereof ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

12. The Light of my Life is as the light of two moons, one rising and the other setting, one increasing and the other waning; the one growing fat as the other groweth lean, like a paunchy thief sucking dry a skin of amber wine. Yet though the light of the first devoureth the light of the second, nevertheless the light of the second disgorgeth the light of the first, so that there is neither the desire of light nor the need of light—all being as a woven twilight of day and night, a madness of mingling moons. Yet I behold!

11. Now mine eyes are seven, and are as stars about a star; and the lids of mine eyes are fourteen, two to each eye. Also have I seven arms to do the bidding of the seven eyes; and each arm hath an hand of three fingers, so that I may rule the great ocean and burn it up with the Spirit of Flame, and that I may drown the fire in the Abode of the Waters. Thus I am rendered naked; for neither flame nor water can clothe me; therefore am I as a breath of wind blown over an Earth of Adamant, that knoweth neither sorrow nor rejoicing; then do I abide as a River of Light between the Night of Chaos and the Day of Creation.

10. Two are the moons of my madness, like the horns on

THE EQUINOX

the head of a goat. And between them burneth a pyramid of flame, which consumeth neither but blindeth both, so that the one beholdeth not the other. Notwithstanding, when the one is lost in the water, and the other is burnt up in the flame, they become united in the form of a woman fashioned of Earth and of Air, who without husband is yet mother of many sons.

9. Now the Sons are in truth but one Son; and the one Son but a daughter draped and never naked; for her mother is naked, therefore is she robed. And she is called the Light of my Love, for she in conealed, and cannot be seen, as the Sun burneth over her and drowneth her in fire, whilst below her surgeth the sea, whose waves are as flames of water. When thou hast licked up the ocean thou shalt not see her because of the fire; and when thou hast swallowed the Sun surely shall the waters be driven away from thee, so that though the fire be thine the water hath slipped thee, as a dog its leash. Yet the path is straight.

8. Along it shalt thou journey, and then shalt thou learn that the fear of death is the blood of the world. So the woman dressed herself in the shrouds of the dead, and decked herself with the bones of the fallen; and all feared her, therefore they lived. But she feared life; therefore she wove a dew-moon in her tangled hair as a sign of the fickleness of Death, and wept tears of bitter sorrow that she should live in the blossom of her youth. And her tears crept like scorpions down her cheeks, and sped away in the darkness like serpents; and for each serpent there came an eagle which did carry it away.

7. "Why weep?" said the Balance swinging to the left. "Why laugh?" said the Balance swinging to the right. "Why

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF IMAGES

not remain still?" answered the Hand that held the Balance. And the Balance replied: "Because on my right laughs Death and on my left weeps a Virgin."

6. Then the Voice of the Hand said to the girl: "Why weep?" And the maid answered: "Because Death maketh jest of my life." Then the Hand stayed the Balance, and at once the girl saw that she as Death, and that Death that had sat opposite her was in truth a motherless babe. So she took the child she had conceived in the arms of fear, and went her way laughing.

5. And the infant grew strong; yet its strength was in its weakness; and though to olook at it from behind was to look upon a man-child, from behind it was a little girl with golden hair. Now, when the child wished to tempt a maid he faced and approached her; and when the child wished to tempt a man she turned her back on him and fled.

4. But one day the child met, at the self-same hour, Love; and the man, seeing a woman, approached her eagerly, and the woman, seeing a man, fled, so that he might capture her. Thus it came about that the child met the child and wondered, not knowing that the child had lost the child. So it was that they walked side by side.

3. Then that part of the child that was man loved and lusted for that part of the child that was woman; and each know not that each was the other, and felt that they were two and yet one, nevertheless one and yet two. And when one said: "Who art thou?" the other answered at the self-same moment: "Who am I?"

2. Soon becoming perplexed if I were Thou, or if Thou were I, it came about that the I mingled with the Thou, and

THE EQUINOX

the Thou with the I, so that six added to ten became sixteen, which is felicity; for it is the interplay of the elements. Four are the elements that make man, and four are the elements that make woman. Thus was the child reborn.

i. But though the man ruleth the woman, and the woman ruleth the man, the Child ruleth both its mother and father, and being five is Emperor over the kingdom of their hearts. To its father it giveth four, and to its mother it giveth four, yet it remaineth five, for it hat of its father an half and of its mother an half; but in itself it is equal to both its father and its mother; for it is father of fathers and mother of mothers.

o. Therefore is it One Whole, and not two halves; and being One is Thirteen, which is called Nothing when it is All-things.

.
Amen
without lie,
and Amen of Amen,
and Amen of Amen of Amen.

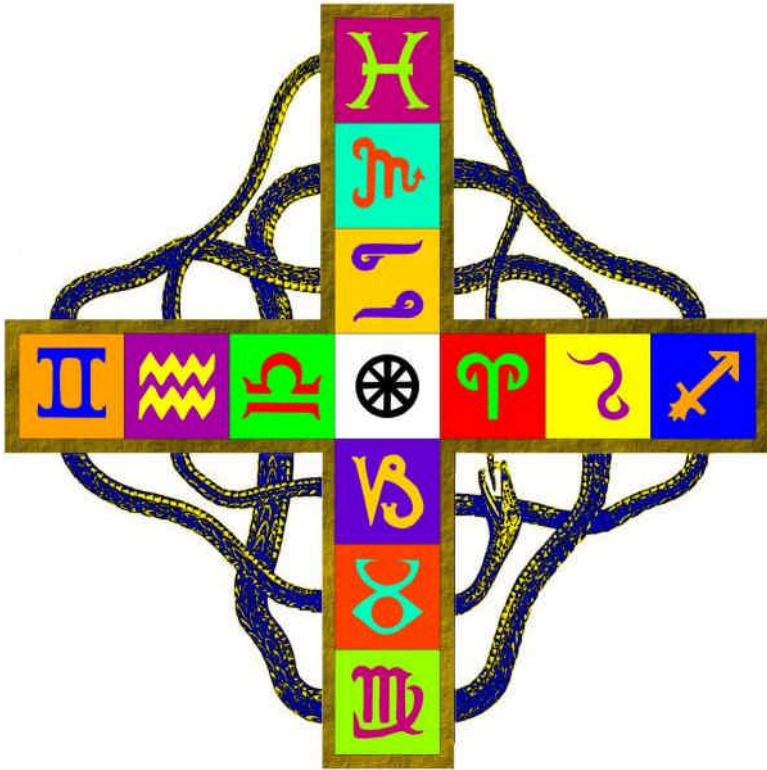


FIG. 2.

The Greek Cross of the Zodiac.

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|
| ♈. | Emerald on Scarlet. | ♋. | Scarlet on Emerald. |
| ♉. | Greenish Blue on Orange-Red. | ♌. | Orange-Red on Greenish Blue. |
| ♊. | Royal Blue on Orange. | ♍. | Orange on Royal Blue. |
| ♋. | Indigo on Amber. | ♎. | Amber on Indigo. |
| ♌. | Violet on Greenish Yellow. | ♏. | Greenish Yellow on Violet. |
| ♍. | Crimson on Yellow-Green. | ♐. | Yellow-Green on Crimson. |
| | | Spirit. | Black on White. |
| | | Serpent. | Azure, with Golden Scales. |
| | | Border. | Gold. |

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

NATURE'S HELP TO HAPPINESS. By JOHN WARREN ACHORN, M.D. W. Rider and Sons. 1s. net.

This is the best book ever written on health. Go out and hold naked Nature to your breast; and you will be well.

You sleep in or you sleep out, as luck will have it; sometimes you get food, and sometimes not; it's no odds; you are one with Nature, and find that Nature is one with God.

This is my own practice; every time London can spare me I put on my climbing things and take nothing else but a supply of strong tobacco and a few pounds. Then I think of some place that sounds interesting—Madrid or Fiesole or Timbaktu—and walk there.

When I get back I am strong enough even for book-reviewing.

Go thou and do likewise!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

MASQUES AND PHASES. By ROBERT ROSS. Arthur L. Humphreys.

A very pleasant collection of witty essays. *O si sic omnes!* Do let us have some more this year.

And thank you so much for the very necessary statements in "There is no decay."

A. C.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT? By CESARE LOMBROSO.

We sent this book to our undertaker for review, but he only wired back "Rot." Why are undertakers always poets?

[The late Cesare Lombroso was a mattoid and degenerate suffering from paranoiac delusions about "criminal types." He would count the hairs in your moustache, and if you had two more on one side than the other, it showed that you would commit forgery. The authorities once sent him a photograph of a murderer, and he proved that not only was he bound to murder somebody, but to do it in just that special way. By an accident, the photograph was that of a blameless grocer, an Arthur Henry Hallam of

THE EQUINOX

grocers.

But he went galumphing on with his monomania, until senile decay supervened, and he became a spiritualist.

Now he is dead, like Max Nordau.—ED.]

Printed by BALLANTYNE & CO., LIMITED, London

Mr W. NORTHRAM

Robe Maker and Tailor

9 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Begs to inform those concerned that he has been entrusted by the A.:A.: with the manufacture of the necessary robes and other appurtenances of members of the Society.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON

THE MANIAC

REBMAN LTD. Price 6s.

It is desirable, almost necessary even, for all those who wish to understand the dangers of the Mystic Path to read this extraordinary study of the contents of a maniac's mind.

It may be obtained at the offices of this paper, or from REBMAN LTD., 129 Shaftesbury Avenue, and through all booksellers.

See Review on page 314.

Mr. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH'S charming volume of Essays and Sketches entitled

On the Loose:

Planetary Journeys and Earthly Sketches (a new popular edition). Price One Shilling net, crown 8vo, pp. 164, may be obtained through "The Equinox."

From Mr. ELKIN MATHEWS' LIST

THE CANON: An Exposition of the Pagan Mystery perpetuated in the Cabala as the Rule of all the Arts. With a preface by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Finely printed at the Chiswick Press. Over 400 pp. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

Mr. H.G. WELLS, writing at length in the *Saturday Review*, says:—"These chapters are really admirable expositions of a method of inquiry that I had thought vanished from the earth ... a thoughtful and laborous contribution to theological study."

"This beautiful book with all its curious learning,"

Manchester Guardian.

THE VISION (Mystical Papers), By Mrs. HAMILTON SYNGE. With a Frontispiece by G. F. WATTS, R. A. Fcap 8vo, wrapper 1s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net.

"The book will do good wherever it is read, and those who read it will find fault only with its brevity. Yet it is adequate to its purpose."—*The Occult Review.*

THE NET OF THE STARS. by F. S. FLINT. Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Flint has a fine and delicate sense of words and a considerable metrical gift. His language moreover is lucid and follows his thought delicately and with music."

The English Review

BAUDELAIRE: The Flowers of Evil.

Translated into English Verse by CYRIL SCOTT. Fcap 8vo. Wrapper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"A typical and representative selection."

Publishers' Circular.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

MESSRS. LOWE & Co., 8 Stafford Street, Bond Street, beg to announce that they have been entrusted for twelve years past with the preparation of the Oils, Perfumes, Unguents, Essences, Incenses, and other chemical products useful to members of all the lesser grades of the A.: A.:

A. COLIN LUNN,

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 BRIDGE STREET, 19 KING'S PARADE, & 31
TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—"A CONNOISSEUR'S CIGARETTE." These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

HATHA YOGA

*The Sacred and Secret Hindu Science of
Physical Development*

A GENTLEMAN who has studied many years in India under famous Yogis IS NOW READY TO TAKE PUPILS.

He offers Careful and Serious Instruction—both Theoretical and Practical—but makes no claim to confer Siddhim (magical powers). His sole claim is to teach to others what he has himself learned.

His Western education has enabled him to restore the true science of HATHA YOGA by discarding the superstitious accretions. This enables him to communicate in a short time what Indians must study and practice for years to acquire. He will accept only a few chosen pupils, as his time is already much occupied in other ways, and he does not intend to bring discredit upon his system by attempting to train persons naturally incapable of success.

The First COMPLETE COURSE consists of EIGHT LESSONS, for which a charge of TEN GUINEAS, payable in advance, is made.

A SECOND COURSE is open to those who have made a success of the first; it consists of FIVE LESSONS in most secret Tantras, which have been so misinterpreted and degraded by ignorant people, which are indeed the most holy Books in the whole world, and of which nothing whatever is known in this country. **Terms: TWENTY GUINEAS.**

All Applications should be sent to:

SRI PARANANDA PARAMAHAMSA, c/o *The Equinox*

The Photograph in this number of

"The Equinox" is by the

DOVER STREET STUDIOS

38 Dover Street, MAYFAIR.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

Published by R. FISHER UNWIN.

After Death—What? Spiritistic Phenomena and their Interpretation. By CESARE LOMBROSO, Alienist Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Turin, Author of "The Female Offender," "The Man of Genius," etc. Second Impression. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10/- net; post free 10/5.

Psychotherapeutics. A Symposium. By MORTON PRINCE, M.D., Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, Tufts College Medical School. FREDERIC H. GERRISH, M.D. Professor of Surgery, Bowdoin College. JAMES J. PUTNAM, M.D., Professor of Neurology, Harvard Medical School. E.W. TAYLOR, M.D., Instructor in Neurology, Harvard Medical School. BORIS SIDIS, M.D. GEORGE A. WATERMAN, M.D., Assistant in Neurology, Harvard Medical School. JOHN E. DONLEY M.D., Physician of Nervous Diseases, St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence. ERNEST JONES, M.D., Demonstrator of Psychiatry, University of Toronto. TOM A. WILLIAMS, M.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4/6 net; post free 4/10.

Mysterious Psychic Forces. An Account of the Author's Investigations in Psychical Research, together with those of other European Savants. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION, Director of the Observatory of Juvisy, France. Author of "The Unknown," etc. etc. With 21 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 8/6 net; post free 8/11.

Psychical Research and the Resurrection. By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "Enigmas of Psychical Research," and "Science and a Future Life," formerly Professor of Ethics and Logic at Columbia University. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, 5/-net; post free 5/4.

Psychotherapy. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, M.D., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 8/6 net; post free 8/10.

This book, by one of the foremost practical psychologists in the world, deals with the whole subject of Psychotherapy, or Mental Healing, from the standpoint of the modern psychology, for the benefit of the unscientific as well as the professional reader.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

T. FISHER UNWIN, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

The Original Panel Photographs by the Dover Street Studios, from which the photogravure facing AHA! is reproduced, are for sale at the offices of

"The Equinox," 124 Victoria Street, S.W.

Framed neatly in gold.

Price Ten Shillings.

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS

Ready in June. Five Shillings net. Order through the EQUINOX,

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN

Poems by VICTOR B. NEUBURG

In addition to "The Triumph of Pan," and many shorter poems, the volume will contain "The Romance of Olivia Vane," a lyric sequence.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

Some Press Opinions

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoolment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—"The Stone of the Philosophers." Here is some fine work."

[Three pages of advertisements (a full page list of new books from Rider, another full page ad of antiquarian occult books, and list of Crowley's available works) are currently omitted. They may be restored in a future release of this electronic edition. The plug on the next page for the *Goetia* originally appeared on the back board of the standard edition.

I will take this opportunity to deprecate the actions of the nameless individual who in preparing the Weiser facsimile edition of the *Equinox* (which I have been using as my model, not having access to either the first edition or the more complete First Impressions facsimile) saw the need to apply process white to the advertisements and book reviews in these volumes, *e.g.* removing publisher and price details of books, names of traders, *etc.* In at least one instance this may have been motivated by spite against a commercial rival (Rider) who was (and to the best of my knowledge, is) still trading: but the information was of potential historical interest, and any microscopic saving in ink thus effected was doubtless more than offset by the work involved.

Also, a brief note concerning the Golden Dawn diagrams in *The Temple of Solomon the King* (both here and in the Celephais Press edition of *Equinox* I (2)). Most of these have been redrawn from the versions originally printed; colour has been added where appropriate. Note, though, that the figure of the Vault wall on page 222 is shown in the *base* colours – in the actual vault, the symbols on each wall would be further modified by the appropriate planetary colour. — T.S.]

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
124 Victoria St., S. W.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

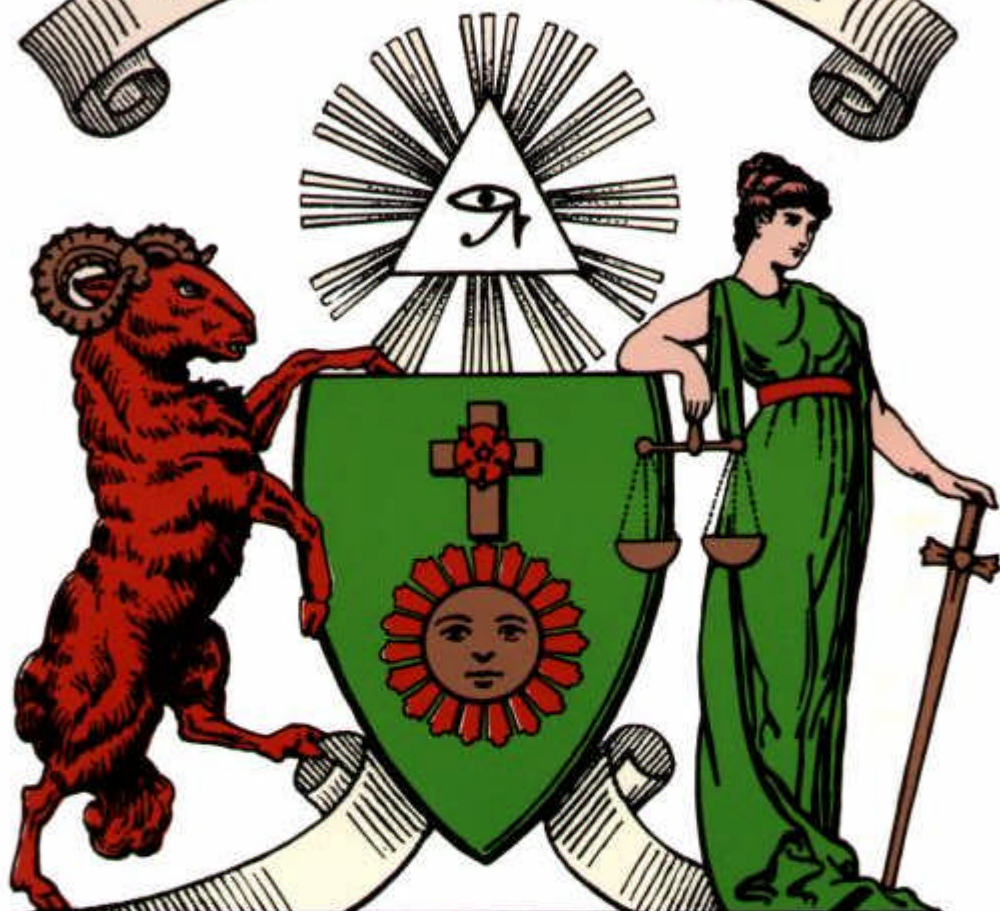
The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective
treatise extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

THE EQUINOX

No. V

THE great pressure on our space has made it necessary to hold over much promised matter. It is hoped to include in No. V.

VARIOUS OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS of the A.: A.:

THE ELEMENTAL CALLS OR KEYS, WITH THE GREAT WATCH TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSE and their explanation. A complete treatise, fully illustrated, upon the Spirits of the Elements, their names and offices, with the method of calling them forth and controlling them. With an account of the Heptarchicall Mystery. The Thirty Aethyrs or Aires with "The Vision and the Voice," being the Cries of the Angels of the Aethyrs, a revelation of the highest truths pertaining to the grade of Magister Templi, and many other matters. Fully illustrated.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING.

[Continuation.

This instalment, which deals with Frater P.'s communication from the A.:A.:, is the most important of the Series. Fully Illustrated.

DIANA OF THE INLET. By KATHERINE S. PRITCHARD.

ACROSS THE GULF: An adept's memory of his incarnation in Egypt under the 26th dynasty; with an account of the Passing of the Equinox of Isis.

&c. &c. &c

WILLIAM NORTHAM,

ROBEMAKER,

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0.	PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1.	„ „ superior quality	7 0 0
	2.	NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3.	ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4.	PRACTICUS „ „ 3	1 0 0
	5.	PHILOSOPHUS „ „ 4	1 0 0
	6.	DOMINUS LIMINIS „ „ 5	1 0 0
	7.	ADEPTUS (without) „ „ 0 OF I	3 0 0
	8.	„ (within)	10 0 0
	9.	ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10.	ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11.	MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cap embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

This Edition strictly limited to 500 Copies.

PRICE 10s

A.: A.:

PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

=====

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

The New Thought Library

Crown 8vo. Crimson cloth extra, gilt tops, 3s. 6d. net per volume.

THE NEW THOUGHT LIBRARY has been designed to include only the best works in this class of literature. No volume will find a place in this series unless it has already an established position in the popular favour. The first eight volumes are now ready.

HAVE YOU A STRONG WILL? How to Develop and Strengthen Will Power, Memory, or any other Faculty, or Attribute of the Mind by the Easy Process of Self-Hypnotism. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Third and enlarged edition, containing the Celebrated Correspondence between Kant and Hufeland, and an additional Chapter on Paracelsus and his Teaching.

CONTENTS.—Preface. Introduction. How to Awaken Attention and create Interest as preparatory to Developing the Will. Faculties and Powers latent in man. Mesmerism, Hypnotism and Self-Hypnotism. Pomponatus, Gassner, and Paracelsus. Medical Cures and benefits which may be realised by Auto-Hypnotism. Forethought and its Value. Corrupt and Pure Will. Instinct and Suggestion. The Process of Developing Memory. The *Artes Memorandi* of Old Time. The Action of Will and Hypnotism of the Constructive Faculties. Fascination. The Voice. Telepathy and the Subliminal Self. The Power of the Mind to Master Disordered Feelings as set forth by Kant. Paracelsus, his Teaching with regard to Self-Hypnotism. Last Words.

"Why can we not will ourselves to do our very best in all matters controllable by the individual will. Mr. Leland answers triumphantly that we can."—*The Literary World*.

"An earnestly written work entirely free from charlatanism."—*Birmingham Post*.

THE SCIENCE OF THE LARGER LIFE. A Selection from the Essays of URSULA N. GESTERFELD.

CONTENTS.—Preface. Part I. *How we Master our fate.*—The Inventor and the Invention. The Ascension of Ideas. Living by Insight or by Oversight. Destiny and Fate. The Origin of Evil. What is within the "Heir"? Words as Storage Batteries. How to Care for the Body. The Way to Happiness. You Live in your Thought-World. The Language of Suggestion. Constructive Imagination. The Power of Impression. How to Remove Impressions. Your Individualism. Making Things go Right. Utilizing Energy. Master, or be Mastered. The Voice that is heard in Loneliness. The Ingrafted Word. The Law of Liberty. Part II.—*The Evolution of an Invalid*; The Invalid's Alter Ego. The Evolution of a Thief: The Honest Man. The Evolution of a Liar: The Truthful Man. The Evolution of a Miser; The Benefactor. The Evolution of an Egotist; The Self-Forgetful Man. The Evolution of a Drunkard; The Self-Possessed Man. The Evolution of a Libertine; The Strong Man. The Evolution of a Flirt; The Divine Womanly. Part III.—*Stilling the Tempest*. Live in the Eternal, not in Time. Affirmation of Being. Affirmation for the Morning. Affirmation for the Evening. Affirmation for Fear of Heredity. Affirmation for Fear of Death.

EVERY MAN A KING, or Might in Mind Mastery. By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

This very popular American handbook on the subject of the practical conduct of life, is now offered to the British Public as a new volume of the "New Thought Library" at the popular price of 3s. 6d. net.

"Strong, wise, sound, pleasant, helpful, well-written—these are only a few of the complimentary adjectives which can honestly be applied to this book"—ALICE BROWN in *Ohio State Journal*.

"Admirable! It is a long time since we have read a book on the fascinating subject of mind's influence over matter, especially in the building of character, with as much pleasure as this has afforded. Characterized throughout by a cheery optimism, the perusal of it is as good as any tonic, and far better than most."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MENTAL MEDICINE: Some Practical Suggestions from a Spiritual Standpoint. By

OLIVER HUCKEL, S.T.D. With an Introduction by LEWELLYS F. BARKER, M.D.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS—The New Outlook for Health. The Unique Powers of Mind. The Spiritual Mastery of the Body. Faith as a Vital Force. The Healing Value of Prayer. Glimpses of the Sub-conscious Self. The Training of the Hidden Energies. The Casting Out of Fear. The Cause and Cure of the Worry Habit. The Gospel of Relaxation. Work as a Factor in Health. Inspiration of the Mental Outlook. Best Books for Further Reading.

"It is a cheerful, inspiriting book, and should fulfil its object to give mental galvanic shocks to spiritual paralytics."—*Sunday Times*.

"A serious exposition of the way a spiritual guide may helpfully minister to the diseased."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 164 Aldersgate St., London. E.C.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW IN PREPARATION

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

A
GREEN GARLAND

By

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. Is. 6d. net.

“As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg’s poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse.”

The Morning Post, May 21, 1908.

“There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as ‘The Dream’ and ‘the Recall,’ and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste.”

The Daily Telegraph, May 29, 1908.

“Here is a poet of promise.”—*The Daily Chronicle*, May 13, 1908.

“It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book.”—*The Morning Leader*, July 10, 1908.

“There is promise and some fine lines in these verses.”

The Times, July 11, 1908

Very few copies remain

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
124 Victoria St., S. W.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective treatise
extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An VI

VOL. I. No. IV.

⊙ in Ω

SEPTEMBER MCMX

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

PRINTED FOR ALEISTER CROWLEY
AND
PUBLISHED BY HIM
AT THE OFFICE OF THE EQUINOX.

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
LIBER III	9
LIBER A	15
I. NSIT N. ATURAE R. EGINA I. SIS. BY OMNIA VINCAM	21
REVIEWS	24
MY LADY OF THE BREECHES. BY GEORGE RAFFALOVICH	25
REVIEWS	36
AT BORDJ-AN-NUS. BY HILDA NORFOLK	37
ΛΙΝΟΣ ΙΣΙΔΟΣ. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	39
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING. IV	41
PAN TO ARTEMIS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	197
THE INTERPRETER. BY PERDURABO	199
THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH. BY ETHEL RAMSAY	201
THE DREAMER	208
MR TODD. A MORALITY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROSA MUNDI"	209
THE GNOME. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	236
REVIEWS	239
THE HERB DANGEROUS. PART IV: THE HASHEESH EATER	241
THE BUDDHIST	272
THE AGNOSTIC	274
THE MANTRA-YOGI	275

THE VIOLINIST. BY FRANCIS BENDICK	277
EHE! BY GEORGE RAFFALOVICH	281
HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS MAHATMAS. NO 1. BY SAM HARDY	284
THE THIEF-TAKER. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	291
REVIEW	292
THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV. BY J. F. C. FULLER AND GEORGE RAFFALOVICH	293
MIDSUMMER EVE. BY ETHEL ARCHER	310
THE POETICAL MEMORY	311
ADELA	314
THE THREE WORMS. BY EDWARD STORER	317
THE FELON FLOWER. BY ETHEL ARCHER	325
THE BIG STICK	327
GLAZIER'S HOUSES	346
IN THE TEMPLE. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	352

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THE HIGH HISTORY OF SIR PALAMEDES THE SARACEN KNIGHT AND HIS FOLLOWING OF THE QUESTING BEAST

ILLUSTRATIONS

ARATRUM SECURUM	<i>Facing page</i>	II
THE YOGI	,,	90
THE TATTWAS	,,	108
ADONAI HA ARETZ	,,	114
THE INTERPRETER	,,	199

*This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor
of the A.:A.:.]*

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

124 Victoria Street,
S.W.

Telephone 3210 VICTORIA,
or to call at that address by appointment. A representative
will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

EDITORIAL

WE shall be glad if all subscribers to, and readers of, THE EQUINOX will make themselves personally known to the staff at the offices at 124, Victoria Street.

Various meetings are held, lectures given, and experiments carried out, from time to time, which cannot be advertised effectively in a paper appearing at intervals of six months, and those wishing to attend must therefore be privately notified of the dates as they are fixed.

* * * * *

It should, moreover, be remembered, that although knowledge can be imparted through books, skill cannot be attained except by practice; and in most cases it is better that practice should be carried out under instruction.

* * * * *

Further, research work continually proceeds, and cannot be published, perhaps, for years, when it has been collated and criticised. To be *au courant* the seeker should be on the spot.

* * * * *

After the 21st of October 1910 the price of No. 1 of THE EQUINOX, of which only a few copies remain, will be increased to ten shillings.

THE EQUINOX

The subscription for 1911 will be raised from ten to twelve shillings.

* * * * *

A library for the use of subscribers is in progress of formation at 124, Victoria Street. The Editor will be glad to receive any books on mysticism, magic, Egyptology, philosophy, and similar subjects. Old books out of print are especially welcome.

* * * * *

Another feather in the cap of H. P. B. That incomperable dodderer, Franz Hartmann, has published a portrait of Cagliostro which she had given him. (She had it taken when she *was* Cagliostro, you understand.)

This sounds all very reasonable and likely; but the difficulty is that the portrait is not of Cagliostro at all, but of Stanislas Augustus, the last King of Poland.

So this is not a common simple miracle, you see; but a very wonderful miracle. However I'm not going to be done; so I've bought a shilling photograph of Queen Victoria and intend to publish it next March as

ME When I Was CLEOPATRA.

* * * * *

As if this was not enough, we find The Annals of Psychological Research publishing in all good faith as a serious account "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave," which was written by Daniel Defoe as a puff of some ass's Meditations on Death!

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

We do not blame the Editors of these papers for nodding; but we do think they owe us some poetry as good as Homer's or some erotic adventures to match Jove's.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten dear old Mathers.

Yet it was only last December that a colleague of mine was told by some greasy old harrian, in her best nominal $7^\circ=4^\circ$ voice (she has paid hundreds of pounds for that nominal $7^\circ=4^\circ$, and never got initiated into any mysteries but those of Over-eating) that Imperrita (? Imperator) was coming over from Paris to *crush* Perdurabo; and Perdurabo has *fled* before his *face*.

Anyhow, I sneaked back from Algeria, trembling all over, and began to enjoy the comedy of a lawyer pretending that he could not serve a writ on a man with an address in the telephone directory, who was spending hundreds of pounds on letting the whole world know where to find him. It was perhaps unkind of me not to warn Mr. Cran that he was putting his foot in it.

But if I had said a word, the case would have been thrown up; and then where would our advertisement have been?

So, even now, I restrict my remarks; there may be some more fun coming.

* * * * *

But at least there's a prophet loose! Some anonymous person wrote

Cran, Cran, McGregor's man,
Served a writ, and away he ran

THE EQUINOX

before a writ was served! Though he might have guessed that it would be. But he couldn't possibly have known that the action would be dropped, as it has been.

And Mathers has run away too—without paying our costs.

* * * * *

A word as to the sanctity of obligations seems necessary here. Some of my brother Masons (for example) have heard imperfectly and judged hastily. But if we apply our tools to our morals with patience and skill, we shall cure any defects in the building. Let me explain the situation carefully and clearly.

- (1) Mathers and Dr. Wynn Westcott were the apparent heads of the Order calling itself Rosiscrucian.
- (2) This Order seriously claimed direct descent, and transmitted Authority, from the original Fratres R.C.
- (3) It was founded on secret documents in the custody of Dr. Wynn Westcott, on whose honour and integrity we relied.
- (4) Mathers and Westcott claimed to be working under one or more secret chiefs of the grade of $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$.
- (5) It was then to those chiefs that I and other members of the Order were pledged.
- (6) When the "rebellion" took place in 1900, I thought Mathers a wolf, and Westcott a sheep; but, recognizing Truth in the knowledge issued by the Order, maintained my allegiance to the Secret Chiefs $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$.
- (7) In 1904 I was ordered directly and definitely by a person who proved himself to be the messenger of a

EDITORIAL

Secret Chief 8°=3° to publish the knowledge and rituals of the Order (*a*) in order to destroy the value of that knowledge, so that the new knowledge to be revealed by himself might have room to grow (*b*) in order to stop the frauds of Mathers, which were a disgrace to arcane science.

The secrecy of his rituals, and of the MSS. in the custody of Dr. Wynn Westcott, was essential to the carrying on of these frauds.

(8) I was unable to comply with these orders until I had found a person competent to edit the enormous mass of papers. I showed my hand to some extent, however, in various reference to the Order in my books. And now the task is accomplished.

(9) My defence against the accusation of having revealed secrets entrusted to me is then threefold.

(*a*) Secrets cannot be revealed, or even communicated from one person to another.

(*b*) One is not bound by an oath taken to any person who is a swindler trading upon the sanctity of one's oath to carry on his frauds. Especially is this the case when the person responsible for administering the oath assures you that it is "in no way contrary to your civil, moral, and religious obligations."

(*c*) I was not, in any case, bound to Mathers, but to the Secret Chiefs, by whose direct orders I caused the rituals to be published.

I wish expressly to dissociate from my strictures on

THE EQUINOX

Mathers Brother Wynn Westcott his colleague; for I have heard and believe nothing which would lead me to doubt his uprightness and integrity. But I warn him in public, as I have (vainly) warned him in private, that by retaining the cipher MSS. of the Order, and preserving silence on the subject, he makes himself an accomplice in, or at least an accessory to, the frauds of his colleague. And I ask him in public, as I have (vainly) asked him in private, to deposit the MSS. with the Trustees of the British Museum with an account of how they came into his possession; or if they are no longer in his possession, to state publicly how he first obtained them, and why, and to whom, he parted with them.

I ask him in the name of faith between man and man; in the name of those unfortunate, who, for no worse fault than their aspiration to the Hidden Wisdom, have been and still are being befooled and betrayed and robbed by his colleague under the ægis of the respectability of his own name; and in the Name of Him, who, planning the Universe, employed the Plumb-line, the Level, and the Square.

* * * * *

Sweets to the sweet—and here is a press cutting for a Press Cutting Agency.

On 22nd March I felt the ache for fame and telephoned to Messrs. Romeike and Curtice of Ludgate Circus. An obsequious person appeared, louted him low, and took my guinea for 125 cuttings. [I here you ask, “How can they do it?”]

For a fortnight Messrs. Romeike and Curtice were the most diligent of human beings. I got cuttings from obscure papers in Yorkshire and Ireland and other places that one has

EDITORIAL

never heard of. But then it dropped off to zero. I had received about 30 cuttings altogether. Then other people began to send me cuttings in a friendly way, and Messrs. Romeike and Curtice maintained a silence and immobility which would have done credit to a first-rate Mahatma.

They missed, for example, little things like an editorial par. in "John Bull," a full page in "The Sketch," the "Daily News," a page and a quarter in "The Nation," half a column in the "Daily Mail." . . .

[I hear you ask, "How can they make such oversights? Perhaps the Post Office is to blame."]

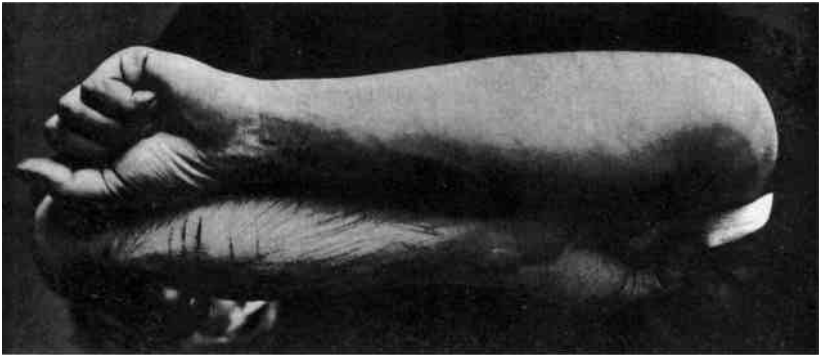
Well, if the Post Office is to blame, I can't answer your other question, "How can they do it?" and if it is by "oversight" or "clerical error" or "absence of mind," I am in a similar position. And it is a curious coincidence that exactly the same thing happened to me 12 years ago.

LIBER III

VEL JVGORVM

A.: A.: Publication in Class D.
Imprimatur:

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator
O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator
N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius



ARATUM SECURUM

(Fra — after one week avoiding the first person. His fidelity is good; his vigilance bad.
Not nearly good enough to pass).

LIBER III

VEL JVGORVM

O

o. Behold the Yoke upon the neck of the Oxen! Is it not thereby that the Field shall be ploughed? The Yoke is heavy but joineth together them that are separate—Glory to Nuit and to Hadit, and to Him that hath given us the Symbol of the Rosy Cross!

Glory unto the Lord of the Word Abrahadabra, and Glory unto Him that hath given us the Symbol of the Ankh, and of the Cross within the Circle!

1. These are the Beast wherewith thou must plough the Field; the Unicorn, the Horse, and the Ox. And these shalt thou yoke in a triple yoke that is governed by One Whip.

2. Now these Beasts run wildly upon the earth and are not easily obedient to the Man.

3. Nothing shall be said here of Cerberus, the great Beast of Hell that is every one of these and all of these, even as Athanasius hath foreshadowed. For this matter* is not of Tiphereth without, but Tiphereth within.

* (*I.e.* the matter of Cerberus).

THE EQUINOX

I

o. The Unicorn is speech. Man, rule thy Speech! How else shalt thou master the Son, and answer the Magician at the Right Hand Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week or more.

a. Avoid using some common word, such as “and” or “the” or “but”; use a paraphrase

β. Avoid using some letter of the alphabet, such as “t” or “s” or “m”; use a paraphrase.

γ. Avoid using the pronouns and adjectives of the first person; use a paraphrase.

Of thine own ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into saying that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Unicorn the claws and tooth of the Lion?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least word that slippeth from thy tongue.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free.

LIBER III

II

o. The Horse is Action. Man, rule thou thine Action. How else shalt thou master the Father and answer the Fool at the Left Hand Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week or more.

a. Avoid lifting the left arm above the waist.

β. Avoid crossing the legs.

Of thine own ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into doing that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Horse the claws and tooth of the Camel?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least action that slippeth from thy fingers.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free.

III

o. The Ox is Thought. Man, rule thou thy Thought! How else shalt thou master the Holy Spirit, and answer the High Priestess in the Middle Gateway of the Crown?

1. Here are practices. Each may last for a week or more.

a. Avoid thinking of a definite subject and all things connected with it, and let that subject be one which commonly occupies much of thy thought, being frequently stimulated by sense-perceptions or the conversation of others.

THE EQUINOX

β. By some device, such as the changing of thy ring from one finger to another, create in thyself two personalities, the thoughts of one being within entirely different limits from that of the other, the common ground being the necessities of life.*

Of thine own ingenium devise others.

2. On each occasion that thou art betrayed into thinking that thou art sworn to avoid, cut thyself sharply upon the wrist or forearm with a razor; even as thou shouldst beat a disobedient dog. Feareth not the Ox the God of the Ploughman?

3. Thine arm then serveth thee both for a warning and for a record. Thou shalt write down thy daily progress in these practices, until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the least thought that ariseth in thy brain.

Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be for ever free.

* For instance, let A be a man of strong passions, skilled in the Holy Qabalah, a vegetarian, and a keen “reactionary” politician; let B be a bloodless and ascetic thinker, occupied with business and family cares, an eater of meat, and a keen progressive politician. Let no thought proper to “A” arise when the ring is on the “B” finger; and *vice versa*.

LIBER A

VEL ARMORVM

SUB FIGVRÂ

CCCCXII

A.: A.: Publication in Class D.
Imprimatur:

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator
O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator
N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

LIBER A

VEL ARMORVM

SUB FIGVRÂ

CCCCXII

“The obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these shall he learn and teach.”—LIBER L. I. 37.

The Pentacle.

Take pure wax, or a plate of gold, silver-gilt or Electrum Magicum. The diameter shall be eight inches, and the thickness half an inch.

Let the Neophyte by his understanding and ingenium devise a symbol to represent the Universe.

Let his Zelator approve thereof.

Let the Neophyte engrave the same upon his plate, with his own hand and weapon.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of emerald green.

The Dagger.

Let the Zelator take a piece of pure steel, and beat it, grind it, sharpen it, and polish it according to the art of the swordsmith.

Let him further take a piece of oak wood, and carve a hilt. The length shall be eight inches.

THE EQUINOX

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Word to represent the Universe.

Let his Practicus approve thereof.

Let the Zelator engrave the same upon his dagger with his own hand and instruments.

Let him further gild the wood of the hilt.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of golden yellow.

The Cup.

Let the Practicus take a piece of Silver, and fashion therefrom a cup. The height shall be eight inches, and the diameter three inches.

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Number to represent the Universe.

Let his Philosophus approve thereof.

Let the Practicus engrave the same upon his cup with his own hand and instrument.

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of azure blue.

The Baculum.

Let the Philosophus take a rod of copper, of length eight inches and diameter half an inch.

Let him fashion about the top a triple flame of gold.

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Deed to represent the Universe.

Let his Dominus Liminis approve thereof.

Let the Philosophus perform the same in such a way that the Baculum may be partaker therein.

LIBER A

Let it when finished be consecrated as he hath skill to perform, and kept wrapped in silk of fiery scarlet.

The Lamp.

Let the Dominus Liminis take pure lead, tin, and quicksilver; with platinum, and, if need be, glass.

Let him by his understanding and ingenium devise a Magick Lamp that shall burn without wick or oil, being fed by the Æthyr.

This shall he accomplish secretly and apart, without asking the advice or approval of his Adeptus Minor.

Let the Dominus Liminis keep it when consecrated in the secret chamber of Art.

This then is that which is written: “Being furnished with complete armour, and armed, he is similar to the goddess.”

And again “I am armed, I am armed.”

I.NSIT N.ATURAE R.EGINA I.SIS

(Obtained in invocation, June 9-10, 1910 O.S.)

ALL the hot summer I lay in the darkness,
Calling on the winds to pass by me and slay me,
Slay me with light in the heat of the summer;
But the winds had no answer for one who was fallen
Asleep by the wayside, with no lyre to charm them,
No voice of the lyre, and no song to charm them.

Late as I lay there asleep by the wayside,
I heard a voice call to me, low in the silence,
There in the darkness the summer called to me:
"Thou who art hidden in the green silence,
Let a time of quietness come now upon thee.
Lay thine head on the earth and slumber on her bosom:
Time and the gods shall pass darkling before thee."
There in the silence I lay, and I heeded
The slow voice that called me, the grave hand that beckoned,
That beckoned me on through the hall of the silence.

There in the silence there was a green goddess,
Folden her wings, and her hands dumbly folden,
Laying in her lay, as though asleep in the darkness.

Then did I hail her: "O mother, my mother,
Syren of the silence, dumb voice of the darkness,

THE EQUINOX

How shall I have speech of Thee, who know not Thy speaking?

How shall I behold Thee, who art hidden in the darkness?

Lo! I bend mine eyes before Thee, and no sign dost Thou vouchsafe me;

I whisper love-words before Thee, and I know not if Thou hear me,

Thou who art the darling of the Night and of the Silence;

Yellow art Thou as the sunlight through the corn-fields,

Bright as the sun-dawn on the snow-clad mountains,

Slow as the voice of the great green gliding River.

Calmly in Thy silence am I come to rest me,

Now from the world the light hath slowly faded;

I have left the groves of Pan that I might gaze upon Thee,

Gaze upon the Virgin that before Time was begotten,

Mother of Chronos, and the old gods before him,

Child of the womb of the Silence, whose father

Is the unknown breath of the most secret Goddess,

Whose name whoso hath heard is smitten to madness.

“Now do I come before Thee in Thy temple,

With offerings from the oak-woods and the breath of the water

That girds the earth with a girdle of green starlight;

And all the austerity of the brooding summer,

And all the wonder of the starlit spaces

That stare down awesomely upon the lonely marshes,

And the bogs with sucking lips, and the pools that charm the wanderer

Till he forgets the world, and rushes to sleep upon them.”

I. NSIT N. ATURAE R. EGINA I. SIS

And still there was silence, and the voice of the world swept
by me,
Making in mine ears the noise of tumbling waters;
But two voices I heard, and they spake one to the other:
“Who stands with downcast eyes in the temple of our Lady?”
And the answer: “A wanderer from the world who hath sought
the halls of silence;
Yet knoweth he not the Bride of the Darkness,
Her of the sable wings, and eyes of terrible blindness
That see through the worlds and find nothing and nothing,
Who would smite the worlds to peace, save that so she would
perish,
And cannot, for that she is a goddess silent and immortal,
Utterly immortal in the gods’ eternal darkness.”

And the first voice cried: “Oh, that we might perish,
And become as pearls of blackness on the breast of the silence,
Lending the waste places of the world our darkness,
That the vision might burst in the brain of the seer,
And we be formed anew, and reborn in the light world.”

But the other voice was silent, and the noise of waters
swept me
Back into the world, and I lay asleep on a hill-side.
Bearing for evermore the heart of a goddess,
And the brain of a man, and the wings of the morning
Clipped by the shears of the silence; so must I wander lonely,
Nor know of the light till I enter into the darkness.

OMNIA VINCAM.

THE EQUINOX

HOW TO KEEP FIT. By C.T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. W. Rider and Sons. 1s. net.

There is a deal of sound sense in this little manual. The author castigates faddists, though to my mind not severely enough. However, I suppose that in this mealy-mouthed age the truth is not printable.

It is a little amusing, though, to see how he tries to make his commonsense fit into Christianity.

It is the Puritan theory that theological sin, which means everything you like, is bad for you, that is responsible, according to statistics, for 79.403% of all the misery in England.

I suppose the bulk of the rest is due to having to review the outfall of the R.P.A. A. C.

THE LITERARY GUIDE. March-September, 1910.

We regret that the R.P.A. disliked our reviews of their sewerage. The said reviews were, however, written by one of the most prominent members of their own body. Rather like Epaminondas and the Cretans!

Anyhow, the "Guide" has wittily retorted on us that our reviews are "valueless." What a sparkler! What a crusher! A. C.

BHAKTI-YOGA. (Udvodhan Series.) By SWAMI VIVEKANANDA. 12 Gopal Chandra Neogi's Lane, Baghbazar, Calcutta. 8 annas.

If Swami Vivekananda was not a great Yogi he was at least a very great expounder of Yoga doctrines. It is impossible here to convey to the reader a just estimate of the extreme value of this book. But we can say that this is the best work on the Bhakti-Yoga yet written. Union through devotion is Bhakti-Yoga, and union with Isvara or the Higher Self is the highest form this union can take—"man will be seen no more as man, but only as God; the animal will be seen no more as an animal, but as God; even the tiger will no more be seen a tiger, but as a manifestation of God" . . . "love knows no bargaining . . . love knows no reward . . . love knows no fear . . . love knows no rival . . ." for "there are no men in this world but that One Man, and that is He, the Beloved."

In this excellent series can also be obtained Raja Yoga, one rupee; Karma Yoga, twelve annas; and Jnana Yoga, one rupee, which is worth knowing considering that the English edition of this last-mentioned work is priced at eleven shillings. J. F. C. F.

[Yet we find Vivekananda, at the end of his life, complaining, in a private letter to a friend, that his reputation for holiness prevented him from going "on the bust." Poor silly devil!—ED.]

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

A HISTORY—WITH A VENGEANCE

BY

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

O

THE FOOL

“WOULD you marry me, then?” the widow said.

“Yes, of course!” the man replied.

“You are a greater fool than I took you for.”

“What do you mean?” he queried, vexed and puzzled.

“Am I to take it that you had the intention—that you were prepared . . . ?”

“Go on.”

“I don’t know.”

“I will be,” she said, repressing a merry chuckle, “quite outspoken. I was prepared to . . . do nothing. Had you formulated some reasonable request . . . well, it might have ended otherwise. But marriage! Whom do you take me for?”

And the lady—she was dark-haired—whistled to her favourite monkey, a reddish animal, who bounded on her lap.

Lionel Tabard left them both, in their inspiring contrast; never unfrowning his well-shaped but delusive brow.

A few days later, he attempted to kiss the whimsical widow, who then horse-whipped him, meaning to teach him—not manners, but a-propos. Then she laughed. But he proved unintelligent, and never repeated his insult. Hence a nasty nickname from her lips.

THE EQUINOX

I

THE JUGGLER

“AND he well deserves it!”

“Oh! it must have been ripping. I do wish I had been there; ... the horse-whip, and the monkey. He is such a silly fellow, poor ‘cheval hongre!’ ”

“Ah, yes! the new nickname.”

“Don’t you think that it fits him?”

“Oh, yes.”

The silent man of the party moved uneasily in his arm-chair. He was slow of cogitation.

“Like the waistcoat of the late Nessus fitted Hercules, eh, what?” he suggested.

“A fool!”

“Hercules?”

“No, Lionel . . . and, er . . . yes, Hercules also. Tabard reminds me of that Bible chap.”

“Potiphar’s Joseph!” the silent man exclaimed triumphantly.

“Wrong again, Bernard. I meant Mary’s Joseph.”

The silent man threw his cigar over the fender.

II

LA PAPERESSE

LIONEL TABARD had been horse-whipped by a woman; he had received—or taken—no compensation. This I attribute to his mother. One reads many tales, the paper thereof being

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

damnably wasted; in most of these, mothers are all author-made angels—sweet, loving, kind, forbearing, forgiving creatures, who feel the responsibility they undertook when they called upon a part of the spiritual world to come down among us. Of course, such mothers are the ideal mothers of a perfect human race, and the authors may consider themselves justified. Nevertheless, let us be true in this one history, and acknowledge the fact that some mothers are a thoroughly bad lot. They are mostly to be found among the well-to-do people, I suppose—and I do not wonder. When I see a mother smiling upon her grown-up son, I feel very sad. I remember my own parent . . .

There! I called this a history—with a vengeance. You have it. Now for a lesson in psychology.

Lionel's mother was queen and "regente" of bad parents. She was clever, but void of reasoning powers; inclined to religious mania, her immediate neighbourhood was crowded with foul larvae. In a legal and womanly manner she had despatched her first husband to the night of a Sanatorium and thence to an early grave. She had suffered badly at the hands of her second. This we may take a being the coarsest form of that automatic justice, which is dealt only to the coarsest natures. It had not, however, extirpated an iota of her fund of self-esteem and lust for authority. To the latter, Lionel had often fallen a victim. he was born bright and happy; the Houses had done well by him. His mother gradually turned him into a self-concentrated, self-conscious, frightened and deceitful youth. She had mentally emasculated him; and, in his fits of understanding, he cursed her with no mean-spirited lips. He never forgave her the death of his

THE EQUINOX

father, her lying, under-handed ways, especially her brutality. his was a noble hatred, utter, blood-thirsty, virulent, eternal.

After years of melancholy and the physical consequences thereof, Lionel Tabard found himself free from his tyrannical parent. He soon forgot her, and, as the Divine Blinkings passed by, his recollection became less and less distinct. he only remembered two facts. She had once, during his sleep, broken a bone of his nose with a poker, because he snored; and, at another time, she had broken in two a valuable riding-crop on his shoulder.

Her death pleased him. But his constitution was much weakened by boyish exertions and the physical feeling of emptiness and marrowlessness, the consequences of his shyness and lack of sportsmanship.

The first use he had to make of his freedom and of his fortune was to book a cabin on the first liner bound for New Zealand, where he was let to expect a total recovery.

III

THE EMPRESS

LIONEL lived on a large estate, rode, hunted, played games, was made love to; discovered the joys of Nature, the pleasures kept in reserve for man by Isis, and the superiority of the numbers two and three over the unity. He found, to his surprise, that women could take interest in him. His shyness was apparent, but tempted them. In this eyes they met an eager hungry expression, a longing infinite for all things human, which tickled their desires. He seemed to be ever staring at an invisible goal. The goal was the Tree of the

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

full knowledge. Lionel felt within himself a tenacious longing, a perpetual desire. His lack of physical courage as counterbalanced by his intellectual daring; he meant to collar the Angel, and to re-enter the Paradise of that first victim of womanhood, Adam of the bent shoulders, Adam of the foolish resignation to the self-preserving decree of the frightened divinities.

His errors of tactics were caused by the fact that he hoped to test the apple without the help of Woman. Often enough, Lionel Tabard unwittingly repelled the advances of many a feminine would-be initiator.

VI*

THE LOVER

BUT he was not prompted by the wisdom of a Master; merely by cowardice and self-consciousness. He could not command love and desires; the angels of love and desires therefore dug a deep trap before his feet . . .

Tabard was sitting in the verandah. The men had gone to bed, the women also. He lighted his pipe, the use of which a life in open air had permitted his lungs to tolerate. He was thinking, pondering, meditating upon the most important matter in life, the personal one. He looked at his hands, white, well shaped, well kept, but the left retaining a stiffer and curved appearance. Lionel felt ashamed of himself. He took his watch in his hand and looked at the time of night.

* For reasons which are obvious to anyone who has mixed the Gluten of the White Eagle with the Red Powder, or accomplished the Third Projection, the order of the Tarot trumps cannot any longer be preserved. Nor will their number exceed seven.

THE EQUINOX

Twenty-one minutes past one o'clock—the day was marching towards its first duality. The door opened behind him, and the creaking wood caused him to jump up. The daughter of his host stood in her night-garments, a poem in pale green and white.

She said nothing; and he imitated the wisdom of her silence. His heart began a wild, unhealthy fandango; his temples ached; his legs shook under him. He felt himself paling; strange impulses prompted him to a return to ancestral savagery. Alas, he sadly lacked experience.

However, the woman had burned her vessels, and meant to help him.

“Lionel,” she said, “I have come.”

“I see,” he managed to answer hoarsely, but the words in his throat seemed to feel like two huge hard lumps.

“Kiss me!”

Instinctively he stepped towards her and opened his arms. She fell heavily within their embrace. She hugged herself close against his breast and nestled on him, her eyes half-closed, her tongue and teeth searching blindly and savagely for his lips.

Contrary to his expectations, and more according to some of his past sensations and fears, Lionel Tabard felt more uneasiness than joy, more pain than pleasure. He congratulated himself upon the fact that the cool night had caused him to dress warmly, and that he had not trusted his body to the protection of the garment to which he owed his surname. As it was, the fierce Mænad was overcome by her passion ere she could have made him take a share in it.

Nevertheless, Woman often wins through sheer obstinacy,

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

and Lionel allowed himself to be conquered. Gradually, as the relations between them grew with the force of habit, his disgust increased, while his condescension plunged him deeper into the pit. He longed to tear himself away, and gradually discovered that she had become a necessity to him. He lost pleasure in himself and found none in her; finally he played an old trick and caused a telegram to be sent, calling him away. He swore to return speedily—which he didn't.

He sailed back to Europe, found himself in London, where his first experience caused him to waver between eagerness and self-consciousness. At that time, he met with the adventure which I related. A young widow horse-whipped him. Lionel was still very far from his salvation.

IX THE HERMIT

HE went to seek it in the wilderness. A cottage green as a lizard, surrounded by flowers and trees, well furnished, well kept by a couple of servants, male and female, such was the chosen retreat. It proved very comfortable—and lonely.

He pursued his education, often troubled by horrid visions, when he saw himself the centre of a stage where men and women crowded above, around, and beneath him. They reminded him of the terrible prediction of the French poet, who showed the two sexes dying away, irrevocably parted,

*La femme ayant Gomorrhe et l'homme ayant Sodome.**

All the Messalines and Circes of an impure sex were

* Alfred de Vigny: "Colère de Samson."

THE EQUINOX

balancing before him their tempting, repulsive, holy and foul, loose or firm, twin breasts. Himself, cloven-hoofed and curl-horned, had to flagellate his own flesh with iron chains, which failed to overcome the moral urtication, as had the repeated physical purgings of his early years. Narcissus, in a corner, pale and smiling, urged him to renewed efforts; Spirits, both incubi and succubæ, thrusting themselves upon him, ate him away. . .

But all these dreams gradually faded out. Lionel had become a translucid set of bones, with two big eyes heavily crowned. The time of his knowledge had come.

XV

THE DEVIL

I TRUST I said nothing that could lead the reader into the belief that the cottage was a lonely spot. Men and women lived in its almost immediate neighbourhood. Among others, Sir Anthony Lawthon and his daughters. I propose that we concern ourselves solely with the eldest of these, Mary Lawthon.

I hardly know how to describe her. She was a woman of six and twenty, most easy to understand, very simple and very complex, simple in her complexity, complex in her simplicity. To men she seemed a man, strong, healthy, a rough-rider, a ski-runner, a champion in many sports, who smoked her pipe and emptied her glass passing well. To women she seemed a woman, whose hands were ever ready for a soft caress, whose lips were full and red, whose skin was velvet.

As a whole, she was very manly in her life, speech and

MY LADY OF THE BREECHES

habit. She dressed often as a man; and, one day, riding by Lionel's cottage, she noticed the thin-armed youth whose eyes were big and haloed.

Their eyes met; she smiled, he trembled. Both were pleased. The next day rose and brought them again together. A formal introduction followed. Mary the male conquered Lionel the female. Thereafter, the "cheval hongre" lost his nickname. Nor did he give any widow the chance of horse-whipping him again.

XVIII THE MOON

THEY were very happy; he learnt the joy of health and the ineffable delectation of surrender; she the thrilling pain-pleasure of possession. Here, she, being the heroine of our tale, passes out of it.

They are very happy. Man and woman. The complete being. May their love last longer than the bee's!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

THE EQUINOX

CAPTAIN MARGARET. By JOHN MASEFIELD. [Publisher and price missing]

I bought this book thinking to find a jolly pirate yarn. Instead, in a style recalling now Bart Kennedy now Hall Caine, the meanderings and maunderings of a crew of ill-assorted sexual degenerates.

And I wasted sevenpence on this nauseous nastiness!

THE PORCH. Vol I, No. 1. THE OVERSOUL. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Publisher and price missing]

“The Porch” promises to be a delightful addition to our periodical literature. Its first number gives in clear type on a nice page the magnificent essay which we all know so well, yet of which we never tire.

The one objection to Emerson is that he thinks all men know this Oversoul. They don't. It's a few holy illuminated men of God, and I hope that this includes John M. Watkins. A. C.

Vol. I, No. 2. June, 1910. A TRUE CHRISTIAN. By JACOB BOEHME.

A most exquisite treatise on the life of the soul.

Boehme is a passive mystic, or quietist, of the very first water; he really perceives the underlying realities of Christianity, a religion which is so hidden by mounds of dirt and rubbish that it needs a very great mystic to get to the bottom of things without becoming defiled.

I hope Mr. Watkins is a true Christian.

V. B. N.

THE PORCH. Vol. I, No. 3. ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE. By PLOTINUS.

We took up this book with avidity, thinking from the title that it was about Mr. Watkins. But no; at least not under that name.

Plotinus' method of mystic exercise is practically that of Liber XVI (A.: A.: publication in Class D), but it takes a deal of research to discover this in his dull pages. He drones on in such an exalted kind of way, don'tcherknow!

There is hardly a mystic living who wouldn't be a better man for reading Gal's Gossip now and then. I wish I had a copy here!

DORIS LESLIE (“BABY”).

THINGS A FREEMASON SHOULD KNOW. By F. J. W. CROWE. [Publisher and price missing]

It is a pity that the title of this excellent manual should suggest the sexual sliminess of Sylvanus Stall, D.D., for it is a most admirable compilation, a capital handbook and *vade-mecum* which no Mason should be without. It is intensely interesting and beautifully illustrated with portraits of Masonic worthies past and present—there are no future celebrities; why the omission?—historic regalia and charitable institutions. H. K. T.

AT BORDJ-AN-NUS

EL ARABI! El Arabi! Burn in thy brilliance, mine own!
O Beautiful! O Barbarous! Seductive as a serpent is
That poises head and hood, and makes his body tremble to
the drone

Of tom-tom and of cymbal wooed by love's assassin sorceries!
El Arabi! El Arabi!

The moon is down; we are alone;
May not our mouths meet, madden, mix, melt in the starlight
of a kiss?

El Arabi!

There by the palms, the desert's edge, I drew thee to my
heart and held
Thy shy slim beauty for a splendid second; and fell moaning
back,

Smitten by Love's forked flashing rod—as if the uprooted
mandrake yelled!

As if I had seen God, and died! I thirst! I writhe upon the
rack!

El Arabi! El Arabi!

It is not love! I am compelled
By some fierce fate, a vulture poised, heaven's single ominous
speck of black.

El Arabi!

THE EQUINOX

There in the lonely bordj across the dreadful lines of sleeping
men,
Swart sons of the Sahara, thou didst writhe slim, sinuous and
swift,
Warning me with a viper's hiss—and was not death upon us
then,
No bastard of thy maiden kiss? God's grace, the all-surpassing
gift!

El Arabi! El Arabi!

Yea, death is man's Elixir when
Life's pale wine foams and splashes over his imagination's
rim!

El Arabi!

El Arabi! El Arabi! witch-amber and obsidian
Thine eyes are, to ensorcell me, and leonine thy male caress.
Will not God grant us Paradise to end the music Earth
began?
We play with loaded dice! He cannot choose but raise right
hand to bless.

El Arabi! El Arabi!

Great is the love of God and man
While I am trembling in thine arms, wild wanderer of the
wilderness!

El Arabi!

HILDA NORFOLK.

ΛΙΝΟΣ ΙΣΙΔΟΣ

Lo! I lament. Fallen is the sixfold Star:
Slain is Asar.

O twinned with me in the womb of Night!
O son of my bowels to the Lord of Light!
O man of mine that hast covered me
From the shame of my virginity!
Where art thou? Is it not Apep thy brother,
The snake in my womb that am thy mother,
That hath slain thee by violence girt with guile,
And scattered thy limbs on the Nile?

Lo! I lament. I have forged a whirling Star:
I seek Asar.

O Nepti, sister! Arise in the dusk
From thy chamber of mystery and musk!
Come with me, though weary the way,
To bring back his life to the rended clay!
See! are not these the hands that wove
Delight, and these the arms that strove
With me? And these the feet, the thighs
That were lovely in mine eyes?

Lo! I lament. I gather in my car
Thine head, Asar.

THE EQUINOX

And this—is this not the trunk he rended?
But—oh! oh! oh!—the task transcended,
Where is the holy idol that stood
For the god of thy queen's beatitude?
Here is the tent—but where is the pole?
Here is the body—but where is the soul?
Nepti, sister, the work is undone
For lack of the needed One!

Lo! I lament. There is no god so far
As mine Asar!
There is no hope, none, in the corpse, in the tomb.
But these—what are these that war in my womb?
There is vengeance and triumph at last of Maat
In Ra-Hoor-Khut and in Hoor-pa-Kraat!
Twins they shall rise; being twins they are one,
The Lord of the Sword and the Son of the Sun!
Silence, coeval colleague of the Voice,
The plumes of Amoun—rejoice!

Lo! I rejoice. I heal the sanguine scar
Of slain Asar.
I was the Past, Nature the Mother.
He was the Present, Man my brother.
Look to the Future, the Child—oh paean
The Child that is crowned in the Lion-Aeon!
The sea-dawns surge an billow and break
Beneath the scourge of the Star and the Snake.
To my lord I have borne in my womb deep-vaulted
This babe for ever exalted!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

IV

THE HERMIT

WITH the seventh stage in the Mystical Progress of Frater P. we arrive at a sudden and definite turning-point.

During the last two years he had grown strong in the Magic of the West. After having studied a host of mystical systems he had entered the Order of the Golden Dawn, and it had been a nursery to him. In it he had learnt to play with the elements and the elemental forces; but now having arrived at years of adolescence, he put away childish things, and stepped out into the world to teach himself what no school could teach him,—the Arcanum that pupil and master are one!

He had become a $6^{\circ}=5^{\circ}$, and it now rested with him, and him alone, to climb yet another ridge of the Great Mountain and become a $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$, an Exempt Adept in the Second Order, Master over the Ruach and King over the Seven Worlds.

By destroying those who had usurped control of the Order of the Golden Dawn, he not only broke a link with the darkening past, but forged so might an one with the gleaming future, that soon he was destined to weld it to the all encircling chain of the Great Brotherhood.

The Golden Dawn was now but a deserted derelict, mastless, rudderless, with a name of opprobrium painted across its battered stern. P. however did not abandon it to to cast himself helpless into the boiling waters of discontent but instead, he leapt on board that storm-devouring Argosy of Adepts which was destined to bear him far beyond the crimsoning rays of

THE EQUINOX

this dying dawn to the mystic land where stood the Great Tree upon the topmost branches of which hung the Golden Fleece.

Long was he destined to travel, past Lemnos and Samothrace, and through Colchis and the city of Æea. There, as a second Jason, in the Temple of Hecate, in the grove of Diana, under the cold rays of the Moon, was he to seal that fearful pact, that pledge of fidelity to Medea, Mistress of Enchantments. There was he to tame the two Bulls, whose feet were of brass, whose horns were as crescent moons in the night, and whose nostrils belched forth mingling columns of flame and of smoke. There was he to harness them to that plough which is made of one great adamantine stone; and with it was he determined to plough the two acres of ground which had never before been tilled by the hand of man, and sow the white dragons' teeth, and slay the armed multitude, that black army of unbalanced forces which obscures the light of the sun. And then, finally, was he destined to slay with the Sword of Flaming Light that ever watchful Serpent which writhes in silent Wisdom about the trunk of that Tree upon which the Christ hangs crucified.

All these great deeds did he do, as we shall see. he tamed the bulls with ease,—the White and the Black. He ploughed the double field,—the East and the West. He sowed the dragons' teeth,—the Armies of Doubt; and among them did he cast he stone of Zoroaster given to him by Medea, Queen of Enchantments, so that immediately they turned their weapons one against the other, and perished. And then lastly, on the mystic cup of Iacchus he lulled to sleep the Dragon of the illusions of life, and taking down the Golden Fleece accomplished the Great Work. Then once again did he set

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

sail, and sped past Circe, through Scylla and Carybdis; beyond the singing sisters of Sicily, back to the fair plains of Thessaly and the wooded slopes of Olympus. And one day shall it come to pass that he will return to that far distant land where hung that Fleece of Gold, the Fleece he brought to the Children of Men so that they might weave from it a little garment of comfort; and there on that Self-same Tree shall he hand himself, and others shall crucify him; so that in that Winter which draweth nigh, he who is to come may find yet another garment to cover the hideous nakedness of man, the Robe that hath no Seam. And those who shall receive, though they cast lots for it, yet shall they not rend it, for it is woven from the top throughout.

For unto you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, the rest is allowed, yea, perfect goodness and wisdom. The root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled unto hell to be forgotten: sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed the treasure of immortality.*

Yea! the Treasure of Immortality. In his own words let us now describe this sudden change.

IN NOMINE DEI



Insit Naturae Regina Isis.

At the End of the Century:

At the End of the Year:

At the Hour of Midnight:

Did I complete and bring to perfection the Work of

L.I.L.†

* ii Esdras, viii, 52-54.

† Lamp of Invisible Light. L.I.L. The title of the first Æthyr derived from the initial letters of the Three Mighty Names of God. In all there are thirty of

THE EQUINOX

In Mexico: even as I did receive it from him who is reincarnated in me: and this work is to the best of my knowledge a synthesis of what the Gods have given unto me, as far as is possible without violating my obligations unto the Chiefs of the R. R. et A. C. Now did I deem it well that I should rest awhile before resuming my labours in the Great Work, seeing that he, who sleepeth never, shall fall by the wayside, and also remembering the twofold sign: the Power of Horus: and the Power of Hoor-pa-Kraat.*

Now, the year being yet young, One D. A. came unto me, and spake.

And he spake not any more (as had been his wont) in guise of a skeptic and indifferent man: but indeed with the very voice and power of a Great Guru, or of one definitely sent from such a Brother of the Great White Lodge.

Yea! though he spake unto me words all of disapproval, did I give thanks and grace to God that he had deemed my folly worthy to attract his wisdom.

And, after days, did my Guru not leave me in my state of humiliation, and, as I may say, despair: but spake words of comfort saying: "Is it not written that if thine Eye be single thy whole body shall be full of Light?" Adding: "In thee is no power of mental concentration and control of thought: and without this thou mayst achieve nothing."

Under his direction, therefore, I began to apply myself unto the practice of Raja-yoga, at the same time avoiding all, even the smallest, consideration of things occult, as also he bade me.

Thus, at the beginning, I did meditate twice daily, three meditations morning and evening, upon such simple objects as—a white triangle; a red cross; Isis; the simple Tatwas; a wand; and the like. I remained after some three weeks for 59½ minutes at one time, wherein my thought wandered 25 times. Now I began also to consider more complex things: my little Rose Cross;† the

these Æthyrs, "whose dominion extendeth in ever widening circles without end beyond the Watch Towers of the Universe." In one sense rightly enough did P. bring to completion the work L.I.L. at the end of the year 1900; but, in another, it took him nine long years of toil before he perfected it, for it was not until the last days of the year 1909 that the work of the Thirty Æthyrs was indeed brought to an end. In 1900 verily was the work conceived, but not until the year 1909 was it brought forth a light unto the darkness, a little spark cast into the Well of Time. (P. merely means that at this time he established a secret Order of this name.)

* The Signs are of Projection and Withdrawal of Force; necessary complements.

† Lost under dramatic circumstances at Frater P. A.'s house in 1909.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

complex Tatwas; the Golden Dawn Symbol, and so on. also I began the exercise of the pendulum and other simple regular motions. Wherefore to-day of Venus, the 22nd of February 1901, I being in the City of Guadalajara, in the Hotel Cosmopolita, I do begin to set down all that I accomplish in this work:

And may the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let my mind be open unto
the Higher:
Let my heart be the Centre
of Light:
Let my body be the
Temple
of the
ROSY CROSS.

Ex Deo Nascimur
In Jesu Morimur
Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus.

We must now digress in order to give some account of the Eastern theories of the Universe and the mind. Their study will clarify our view of Frater P's progress.

The reader is advised to study Chapter VII of Captain J. F. C. Fuller's "Star in the West" in connection with this exposition.

THE AGNOSTIC POSITION

DIRECT experience is the key to Yoga; direct experience of that Soul (Ātman) or Essence (Purusha) which acting upon Energy (Prāna) and Substance (Ākāśa) differentiates a plant from a stone, an animal from a plant, a man from an animal, a man from a man, and man from God, yet which ultimately is the underlying Equilibrium of all things; for as the Bhagavad-Gîta says: "Equilibrium is called Yoga."

Chemically the various groups in the organic and inorganic worlds are similar in structure and composition. One piece of limestone is very much like another, and so also are the actual bodies of any two man, but not so their minds. Therefore, should we wish to discover and understand that Power which differentiates, and yet ultimately balances all appearances, which are derived by the apparently unconscious object and received by the apparently conscious subject, we must look for it in the workings of man's brain.*

* Verworn in his "General Physiology" says: "It was found that the sole reality that we are able to discover in the world is mind. The idea of the physical world is only a product of the mind. . . . But this idea is not the whole of mind, for we have many mental constituents, such as the simple sensations of pain and of pleasure, that are not ideas of bodies . . . every process of knowledge, including scientific knowledge, is merely a psychical event. . . . This fact cannot be banished by the well-known method of the ostrich" (pp. 39, 40).

"The real mystery of mysteries is the mind of man. Why, with a pen or brush, one man sits down and makes a masterpiece, and yet another, with the self-same instruments and opportunities, turns out a daub or botch, is twenty

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

This is but a theory, but a theory worth working upon until a better be derived from truer facts. Adopting it, the transfigured-realist gazes at it with wonder and then casts Theory overboard, and loads his ship with Law; postulates that every cause has its effect; and, when his ship begins to sink, refuses to jettison his wretched cargo, or even to man the pumps of Doubt, because the final result is declared by his philosophy to be unknowable.

If any one cause be unknowable, be it first or last, then all causes are unknowable. The will to create is denied, the will to annihilate is denied, and finally the will to act is denied. Propositions perhaps true to the Master, but certainly not so to the disciple. Because Titian was a great artist and Rodin is a great sculptor, that is no reason why we should abolish art schools and set an embargo on clay.

If the will to act is but a mirage of the mind, then equally so is the will to differentiate or select. If this be true, and the chain of Cause and Effect is eternal, how is it then that Cause A produces effect B, and Cause B effect C, and Cause A + B + C effect X. Where originates this power of production? It is said there is no change, the medium remaining alike throughout. But we say there is a change—a change of form,* and not only a change, but a distinct birth and a distinct death of form. What creates this form? Sense perception. what will destroy this form, and reveal to us that which lies behind it?

times more curious than all the musings of the mystics, works of the Rosicrucians, or the mechanical contrivances which seem to-day so fine, and which our children will disdain as clumsy” (R. B. Cumminghame Graham in his preface to “The Canon”).

* Form here is synonymous with the Hindu Mâyâ, it is also the chief power of the Buddhist devil, Mara, and even of that mighty devil, Choronzon.

THE EQUINOX

Presumably cessation of sense perception. How can we prove our theory? By cutting away every perception, every thought-form as it is born, until nothing thinkable is left, not even the thought of the unknowable.

The man of science will often say "I do not know, I really do not know where these bricks came from, or how they were made, or who made them; but here they are; let us build a house and live in it." Now this indeed is a very sensible view to take, and the result is we have some very fine houses built by these excellent bricklayers; but strange to say, this is the fatalist's point of view, and a fatalistic science is indeed a cruel kind of oxymoron. As a matter of fact he is nothing of the kind; for, when he has exhausted his supply of bricks, he starts to look about for others, and when others cannot be found, he takes one of the old ones and picking it to pieces tries to discover of what it is made so that he may make more.

What is small-pox? Really, my friend, I do not know where it came from, or what it is, or how it originated; when a man catches it he either dies or recovers, please go away and don't ask me ridiculous questions! Now this indeed would not be considered a very sensible view to adopt. And why? Simply because small-pox no longer happens to be believed in as a malignant devil, but is, at least partially, known and understood. Similarly, when we have gained as much knowledge of the First Cause as we have of small-pox, we shall no longer *believe* in a Benevolent God or otherwise, but shall, at least partially, know and understand Him as He is or is-not. "I can't learn this!" is the groan of a schoolboy and not the exclamation of a sage. No doctor who is worth his salt will say: "I can't tackle this disease"; he says: "I *will* tackle

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

this disease.” So also with the Unknowable, God, *à priori*, First Cause, etc., etc., this metaphysical sickness can be cured. Not certainly in the same manner as small-pox can be; for physicians have a scientific language wherein to express their ideas and thoughts, whilst a mystic too often has not; but by a series of exercises, or a system of symbolic teaching, which will gradually lead the sufferer from the material to the spiritual, and not leave him gazing and wondering at it, as he would at a star in the night.

A fourth dimensional being, outside a few mathematical symbols, would be unable to explain to a third dimensional being a fourth dimensional world, simply because he would be addressing him in a fourth dimensional language. Likewise, in a less degree, would a doctor be unable to explain the theory of inoculation to a savage, but it is quite conceivable that he might be able to teach him how to vaccinate himself or another; which would be after all the chief point gained.

Similarly the Yogi says: I have arrived at a state of Super-consciousness (Samâdhi) and you, my friend, are not only blind, deaf and dumb, and a savage, but the son of a pig into the bargain. You are totally immersed in Darkness (Tamas); a child of ignorance (Avidyâ), and the offspring of illusion (Mâyâ); as mad, insane and idiotic as those unfortunates you lock up in your asylums to convince you, as one of you yourselves has very justly remarked, that you are not all raving mad. For you consider not only one thing, which you insult by calling God, but all things, to be real; and anything which has the slightest odour of reality about it you pronounce an illusion. But, as my brother the Magician has told you, “he

THE EQUINOX

who denies anything asserts something,” now let me disclose to you this “Something,” so that you may find behind the pairs of opposites what this something is in itself and not in its appearance.

It has been pointed out in a past chapter how that in the West symbol has been added to symbol, and how that in the East symbol has been subtracted from symbol. How in the West the Magician has said: “As all came from God so must all proceed to God,” the motion being a forward one, and acceleration of the one already existing. Now let us analyze what is meant by the worlds of the Yogi when he says: “As all came from god so must all return to God,” the motion being, as it will be at once seen, a backward one, a slowing down of the one which already exists, until finally is reached that goal from which we originally set out by a cessation of thinking, a weakening of the vibrations of illusion until they cease to exist in Equilibrium.*

* “The forces of the universe are only known to us, in reality, but disturbances of equilibrium. The state of equilibrium constitutes the limit beyond which we can no longer follow them” (Gustave le Bon, “The Evolution of Matter,” p. 94).

THE VEDANTA

BEFORE we enter upon the theory and practice of Yoga, it is essential that the reader should possess some slight knowledge of the Vedânta philosophy; and though the following in no way pretends to be an exhaustive account of the same, yet it is hoped that it will prove a sufficient guide to lead the seeker from the Western realms of Magic and action to the Eastern lands of Yoga and renunciation.

To begin with, the root-thought of all philosophy and religion, both Eastern and Western, is that the universe is only an appearance, and not a reality, or, as Deussen has it:

The entire external universe, with its infinite ramifications in space and time, as also the involved and intricate sum of our inner perceptions, is all merely the form under which the essential reality presents itself to a consciousness such as ours, but is not the form in which it may subsist outside of our consciousness and independent of it; that, in other words, the sum total of external and internal experience always and only tells us how things are constituted for us, and for our intellectual capacities, not how they are in themselves and apart from intelligences such as ours.*

Here is the whole of the World's philosophy in a hundred words; the undying question which has perplexed the mind of man from the dim twilight of the Vedas to the sweltering noon-tide of present-day Scepticism, what is the "Ding an sich"; what is the *αὐτὸ καθ' αὐτό*; what is the Âtman?

That the thing which we perceive and experience is not

* Deussen, "The Philosophy of the Upanishads," p. 40. See also Berkeley's "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous."

THE EQUINOX

the “thing in itself” is very certain, for it is only what “WE see.” Yet nevertheless we renounce this as being absurd, or not renouncing it, at least do not live up to our assertion; for, we name that which is a reality to a child, and a deceit or illusion to a man, an apparition or a shadow. Thus, little by little, we beget a new reality upon the old reality, a new falsehood upon the old falsehood, namely, that the thing we see is “an illusion” and is not “a reality,” seldom considering that the true difference between the one and the other is but the difference of name. Then after a little do we begin to believe in “the illusion” as firmly and concretely as we once believed in “the reality,” seldom considering that all belief is illusionary, and that knowledge is only true as long as it remains unknown.*

Now Knowledge is identification, not with the inner or outer of a thing, but with that which cannot be explained by either, and which is the essence of the thing in itself,† and which the Upanishads name the Âtman. Identification with this Âtman (Emerson’s “Oversoul”) is therefore the end of Religion and Philosophy alike.

“Verily he who has seen, heard, comprehended and known the Âtman, by him is this entire universe known.”‡ Because there is but one Âtman and not many Âtmans.

* Once the Unknown becomes known it becomes untrue, it loses its Virginity, that mysterious power of attraction the Unknown always possesses; it no longer represents our ideal, though it may form an excellent foundation for the next ideal; and so on until Knowledge and Nescience are out-stepped. General and popular Knowledge is like a common prostitute, the toy of any man. To maintain this purity, this virginity, are the mysteries kept secret from the multitude.

† And yet again this is a sheer deceit, as every conceit must be.

‡ Brihadâranyka Upanishad, 2. 4. 5b.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The first veil against which we must warn the aspirant is the entanglement of language, of words and of names. The merest tyro will answer, "of course you need not explain to me that, if I call a thing 'A' or 'B,' it makes no difference to that thing in itself." And yet not only the tyro, but many of the astutest philosophers have fallen into this snare, and not only once but an hundred times; the reason being that they have not remained silent* about that which can only be "known" and not "believed in," and that which can never be names without begetting a duality (an untruth), and consequently a whole world of illusions. It is the crucifixion of every world-be Saviour, this teaching of a truth under the symbol of a lie, this would-be explanation to the multitude of the unexplainable, this passing off on the *canaille* the strumpet of language (the Consciously Known) in the place of the Virgin of the World (the Consciously Unknown).†

No philosophy has ever grasped this terrible limitation so firmly as the Vedânta. "All experimental knowledge, the four Vedas and the whole series of empirical science, as they are enumerated in Chândogya, 7. 1. 2-3, are 'nâma eva,' 'mere name.' "‡ As the Rig Veda says, "they call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutmân. To what is one, sages give many a title: they call it Agni, Tama, Mâtirisvan."§

* The highest men are calm, silent and unknown. They are the men who really know the power of thought; they are sure that, even if they go into a cave and close the door and simply think five true thoughts and then pass away, these five thoughts of theirs will live through eternity. (Vivekânanda, "Karma Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 164, 165.)

† Or the Unconsciously Known. ‡ Deussen, *op. cit.*, p. 76.

§ "Rigveda" (Griffiths), i. 164. 46. "You may call the Creator of all things

THE EQUINOX

Thus we find that “duality” in the East is synonymous with “a mere matter of words,”*16 and further, that, when anything is (or can be) describe by a word or a name, the knowledge concerning it is Avidyâ, “ignorance.”

No sooner are the eyes of a man opened† than he sees “good and evil,” and becomes a prey to the illusions he has set out to conquer. He gets something apart from himself, and whether it be Religion, Science, or Philosophy it matters not; for in the vacuum which he thereby creates, between him and it, burns the fever that he will never subdue until he has annihilated both.‡ God, Immortality, Freedom, are appearances and not realities, they are Mâyâ and not Âtman; Space, Time and Causality§ are appearances and not realities, they also are Mâyâ and not Âtman. All that is not Âtman is Mâyâ, and Mâyâ is ignorance, and ignorance is sin.

Now the philosophical fall of the Âtman produces the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, God and not-God—the Universe, or the power which asserts a separateness, an indi-

by different names: Liber, Hercules, Mercury, are but different names of the same divine being.” (Seneca, iv, 7. 8).

* “Chândogya Upanishad,” 6. 1. 3. Also of “form.”

† That is, when he gains knowledge.

‡ That is the meaning of “Nequaquam Vacuum.” [a Rosicrucian motto]

§ Modern Materialism receives many a rude blow at the hands of Gustave le Bon. This great Frenchman writes: “These fundamental dogmas, the bases of modern science, the researches detailed in this work tend to destroy. If the principle of the conservation of energy—which, by the way, is simply a bold generalization of experiments made in very simple cases—likewise succumbs to the blows which are already attacking it, the conclusion must be arrived at that nothing in the world is eternal.” (“The Evolution of Matter,” p. 18) In other words, all is full of birth, growth, and decay, that is Mâyâ. Form to the Materialist, Name to the Idealist, and Nothing to him who has risen above both.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

viduality, a self-consciousness—I am! This is explained in Brihadâraryaka, 1. 4. 1. as follows:

“In the beginning the Âtman alone in the form of a man* was this universe. He gazed around; he saw nothing there but himself. Thereupon he cried out at the beginning: ‘It is I.’ Thence originated the name I. Therefore to-day, when anyone is summoned, he answers first ‘It is I’; and then only he names the other name which he bears.”†

This Consciousness of “I” is the second veil which man meets on his upward journey, and, unless he avoid it and escape from its hidden meshes, which are a thousandfold more dangerous than the entanglements of the veil of words, he will never arrive at that higher consciousness, that superconsciousness (Samâdhi), which will consume him back into the Âtman from which he came.

As the fall of the Âtman arises from the cry “It is I,” so does the fall of the Self-consciousness of the universe-man arise through that Self-consciousness crying “I am it,” thereby identifying the shadow with the substance; from this fall arises the first veil we had occasion to mention, the veil of duality, of words, of belief.

This duality we find even in the texts of the oldest Upanishads, such as in Brihadâranjaka, 3. 4. 1. “It is thy soul,

* “There are two persons of the Deity, one in heaven, and one which descended upon earth in the form of man (*i.e.* the Adam Qadmon), and the Holy One, praised by It! unites them (in the union of Samâdhi, that is, of *Sam* (Greeek *συν*, *together with*) and *Adhi*, Hebrew, *Adonai, the Lord*). There are three Lights in the Upper Holy Divine united in One, and this is the foundation of the doctrine of Every-Thing, this is the beginning of the Faith, and Every-Thing is concentrated therein” (“Zohar III,” beginning of paragraph. *She’-meneeh*, fol. 36a.)

† It is fully realized that outside the vastness of the symbol this “Fall of God” is as impertinent as it is unthinkable.

THE EQUINOX

which is within all.” And also again in the same Upanishad (I. 4. 10.), “He who worships another divinity (than the Âtman), and says ‘it is one and I am another’ is not wise, but he is like a house-dog of the gods.” And house-dogs shall we remain so long as we cling to a belief in a knowing subject and an known object, or in the worship of anything, even of the Âtman itself, as long as it remains apart from ourselves. Such a dilemma as this does not take long to induce one of those periods of “spiritual dryness,” one of those “dark nights of the soul” so familiar to all mystics and even to mere students of mysticism. And such a night seems to have closed around Yâjñavalkya when he exclaimed:

After death there is no consciousness. For where there is as it were a duality, there one sees the other, smells, hears, addresses, comprehends, and knows the other; but when everything has become to him his own self, how should he smell, see, hear, address, understand, or know anyone at all? How should he know him, through whom he knows all this, how should he know the knower?*

Thus does the Supreme Âtman become unknowable, on account of the individual Âtman† remaining unknown; and further, will remain unknowable as long as consciousness of a separate Supremacy exists in the heart of the individual.

Directly the seeker realizes this, a new reality is born, and the clouds of night roll back and melt away before the light of a breaking dawn, brilliant beyond all that have preceded it. Destroy this consciousness, and the Unknowable may become the Known, or at least the Unknown, in the sense of the undiscovered. Thus we find the old Vedantist presupposing an Âtman and a *σύμβολον* of it, so that he might better transmute

* Brihadâranyaka Upanishad, 2. 4. 12.

† The illusion of thinking ourselves similar to the Unity and yet separated from It.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the unknown individual soul into the known, and the unknowable Supreme Soul into the unknown, and the, from the knowable through the known to the knower, get back to the Âtman and Equilibrium—Zero.

All knowledge he asserts to be Mâyâ, and only by paradoxes is the Truth revealed.

Only he who knows it not knows it,
Who knows it, he knows it not;
Unknown is it by the wise,
But by the ignorant known.*

These dark nights of Scepticism descent upon all systems just as they descend upon all individuals, at no stated times, but as a reaction after much hard work; and usually they are forerunners of a new and higher realization of another unknown land to explore. Thus again and again do we find them rising and dissolving like some strange mist over the realms of the Vedânta. To disperse them we must consume them in that same fire which has consumed all we held dear; we must turn our engines of war about and destroy our sick and wounded, so that those who are strong and whole may press on the faster to victory.

As early as the days of the Rig Veda, before the beginning was, there was “neither not-being nor yet being.” This thought again and again rumbles through the realms of philosophy, souring the milk of man’s understanding with its bitter scepticism.

Not-being was this in the beginning,
From it being arose.
Self-fashioned indeed out of itself . . .
The being and the beyond

* Kena Upanishad, 11.

THE EQUINOX

Expressible and inexpressible,
Founded and foundationless,
Consciousness and unconsciousness,
Reality and unreality.*

All these are vain attempts to obscure the devotee's mind into believing in that Origin he could in no way understand, by piling up symbols of extravagant vastness. all, as with the Qabalists, was based on Zero, all, same one thing, and this one thing saved the mind of man from the fearful palsy of doubt which had shaken to ruin his brave certainties, his audacious hopes and his invincible resolutions. Man, slowly through all his doubts, began to realize that if indeed all were Mâyâ, a matter of words, he at least existed. "I am," he cried, no longer, "I am it."†

And with the Îsâ Upanishad he whispered:

Into dense darkness he enters
Who has conceived becoming to be naught,
Into yet denser he
Who has conceived becoming to be aught.

Abandoning this limbo of Causality, just as the Buddhist did at a later date, he tackled the practical problem "What am I? To hell with God!"

The self is the basis for the validity of proof, and therefore is constituted also before the validity of proof. And because it is thus formed it is impossible to call it in question. For we many call a thing in question which comes up to us from without, but not our own essential being. For if a man calls it in question yet is it his own essential being.

An integral part is here revealed in each of us which is a reality, perhaps the only reality it is given us to know, and

* Taittirîya Brâhmana, 2. 7. † I.e. "Existence is" אהיה אשר אהיה.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

one we possess irrespective our our not being able to understand it. We have a soul, a veritable living Âtman, irrespective of all codes, sciences, theories, sects and laws. What then is this Âtman, and how can we understand it, that is to say, see it solely, or identify all with it?

The necessity of doing this is pointed out in Chândogyâ, 8. 1. 6.

He who departs from this world without having known the soul or those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of constraint; but he who departs from this world after having known the soul and those true desires, his part in all worlds is a life of freedom.

In the Brihadâranjaka,* king Janaka asks Yâjñavalkya, “what serves man for light?” That sage answers:

The sun serves him for light. When however the sun has set?—the moon. And when he also has set?—fire. And when this also is extinguished?—the voice. And when this also is silenced? Then is he himself his own light.†

This passage occurs again and again in the same form, and in paraphrase, as we read through the Upanishads. In Kâthaka 5. 15 we find:

There no sun shines, no moon, nor glimmering star,
Nor yonder lightning, the fire of earth is quenched;

* Brihadâranyaka Upanishad, 4. 3-4.

† These refer to the mystic lights in man. Compare this with the Diagram 2 “The Paths and Grades” in “The Neophyte.” After the Âtman in the aspirant has been awakened by the trumpet of Israfael (The Angel) he proceeds by the path of ♃. The next path the Aspirant must travel is that of ☉—the Sun; the next that of ☾—the Moon; the next that of ♄—the Star. This path brings him to the Fire of Netzach. When this fire is extinguished comes the Voice or Lightning, after which the Light which guides the aspirant is Himself, his Holy Guardian Angel, the Âtman—Adonai.

THE EQUINOX

From him,* who alone shines, all else borrows its brightness.
The whole world bursts into splendour at his shining.

And again in Maitrâyana, 6. 24.

When the darkness is pierced through, then is reached that which is not affected by darkness; and he who has thus pierced through that which is so affected, he has beheld like a glittering circle of sparks Brahman bright as the sun, endowed with all might, beyond the reach of darkness, that shines in yonder sun as in the moon, the fire and the lightning.

Thus the Âtman little by little came to be known and no longer believed in; yet at first it appears that those who realized it kept their methods to themselves, and simply explained to their followers its greatness and splendour by parable and fable, such as we find in Brihadâraryaka, 2. 1. 19.

That is his real form, in which he is exalted above desire, and is free from evil and fear. For just as one who dallies with a beloved wife has no consciousness of outer or inner, so the spirit also dallying with the self, whose essence is knowledge, has no consciousness of inner or outer. That is his real form, wherein desire is quenched, and he is himself his own desire, separate from desire and from distress. Then the father is no longer father, the mother no longer mother, the worlds no longer worlds, the gods no longer gods, the Vedas no longer Vedas. . . . This is his supreme goal.

As theory alone cannot for ever satisfy man's mind in the solution of the life-riddle, so also when once the seeker has become the seer, when once actual living men have attained and become Adepts, their methods of attainment cannot for long remain entirely hidden.† And either from their teachings directly, or from those of their disciples, we find in India

* The Âtman.

† As the light of a lamp brought into a dark room is reflected by all surfaces around it, so is the illumination of the Adept reflected even by his unilluminated followers.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

sprouting up from the roots of the older Upanishads two great systems of practical philosophy:

1. The attainment by Sannyâsa.
2. The attainment by Yoga.

The first seeks, by artificial means, to suppress desire. The second by scientific experiments to annihilate the consciousness of plurality.

In the natural course of events the Sannyâsa precedes the Yoga, for it consists in casting off from oneself home, possessions, family and all that engenders and stimulates desire; whilst the Yoga consists in withdrawing the organs of sense from the objects of sense, and by concentrating them on the Inner Self, Higher Self, Augoeides, Âtman, or Adonai, shake itself free from the illusions of Mâyâ—the world of plurality, and secure union with this Inner Self or Âtman.

ATTAINMENT BY YOGA.

ACCORDING to the Shiva Sanhita there are two doctrines found in the Vedas: the doctrines of “Karma Kânda” (sacrificial works, etc.) and of “Jnana Kânda” (science and knowledge). “Karma Kânda” is twofold—good and evil, and according to how we live “there are many enjoyments in heaven,” and “in hell there are many sufferings.” Having once realized the truth of “Karma Kânda” the Yogi renounces the works of virtue and vice, and engages in “Jnana Kânda” —knowledge.

In the Shiva Sanhita we read:*

In the proper season, various creatures are born to enjoy the consequences of their karma.† As through mistake mother-of-pearl is taken for silver, so through the error of one’s own karma man mistakes Brahma for the universe.

Being too much and deeply engaged in the manifested world, the delusion arises about that which is manifested—the subject. There is no other cause (of this delusion). Verily, verily, I tell you the truth.

If the practiser of Yoga wishes to cross the ocean of the world, he should renounce all the fruits of his works, having preformed all the duties of his âshrama.‡

* Shiva Sanhita, ii. 43. 45. 51.

† Work and the effects of work. The so-called law of Cause and Effect in the moral and physical worlds.

‡ The four âshramas are (1) To live as a Brahmachârin—to spend a portion of one’s life with a Brahman teacher. (2) To live as a Grihastha—to rear a family and carry out the obligatory sacrifices. (3) To live as a Vânaprastha—to withdraw into solitude and meditate. (4) To live as a Sannyâsin—to await the spirit’s release into the Supreme Spirit.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“Jnana Kânda” is the application of science to “Karma Kânda,” the works of good and evil, that is to say of Duality. Little by little it eats away the former, as strong acid would eat away a piece of steel, and ultimately when the last atom has been destroyed it ceases to exist as a science, or as a method, and becomes the Aim, *i.e.*, Knowledge. This is most beautifully described in the above-mentioned work as follows:

34. That Intelligence which incites the functions into the paths of virtue and vice “am I.” All this universe, moveable and immovable, is from me; all things are seen through me; all are absorbed into me;* because there exists nothing but spirit, and “I am that spirit.” There exists nothing else.

35. As in innumerable cups full of water, many reflections of the sun are seen, but the substance is the same; similarly individuals, like cups, are innumerable, but the vivifying spirit like the sun is one.

49. All this universe, moveable or immovable, has come out of Intelligence. Renouncing everything else, take shelter of it.

50. As space pervades a jar both in and out, similarly within and beyond this ever-changing universe there exists one universal Spirit.

58. Since from knowledge of that Cause of the universe, ignorance is destroyed, therefore the Spirit is Knowledge; and this Knowledge is everlasting.

59. That Spirit from which this manifold universe existing in time takes its origin is one, and unthinkable.

62. Having renounced all false desires and chains, the Sannyâsi and Yogi see certainly in their own spirit the universal Spirit.

63. Having seen the Spirit that brings forth happiness in their own spirit, they forget this universe, and enjoy the ineffable bliss of Samâdhi.†

As in the West there are various systems of Magic, so in the East are there various systems of yoga, each of which purports to lead the aspirant from the realm of Mâyâ to that of Truth in Samâdhi. The most important of these are:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Gnana Yoga. | Union by Knowledge. |
| 2. Raja Yoga. | Union by Will |
| 3. Bhakta Yoga. | Union by Love. |

* At the time of the Pralaya.

† “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. i.

THE EQUINOX

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 4. Hatha Yoga. | Union by Courage. |
| 5. Mantra Yoga. | Union though Speech. |
| 6. Karma Yoga. | Union though Work.* |

The two chief of these six methods according to the Bhagavad-Gîta are: Yoga by Sâñkhya (Raja Yoga), and Yoga by Action (Karma Yoga). But the difference between these two is to be found in their form rather than in their substance; for, as Krishna himself says:

Renunciation (Raja Yoga) and Yoga by action (Karma Yoga) both lead to the highest bliss; of the two, Yoga by action is verily better than renunciation by action . . . Children, not Sages, speak of the Sâñkhya and the Yoga as different; he who is duly established in one obtaineth the fruits of both. That place which is gained by the Sâñkhya is reached by the Yogis also. He seeth, who seeth that the Sâñkhya and the Yoga are one.†

Or, in other words, he who understand the equilibrium of action and renunciation (of addition and subtraction) is as he who perceives that in truth the circle is the line, the end the beginning.

To show how extraordinarily closely allied are the methods of Yoga to those of Magic, we will quote the following three verses from the Bhagavid-Gîta, which, with advantage, the reader may compare with the citations already made from the works of Abramelin and Eliphas Levi.

When the mind, bewildered by the Scriptures (Shruti), shall stand immovable, fixed in contemplation (Samâdhi), then shalt thou attain to Yoga.‡

Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest,

* Besides these, there are several lesser known Yogas, for the most part variant of the above such as: Ashtânga, Laya, and Târaka. See "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. iii.

† The "Bhagavad-Gita." Fifth Discourse, 2-5.

‡ *Ibid.* Second Discourse, 53.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

whatsoever thou givest, whatsoever thou dost of austerity, O Kaunteya, do thou that as an offering unto Me.

On Me fix thy mind; be devoted to Me; sacrifice to Me; prostrate thyself before Me; harmonized thus in the SELF (Âtman), thou shalt come unto Me, having Me as thy supreme goal.*

These last two verses are taken from "The Yoga of the Kingly Science and the Kingly Secret"; and if put into slightly different language might easily be mistaken for a passage out of "the Book of the Sacred Magic."

Not so, however, the first, which is taken from "The Yoga by the Sâñkhya," and which is reminiscent of the Quietism of Molinos and Madam de Guyon rather than of the operations of a ceremonial magician. And it was just this Quietism that P. as yet had never fully experienced; and he, realizing this, it came about that when once the key of Yoga was proffered him, he preferred to open the door of Renunciation and close that of Action, and to abandon the Western methods by the means of which he had already advanced so far rather than to continue in them. This in itself was the first great Sacrifice which he made upon the path of Renunciation—to abandon all that he had as yet attained to, to cut himself off from the world, and like an Hermit in a desolate land seek salvation by himself, through himself and of Himself. Ultimately, as we shall see, he renounced even this disownment, for which he now sacrificed all, and, by an unification of both, welded the East to the West, the two halves of that perfect whole which had been lying apart since that night wherein the breath of God moved upon the face of the waters and the limbs of a living world struggled from out the Chaos of Ancient Night.

* *Ibid.* Ninth Discourse, 27, 34.

THE YOGAS.

DIRECT experience is the end of Yoga. How can this direct experience be gained? And the answer is: by Concentration or Will. Swami Vivekânanda on this point writes:

Those who really want to be Yogis must give up, once for all, this nibbling at things. Take up one idea. Make that one idea your life; dream of it; think of it; live on that idea. Let the brain, the body, muscles, nerves, every part of your body, be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success, and this is the way great spiritual giants are produced. Others are mere talking machines. . . . To succeed, you must have tremendous perseverance, tremendous will. "I will drink the ocean," says the persevering soul. "At my will mountains will crumble up." Have that sort of energy, that sort of will, work hard, and you will reach the goal.*

"O Keshara," cries Arjuna, "enjoin in me this terrible action!" This will TO WILL.

To turn the mind inwards, as it were, and stop it wandering outwardly, and then to concentrate all its powers upon itself, are the methods adopted by the Yogi in opening the closed Eye which sleeps in the heart to every one of us, and to create this will TO WILL. By doing so he ultimately comes face to face with something which is indestructible, on account of it being uncreatable, and which knows no dissatisfaction.

* Vivekânanda, "Raja Yoga," Udbodhan edition, pp. 51, 52. "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth. . . . Prepare ye the way of Adonai."—Luke, iii, 5, 4.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Every child is aware that the mind possesses a power known as the reflective faculty. We hear ourselves talk; and we stand apart and see ourselves work and think. We stand aside from ourselves and anxiously or fearlessly watch and criticize our lives. There are two persons in us,—the thinker (or the worker) and the seer. The unwinding of the hoodwink from the eyes of the seer, for in most men the seer in, like a mummy, wrapped in the countless rags of thought, is what Yoga purposes to do: in other words to accomplish no less a task than the mastering of the forces of the Universe, the surrender of the gross vibrations of the external world to the finer vibrations of the internal, and then to become one with the subtle Vibrator—the Seer Himself.

We have mentioned the six chief systems of yoga, and now before entering upon what for us at present must be the two most important of them,—namely, Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga, we intend, as briefly as possible, to explain the remaining four, and also the necessary conditions under which all methods of Yoga should be practised.

GNANA YOGA. Union through Knowledge.

Gnana Yoga is that Yoga which commences with a study of the impermanent wisdom of this world and ends with the knowledge of the permanent wisdom of the Âtman. Its first stage is Viveka, the discernment of the real from the unreal. Its second Vairâgya, indifference to the knowledge of the world, its sorrows and joys. Its third Mukti, release, and unity with the Âtman.

In the fourth discourse of the Bhagavad Gîta we find Gnana Yoga praised as follows:

THE EQUINOX

Better than the sacrifice of any objects is the sacrifice of wisdom, O Paratapa. All actions in their entirety, O Pârtha, culminate in wisdom.

As the burning fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so doth the fire of wisdom reduce all actions to ashes.

Verily there is nothing so pure in this world as wisdom; he that is perfected in Yoga finds it in the Âtman in due season.*

KARMA YOGA. Union through Work.

Very closely allied to Gnana Yoga is Karma Yoga, Yoga through work, which may seem only a means towards the former. But this is not so, for not only must the aspirant commune with the Âtman through the knowledge or wisdom he attains, but also through the work which aids him to attain it.

A good example of Karma Yoga is quoted from Chuang-Tzu by Flagg in his work on Yoga. It is as follows:

Prince Hui's cook was cutting up a bullock. Every blow of his hand, every heave of his shoulders, every tread of his foot, every thrust of his knee, every *whshh* of rent flesh, every *chhk* of the chopper, was in perfect harmony,—rhythmical like the dance of the mulberry grove, simultaneous like the chords of Ching Shou. "Well done," cried the Prince; "yours is skill indeed." "Sire," replied the cook, "I have always devoted myself to *Tao* (which here means the same as Yoga). "It is better than skill." When I first began to cut up bullocks I saw before me simply whole *bullocks*. After three years' practice I saw no more whole animals. And now I work with my mind and not with my eye. when my senses bid me stop, but my mind urges me on, I fall back upon eternal

* "The Bhagavad-Gîta," iv, 33, 37, 38. Compare with the above "The Wisdom of Solomon," *e.g.*: For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me; for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. . . . for wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God." (Chap. VII, 22, 24, 25.)

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

principles. I follow such openings or cavities as there may be, according to the natural constitution of the animal. A good cook changes his chopper once a year, because he cuts. An ordinary cook once a month—because he hacks. But I have had this chopper nineteen years, and although I have cut up many thousand bullocks, its edge is as if fresh from the whetstone.*

MANTRA YOGA. Union through Speech.

This type of Yoga consists in repeating a name or a sentence or verse over and over again until the speaker and the word spoken become one in perfect concentration. Usually speaking it is used as an adjunct to some other practice, under one or more of the other Yoga methods. Thus the devotee to the God Shiva will repeat his name over and over again until at length the great God opens his Eye and the world is destroyed.

Some of the most famous mantras are:

“Aum mani padme Hum.”

“Aum Shivaya Vashi.”

“Aum Tat Sat Aum.”

“Namō Shivaya namaha Aum.”

The pranava AUM† plays an important part throughout the whole of Indian Yoga, and especially is it considered sacred by the Mantra-Yogi, who is continually using it. To pronounce it properly the “A” is from the throat, the “U” in the middle, and the “M” at the lips. This typifies the whole course of breath.

* “Yoga or Transformation,” p. 196. Control, or Restraint, is the Key to Karma Yoga; weakness is its damnation. Of the Karma Yogi Vivekânanda writes: “He goes through the streets of a big city with all their traffic, and his mind is as calm as if he were in a cave, where not a sound could reach him; and he is intensely working all the time.” “Karma Yoga,” p. 17.

† See Vivekânanda’s “Bhakti-Yoga,” pp. 62-68.

THE EQUINOX

It is the best support, the bow off which the soul as the arrow flies to Brahman, the arrow which is shot from the body as bow in order to pierce the darkness, the upper fuel with which the body as the lower fuel is kindled by the fire of the vision of God, the net with which the fish of Prâna is drawn out, and sacrificed in the fire of the Âtman, the ship on which a man voyages over the ether of the heart, the chariot which bears him to the world of Brahman.*

At the end of the “Shiva Sanhita” there are some twenty verses dealing with the Mantra. And as in so many other Hindu books, a considerable amount of mystery is woven around these sacred utterances. We read:

190. In the four-petalled Muladhara lotus is the seed of speech, brilliant as lightning.

191. In the heart is the seed of love, beautiful as the Bandhuk flower. In the space between the two eyebrows is the seed of Shakti, brilliant as tens of millions of moons. These three seeds should be kept secret.†

These three Mantras can only be learnt from a Guru, and are not given in the above book. By repeating them a various number of times certain results happen. Such as: after eighteen lacs, the body will rise from the ground and remain suspended in the air; after an hundred lacs, the great yogi is absorbed in the Para-Brahman.‡

BHAKTA YOGA. Union by love.

In Bhakta Yoga the aspirant usually devotes himself to some special deity, every action of his life being done in honour and glory of this deity, and, as Vivekânanda tells us, “he has not to suppress any single one of his emotions, he only strives to intensify them and direct them to god.” Thus, if he devoted himself to Shiva, he must reflect in his life to his utmost the life of Shiva; if to Shakti the life of Shakti, unto the seer and the seen become one in the mystic union of attainment.

* Deussen. “The Upanishads,” p. 390.

† “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v. The seed in each case is the Mantra.

‡ The Absolute.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Of Bhakta Yoga the “Nârada Sûtra” says:

58. Love (Bhakti) is easier than other methods.
59. Being self-evident it does not depend on other truths.
60. And from being of the nature of peace and supreme bliss.*

This exquisite little Sûtra commences:

1. We will now explain Love.
2. Its nature is extreme devotion to some one.
3. Love is immortal.
4. Obtaining it man becomes perfect, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.
5. And obtaining it he desires nothing, grieves not, hates not, does not delight, makes no effort.
6. Knowing it he become intoxicated, transfixed, and rejoices in the Self (Âtman).

This is further explained at the end of Swâtmârâm Swâmi's “Hatha-Yoga.”

Bhakti really means the constant perception of the form of the Lord by the Antahkarana. There are nine kinds of Bahktis enumerated. Hearing his histories and relating them, remembering him, worshipping his feet, offering flowers to him, bowing to him (in soul), behaving as his servant, becoming his companion and offering up one's Âtman to him. . . . Thus, Bhakti, in its most transcendental aspect, is included in Sampradnyâta Samâdhi.†

* Nârada Sûtra. Translated by T. Sturdy. Also see the works of Bhagavan Ramanuja, Bhagavan Vyasa, Prahlada, and more particularly Vivekânanda's "Bhakti Yoga." Bhakta Yoga is divided into two main divisions. (1) The preparatory, known as “Gauni”; (2) The devotional, known as “Parâ.” Thus it very closely resembles, even in detail, the Operation of Abramelin, in which the aspirant, having thoroughly prepared himself, devotes himself to the invocation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

† In Bhakta Yoga the disciple usually devotes himself to his Guru, to whom he offers his devotion. The Guru being treated as the God himself with which the Chela wishes to unite. Eventually “He alone sees no distinctions! The mighty ocean of love has entered unto him, and he sees not men, animals and plants or the sun, moon and the stars, but beholds his Beloved everywhere and in everything. Vivekânanda, “Bhakti Yoga,” Udbodham edition, p. 111. The Sufis were Bhakti Yogis, so was Christ. Buddha was a Gnani Yogi.

THE EQUINOX

The Gnana Yoga P., as the student, had already long practised in his study of the Holy Qabalah; so also had he Karma Yoga by his acts of service whilst a Neophyte in the Order of the Golden Dawn; but now at the suggestion of D. A. he betook himself to practice of Hatha and Raja Yoga.

Hatha Yoga and Raja Yoga are so intimately connected, that instead of forming two separate methods, they rather form the first half and second half of one and the same.

Before discussing either the Hatha or Raja Yogas, it will be necessary to explain the conditions under which Yoga should be performed. These conditions being the conventional ones, each individual should by practice discover those more particularly suited to himself.

i. *The Guru.*

Before commencing any Yoga practice, according to every Hindu book upon this subject, it is first necessary to find a Guru,* or teacher, to whom the disciple (Chela) must entirely devote himself: as the "Shiva Sanhita" says:

11. Only the knowledge imparted by a Guru is powerful and useful; otherwise it becomes fruitless, weak and very painful.

12. He who attains knowledge by pleasing his Guru with every attention, readily obtains success therein.

13. There is not the least doubt that Guru is father, Guru is mother, and Guru is God even: and as such, he should be served by all, with their thought, word and deed.†

ii. *Place. Solitude and Silence.*

The place where Yoga is performed should be a beautiful and pleasant place, according to the Shiva Sanhita.‡ In the

* A Guru is as necessary in Yoga as a Music Master is in Music.

† "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. v, 184, 185. The aspirant should firstly, join the assembly of

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Kshurikâ Upanishad, 2. 21, it states that “a noiseless place” should be chosen; and in S’vetâs’vatara, 2. 10:

Let the place be pure, and free also from boulders and sand,
Free from fire, smoke, and pools of water,
Here where nothing distracts the mind or offends the eye,
In a hollow protected from the wind a man should compose himself.

The dwelling of a Yogi is described as follows:

The practiser of Hathayoga should live alone in a small Matha or monastery situated in a place free from rocks, water and fire; of the extent of a bow’s length, and in a fertile country ruled over by a virtuous king, where he will not be disturbed.

The Mata should have a very small door, and should be without any windows; it should be level and without any holes; it should be neither too high nor too long. It should be very clean, being daily smeared over with cow-dung, and should be free from all insects. Outside it should be a small corridor with a raised seat and a well, and the whole should be surrounded by a wall. . . .*

iii. *Time.*

The hours in which Yoga should be performed vary with the instructions of the Guru, but usually they should be four times a day, at sunrise, mid-day, sunset and mid-night.

iv. *Food.*

According to the “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika”: “Moderate

good men but talk little; secondly, should eat little; thirdly, should renounce the company of men, the company of women, all company. He should practise in secrecy in a retired palace. “For the sake of appearances he should remain in society, but should not have his heart in it. he should not renounce the duties of his profession, caste or rank, but let him perform these merely as an instrument without any thought of the event. By thus doing there is no sin.” This is sound Rosicrucian doctrine, by the way.

* “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika,” pp. 5, 6. Note the similarity of these conditions to those laid down in “The Book of the Sacred Magic.” Also see “Gheranda Sanhita,” p. 33.

THE EQUINOX

diet is defined to mean taking pleasant and sweet food, leaving one fourth of the stomach free, and offering up the act to Shiva.”*

Things that have been once cooked and have since grown cold should be avoided, also foods containing an excess of salt and sourness. Wheat, rice, barley, butter, sugar, honey and beans may be eaten, and pure water and milk drunk. The Yogi should partake of one meal a day, usually a little after noon. “Yoga should not be practised immediately after a meal, nor when one is very hungry; before beginning the practice, some milk and butter should be taken.”†

v. *Physical considerations.*

The aspirant to Yoga should study his body as well as his mind, and should cultivate regular habits. He should strictly adhere to the rules of health and sanitation. He should rise an hour before sunrise, and bathe himself twice daily, in the morning and the evening, with cold water (if he can do so without harm to his health). His dress should be warm so that he is not distracted by the changes of weather.

vi. *Moral considerations.*

The yogi should practise kindness to all creatures, he should abandon enmity towards any person, “pride, duplicity, and crookedness” . . . and the “companionship of women.”‡ Further, in Chapter 5 of the “Shiva Sanhita” the hindrances

* “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika,” p. 22. On the question of food Vivekânanda in his “Bhakti Yoga,” p. 90, says: “The cow does not eat meat, nor does the sheep. Are they great Yogins? . . . Any fool may abstain from eating meat; surely that alone give him no more distinction than to herbivorous animals.” Also see “Gheranda Sanhita,” pp. 34-36.

† “Shiva Sanhita,” iii, 37. ‡ *Ibid.*, iii, 33.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

of Enjoyment, Religion and Knowledge are expounded at some considerable length. Above all the Yogi “should work like a master and not like a slave.”*

HATHA YOGA. Union by Courage.

It matters not what attainment the aspirant seeks to gain, or what goal he has in view, the one thing above all others which is necessary is a healthy body, and a body which is under control. It is hopeless to attempt to obtain stability of mind in one whose body is ever leaping from land to water like a frog; with such, any sudden influx of illumination may bring with it not enlightenment but mania; there fore it is that all the great masters have set the task of courage before that of endeavour.† He who *dares* to *will*, will *will* to know, and knowing will keep silence;‡ for even to such as have entered the Supreme Order, there is not way found whereby they may break the stillness and communicate to those who have not ceased to hear.§ The guardian of the Temple is Adonai, he alone holds the key of the Portal, seek it of Him, for there is none other that can open for thee the door.

Now to dare much is to will a little, so it comes about that though Hatha Yoga is the physical Yoga which teaches the aspirant how to control his body, yet is it also Raja Yoga

* Vivekânanda, “Karma-Yoga,” p. 62.

† As in the case of Jesus, the aspirant, for the joy that is set before him, must *dare* to endure the cross, despising the shame; if he would be “set down at the right hand of the throne of God.” Hebrews, xii, 2.

‡ “If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself, and to God” (1 Corinthians, xiv, 28) has more than one meaning.

§ “And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half and hour” (Rev. viii, 1).

THE EQUINOX

which teach him how to control his mind. Little by little, as the body comes under control, does the mind assert its sway over the body; and little by little, as the mind asserts its sway, does it come gradually, little by little under the rule of the Âtman, until ultimately the Âtman, Augœides, Higher Self or Adonai fills the Space which was once occupied solely by the body and mind of the aspirant. Therefore though the death of the body as it were is the resurrection of the Higher Self accomplished, and the pinnacles of that Temple, whose foundations are laid deep in the black earth, are lost among the starry Palaces of God.

In the “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika” we read that “there can be no Raja Yoga without Hatha Yoga, and *vice versa*, that to those who wander in the darkness of the conflicting Sects unable to obtain Raja Yoga, the most merciful Swâtmârâma Yogi offers the light of Hathavidya.”*

In the practice of this mystic union which is brought about by the Hatha Yoga and the Raja Yoga exercises the conditions necessary are:

1. *Yama*: Non-killing (Ahinsa); truthfulness (Satya); non-stealing (Asteya); continence (Brahmacharya); and non-receiving of any gift (Aparigraha).
2. *Niyama*: Cleanliness (S’ancha); contentment (Santosha); mortification (Papasaya); study and self surrender (Swâdhyâya); and the recognition of the Supreme (I’s’wara pranidhânâ).
3. *A’sana*: Posture and the correct position of holding the body, and the performance of the Mudras.

* “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika,” p. 2.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

4. *Prânâyâma*: Control of the Prâna, and the vital forces of the body.
5. *Pratyâhâra*: Making the mind introspective, turning it back upon itself.
6. *Dhâranâ*: Concentration, or the *will* to hold the mind to certain points.
7. *Dhyâna*: Meditation, or the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.
8. *Samâdhi*: Ecstasy, or Superconsciousness.

As regards the first two of the above stages we need not deal with them at any length. Strictly speaking, they come under the heading of Karma and Gnana Yoga, and as it were form the Evangelicism of Yoga—the “Thou shalt” and “Thou shalt not.” They vary according to definition and sect.* However, one point must be explained, and this is, that it must be remembered that most works on Yoga are written either by men like Patanjali, to whom continence, truthfulness, etc., are simple illusions of the mind; or by charlatans, who imagine that, by displaying to the reader a mass of middle-class “virtues,” their works will be given so exalted a flavour that they themselves will pass as great ascetics who have outsoared the bestial passions of life, whilst in fact they are running harems in Boulogne or making indecent proposals to flower-girls in South Audley Street. These latter ones generally trade under the exalted names of *The Mahatmas*; who,

* In all the Mysteries the partakers of them were always such as had not committed crimes. It will be remembered that Nero did not dare to present himself at the Eleusinia (Sueton. *vit. Nero*, e. 3A). And Porphyry informs us that “in the Mysteries honour to parents was enjoined, and not to injure animals” (“de Abstinentia,” iv, 22).

THE EQUINOX

coming straight from the Shâm Bazaar, retail their wretched *bāk bāk* to their sheep-headed followers as the eternal word of Brahman—"The shower from the Highest!" And, not infrequently, end in silent meditation within the illusive walls of Wormwood Scrubbs.

The East like the West, has for long lain under the spell of that potent but Middle-class Magician—St. Shame-faced sex; and the whole of its literature swings between the two extremes of Paederasty and Brahmachârya. Even the great science of Yoga has not remained unpolluted by his breath, so that in many cases to avoid shipwreck upon Scylla the Yogi has lost his life in the eddying whirlpools of Charybdis.

The Yogis claim that the energies of the human body are stored up in the brain, and the highest of these energies they call "Ojas." They also claim that that part of the human energy which is expressed in sexual passion, when checked, easily becomes changed into Ojas; and so it is that they invariably insist in their disciples gathering up the sexual energy and converting it into Ojas. Thus we read:

It is only the chaste man and woman who can make the Ojas rise and become stored in the brain, and this is why chastity has always been considered the highest virtue. ... That is why in all the religious orders in the world that have produced spiritual giants, you will always find this intense chastity insisted upon. . . . * If people practise Raja-Yoga and at the same time lead an impure life, how can they expect to become Yogis?†

* Certainly not in the case of the Mahometan Religion and its Sufi Adepts, who drank the vintage of Bacchus as well as the wine of Iacchus. The question of Chastity is again one of those which rest on temperament and not on dogma. It is curious that the astute Vivekânanda should have fallen into this man-trap.

† Swami Vivekânanda, "Raja Yoga," p. 45.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

This argument would appear at first sight to be self-contradictory, and therefore fallacious, for, if to obtain Ojas is so important, how then can it be right to destroy a healthy passion which is the chief means of supplying it with the renewed energy necessary to maintain it? The Yogi's answer is simple enough: Seeing that the extinction of the first would mean the ultimate death of the second the various Mudra exercises were introduced so that this healthy passion might not only be preserved, but cultivated in the most rapid manner possible, without loss of vitality resulting from the practices adopted. Equilibrium is above all things necessary, and even in these early stages, the mind of the aspirant should be entirely free from the obsession of either ungratified or overgratified appetites. Neither Lust nor Chastity should solely occupy him; for as Krishna says:

Verily Yoga is not for him who eateth too much, nor who abstaineth to excess, nor who is too much addicted to sleep, nor even to wakefulness, O Arjuna.

Yoga killeth out all pain for him who is regulated in eating and amusement, regulated in performing actions, regulated in sleeping and waking.*

This balancing of what is vulgarly known as Virtue and Vice,† and which the Yogi Philosophy does not always appreciate, is illustrated still more forcibly in that illuminating work "Konx om Pax," in which Mr. Crowley writes:

As above so beneath! said Hermes the thrice greatest. The laws of the physical world are precisely paralleled by those of the moral and intellectual sphere. To the prostitute I prescribe a course of training by which she shall

* The Bhagavad-Gita, vi, 16, 17.

† Or more correctly as the Buddhist puts it—skilfulness and unskilfulness.

THE EQUINOX

comprehend the holiness of sex. Chastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother. To the prude equally I prescribe a course of training by which she shall comprehend the holiness of sex. Unchastity forms part of that training, and I should hope to see her one day a happy wife and mother.

To the bigot I commend a course of Thomas Henry Huxley; to the infidel a practical study of ceremonial magic. Then, when the bigot has knowledge of the infidel faith, each may follow without prejudice his natural inclination; for he will no longer plunge into his former excesses.

So also she who was a prostitute from native passion may indulge with safety in the pleasure of love; and she who was by nature cold may enjoy a virginity in no wise marred by her disciplinary course of unchastity. But the one will understand and love the other.*

Once and for all do not forget that nothing in this world is permanently good or evil; and, so long as it appears to be so, then remember that the fault is the seer's and not in the thing seen, and that the seer is still in an unbalanced state. Never forget Blake's words:

“Those who restrain desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.”† Do not restrain your desires, but equilibrate them, for: “He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.”‡ Verily: “Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy.”§

The six acts of purifying the body by Hatha-Yoga are Dhauti, Basti, Neti, Trataka, Nauli and Kapâlabhâti,|| each of

* “Konx Om Pax,” by A. Crowley, pp. 62, 63.

† The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. ‡ *Ibid.*

§ Visions of the Daughters of Albion.

|| “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 30. Dhauti is of four kinds: Antardhauti (internal washing); Dantdhauti (cleaning the teeth); Hridhdhauti (cleaning the heart); Mulashodhana (cleaning the anus). Basti is of two kinds, Jala Basti (water Basti) and Sukshma Basti (dry Basti) and consists chiefly in dilating and contracting the sphincter muscle of the anus. Neti consists of inserting a thread

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

which is described at length by Swâtmârân Swami. But the two most important exercise which all must undergo, should success be desired, are those of A'sana and Prânâyâma. The first consists of physical exercises which will gain for him who practises them control over the muscles of the body, and the second over the breath.

The A'sanas, or Positions.

According to the "Pradipika" and the "Shiva Sanhita," there are 84 A'sanas; but Goraksha says there are as many A'sana as there are varieties of beings, and that Shiva has counted eighty-four lacs of them.* The four most important are: Siddhâsana, Padmâsana, Ugrâsana and Svastikâsana, which are described in the Shiva Sanhita as follows:†

The *Siddhâsana*. By "pressing with care by the (left) heel the yoni,‡ the other heel the Yogi should place on the lingam; he should fix his gaze upwards on the space between the two eyebrows ... and restrain his senses."

The *Padmâsana*. By crossing the legs "carefully place the feet on the opposite thighs (the left on the right thigh and *vice versa*, cross both hands and place them similarly on the thighs; fix the sight on the tip of the nose."

The *Ugrâsana*. "Stretch out both the legs and keep them apart; firmly take hold of the head by the hands, and place it on the knees."

The *Svastikâsana*. "Place the soles of the feet completely under the thighs, keep the body straight and at ease."

For the beginner that posture which continues for the

into the nostrils and pulling it out through the mouth, Trataka in steadying the eyes, Nauli in moving the intestines, and Kapâlabhâti, which is of three kinds, Vyât-krama, Vâma-krama, and Sit-krama, of drawing in wind or water through the nostrils and expelling it by the mouth, and *vice versa*. Also see "Gheranda Sanhita," pp. 2-10. This little book should be read in conjunction with the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika."

* The "Gheranda Sanhita" gives thirty-two postures.

† The "Shiva Sanhita," pp. 25, 26.

‡ The imaginary "triangle of flesh" near the perinaeum.

THE EQUINOX

greatest length of time comfortable is the correct one to adopt; but the head, neck and chest should always be held erect, the aspirant should in fact adopt what the drill-book calls “the first position of a soldier,” and never allow the body in any way to collapse. The “Bhagavad-Gîta” upon this point says:

In a pure place, established in a fixed seat of his own, neither very much raised nor very low . . . in a secret place by himself. . . . There . . . he should practise Yoga for the purification of the self. Holding the body, head and neck erect, immovably steady, looking fixedly at the point of the nose and unwandering gaze.

When these posture have been in some way mastered, the aspirant must combine with them the exercises of Prânâyâma, which will by degrees purify the Nâdi or nerve-centres.

These Nâdis, which are usually set down as numbering 72,000,* ramify from the heart outwards in the pericardium; the three chief are the Ida, Pingala and Sushumnâ,† the last of which is called “he most highly beloved of the Yogis.”

Besides practising Prânâyâma he should also perform one

* Besides the 72,000 nerves or veins there are often 101 others mentioned. These 101 chief veins each have 100 branch veins which again each have 72,000 tributary veins. The total $(101 + 101 \times 100 \times 100 \times 72,000)$ equals 727,210,201. The 101st is the Sushumnâ. Yoga cuts through all these, except the 101st, stripping away all consciousness until the Yogi “is merged in the supreme, indescribable, ineffable Brahman.” Also see “Gheranda Sanhita,” p. 37. The Nâdis are known to be purified by the following signs: (1) A clear skin. (2) A beautiful voice. (3) A calm appearance of the face. (4) Bright eyes. (5) Hearing constantly the Nâda.

† The Sushumnâ may in more than one way be compared to Prometheus, or the hollow reed, who as the mediator between heaven and earth transmitted the mystic fire from the moon. Again the Mahalingam or *ὁ φαλλός*. For further see “The Canon,” p. 119.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

or more of the Mudras, as laid down in the “atha Yoga Pradipika” and the “Shiva Sanhita,” so that he may arouse the sleeping Kundalini, the great goddess, as she is called, who sleeps coiled up at the mouth of the Sushumnâ. But before we deal with either of these exercises, it will be necessary to explain the Mystical Constitution of the human organism and the six Chakkras which constitute the six stages of the Hindu Tau of Life.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM

Firstly, we have the Âtman, the Self or Knower, whose being consists in a trinity in unity of, Sat, Absolute Existence; Chit, Wisdom; Ananda, Bliss. Secondly, the Anthakârana or the internal instrument, which has five attributes according to the five elements, thus:

- | | | |
|------------|---|--|
| 1. Spirit. | { | Spirit. . . Atma. |
| | | Air . . . Manas.* The mind or thought faculty. |
| | | Fire . . . Buddhi. The discriminating faculty. |
| | | Water . . . Chittam.* The thought-stuff. |
| | | Earth . . . Ahankâra. Egoity. |
2. Air. The five organs of knowledge. Gnanendriyam.
 3. Fire. The five organs of Action. Karmendriyam.
 4. Water. The five subtle airs or Prânas.
 5. Earth. The five Tatwas.

The Atma of Anthakârana has 5 sheaths, called Kos'as.†

* Manas and Chittam differ as the movement of the waters in a lake differ from the water itself.

† H. P. Blavatsky in “Instruction No. 1” issued to members of the first degree of her Eastern School of Theosophy (marked “Strictly Private and Confidential!”) deals with those Kos'as on p. 16. But it is quite impossible here

THE EQUINOX

1. Anandamâyâkos'a, Body of Bliss, is innermost. It is still an illusion. Atma, Buddhi and Manas at most participate.
2. Manomâyâkos'a. The illusionary thought-sheath including Manas, Buddhi, Chittam, and Ahankâra in union with one or more of the Gnanendriyams.
3. Viññanamâyâkos'a. The consciousness sheath, which consists of Anthakârana in union with an organ of action or of sense—Gnan- and Karm-endriyam.
4. Prânâmâyâkos'a. Consists of the five airs. Here we drop below Anthakârana.
5. Annamâyâkos'a. Body of Nourishment. The faculty which feeds on the five Tatwas.

Besides these there are three bodies or Shariras.

1. Karana Sharira. The Causal body, which almost equals the protoplast.
2. Sukshma Sharira. The Subtle body, which consists of the vital airs, etc.
3. Sthula Shirara. The Gross body.

THE CHAKKRAS

According to the Yoga,* there are two nerve-currents in

to attempt to extract from these instructions the little sense they may contain on account of the numerous Auric Eggs, Âkâsic envelopes, Karmic records, Dêvâchanic states, etc., etc. On p. 89 of "Instruction No. III" we are told that the Sushumnâ is the Brahmarandhra, and that there is "an enormous difference between Hatha and Raja Yoga." Plate III of Instructions No. II is quite Theosophical, and the third rule out of the Probationers' pledge, "I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken falsely, or yet unproven, of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others," seems to have been consistently acted upon ever since.

* Compare with the Kundalini the Serpent mentioned in paragraph 26 of

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the spinal column called respectively Pingala and Ida, and between these is placed the Sushumnâ, an imaginary tube, at the lower extremity of which is situated the Kundalini (potential divine energy). Once the Kundalini is awakened it forces its way up the Sushumnâ,* and, as it does so, its progress is marked by wonderful visions and the acquisition of hitherto unknown powers.

The Sushumnâ is, as it were, the central pillar of the Tree of Life, and its six stages are known as the Six Chakkras.† To these six is added a seventh; but this one, the Sahasrâra, lies altogether outside the human organism.

These six Chakkras are:

1. *The Mûlâdhara-Chakkra.* This Chakkra is situated between the lingam and the anus at the base of the Spinal Column. It is called the Adhar-Padma, or fundamental lotus, and it has four petals. “In the pericarp of the Adhar lotus there is the triangular beautiful yoni, hidden and kept secret in all the Tantras.” In this yoni dwells the goddess Kundalini; she surrounds all the Nadis, and has three and a half coils. She catches her tail in her own mouth, and rests in the entrance of the Sushumnâ.‡

“The Book of Concealed Mystery.” Note too the lotus-leaf that backs the throne of a God is also the hood of the Cobra. So too the Egyptian gods have the serpent upon the brow.

* Provided the other exits are duly stopped by Practice. The danger of Yoga is this, that one may awaken the Magic Power before all is balanced. A discharge takes place in some wrong direction and obsession results.

† The forcing of the Kundalini up the Sushumnâ and through the six Chakkras to the Sahasrâra, is very similar to Rising on the Planes through Malkuth, Yesod, the Path of 𐌌, Tiphereth, the Path of 𐌍, and Daäth to Kether, by means of the Central Pillar of the Tree of Life.

‡ The following Mystical Physiology is but a symbolic method of expressing

THE EQUINOX

58. It sleeps there like a serpent, and is luminous by its own light . . . it is the Goddess of speech, and is called the vija (seed).

59. Full of energy, and like burning gold, know this Kundalini to be the power (Shakti) of Vishnu; it is the mother of the three qualities—Satwa (good), Rajas (indifference), and Tamas (bad).

60. There, beautiful like the Bandhuk flower, is placed the seed of love; it is brilliant like burnished gold, and is described in Yoga as eternal.

61. The Sushumnâ also embraces it, and the beautiful seed is there; there it rests shining brilliantly like the autumnal moon, with the luminosity of millions of suns, and the coolness of millions of moons. O Goddess! These three (fire, sun and moon) taken together or collectively are called the vija. It is also called the great energy.*

In the Mûlâdhara lotus there also dwells a sun between the four petals, which continuously exudes a poison. This venom (the sun-fluid of mortality) goes to the right nostril, as the moon-fluid of immortality goes to the left, by means of the Pingala which rises from the left side of the Ajna lotus.†

The Mûlâdhara is also the seat of the Apâna.

2. *The Svadisthâna Chakra.* This Chakra is situated at the base of the sexual organ. It has six petals. The colour of this lotus is blood-red, its presiding adept is called Balakhya and its goddess, Rakini.‡

He who daily contemplates on this lotus becomes an object of love and adoration to all beautiful goddesses. He fearlessly recites the various Shastras

what is nigh inexpressible, and in phraseology is akin to Western Alchemy, the physiological terms taking the place of the chemical ones.

* “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v.

† *Ibid.*, chap. v, 107, 108, 109. This is probably wrong, as the sun is usually placed in the Manipûra Chakra. In the body of a man the Pingala is the solar current, the Ida the lunar. In a woman these are reversed.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. v, 75.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and sciences unknown to him before . . . and moves throughout the universe.*

This Chakakra is the seat of the Samâna, region about the navel and of the Apo Tatwa.

3. *The Manipûra Chakakra.* This Chakakra is situated near the navel, it is of a golden colour and has ten petals (sometimes twelve), its adept is Rudrakhya and its goddess Lakini. It is the “solar-plexus” or “city of gems,” and is so called because it is very brilliant. This Chakakra is the seat of the Agni Tatwa. Also in the abdomen burns the “fire of digestion of food” situated in the middle of the sphere of the sun, having ten Kalas (petals). . . . †

He who enters this Chakakra

Can made gold, etc., see the adepts (clairvoyantly) discover medicines for diseases, and see hidden treasures. ‡

4. *The Anahata Chakakra.* This Chakakra is situated in the heart, it is of a deep blood red colour, and has twelve petals. It is the seat of Prâna and is a very pleasant spot; its adept is Pinaki and its goddess is Kakini. This Chakakra is also the seat of the Vâyû Tatwa.

He who always contemplates on this lotus of the heart is eagerly desired by the daughters of gods . . . has clairaudience, clairvoyance, and can walk in the air. . . . He sees the adepts and the goddesses. . . . §

5. *The Vishuddha Chakakra.* This Chakakra is situated in the throat directly below the larynx, it is of a brilliant gold

* “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v, 76, 77. Compare this Chakakra to the lunar and sexual Yesod of the Qabalah; also note that the power here attained to is that of Skrying.

† *Ibid.*, chap. ii, 32. This Chakakra corresponds to Tiphareth.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. v, 82.

§ *Ibid.*, chap. v, 85, 86, 87.

THE EQUINOX

colour and has sixteen petals. It is the seat of the Udana and the Âkâsa Tatwa; its presiding adept is Chhagalanda and its goddess Sakini.

6. *The Ajna Chakkra.* This Chakkra is situated between the two eyebrows, in the place of the pineal gland. It is the seat of the Mano Tatwa, and consists of two petals. Within this lotus are sometimes placed the three mystical principles of Vindu, Nadi and Shakti.* “Its presiding adept is called Sukla-Mahakala (the white great time; also Adhanari—‘Adonai’) its presiding goddess is called Hakini.” †

97. Within that petal, there is the eternal seed, brilliant as the autumnal moon. The wise anchorite by knowing this is never destroyed.

98. This is the great light held secret in all the Tantras; by contemplating on this, one obtains the greatest psychic powers, there is no doubt in it.

99. I am the giver of salvation, I am the third linga in the turya (the state of ecstasy, also the name of the thousand petalled lotus. ‡ By contemplating on This the Yogi becomes certainly like me. §

The Sushumnâ following the spinal cord on reaching the Brahmrandhra (the hole of Brahman) the junction of the sutures of the skull, by a modification goes to the right side of the Ajna lotus, whence it proceeds to the left nostril, and is called the Varana, Ganges (northward flowing Ganges) or Ida. By a similar modification in the opposite direction the

* “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v, 110. † *Ibid.*, chap. v, 49.

‡ Though all Hindu works proclaim that the Sahasrâra has but one thousand petals, its true number is one thousand and one as depicted in the diagram called the Yogi. 1001 = 91 × 11 (אָנֶה × אָרְבֵּי עָשָׂר); 91 = יָדָא + אָרְבֵּי עָשָׂר 11 = ABRAHADABRA = 418 (38 × 11) = Achad Osher, or one and ten, = the Eleven Averse Sephiroth = Adonai. Also 91 = 13 × 7 אָדָם × ARARITA, etc., etc. 11 is the Number of the Great Work, the Uniting of the Five and the Six, and 91 = mystic number (1+2+3 . . . + 13) of 13 = Achad = 1.

§ *Ibid.*, chap. v, 50.

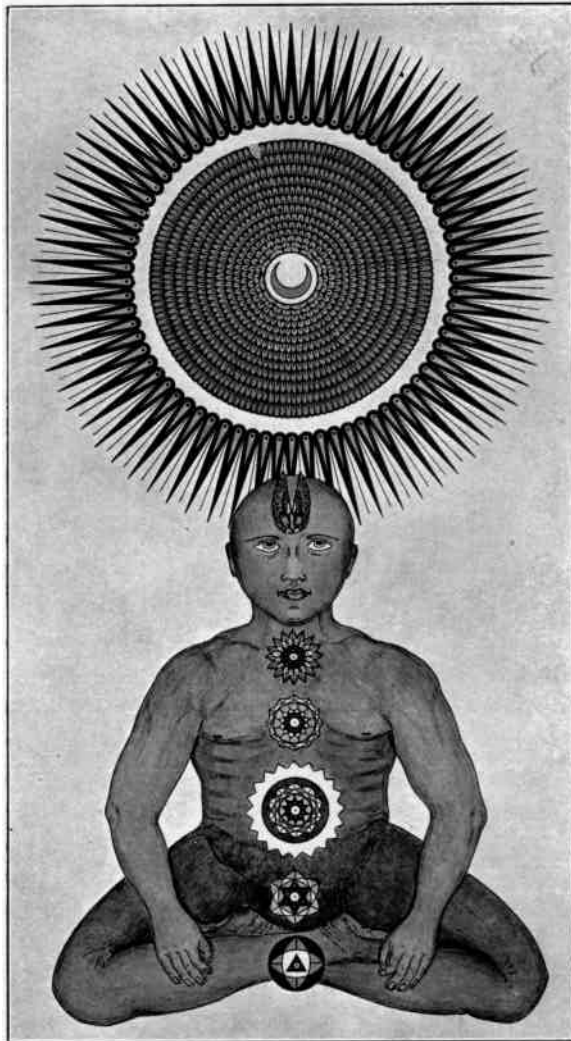


DIAGRAM 83.

The Yogi (showing the Cakkras).

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Sushumnâ goes to the left side of the Ajna lotus and proceeding to the right nostril is called the Pingala. Jamuna or Asi. The space between these two, the Ida and Pingala, is called Varanasi (Benares), the holy city of Shiva.

111. He who secretly always contemplates on the Ajna lotus, at once destroys all the Karma of his past life, without any opposition.

112. Remaining in the place, when the Yogi meditates deeply, idols appear to him as mere things of imagination, *i.e.*, he perceives the absurdity of idolatry.*

The Sahasrâra, or thousand-and-one-petaled lotus of the brain, is usually described as being situated above the head, but sometimes in the opening of the Brahmarandhra, or at the root of the palate. In its centre there is a Yoni which has its face looking downwards. In the centre of this Yoni is placed the mystical moon, which is continually exuding an elixir or dew†—this moon fluid of immortality unceasingly flows through the Ida.

In the untrained, and all such as are not Yogis, “Every particle of this nectar (the Satravi) that flows from the Ambrosial Moon is swallowed up by the Sun (in the Mûlâdhara Chakkra‡ and destroyed, this loss causes the body to become old. If the aspirant can only prevent this flow of nectar by closing the hole in the palate of his mouth (the Brahmarandra), he will be able to utilize it to prevent the waste of his body. By

* “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v. It does not follow that missionaries are Yogis.

† Compare. “From the Skull of the Ancient Being wells forth Dew, and this Dew will wake up the dead to a new life.”—The Zohar, *Idra Rabba*.

“I will be as a dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.”—Hosea, xiv. 5.

‡ This is according to the “Shiva Sanhita.” “The Hatha Yoga Pradipika” places the Sun in the Svadisthâna Chakra. The Manipûra Chakra is however probably the correct one.

THE EQUINOX

drinking it he will fill his whole body with life, and “even though he is bitten by the serpent Takshaka, the poison does not spread throughout his body.”*

Further the “Hatha Yoga Pradipika” informs us that: “When one has closed the hole at the root of the palate ... his seminal fluid is not emitted even though he is embraced by a young and passionate woman.”

Now this gives us the Key to the whole of this lunar symbolism, and we find that the Soma-juice of the Moon, dew, nectar, semen and vital force are but various names for one and the same substance, and that if the vindu can be retained in the body it may by certain practices which we will now discuss, be utilized in not only strengthening but in prolonging this life to an indefinite period.† These practices are called the Mudras, they are to be found fully described in the Tantras, and are made use of as one of the methods of awakening the sleeping Kundalini.‡

There are many of these Mudras, the most important being the Yoni-Mudra, Maha Mudra, Maha Bandha, Maha Vedha, Khechari, Uddiyana, Mula and Salandhara Bandha, Viparitakarani, Vajroli and Shakti Chalana.

I. *The Yoni Mudra.*

With a strong inspiration fix the mind in the Adhar lotus;

* “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 53.

† Fabulous ages are attributed to many of the Yogis. See Flagg’s “Yoga,” chap. xxviii; and “OM” by Sabhapaty Swami, p. vi.

‡ We believe this to be the exoteric explanation of this symbolism, the esoteric one being that Shiva represents the Solar or Spiritual Force, and Shakti the lunar or Bodily, the union of these two cancels out the pairs of opposites and produces Equilibrium.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

then engage in contracting the yoni (the space between the lingam and anus). After which contemplate that the God of love resides in the Brahma-Yoni, and imagine that an union takes place between Shiva and Shakti.

A full account of how to practise this Mudra is given in the “Shiva Sanhita”;^{*} but it is both complicated and difficult to carry out, and if attempted should most certainly be performed under the instruction of a Guru.

2. *Maha Mudra.*

Pressing the anus with the left heel and stretching out the right leg, take hold of the toes with your hand. Then practise the Jalandhara Bandha[†] and draw the breath through the Sushumnâ. Then the Kundalini become straight just s a coiled snake when struck. . . Then the two other Nadis (the Ida and Pingala) become dead, because the breath goes out of them. Then he should breathe out very slowly and never quickly.[‡]

3. *Maha Bandha.*

Pressing the anus with the left ankle place the right foot upon the left thigh. Having drawn in the breath, place the chin firmly on the breast, contract the anus and fix the mind on the Sushumnâ Nadi. Having restrained the breath as long as possible, he should then breathe out slowly. He should practise first on the left side and then on the right.[§]

4. *Maha Vedha.*

As a beautiful and graceful woman is of no value without a husband, so Maha Mudra and Maha Bandha have no value without Maha Vedha.

The Yogi assuming the Maha Bandha posture, should draw in his breath

^{*} “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 1-11. Also see “Gheranda Sanhita,” p. 23.

[†] The Jalandhara Banda is performed by contracting the throat and ressing the chin firmly against the breast.

[‡] “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” pp. 45, 46. Also see “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 11-20. The breath is always exhaled slowly so as not to expend the Prâna.

[§] “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 47; “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 21, 22.

THE EQUINOX

with a concentrated mind and stop the upward and downward course of the Prânâ by Jalandhara Bandha. Resting his body upon his palms placed upon the ground, he should strike the ground softly with his posteriors. By this the Prânâ, leaving Ida and Pingala, goes through the Sushumnâ. . . . The body assumes a death-like aspect. Then he should breathe out.*

5. *Khechari Mudra.*

The Yogi sitting in the Vajrâsana (Siddhâsana) posture, should firmly fix his gaze upon Ajna, and reversing the tongue backwards, fix it in the hollow under the epiglottis, placing it with great care on the mouth of the well of nectar.†

6. *Uddiyana Mudra.*

The drawing up of the intestines above and below the navel (so that they rest against the back of the body high up the thorax) is called Uddiyana Bandha, and is the lion that kills the elephant Death.‡

7. *Mula Mudra.*

Pressing the Yoni with the ankle, contract the anus and draw the Ap?naupwards. This is Mula Bandha.§

8. *Jalandhara Mudra.*

Contract the throat and press the chin firmly against the breast (four inches from the heart). This is Jalandhara Bandha. . . .||

9. *Viparitakarani Mudra.*

This consists in making the Sun and Moon assume exactly reverse positions. The Sun which is below the navel and the Moon which is above the palate change places. This Mudra

* "Hatha-Yoga Pradipika," p. 48; "Shiva Sanhita," vol. iv, 23-30.

† "Shiva Sanhita," chap iv, 31. This is perhaps the most important of the Mudras. The "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" gives a long description of how the *fraenum linguae* is cut. See pp. 49-56.

‡ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 57; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 48-52.

§ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 58; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 41-44.

|| "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 60; "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iv, 38-40.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

must be learnt from the Guru himself, and though, as we are told in the “Pradipika,” a theoretical study of crores of Shastras cannot throw any light upon it, yet nevertheless in the “Shiva Sanhita” the difficulty seems to be solved by standing on one’s head.*

10. *Shakti Chalana Mudra.*

Let the wise Yogi forcibly and firmly draw up the goddess Kundalini sleeping in the Adhar lotus, by means of the Apana-Vâyû. This is Shakti-Chalan Mudra. . . .†

The “Hatha Yoga Pradipika” is very obscure on this Mudra, it says:

As one forces open a door with a key, so the Yogi should force open the door of Moksha (Deliverance) by the Kundalini.

Between the Ganges and the Jamuna there sits the young widow inspiring pity. He should despoil her forcibly, for it leads one to the supreme seat of Vishnu.

You should awake the sleeping serpent (Kundalini) by taking hold of its tail. . . .‡

As a special form of Kumbhaka is mentioned, most probably this Mudra is but one of the numerous Prânâyâma practices, which we shall deal with shortly.

11. *The Vajroli-Mudra.*

In the “Shiva Sanhita”§ there is a long account of this Mudra in which the God says: “It is the most secret of all

* “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 62; “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 45-47. Again this is the union of Shiva and Shakti, and that of the solar and lunar Pingala and Ida by means of the Sushumnâ—the path of the gods.

† “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 76-81.

‡ “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” pp. 63, 69.

§ “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 53-75.

THE EQUINOX

the secrets that ever were or shall be; therefore let the prudent Yogi keep it with the greatest secrecy possible.” It consists chiefly in uniting the linga and yoni, but in restraining the vindu.*

If by chance the Vindu begins to move let him stop it by practice of the Yoni Mudra. . . . After a while let him continue again . . . and by uttering the sound *hoom*, let him forcibly draw up through the contraction of the Apana Vâyü the germ cells. . . .

Know Vindu to be moon-like, and the germ cells the emblem of the sun; let the Yogi make their union in his own body with great care.†

I am the Vindu, Shakti is the germ fluid; when they both are combined, then the Yogi reaches the state of success, and his body becomes brilliant and divine.

Ejaculation of Vindu is death, preserving it within is life. . . . Verily, verily, men are born and die through Vindu. . . . The Vindu causes the pleasure and pain of all creatures living in this world, who are infatuated and subject to death and decay.‡

There are two modifications of the Vajroli Mudra; namely, Amarani and Sahajoni. The first teaches how, if at the time of union there takes place a union of the sun and moon, the lunar flux can be re-absorbed by the lingam. And the second how this union may be frustrated by the practice of Yoni Mudra.

These practices of Hatha Yoga if zealously maintained bring forth in the aspirant psychic powers known as the Siddhis,§ the most important of which are (1) Anima (the

* On the doctrines of this mudra many popular American semi-occult works have been written, such as “Karezza,” “Solar Biology,” and “The Goal of Life.”

† It is to be noted here that the union is again that of the mystical Shakti and Shiva, but now within the man. All this symbolism is akin to that made use of by the Sufis.

‡ “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. iv, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63.

§ “Any person if he actively practises Yoga becomes a Siddha; be he

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

power of assimilating oneself with an atom). (2) Mahima (the power of expanding oneself into space). (3) Laghima (the power of reducing gravitation). (4) Garima (the power of increasing gravitation). (5) Prapti (the power of instantaneous travelling). (6) Prakama (the power of instantaneous realization). (7) Isatva (the power of creating). (8) Vastiva (the power of commanding and of being obeyed).*

The Prâna.

We now come to the next great series of exercises, namely those which control the Prâna (breath); and it is with these exercises that we arrive at that point where Hatha Yoga merges into Raja Yoga, and the complete control of the physical forces gives place to that of the mental ones.

Besides being able by the means of Prânâyâma to control the breath, the Yogi maintains that he can also control the Omnipresent Manifesting Power out of which all energies arise, whether appertaining to magnetism, electricity, gravitation, nerve currents or thought vibrations, in fact the total forces of the Universe physical and mental.

Prâna, under one of its many forms† may be in either a static, dynamic, kinetic or potential state, but, notwithstanding the form it assumes, it remains Prâna, that is in common language the “will to work” within the Akâsa, from which it evolves the Universe which appeals to our senses.

The control of this World Soul, this “will to work” is

young, old or even very old, sickly or weak. Siddhis are not obtained by wearing the dress of a Yogi, or by talking about them; untiring practice is the secret of success” (“Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 25).

* For further powers see Flagg’s “Transformation or Yoga,” pp. 169, 181.

† Such as: Apana, Samana, Udana, Vyana, Haha, Kurma, Vrikodara, Devadatta, Dhanajaya, etc., etc.

THE EQUINOX

called Prânâyâma. And thus it is that we find the Yogi saying that he who can control the Prâna can control the Universe. To the perfect man there can be nothing in nature that is not under his control.

If he orders the gods to come, they will come at his bidding. . . . All the forces of nature will obey him as his slaves, and when the ignorant see these powers of the Yogi, they call them miracles.*

PRÂNÂYÂMA

The two nerve currents Pingala and Ida correspond to the sensory and motor nerves, one is afferent and the other efferent. The one carries the sensations to the brain, whilst the other carries them back from the brain to the tissues of the body. The Yogi well knows that this is the ordinary process of consciousness, and from it he argues that, if only he can succeed in making the two currents, which are moving in opposite directions, move in one and the same direction, by means of guiding them through the Sushumnâ, he will thus be able to attain a state of consciousness as different from the normal state as a fourth dimensional world would be from a third. Swami Vivekânanda explains this as follows:

Suppose this table moves, that the molecules which compose this table are moving in different directions; if they are all made to move in the same direction it will be electricity. electric motion is when the molecules all move in the same direction. . . . When all the motions of the body have become perfectly rhythmical, the body has, as it were, become a gigantic battery of will. This tremendous will is exactly what the Yogi wants.†

And the conquest of the will is the beginning and end of Prânâyâma.

* Vivekânanda, "Raja-Yoga," p. 23. See Eliphas Levi's "The Dogma and Ritual of Magic," pp. 121, 158, 192, and Huxley's "Essay on Hume," p. 155.

† Vivekânanda, "Raja-Yoga," pp. 36, 37.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Arjuna says: “For the mind is verily restless, O Krishna; it is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend, I deem it as hard to curb as the wind.”

To which Krishna answers; “Without doubt, O mighty-armed, the mind is hard to curb and restless, but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference.”*

The Kundalini whilst it is yet coiled up in the Mûlâdhara is said to be in the Mahâkâsa, or in three dimensional space; when it enters the Sushumnâ it enters the Chittâkâsa or mental Space, in which supersensuous objects are perceived. But, when perception has become objectless, and the soul shines by means of its own nature, it is said to have entered the Chidâkâsa or Knowledge space, and when the Kundalini enters this space it arrives at the end of its journey and passes into the last Chakra the Sahasrâra. Vishnu is United to Devaki or Shiva to Shakti, and symbolically, as the divine union takes place, the powers of the Ojas rush forth and beget a Universe unimaginable by the normally minded man.†

* “Bhagavad-Gita,” vi, 34, 35.

† The whole of this ancient symbolism is indeed in its very simplicity of great beauty. The highest of physical emotions, namely, love between man and woman, is taken as its foundation. This love, if allowed its natural course, results in the creation of images of ourselves, our children, who are better equipped to fight their way than we on account of the experiences we have gained. But, if this love is turned into a supernatural channel, that is to say, if the joys and pleasures of this world are renounced for some higher ideal still, an ideal super-worldly, then will it become a divine emotion, a love which will awake the human soul and urge it on through all obstructions to its ultimate union with the Supreme soul. To teach this celestial marriage to the Children of earth even the greatest masters must make use of worldly symbols; thus it has come about that corruption has cankered the sublimest of truths, until man’s eyes, no longer seeing the light, see but the flameless lantern, because of the filth that has been cast about it.

THE EQUINOX

How to awake the Kundalini is therefore our next task.

We have seen how this can partially be done by the various Mudra exercises, but it will be remembered that the Shakti Chalana mentioned the practice of Kumbhaka or the retention of breath. Such an exercise therefore partially falls under the heading of Prânâyâma.

It is a well-known physiological fact that the respiratory system, more so than any other, controls the motions of the body. Without food or drink we can subsist many days, but stop a man's breathing but for a few minutes and life becomes extinct.* The air oxydises the blood, and it is the clean red blood which supports in health the tissues, nerves, and brain. When we are agitated our breath comes and goes in gasps, when we are at rest it becomes regular and rhythmical.

In the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika" we read:

He who suspends (restrains) the breath, restrains also the working of the mind. He who has controlled the mind, has also controlled the breath.

If one is suspended, the other also is suspended. If one acts, the other also does the same. If they are not stopped, all the Indriyas (the senses) keep actively engaged in their respective work. If the mind and Prâna are stopped, the state of emancipation is attained.†

There are three kinds of Prânâyâma: Rechaka Prânâyâma (exhaling the breath), Puraka Prânâyâma (inhaling the breath), and Kumbhaka Prânâyâma (restraining the breath). The first kind consists in performing Rechaka first; the second in doing Puraka first; and the third in suddenly stopping the breath without Puraka and Rechaka.‡

* Malay pearl divers can remain from three to five minutes under water.

† "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 79.

‡ Also see "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 54.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Kumbhaka is also of two kinds—Sahita and Kevala. The Sahita is of two sorts, the first resembling the first kind of Prânâyâma, namely Rechaka Kumbhaka Puraka; the second resembling the second kind of Prânâyâma, namely Puraka Kumbhaka Rechaka. The Sahita should be practised till the Prâna enters the Sushumnâ, which is known by a peculiar sound* being produced in the Sushumnâ; after which the Kevala Kumbhaka should be practised. This Kumbhaka is described in the “Hatha-Yoga Pradipika” as follows:

When this Kumbhaka has been mastered without any Rechaka or Puraka, there is nothing unattainable by him in the three worlds. He can restrain his breath as long as he likes through this Kumbhaka.

He obtains the stage of Raja-Yoga. Through this Kumbhaka, the Kundalini is roused, and when it is so roused the Sushumnâ is free of all obstacles, and he has attained perfection in Hatha-Yoga.†

Of the many Prânâyâma exercises practised in the East the following are given for sake of example.

1. Draw in the breath for four seconds, hold it for sixteen, and then throw it out in eight. This makes one Prânâyâma.

At the same time think of the triangle (The Mûlâdhara Chakka is symbolically represented as a triangle of fire) and concentrate the mind on that centre. At the first practice this four times in the morning and four times in the evening, and as it becomes a pleasure to you to do so slowly increase the number.

2. Assume the Padmâsana posture; draw in the Prâna through the Ida (left nostril), retain it until the body begins to perspire and shake, and then exhale it through Pingala (right nostril) slowly and never fast.

* The Voice of the Nada.

† “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 43

THE EQUINOX

He should perform Kumbhakas four times a day—in the early morning, midday, evening, and midnight—till he increases the number to eighty.*

This will make 320 Kumbhakas a day. In the early stages the Prâna should be restrained for 12 matras (seconds) increasing as progress is made to 24 and to 36.

In the first stage, the body perspires; in the second, a tremor is felt throughout the body; and in the highest stage, the Prâna goes to the Brahma-randhra.†

This exercise may also be practised with an additional meditation on the Pranava OM.

3. Close with the thumb of your right hand the right ear, and with that of the left hand the left ear. Close with the two index fingers the two eyes, place the two middle fingers upon the two nostrils, and let the remaining fingers press upon the upper and the lower lips. Draw a deep breath, close both the nostrils at once, and swallow the breath. ... Keep the breath inside as long as you conveniently can; then expire it slowly.‡

* "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28; the "Svetasvatara Upanishad;" and the "Shiva Sanhita," chap. iii, 25.

† "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 28.

‡ "Shiva Sanhita," p. xlix. This in the "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," p. 91, is called the Shanmukhi Mudra. Enormous concentration is needed in all these Prânâyâma exercises, and, if the aspirant wishes to succeed, he must inflame himself with a will to carry them out to their utmost, just as in the Ceremonial Exercises of Abramelin he inflamed himself to attain to the Holy Vision through Prayer. The mere act of restraining the breath, breathing it in and out in a given time, so occupies the mind that it has "no time" to think of any external object. For this reason the periods of Kumbhaka should always be increased in length, so that, by making the exercise little by little more difficult, greater concentration may be gained.

Fra. P. writes: "If Kumbhaka be properly performed, the body and mind become suddenly 'frozen.' The will is for a moment free, and can hurl itself toward Adonai perhaps with success, before memory again draws back the attention to the second-hand of the watch."

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

PRATYĀHĀRA

The next step in Raja Yoga is called Pratyāhāra, or the making of the mind introspective, by which the mind gains will to control the senses and to shut out all but the one object it is concentrating upon.

He who has succeeded in attaching or detaching his mind to or from the centres of will, has succeeded in Pratyāhāra, which means "gathering towards," checking the outgoing powers of the mind, freeing it from the thralldom of the senses. When we can do this we shall really possess a character; then alone we shall have made a long step towards freedom; before that we are mere machines.*

The absorption of the mind in the ever-enlightened Brahman by resolving all objects into Ātman, should be known as Pratyāhāra.†

The mind in ordinary men is entirely the slave of their senses. should there be a noise, man hears it; should there be an odour, man smell it; a taste, man tastes it; by means of his eyes he sees what is passing on around him, whether he likes it or not; and by means of his skin he feels sensations pleasant or painful. But in none of these cases is he actually master over his senses. The man who is, is able to accommodate his senses to his mind. To him no longer are external things necessary, for he can stimulate mentally the sensation desired. he can hear beautiful sounds without listening to beautiful music, and see beautiful sights without gazing upon them; he in fact becomes the creator of what he wills, he can exalt his imagination to such a degree over his senses, that by a mere act of imagination he can make those senses instantaneously respond to his appeal, for he is lord over the senses,

* Vivekānanda, "Raja Yoga," p. 48. It will be noticed that Prānāyāma itself naturally merges into Pratyāhāra as concentration on the breath increases.

† "The Unity of Jīva and Brahman, Srimat Sāṅkarāchārya," paragraph 121.

THE EQUINOX

and therefore over the universe as *it appears*, though not as yet as *it is*.

The first lesson in Pratyâhâra is to sit still and let the mind run on, until it is realized what the mind is doing, when it will be understood how to control it. Then it will find that the thoughts which at first bubbled up one over the other, become less and less numerous; but in their place will spring up the thoughts which are normally sub-conscious. As these arise the Will of the aspirant should strangle them; thus, if a picture is seen, the aspirant by means of his will should seize hold of it before it can escape him, endow it with an objectivity, after which he should destroy it, as if it were a living creature, and have done with it. After this mastership over the senses has been attained to, the next practice namely that of Dhâranâ must be begun.

DHÂRANÂ

Dhâranâ consists in concentrating he will on one definite object or point. Sometimes it is practised by concentrating on external objects such as a rose, cross, triangle, winged-globe, etc. sometimes on a deity, Shiva, Isis, Christ or Buddha; but usually in India by forcing the mind to feel certain parts of the body to the exclusion of others, such as a point in the centre of the heart, or a lotus of light in the brain.

“When the Chitta, or mind stuff, is confined and limited to a certain place, this is called Dhâranâ.”

“The Steadiness of the mind arising from the recognition of Brahma, wherever it travels or goes, is the real and great Dhâranâ.”*

* “Unity of Jîva and Brahman, Srimat Sâṅkarâchârya,” paragraph 122.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The six Chakkras are points often used by the Yogi when in contemplation. Thus seated in the Padmâsana he will fix his attention in the Ajna lotus, and by contemplating upon this light the “Shiva Sanhita”* informs us “all sins (unbalanced forces) are destroyed, and even the most wicked (unbalanced) person obtains the highest end.”

Those who would practise Dhâranâ successfully should live alone, and should take care to distract the mind as little as possible. They should not speak much or work much, and they should avoid all places, persons and food which repel them.† The first signs of success will be better health and temperament, and a clearer voice. Those who practise zealously will towards the final stages of Dhâranâ hear sounds as of the pealing of distant bells,‡ and will see specks of light floating before them which will grow larger and larger as the concentration proceeds. “Practice hard!” urges Swami Vivekânanda, “whether you live or die, it does not matter. You have to plunge in and work, without thinking of the result. If you are brave enough, in six months you will be a perfect Yogi.”§

DHYÂNA.

After Dhâranâ we arrive at Dhyâna, or meditation upon the outpouring of the mind on the object held by the will.||

* See Chapter V, 43-51.

† Compare the Abramelin instructions with these. ‡ The Nada.

§ Compare Eliphas Levi, “Doctrine and Ritual of Magic,” p. 195.

|| Imagine the objective world to be represented by a sheet of paper covered with letters and the names of things, and our power of concentration to be a magnifying glass: that power is of no use, should we wish to burn that paper, until the rays of light are *focussed*. By moving the glass or paper with our hand

THE EQUINOX

When once Dhâranâ or concentration has progressed so far as to train the mind to remain fixed on one object then Dhyâna or meditation may be practised. And when this power of Dhyâna becomes so intensified as to be able to pass beyond the external perception and brood as it were upon the very centre or soul of the object held by the will, it becomes known as Samâdhi or Superconsciousness. The three last stages Dhâranâ, Dhyâna and Samâdhi, which are so intimately associated, are classed under the one name of Samyâma.*

Thus meditation should rise from the object to the objectless. Firstly the external cause of sensations should be perceived, then their internal motions, and lastly the reaction of the mind. By thus doing will the Yogi control the waves of the mind, and the waters of the great Ocean will cease to be disturbed by their rise and fall, and they will become still and full of rest, so that like a mirror will they reflect the unimaginable glory of the Âtman.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.† And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.‡

we obtain the right distance. In the above the Will takes the place of the hand.

* See also "The Yogasara-Sangraha," p. 74.

† It is to be noted that the symbolism made use of here is almost dential with that so often made use of in the Yoga Shastras and in the Vedanta. The union of Kundalini (Shakti) and Shiva.

‡ Revelation, xxi, 1-4.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Compare this with the following:

That which is the night of all beings, for the disciplined man is the time of waking; when other beings are waking, then is it night for the Muni who seeth.

He attaineth Peace, into whom all desires flow as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved—not he who desireth desires.

He who, through the likeness of the Âtman, O Arjuna, seeth identity in everything, whether pleasant or painful, he is considered a perfect Yogi.*

Now that we have finished our long account of the Vedânta Philosophy and the theories of Yoga which directly evolved therefrom, we will leave theory alone and pass on to practical fact, and see how Frater P. Turned the above knowledge to account, proving what at present he could only believe.

The following is a condensed table of such of his meditation practices as have been recorded between January and April 1901.

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Winged-Globe.†	4 min.	The entire meditation was bad.
Tejas Akâsa.‡	3 „	There was no difficulty in getting the object clear; but the mind wandered.
Apas-Vâyu.§	? „	Result not very good.
Winged-Globe and Flaming Sword.	? „	Meditation on both of these was only fair.

* “The Bhagavad-Gîta,” ii, 69, 70; vi, 32. Cf. “Konx om Pax,” pp. 73-77.

† The ordinary Egyptian Winged-Globe is here meant, but as visualized by the mind’s eye; the meditation then takes place on the image in the mind. so with the following practises.

‡ Tejas-Akâsa is the Element of Fire. It is symbolized by a red triangle of fire with a black egg in the centre. See 777, col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

§ Apas-Vâyu is the Element of Water and is symbolized by a black egg of Spirit in the Silver Crescent of Water. See 777, col. LXXV, p. 16. See Diagram 84.

|| The Golden Dawn symbol of the Flaming Sword. See Diagram 12.

THE EQUINOX

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Pendulum* (E).†	? ,,	Good as regards plane kept by the pendulum; but thoughts wandered.
Winged-Globe.	? ,,	The result was pretty good.
Tejas-Vāyu (E).	? ,,	Fair.
Ankh‡ (a green).	? ,,	Not bad.
Pentagram (E).	? ,,	Rather good.
The L. I. L. (E).	? ,,	Burning till extinct. Rather good, but oil level descended very irregularly.§
Cross.	? ,,	Result fair.
Cross.	10 m. 15 s.	Three breaks.
Isis¶ (E).	18 m. 30 s.	Five breaks. A very difficult practice, as Isis behaved like a living object.**
Winged-Globe.	29 m.	Seven breaks. Result would have been much better but for an epinecine enuch with an alleged flute. My mind revolved various methods of killing it.
Tejas-Akâsa.	18 ,,	Seven breaks.
R. R. et A. C.††	19 ,,	Seven breaks.
Pendulum.	? ,,	After 3 m. lost control and gave up.
Winged-Globe. (E).	10 ,,	Ten breaks‡‡

* By this is meant watching the swing of an imaginary pendulum. The difficulty is to keep it in one plane, as it tries to swing round; also to change its rate.

† In these records "M" means morning and "E" evening.

‡ The Egyptian Key of Life. See Diagram 61.

|| Lamp of the Invisible Light.

§ In the mind.

¶ The visualized form of the goddess Isis.

** That is to say she kept on moving out of the line of mental sight.

†† See Diagram 80. A scarlet rose on a gold cross.

‡‡ At this point P. made the following resolve: "I resolve to increase my powers very greatly by the aid of the Most High, until I can meditate for twenty-four hours on one object."

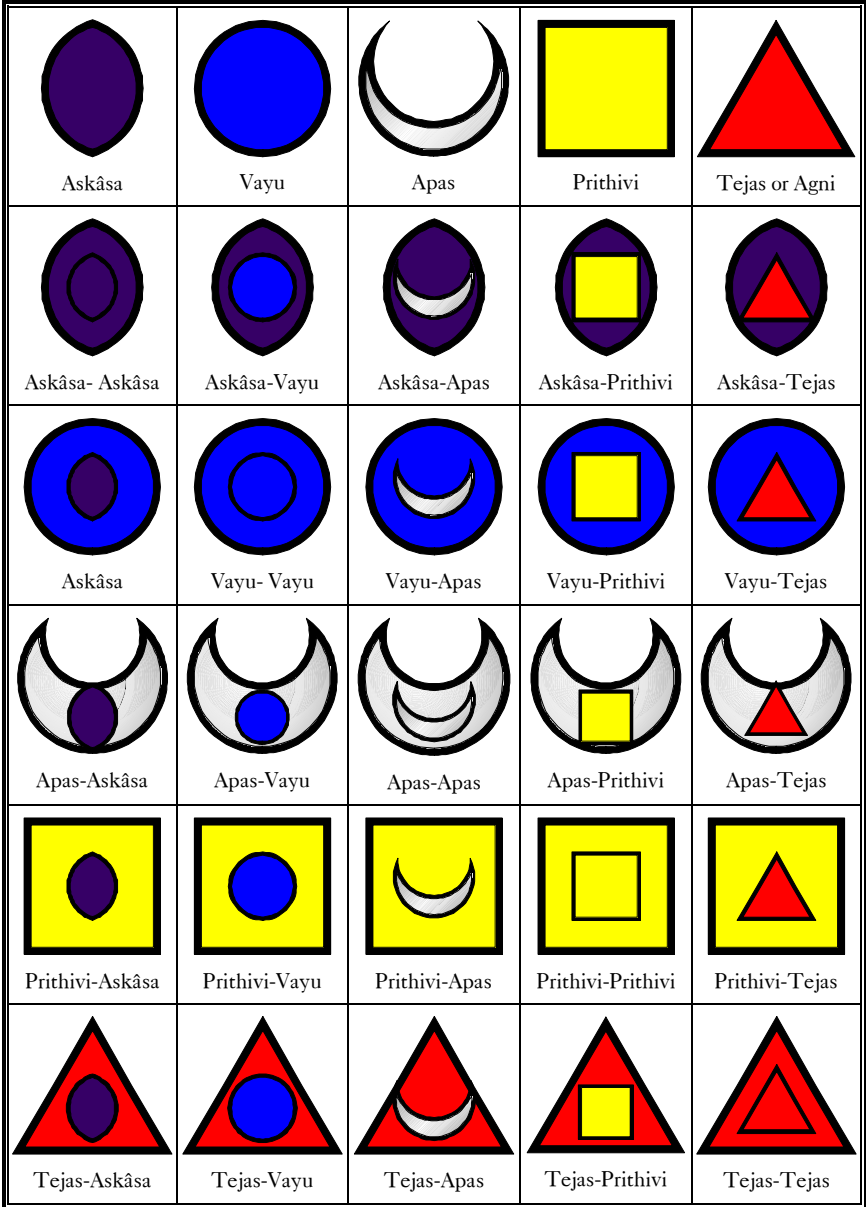


DIAGRAM 84.

The Five Tattwas, with their twenty-five sub-divisions.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

OBJECT MEDITATED UPON.	TIME.	REMARKS.
Black egg and white ray between pillars* (E).	10 ,,	Five breaks.
Golden Dawn Symbol† (E).	? ,,	Very bad. Bad cold, dust, shaking, etc., prevented concentration‡
Golden Dawn Symbol (E).	10 ,,	Four breaks.
R. R. et A. C.	23 ,,	Nine breaks.

Against this particular practice P. wrote: “I think breaks are longer in themselves than of old; for I find myself concentrating on them and forgetting the primary altogether. But I have no means of telling how long it is before the error is discovered.”

Some very much more elaborate and difficult meditations were attempted by P. at this time; in nature they are very similar to many of St. Loyola’s. We give the account in his own words:

I tried to imagine the sound of a waterfall. This was very difficult to get at; and it makes one’s ears sing for a long time afterwards. If I really got it, it was however not strong enough to shut out physical sounds. I also tried to imagine the “puff-puff” of an engine. This resulted better than the last, but it caused the skin of my head to commence vibrating. I then tried to imagine the taste of chocolate; this proved extremely difficult; and after this the ticking of a watch. This proved easier, and the result was quite good; but there was a tendency to slow up with the right ear, which however was easy to test by approaching a watch against the ear.§

During this whole period of rough travel, work is fatiguing, difficult and uncertain. Regularity is impossible, as regards hours and even days, and the

* The Akâsic egg of spirit set between the Pillars of Mercy and Severity with a ray of light descending upon it from Kether.

† The Golden Dawn Symbol here meditated upon consisted of a white triangle surmounted by a red cross. See Diagram 4.

‡ This meditation took place while P. was on a journey.

§ These meditations are called Objective Cognitions, by concentrating on certain nerve centres super-physical sensations are obtained.

THE EQUINOX

mind, being so full of other things, seems to refuse to compose itself. Nearly always I was too tired to do two (let alone three) meditations; and the weariness of the morrow was another hostile factor. Let me hope that my return here (Mexico City) will work wonders.

Three days after this entry on a certain Wednesday evening we find a very extraordinary mental experiment recorded in P.'s diary.

D. A. made to P. the following suggestion for a meditation practice.

1. Imagine that I am standing before you in my climbing clothes.
2. When you have visualized the figure, forbid it to move its limbs, etc.
3. Then allow the figure to change, *as a whole*, its illumination, position and appearance.
4. Carefully observe and remember any phenomenon in connection therewith.

All this P. attempted with the following result:

The figure of D.A.: leaning on an ice-axe was clearly seen, but at first it was a shade difficult to fix.

The figure at once went 35° to my left, and stayed there; then I observed a scarlet Tiphereth above the head and the blue path of ג (gimel) going upwards. Around the head was bluish light, and tiphereth was surrounded by rays as of a sun. I then noticed that the figure had the power to reduplicate itself at various further distances; but the main figure was very steady.

Above and over the figure there towered a devil in the shape of some ante-diluvian beast. How long I mentally watched the figure I cannot say, but after a period it became obscure and difficult to see, and in order to prevent it vanishing it had to be willed to stay. After a further time the Plesiosaurus (?) above the figure became a vast shadowy form including the figure itself.

The experiment being at an end D. A. put the following question to P. "How do you judge of distance of secondary replicas of me?"

P. answered: "By size only."

D. A. comments on the above were as follows:

1. That the test partially failed.
2. That he expected his figure to move more often.*

* Normally in these experiments the figure does move more often.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

3. the vast shadowy form was very satisfactory and promising.*

On the following day P. records first: Meditation upon Winged-Globe to compose himself. He then imagined D. A. sitting forward with his arms around his knees and his hands clasped. Around the figure was an aura of heaving surfaces, and then a focussing movement which brought the surfaces very close together. "The figure then started growing rapidly in all dimensions till it reached a vast form, and as it grew it left behind it tiny emaciated withered old men sitting in similar positions, but with changed features, so much so that I should think it were due to other reasons besides emaciation."

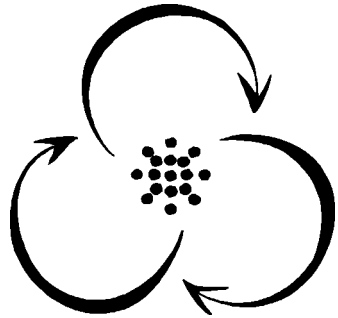


DIAGRAM 85.
Aura of Heaving Surfaces.

D. A. considered this meditation very satisfactory, but that nevertheless P. should attempt it again the next day.

This, however, was impossible; as on the next day, Friday, he was suffering severely from headache and neuralgia; so instead, in order to compose himself, he meditated upon a cross for an hour and a quarter.

The next living object meditation he attempted is described in the diary as follows:

To meditate upon the image of D. A. sitting with his hands on his knees like a God.† Spirals were seen moving up him to a great height, and then descending till they expanded to a great size. Besides this no other change took place.

D. A.'s comments on these remarkable experiments are as follows:

The hidden secret is that the the change of size and distance is not in accordance with optical laws. No one has kept living objects "dead still."‡

One of two things may occur:

- (a) The figure remains in one spot, but alters in size.
- (b) The figure remains same apparent size, but alters in distance.

* Normally this is so. † In the position many of the Egyptian gods assume.

‡ Qy.: Is this from habit of expecting living things to move? I can, I think, succeed in keeping them still.—*Note by P.*

THE EQUINOX

Further that the Yogi theories on this experiment were:

(1) That a living object is the reflection of the Actual, the living object being purely unreal.

(2) That from this type of meditation can be discovered the character of the person meditated upon.

e.g. Q. Is A. pious?

A. If he grows large, yes he is very pious.

Q. Is B. a villain?

A. If he shrivels, he is a *small* villain, not a man to be afraid of.

Also of ordinary occult things—*e.g.* change of face, expressions, etc.

There are also further theories regarding the disintegration of man. Theories concerning the danger of this process to the meditator and meditatee alike.*

The next practice was to meditate upon the image of D. A. standing.

The figure remained in the same place, but altered much like a form reflected in glasses of various curves. The general tendency was to increase slightly, but the most fixed idea was of a figure about 9 feet high but of normal breadth. Next, of normal height and of about double normal breadth.

D. A.'s comment on this meditation was that the result was not good.

This practice was attempted again on the following day: and resulted in many superposed images of various sizes and at various distances. One of the figures had moustaches like the horns of a buffalo. The expression of the figures became bold and fierce; especially at four feet distance, where there were two very real images, one small and one large respectively. the comment of D. A. on this meditation was that it was most clear, and represented complete success.

On the fifteenth of April 1901 we find P. writing in his diary:

“I agree to project my astral to Soror F.† in Hong-Kong every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, which should reach her at 4.6 p.m. on Sunday by Hong-Kong time. She is to start at 10 a.m. Sunday by Hong-Kong time to reach me by 12.2 p.m. Saturday.”

These spirit journeys were to commence on the 31st of

* This danger is also experienced by such as carry out Black Magical Operations. The current of will often returns and injures the Magician who willed it.

† Soror F. the same as Soror S.S.D.F.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

May; but this date seems to have been anticipated, for two days later we read the following:

10 p.m. Enclosing myself in an egg of white light I travelled to Hong-Kong. This city is white and on a rocky hill, the lower part is narrow and dirty. I found F. in a room of white and pale green. She was dressed in a white soft stuff with velvet lapels. We conversed awhile. I remember trying to lift a cloisonné vase from the shelf to a table, but cannot remember whether I accomplished the act or not. I said "Ave Soror" aloud (and I think audibly) and remained some time.*

This astral projection is an operation of Chokmah; for the Chiah must vivify the Nephesh shell. After returning P. records that on his journey back he saw "his Magical Mirror of the Universe very clearly in its colours."

Towards the end of April P. drew up for himself the following daily Task:

- (1) To work through the first five of the seven mental operations.†
- (2) The assumption of God forms.‡
- (3) To meditate on simple symbols with the idea of discovering their meaning.
- (4) Rising on planes.
- (5) Astral Visions.§
- (6) Adonai ha Aretz.||

* This description of Hong-Kong is as correct as can be expected from so short a visit. The conversation was subsequently verified by letter, and also again when they met several years later.

† He resolved the Ψ of Ψ Operation into seven parts.

‡ The Ψ of Ψ Operation, see also the Magical invocation of the Higher Genius: chapter "The Sorcerer." And Liber O iii THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2.

§ See chapter, "The Seer," also Liber O v THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2.

|| The invocation of the Guardian Angel under the form of a talisman.

How to draw it.

Draw the name אֶרֶץ as follows:

א = A winged crown radiating white brilliance.

ר = The head and neck of a beautiful woman with a stern and fixed expression, and hair long dark and waving. (Malkuth.)

ץ = The arms and hands, which are bare and strong, stretched out to the

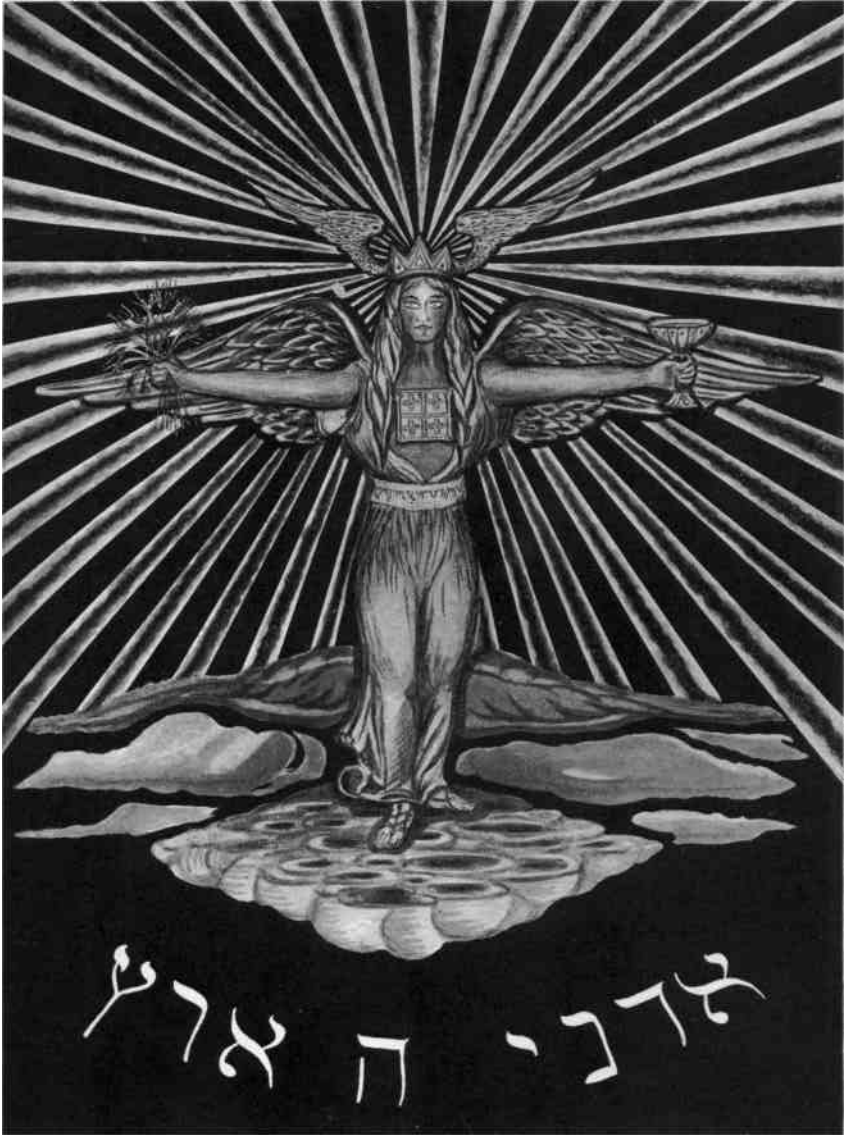


DIAGRAM 86.
The Flashing Figure of Adonai ha-Aretz.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

(8) Completion of Watch-towers and instruments.*

(9) The making of simple talismans.

During each day this programme of work was to be divided as follows:

(1) In the Morning the ☩ of ☩ Operation, and Assumption of a God-form.

(2) Before Tiffin. An Astral projection practice.

(3) After Tiffin. Rising on a plane, or Vision, or Adonai ha Aretz.

(4) In the Evening. A magical ceremony of same sort, or any of above except astral projection.†

On March the 3rd we find P. wandering among the fastnesses of the Nevado de Colima. Here he lived for a fortnight, returning to Mexico City on the 18th only to leave it again two days later on an expedition to the Nevado de Touca. On the 16th of April he journeyed to Amecameca, from which place he visited Soror F., by projection, and thence up Popocatapetl, encamped on whose slopes he resolved the ☩ of ☩ into seven Mental Operations:

1. Ray of Divine White Brilliance descending upon the Akâsic Egg set between the two pillars.

2. Aspire by the Serpent, and concentrate on Flashing Sword. Imagine the stroke of the Sword upon the Daäth junction (nape of neck).

3. Make the Egg grow gray, by a threefold spiral of light.

4. Make the Egg grow nearly white. (Repeat spiral formula.)

5. Repeat 2. Above head. Triangle of Fire (red).

6. Invoke Light. Withdraw. See Golden Dawn Symbol.

7. Let all things vanish in the Illimitable Light.

On the 22nd of April P., having bidden farewell to D. A., who had been to him both friend and master, left for San Francisco.

* The Elemental Tablets of Dr. Dee; see Diagrams in "The Vision and the Voice." [See rather "The Symbolic Representation of the Universe" in no. 7—T.S.]

† Ideas for mental Concentration. Concentration on Scarlet Sphere in Tiphereth. Let it slowly rise into Daäth and darken, after which into Kether and be a white brilliance; thence fling it flashing, or bring it down and keep it in Tiphereth.

THE EQUINOX

At this city, on the first of May, he solemnly began anew the Operations of the Great Work, and bought a steel rod for a wand, and tools to work it. On the second he bought gold, silver, and a jewel wherewith to make a Crown; and on the third set sail for Japan.

During the voyage the following practices have been recorded:

May 4th. Prithivi-Apas.* 45m.

Also went on an Astral Journey to Japan. In which I found myself crossing great quantities of Coral-pearl entangled with seaweed and shells. After having journeyed for some time I came to a spot where I saw the form of a King standing above that of Venus who was surrounded by many mermaids; they all had the appearance of having just been frozen. Above the nymphs bowing towards them were many pale yellow angels chained together, and amongst them stood Archangels of a pale silver which flashed forth rays of gold. Above all was the Formless Light. The Archangels showed me curious types of horned beings riding along a circle in different directions.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|--|
| 5th. Concentration on
Position I.† | | This resulted in many strange dreams. |
| 6th. Concentration on
Position I. | 32 m. | Ten breaks. Better towards the end; but best after tenth break. Concentration must have then lasted quite 6 or 7 minutes |
| 7th. Position I. | 15 m. | Three breaks, but end very doubtful having become very sleepy. |
| Position I. | 6 m. | Three breaks. I seemed to collapse suddenly. |

Went to Devachan‡ on Astral Journey. I found myself sur-

* In all cases when the name alone is mentioned a mediation practice is understood. Prithivi-Apas corresponds to water of earth. It is symbolized by a silver crescent drawn within a yellow square. See Diagram 84.

† I.e. Self in Âkâsas between pillars with white ray descending.

‡ Heaven.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

rounded by a wonderful pearly lustre, and then among great trees between the branches of which bright birds were flying. After this I saw a captain on his ship and also a lover contemplating his bride. The real inhabitants of this land to which I went were as of flame, and the imaginary ones were depicted as we physical beings are. Then the images of my vision sped past me rapidly. I saw a mountaineer; my father preaching with me in his old home; my mother, his mother; a man doing Rajayoga on white god-form. At last a wave of pale light, or rather of a silky texture passed through and over me; then one of the strange inhabitants passed through me unconscious of me, and I returned.

Golden Dawn symbol. 14 m. Three breaks.

May 8th. Position 1. 22 m. Seven breaks.

Calvary Cross. 50 m. Did I go to sleep?

11th. Designed Abrahadabra
for a pantacle.*

12th. I performed a Magic Ceremonial at night, followed by attempt at Astral Projection. I prefer the Esoteric Theosophist Society's seven-fold division for these practical purposes. I think Physical Astral Projection should be preceded by a (ceremonial) "loosening of the girders of the soul."† How to do it is the great problem. I am inclined to believe in drugs—if one only knew the right drug.

13th. Drew a pantacle.

16th. Painted wicked black-magic pantacle.

Held a magical ceremony in the evening.

Lesser banishing Ritual of Pentagram and Hexagram.

Invocation of Thoth and the Elements by Keys 1-6‡ and G.: D.:
Opening Rituals.

Consecrated Lamén Crown and Abrahadabra Wand with great force.

16th. Did the seven ☿ of ♃ Operations.

Worked at a Z for 5 = 6 Ritual.§

17th. Position 1. 12 m. Not good

Evening Invocation of Mercury, Chokmah and Thoth.

18th. Completed Z for 5 = 6 Ritual.

* An Eleven pointed Star.

† P. at various times used the "Invocation of the Bornless one" as given in "The Goetia"; also the Pentagram rituals in Liber O.

‡ The first six Angelic Keys of Dr. Dee.

§ The explanation of the 5°=6° Ritual. See Chapter "The Adept."

THE EQUINOX

May 19th. 1. Assumption of the god-form of Harpocrates: It lasted nine minutes: the result was good, for I got a distinct aura around me.

2. Physical Astral Projection. I formed a sphere which took a human shape but rather corpse-like. I then projected a gray* ray from the left side of my head; this was very tiring and there was no result physically.

3. Concentrated on imaginary self for ten minutes, and then projected self into it with fearful force. Chiah *nearly* passed.†

4. Red sphere *darkened* and glorified and return to lightem Tiphereth. The result was good.

20th. 1. Tejas-Aspas Meditation.

2. Meditation on living object with the usual two figure result.

3. Astral Vision.‡ I found myself in a boiling sea with geysers spouting around me. Suddenly monsters shaped like lions and bulls and dragons rose from the deep, and about them sped many fiery angels, and Titanic god-forms plunged and wheeled and rose amongst the waters. Above all was built a white temple of marble through which a rose-flame flickered. there stood Aphrodite with a torch in one hand and a cup in the other,§ and above her hovered Archangels. Then suddenly all was an immense void, and as I looked into it I beheld the dawn of creation. Gusts of liquid fire flamed and whirled through the darkness. Then nothing but the brilliance of fire and water. I was away fifteen minutes.

4. Seven minutes breathing exercise fifteen seconds each way. (Breathing in, withholding, and breathing out.)

5. White Lion on Gray. 5 m. Result bad.

21st. Position I.

45 m. Fair.

Worked out a “double” formula for Physical Astral Projection. First project with Enterer Sign; simulacrum answers with Harpocrates sign.|| Then as soon as Enterer sign weakens change consciousness as for Astral Visions. After which attack body from Simulacrum

* The colour of Chokmah.

† See Plate VI. “The Kabbalah Unveiled,” S. L. Mathers.

‡ It is to be noted that this Vision is of a fiery nature, and that it was experienced shortly after meditating upon Tejas-Aspas.

§ Very similar to the older form of “Temperance” in the Taro.

|| See Liber O, THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2; Plate, “Signs of the Grades,” i; and vol. i, No. 1; Plates the “Silent Watcher” and “Blind Force.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

with sign of Enterer to draw force. This cycle repeat until Simulacrum is at least capable of audible speech.

I tried this and started by invoking the forces of Chokmah and Thoth, but omitted stating purpose of Operation in so many words. Yet with three projections (each way) I obtained a shadowy grayness somewhat human in shape. But found difficulty where least expected—in transferring consciousness to Simulacrum.

May 22nd. God-form Thoth. 16 m. Result fair.

Akâsa-Akâsa. During the meditation the following Vision was seen. All things around me were surrounded by silver flashes or streaks. But about the human corpse which I saw before me there were fewer, and they moved more slowly. Above me was a pyramid of flashing light, and around me purple hangings. Five silver candlesticks were brought in, and then I saw a throne with pentagram in white brilliance above it. There was a rose of five by five petals within; and above Qesheth the rainbow. Rising from the ground were formless demons—all faces! Even as X. A. R. P. * etc., are evil. Above were the Gods of E. H. N. B.; and above them svastika wheels whirling, and again above this the Light ineffable.

24th. Green ankh. 7 m. Poor.

Worked at 5°=6° explanation.

Cross in brilliance. 10 m. Medium result.

Thoth in front of me. 5 m. Poor.

June 3rd. Astral Vision. Dressed in white and red Abramelin robes with crown, wand, ankh, and rose-cross, etc., etc., went on an Astral Journey to

* The four letters of the Air line in the “Little Tablet of Union” which unites the four great Watch Towers of the Elements (see Dr. Dee’s system, also Golden Dawn MS. entitled “The Concourse of the Forces).” Thus the T of Nanta represents Earth of Earth—the Empress of Pantacles in the Taro, and that letter is used as an initial for names of angels drawn from the Earthy corner of the Earth tablet. For further see the EQUINOX, vol. i, No 5 [*sic*, read 7 – T.S.]

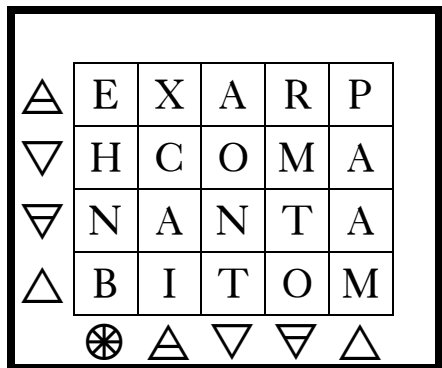


DIAGRAM 87.
The Spirit Tablet.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

at each colour separately, or lighting each one by one, it is not bad; but taken altogether is no good.

July 20th.	Thoth.	10 m.	
	Cross.	15 m.	
	Golden Dawn	10 m.	
	Symbol.		
	[My thought seems terribly wandering nowadays.]		
	Isis.	19 m.	Not so bad.
	Winged-Globe.	12 m.	Bad, sleepy.
23rd.	Triangle of Fire with Cross in centre.	15 m.	Very wandering.
	A b r a h a d a b r a pantacle	17 m.	Pretty good, though perhaps the whole was hardly ever absolutely clear
25th.	Tried Physical Astral Projection twice. In the first one the person employed to watch—my beloved Soror F.—saw physical arm <i>bent</i> whilst my own was straight.		
26th.	I did the H. P. K. ritual at night to enter into the silence. I think the result was pretty good.		
27th.	Nirvana.*	38 m.	If I was not asleep, result pretty good. Fair.
	White circle.	13 m.	
	[This day I got my first clear perception <i>in consciousness</i> † of the illusory nature of material objects.]		
	H.P.K. on Lotus.	17 m.	Good, as I employed my identity to resolve problems.‡
	R.R. et A.C.	5 m.	
28th.	Nirvana.	15 m.	
	Calvary Cross.	24 m.	Ten breaks. Never got settled till after 8 breaks.
29th.	Rising on planes. Malkuth to Kether; this took thirty-six minutes. The result not very good.		
	Calvary Cross.	22 m.	Four breaks.
30th.	Buddha.	15 m.	
	Calvary Cross.	11 m.	Five breaks, but had headache.

* Meditation upon Nirvana.

† I.e., no longer through reason or imagination.

‡ Harpocrates being the meditative God.

THE EQUINOX

One hundred indrawn breaths in reclining position with belt on.
7 minutes 50 seconds. (4.7 secs. per breath).

Ten indrawn breaths as slow as possible 7 m. 26 sec. (44.6 secs.
per breath.)

July 31st. Went to sleep doing Buddha.

Buddha. 32 m. It seemed much more.

Pendulum 1,000 23½ m. The pendulum kept in its plane.* At
single strokes. end of 940 strokes pendulum wanted
to swing right over several times.

Calvary Cross. Two tired to settle at all.

August 1st. Position 1. 10 μ. Not bad.

2nd. Buddha. 8 μ' It seems very difficult nowadays to
settle down.

Red Cross. 22 μ. Ten breaks.

Nirvana.† 13 μ. Not bad.

I tried to put (astrally) a fly on a man's nose. It seemed to
disturb him much: but he did not try to brush it off.

Tried the same with Chinaman, great success.

Tried to make a Chinaman look round, instead success.

Tried the same with a European, but failed.

3rd. Tried in vain two "practical volitions" but was too unwell to do
any work.

4th. Nirvana, Selfish- 28 m.
ness, Magical
Power Hiero-
phantship, etc.

After this meditation I arrived at the following decision: I must
not cling to the Peace.‡ It certainly has been real to me, but if

* In this exercise the pendulum tends to swing out of plane. Here are Frater
P.'s two methods of controlling it:

(a) Fix mind of the two points of a pendulum-swing and move pendulum
sharply like chronograph hand, keeping them fixed and equal in size.
Pendulum recovers its plane.

(b) Follow swing carefully throughout keeping size exact. This more
legitimate but more difficult.

† Invoked angel of Nirvana as H.P.K. on lotus. Note P.'s complete ignor-
ance of Buddhism at this date.

‡ I.e. the Peace which had been enfolding him for so many days. See
entry July 14th.

THE EQUINOX

five days later he began what he called "The Writings of Truth." Before we begin these, it will be necessary to enter upon the doctrines of Buddhism at some little length, for Frater I. A. was now at heart a follower of Gotama, being rather disgusted with his Tamil Guru; and under his guidance it was that P. grasped the fundamental importance of Concentration through meditation.

THE DOCTRINES OF BUDDHISM

Having sat for seven long years under the Bôdhi tree Gotama opened his eyes and perceiving the world of Sam-sâra* exclaimed: "Quod erat demonstrandum!" True, he had attained to the spotless eye of Truth and had become Buddha the Enlightened One; he had entered the Nothingness of Nibbâna,† and had become one with the Uncreated and the Indestructible. And now he stood once again on the shore line of existence and watched the waves of life roll landwards, curve, break and hiss up the beach only to surge back into the ocean from which they came. He did not deny the existence of the Divine, (how could he when he had become one with it?) but so filled was he with the light of Amitâbha,‡ that he fully saw that by Silence alone could the world be saved, and that by the denial of the Unknowable of the uninitiate, the Kether, the Âtman, the First Cause, the God of the unenlightened, could he ever hope to draw mankind to that great illimitable LVX, from which he had

* The world of unrest and transiency, of birth and death.

† The Great Attainment of Buddhism. Our terminology now degenerates into the disgusting vulgarity of the Pali dialect.

‡ The Mahâyâna Buddhists' Boundless Light. Compared with the canonical Nibbâna it bears a very similar relation to it as the Ain Soph Aur, the Illimitable Light, does to the Ain, the negatively Existent One. In the Brihadâranika Upanishad 4. 4. 66. Brahman is termed "jyotishâm jyotis" which means "the light of lights"—a similar conception.

THE EQUINOX

descended a God-illuminated Adept. He fully realized that to admit into his argument the comment of God was to erase all hope of deliverance from the text, and therefore, though he had become The Buddha, nevertheless, in his selflessness he stooped down to the level of the lowest of mankind, and abandoning as dross the stupendous powers he had acquired, helped his fellows to realize the right path by the most universal of all symbols—the woe of the world, the sorrow of mankind.

Like the Vendântis, he saw that the crux of the whole trouble was Ignorance (Avijjâ). Dispel this ignorance, and illumination would take its place, that insight into the real nature of things, which, little by little, leads the Aspirant out of the world of birth and death, the world of Samsâra, into that inscrutable Nibbâna where things in themselves cease to exist and with them the thoughts which go to build them up. Ignorance is the greatest of all Fetters, and, “he who sins inadvertently,” as Nâgasena said, “has the greater demerit.”

Enquiring into the particular nature of Ignorance Buddha discovered that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil had three main branches, namely: Lobha, Dosa and Moha; Craving, Passion and the Delusion of Self, and that these three forms of Ignorance alone could be conquered by right understanding the Three Great Signs or Characteristics of all Existence, namely: Change, Sorrow, and Absence of an Ego—Anikka, Dukkha, and Anatta, which were attained by meditating on the inmost meaning of the Four Noble Truths:

“The Truth about Suffering; the Truth about the Cause of Suffering; the Truth about the Cessation of Suffering; and the Truth about the Path which leads to the Cessation of

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Suffering.” These consist of the above Three Characteristics with the addition of the Noble Eightfold Path, which contains as we shall presently see the whole of Canonical Buddhism.

Up to this point, save for the denial of the Ego, the whole of the above doctrine might have been extracted from almost any of the Upanishads. But there is a difference, and the difference is this. Though the Vedântist realized that Ignorance (Avidyâ) was the foundation of all Sorrow, and that all, possessing the essence of Change, was but illusion or Mâyâ, a matter of name and form,* Buddha now pointed out that the true path of deliverance was through the Reason (Ruach) and not through the senses (Nephesh), as many of the Upanishads would give one to believe. Further, this was the path that Gotama had trod, and therefore, naturally he besought others to tread it. The Vedântist attempted to attain unity with the Âtman (Kether)† by means of his Emotions (Nephesh) intermingled with his Reason (Ruach), but the Buddha by means of his Reason (Ruach) alone. Buddha attempted to cut off all joy from the world, substituting in its place an implacable rationalism, a stern and inflexible morality, little seeing that the sorrows of Earth which his system substituted in place of the joys of Heaven, though they might not ruffle his self-conquered self, must perturb the minds of his followers,

* We have seen how in the Chândogya Upanishad that all things, including even the four Vedas, are called “nâma eva”—mere name. Now in “The Questions of King Milinda” we find Nâgasena stating that all things but “name and form,” the difference between which lies in that “Whatever is gross therein is ‘form:’ ” whatever is subtle, mental, is “name.” But that both are dependent on each other, and spring up, not separately, but together. “The Questions of King Milinda,” ii. 2. 8.

† It must not be forgotten that in its ultimate interpretation the Âtman is the Ain, however we use this reading as seldom as possible, as it is so very vague.

THE EQUINOX

and produce emotions of an almost equal intensity though perhaps of an opposite character to those of his opponents. Yet nevertheless, for a space, the unbending Rationalism of his System prevailed and crushed down the Emotions of his followers, those Emotions which had found so rich and fertile a soil in the decaying philosophy of the old Vedânta. The statement in the Dhammapada that: "All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts:"* is as equally true of the Vedânta as it is of Buddhism. But, in the former we get the great doctrine and practice of the Siddhis directly attributable to a mastering of the emotions and then to a use of the same, which is strictly forbidden to the Buddhist, but which eventually under the Mahâyâna Buddhism of China and Tibet forced itself once again into recognition, and which, even as early as the writing of "The Questions of King Milinda," unless the beautiful story of the courtesan Bindumati be a latter day interpolation, was highly thought of under the name of an "Act of Truth." Thus, though King Sivi gave his eyes to the man who begged them of him, he received others by an Act of Truth, by the gift of Siddhi, or Iddhi as the Buddhists call it. An Act, which is explained by the fair courtesan Bindumati as follows. When King Asoka asked her by what power she had caused the waters of the Ganges to flow backwards, she answered:

Whosoever, O King, gives me gold—be he a noble, or a brahman, or a tradesman, or a servant—I regard them all alike. When I see he is a noble I make no distinction in his favour. If I know him to be a slave I despise him not.

* Dhammapada, v. 1.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Free alike from fawning and from dislike do I do service to him who has bought me. This, your Majesty, is the basis of the Act of Truth by the force of which I turned the Ganges back.*

In other words, by ignoring all accidents, all matters of chance, and setting to work, without favour or prejudice, to accomplish the one object in view, and so finally “to interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with the soul.” In truth this is an “Act of Truth,” the Power begot by Concentration and nothing else.

We have seen at the commencement of this chapter how the Âtman (that Essence beyond Being and Not Being) allegorically fell be crying “It is I,” and how the great Hypocrisy arose by supposing individual Âtmans for all beings, and things which had to incarnate again and again before finally they were swallowed up in the One Âtman of the Beginning. This Individualistic Conception Gotama banned, he would have none of it; a Soul, a Spirit, a separate entity was anathema to him; but in overthrowing the corrupt Vedânta of the latter-day pundits, like Luther, who many centuries later tore the tawdry vanities from off the back of the prostitute Rome, approximating his reformed Church to the communistic brotherhood of Christ, Gotama, the Enlightened One, the Buddha, now similarly went back to Vedic times and to the wisdom of the old Rishis. But, fearing the evil associations clinging to a name, he, anathematizing the Âtman, in

* “The Questions of King Milinda,” iv, 1, 48. See also the story of the Holy Quail in Rhys Davids’ “Buddhist Birth Stories,” p. 302. These Iddhis are also called Abhijnyâs. There are six of them: (1) clairvoyance; (2) clairaudience; (3) powers of transformation; (4) powers of remembering past lives; (5) powers of reading the thoughts of others; (6) the knowledge of comprehending the finality of the stream of life. See also “Konx Om Pax,” pp. 47, 48.

THE EQUINOX

its place wrote Nibbâna, which according to Nâgasena is cessation,* a passing away in which nothing remains, an end.† Soon, however, under Mahâyâna-Buddhism, was the Âtman to be revived in all its old glory under the name of Amitâbha, or that Source of all Light, which so enlightens a man who is aspiring to the Bodhi that he becomes a Buddha. “Amitâbha,” so Paul Carus informs us, “is the final norm of wisdom and of morality‡ (*sic*), the standard of truth and of righteousness, the ultimate *raison d’être* of the Cosmic Order.” This of course is “bosh.” Amitâbha, as the Âtman, is “the light which shines there beyond the heaven behind all things, behind each in the highest worlds, the highest of all.”§

Once logically having crushed out the idea of an individual soul, a personal God and then an impersonal God had to be set aside and with them the idea of a First Cause or Beginning; concerning which question Buddha refused to give an answer. For, he well saw, that the idea of a Supreme God was the greatest of the dog-faced demons that seduced man from the path. “There is no God, and I refuse to discuss what is not!” cries Buddha, “but there is Sorrow and I intend to destroy it.” If I can only get people to start on the upward journey they will very soon cease to care if there is a God or if there is a No-God; but if I give them the slightest cause to expect any reward outside cessation of Sorrow, it would set them all

* “The Questions of King Milinda,” iii, 4, 6. † Ibid., iii, 5, 10.

‡ It is curious how, inversely according to the amount of morality preached is morality practised in America; in fact there are almost as many moral writers there as there are immoral readers. Paul Carus is as completely ignorant of Buddhism as he is about the art of nursing babies—he has written on both these subjects and many more, all flatulently.

§ Chândogya, 3, 13, 7.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

cackling over the future like hens over a china egg, and soon they would be back at the old game of counting their chickens before they were hatched. He must also have seen, that if he postulated a God, or First Cause, every unfledged rationalist in Pâtaliputta would cry, “Oh, but what a God, what a wicked God yours must be to allow all this sorrow you talk of . . . now look at mine . . .” little seeing that sorrow was just the same with the idea of God as without it, and that all was indeed Moha or Mâyâ—both God and No-God, Sorrow and Joy.

But Buddha being a practical physician, though he knew sorrow to be but a form of thought, was most careful in keeping as real a calamity as he could; for he well saw, that if he could only get people to concentrate upon Sorrow and its Causes, that the end could not be far off, of both Sorrow and Joy; but, if they began to speculate on its illusiveness, this happy deliverance would always remain distant. His business upon Earth was entirely a practical and exoteric one, in no way mystical; it was rational not emotional, catholic and not secret.

What then is the Cause of Sorrow? and the answer given by Gotama is: Karma or Action, which when once completed becomes latent and static, and according to how it was accomplished, when once again it becomes dynamic, is its resultant effect. Thus a good action produces a good reaction, and a bad one a bad one. This presupposes a code of morals, furnished by what?* We cannot call it Âtman, Conscience,

* Twenty-three centuries later Kant falling over this crux postulated his “twelve categories,” or shall we say “emanations,” and thereby started revolving once again the Sephirothic Wheel of Fortune.

THE EQUINOX

or Soul; and a Selecting Power, which however is strenuously denied by the rigid law of Cause and Effect. However the mental eyes of the vast majority of his followers were not so clear as to pierce far into the darkness of metaphysical philosophy, and so it happened that, where the idealism of the Venânta had failed the realism of Buddhism succeeded.*

This denial of a Universal Âtman, and a personal Âtman, soon brought the ethical and philosophical arguments of Gotama up against a brick wall (Kan't "à priori"). As we have seen he could not prop up a fictitious beginning by the supposition of the former, and he dared not use Nibbâna as such, though in truth the Beginning is just as incomprehensible with or without at Âtman. But, in spite of his having denied the latter, he had to account for Causality and the transmission of his Good and Evil (Karma) by some means or another. Now, according to Nâgasena, the Blessed One refused to answer any such questions as "Is the universe everlasting?" "Is it not everlasting?" "Has it an end?" "Has it not an end?" "Is it both ending and unending?" "It is neither the one nor the other?" And further all such questions as "Are the soul and the body the same thing?" "Is the soul distinct from the body?" "Does a Tathâgata exist after death?" "Does he not exist after death?" "Does

* In spite of the fact that Buddhism urges that "the whole world is under the Law of Causation," it commands its followers to lead pure and noble lives, in place of dishonourable ones, in spite of their having no freedom of choice between good and evil. "Let us not lose ourselves in vain speculations of profitless subtleties," says the Dhammapada, "let us surrender self and all selfishness, and as all things are fixed by causation, let us practice good so that good may result from our actions." Just as if it could possibly be done if "*all things are fixed.*" The Buddhist, in theory having postulated that all fowls lay hard-boiled eggs, adds, the ideal man is he who can only make omelettes.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

he both exist and not exist after death?” “Do he neither exist nor not exist after death?” . . . Because “the Blessed Buddhas lift not up their voice without a reason and without an object.”* But in spite of their being no *soul* “in the highest sense,”† Gotama had to postulate some vehicle which would transmit the sorrow of one generation to another, of one instant of time to the next; and, not being able to use the familiar idea of *Âtman*, he instead made that of *Karma* do a double duty. “He does not die until that evil *Karma* is exhausted,” says *Nâgasena*.‡

Now this brings us to an extraordinary complex question, namely the *practical* difference between the *Karma* minus *Âtman* of the Buddhists and the *Karma* plus *Âtman* of the later Vedântists?

The Brahman’s idea, at first, was one of complete whole, this, as the comment supplanted the text, got frayed into innumerable units or *Âtmans*, which, on account of *Karma*, were born again and again until *Karma* was used up and the individual *Âtman* went back to the universal *Âtman*. Buddha, erasing the *Âtman*, though he refused to discuss the Beginning, postulated *Nibbâna* as the end, which fact conversely also postulates the Beginning as *Nibbâna*. Therefore we have all things originating from an *x* sign, *Âtman*, *Nibbâna*, God, Ain or First Cause, and eventually returning to this primordial Equilibrium. The difficulty which now remains is the bridging over of this divided middle. To Gotama there is no unit, and existence *per se* is Ignorance caused as it were by a bad dream in the head of the undefinable *Nibbâna*; which itself, however,

* “The Questions of King Milinda,” iv, 2, 5. † *Ibid.*, iii, 5, 6.

‡ *Ibid.*, iii, 4, 4.

THE EQUINOX

is non-existent. Each man is, as it were, a thought in an universal brain, each thought jarring against the next and prolonging the dream. As each individual thought dies it enters Nibbâna and ceases to be, and eventually when all thoughts die the dream passes and Nibbâna wakes.* This bad dream seems to be caused by a separateness of Subject and Object which means Sorrow; when sleep vanished this separateness vanishes with it, things assume their correct proportion and may be equated to a state of bliss or non-Sorrow.

Thus we find that Nirvana and Nibbâna are the same† in

* Comapre "Mândûkya Upanishad," I, 16.

In the infinite illusion of the universe
The soul sleeps; when it awakes
Then there wakes the Eternal,
Free from time and sleep and dreams.

† Most Buddhists will raise a terrific howl when they read this; but, in spite of their statement that the Hindu Nirvana, the absorption into Brahman, corresponds not with their Nibbâna, but with their fourth Arûpa-Vimokha, we nevertheless maintain, that in essence Nirvana and Nibbâna are the same, or in detail, if logic is necessary in so illogical an argument, it certainly sided rather with Nirvana than Nibbâna. Nibbâna is Final says the Buddhist, when once an individual enters it there is no getting out again, in fact a kind of Spiritual Bastille, for it is Niccain, changeless; but Brahman is certainly not this, for all things in the Universe originated from him. This is as it should be, though we see little difference between proceeding from to proceeding to, when it comes to a matter of First and Last Causes. The only reason why the Buddhist does not fall into the snare, is, not because he has explained away Brahman, but because he refuses to discuss him at all. Further the Buddhist argues that should the Hindu even attain by the exaltation of his selfhood to Arûpa Brahma-loka, though for a period incalculable he would endure there, yet in the end Karma would once again exert its sway over him, "and he would die as an Arûpabrahmaloka-Deva, his Sankhâras giving rise to a being according to the nature of his unexhausted Karma." In "Buddhism," vol. i, No. 2, p. 323, we read: "To put it another way; you say that the Universe came from Brahman, and that at one

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

fact as in etymology, and that absorption into either the one or the other may be considered as re-entering that Equilibrium from which we originated.

The first and the last words have been written on this final absorption by both the Vedântist and the Buddha alike.

There no sun shines, no moon, nor glimmering star, nor yonder lightning, the fire of earth is quenched; from him, who alone shines, all else borrows its brightness, the whole world bursts into splendour at his shining.*

And—

There exists, O Brothers, a Realm wherein is neither Earth nor Water

time naught save the Brahman was. Then ‘In the beginning Desire arose in it, which was the primal germ of Mind.’ Where did that desire come from, if the Brahman was the All, and the Unchangeable. . . . Again, if the Brahman was the All, and was perfect, then what was the object of this emanation of a Sorrow-filled Universe?” The Vedântist would naturally answer to this: “To put it in another way: you say that the Universe will go to Nibbâna, and that at one time naught save Nibbâna will be. Then in the end Desire dies in it, which was the primal germ of mind. Where will that desire go to, if Nibbâna will be the All, and the Unchangeable. . . . Again, if Nibbâna will be the All, and will be perfect, then what will be the object of this emanation of a Sorrow-filled Universe?” This is all the merest twaddle of a Hyde Park atheist or Christian Evidence preacher. Granted the Hindu Brahman is rationally ridiculous, yet nevertheless it is more rational to suppose a continuous chain of Sorrowful universes and states of oblivion than an unaccounted for State of Sorrow and an unaccountable Finality. It is as rational or irrational to ask where “Braham” came from, as it is to ask where “Karma” came from. Both are illusions, and as discussion of the same will only create a greater tangle than ever, let us cut the Gordian knot by leaving it alone, and set out to become Arahats, and enter the house which so mysteriously stands before us, and see what is really inside it, instead of mooning in the back garden and speculating about its contents, its furniture, the size of its rooms, and all the pretty ladies that scandal or rumour supposes that it shelters. To work! over the garden wall, and with Romeo cry:

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

* Kâthaka Upanishad, 5, 15.

THE EQUINOX

neither Flame nor Air; nor the vast Æthyr nor the Infinity of Thought, not Utter Void nor the co-existence of Cognition and Non-cognition is there:—not this World nor Another, neither Sun nor Moon. That, Brothers, I declare unto you as neither a Becoming nor yet a Passing-away:—not Life nor Death nor Birth; Unlocalised, Unchanging and Uncaused:—That is the end of Sorrow.*

Gotama therefore had to hedge. Unquestionably the Soul-idea must go, but in order to account for the Universal law of Causation Karma must remain, and further, surreptitiously perform all the old duties the individual Âtman had carried out. He had abandoned the animism of a low civilization, it is true, but he could not, for a want of the exemption from morality itself, abandon the fetish of a slightly higher civilization, namely ethics. He saw that though mankind was tired of being ruled by Spirits, they were only too eager to be ruled by Virtues, which gave those who maintained these fictitious qualifications a sure standpoint from which to rail at those who had not. Therefore he banned Reincarnation and Soul and substituted in their place Transmigration and Karma (Doing) the Sankhârâ or Tendencies that form the character (individuality!) of the individual.

Ânanda Metteya in "Buddhism"† explains transmigration in contradistinction to reincarnation as follows. Two men standing on the shore of a lake watch the waves rolling landwards. To the one who is unversed in science it appears that the wave travelling towards him maintains its identity and shape, it is to him a mass of water that moves over the surface impelled by the wind. The other, who has a scientifically trained mind, knows that at each point upon the surface of the lake the particles of water are only rising and then falling in

* The Book of Solemn Utterances.

† Vol. i, No. 2, p. 293.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

their place, that each particle in turn is passing on its motion to its neighbours. To the first there is a translation of matter, to the second one of force. "The Vedântist has seen Substance, an enduring principle, an Ens; the Buddhist only Qualities, themselves in all their elements ever changing, but the sum-total of their Doing passing steadily on, till the wave breaks upon Nibbâna's shore, and is no more a wave forever."

We have not space to criticise this, all we will ask is—what is the difference between Force and Matter, and if the annihilation of the one does not carry with it the annihilation of the other irrespective of which is first—if either?

Ânanda Metteya carries his illustration further still.

John Smith, then, in a sense, is immortal; nay, every thought he thinks is deathless, and will persist, somewhere, in the depths of infinity. . . . But it is not this part of his energy that results in the formation of a new being when he dies. . . . We may then consider the moment of John Smith's death. . . . During his life he has not alone been setting in vibration the great ocean of the Æther, he has been affecting the structure of his own brain. So that at the moment of his death all his own life, and all his past lives are existing pictured in a definition and characteristic molecular structure, a tremendous complicated representation of all that we have meant by the term John Smith—the record of the thoughts and doings of unnumbered lives. Each cell of the millions of his brain may be likened to a charged leyden-jar, the nerve-paths radiating from it thrill betimes with its discharges, carrying its meaning through man's body, and, through the Æther, even to the infinitude of space. When it is functioning normally, its total discharge is prevented, so that never at any time can more than a fraction of its stored up energy be dissipated. . . . And then Death comes; and the moment of its coming, all that locked up energy flames on the universe like a new-born star.*

Ânanda Metteya then in a lengthy and lucid explanation demonstrates how the light of a flame giving off the yellow light of sodium may be absorbed by a layer of sodium vapour,

* Buddhism, vol. i, No. 2, p. 299, abridged.

THE EQUINOX

so the Karma, released from the body of the dead man, will circle round until it finds the body of a new-born child tuned or syntonized to its particular waves.

Now we are not concerned here with stray children who like the receivers of a wireless telegraph pick up either good or evil messages; but it is an interesting fact to learn that at least certain orthodox Buddhists attribute so complex and considerable power to the brain, that by the fact of leaving one body that body perishes, and of entering another that body revives. Can it be that we have got back to our old friend the Prâna which in its individual form so closely resembled the individual Karma, and in its entirety the totality of Nibbâna? Let us turn to Brihadâraryaka Upanishad. There in 1, 6, 3. we find a mystical formula which reads *Amritam satyena channam*. This means "The immortal (Brahman) veiled by the (empirical) reality;" and immediately afterwards this is explained as follows: "The Prâna (*i.e.* the Âtman) to wit is the immortal, name and form are the reality; by these the Prâna is veiled." Once again we are back at our starting-point. To become one with the Prâna or Âtman is to enter Nibbâna, and as the means which lead to the former consisted of concentration exercises such as Prânâyâma, etc.; so now shall we find almost identical exercises used to hasten the Aspirant into Nibbâna.

Frater P. was by now well acquainted with the Yoga Philosophy, further he was beginning to feel that the crude Animism employed by many of its expounders scarcely tallied with his attainments. The nearer he approached the Âtman the less did it appear to him to resemble what he had been

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

taught to expect. Indeed its translation into worldly comments was a matter of experience, so it came about that he discovered that the Great Attainment *per se* was identical in all systems irrespective of the symbol man sought it under. Thus Yahweh as a clay phallus in a band-box was s much a reality to the Jews of Genesis as Brahman in Brahma-loka was to the Aryas of Vedic India; that the vision of Moses when he beheld God as a burning bush is similar to the vision of the fire-flashing Courser of the Chaldean Oracles; and that Nibbâna the Non-existent is little removed, if at all, from the Christian heaven with its harps, halos, and hovering angels. And the reason is, that the man who does attain to any of these states, on his return to consciousness, at once attributes his attainment to his particular business partner—Christ, Buddha, Mrs. Besant, etc., etc., and attempts to rationalize about the suprarational, and describe what is beyond description in the language of his country.

P., under the gentle guidance of Ânanda Metteta, at first found the outward simplicity most refreshing; but soon he discovered that like all other religious systems Buddhism was entangled in a veritable network of words. Realizing this, he went a step further than Gotama, and said: "Why bother about Sorrow at all, or about Transmigration? for these are not 'wrong viewyness,' as Mr. Rhys Davids would so poetically put it, but matters of the Kindergarten and not of the Temple; matters for police regulation, and for underpaid curates to chatter about, and matters that have nothing to do with true progress." He then divided life into two compartments; into the first he threw science, learning, philosophy, and all things built of words—the toys of life; and into

THE EQUINOX

the second The Invocations of Adonai—the work of attainment.

Then he took another step forward. “Do as [*sic*] thou wilt!” Not only is Animism absurd, but so also is Morality; not only is Reincarnation absurd, but so also is Transmigration; not only is the Ego absurd, but so also is the Non-Ego; not only is Karma absurd, but so also is Nibbâna. For, all things and no-things are absurd save “I,” who am Soul and Body, Good and Evil, Sorrow and Joy, Change and Equilibrium; who in the temple of Adonai, am beyond all these, and by the fire side in my study—Mr. X, one with each and all.

Thus it came about that the study of Buddhism caused Frater P. to abandon the tinsel of the Vedânta as well as its own cherished baubles, and induced him, more than ever, to rely on Work and Work alone and not on philosophizing, moralizing and rationalizing. The more rational he became, the less he reasoned outwardly; and the more he became endowed with the Spirit of the Buddha in place of the vapourings of Buddhism, the more he saw that personal endeavour was the key; not the Scriptures, which at best could but indicate the way.

It (the Dharma) is to be attained to by the wise, each one for himself. Salvation rests on Work, and not on Faith, not in reforming the so-called fallen, but in conquering oneself. “If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men: and another conquer but himself;—he is the greatest of conquerors.”*

This is the whole of Buddhism, as it is of any and all systems of self-control.

* Dhammapada, v, 103.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Strenuousness is the Immortal Path—sloth is the way of death. The Strenuous live always,—the slothful are already as the dead.*

Impermanent are the Tendencies—therefore do ye deliver yourselves by Strenuousness.

Frater P. now saw more clearly than ever that this last charge of the Buddha was the one supremely important thing that he ever said.

*Dhammapada, v, 21.

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH

In place of producing a dissolution of the individual *Âtman* in the universal *Âtman*, the method of Buddha produced a submersion of Karma in the boundless ocean of *Nibbâna*.

In Chapter I of Book II of "The Questions of King Milinda" *Nâgasena* lays down that he who escapes rebirth does so through Wisdom (*Paññâ*) and Reasoning (*Yonisomanasikâra*) and by other "Good Qualities." The Reason grasps the object and Wisdom cuts it off, whilst the good qualities seem to be the united action of these two, thus we get Good Conduct (*Sîlam*), Faith (*Saddhâ*), Perseverance (*Viriya*), Mindfulness (*Sati*) and Meditation (*Samâdhi*), all of which rather than being separate states are but qualities of the one state of Meditation at various stages in that state of *Samâdhi* which *Nâgasena* calls "the leader" . . . "All good qualities have meditation as their chief, then incline to it, lead up towards it, are as so many slopes up the side of the mountain of meditation."* Just as *Yama*, *Niyama*, *Prânâyâma*, *Pratyâhâra*, *Dhâranâ* and *Dhyâna* are of *Samâdhi*. Further *Nâgasena* says "Cultivate in yourselves O *Bhikkus*, the habit of meditation. He who is established therein knows things as they really are."†

Under Faith, is classed Tranquilization (*Sampasâdaba*) and

* "The Questions of King Milinda," ii, 1, 7, 9, 13.

† *Ibid.*, 13.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Aspiration (Sampakkhandana). Under Perseverance, the rendering of Support—tension (Paggaha). Under Mindfulness, Repetition (Apilâpana) and “keeping up” (Upaganhana). Under Good Conduct, the whole fo the Royal Road from Aspirant to Arahât—The five Moral Powers (Indriyabalâin); The seven Conditions of Arahâtship (Bogghangâ); The Path, readiness of memory, (Satipatthâna);; The four kinds of Right Exertion (Sammappadhâna); The four Stages of Ecstasy (Ghâna); The eight forms of spiritual Emancipation (Vimokhâ); The four modes of Self-Concentration (Samâdhi);* The eight states of Intense contemplation (Samâpatti).

It would be a waste of time to compare the above states with the states of the Hindu Yoga, or enumerate other similarities which exist by the score, but one point we must not overlook, and that is The Noble Eightfold Path, which contains the very essence of Gotama’s teaching, as he said:

There is a Middle Path, O Monks, the Two Extremes avoiding, by the Tathâgata attained:—a Path which makes for Insight and gives Understanding, which leads to Peace of Mind, to the Higher Wisdom, to the Great Awakening, to Nibbâna!†

Let us now examine these eight truths.‡ The first is:

I. *Right Comprehension or Right Views.*

Right Comprehension is the first practical step in carrying

* It will be noticed that this is the third sense in which this hard-working word is employed.

† The Sutta of the Foundation of the Kingdom of Truth.

‡ [We respect the following noble attempt to rewrite Buddhism in the Universal Cipher, not unaware that the flatulent Buddhists of to-day will eructate their cacodylic protests. An orthodox Buddhist account is to be found in “The Sword of Song” by A. Crowley, article “Science and Buddhism.”—ED.]

THE EQUINOX

out the Four Noble Truths, that is in the understanding of the Three Characteristics—the three fundamental principles of Buddhism. Besides representing Malkuth, the Four Noble Truths (viewed in an elementary manner) represent the four lower Sephiroth—Malkuth, Yesod, Hod and Netzach, the state of Right Views carrying with its attainment a transcendency over all wrong views, that is to say all crude and unskilful views, all dogmas, assertions, all doubts, which are as unfertile as the elements are when uncombined, by applying to them what we have termed elsewhere the Pyrronic Serpent of Selection.

The attainment of Right Views is arrived at in three successive steps. (1) The Aspirant contemplates the ills of life; (2) he meditates upon them; (3) by strenuous will power he commences to strip the mind of the Cause of Sorrow, namely Change.

During this stage a series of humiliations must be undergone, and, not only must the Nephesh be conquered, but also the lower states of the Ruach, until the illumination of the Second Noble Truth of the Eightfold Path shatter the step of Right Views which the Aspirant is standing upon just as the fire of God consumed the Elemental Pyramid—the Tower of the Taro.

Having attained to mastery over Right Comprehension the aspirant begins to see things not as they are but in their right proportions. His views become balanced, he enters Tiphareth, the Solar Plexus, “He sees naked facts behind the garments of hypotheses in which men have clothed them, and by which they have become obscured; and he perceives that behind the changing and conflicting opinions of men there are

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

permanent principles which constitute the eternal Reality in the Cosmic Order.*

In Tiphareth the aspirant attains to no less a state than that of conversation with his Holy Guardian Angel, his Jechidah, “The permanent principle behind the conflicting opinions.” Once Right Comprehension has been attained to, he has discovered a Master who will never desert him until he become one with him.

II. *Right Resolutions or Right Aspirations.*

Having perceived the changing nature of all things, even of men’s minds, and having acquired that glorified vision by which he can distinguish between the permanent and the impermanent, he aspires to the attainment of a perfect knowledge of that which is beyond change and sorrow, and resolves that he will, by strenuous effort,† reach to the peace beyond; to where his heart may find rest, his mind become steadfast, untroubled, and serene.‡

At this stage the Bodhi Satva of Work commences to revolve within the heart of the aspirant and to break up the harmony of the elements only to attune his aspirations for a time to a discord nobler than all harmony, and eventually to that Peace which passeth Understanding.

III. *Right Speech.*

Right Speech is a furthering of Right Aspirations. It consists of a discipline wherein a man not only converses with his Holy Guardian Angel, but outwardly and inwardly lives up to His holy conversation, turning his whole life into

* “The Noble Eightfold Path,” by James Allen, in “Buddhism,” vol. i, No. 2, p. 213. A most illuminating essay on this difficult subject.

† The same as the “inflamed by prayer” of Abramelin.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 213.

THE EQUINOX

one stupendous magical exercise to enter that Silence which is beyond all thought.

IV. Right Acts or Right Conduct.

Having become obedient to his Holy Guardian Angel (the aspirant's Spritual Guru) or to the Universal Law as the Buddhist prefers to call it, man naturally enters the stage of Right Conduct, which brings with it supernormal or magical powers. Self is now put aside from action as well as from speech, and the striver only progresses by a stupendous courage and endurance. The canonical Buddhists howesver strenuously deny the value of these magical powers, Iddhis or Siddhis, and attribute the purification of the striver, the attainment of the state of "stainless deeds," to the great love wherein he must now enshrine all things. In detail the differences between Buddhism and the Yoga are verbal; in essence, man, at this stage, becomes the lover of the World, and love is the wand of the Magician, that wand which conquers and subdues, vivifies, fructifies, and replenishes the worlds, and like the Caduceus of Hermes it is formed of two twining snakes.

V. Right Livelihood.

Up to this stage man has been but a disciple to his Holy Guardian Angel, but now he grows to be his equal, and in the flesh becomes a flame-shod Adept whose white feet are not soiled by the dust and mud of earth. He has gained perfect control over his body and his mind; and not only are his speech and actions right, but his very life is right, in fact his actions have become a Temple wherein he can at will

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

withdraw himself to pray. He has become a priest unto himself his own Guardian, he may administer to himself the holy sacrament of God in Truth and in Right, hae has become Exempt from the shackles of Earth. He is the Supreme Man, one step more he enters the Sanctuary of God and becomes one with the Brotherhood of Light.

Up to this stage progress has meant Work, work terrible and Titanic, one great striving after union which roughly may be compared to the five methods of Yoga.

From this fifth stage work gives place to knowledge. Qabalistically the aspirant enters Daäth.

VI. *Right Effort.*

Man is now Master of Virtue and Vice and no longer their slave, servant, enemy, or friend. The LVX has descended upon him, and just as the dew of the moon within the Sahasâra Chakkra falling upon the two-petalled Ajna-lotus causes the leaves to open out, so now does this celestial light lift him out and beyond the world, as wings life a bird from the fields of earth, encompassing him, extending to his right hand and to his left like the wings of the Solar Globe which shut out from the ruby ball the twin serpents which twine beneath it.*

. . . Having purified himself, he understands the perfect life; being a doer of Holiness, he is a knower of Holiness; having practiced Truth, he has become accomplished in the knowledge of Truth. He perceives the working of the inner Law of things, and is loving, wise, enlightened. And being loving, wise and

* The two serpents and central rod of the Caduceus are in Yoga represented by the Ida, Pingala and Sushumnâ. The wings closed, to the Ajna-lotus; open and displaying the solar disk, to the Sahasâra Chakkra.

THE EQUINOX

enlightened, he does everything with a wise purpose, in the full knowledge of what he is doing, and what he will accomplish. He wastes no drachm of energy, and does everything with calm directness of purpose, and with penetrating intelligence. This is the stage of Masterly Power in which effort is freed from strife and error, and perfect tranquility of mind is maintained under all circumstances. He who has reached it, accomplishes everything upon which he sets his mind.*

VII. *Right Thought.*

So filled with Understanding is he now that he becomes, as it were, the actual mind of the Universe, nothing remains uncomprehended; he comes face to face with his goal, he sees HIMSELF as one who gazes in a mirror.

VIII. *Right Meditation, or the Right State of a Peaceful Mind.*

The glass vanishes and with it the reflection, the illusion of Mara or of Mâyâ. He is Reality! He is Truth! He is Âtman! He is God. Then Reality vanishes. Truth vanishes. Âtman vanished. God vanishes. He himself vanishes. He is past; he is present; he is future. He is here, he is there. He is everything. He is nowhere. He is nothing. He is blessed, he has attained to the Great Deliverance. He IS; he IS NOT. He is one with Nibbâna.†

* *Ibid.*, p. 216.

† Another and perhaps more comprehensive way of attributing the Noble Eightfold Path to the Tree of Life is as follows: The first and second steps—Right Comprehension and Right Resolution, may from their purging nature fitly be compared to Yama and Niyama and also the the Earthy and Lunar natures of Malkuth and Yesod. The third and fourth—Right Speech and Right Action, in their yearning and striving are by nature as unbalanced as Hod and Netzach which are represented by Fire and Water and by Mercury and Venus respectively. Then comes the fifth stage of poise—Right Livelihood; this is

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

also a stage of exemption from worldly motion, and a stage which brings all below it to a finality which may be compared to Tiphareth in its Solar Aspect or to the Manipura Chakka. The sixth and seventh stages—Right Effort and Right Thought, are stages of “definitely directed power” closely related to Geburah and Chesed—Mars and Jupiter. And then finally comes the eighth stage—Right Meditation, again a summary of the three stages below it, which may be compared as the Three Supernals or the Sahasâra Chakka. [Compare with the essay “Science and Buddhism” in the “Sword of Song” by A. Crowley, and the writings of Ânanda Metteya. Here are then three men who have worked both severally and collectively, who yet apparently hold irreconcilable views as to what Buddhism is. What better proof is needed of the fact that all intellectual study ultimates in mental chaos?]

THE WRITINGS OF TRUTH*

The seeker after Wisdom, whose Bliss is non-existence, the Devotee of the Most Excellent Bhâvani,† the Wanderer in the Samsâra Câkkra, the Insect that crawls on Earth, on Seb beneath Nuit, the Purusha beyond Ishwara: He taketh up the Pen of the Ready Writer, to record those Mysterious Happenings which came unto Him in His search for Himself. And the beginning is of Spells, and of Conjurations, and of Evocations of the Evil Ones; Things Unlawful to write of, dangerous even to think of; wherefore they are not here written. But he beginneth with his sojourning in the Isle of Lanka:‡ the time of his dwelling with Mâitrânanda Swâmi.§ Wherefore, O Bhâvani, bring Thou all unto the Proper End! To Thee be Glory—OM.

On the 6th of August P. landed in Colombo, and on the following day he went to see his old friend Frater I.A. who was now studying Buddhism with the view of becoming a Buddhist monk. On this very day he commenced, or rather continued his meditation practices: for we find him trying with Mâitrânanda the result of speech as a disturbing factor in Dhâranâ (meditation). The experiment was as follows: P. sat and meditated for five minutes on a white Tau (T) during which Mâitrânanda spoke six times with the object of

* No rough working is given in this volume; it is only a compendium of Results.

† The goddess Isis, Deir, Kali, Sakti, etc, in her aspect as the patroness of Meditation. There are five principal meditations. Metta-Bhâvanâ, on love; Karunâ-Bhâvanâ, on pity; Muditâ-Bhâvanâ, on joy; Asubha-Bhâvanâ, on impunity; and Upekshâ-Bhâvanâ, on serenity. But see 777, col. xxiii, p. 9.

‡ Old native name for Ceylon.

§ Frater I.A.'s Eastern name, afterwards changed to Ânanda Metteya.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

seeing if it would interrupt P.'s meditation. The result on the first occasion was a bad break; second, two bad breaks; third to sixth, no breaks occurred. At the end of the experiment P. was able to repeat all Mâitrânanda had said except the last remark.*

August

- 9th. Practised Mental Muttering of the Mantra: "Namo Shivaya Namaha Aum." I found that with Rechaka the voice sounds as if from the Confines of the Universe: but with the Puraka as if from the third eye. Whilst doing this in the Saivite Â'sana.† I found the eyes, without conscious volition, are drawn up and behold the third eye. (Ajna Chakkra.)
- 10th. A day of revelation of Arcana. Ten minutes A'sana and breathing exercise. Latter unexpectedly trying. Also practised Mental Muttering whilst in Â'sana. Repeating "Namo Shivaya Namaha Aum," which takes, roughly, 86 seconds for 50 repetitions, i.e. about 1,000 in half an hour. I practised this Mantra for thirty minutes: 10 minutes aloud; 10 minutes in silence; 10 minutes by hearing.‡
- 11th. Recited the Mantra for about 1½ hour while painting a talisman.

* Any who have undergone this test will readily understand how severe it is. The speaker says something with a view to break the meditation of the meditator. Meanwhile the meditator must so strengthen his will, that he *wills* to remain in his meditation uninterrupted; and yet in the end, though his mind has never wandered in contemplating the object meditated upon, he, nevertheless, has to repeat what the speaker said; which when the will is very strong may not even be heard as a sound, let alone as a coherent sentence. The will has to keep the thinking faculty of the meditator from interrupting the meditation; but meanwhile the thinking faculty without in any way breaking the meditation has to receive the message of the speaker and deliver it unimpaired to the meditator directly the meditation is at an end. This experiment, except that it is carried out by an act of will, differs very slightly, if at all, from those moments in which whilst absorbed in some work, we hear a clock strike, and only realize that the clock has struck a certain hour some considerable time after the event.

† The Thunderbolt: see Illustration in THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 1.

‡ I.e., no longer uttering the Mantra, but listening to the Mystic Voice of the Universe saying it.

THE EQUINOX

It was on this day I got a broken-bell-sound* in my head when not doing anything particular.

August

- 12th. Â'sana and Breathing 10 minutes. One fears to do Rechaka, so tremendous and terrible is the Voice of the Universe. But with Puraka is a still small Voice. Concerning which Mâitrânanda said to me: "Listen not to that Great and terrible Voice: but penetrate and hear the subtle soul thereof."
- 13th. Prânâyâma: Five cycles 5 minutes 15 seconds. Mantra (N.S.N.A.)† Half an hour. Ears begin to sing at about the twentieth minute. Towards the end I heard a soft sound as of a silver tube being struck very gently with a soft mallet.

These sounds are known as the Voice of the Nada, and are a sure sign that progress is being made. They, as already mentioned, are the mystical inner sounds which proceed from the Anahata Chakakra. According to the Hatha Yoga Pradipika these sounds proceed from the Sushumnâ. "They are in all of ten sorts; buzzing sound, sound of the lute, of bells, of waves, of thunder, of falling rain, etc."

Close the ears, the nose, the mouth and the eyes: then a clear sound is heard distinctly in the Sushumnâ (which has been purified by Prânâyâma).‡

The "Pradipika" further states that in all Yogi practices there are four stages/ Arambha, Ghata, Parichaya and Nishpatti. In the first (Arambhâvasthâ) that is when the Anahata Chakakra is pierced by Prânâyâma various sweet tinkling sounds arise from the Âkâsa of the heart.

When the sound begins to be heard in the Shunya (Âkâsa), the Yogi possessed of a body resplendent and giving out sweet odour, is free from all diseases and his heart is filled (with Prâna).§

* These mystic sounds heard by the Yogi are supposed to proceed from the Anahata Chakakra.

† Short for Namô Shivaya Namaha Aum.

‡ "Hath Yoga Pradipika," p. 91. The description here is of the Shanmukhi Mudra.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 92.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

In the second stage (Ghatâvasthâ) the Prâna becomes one with the Nada in the Vishuddhi Chakakra and make a sound like that of a kettledrum; this is a sign that Bramhânanda is about to follow. In the third stage (Parichayâvastha) a sound like a drum is heard in the Ajna Chakakra. Having overcome the blissful state arising from hearing the sounds the Yogi begins to experience a greater bliss from the increasing realization of the Âtman.

The Prâna, having forced the Rudra Granthi existing in the Ajna Chakakra goes to the seat of Ishwara. Then the fourth state (Nishpatti) sets in: wherein are heard the sounds of the flute and Vînâ (a stringed instrument).*

At this stage the Prâna goes to the Bramharandhra, and enters the Silence.

This is all most beautifully described in the various Shastras. In the Shiva Sanhita we read:

27. The first sound is like the hum of the honey-intoxicated bee, next that of a flute, then of a harp; after this, by the gradual practice of Yoga,† the destroyer of the darkness of the world, he hears the sounds of the ringing bells, then sounds like roars of thunder. When one fixes his full attention on this sound, being free from fear, he gets absorption, O my beloved.

28. When the mind of the Yogi is exceedingly engaged in this sound, he forgets all external things, and is absorbed in this sound.‡

H. P. Blavatsky in “The Voice of the Silence” classifies these sounds under seven distinct heads.

The first is like the nightingale’s sweet voice chanting a song of parting to its mate.

The second comes as the sound of a silver cymbal of the Dhyânîs, awakening the twinkling stars.

* “Hatha Yoga Pradipika,” p. 93.

† Chiefly by the Yoga of Nâda-Laya, a Dhyâna.

‡ “Shiva Sanhita,” chap. v, p. 42.

THE EQUINOX

The next is as the plaint melodious of the ocean-sprite imprisoned in its shell.
And this is followed by the chant of vînâ.

The fifth like sound of bamboo-flute shrills in thine ear.

It changes next into a trumpet-blast.

The last vibrates like the dull rumbling of a thunder-cloud.

The seventh swallows all the other sounds. They die, and then are heard no more.*

The Hatha Yoga Pradipika is a great deal more exact in its description of these sounds than the famous Theosophist; concerning them Swâtmârâm Swâmi writes:

In the beginning, the sounds resemble those of the ocean, the clouds, the kettledrum, and Zarzara (a sort of drum cymbal); in the middle they resemble those arising from the Mardala, the conch, the bell and the horn.

In the end they resemble those of the tinkling bells, the flutes, the vînâ, and the bees. Thus are heard the various sounds from the middle of the body.

Even when the loud sounds of the clouds and the kettledrum are heard, he should try to fix his attention on the subtler sounds.

He may change his attention from the lull to the subtle sounds, but should never allow his attention to wander to other extraneous objects.

The mind fixes itself upon the Nâda to which it is first attracted until it becomes one with it.†

Many other passages occur in this little text book on Yoga dealing with these mystical sounds some of them of a combined beauty and wisdom which is hard to rival. Such as:

When the mind, divested of its flighty nature, is bound by the cords of the Nâda, it attains a state of extreme concentration and remains quiet as a bird that has lost its wings.

Nâda is like a snare for catching a deer, *i.e.* the mind. It, like a hunter, kills the deer.

The mind, having become unconscious, like a serpent, on hearing the musical sounds, does not run away.

* "The Voice of the Silence," pp. 24, 25.

† "Hath Yoga Pradipika," iv, 96. For some of these sounds also see Brahmavidyâ, 13, Dhyânabindu, 18, and the Hamsa Upanishad, 4.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The fire, that burns a piece of wood, dies, as soon as the wood is burnt out. So the mind concentrated upon the Nâda gets absorbed with it.

When the Antahkarana, like a deer, is attracted by the sound of bells, etc., and remains immovable, a skilful archer can kill it.

Whatever is heard of the nature of sound is only Shakti.*

The conception of Akâsa† (the generator of sound) exists, as long as the sound is heard. The Soundless is called Parabramha or Paramâtma.‡

August.

14th. Bought a meditation-mat and also a bronze Buddha.

Nadi-Yama§ 10 minutes in the Saivit posture, in which my body-seat fits exactly into a square of about 18 inches forming the letter Aleph.

Mantra (N.S.N.A.). At the 28th minute got faint sounds like a musical box worked by a mallet on metal bars. As I stopped I heard a piano very distant. The intense attention requisite to try to catch the subtle sounds of the Universe when in Rechaka prevents Mantra, as my mental muttering is not yet absolutely perfect.

15th. By the five signs my Nadi are now purified.|| But this appears to me as unlikely.

Eyes on tip of nose. 5 minutes. The nose grows very filmy and the rest of the field of vision loses its uprightness and is continually sliding into itself across itself. A most annoying phenomenon.

Nadi-Yama. 15 minutes. This becomes easier.

Mental muttering of Aum Shivayavashi.

On the 17th August P. and Mâitrânanda left Colombo and journeyed to Kandy; Swami Mâitrânanda more particularly for his health; but P. so that he might escape the turmoil of a sea-port and to discover a suitable and secluded spot for a magical retirement, which he had now made up his mind to perform.

19th. Concentrated on point of base of brain. [To find this imagine cross-wires drawn between (a) ear to ear, as if a line had been stretched between them,

* Mental or bodily attributes.

† See 777, col. lv, p. 17.

‡ "Hatha Yoga Pradipika," pp. 97-100. Also, Amritabindu Upanishad, 24.

§ Nadi-Yama or Control of the nerve-channels by regular breathing, without Khumbaka or holding the breath.

|| He whose Nadi are pure has (1) a clear complexion; (2) a sweet voice; (3) a calm appearance; (4) bright eyes; (5) hearing constantly the Nada.

THE EQUINOX

and from the centre of this line to the top of the skull. (b) from above the bridge of my nose horizontally backwards.]

The result was that I felt a throbbing in my head, principally at the spot concentrated on.

August.

- 28th. I hereby formulate unto myself a Vow of Silence for a period of at least three days. My time to be occupied by Nadi-Yami and Â'sana, also by meditations of the Buddha and "Aum Mani Padme Hum." The vow to begin from Midnight. This vow I took ceremonially.
- 29th. 11.40-12.7 Suddhi.* Very painful and jerky, especially Rechaka.
 p.m. a.m. Â'sana much pain on moving.
 7.40-7.55 Suddhi. Result was better, but goes off whilst meditating
 a.m. a.m. on "Aum Mani Padme Hum."
 10.3-10.50 Began Mental Muttering of "Aum Mani Padme Hum"
 a.m. a.m. meditating on Buddha. This developed into Pratyâhâric
 Dhâranâ; loss of Ego and a vision of mysterious power; loss of
 all objects mental and physical. I do not know how long
 this lasted I woke meditating Anahata.† The voice of Nada
 was like a far-off solemn song; it became "Aum" only, drop-
 ping "Mani Padme Hum," and then was more like thunder
 without harmonics.
 Did Dhâranâ on Anahata.
 Suddhi. Â'sana very painful.
- 11.45-12.15 Suddhi. Â'sana very painful.
 a.m. p.m.
 12.15-1.0 Meditation on "Aum Mani Padme Hum," and sleep.
 p.m. p.m.
 4.15-4.45 Dhâranâ on Anahata with "Aum Mani Padme Hum." The
 p.m. p.m. latter sounds like the flight of a great bird in windy weather.
 5.50-6.20 Suddhi. When meditating on my bronze Buddha I ob-
 p.m. p.m. tained a great standing self-luminous but rayless Buddha.
- 30th. 12.12-12.42 Suddhi.
 a.m. a.m. I passed a bad night, and in the morning my will and
 control of thought seemed shortened.
- 8.45-9.15 Suddhi.
 a.m. a.m. Thoughts hopelessly wandering
- 9.45-10.29 Dhâranâ on Buddha with "Aum Mani Padme Hum." A
 a.m. a.m. much better meditation. I felt a spiral force whirring around

* The same as Nadi-Yama.

† Anahata Lotus, mystic ganglion in the heart. See diagram.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the top of my spine. This signifies an induction current of Prâna.

11.30-12.0	a.m. noon.	Suddhi.
6.15-6.45	p.m. p.m.	Suddhi.
9.34-10.4	p.m. p.m.	Suddhi.
12.30-1.0	a.m. a.m.	Suddhi.

August.

31st.	6.10-6.40	a.m. a.m.	Suddhi. "Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew" is the Voice of Nâda. Â'sana is evidently a question of training. At one point there were two or three distinct sharp throbs in the third eye. (Ajna.)
	9.15-9.55	a.m. a.m.	Dhâranâ on Ajna.* Tendency to become strained and rigid, with internal Kumbhaka, quite unconsciously. Exactly like a difficult stool, only the direction of force is upwards—very fatiguing.
	10.24-10.28	a.m. a.m.	Suddhi. Ida stopped up. Change of Nâda-note to a dull sound. Extreme excitement of Chitta, sleep impossible. Concentrating on Anahata gives sleepiness at once. I felt the pump action of the blood very plainly and also experienced Suksham-Kumbhaka,† the subtle involuntary Kumbhaka.
	6.10-6.40	p.m. p.m.	Suddhi. One minute thirty-five seconds for a cycle. Repeated waking with nightmare. Test Kumbhaka, 45 and 55 seconds.

September.

2nd.	12.5-12.35	p.m. p.m.	Suddhi with Kumbhaka. Test Kumbhaka 85 seconds, 1 minute 25 seconds. Pain (or concentration of Prâna) in the back of head, level with eyes.
3rd.	Sunset.		Suddhi in the jungle. Concentration on Anahata, but did not go to sleep.

* Dhâranâ on Ajna prevents sleep; ditto on Anahata causes it.

† In practising Prânâyâma, the breath may get convulsively withheld, all the muscles going suddenly rigid, without the will of the Yogi. This is called Sukshama-Kumbhaka, or Automatic holding in of the breath. This phenomenon marks a stage in attainment.

THE EQUINOX

Heard the following sounds:

- (1) A noise as of blood filtering through.
- (2) The tramp of armed men. This grew more distant on closing ears.
- (3) The noise of a distant Siren. This grew stronger on closing ears.

(For a short time I distinctly saw the head of a nun in the centre of the Chakkra.)

September

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| 5th. | 12.15-12.52
p.m. p.m.
5.25-6.26
p.m. p.m.
9.25-9.50
a.m. a.m. | <p>Fifty-two Suddi-Kumbhakas or Prânâyâmas. 5. 10. 20 for 30 minutes. 10. 15. 30 for 6 minutes.</p> <p>Prânâyâma. 5. 10. 20 for 31 minutes without any breaks.</p> <p>Dhâranâ on the Shiva Pantacle given me by Mâitrânanda Swami, mentally muttering "Aum Shivaya Vashi."* Nothing particular occurred, though (were I not fixed in the knowledge of the vanity of physiological tests) I should judge my weight had diminished.† The Â'sana gave no pain till I moved. I had my eyes turned up to the third eye.</p> <p>Vivekânanda says: "vibration of body" is the second stage of Prânâyâma. I get this, but put it down to weakness.</p> <p>Dhâranâ on tip of nose for five minutes. Heard a voice saying: "And if you're passing, won't you?"</p> <p>Concentration on any organ seems to make it very sensitive—a fleck of down lighting on my nose made me jump.</p> |
| 6th. | 9.20-9.50
a.m. a.m.

6.10-6.40
a.m. a.m. | <p>Prânâyâma. Three cycles of 7 minutes (i.e. Twelve cycles of 5. 10. 20 = one cycle of 7 minutes) with intervals of 3 minutes after each cycle.</p> <p>Prânâyâma. Two cycles of 5.10.20. The counting got mixed and things seemed to tend to get buzzy and obscure. Found it difficult to follow clearly the second-hand of a watch. One cycle of four minutes of 10. 20. 30.</p> |

* A Mantra. Shi = Peace, Va = Power. It means "Thy peace by power increasing In me by power to peace."

† The four characteristic results of Prânâyâma are (1) perspiration; (2) rigidity; (3) jumping about like a frog; (4) levitation. P. never experienced this last result. But it is possible that, if there was an actual loss of weight, that this was at least a step towards it.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

September.

- 6th. 7.0 p.m. Heard astral bell, not mine but Shri Mâitrânanda's.*
 10.45-10.55 Dhâranâ on tip of nose. I obtained a clear understanding
 p.m. p.m. of the unreality of that nose. This persists. An hour later
 whilst breathing on my arm as I was asleep, I said to myself:
 "What is this hot breath from?" I was forced to *think* before
 I could answer "my nose." Then I pinched myself and
 remembered at once; but again breathing the same thing
 happened again. Therefore the "Dhâranâtion" of my nose
 dividualizes Me and My Nose, affects my nose, disproves my
 nose, abolishes, annihilates and expunges my nose.
- 11.25-11.34 Dhâranâ on end of Verendum.†
 p.m. p.m.
- 7th. 7.0-7.7 Prânâyâma. 5. 10. 20.
 a.m. a.m.
 7.15-7.37 Prânâyâma. 5. 10. 20, and five minutes of 10. 20. 30.
 a.m. a.m. Tried external Kumbhaka with poorest of results.
- 8th. 11.0-11.5 Dhâranâ on nose.
 a.m. a.m.
- 11.10-11.13 Dhâranâ, covering face with a sheet of thick white paper.
 a.m. a.m. Very complex phenomena occur.
 But this production of two noses seems to be the falling
 back of the eyes to the parallel. Everything vanishes.
- 11.45-11.51 Dhâranâ. Ditto. There are two noses all the time. The
 a.m. a.m. delusion is that you think your right eye is seeing your left
 nose!
- 6.10-6.50 Prânâyâma 7 minutes 5. 10. 20; 6 minutes 10. 20. 30. Dhâranâ
 p.m. p.m. on nose 9 minutes 50 seconds. I actually lost the nose on one
 occasion, and could not think what I wished to find or where
 to find it; my mind having become a perfect blank. (Shri
 Mâitrânanda say this is very good, and means I approach
 "neighbourhood-concentration"). Six minutes more at 10. 20.
 30. Forty minutes in the Â'sana.
- 10.20-10.34 Mentally muttering "Namo Shivaya Namah Aum" I did
 p.m. p.m. Dhâranâ as before on my nose. I understand one Buddhist
 constipation now; for: I was (a) conscious of external things

* We do not know what this means unless the note of Shri Mâitrânanda's
 bell was different from that of Frater P.'s. † Wand.

THE EQUINOX

seen behind, after my nose had vanished, *i.e.* altar, etc.: and (b) conscious that I was *not* conscious of these things. These two consciousnesses being simultaneous. This seems absurd and inexplicable, it is noted in Buddhist Psychology, *yet I know it.*

September

- 9th. 9.50-10.20 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Ten minutes 5. 10. 20; 4 minutes 10. 25. 30; 6 minutes 10. 25. 30. Looking at the light at the top of my head. It was of a misty blue colour, its shape was that of an ordinary cone of flame, long and homogeneous. At intervals it dropped and opened out like a flower, its texture was that of fine hair. Mâitrânanda told me that this result was very good, and that these petals are of the Ajna Chakra.*
- 2.10-2.45 p.m. p.m. Prânâyâma. Seven minutes 5. 10. 20.; Dhâranâ on nose thirteen minutes. During this Prânâyâma I heard the Astral Bell twice or thrice. Prânâyâma 8 minutes. 10. 20. 30.
Perspiration which has been almost suppressed of late has reappeared to excess.
- 6.12-6.38 p.m. p.m. Prânâyâma. Four minutes and 6 minutes 10. 20. 30.
Late Dhâranâ. Become quite unconscious. Recovered saying: "and not take the first step on Virtue's giddy road," with the idea that this had some reference to the instruction to begin Suddhi with Ida. Forgot that I had been doing Dhâranâ; but I felt quite pleased and a conviction that my thoughts had been very important.
- 10th. 7.12-7.34 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Seven minutes 5. 10. 20; and 10 minutes 10. 20. 30. The was was very good and regular.
- 11.50-12.5 a.m. p.m. Prânâyâma. Fourteen minutes 5. 10. 20. Ida stopped up.
- 6.15-6.50 p.m. p.m. Dhâranâ on nose 22 minutes.
Prânâyâma. 10. 20. 30.
- 9.15-9.34 p.m. p.m. Dhâranâ on nose. During this I heard a Siren-cooing Nâda; it sounded very audible and continuous; but loudest during Rechaka.
- 1.23 a.m. I awoke, lying on left side. This being unusual. . . . I did not know I had been asleep, and the time much surprised

* When Gods are near, or Kundalini arises thither, the petals bend down and out: thus is the Winged-Globe of Egypt formed. These petals are the same as the horns of Pan which open out as the God descends.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

me. The one dominant thought in my brain was: "That is it," *i.e.* Dhyanâ. The characteristic perspiration which marks the first stage of success in Prânâyâma possesses the odour, taste, colour, and almost the consistency of semen.

September.

- 11th. 6.25-6.45 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Fifteen minutes. 10. 20. 30. No perspiration.
- 10.30-10.45 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Twelve minutes: 10. 20. 30.
6.0-6.30 p.m. p.m. Prânâyâma. Eight minutes: 10. 20. 30.
With great effort.
Cannot do Prânâyâma 30. 60. 15 more than once through, I tried twice.
Dhâranâ on nose ten minutes.
- 11.15 p.m. Dhâranâ on nose.
- 12th. 7.35-7.55 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Six minutes 10. 20. 30.
Dhâranâ. Six minutes.
(P. was called away for a few days on business (or in disgust?) to Colombo.)
On the 20th of September P. returned from Colombo and then he made the following entry in his diary: "The Blessed Abhavânanda said: 'Thus have I heard. One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand'; let me recommence Prânâyâma." Thus he thought, and said. Further he said: "Let me abandon these follies of poesy and Vamacharya ("debauchery," *i.e.* normal life) and health and vain things and let me put in some work.
Began Suddhi and "Namo Shivaya Namaha Aum."
- 22nd. 10.15-11.15 a.m. a.m. Â'sana. Prânâyâma. Nine minutes 10. 20. 30.
Dhâranâ on nose ten minutes.
5.55-6.25 p.m. p.m. Prânâyâma. Four minutes: 10. 20. 30.
Prânâyâma. Ten minutes: 10. 20. 30.
Prânâyâma. One of 30. 15. 60. twice. Two such consecutively quite out of the question.
- 9.12-9.45 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Twelve minutes. 10. 20. 30.
Prânâyâma. Two consecutive cycles as above declared impossible!
- 23rd. 3.5-3.37 a.m. a.m. Prânâyâma. Sixteen minutes. 10. 20. 30.
Dhâranâ on nose. Seven minutes.
5.20-5.50 a.m. a.m. Dhâranâ on nose. Seventeen minutes.
Heard astral bell repeatedly, apparently from above my head, perhaps slightly to the left of median.

THE EQUINOX

Two practices of Prânâyâma: 30. 15. 60.

Concentration on Ajna Chakakra. The effect was as of light gradually glimmering forth and becoming very bright.

September 24th.	Tried drinking through nose;* but could not accomplish it properly.
7.0-7.10 a.m. a.m.	Tried Dhâranâ on Nose as Ida was stopped up. Eyes watered, and the breathing was difficult, could not concentrate.
7.15-7.38 a.m. a.m.	Prânâyâma. Twenty-two minutes 10. 20. 30. Could have gone on.
5.35-6.5 p.m. p.m.	Prânâyâma very difficult. Dhâranâ on nose nine minutes. The nose is perhaps my least sensitive organ. Would I do better to try my tongue?
	Dhâranâ, four minutes on tip of tongue. Burning feeling as usual. Can feel every tooth as if each had become a conscious being.
	Prânâyâma. Broke down badly on second Rechaka of 30. 15. 60. I <i>will</i> do this, and often.
10.15-10.44 p.m. p.m.	Prânâyâma. Ten minutes 10. 20. 30. Dhâranâ on nose seven minutes. One Grand Prânâyâma. 30. 15. 60. [N.B. for Prânâyâma be fresh, cool, not excited, not sleepy, not full of food, not ready to urinate or defæcate.]
25th.	Prânâyâma. Twenty-six minutes: 10. 20. 30.
6.0-6.42 a.m. a.m.	Dhâranâ on nose. Five minutes. Dhâranâ on nose. Six minutes.
8.30-9.0 a.m. a.m.	Dhâranâ on nose. Twelve and a half minutes. Grand Prânâyâma. 30. 15. 60. very difficult.
10.45-11.20 a.m. a.m.	Dhâranâ on nose. Thirty-four minutes. Stopped by an alarum going off—rather a shock—did not know where I was for a bit.
4.36-5.8 p.m. p.m.	Prânâyâma. Eight minutes: 10. 20. 30. Prânâyâma. Eleven minutes minutes: 10. 20. 30.
7.45-8.5 a.m. a.m.	Prânâyâma. Eleven minutes: 10. 20. 30. Mental Muttering “Aum Shivayvashi.”
8.40-9.23 a.m. a.m.	Thirty-seven minutes concentrated on Pentacle, right globe of ear throbs; left ear cold current; left hand tingles. I do

* A Hatha Yoga practice. P.'s idea of the practice was to drink a pint right off! Hence disappointment.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

get a sort of Sukshma-Kumbhaka which I cannot reproduce at will.

Rigidity of body and the fading of all vision are its stig-mata. Curiously this happened on coming out of Mental Muttering back to audible, or rather at one loud slow Mantra, *i.e.* when no Kumbhaka was possible.

September.

26th. 8.50-9.3
a.m. a.m.
5.25-5.57
p.m. p.m.

Mental Muttering for ten minutes “Aum Shivayavashi.” Results similar to last night’s, somewhat more easily obtained. Mental Muttering of “Aum Shivayavashi.” Results better than usual.

Prânâyâma. Seven minutes after 10 seconds of Kumbhaka. This seventh time I forgot all about everything and breathed out of both nostrils. Quite quietly—pure mental abstraction.

8.10-9.30
p.m. p.m.

Mental Muttering of “Aum Shivayavashi,” for seventy-five minutes. Several times lost concentration or consciousness or something, *i.e.* either vision or voice or both were interrupted.

(N.B. at one particular *rate* the third eye throbs violently in time with the mantra.)

27th.

10.20-10.33
a.m. a.m.

Constant dreams of Dhâranâ.

Prânâyâma . Seven minutes 10. 20. 30. Twice forgot my-self in Kumbhaka by exceeding the thirty seconds. I was trying to kill thoughts entering Ajna. On the first occasion I was still saying “Shiva” for this purpose; on the second I was meditating on Devi [a name of Bhâvani].

4.45-4.50
p.m. p.m.

One Grand Prânâyâma. 30. 15. 60.

New Prânâyâma of 25. 15. 50; twice.

5.12-5.40
a.m. a.m.

Prânâyâma. Seven minutes 10. 20. 30.

Mental Muttering. “Aum Shivayavashi” Fifteen minutes, at rate when Ajna throbs.

(N.B. of late my many years’ habit of sleeping only on the right side has vanished. I now sleep always on my left side.)

28th.

7 a.m.
4.35-5.16
p.m. p.m.

Prânâyâma. 10. 20. 30.

Prânâyâma. Four minutes: 10. 20. 30.

Mantra: “Aum Shivayavashi.” Twenty minutes. I feel on the brink of something every time—Aid me, Lord Self!

His Holiness the Guru Swami says: “It is not well, O child, that thou contempletst the external objects about thee. Let rather thy Chakkras be on-meditated. Aum!”

10.50 p.m.

Dhâranâ on Ajna eighteen minutes muttering “Aum Tat Sat Aum!”

THE EQUINOX

- September 29th. 12.0 m.n. Dhâranâ on Ajna and “Aum Tat Sat Aum” thirty-one minutes. At one time Ajna seemed enormously, perhaps infinitely, elongated.
- 11.15-11.41 a.m. a.m. Mantra “Aum Tat Sat Aum” with usual throbbing. Took 210 drops of Laudanum as an experiment under Mâitrânanda’s guidance. (Absolutely no mental result, and hardly any physical result. I must be most resistant to this drug, which I had never previously taken).
- 30th. 10.5 a.m. Recovering from the Laudanum. Prânâyâma and Dhâranâ hopeless.*
- October. Another month of this great work commences, and though the toil has not been wasted the reward indeed seems still far off.

On the first of the month P. writes:—

“Blessed be thou, O Bhâvâni, O Isis my Sister, my Bride, my Mother! Blessed be Thou, O Shiva, O Amoun, Concealed of the Concealed. By Thy most secret and Holy Name of Apophis be Thou blessed, Lucifer, Star of the Dawn, Satan-Jeheshua, Light of the World! Blessed be Thou, Buddha, Osiris, by whatever Name I call Thee Thou art nameless to Eternity.

“Blessed by Thou, O Day, that Thou hast risen in the Night of Time; First Dawn in the Chaos of poor P.’s poor mind! Accursed be Thou, Jehovah, Brahma, unto the Æons of Æons: thou who didst create Darkness and not Light! Mâra, vile Mask of Matter!

“Arise, O Shiva, and destroy! That in destruction these at last be blest.”

- 1st. 5.30 p.m. Prânâyâma.
Mantra seventeen minutes. Noise of glass being rubbed persistent.
- 9.30 p.m. From now I decide to work more seriously, and follow out the following programme:
Mantra “Aum Tat Sat Aum.”
Dhâranâ on Ajna Chakkra.
Read Bhagavad-Gita.
Vegetarian diet.
Normal amount of sleep.

* Probably at this time a period of “dryness” supervened.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

		Speech only when necessary.
		Prânâyâma.
		Â'sana with eyes turned up.
October.		Walking as exercise.
2nd.	8.30 a.m.	Mantra "Aum Tat Sat Aum."
	9.10-10.50	Â'sana with Mantra and eyes turned to Ajna Chakakra.
	a.m. a.m.	Chittam distinctly slowing towards end.
	10.50-12.5	Continued lying down. [Did I sleep?]
	a.m. p.m.	
	12.35-1.45	For a walk muttering Mantra.
	a.m. a.m.	
	2.20-2.45	Â'sana. Always forgetting to repeat the Mantra, Mâitrâ- nandra Swami says this is right. Ajna is now more steely in appearance and is open at a constant angle of about 30° to 40°.
	p.m. p.m.	
	3.10-3.45	Prânâyâma. Thirty minutes 10. 20. 30.
	p.m. p.m.	
	4.10 p.m.	Resumed Â'sana. The "invading" thoughts are more and more fragmentary and ridiculous. I cannot mentally pro- nounce the Mantra with correctness, <i>e.g.</i> "Op tap sapa" or "shastra" for "sat," etc. Now arose, with Music of the Vînâ the Golden Dawn.* At 5.15 I arose.
	5.42 p.m.	Resumed my Â'sana and did three Prânâyâmas of 25. 15. 50. Also of 20. 10. 40.
		Mâitrânanda Swami explained above as follows: Unto the sunset, moonrise, Agni;† then Vishvarupa Darshana,‡ and one's own personal God;§ then Âtma-Darshana and Shiva- Darshana.¶

* The Golden Dawn, Dhyâna of the Sun.

† Or Rupa Visions. That is, visions of the three Lights of the Gunas. See "The Herb Dangerous." THE EQUINOX, vol. i, No. 2.

‡ The great Vision of Vishnu. See the Eleventh Discourse in the Bhagavad-Gita. "Unnumbered arms, the sun and moon. Thine eyes. I see Thy face, as sacrificial fire blazin, its splendour burneth up the worlds." Verse 19.

§ Adonai. The Vision of the Holy Guardian Angel.

|| Atma-Darshana, the universal vision of Pan, or the vision of the Universal Peacock. It has many forms.

¶ Vision of Shiva, which destroys the Âtma-Darshana. The God Shiva opens his eye, and Equilibrium is re-established.

THE EQUINOX

October.		Prânâyâma. Eighteen minutes. 10. 20. 30.
3rd.	12.20 a.m.	
	10-11.30 a.m. a.m.	Walk with Mantra.
	11.30-12.41 a.m. p.m.	Â'sana. Always with Mantra and Ajna. Prânâyâma. Eighteen minutes. 10. 20. 30.
	1.50-2.30 p.m. p.m.	Dhâranâ. Got very tired and lay down till 3.35 (not sleeping) then resumed Â'sana till 5.5 p.m. Now again at last the Golden Dawn. This, as my intuition had already taught me, had the effect of slowing the Dhyâna and also keeping me fixed therein. Yet, I fear, of partially destroying its perfection—He knows! Thus the disk came clear: but I began to be worried by body and clouded by doubt, and an effort to return only brought up a memory-picture. The flaming clouds are “thought”; the shadowy or hinted Form is Adonai!
	5.35 p.m.	Three Prânâyâmas of 50. 25. 15.
	5.40 p.m.	Prânâyâma. Twenty minutes 10. 20. 30.
	9.30 p.m.	Holiday; which was fatal folly!

The full account of this wonderful realization of Dhyâna is set forth by P. in this note book entitled “The Writings of Truth,” in which we find the following:

“After some eight hours’ discipline by Prânâyâma arose ‘The Golden Dawn.’

“While meditating, suddenly I became conscious of a shoreless space of darkness and a glow of crimson athwart it. Deepening and brightening, scarred by dull bars of slate-blue cloud arose the Dawn of Dawns. In splendour not of eart and its mean sun, blood-red, rayless, adamant, it rose, it rose! Carried out of myself, I asked not ‘Who is the Witness?’ absorbed utterly in contemplation of so stupendous and marvellous a fact. For here was no doubt, no change, no wavering; infinitely more real than aught ‘physical’ is the Golden Dawn of this Eternal Sun! But ere the Orb of Glory rose clear of its banks of blackness—alas my soul!—that Light Ineffable was withdrawn beneath the falling veil of darkness, and in purples and greys glorious beyond imagining, sad beyond conceiving, faded the superb Herald of the Day. But mine eyes have seen it! And this, then, is Dhyâna! Walk with it, yet all but unremarked, came a melody as of the sweet-souled Vinâ.

.

Again, by the Grace ineffable of Bhâvani to the meanest of Her devotees, arose the Splendour of the Inner Sun. As bidden by my Guru, I saluted the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Dawn with Pranava. This, as I foresaw, retained the Dhyânic Consciousness. The Disk grew golden: rose clear of all its clouds, flining great fleecy cumuli of rose and gold, fiery with light, into the aethyr of space. Hollow it seemed and rayless as the Sun in Sagittarius, yet incomparably brighter: but rising clear of cloud, it began to revolve, to coruscate, to throw of streamers of jetted fire! [This from a hill-top I beheld, dark as of a dying world. Covered with black decayed wet peaty wood, a few pines stood stricken, unutterably alone.*] But behind the glory of its coruscations seemed to shape, an idea less solid than a shadow! an Idea of some Human-seeming Form! Now grew doubt and thought in P.'s miserable mind; and the One Wave grew many waves and all was lost! Alas! Alas! for P.! And Glory Eternal unto Her, She the twin-Breasted that hath encroached even upon the other half of the Destroyer! "OM Namô Bhâvaniya OM."

Filled with the glory of the great light that had arisen in him, for many days P. communded in silence with the Vision that days upon days of labour had revealed to him, and then leaving his place of retirement near Kandy he journeyed to Anhuradhapura, and thence to many sacred shrines and temples throughout the island of Ceylon, gathering as he travelled spiritual knowledge, and learning the ancient customs of the people and the manner of their lives.

Towards the end of November his work in Ceylon being accomplished he arrived at Madura, and from there he journeyed to Calcutta. At this city he remained for about a month, during almost the whole of which time he suffered from sickness and fever. He however records an interesting incident, which took place during an early morning walk whilst he was in deep meditation.

"Whilst in this meditation, a kind of inverted Manichæism seemed to develop and take possession of it, Nature appearing as a great evil and fatal force, unwittingly developing within

* This is a mere thought-form induced by misunderstanding the instruction of Mâitrânanda Swami as to observing the phenomenon.

THE EQUINOX

itself a suicidal Will called Buddha or Christ.” This perhaps is most easily explained by imagining “Mâyâ” to be a circle of particles moving from right to left which after a time through its own intrinsic motion sets up within itself a counter motion, a kind of back-water current which moves in the opposite direction, from left to right, and little by little destroys the Mâyâ circle, marked “B”; and then becoming its Mâyâ, in its turn sets up a counter circle which in time will likewise be destroyed. The

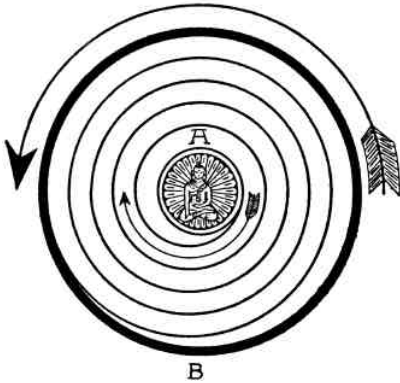


DIAGRAM 88.
The Bodhi Satva

outer circle “B” is the world Mâyâ or the Samasâra Chakra, the inner “A” the Bodhi Satva, the Buddha, the Christ.

Thus is fulfilled again and again the great prophecy:

Whenever the dhamma decays, and a-dhamma prevails, then I manifest myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil, for the firm establishment of the National Righteousness I am born again and again!*

* Cf. Captain J. F. C. Fuller’s “Star in the West,” pp. 287, 288. “In his Essay ‘Eleusis,’ Crowley suggests that the world’s history may roughly be divided into a continuous succession of periods, each embracing three distinct cycles—of Renaissance, Decadence, and Slime. In the first the Adepts rise as artists, philosophers, and men of science, who are sooner or later recognized as great men; in the second the adepts as adepts appear, but seem as fools and knaves; and in the third, that of Slime, vanish altogether, and are invisible. Then the chain starts again. Thus Crowley writes:

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“It is a fallacy,” wrote P., “that the Absolute must be the All-Good. There is *not* an Intelligence directing law; but only a line of least resistance along which all things move. Its own selfishness has not even the wit to prevent Buddha, and so its own selfishness proves its destruction.

“We cannot call Nature *evil*: Fatal is the exact word, for Necessity implies stupidity, and this stupidity is the chief attribute of Nature.”

So P. argued, for the little Bodhi Satva has started whirling within him, hungry and thirsty, slowly devouring its Mother Mâyâ.

On the 21st of January, 1902, P. left Calcutta for Burma, where for a short time he again joined Mâitrânanda. During the month of February he journeyed through the districts about Rangoon visiting many sacred cities and holy men, practising Dhâranâ on Maitri Bhâvana (Compassion) and taking his refuge in Triratna. (The triple jewel of Buddhism—Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha.) On the 14th of February he visited Lamma Sayadaw Kyoung and Bhikku Ânanda Metteyya, and on the 23rd shipped by S.S. Kapurthala from Rangoon to Calcutta, arriving there on the 26th.

For the first three months of 1902 no record was kept by P. of his meditations and mystical exercises, except one which is as curious as it is interesting, and which consists of a minutely detailed table showing the Classification of the Dreams he dreamt from the 8th of February to the 19th of March.

P., it may be mentioned, was much subject to dreaming, but perhaps rarely were they so persistent and vivid as he now experienced. For he found that by trying to remember dreams he could remember more. Probably most men dream subconsciously; just as they breathe without knowing it unless the attention be directed to the act.

THE EQUINOX

We append the following table. As it will be seen P. divides his dream-states into seven main divisions, each being again split up into further subdivisions to enable the various correspondences to be seen at a glance.

CLASSIFICATION OF DREAMS

A. *Depth of impression.*

1. Vivid. 2. Ordinary. 3. Slight. 4. Doubtful.

B. *Degree of Memory.*

1. Detailed. 2. Outlined. 3. Partially outlined. 4. Central idea only. 5. Incident only. 6. Nothing save fact of dream.

C. *Cause.*

1. Traceable to thoughts of previous day. 2. Traceable to local circumstances (e.g. Dream of river from rain falling on face). 3. Not so traceable.

D. *Character.*

1. Surprising. 2. Ordinary.

E. *Character.*

1. Rational. 2. Irrational.

F. *Character General.*

1. Lascivious, (a) Finished, (b) Baffled. 2. Of travel. 3. Of literature. 4. Of art. 5. Of magic. 6. Of beauty. 7. Of religion. 8. Of social affairs. 9. Of disgust. 10. Of old friends (or foes). 11. Various. 12. Humorous. 13. Of very definite men not known to P. 14. Of combat. 15. Of money.

G. *Character Special.*

1. Of losing a tooth. 2. Of beard being shaved off. 3. Of climbing a mountain. 4. Of being taken in adultery. 5. Of Poem or Magical book I have written (in dream). 6. Of being embarrassed. 7. Of flying, especially of escaping.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

		A	B	C	D	E	F	G
February	8th	1	2	—	1	—	—	—
„	9th	1	1	Probably 2	—	—	—	1
„	12th	1	1	1	—	—	1 (b)	—
„	13th	1	1	1	1	—	6.12	—
„	14th							
„	15th	1	2	1	2	1	1	1
„	„	1	2	1	2	1	1	1
„	16th	1	1	1	2	1	4.2.8	—
„	17th	3	6	—	—	—	—	—
„	18th	2	2	Probably 1	2	1	11	—
„	20th	1	?	?	1	?	?	—
„	21st	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
„	22nd	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
„	23rd	1	1	2	1	2	1 (a).2.10.9.11	—
„	24th	1	4	1	2	—	1 ?	—
„	25th	2 (? 1)	3	1	2	1	2	—
„	28th	1	1	1	2	3	1.10.11	4 (?)
„	„	2	2	1	2	1	3.7	—
March	1st	3	6	—	—	—	—	—
„	2nd	1	1	1 (?)	2	1	8	6
„	„	1	1	1 (?)	1	1	5	—
„	3rd	2	1	1	2	1	2.8	—
„	4th	1	4.5	1	1	—	8.10.13	—
„	5th	(?) all						
„	„	2	2	1	2	1	2	—
„	7th	1	1	1.2	2	2	1 (b).2.9.	6
„	8th	1	6	—	—	—	—	—
„	9th	1	1	1	1	1	1 (b).2.5.8.10.13	4.6
„	10th	1	1	3	2	1	8.10.13.14.15	—
„	11th	1	1	1	1	2	3.5.7.12	5.7
„	„	1	1	1	1	2	1 (b)	4
„	12th	1	2	1	2	1	2	6
„	13th	1	2	3	1	2	1 (b)	—
„	14th	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
„	15th	1	1	3	2	1	1.2.8.10.13	—
„	„	1	1	2	2	2	2	—
„	16th	1	2	1	1	2	3.10	—
„	17th	2	2	3	2	1	7.8	—
„	18th	1	5	1	1	1	5.6.11	—
„	19 th	2	5	—	—	1	11	—

THE EQUINOX

On the 7th of March P. left Calcutta for Benares, arriving there on the following day, and lodging at the Hôtel de Paris he continued his concentration practices. In his diary on this date he writes: "The fear of the future seems practically destroyed, and during the last six months I have worked well. This removes all possible selfishness of incentive (after 4½ years) Maitri Bhâvana is left, and that alone. Aum!

At Benares he visited the temples, and had a long conversation with Sri Swami Swayam Prakashânda Maithila; and then after three days' sojourn there journeyed to Agra.

"I saw the Taj. A dream of beauty," he writes, "with appallingly evil things dwelling therein. I actually had to use H.P.K. formula! The building soon palls; the aura is apparent, and disgust succeeds. But the central hall is of strained aura, like a magic circle after the banishing."

At Agra P. met Astrologer and Geomancer Munshi Elihu Bux; who told him that by looking hard at a point on the wall constantly and without winking for many days he would be able to obtain an hypnotic power even to Deadly and Hostile Current of Will.

On the 16th P. left Agra and went to Delhi, and there on the 23rd he was joined by D.A., and these two with their companions on the following day journeyed to Rawal Pindi and from this city they set out together to travel for five months in the northern and little frequented districts of Baltistan, and to seek that great solemnity and solitude which is only to be found amongst the greatest mountains of earth.

With the Dhyâna Visions and Trance we arrive at another turning point in Frater P.'s magical ascent. For several years he had worked by the aid of Western methods, and with them he had laid a mighty and unshakable foundation upon which

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

he had now succeeded in building the great temple of Self-Control. Working upon Eastern line he had laid stone upon stone, and yet when the work was completed, magnificent though it was, there was no God yet found to indwell it. It was indeed but an empty house.

Though we have now arrived at this turning point, it will be necessary before we review the contents of this chapter to narrate the events from the present date—March 1902, down to the 11th of August 1903; when, by the chance (destined) meeting with Ourada the Seer, he was eventually enabled to set in motion the great power he had gained, and by wrestling with the deity, as Jacob wrestled with the Angel by the ford of Jabbok, see God face to face and LIVE.

For a space of nearly six months P. and D.A. journeyed amongst the vast mountains beyond Cashmir, and though during this period no record of his meditations has been preserved, time was not idled away and exercises in meditation of a more exalted kind, on the vastness of Nature and the ungraspable might of God, were his daily joy and consolation.

In September he returned to Srinagar, and thence journeyed to Bombay where he remained for but a few days before his return journey to Europe.

Arriving in Egypt he remained in that ancient land for some three weeks, somehow feeling that it was here that he should find what he had so long now been seeking for in vain. But realizing the hopelessness of waiting in any definite country or city, without some clue to guide him to his goal, he left Egypt at the beginning of November and continued his journey back to England only to break it again at Paris.

In this city he remained until April the following year

THE EQUINOX

(1903). In the month of January he met his old College friend H. L.

From the very first moment of this meeting H. L. showed considerable perturbation of mind, and on being asked by Frater P. what was exercising him, H. L. replied "Come and free Miss Q. from the wiles of Mrs. M." Being asked who Mrs. M. was, H. L. answered that she was a vampire and a sorceress who was modelling a sphinx with the intention of one day endowing it with life so that it might carry out her evil wishes; and that her victim was Miss Q. P. wishing to ease his friend's mind asked H. L. to take him to Miss Q.'s address at which Mrs. M. was then living. This H. L. did.

The following story is certainly one of the least remarkable of the many strange events which happened to Frater P. during his five month's residence in Paris, but we give it in place of others because it re-introduces several characters who have already figured in this history.

Miss Q. after an interview asked P. to tea to meet Mrs. M. After introductions she left the room to make tea—the White Magic and the Black were left face to face.

On the mantelpiece stood a bronze of the head of Balzac, and P., taking it down, seated himself in a chair by the fire and looked at it.

Presently a strange dreamy feeling seemed to come over him, and something velvet soft and soothing and withal lecherous moved across his hand. Suddenly looking up he saw that Mrs. M. had noiselessly quitted her seat and was bending over him; her hair was scattered in a mass of curls over her shoulders, and the tips of her fingers were touching the back of his hand.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

No longer was she the middle aged woman, worn with strange lusts; but a young woman of bewitching beauty.

At once recognizing the power of her sorcery, and knowing that if he even so much as contemplated her Gorgon head all the power of his magic would be petrified, and that he would become but a puppet in her hands, but a toy to be played with and when broken cast aside, he quietly rose as if nothing unusual had occurred; and replacing the bust on the mantel-piece turned towards her and commenced with her a magical conversation; that is to say a conversation which outwardly had but the appearance of the politest small talk but which inwardly lacerated her evil heart, and burnt into her black bowels as if each word had been a drop of some corrosive acid.

She writhed back from him; and then again approached him even more beautiful than she had been before. She was battling for her life now, and no longer for the blood of another victim. If she lost, hell yawned before her, the hell that every once beautiful woman who is approaching middle age, sees before her the hell of lost beauty, of decrepitude, of wrinkles and fat. The odour of man seemed to fill her whole subtle form with a feline agility, with a beauty irresistible. One step nearer and then she sprang at Frater P. and with an obscene word sought to press her scarlet lips to his.

As she did so Frater P. caught her and holding her at arm's length smote the sorceress with her own current of evil, just as a would-be murdered is sometimes killed with the very weapon with which he has attacked his victim.

A blue-greenish light seemed to play round the head of the vampire, and then the flaxen hair turned the colour of muddy

THE EQUINOX

snow, and the fair skin wrinkled, and those eyes, that had turned so many happy lives to stone, dulled, and became as pewter dappled with the dregs of wine. The girl of twenty had gone, before him stood a hag of sixty, bent, decrepit, debauched. With dribbling curses she hobbled from the room.

As Frater P. left the house, for some time he turned over in his mind these strange happenings, and was not long in coming to the opinion that Mrs. M. was not working alone, and that behind her probably were forces far greater than she. She was but the puppet of others, the salve that would catch the kids and the lambs that were to be served upon her master's table. Could P. prove this? could he discover who the masters were? The task was a difficult one; it either meant months of work, which P. could not afford to give, or the mere chance of a lucky stroke, which P. set aside as unworthy of the attempt.

That evening whilst relating the story to his friend H. L. he asked him if he knew of any reliable clairvoyant. H. L. replied that he did, and that there was such a person at that very time in Paris known as The Sibyl, his own "belle amie." That night they called on her; and from her P. discovered, for he led her in the spirit, the following remarkable facts.

The vision at first was of little importance, then by degrees the seer was led to a house which P. at once recognised as that in which D.D.C.F. lived. He entered one of the rooms, which he also at once recognised but curious to say, instead of finding D.D.C.F. and V.N.R. there he found Theo and Mrs. Horos. Mr. Horos (M.S.R.) incarnated in the body of V.N.R. and Mrs. Horos (S.V.A.) in that of D.D.C.F. Their

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

bodies were in prison; but their spirits were in the house of the fallen chief of the Golden Dawn.

At first Frater P. was seized with horror at the sight, he knew not whether to direct a hostile current of will against D.D.C.F. and V.N.R., supposing them to be guilty of cherishing within their bodies the spirits of two disincarnated vampires, or perhaps Abramelin demons under the assumed forms of S.V.A. and M.S.R., or to warn D.D.C.F.; supposing him to be innocent, as he perhaps was, of so black and evil an offence. But as he hesitated a voice entered the body of the Sibyl and bade him leave matters alone, which he did. Not yet was the cup full.

In April he journeyed to London, and the month of May 1903 once again found him amongst the fastness of the north in the house he had bought in which to carry out the Sacred Operation of Abramelin.

At this point of our history, in a prefatory note to one of Frater P.'s note-books, we find him recapitulating, in the following words, the events of the last four years:

In the year 1899 I came to C . . . House, and put everything in order with the object of carrying out the Operation of Abramelin the Mage.

I had studied Ceremonial Magic, and had obtained every remarkable success.

My Gods were those of Egypt, interpreted on lines closely akin to those of Greece.

In Philosophy I was a Realist of the Qabalistic School.

In 1900 I left England for Mexico, and later the Far East, Ceylon, India, Burma, Balistan, Egypt and France. It is idle here to detail the corresponding progress of my thought; and passing through a stage of Hinduism, I had discarded all Deities as unimportant, and in Philosophy was an uncompromising Nominalist, arrived at what I may describe as an orthodox Buddhist; but however with the following reservations:

(1) I cannot deny that certain phenomena do accompany the use of certain rituals; I only deny the usefulness of such methods to the White Adept.

THE EQUINOX

(2) That I consider Hindu methods of meditation as possible useful to the beginner, and should not therefore recommend them to be discarded at once.

With regard to my advancement, the redemption of the Cosmos, etc., etc., I leave for ever the "Blossom and Fruit" Theory and appear in the character of an Inquirer on strictly scientific lines.*

This is unhappily calculated to damp enthusiasm; but as I so carefully of old, for the magical path, excluded from my life all other interests, that life has now no particular meaning, and the Path of Research, on the only lines I can now approve of, remains the one Path possible for me to tread.

On the 11th of June P. records that he moved his bed into the temple that he had constructed at C . . . House, for convenience of more absolute retirement. In this temple he was afflicted by dreams and visions of the most appalling Abrame-lin devils, which had evidently clung to the spot ever since the operations of February 1900.

On the night of the 16th of June he began to practise Mahasatipatthana† and found it easy to get into the way of it as a mantra which does not interfere much with sense-

* Till 1906. The theory of the Great White Brotherhood, as set forth in the story called "The Blossom and the Fruit," by Miss Mabel Collins.

† The practice of Mahasatipatthana is explained by Mr. A. Crowley in his "Science and Buddhism" very fully. Briefly:

In this meditation the mind is not restrained to the contemplation of a single object, and there is no interference with the natural functions of the body. It is essentially an observation-practice, which later assumes an analytic aspect in regard to the question: "What is it that is really observed?"

The Ego-idea is excluded; all bodily motions are observed and recorded; for instance, one may sit down quietly and say: "There is a raising of the right foot." "There is an expiration," etc., etc., just as it happens. When once this habit of excluding the Ego becomes intuitive, the next step is to explain the above thus: "There is a sensation (Vedana) of a raising, etc." The next stage is that of perception (Sañña) "There is a perception of a (pleasant and unpleasant) sensation of a raising, etc." The two further stages Sankhara and Viññanam pursue the analysis to its ultimatum. "There is a consciousness of a tendency

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

impressions, but remains as an undercurrent. After several days of this desultory Mahasatipatthana, he turned his mind once again to the Great Work and decided upon a fortnight's strict magical retirement. Though his retirement culminated in no definite state of illumination, it is most interesting from a scientific point of view, as it has been very carefully kept and the "breaks" that occurred in the meditations have been most minutely classified.

June.

- 22nd. 10.20 p.m. Mahasatipatthana for half an hour.
 (1) Breathing gets deeper, rather sleepier. (I am tired.)
 (2) Notable throbbing in Ajna and front of brain generally, especially with inspiring.
 (3) Tendency to forget what I am doing. (I am tired.)
 (4) Very bad concentration, but better than expected.
- 23rd. 10.11 a.m. Walk with Mahasatipatthana. I obtained a very clear intuition that "I breathe" was a lie. With effort regained delusion.
- 11.30 a.m. Entered Temple.
 11.33 a.m. Prânâyâma. 10. 20. 30. Resulting in a good deal of pain.
 11.40 a.m. Mahasatipatthana.
 11.57 a.m. Prânâyâma. 10. 20. 30. I do seem bad! My left nostril is not all it should be.
- 11.57 a.m. Left Temple.
 12.30 p.m. Began Mahasatipatthana desultorily.
 1.15 p.m. In Mahasatipatthana. Doing it very badly. Seem sleepy. Went out for a walk feeling ill. Ill all the week.
- 28th. During the night began again meditation upon Ajna and Mantra "Aum Tat Sat Aum."
- 29th. Decide to do tests on old principle to see how I really stand.

to perceive the (pleasant and unpleasant) sensation of a raising of the right foot" being the final form.

The Buddha himself said that if a man practices Mahasatipatthana honestly and intelligently a result is certain.

THE EQUINOX

BEGIN.	END.	OBJECT.	TIME.	NO. OF BREAKS.
10.21 a.m.	10.23 a.m.	Red Cross	2 m. 10. s.	Several breaks of the kind, "Oh, how well I'm doing it."

Seem to have forgotten what very long times I used to do.

White triangle 10 m. 20 breaks.

[This about harmonic of good; 20 m. 10 breaks is a good performance.]

Apas-Âkâsa.

[Very difficult: slightest noise is utterly disturbing.]

10.55 a.m.	11.1 a.m.	Red Cross	6 m.	7 breaks.
------------	-----------	-----------	------	-----------

[But it is to be observed that a break may be of varying length. I doubt if this was as good as White Triangle *supra*.]

11.44 a.m.	11.56 a.m.	White triangle	12 m.	10 breaks.
------------	------------	----------------	-------	------------

[Above observation perhaps unimportant, as limit of variability is more or less constant (presumably) between 1901 and now.

It will be useless to attempt to devise any means of measuring the length of a break. The only possible suggestion is to count the links in thought back to the object. But I do not think it is worth the trouble.]

Note in White Triangle above:

I get considerably toward identification of self and objecty. This is probably a good result of my philosophy-work.

It will perhaps be more scientific in these tests (and perhaps even in work) to stick to one or two objects and always go on to a special number of breaks—say 10. Then success will vary as time.*

July 2nd.	3.14 p.m.	3.20 p.m.	White triangle	6 m. 30 s.	6 breaks.	Dis- turbed by car- penter.
	10.40 p.m.	11.9 p.m.	White triangle	29 m.	23 breaks.	

[A "break" shall be defined as: "A consciousness of the cessation of the object consciousness."

A simple outside thought arising shall not constitute a "break," since it may exist simultaneously with the object-consciousness.

* This, though a good system, is a difficult one to carry out.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

It shall be meritorious to perform a rosary upon the Rudraksha-beads at least once (at one time) daily; for why? Because 108 is a convenient number of breaks, and the large number will aid determinations of rate of progress.

If it be true, as I suppose, that fatigue to a great extent determines frequency, it will then be perhaps possible to *predict* a Geometrical Progression (or Mixed Progression).]

	BEGIN.	END.	OBJECT.	TIME.	NO. OF BREAKS.
July 3 rd .	10.58 a.m.	11.1 a.m.	White triangle.	3 m.	5 breaks.

[I am in very bad state—nearly *all* breaks!—do a little Prânâyâma to steady me.]

11.10 a.m.	11.15½ a.m.	White triangle.	5 m. 30 s.	4 breaks.
------------	-------------	-----------------	------------	-----------

[Sneezed: totally forgot what I was doing. When I reflected, time as above.]

4th.	9.45 a.m.	9.58½ a.m.	White triangle	13 m. 30 s.	20 breaks.
	10.25 a.m.	10.57½ a.m.	Ajna	32 m. 30 s.	20 breaks.

[With Mantra. Throbbing at once. “Invaders” nearly all irrational. Strong sub-current of swift thought noted. Quite the old times! Excellent: I require less food and less literary work. I wonder if it would be worth while to try irritaiton of skin over Ajna with tincture of Iodine.]

6th. } 8th. }	Ill.*				
9th.	10.57 a.m.	11.4 a.m.	Prânâyâma	7 m.	Nose not clear.
	11.15½ a.m.	11.18 a.m.	Ajna	2 m.	6 breaks.

[Hyperæthesia of senses. Various sounds disturbed me much.]

10th.	Again ill.				
11th.	3.38 p.m.	3.46 p.m.	Prânâyâma	8 m.	Going easier.
	3.48 p.m.	3.51 p.m.	White triangle	3 m.	5 breaks.
	5.51 p.m.	6.10½ p.m.	Ajna	19 m. 30 s.	20 breaks.

* N.B. Frater P. did not practise when physically unfit.

THE EQUINOX

	BEGIN.	END.	OBJECT.	TIME.	NO. OF BREAKS.
July	[Difficult to set the sound Hyperæsthesia. Began to forget Mantra.]*				
11th.	10.12½ a.m.	10.19 a.m.	Prânâyâma	6 m. 30 s.	Very hard.
	[The smallest quantity of food injures one's power immensely.]				
	10.21 a.m.	10.44 a.m.	Ajna.	23 m.	20 breaks.
	[Used cotton wool in ears.]				
	Thoughts of Ajna go obliquely up (from opening of pharynx about) and direct horizontally forward. This gives an idea to <i>chase</i> consciousness, <i>i.e.</i> , find by the obvious series of experiments the stop in which the thoughts dwell. Probably however this moves about. If so, it is a clear piece of evidence for the idealistic position. If not, "thinking of it" equals "it thinking of itself," and its falsity will become rapidly evident.				
July					
12th.	12.8 p.m.	12.19 p.m.	Prânâyâma	11 m.	
	[The best so far: the incense troubled me somewhat.]				
	12.26 p.m.	12.57 a.m.		31 m.	30 breaks.
	[Mantra evolved into "tartsano."† I was not in good form and suspect many breaks of long duration.]				
	I keep Mantra going all day.				
	4.58 p.m.	5.9 p.m.	Prânâyâma	16 m.	Perspiration.
	5.14 p.m.	5.25 p.m.	Prânâyâma	32 m.	Wound up with a Grand Prânâ- yâma.‡
	5.28 p.m.	6.6 p.m.		38 m.	30 breaks.
	[Very tired towards end and difficult to get settled. To me it seems evident that the first ten breaks or so are rapid.]				
	6.10 p.m.	6.26 p.m.	Prânâyâma	16 m.	
	8.15 p.m.	8.47 p.m.	Ajna with Mantra	32 m.	22 breaks.
	[Light coming a little, one very long break, and some sound.]				
	10.5 p.m.	10.17½ p.m.	Ajna	12 m. 30 s.	11 breaks.
13th.	Casual Mutterings of Mantra.				
	10.44 a.m.		Prânâyâma		Quite hopeless.
	10.48 a.m.	11.20 a.m.		32 m.	30 breaks.
	[Went to Edinburgh to meet H.L.]§				

* Not understood. † Om Tat Sat Aum. ‡ 30. 15. 60.

§ This meeting with H. L., though of no importance in itself, led to one of the most important happenings in P.'s life; for it was through him that he again met Ourada the seer, as we shall see at a later date.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The following analysis of breaks which Frater P. deduced from his practices during this retirement is both of great interest and importance. It is the only analytical table of this character we know of, and must prove of very great use to investigator and aspirant alike.

THE CHARACTER OF BREAKS

1. Primary centres

The senses.

2. Secondary.

These seem to assume a morbid activity as soon as the primaries are stilled. Their character is that of the shorter kind of memory. Events of the day, etc.

3. Tertiary.

Partake of the character of "reverie." Very tempting and insidious.

4. Quaternary.

Are closely connected with the control centre itself. Their nature is "How well I'm doing it," or "Wouldn't it be a good idea to . . .?" These are probably emanations from the control, not messages to it. We might call them: "Aberrations of control."

Of a similar depth are the reflections which discover a break, but these are healthy warnings and assist.

5. Quinary.

Never rise into consciousness at all, being held down by most perfect control. Hence the blank of thought, the forgetfulness of all things, including the object.

Not partaking of any character at all, are the "meteor" thoughts which seem to be quite independent of anything the brain could think, or had ever thought. Probably this kind of thought is the root of irrational hallucinations, e.g., "And if you're passing, won't you?"*

* These interrupting voice suggestions have been named by P. Telephone-cross-voices on account of their close resemblance to disjointed conversations so often heard whilst using a telephone.

A similar phenomenon occurs in wireless telegraphy; chance currents make words, and are so read by the operator. They are called "atmospherics." I propose the retention of this useful word in place of the clumsy "Telephone-cross-voices."

THE EQUINOX

6.

Perhaps as a result of the intense control, a nervous storm breaks. This we call Dhyâna. Its character is probably not determined by the antecedents in consciousness. Its essential characteristic being the unity of Subject and Object, a new world is revealed. Samâdhi is but an expansion of this, so far as I can see.

The slaying of any of these thoughts often leaves their echoes gradually dying away.

Now that we have come to the end of this long chapter, let us turn our back on the upward slope and survey the road which winds beneath us, and lose not heart when but little of it can be seen, for the mountain's side is steep, and the distance from our last halting-place seems so short, not on account of our idleness, but because of the many twists and turnings that the road has taken since we left our last camp below, when the sun was rising and all was golden with the joy of great expectations. For, in truth, we have progressed many a weary league, and from this high spot are apt to misjudge our journey, and belittle our labours, as we gaze down the precipitous slope which sweeps away at our feet.

In the last two years and a half P. had journeyed far, further than he at this time was aware of; and yet the goal of his journey seemed still so distance that only with difficulty could he bring himself to believe that he had progressed at all. Indeed, it must have been discouraging to him to think that on the 6th of May 1901 he, in a meditation of thirty-two minutes had only experienced ten breaks, whilst during a meditation of similar length, on the 13th of July 1903, the number of breaks had been three times as many. But like most statistics, such a comparison is misleading: for the beginner, almost invariably, so clumsy in his will, catches

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

quickly enough the gross breaks, but lets the minor ones dart away from his grasp, like the small fry which with ease swim in and out of the fisherman's net. Further, though in twelve meditations the number of breaks may be identical, yet the class of the breaks, much more so than the actual number, will tell the meditator, more certainly than anything else, whether he has progressed or has retrograded.

Thus at first, should the meditator practise with his eyes open, the number of breaks will in their swift succession form almost one unbroken interruption. Again, should the eyes be closed, then the ears detecting the slightest sound, the flow of the will will be broken, just as the faintest zephyr, on a still evening, will throw out of the perpendicular an ascending column of smoke. But presently, as the will gains power, the sense of hearing, little by little, as it comes under control, is held back from hearing the lesser sounds, then the greater, then at length all sounds. The vibrations of the will having repelled the sound vibrations of the air, and brought the sense of hearing into Equilibrium. Now the upward mountain filament of smoke has become the ascending columns of a great volcano, there is a titanic blast behind it,—a will to ascend. And as the smoke and flame is belched forth, so terrific is its strength, that even a hurricane cannot shake it or drive it from its course.

As the five senses become subdued, fresh hosts of difficulties spring up irrationally from the brain itself. And, whichever way we turn, a mob of subconscious thoughts pull us this way and that, and our plight in this truculent multitude is a hundred times worse than when we commenced to wrestle with the five senses. Like wandering comets and

THE EQUINOX

meteorites they seemingly come from nowhere, splash like falling stars through the firmament of our meditation, sparkle and are gone; but ever coming as a distraction to hamper and harass our onward march.

Once the mind has conquered these, a fresh difficulty arises, the danger of not being strong enough to overcome the occult powers which, though the reward of our toils, and liable, like the Queen in her bedchamber, to seduce the Conqueror in spite of his having conquered the King her husband, and secretly slay him as he sleeps in her arms. These are the powers known in the West as Miraculous Powers, in the East as Siddhis.

The mind is now a blank, the senses have been subdued, the subconscious thoughts slain; it stretches before us like some unspotted canvas upon which we may write or paint whatever we will. We can produce entrancing sounds at will, beautiful sights at will, subtle tastes and delicious perfumes; and after a time actual forms, living creatures, men and women and elementals. We smite the rock, and the waters flow at our blow; we cry unto the heavens, and fire rushes down and consumes our sacrifice; we become Magicians, begetters of illusion, and then, if we allow ourselves to become obsessed by them, a time comes when these illusions will master us, when the children we have begotten will rise up and dethrone us, and we shall be drowned in the waters that now we can no longer control and be burnt up by the flames that mock obedience, and scorn our word.

Directly we perform a miracle we produce a change: a change is Mara the Devil, and not God the Changeless One. And though we may have scraped clean the palimpsest of our

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

mind, our labours are in vain, if, when once it is stretched out spotless before us, we start scribbling over it our silly riddles, our little thoughts, our foolish “yeas” and “nays.” The finger of God alone may write upon it, cleanly and beautifully, and the words that are written cannot be read by the eye or in the heart of man, for alone can they be understood by him who is worthy to understand them.

Now, although Frater P. had not as yet proved this, had not as yet accomplished the cleansing of the book of his mind, he had, however, built up on his own empirical observation so invulnerable a theory, that it now only remained for him to obtain that fine proportion, that perfect adjustment, that balancing of the Forces of the Will, which now lay before him like the chemicals in the crucible of a Chemist, before applying that certain heat which would dissolve all into one. He did not wish to rule by the sceptre he had won, but to transcend it; to rule the forces of this world, not by the authority that had been given him, but by his own essential greatness. And just as long before Mendeljeff had propounded the law of Periodicity, and by it had foreshadowed the existence of several undiscovered elements, so now did Frater P. by his law of the Correspondences of the Ruach, prove, not only historically, philosophically, theologically and mythologically the existence of the everywhere proclaimed Jechidah as being one, but in a lesser degree: that when an Egyptian thought of Ptah, a Greek of Iacchus, a Hindu of Parabrahman and a Christian of the Trinity as a Unity, they were not thinking of four Gods, but of one God, not of four conditions but of one condition, not of four results but of one result; and, that should they set out to attain unity with their ideal, the stages

THE EQUINOX

they would progress through would be in all cases essentially the same, the differences, if any, being due to the mental limitations of the experimenter, his education and prejudice, and not because the roads were dissimilar. Thus by this law could he with certainty predict that if a certain exercise were undertaken certain stages would be passed through, and what these stages meant relative to the final result, irrespective of the creed, caste, or sect of the practitioner.

Further, he had proved beyond doubt or quibble, that the terrific strain caused by the Eastern breathing exercises was no whit greater or less than that resulting from The Acts of Worship in an operation of Ceremonial Magic, that Dhâranâ and the Mantra Yoga were in effect none other than a paraphrase of the Sacred Magic and the Acts of Invocation; and ultimately that the whole system of Eastern Yoga was but a synonym of Western Mysticism. Starting from the root, he had by now crept sufficiently far through the darkness of the black earth to predict a great tree above, and to prophecy concerning a Kingdom of Light and Loveliness; and, as a worm will detect its approach to the earth surface by the warmth of the mould, so did he detect by a sense, new and unknown to him, a world as different from the world he lived in as the world of awakening differs from the world of dreams. Further, did he grow to understand, that, though as a sustenance to the tree itself one root might not be as important as another, yet that they all drew their strength from the self-same soil, and ultimately united in the one trunk above. Some were rotten with age, some dying, some again but feeders of useless shoots, but more sympathetically, more scientifically, they were all of one kind, the roots of one actual

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

living tree, dissimilar in shape but similar in substance, and all working for one definite end.

Thus did Frater P. by two years close and unabandoned experiment show, to his own satisfaction, that Yoga was but the Art of uniting the mind to a single idea; and that Gnana-Yoga, Raja-Yoga, Bhakta-Yoga and Hatha-Yoga* were but one class of methods leading to the same Result as attained to by The Holy Qabalah, The Sacred Magic, the Acts of Worship and The Ordeals of Western Ceremonial Magic; which again are but subsections of that One Art, the Art of uniting the mind to a Single Idea. And, that all these, The Union by Knowledge, The Union by Will, The Union by Love, The Union by Courage found their vanishing point in the Supreme Union through Silence; that Union in which understanding fails us, and beyond which we can no more progress than we can beyond the Equilibrium set forth as the Ultimate End by Gustave le Bon. There all knowledge ceases, and we live Bâhva, when he was questioned by Vâshkali, can only expound the nature of this Silence, as he expounded the nature of Brahman, by remaining silent, as the story relates:

And he said, "Teach me, most reverend Sir, the nature of Brahman." The other however remained silent. But when the question was put for a second or third time he answers, "I teach you indeed, but you do not understand; this Âtman is silent."

P. had not yet attained to this Silence; indeed it was the goal he had set out to accomplish, and though from the ridge

* To which may be added Mantra Yoga and Karma Yoga, which correspond with The Invocation and The Acts of Service and represent Union through Speech and Union through Work.

THE EQUINOX

of the great mountain upon which he was standing the summit seemed but a furlong above him, it was in truth many a year's weary march away, and ridge upon ridge lay concealed, and each as it was gained presented an increasing difficulty.

This Silence or Equilibrium is described in the "Shiva Sanhita"* as Samâdhi:

"When the mind of the Yogi is absorbed in the Great God,† then the fulness of Samâdhi‡ is attained, then the Yogi gets steadfastness."§

Though Frater P. had not attained to this Steadfastness, he had won a decisive victory over the lower states of Dhyânâ as far back as October 1901, which shows that though he was still distant he was by degrees nearing a state in which he would find no more Worlds to Conquer.

However, up to this point, there are several results to record, which are of extreme importance to the beginner, in so much that some of them are arrived at by methods diametrically opposed to those held by the dogmatic Yogins.

At the very commencement of his Yoga exercises Frater P. discovered, that in so lecherous a race as the Hindus it is absolutely necessary before a Chela can be accepted by a Guru to castrate him spiritually and mentally.|| This being so, we

* "Shiva Sanhita," chap. v, 155.

† Âtman, Pan, Harpocrates, whose sign is silence, etc., etc. See 777.

‡ The Vision of the Holy Guardian Angel—Adonai.

§ Equilibrium, Silence, Supreme Attainment, Zero.

|| As for women they are considered beyond the possibility of redemption, for in order of re-incarnation they are placed seven stages below a man, three below a camel, and one below a pig. Manu speaks of "the gliding of the soul through ten thousand millions of wombs." And if a man steal grain in the husk, he shall be born a rat; if honey, a great stinging gnat; if milk, a crow; if woven

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

therefore find almost every master of note, from Sankaracharya down to Agamya Paramahansa, insisting on the maintenance to the letter of the rules of Yama and Niyama, that is absolute Chastity in body and mind amongst their pupils.*

Now P. proved that the strict letter of the law of Chastity had no more to do with the ultimate success of attainment than refusing to work on a Sabbath had to do with a free pass to the Celestial regions, unless every act of chastity was computed and performed in a magical manner, each act becoming as it were a link in one great chain, a formula in one great operation, an operation not leading to Chastity, the symbol, but beyond Chastity to the essence itself—namely the *Âtman*,—Adonai. Further he proved to his own satisfaction that, though absolute Chastity might mean salvation to one man, inducing in the lecherous a speedy concentration, it might be the greatest hindrance to another, who was by nature chaste.†

flax, a frog; if a cow, a lizard; if a horse, a tiger; if roots or fruit, an ape; if a woman, a bear. “Institutes of Manu,” xii, 55-67.

* We find Christ insisting on this absolute chastity of body and mind, in a similar manner, and for similar reasons; for the Eastern Jew if he is not actually doing something dirty, is sure to be thinking about it.

† The reason for this is very simple. Take for example a glutton who lives for his palate and his stomach; he is always longing for tasty foods and spends his whole life seeking them. Let us now substitute the symbol of the *Augœides* or *Âtman* for that of food and drink, let him every time he thinks of food and drink push the thought aside and in its place contemplate his Higher Self, and the result is a natural invocation of the *Âtman*, *Augœides*, or Higher Self. If the aspirant be an artist let him do the same with his art; if a musician, with his music; if a poet, with his verses and rhymes. For the best foundation to build upon is always to be found upon that which a man *loves best*. It is no good asking a glutton who does not care a row of brass pins for music, to turn music into a magical formula, neither is it of the slightest use to impress upon a clean-minded individual the necessity of living a chaste life. It is like tapping Samson on the shoulder, just after he has carried the gates of Gaza on

THE EQUINOX

He realised that there were in this world she-mules as well as she-asses, and that though the former would never foal in spite of all the stallions of Moulton, the latter seldom failed to do so after having been for a few minutes in the presence of a Margate jackass.

Discarding Chastity (Brahmachârya)—a good purgative for the prurient—he wrote in its place the word “Health.” Do not worry about this code and that law, about the jibber of this crank or the jabber of that faddist. To hell with ethical pigs and prigs alike. *Do what you like*; but in the name of your own Higher Self wilfully *do no injury to your own body or mind* by over indulgence or under indulgence. Discover your normal appetite; satisfy it. Do not become a glutton, and do not become a nut-cracking skindlegwig.

Soon after his arrival in Ceylon, and at the time that he was working with Frater I. A., the greatness of the Buddha, as we have already seen, attracted him, and he turned his attention to the dogmatic literature of Buddhism only to find that behind its unsworded Cromwellian colossus,* with all his rigid virtues, his stern reasoning, his uncharitableness, judicialism and impartiality, slunk a pack of pig-headed dolts, stubborn, asinine and mulish; slavish, menial and

to the top of the hill before Hebron and saying: “My good boy, if you ever intend on becoming strong, the first thing you must do is to buy a pair of my four pound dumb-bells and my sixpenny book on physical culture.

* The Buddha (it is true) did not encourage bloodshed, in spite of his having died from an overfeed of pork, but as Mr. A. Crowley has said, many of his present-day followers are quite capable of killing their own brothers for five rupees. The Western theory that Buddhists are lambs and models of virtue is due to the fact that certain Western vices are not so congenial to the Asiatic as they are to the European; and not because Buddhists are incapable of enjoying themselves.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

gutless; puritanic, pharisaical and “suburban” as any seventeenth century presbyter, as biliously narrow-minded as any of the present day Bethelites, Baptists, and Bible-beer brewers.*

The dogmatism of literal Buddhism appalled him. The Five Precepts, which are the Yama and Niyama of Buddhism, he at once saw, in spite of Nagasena and prig Milinda, must be broken by every Arahāt each time he inhaled a breath of air. They were as absurd as they were valueless. But behind all this tantalizing *frou-frou*, this *lingerie de cocotte*, beautifully designed to cover the narded limbs of foolish virgins, sits the Buddha in silent meditation; so that P. soon discovered that by stripping his body of all these tawdry trappings, this feminine under-wear, and by utterly discarding the copy-book precepts of Baptistical Buddhists, the Four Noble Truths were none other than the complete Yoga, and that in The Three Characteristics† the summit of philosophy (The Ruach) had been reached.

The terrific strain of Âsana and Prânâyâma, the two chief exercises of Hathavidya, P., by months of trial proved to be

* Buddhism as a schism from the Brahmanical religion may in many respects be compared with Lutheranism as a schism from the Catholic Church. Both Buddha and Luther set aside the authority of miracles, and appealed to the reason of the middle classes of their day. The Vedas were the outcome of aristocratic thought; and so in truth was the Christianity of Constantine and the Popes, that full-blooded Christianity which so soon swallowed the mystical Christ and the anaemic communism of the *canaille* which followed him. Conventional Buddhism is pre-eminently the “nice” religion of the bourgeoisie; it neither panders to the superstition of the masses nor palliates the gallantries of the aristocracy; it is essentially middle-class; and this no doubt is the chief reason why it has met with a kindly reception by this nation of shop-walkers.

† Anikka, Change; Dukka, Sorrow; Anatta, Absence of an Ego.

THE EQUINOX

not only methods of great use as a sedative before commencing a Magical Operation, but methods of inordinate importance to such aspirants, who, having discarded the Shibboleths of sect, have adopted the fatuities of reason. For it is more difficult for one who has no natural magical aptitude, and one who perhaps has only just broken away from faith and corrupted ritual, to carry out an operation of Western Magic, than it is for him to sit down and perform a rational exercise, such as the Prânâyâma exercises of Yoga, which carry with them their own result, in spite of the mental attitude of the chela towards them, so long as the instructions of the Guru are properly carried out.*

As already pointed out, the mere fact of sitting for a time in a certain position, of inhaling, exhaling and of holding the breath, brings with it, even in the case of the most obdurate sceptic, a natural concentration, an inevitable Pratyâhâra, which develops in the aspirant the Siddhis, those seemingly miraculous powers which distinguish an Adeptus Major from an Adeptus Minor, and entitle the possessor to the rank of 6°=5°.

From this discovery† Frater P. made yet another, and this

* Prânâyâma acts on the mind just as Calomel acts on the bowels. It does not matter if a patient believes in Calomel or not. The physician administers it, and even if the patient be a most hostile Christian Scientist, the result is certain. Similarly with Prânâyâma, the Guru gives his chela a certain exercise, and as surely as the Calomel voided the noxious matter from the intestines of the sufferer, so will the Prânâyâma void the capricious thoughts from the mind of the disciple.

† By discovery here we mean individual experiment resulting in personal discovery; any other person's discovery only begets illusion and comment. Individual discovery is the only true discovery worth consideration.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

time one of still greater importance. And this was, that if the Adept, when once the Siddhis were attained, by a self-control (a still higher concentration) refused to expend these occult powers,* by degrees he accumulated within himself a terrific force; charged like a Leyden jar, instantaneously could he transmute this power into whatever he willed; but the act brought with it a recoil, and caused an exhaustion and a void which nullified the powers gained. Ultimately he proved that it was rather by the restraint of these occult (mental) powers than that of the bodily ones that Ojas is produced.†

By now he was beginning to learn that there was more than one way of opening the Lion's jaws; and that gentleness and humility would often succeed where brutality and much boasting were sure to fail. The higher he ascended into the realms of the Ruach the more he realized that the irrational folly of performing wonders before a mob of gargoyle-headed apes, of pulling the strings of mystical marionettes and reducing himself to the level of an occult Punch and Judy showman. He had attained to powers that were beyond the normal, and now he carried them secretly like some precious blade of Damascus steel, hidden in a velvet sheath, concealed

* Nearly all the Masters have been cautious how they handled this power; generally refusing to expend it at the mere caprice of their followers or opponents. The Siddhis are like the Gold of the Alchemist. Once discovered it is kept secret, and the more secretly it is kept and the more it is hoarded the richer becomes the discoverer, and then one day will come wherein he will be able to pay his own ransom, and this is the only ransom that is acceptable unto God.

† Possibly the restraint of Brahmachârya produced the Siddhis, and that further restraint in its turn produced an accumulation of these occult powers, the benefit accruing from which is again placed to the credit of the bodily powers.

THE EQUINOX

from view, but every ready to hand. He did not display his weapon to the wanton, neither did he brandish it before the eyes of the gilded courtesan—Babylon, thou harlot of the seven mensions of God's Glory! But he kept it free from rust, shart and glittering bright, so that when the time came wherein he should be called upon to use it, it might leap forth from its sheat like a flash of lightning from betwixt the lips of God, and slay him who had ventured to cross his path, silently, without even so much as grating against his bones.

PAN TO ARTEMIS

UNCHARMABLE charmer
Of Bacchus and Mars
In the sounding rebounding
Abyss of the stars!
O virgin in armour
Thine arrows unsling
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!
By the force of the fashion
Of love, when I broke
Through the shroud, through the cloud,
Through the storm, through the smoke
To the mountain of passion
Volcanic that woke—
By the rage of the mage
I invoke, I invoke!
By the midnight of madness:—
The lone-lying sea,
The swoon of the moon,
Your swoon unto me,
The sentinel sadness
Of cliff-clinging pine
That night of delight
You were mine, you were mine!

THE EQUINOX

You were mine, O my saint
My maiden, my mate,
By the might of the right
Of the night of our fate.
Though I fall, though I faint,
Though I char, though I choke,
By the hour of our power
I invoke, I invoke!

By the mystical union
Of fairy and faun,
Unspoken, unbroken—
The dusk to the dawn!—
A secret communion
Unmeasured, unsung,
The listless, resistless,
Tumultuous tongue!—

O virgin in armour
Thine arrows unsling
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring.
No Godhead could charm her,
But manhood awoke—
O fiery Valkyrie,
I invoke, I invoke!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



The Interpreter

THE INTERPRETER

MOTHER of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music, awake!
Silence and speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at
stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the
Snake and the Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure—Bring us the word of the
Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was
my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of
the Spirits of Fire;

By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the
Hosts of the Sea,

The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the king of the
Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of
the Spirits of Earth

That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my
birth;

THE EQUINOX

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and
Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord!

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm
of the air,

As the quake of the earth—let it soar for a boon, for a bane,
for a snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a
sword—

Bring us thy burden of bliss—Bring us the word of the
Lord!

PERDURABO.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH

A FABLE

Tria sunt insaturabilia, et quartum, quod nunquam dicit: Sufficit. Infernus, et os vulvae. . . .—Prov. xxx. 16.

THE Great White Spirit stretched Himself and yawned. He had done an honest six day's work if ever a man did; yet in such physical training was He from His lengthy "cure" in that fashionable Spa Pralaya that he was not in the least fatigued. It was the *Loi du Répos Hebdomadaire* that had made Him throw down His tools.

"Anyway, the job's finished!" He said, looking round Him complacently. Even His critical eye assured Him that it was very good.

And indeed it must be admitted that He had every right to crow. With no better basis than the Metaphysical Absolute of the Qabalists he had unthinkably but efficiently formulated Infinite Space, filled the said Space with Infinite Light, concentrated the Light into a Smooth-pointed Whitehead (not the torpedo) and emanated Himself as four hundred successive intelligences all the way from Risha Qadisha in Atziluth down to where intelligence ends, and England begins.

THE EQUINOX

He took a final survey and again faintly murmured: "Very good! Beautifully arranged, too!" He added, "not a hole anywhere!"

It somewhat surprised Him, therefore, when a tiny, tiny silvery little laugh came bell-like in His ear. It was so tiny that he could hardly credit the audacity of the idea, but for all its music, the laugh certainly sounded as if some one were mocking Him.

He turned sharply round (and this was one of His own special attributes, as transcending the plane where activity and rotundity are incompatibles) but saw nothing; and putting His legs up, lighted His long pipe and settled down to a quiet perusal of a fascinating "cosmic romance" called *Berashith* by two pseudonymous authors, G. O. Varr and L. O. Heem—of ingenious fancy, exalted imaginative faculty, and a tendency, which would later be deemed undesirable, to slop over into the filthiest details whenever the love-interest became dominant. Oh, but it was a most enthralling narrative! Beginning with a comic account of the creation, possibly intended as a satire on our men of science or our men of religion—'twould serve equally well in either case—it went on to a thrilling hospital scene. The love-interest comes in chapter ii.; chapter iii. has an eviction scene, since when there have been no snakes in Ireland; chapter iv. gives us a first-rate murder, and from that moment the authors never look back.

But the Great White Spirit was destined to have his day of repose disturbed.

He had just got to the real masterpiece of literature "And Adam knew Hevah his woman," which contains all that ever has been said or ever can be said upon the sex-problem in its

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH

one simple, sane, clean truth, when glancing up, he saw that after all He had overlooked something. In the Infinite Universe which he had constructed there was a tiny crack.

A tiny, tiny crack.

Barely an inch of it.

Well, the matter was easily remedied. As it chanced, there was a dainty little Spirit (with gossamer wings like a web of steel, and scarlet tissue of silk for his robes) flitting about, brandishing his tiny sword and spear in a thoroughly warlike manner.

“Shun!” said the Great White Spirit.

“By the right, dress!

“Snappers, one pace forward, march!

“Prepare to stop leak!

“Stop leak!”

But the matter was not thus easily settled. After five hours' strenuous work, the little spirit was exhausted, and the hole apparently no nearer being filled than before.

He returned to the Great White Spirit.

“Beg pardon, sir!” he said; “but I can't fill that there 'ole nohow.”

“No matter,” answered the Great White Spirit, with a metaphysical double entendre. “You may go!”

If anything, the crack was bigger than before, it seemed to Him. “This,” He said, “is clearly the job for Bartzabel.” And he despatched a “speed” message for that worthy spirit.

Bartzabel lost no time in answering the summons. Of flaming, radiant, far-darting gold was his crown; flashing hither and thither more swiftly than the lightning were its rays. His head was like the Sun in its strength, even at

THE EQUINOX

high noon. His cloak was of pure amethyst, flowing behind him like a mighty river; his armour was of living gold, burnished with lightning even to the greaves and the armed feet of him; he radiated an intolerable splendour of gold and he bore the Sword and balance of Justice. Mighty and golden were his wide-flashing wings!

Terrible in his might, he bowed low before the Great White Spirit, and proceeded to carry out the order.

For five and twenty years he toiled at the so easy task; then, flinging down his weapons in a rage, he returned before the face of his Master and, trembling with passion, cast himself down in wrath and despair.

“Pah!” said the Great White Spirit with a smile; “I might have known better than to employ a low material creature like yourself. Send Graphiel to Me!”

The angry Bartzabel, foaming with horrid rage, went off, and Graphiel appeared.

All glorious was the moon-like crown of the great Intelligence Graphiel. His face was like the Sun as it appears beyond the veil of this earthly firmament. His warrior body was like a tower of steel, virginal strong.

Scarlet were his kingly robes, and his limbs were swathed in young leaves of lotus; for those limbs were stronger than any armour ever forged in heaven or hell. Winged was he with wings of gold that are the Wind itself; his sword of green fire flamed in his right hand, and in his left he held the blue feather of Justice, unstirred by the wind of his flight, or the upheaval of the universe.

But after five and sixty centuries of toil, though illumined with intelligence almost divine, he had to confess himself defeated.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH

“Sir,” he cried strongly, "this is a task for Kamael the mighty and all his host of Seraphim!”

“I will employ them on it,” said the Great White Spirit.

Then the skies flamed with wrath; for Kamael the mighty and his legions flew from the South, and saluted their Creator. Behold the mighty one, behold Kamael the strong! His crownless head was like a whirling wheel of amethyst, and all the forces of the earth and heaven revolved therein. His body was the mighty Sea itself, and it bore the scars of crucifixion that had made it two score times stronger than it was before. He too bore the wings and weapons of Space and of Justice; and in himself he was that great Amen that is the beginning and the end of all.

Behind him were the Seraphim, the fiery Serpents. On their heads the triple tongue of fire; their glory like unto the Sun, their scales like burning plates of steel; they danced like virgins before their lord, and upon the storm and roar of the sea did they ride in their glory.

“Sir,” cried the Archangel, “sir,” cried Kamael the mighty one, and his legions echoed the roar of his voice, “hast Thou called us forth to perform so trivial a task? Well, let it be so!”

“Your scorn,” the Great White Spirit replied mildly, “is perhaps not altogether justified. Though the hole be indeed but a bare inch—yet Graphiel owns himself beaten.”

“I never thought much of Graphiel!” sneered the archangel, and his serpents echoed him till the world was filled with mocking laughter.

But when he had left, he charged them straitly that the work must be regarded seriously. It would never do to fail!

THE EQUINOX

So for aeons three hundred and twenty and five did they labour with all their might.

But the crack was not diminished by an hair's breadth; nay, it seemed bigger than before—a very gape in the womb of the universe.

Crestfallen, Kamael the mighty returned before the Great White Spirit, his serpents drooping behind him; and they grovelled before the throne of that All-powerful One.

He dismissed them with a short laugh, and a wave of His right hand. If He was disturbed, He was too proud to show it. "This," he said to himself, "is clearly a matter for Elohim Gibor."

Therefore He summoned that divine power before Him.

The crown of Elohim Gibor was Space itself; the two halves of his brain were the Yea and Nay of the Universe; his breath was the breath of very Life; his being was the Mahalingam of the First, beyond Life and Death the generator from Nothingness. His armour was the Primal Water of Chaos. The infinite moon-like curve of his body; the flashing swiftness of his Word, that was the Word that formulated that which was beyond Chaos and Cosmos; the might of him, greater than that of the Elephant and of the Lion and of the Tortoise and of the Bull fabled in Indian legend as the supports of the four letters of the Name; the glory of him, that was even as that of the Sun which is before all and beyond all Suns, of which the stars are little sparks struck off as he battled in the Infinite against the Infinite—all these points the Great White Spirit noted and appreciated. This is certainly the person, thought He, to do my business for me.

But alas! for five, and for twenty-five, and for sixty-five,

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH

and for three hundred and twenty-five myriads of myriads of myriads of kotis of crores of lakhs of asankhayas of mahakalpas did he work with his divine power—and yet that little crack was in nowise filled, but rather widened!

The god returned. “O Great White Spirit!” he whispered—and the Universe shook with fear at the voice of him—“Thou, and Thou alone, art worthy to fill this little crack that Thou hast left.”

Then the Great White Spirit arose and formulated Himself as the Pillar of Infinitude, even as the Mahalingam of Great Shiva the Destroyer, who openeth his eye, and All is Not. And behold! He was balanced in the crack, and the void was filled, and Nature was content. And Elohim Gibor, and Kamael the mighty and his Seraphim, and Graphiel, and Bartzabel, and all the inhabitants of Madim shouted for joy and gave glory and honour and praise to the Great White Spirit; and the sound of their rejoicing filled the Worlds.

Now for one thousand myriad eternities the Great White Spirit maintained Himself as the Pillar of Infinitude in the midst of the little crack that he had overlooked; and lo! He was very weary.

“I cannot stay like this for ever,” He exclaimed; and returned into His human shape, and filled the bowl of His pipe, and lit it, and meditated. . . .

And I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Then I too lit my pipe, and meditated.

“I cannot see,” thought I, “that the situation will be in any way amended, even if we agree to give them votes.”

ETHEL RAMSAY.

THE DREAMER

IN the grey dim Dawn where the Souls Unborn
May look on the Things to Be;
A tremulous Shade, a Thing Unmade,
Stood Lost by the silent Sea;
And shuddering fought the o'erwhelming thought
Of Its own Identity.

Is the frenzied form that derides the storm
A ghost of the days to Be?
And the restless wave but the troubled grave
Of Its own dread Imagery?
Or merely a wraith cast up without faith
From the jaws of a Phantom Sea?

To his Love Unborn in that grey dim Dawn
Did the Shade of the Dreamer flee;
Nor marked he the Flood where the Vision had stood
Which mocks for Eternity.
For the Soul he would wed was the Hope that had fled
In the battle with Destiny.

ETHEL ARCHER.

MR. TODD

A MORALITY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "ROSA MUNDI"

In Memoriam
LILITH
Obiit Kal. Mai. 1906

MR. TODD

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

GRANDFATHER OSSORY (*eighty-one*)

ALFRED OSSORY (*fifty*), *his son, a shipowner*

EMILY OSSORY (*forty-five*), *his wife*

EUPHEMIA OSSORY (*eighteen*), *his daughter*

CHARLEY OSSORY (*ten*), *his son*

GEORGE DELHOMME (*twenty-four*), *of the ministry of Foreign Affairs*

DIONYSUS CARR (*thirty-four*), *Professor of Experimental Eugenics in the
University of Tübingen; and*

MR. TODD

THOMAS, *a footman*

A HOSPITAL NURSE

SCENE: *The sitting-room in OSSORY'S house in Grosvenor Square.*

TIME: *Midday.*

The persons are in correct morning dress, except the invalid GRANDFATHER, who is in a scarlet dressing-gown, with gold embroidery, and CARR, who affects a pseudo-Bohemian extravagance. He wears a low collar, a very big bow-tie of gorgeous colours, a pale yellow waistcoat, a rich violet lounge suit with braid, patent leather boots, pale blue socks. But the refinement and breeding of the man are never in question. His hair is reddish, curly, luxuriant. He is clean-shaved, and wears an eye-glass with a tortoiseshell rim.

TODD has a face of keen pallor; he is dressed in black, with a flowing black cape, black motor-cap. He gives the impression of great age combined with great activity.

ACT I

GRANDFATHER *sunk in melancholy in his arm-chair*; MRS. OSSORY *red and weeping*; OSSORY (*a British heavy father*) *grief-stricken*; EUPHEMIA *sobbing at the table*; CARR and DELHOMME *cold and hot respectively in their expression of sympathy*. MR. TODD *is at the door, his cloak on, his hat in his hand*.

OSSORY. It is kind of you to have so come far to break the sad news, my dear sir. I hope that we shall see you again soon under—under—under happier circumstances.

[TODD *bows very low to the company as if deeply sympathizing; but turning his face to the audience, smiles as if at some secret jest. The actor should study hard to make this smile significant of the whole character, as revealed in the complete play; for TODD does not develop through, but is explained by, the plot. TODD goes out; OSSORY follows, and returns in a minute. There is no sound in the room but that of EUPHEMIA'S sobs.*

OSSORY [*returning, throws himself into a chair near the door*]. Dear me! dear me! Poor, poor Henry!

DELHOMME. In the very flower of his life. ...

CARR [*solemnly*]. Truly, my dear sir, in the midst of life we are in death.

THE EQUINOX

[EUPHEMIA *looks up and darts a furious glance at him for she knows that he is mocking British solemnity and cant.*

DELHOMME. Crushed—crushed in a moment——

MRS. OSSORY [*very piously*]. Without a warning. Ah well, we must hope that—— [Her voice becomes a mumble.

DELHOMME. I will bid you good morning; I am sure you will not wish strangers to intrude upon your grief. If there is anything that I can do——

MRS. OSSORY [*"conventionally"*]. Pray do not leave us yet, Monsieur Delhomme. Lunch is just ready.

DELHOMME. I really think that I should go.

[*He shakes hands.*

MRS. OSSORY. Good morning. We are so grateful for your sympathy and kindness. [*He turns to the old man.*] Grandfather is asleep.

[DELHOMME *shakes hands coldly with CARR, wondering why he does not offer to come with him. He goes to*

EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA. [*Jumps up and gives her hand, hiding her tear-stained face. She has a slight lisp.*] Good morning, monsieur. [*He bends over her hand and kisses it.*

DELHOMME. Always my sympathy and devotion, mademoiselle.

EUPHEMIA. Thank you—thank you.

[*Her real attitude to him is listlessness bordering on aversion, but constrained by politeness; he mistakes it for modesty striving with young love.*]

DELHOMME. Good morning, Mr. Ossory. Anything I can do, of course; anything I can do.

MR. TODD

OSSORY. Thank you, my dear lad. Anything you can do, of course—I will let you know at once. By the way, you haven't asked her yet, I suppose?

DELHOMME. Not yet, sir. I am rather diffident: I do not care to precipitate affairs.

OSSORY. Well, I am really very anxious to see her future assured. And you know our proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." [*Points to him, and over his shoulder to her.*] There's our scientific friend, eh?

DELHOMME. Oh, I'm not afraid of him. A "*farceur*," no more, though sometimes a pleasant one.

OSSORY. *Tu t'en f*——, *ça, mon vieux chameau? Quoi?*

DELHOMME. [*very disgusted at OSSORY'S vulgarity, which mistakes argot for chic*]. Well, sir, as soon as I can find a favourable opportunity——

OSSORY. Grief is a good mood to catch them in, my boy. I know! I know! I've been a bit of a dog in my time.

[*Shakes hands as they go out.*]

DELHOMME. [*returning*]. One word in your ear, sir, if I may. It's purely instinctive—but—but—well, sir, I mistrust that man Todd!

OSSORY. Thanks: I believe you may be right.

DELHOMME. Good-bye, sir!

OSSORY. Good-bye.

MRS. OSSORY [*rising*]. Alfred, that man is a devil!

OSSORY. What, little Delhomme?

MRS. OSSORY. Of course not, Alfred. How can you be so silly? Todd!

OSSORY. Why, whatever do you mean?

MRS. OSSORY. I don't mean anything but what I say.

THE EQUINOX

He's a devil; I'm sure of it. I know it was his fault, somehow.

OSSORY. Nonsense, nonsense, my dear! He was not even in the car.

MRS. OSSORY. It was his car, Alfred.

OSSORY. You're a fool, Emily.

CARR. I think Mr. Ossory means that we could hardly hold him responsible if one of his steamers ran down a poor polar bear on a drifting iceberg.

MRS. OSSORY. I know I'm quite unreasonable; it's an instinct, and intuition. You know Saga of Bond Street said how psychic I was!

[During the next few speeches CARR and EUPHEMIA correspond by signs and winks.]

GRANDFATHER. When I was in Australia forty-four years ago there was a very good fellow of the name of Brown in Ballarat. Brown of Buninyong we used to call him. I remember——

MRS. OSSORY. *[bursting into tears]*. How can you, grandpa? Can't you realise that poor Henry is dead?

GRANDFATHER. Henry dead?

MRS. OSSORY. Didn't you hear? He was run over by Mr. Todd's motor-car this afternoon in Piccadilly.

GRANDFATHER. There, what did I tell you? I always disliked that man Todd from the first moment that I heard his name. Dear, dear! I always knew he would bring us trouble.

OSSORY. Well, this doesn't seem to have been his fault, as far as we can see at present. But I assure you that I share your

MR. TODD

sentiments. I have heard very ill things said of him, I can tell you.

MRS. OSSORY. Who is he? Does any one know? A man of family, I hope. How dreadful for poor Henry if he had been run over by a plebeian!

OSSORY. Well, we hardly know—I wonder if his credit is good. [*His voice sinks to a whisper as the awful suspicion that he may be financially unsound strikes him.*]

CARR. [*sharply, as if pained*]. Oh, oh! Don't suggest such a thing without the very best reason. It would be too terrible! [*This time EUPHEMIA laughs.*]

OSSORY. My dear boy, I deliberately say it. I have the very best of reasons for supposing him to be very deeply dipped. Very deeply dipped.

CARR. [*Hides his head in his hands and groans, pretending to be overwhelmed by the tragedy. Looks up.*] Well, I was told the other day that he held a lot of land in London and has more tenants than the Duke of Westminster!

OSSORY. Well, we'll hope it is true. But in these days one never knows. And he leaves a very unpleasant impression wherever he goes. If I were not an Englishman I should say that the feeling I had for him was not very far removed from actual fear!

CARR. Well said, sir. Hearts of oak in the City, eh?

[OSSORY glares at him suspiciously. EUPHEMIA both enjoys the joke and is angry that her father is the butt of it.]

EUPHEMIA. Well, I'm not afraid of him—I think I rather like him. I'm sure he's a good man, when one knows him.

THE EQUINOX

CARR. Oh, Todd's a good sort! I think I must be going, sir.

EUPHEMIA. I wish you would stay and help me with the letters, Mr. Carr. We shall have a great deal to do in the next day or two.

CARR. Well, if you really wish it, I will try and be of what service I can.

[CARR, *with his back to audience, laughs with his hands, behind it.*

MRS. OSSORY. That is indeed kind of you, Professor!

[CARR'S *hand-laugh grows riotous.*

GRANDFATHER. Where is Nurse? I want my whisky and milk.

MRS. OSSORY. [*Rings.*] I shall go down to lunch, Alfred. I shall go down to lunch when you like, please, everybody. I fear the house will be much upset for a day or two. You must go down to the mortuary at once. I am really too upset to do anything more.

CARR. [*Over L. To EUPHEMIA.*] She hasn't done much yet!

EUPHEMIA. What a brute you are!

MRS. OSSORY. And we can't possibly go to the dear Duchess on Friday!

CARR. [*almost in tears*]. Forgive my seeming callousness! On my honour, I never thought of that. "Sunt lachrymae rerum."

[*A nurse and a footman appear. The latter wheels GRANDFATHER out of the room, using the greatest care not to shake him.*

MR. TODD

GRANDFATHER. Oh, my sciatica! You careless scoundrel, you're shaking me to pieces! Emily, do get a gentler footman. Oh! Oh! Nobody cares for the poor old man. I am thrown on the dust-heap. Oh, Emily, may you suffer one day as I suffer! Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*The Nurse comes forward and soothes him.*]

NURSE. You must really be more careful of my patient, Thomas.

THOMAS. I humbly beg pardon, miss. I think the balls is gritty, miss. I'll ile 'em to-morrow.

GRANDFATHER. There, you see, Nurse is the only one that loves me. I should like to marry you, Nurse, eh? And cut 'em all out?

MRS. OSSORY. [*Glares at Nurse in silence, not trusting herself to speak to her.*] Now, grandpa, don't be silly! You know how we all love you! [*She goes to the chair and shakes it, unseen.*] Thomas, there you are again! How can you be so thoughtless?

GRANDFATHER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*They get him out of the room.*]

MRS. OSSORY [*returning*]. Good-bye, Mr. Carr. It is so good of you to help.

CARR. Not at all, Mrs. Ossory, not at all. I am only too glad. You should try and get a nap after lunch.

MRS. OSSORY. I will—I really think I will. [*Exit.*]

CARR. [*Closes the door, turns to EUPHEMIA, executes a quiet hornpipe, goes to EUPHEMIA, holds out his arms.*] Sweetheart!

EUPHEMIA. How dare you! How can you! With poor Uncle Henry lying dead!

THE EQUINOX

CARR. Why have a long Latin name if you mean to play the English hypocrite? Who was poor Uncle Henry? Did you love poor Uncle Henry so dearly as all that? How old were you when your father quarrelled with poor Uncle Henry? About two and a half! The only thing you know about poor Uncle Henry is that poor Uncle Henry once tickled your toes. [EUPHEMIA *gives a little scream of horror.*] Enough humbug about poor Uncle Henry! . . . Sweetheart!

EUPHEMIA. Mine own!

[They embrace and kiss with great intensity.]

EUPHEMIA. Unhand me, villain! . . .

But one has to be decent about one's relations. Even the humbug of it is rather fun.

CARR. There speaks the daughter of Shakespeare's country. I am sure the Bacon imbroglio was a consummate practical joke on somebody's part. As I see the joke, I take no side in the controversy!

But we should look on the bright side of things!

[Pompously.]

Poor Uncle Henry, dead and turned to clay,
May feed the Beans that keep the Bile away.
Oh that whom all the world did once ignore
Should purge a peer or ease an emperor!

EUPHEMIA. But where is the bright side of our love?

CARR. Why, our love!

EUPHEMIA. Cannot you, cannot you understand?

CARR. Not unless you tell me!

EUPHEMIA. I can't tell you.

MR. TODD

CARR. —Anything I don't know.

EUPHEMIA. Oh, you laugh even at me!

CARR. Because I love you. So I laugh at humanity: if I took men seriously I should have to cut my throat.

EUPHEMIA. So you don't take me seriously either?

CARR. If I did, I should have to cut——

EUPHEMIA. What?

CARR. My lucky!

EUPHEMIA. What a dreadful expression! Where do you learn such things?

CARR. I notice you don't have to ask what it means.

EUPHEMIA. Stop teasing, darling!

CARR. I'm not teething! That's what I complain of; you always treat me as a baby!

EUPHEMIA. Come to his mummy, then!

CARR. You're not my mummy! That's what I complain of; you always treat me as a Cheops, ever since that night on the Great Pyramid!

EUPHEMIA. [*Hides her head in his bosom.*] Oh shame, shame!

CARR. Not a bit of it! Think of the infinite clearness of the night——

“The magical green of the sunset,
The magical blue of the Nile.”

The rising of the great globed moon—the stars starting from their fastnesses like sentries on the alarm—the isolation of our stance upon the summit—the faery distance of Cairo and its spear-sharp minarets—and we—and we——

EUPHEMIA. Oh me! Oh me!

CARR. Shall I remind you——

THE EQUINOX

EUPHEMIA. Must *I* remind *you*?

CARR. No; my memory is excellent.

EUPHEMIA. Of what you swore?

CARR. I swore at the granite for not being moss.

EUPHEMIA. You swore to love me always.

CARR. The champagne at the Mena House is not champagne; it is—the cork of it is labelled “Good intentions.”

EUPHEMIA. Then you didn’t mean it?

CARR. [*kissing her*]. Am I, or am I not—a plain question as between man and man—loving you now?

EUPHEMIA. Oh, I know! But I am so worried that everything most sure seems all shaken in the storm of it! I was glad—glad, glad!—when that Mr. Todd came in with his news, so that I could have a real good cry. [*Very close to him, in a tragic whisper.*] Something has happened—something is going to happen.

CARR. And something has not happened—I knew it was a long time since we missed a week. By the way, have you heard the terrible news about Queen Anne? Dead, poor soul! Never mind, silly, you told me most dramatically, and it shall be counted unto you for righteousness.

EUPHEMIA. I think you’re the greatest brute in the world—and I love you.

CARR. How reciprocal of you!

EUPHEMIA. Sweet!

CARR. On my honour, I haven’t a single chocolate on me. Have a cigar? [*Business with case.*]

EUPHEMIA. Be serious! You must marry me at once.

CARR. Then how can I be serious! I understand from a gentleman named Shaw that marriage is only a joke—no,

MR. TODD

not Shaw! Vaughan, or Gorell Barnes, or some name like that!

EUPHEMIA. But you will, won't you?

CARR. No, I won't, will I?

[*Sings.*] "I have a wife and bairnies three,

And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie!"

EUPHEMIA. What?

[*She releases herself.*

CARR. Well, the wife's dead, as a matter of fact. Her name was Hope-of-ever-doing-something-in-the-Wide-Wide. But the bairns are alive: young Chemistry, already apt at repartee—I should say retort; little Biology, who's rather a worm between you and me and the gate-post; and poor puny, puling, sickly little Metaphysics, with only one tooth in his upper jaw!

Oh, don't cry! I love you as I always did and always shall. I'll see you through it somehow!

But don't talk foolishness about marriage! We are happy because when I come to see you I come to see you. If we were living together you would soon get to know me as the brute who grumbles at the cooking and wants to shut himself up and work—[*mimicking her voice*] "And I wouldn't mind so much if it were work, but all he does is to sit in a chair and smoke and stare at nothing and swear if any one comes in to ask him if my darling news old rose chiffon moiré Directoire corsets match my eau-de-Nil suede tussore appliqué garters." See?

EUPHEMIA. But—hush!

[*She flies away to the other end of the room. The door opens. Enter THOMAS.*

THE EQUINOX

THOMAS. Mr. Delomm would like to see you for a moment on urgent business.

[The lovers exchange signals privately.]

EUPHEMIA. Show him up.

THOMAS. Yes, miss.

[THOMAS goes out.]

CARR. I will go and get a snack. Trust me—love me——

EUPHEMIA. I will—I do.

[They embrace. CARR goes to the door—turns.]

CARR. Love me—trust me.

[EUPHEMIA "flies to him, kisses him again, nods.]

EUPHEMIA. I will—I do—I love you—I trust you.

CARR. Sweetheart! *[they kiss, furtively, as if hearing footsteps.]* So long!

[She retreats into the room, and blows him a kiss.]

CARR. *[outside, loudly].* Good morning, Miss Ossory!

EUPHEMIA. *[sinking into a chair, faintly].* good-bye—no, no! Till—when?

[She is almost crying, but sets her teeth and rises.]

THOMAS. *[opening the door].* Mr. Delomm.

[Enter DELHOMME.]

DELHOMME. I am a thousand times sorry to intrude upon your grief, Miss Ossory, but——

EUPHEMIA. Uncle Henry was nothing to me.

DELHOMME. In any case, I should not have spoken to you, but my Embassy has suddenly called me. I am to go to Constantinople—I may be a month away—and—I want to see you first.

EUPHEMIA. Of course, to say good-bye. It is sweet of you to think of us, Monsieur Delhomme.

MR. TODD

DELHOMME. Of you—of thee. How difficult is the English language to express subtle differences!

You must have seen, Miss Ossory——

EUPHEMIA. [*dully*]. I have seen nothing.

DELHOMME. May I speak?

EUPHEMIA. What is this? Oh!

DELHOMME. I need not tell you, I see. My unspoken sympathy and devotion——

EUPHEMIA. Spare me, I pray you.

DELHOMME. I must speak. Mademoiselle, I am blessed in loving you. I offer you the sympathy and devotion of a lifetime.

EUPHEMIA. I beg you to spare me. It is impossible.

DELHOMME. It is the truth --- it is necessary --- I should kill myself if you refused.

EUPHEMIA. My father——

DELHOMME. Your respected father is my warmest advocate.

EUPHEMIA. You distress me, sir. It is impossible.

DELHOMME. Ah, fairest of maidens, well I know your English coyness and modesty! [*Taking her hand.*] Ah, give me this pure hand for good, for ever! This hand which has been ever open to the misery of the poor, ever closed to box the enemies of your country!

EUPHEMIA. It is not mine!

DELHOMME. I do not understand. I am too worn a slave in the world's market for my fettered soul to grasp your innocence. Ah! you are vowed to Our Lady, perhaps? Yet, believe me——

EUPHEMIA. Oh, sir, you distress me—indeed you distress me!

THE EQUINOX

DELHOMME. I would not brush the bloom from off the lily
—and yet—

EUPHEMIA. My god!—Monsieur Delhomme, I am going
to shock you. Oh! Oh!

*[She buries her face in her hands. He starts back, surprised
at the turn things are taking, and at the violence of her
emotion and of its expression.]*

DELHOMME. What is it! Are you ill! Have I—

EUPHEMIA. *[Steady and straight before him.]* I am another
man's—his—his mistress. There!

*[He reels, catches a chair and saves himself. Her breast
heaves; swallowing a sob, she runs out of the room.]*

DELHOMME. *[Utterly dazed].* I—I—oh, my god! My
father! My God! I thought her—oh, I dare not say it—I will
not think it. *[On his knees, clutching at the chair.]* My god,
what shall I do! She was my life, my hope, my flower, my star,
my sun! What shall I do! Help me! help me! Who shall
console me? *[He continues in silent prayer, sobbing].*

*[The door opens; MR. TODD steals into the room on tiptoe,
bends over him and whispers in his ear. The expression
of anguish fails from his face; a calm steals over him; he
smiles in beatitude and his lips move in rapture. He
rises, shakes TODD by the hand; they go out together.]*

*[GRANDFATHER wheeled into the room by THOMAS,
CHARLEY walking by him. The servant leaves them.]*

GRANDFATHER. Bitter cold, Charley, for us old people!

MR. TODD

Nothing right nowadays! Oh, my poor leg! Bitter, bitter cold! I mind me, more than sixty years ago now—oh dear! oh dear! run and tell Nurse I want my liniment! Oh dear! oh dear! what a wretched world. Sciatics --- like rats gnawing, gnawing at you, Charley.

CHARLEY. You frighten me, grampa! Why doesn't Mr. Carr come and play with me?

GRANDFATHER. He has gone out with your mother. He'll come by-and-by, no doubt. Run and fetch Nurse, Charley!

[CHARLEY runs off.]

Oh dear! I wish I could find a good doctor. Nobody seems to do me any good. It's pain, pain all the time. Nurse! can't you tell me of a good doctor? For oh! for oh! [*He looks about him fearfully; his voice sinks to a thrilled whisper*] I am so afraid—afraid to die! Is there nobody——

[*Enter TODD, and stands by his chair, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. He looks up.*]

I wish you were a doctor, Mr. Todd. You have such a soothing touch. Perhaps you are a doctor? I can get nobody to do me any good.

[TODD *whispers in his ear. The old man brightens up at once.*]

Why, yes! I should think that would relieve me at once. Very good! Very good!

[TODD *wheels him out of the room, the old man laughing and chuckling. Enter OSSORY and EUPHEMIA, talking.*]

OSSORY. I want to say a word, girlie, about young Del-

THE EQUINOX

homme. Er—well, we all grow older, you know—one day—er—ah! Nice young fellow, Delhomme!

EUPHEMIA. I refused him twenty minutes ago, father.

OSSORY. What? How the deuce did you know what I was going to say? Bless me, I believe there may be something in this psychic business after all!

EUPHEMIA. Yes, father, I feel I have strange powers!

OSSORY. But look here, girlie, why did you refuse him? *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is all very well, don't you know, but he gives twice who gives quickly.

EUPHEMIA. That's the point, father. If you accept a man the first time he asks you it's practically bigamy!

OSSORY. But—little girl, you ought to accept him at once. He will make you an excellent husband—I wish it. [*Pompously.*] It has ever been the desire of my heart to see my Phemie happily mated before I lay my old bones in the grave.

EUPHEMIA. But I don't love him. He's a quirk.

OSSORY. Tut! Nonsense! Appetite comes with eating.

EUPHEMIA. But I don't care for *Hors d'oeuvre*.

OSSORY. Euphemia, this is a very serious matter for your poor old father.

EUPHEMIA. What have you got to do with it? Really, father——

OSSORY. I have everything to do with it. The fact is, my child—here! I'll make a clean breast of it. I've been gambling, and things have gone wrong. Only temporarily, of course, you understand. Only temporarily. But—oh, if I had only kept out of Fidos!

EUPHEMIA. Is it a dog? [*Whistles.*] Here, Fido, Fido! Trust, doogie, trust!

MR. TODD

OSSORY. that's it! they won't trust, those dogs! to put it short—[*a spasm of agony crosses his face*]*—*Good Lord alive, *I'm* short! If I can't find a couple of hundred thousand before the twelfth I'll be hammered.

EUPHEMIA. And so——?

OSSORY. Very decent young fellow, little Delhomme. I can borrow half a million from him if I want it; but I don't care to unless—unless things—unless you——

EUPHEMIA. I'm the goods, am I? You old bear!

OSSORY. I know, Phemie, I know. It's those damned bulls on Wall Street! How could I foresee——

EUPHEMIA. AT least you might have foreseen that I was not a bale of cotton.

OSSORY. But I shall be hammered, my dear child. We shall all have to go to the workhouse!

EUPHEMIA. [*coldly*]. I thought mamma had three thousand a year of her own.

OSSORY. That's just what I say. The workhouse!

EUPHEMIA. My dear father, I really can't pity you. I think you're a fool, and you've insulted me. Good morning!

[*She goes out.*]

OSSORY. Oh, the disgrace of it, the shame of it! She little knows—How will the Receiver look at that Galapagos turtle deal? Receivers are damned fools. And juries are worse. Ah, Phemie, so little a sacrifice for the father who has given all for you—and she refuses! Cruel! Cruel! Which way can I turn? Is there nobody whose credit—Let's think. Jenkins? No good. Maur? Too suspicious—a nasty, sly, sneaking fellow! Higginbotham, Ramspittle, Rosenbaum, Hoggenger, Flipp, Montgomery, MacAn—no, hang it!

THE EQUINOX

no hope in a Mac—Schpliechenspitzel, Togahening, Adams, Blitzenstein, Cznechzaditzch—no use. I wonder where I caught that cold! who the devil is there that I could ask?

[*Enter* THOMAS—OSSORY'S *back toward door*.

THOMAS. Mr. Todd. [*Enter* TODD—OSSORY *doesn't turn*.

OSSORY. I can't see him, Thomas. [*Turns.*] I beg your pardon, Mr. Todd. The fact is, I'm damnably worried over pay-day. I really don't know you well enough to ask you, perhaps, but the fact is, I've a good sound business proposition which I must put before some one, and I believe you're the very man to help me. Now——

[*TODD takes him by the shoulder and whispers in his ear*.

Why, really, that is good of you --- damned good of you! Why, damme, sir! you're a public benefactor. Come, let us arrange the preliminaries——

[*They go out, OSSORY clinging tightly to TODD'S arm. Enter*

MRS. OSSORY *and* CARR, *dressed for walking*.

MRS. OSSORY. She cut me! You saw it! She cut me absolutely dead!

CARR. Possibly she didn't see you.

[*As* MRS. OSSORY *is not looking, he employs a gesture which lessens the likelihood of this, by calling attention to her bulk*.

MRS. OSSORY. I know she saw me. My only Duchess!

CARR. There's better duchesses in Burke than ever came out of it, Mrs. Ossory. By the way, unless rumour lies, the jade! you can fly much higher than a paltry Duchess!

MRS. OSSORY. Why, why, what do you mean? Oh, dear Professor, how sweet of you! Or are you joking? Somehow

MR. TODD

one never knows whether you are serious or not! But you wouldn't make fun of my embarrassments—Society is so serious, isn't it? But, oh do! do tell me what they say!

CARR. Well, Mrs. Ossory—you know our mysterious friend?

MRS. OSSORY. Mr. Todd?

CARR. Yes. Well, they say that—he is a King in his own country.

MRS. OSSORY. And I've always disliked and distrusted him so! But perhaps that was just the natural awe that I suppose one must always feel, even when one doesn't know, you know. I wonder, now, if we could get him to a little dinner. One could always pretend one didn't know who he was! Let me see, now! Caviar de sterlet royale—

CARR. Consommé royale, sole à la royale, timbale royale à l'empereur, bouchées à la reine, asperges à la royale, haunch of royal venison—can't insult him with mere baron of beef—pouding royale, glace ... l'impératrice, canapé royale—you'll be able to *feed* him all right!

MRS. OSSORY. How clever you are, Professor! Thank you so much. Now who should we ask to meet him?

CARR. I rather expect you'll have to meet him *alone!*

MRS. OSSORY. *Tête-à-tête!* But would that be quite *proper*, Professor?

CARR. How very English!—all you English think that. But—royalty has its own etiquette.

[*Enter* CHARLEY.

Come along, Charley boy, and show me how the new engine works!

THE EQUINOX

Never mind that old frump of a Duchess, Mrs. Ossory—perhaps Mr. Todd may call. *[Goes out with CHARLEY.]*

MRS. OSSORY. I do hope he meant it. But he's such a terrible man for pulling legs, as they call it.—I can't think where Euphemia picks up all her slang!—If that plain, quiet man should really be a crowned King! Oh! how I would frown at her! Ah! ah! Somebody coming.

[Enter THOMAS.]

THOMAS. Mr. Todd.

[Enter TODD.]

MRS. OSSORY. Oh, my dear Mr. Todd, I am so glad to see you! I'm in such distress! You will help me, won't you?

[TODD bows, smiles, and whispers in her ear. She smiles all over. TODD offers his arm. She goes out on it, giggling and wriggling with pleasure. Enter EUPHEMIA.]

EUPHEMIA. I wonder where mother is! No, I don't want her. I'm too happy. How I love him! How proud I am—when another girl would be so shamed! I love him! I love him! Oh, what a world of ecstasy is this! To be his, and he mine! to be—oh! oh! I cannot bear the joy of it. I want to sit down and have a good cry. *[Sits, crying and laughing with the you of it.]* Oh, loving Father of all, what a world Thou hast made! What a gift is life! How much it holds of love and laughter! Is there anything more, anything better? I cannot believe it. Is there anything, anybody that could make me happier?

THOMAS. Mr. Todd.

[Enter TODD.]

EUPHEMIA. Good afternoon, Mr. Todd! So glad to see you! Why, how strange you look! What have you to say to me? *[TODD whispers in her ear.]*

MR. TODD

EUPHEMIA. How splendid! You mean it? It is true? Better than all the rest! Come, come!

[She throws her arm round his neck and runs laughing out of the room with him.]

[Enter CARR and CHARLEY, a toy steam-engine puffing in front of them; they follow on hands and knees. The engine stops at the other end of the room.]

CHARLEY. Oh, my poor engine's stopped!

CARR. You must pour more spirit into it.

[CHARLEY goes to the cupboard and gets it, busying himself until CARR'S exit. CARR sighs heavily, and sits down thoughtfully.]

Todd's been too frequently to this house. Well, Charley and I must get on as best we can. Life is a hard thing, my God!

“Meantime there is our life here. Well?”

It seems sometimes to me as if all the world's wisdom were summed up in that one Epicurus phrase. For if Todd has solved all their problems with a word, at least he supplies no hint of the answer to mine. For I—it seems I hardly know what question to ask!

Oh, Charley boy, the future is with you, and with your children—or, can humanity ever solve the great secret? Is progress a delusion? Are men mad? Is the great secret truly transcendental? We are like madmen, beating out our poor brains upon the walls of the Universe.

Is there no Power that might reveal itself?

[Kneels.] Who art Thou before whom all things are equal,

THE EQUINOX

being as dust? Who givest his fame to the poet, his bankruptcy to the rich man? Who dost distinguish between the just and the unjust? Thou keeper of all secrets, of this great secret which I seek, and have nowise found! This secret for whose very shadowing-forth in parable I, who am young, strong, successful, beloved, most enviable of men, would throw it all away! Oh Thou who givest that which none other can give, who art Thou? How can I bargain with Thee? what shall I give that I may possess Thy secret? O question unavailing! For I know not yet Thy name! Who art Thou? Who art Thou?

THOMAS [*opening the door*]. Mr. Todd. [*Enter TODD.*

CARR. [*rising*]. How are you? I'm afraid you find me distracted! Listen: all my life I have sought—nor counted the cost—for the secret of things. Science is baffled, for Knowledge hath no wings! Religion is baffled, for Faith hath no feet! Life itself—of what value is all this coil and tumult? Who shall give me the secret? What is the secret? [*TODD whispers in his ear.*

Why, thanks, thanks! What a fool I have been! I have always known who you were, of course, but how could I guess you had the key of things? Simple as A B C—or, rather, as A! And nothing to pay after all! “For of all Gods you only love not gifts.” [*Ushers TODD to the door.*] I follow you.

[*TODD smiles kindly on him. They go out.*

[*The child turns; and, finding himself alone, begins to cry.*

CHARLEY. My nice man has gone away. Old Todd has taken him away. I think I hate that old Todd!

[*Enter TODD.*

MR. TODD

I hate you! I hate you! Where is my nice man?

[TODD *whispers in his ear.*

Oh, I see. It is when people get to be grown-ups that they don't like you any more. But I like you, Mr. Todd. Carry me pick-a-back!

[TODD *takes CHARLEY on his shoulder, and goes dancing from the room, the boy crowing with delight.*

CURTAIN.

THE GNOME

LANTERN-LIGHT is over the fells
 When the sun has sunken low;
Lantern-light and the moorland smells,
 The rain on the good brown soil.
Over the moorland we go, we go,
 Through the wet earth we toil. . . .

Sunken, sunken was the sun
 Ere ever the moon uprose,
And the tall dark trees cast shadows dun
 Over the lonely way;
Over the moorland the long path goes
 We trod at the close of day.

We sped to reach the dark green hill.
 The Hill of the Bloody Bowl,
And the shadows were watching, watching us still
 As we crept in the shadowless path,
Over the moor to the Mother Troll
 With the heart that was pierced in wrath.

THE GNOME

Stumbling over the fallen leaves,
 Sliding over the dew,
Staring up at the barley sheaves
 That nod in the autumn wind,
We pushed and jostled the twilight thro',
 Shrilling to those behind.

And ere the night had grown to noon
 We were under the Bloody Bowl,
And then uprose a huge pale moon.
 Behind the shivering trees;
And so we found the Mother Troll
 Well-skilled in mysteries.

She heard our coming, and rose to the door,
 And we hurried eagerly through;
We entered in with a breeze from the moor,
 And stood by the fading pyre.
The air was smoky, the flame was blue,
 And the face of the Troll like fire.

And so we gave her the heart of the slain,
 That was slain for a dead man's sake;
She chuckled low at each blackened vein
 Gory and brown and torn;
She wriggled her sides like a wounded snake
 As she squeezed the blood into a horn.

THE EQUINOX

Far into the fire she cast the blood,
 And the flames grew twisted and red;
Her breast heaved with her passion's flood
 As a hollow-eyed ghost arose
Like a cloud of stench from the rotting dead.
 When a wind from a pest-house blows.

She clasped the ghost to her skinny dugs,—
 No other love might she know,—
The dead man squirmed at her panting hugs,
 But she had her passionate will,
And a sobbing breeze began to blow
 From the top of the lonely hill.

And then a dim grey streak of dawn
 Came, and the sad ghost fled,
With staring sockets and jaw-bone drawn,
 Back to the desolate place;
The morning breeze grew still and dead
 As it played around his face.

So we fled from the Mother Troll
 Under the dawning grey;
We left the Hill of the Bloody Bowl;
 Ere ever the sun uprose,
But the dead man's heart till Judgment-day
 Shall there with the Troll repose.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

REVIEWS

DARE TO BE WISE. By JOHN MCTAGGART ELLIS MCTAGGART Doctor in Letters Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College in Cambridge, Fellow of the British Academy. Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E. C. Price 3*d*.

Only the Price Threepence saved my reason.

"Dare to be Wise" is startling enough; but when one saw Who it was that advised it . . .

"Our object," quoth he ("our" being the "Heretics"), "is to promote discussion upon religion, philosophy, and art. . . ."

These desperate conspirators! What is the Parry-lytic Liar about to allow such things in Trinity?

"In seeking truth of all sorts many virtues are needed." This daring thinker!

"Happiness and misery have much to do with welfare." These burning words may rekindle the fires of Smithfield.

"Here we find the need of courage. For, if we are to think on these matters at all, we must accept the belief for which we have evidence, and we must reject the belief for which we have no evidence. . . . And, sometimes, this is not easy."

This unworthy right hand!

We should not think of calling this Martyr to His Convictions, this Revolutionary Thinker, an ass in a lion's skin. For asses can kick. Shall we say a sheep in wolf's clothing? For the Heretics are too clearly Sheep—probably descended from Mary's little lamb. If the Dean were to frown, they would all take to their heels, and break the record for attending chapel.

In fact, this is what happened, when he did frown! Just like the Rationalists themselves when they disowned and deserted Harry Boulter.

I am coming round to the belief that the best test of a religion is the manhood of its adherents rather than its truth. Better believe a lie than act like a coward!

And of all the pusillanimous puppies I have ever heard of, there are none to beat the undergraduates who wagged their rudimentary tails round the toothless old hound that yelped "Dare to be wise" on last 8th December.

I hate Christianity as Socialists hate soap; but I would rather be saved

THE EQUINOX

with Livingstone and Gordon, Havelock and Nicholson, than damned with Charles Watts and

John McTaggart
Ellis McTaggart
Doctor in Letters
Fellow and Lecturer
Of Trinity College
In Cambridge, and Fellow
Of the Berritish
Ac-ad-em-y.

I wonder, by the way, whether “letters” isn’t a misprint. If not, did he really qualify at the Sorbonne?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE ARCANES SCHOOLS. By JOHN YARKER. William Tait, 3 Wellington Park Avenue, Belfast. 12s. net.

The reader of this treatise is at first overwhelmed by the immensity of Brother Yarker’s erudition. He seems to have examined and quoted every document that ever existed. It is true that he occasionally refers to people like Hargrave Jennings, A. E. Waite, and H. P. Blavatsky as if they were authorities; but whoso fishes with a net of so wide a sweep as Brother Yarker’s must expect to pull in some worthless fish. This accounts for Waite’s contempt of him; imagine Walford Bodie reviewing a medical book which referred to him as an authority on paralysis!

The size of the book, too, is calculated to effray; reading it has cost me many pounds in gondolas! And it is the essential impossibility of all works of this kind that artistic treatment is not to be attained.

But Brother Yarker has nobly suppressed a Spencerian tendency to ramble; he has written with insight, avoided pedantry, and made the dreary fields of archeology blossom with flowers of interest.

Accordingly, we must give him the highest praise, for he has made the best possible out of that was nearly the worst possible.

He has abundantly proved his main point, the true antiquity of some Masonic system. It is a parallel to Frazer’s tracing of the history of the Slain God.

But why is there no life in any of our Slain God rituals! It is for us to restore them by the Word and the Grip.

For us, who have the inner knowledge, inherited or won, it remains to restore the true rites of Attis, Adonis, Osiris, of Set, Serapis, Mithras, and Abel.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE HERB DANGEROUS

PART IV

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM H.G. LUDLOW,

THE HASHEESH EATER

WHICH BEAR UPON THE PECULIAR
CHARACTERISTICS OF THE
DRUG'S ACTION

THE HASHEESH EATER

FOR a place, New York for instance, a stranger accounts, not by saying that any one of the many who testify to its existence copied from another, but by acknowledging "there is such a place." So do I account for the fact by saying "there is such a fact."

We try to imitate Eastern narrative, but in vain. Our minds can find no clew to its strange untrodden by-ways of speculation; our highest soarings are still in an atmosphere which feels heavy with the reek and damp of ordinary life.

We fail to account for those storm-wrapped peaks of sublimity which hover over the path of Oriental story, or those beauties which, like riviers of Paradise, make music beside it.

We are all of us taught to say, "The children of the East live under a sunnier sky than their Western brethren: they are the *repositors* of centuries of tradition; their semi-civilised imagination is unbound by the fetters of logic and the schools." But the Ionians once answered all these conditions, yet Homer sang no Eblis, no superhuman journey on the wings of genii through infinitudes of rosy ether. At one period of their history, France, Germany, and England abounded in all the characteristics of the untutored Old World mind, yet when did an echo of oriental music ring from the lute of minstrel,

THE EQUINOX

minnesinger, or "trouvère"? The difference can not be accounted for by climate, religion, or manners. It is not the supernatural in Arabian story which is inexplicable, but the peculiar phase of the supernatural both in beauty and terror.

I say inexplicable, because to me, in common with all around me, it bore this character for years. In later days, I believe, and now with all due modesty assert, I unlocked the secret, not by a hypothesis, not by processes of reasoning, but by journeying through those self-same fields of weird experience which are dinted by the sandals of the glorious old dreamers of the East. Standing on the same mounts of vision where they stood, listening to the same gurgling melody that broke from their enchanted fountains, yes, plunging into their rayless caverns of sorcery, and imprisoned with their genie in the unutterable silence of the fathomless sea, have I dearly bought the right to come to men with the chart of my wanderings in my hands, and unfold to them the foundations of the fabric of Oriental story.

The secret lies in the use of hasheesh. A very few words will suffice to tell what hasheesh is. In northern latitudes the hemp plant (*Cannabis sativa*) grows almost entirely to fibre, becoming, in virtue of this quality, the great resource for mats and cordage. Under a southern sun this same plant loses its fibrous texture, but secretes, in quantities equal to one-third of its bulk, an opaque and greenish resin. Between the northern and the southern hemp there is no difference, except the effect of diversity of climate upon the same vegetable essence; yet naturalists, misled by the much greater extent of gummy secretion in the later, have distinguished it from its brother of the colder soil by the name *Cannabis indica*. The

THE HASHEESH EATER

resin of the *Cannabis indica* is hasheesh. From time immemorial it has been known among all the nations of the East as possessing powerful stimulant and narcotic properties; throughout Turkey, Persia, Nepaul, and India it is used at this day among all classes of society as an habitual indulgence. The forms in which it is employed are various. sometimes it appears in the state in which it exudes from the mature stalk, as a crude resin; sometimes it is manufactured into a conserve with clarified butter, honey, and spices; sometimes a decoction is made of the flowering tops in water or arrack. Under either of these forms the method of administration is by swallowing. Again, the dried plant is smoked in pipes of chewed, as tobacco among ourselves.

. . . a pill sufficient to balance the ten-grain weight of the scales. This, upon the authority of Pereira and the Dispensatory, I swallowed without a tremor as to the danger of the result.

Making all due allowance for the fact that I had not taken my hasheesh bolus fasting, I ought to experience its effects within the next four hours. That time elapsed without bringing the shadow of a phenomenon. It was plain that my dose had been insufficient.

For the sake of observing the most conservative prudence, I suffered several days to go by without a repetition of the experiment, and then, keeping the matter equally secret, I administered to myself a pill of fifteen grains. This second was equally ineffectual with the first.

Gradually, by five grains at a time, I increased the dose to thirty grains, which I took one evening half an hour after tea.

THE EQUINOX

I had now almost come to the conclusion that I was absolutely unsusceptible of the hasheesh influence. Without any expectation that this last experiment would be more successful than the former ones, and indeed with no realisation of the manner in which the drug affected those who did make the experiment successfully, I went to pass the evening at the house of an intimate friend. In music and conversation the time passed pleasantly. The clock struck ten, reminding me that three hours had elapsed since the dose was taken, and as yet not an unusual symptom had appeared. I was provoked to think that this trial was as fruitless as its predecessors.

Ha! what means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence. My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror—a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain anywhere—not a twinge in any fibre—yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar.

As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first world of the reply occupied a period sufficient

THE HASHEESH EATER

for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend's house one particular arm-chair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the centre table around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied opposite extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

Oh! I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space. And now more and more every moment increased the conviction that I was watched. I did not know then, as I learned afterward, that suspicion of all earthly things and persons was the characteristic of the hasheesh delirium.

In the midst of my complicated hallucination, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighting all the phenomena. This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession.

The servant had not come.

THE EQUINOX

“Shall I call her again?” “Why, you have this moment called her.” “Doctor,” I replied solemnly, and in language that would have seem bombastic enough to any one who did not realise what I felt, “I will not believe you are deceiving me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time has elapsed since then for all the Pyramids to have crumbled back to dust.”

Any now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I passed. The impulse seized me to look again. The minute-hand stood half-way between fifteen and sixteen minutes past eleven. The watch must have stopped; I held it to my ear: no, it was still going. I had travelled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in thirty seconds. “My God!” I cried, “I am in eternity.” In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul’s own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I die, that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. The years of all my earthly life to come can never be as long as those thirty seconds.

Before entering on the record of this new vision I will make a digression for the purpose of introducing two laws of the hasheesh operation, which, as explicatory, deserve a place here. First, after the completion of any one fantasia has arrived, there almost invariably succeeds a shifting of the action to some other stage entirely different in its surroundings. In this transition the general character of the emotion

THE HASHEESH EATER

may remain unchanged. I may be happy in Paradise and happy at the sources of the Nile, but seldom, either in Paradise or on the Nile, twice in succession. I may writhe in Etna and burn unquenchably in Gehenna, but almost never, in the course of the same delirium, shall Etna or Gehenna witness my torture a second time.

Second, after the full storm of a vision of intense sublimity has blown past the hasheesh-eater, his next vision is generally of a quiet, relaxing, and recreating nature. He comes down from his clouds or up from his abyss into a middle ground of gentle shadows, where he may rest his eyes from the splendour of the seraphim or the flames of fiends. There is a wise philosophy in this arrangement, for otherwise the soul would soon burn out in the excess of its own oxygen. Many a times, it seems to me, has my own thus been saved from extinction.

When I woke it was morning—actually morning, and not a hasheesh hallucination. The first emotion that I felt upon opening my eyes was happiness to find things again wearing a natural air. Yes; although the last experience of which I had been conscious had seemed to satisfy every human want, physical or spiritual, I smiled on the four plain white walls of my bed-chamber, and hailed their familiar unostentatiousness with a pleasure which had no wish to transfer itself to arabesque or rainbows. It was like returning home from an eternity spent in loneliness among the palaces of strangers. Well may I say an eternity, for during the whole day I could not rid myself of the feeling that I was separated from the preceding one by an immeasurable lapse of time. In fact, I never got wholly rid of it.

THE EQUINOX

I rose that I might test my reinstated powers, and see if the restoration was complete. Yes, I felt not one trace of bodily weariness nor mental depression. Every function had returned to its normal state, with the one exception mentioned; memory could not efface the traces of my having passed through a great mystery.

No. I never should take it again.

I did not know myself; I did not know hasheesh. There are temperaments, no doubt, upon which this drug produces, as a reactory result, physical and mental depression. With me this was never the case. Opium and liquors fix themselves as a habit be becoming necessary to supply that nervous waste which they in the first place occasioned. The lassitude which succeeds their exaltation demands a renewed indulgence, and accordingly every gratification of the appetite is parent to the next. But no such element entered into the causes which attached me to hasheesh. I speak confidently, yet without exaggeration, when I say that I have spent many an hour in torture such as was never known by Cranmer at the stake, or Gaudentio di Lucca in the Inquisition, yet out of the depths of such experience *I* have always come without a trace of its effect in diminished strength or buoyancy.

Had the first experiment been followed by depression, I had probably never repeated it. At any rate, unstrung muscles and an enervated mind could have been resisted much more effectually when they pleaded for renewed indulgence than the form which the fascination actually took. For days I was even unusually strong; all the forces of life were in a state of pleasurable activity, but the memory of the wondrous glories

THE HASHEESH EATER

which I had beheld wooed me continually like an irresistible sorceress. I could not shut my eyes for midday musing without beholding in that world, half dark, half light, beneath the eyelids, a steady procession of delicious images which the severest will could not banish nor dim. Now through an immense and serene sky floated luxurious argosies of clouds continually changing form and tint through an infinite cycle of mutations.

Now, suddenly emerging from some deep embowerment of woods, I stood upon the banks of a broad river that curved far off into dreamy distance, and glided noiselessly past its jutting headlands, reflecting a light which was not of the sun nor of the moon, but midway between them, and here and there thrilling with subdued prismatic rays. Temples and gardens, fountains and vistas stretched continually through my waking or sleeping imagination, and mingled themselves with all I heard, or read, or saw. On the pages of Gibbon the palaces and lawns of Nicomedia were illustrated with a hasheesh tint and a hasheesh reality; and journeying with old Dan Chaucer, I drank in a delicious landscape of revery along all the road to Canterbury. The music of my vision was still heard in echo; as the bells of Bow of old time called to Whittington, so did it call to me—"Turn again, turn again." And I turned.

It will be remembered that the hasheesh states of ecstasy always alternate with less intense conditions, in which the prevailing phenomena are those of mirth or tranquillity. In accordance with this law, in the present instance, Dan, to whom I had told my former experience, was not surprised to hear me break forth at the final cadence of our song into a

THE EQUINOX

peal of unextinguishable laughter, but begged to know what was its cause, that he might laugh too. I could only cry out that my right leg was a tin case filled with stair-rods, and as I limped along, keeping that member perfectly rigid, both from fear of cracking the metal and the difficulty of bending it, I heard the rattle of the brazen contents shaken from side to side with feeling of the most supreme absurdity possible to the human soul. Presently the leg was restored to its former state, but in the interim its mate had grown to a size which would have made it a very respectable totter for Brian Boru or one of the Titans. Elevated some few hundred feet into the firmament, I was compelled to hop upon my giant pedestal in a way very ungraceful in a world where two legs were the fashion, and eminently disagreeable to the slighted member, which sought in vain to reach the earth with struggles amusing from their very insignificance. This ludicrous affliction being gradually removed, I went on my way quietly until we again began to be surrounded by the houses of the town.

And now that unutterable thirst which characterises hasheesh came upon me. I could have lain me down and lapped dew from the grass. I must drink, wheresoever, howsoever. We soon reached home—soon, because it was not five squares off from where we sat down, yet ages, from the thirst which consumed me and the expansion of time in which I lived. I came into the house as one would approach a fountain in the desert, with a wild bound of exultation, and gazed with miserly eyes at the draught which my friend poured out for me until the glass was brimming. I clutched it—I

THE HASHEESH EATER

put it to my lips. Ha! a surprise! It was not water, but the most delicious metheglin in which ever bard of the Cymri drank the health of Howell Dda. It danced and sparkled like some liquid metempsychosis of amber; it gleamed with the spiritual fire of a thousand chrysolites. to sight, to taste it was metheglin, such as never mantled in the cups of the Valhalla.

Hasheesh I called the “drug of travel,” and I had only to direct my thoughts strongly toward a particular part of the world previously to swallowing my bolus to make my whole fantasia in the strongest possible degree topographical.

There are two facts which I have verified as universal by repeated experiment, which fall into their place here as aptly as then can in the course of my narrative. First: At two different times, when body and mind are apparently in precisely analogous states, when all circumstances, exterior and interior, do not differ tangibly in the smallest respect, the same dose of the same preparation of hasheesh will frequently produce diametrically opposite effects. Still further, I have taken at one time a pill of thirty grains, which hardly gave a perceptible phenomenon, and at another, when my dose had been but half that quantity, I have suffered the agonies of a martyr, or rejoiced in a perfect phrensy. So exceedingly variable are its results, that, long before I abandoned the indulgence, I took each successive bolus with the consciousness that I was daring an uncertainty as tremendous as the equipoise between hell and heaven. Yet the fascination employed Hope as its advocate, and won the suit. Secondly: If, during the ecstasy

THE EQUINOX

of hasheesh delirium, another dose, however small—yes, though it be no larger than half a pea—be employed to prolong the condition, such agony will inevitably ensue as will make the soul shudder at its own possibility of endurance without annihilation. By repeated experiments, which now occupy the most horrible place upon my catalogue of horrible remembrances, have I proved that, among all the variable phenomena of hasheesh, this alone stands unvarying. The use of it directly after any other stimulus will produce consequences as appalling.

I extinguished my light. To say this may seem trivial, but it is as important a matter as any which it is possible to notice. The most direful suggestions of the bottomless pit may flow in upon the hasheesh eater through the very medium of darkness. The blowing out of a candle can set an unfathomed barathrum wide agape beneath the flower-wreathed table of his feast, and convert his palace of sorcery into a Golgotha. Light is a necessity to him, even when sleeping; it must tinge his visions, or they assume a hue as sombre as the banks of Styx.

It was an awaking, which, for torture, had no parallel in all the stupendous domain of sleeping incubus. Beside my bed in the centre of the room stood a bier, from whose corners drooped the folds of a heavy pall; outstretched upon it lay in state a most fearful corpse, whose livid face was distorted with the pangs of assassination. The traces of a great agony were frozen into fixedness in the tense position of every muscle, and the nails of the dead man's fingers pierced

THE HASHEESH EATER

his palms with the desperate clinch of one who has yielded not without agonising resistance. Two tapers at his head, two at his feet, with their tall and unsnuffed wicks, made the ghastliness of the bier more luminously unearthly, and a smothered laugh of derision from some invisible watcher ever and anon mocked the corpse, as if triumphant demons were exulting over their prey. I pressed my hands upon my eyeballs till they ached, in intensity of desire to shut out the spectacle; I buried my head in the pillow, that I might not hear that awful laugh of diabolic sarcasm.

But—oh horror immeasurable! I behold the walls of the room slowly gliding together, the ceiling coming down, the floor ascending, as of old the lonely captive saw them, whose cell was doomed to be his coffin. Nearer and nearer am I born toward the corpse. I shrunk back from the edge of the bed; I cowered in most abject fear. I tried to cry out, but speech was paralysed. The walls came closer and closer together. Presently my hand lay on the dead man's forehead. I made my arm as straight and rigid as a bar of iron; but of what avail was human strength against the contraction of that cruel masonry? Slowly my elbow bent with the ponderous pressure; nearer grew the ceiling—I fell into the fearful embrace of death. I was pent, I was stifled in the breathless niche, which was all of space still left to me. The stony eyes stared up into my own, and again the maddening peal of fiendish laughter rang close beside my ear. Now I was touched on all sides by the walls of the terrible press; there came a heavy crush, and I felt all sense blotted out in darkness.

I awoke at last; the corpse was gone, but I had taken his

THE EQUINOX

place upon the bier. In the same attitude which he had kept I lay motionless, conscious, although in darkness, that I wore upon my face the counterpart of his look of agony. The room had grown into a gigantic hall, whose roof was framed of iron arches; the pavement, the walls, the cornice were all of iron. The spiritual essence of the metal seemed to be a combination of cruelty and despair. Its massive hardness spoke a language which it is impossible to embody in words, but any one who has watched the relentless sweep of some great engine crank, and realised its capacity for murder, will catch a glimpse, even in the memory, of the thrill which seemed to say, "This iron is a tearless fiend," of the unutterable meaning I saw in those colossal beams and buttresses. I suffered from the vision of that iron as from the presence of a giant assassin.

But my senses opened slowly to the perception of still worse presences. By my side there gradually emerged from the sulphurous twilight which bathed the room the most horrible form which the soul could look upon unshattered—a fiend also of iron, white-hot and dazzling with the glory of the nether penetralia. A face that was the ferrous incarnation of all imaginations of malice and irony looked on me with a glare withering from its intense heat, but still more from the unconceived degree of inner wickedness which it symbolised. I realised whose laughter I had heard, and instantly I heard it again. Beside him another demon, his very twin, was rocking a tremendous cradle framed of bars of iron like all things else, and candescent with as fierce a heat as the fiend's.

And now, in a chant of the most terrific blasphemy which it is possible to imagine, or rather of blasphemy so fearful that no human thought has ever conceived of it, both the

THE HASHEESH EATER

demons broke forth, until I grew intensely wicked merely by hearing it. I still remember the meaning of the song they sang, although there is no language yet coined which will convey it, and far be it from me even to suggest its nature, lest I should seem to perpetuate in any degree such profanity as beyond the abodes of the lost no lips are capable of uttering. Every note of the music itself accorded with the thought as symbol represents essence, and with its clangour mixed the maddening creak of the for ever oscillating cradle, until I felt driven into a ferocious despair. Suddenly the nearest fiend, snatching up a pitchfork (also of white-hot iron), thrust it into my writing side, and hurled me shrieking into the fiery cradle. I sought in my torture to scale the bars; they slipped from my grasp and under my feet like the smoothest icicles. Through increasing grades of agony I lay unconsumed, tossing from side to side with the rocking of the dreadful engine, and still above me pealed the chant of blasphemy, and the eyes of demoniac sarcasm smiled at me in mockery of a mother's gaze upon her child.

“Let us sing him,” said one of the fiends to the other, “the lullaby of Hell.” The blasphemy now changed into an awful word-picturing of eternity, unveiling what it was, and dwelling with raptures of malice upon its infinitude, its sublimity of growing pain, and its privation of all fixed points which might mark it into divisions. By emblems common to all language rather than by any vocal words, did they sing this frightful apocalypse, yet the very emblems had a sound as distinct as tongue could give them. This was one, and the only one of their representatives that I can remember. Slowly they began, “To-day is father of to-morrow, to-morrow hath a son that

THE EQUINOX

shall beget the day succeeding.” With increasing rapidity they sang in this way, day by day, the genealogy of a thousand years, and I traced on the successive generations, without a break in one link, until the rush of their procession reached a rapidity so awful as fully to typify eternity itself; and still I fled on through that burning genesis of cycles. I feel that I do not convey my meaning, but may no one else ever understand it better.

Withered like a leaf in the breath of an oven, after millions of years I felt myself tossed upon the iron floor. The fiends had departed, the cradle was gone. I stood alone, staring into immense and empty spaces. Presently I found that I was in a colossal square, as of some European city, alone at the time of evening twilight, and surrounded by houses hundreds of stories high. I was bitterly athirst. I ran to the middle of the square, and reached it after an infinity of travel. There was a fountain carved in iron, every jet inimitably sculptured in mockery of water, yet dry as the ashes of a furnace. “I shall perish with thirst,” I cried. “Yet one more trial. There must be people in all these immense houses. Doubtless they love the dying traveller, and will give him to drink. Good friends! water! water!” A horribly deafening din poured down on me from the four sides of the square. Every sash of all the hundred stories of every house in that colossal quadrangle flew up as by one spring. Awakened by my call, at every window stood a terrific maniac. Sublimely in the air above me, in front, beside me, on either hand, and behind my back, a wilderness of insane faces gnashed at me, glared, gibbered, howled, laughed horribly, hissed and cursed. At the unbearable sight I

THE HASHEESH EATER

myself became insane, and leaping up and down, mimicked them all, and drank their demented spirit.

Hasheesh is indeed an accursed drug, and the soul at last pays a most bitter price for all its ecstasies; moreover, the use of it is not the proper means of gaining any insight, yet who shall say that at that season of exaltation I did not know things as they are more truly than ever in the ordinary state? Let us not assert that the half-careless and uninterested way in which we generally look on nature is the normal mode of the soul's power of vision. There is a fathomless meaning, an intensity of delight in all our surroundings, which our eyes must be unsealed to see. In the jubilation of hasheesh, we have only arrived by an improper pathway at the secret of that infinity of beauty which shall be beheld in heaven and earth when the veil of the corporeal drops off, and we know as we are known. Then from the muddy waters of our life, defiled by the centuries of degeneracy through which they have flowed, we shall ascend to the old-time original fount, and grow rapturous with its apocalyptic draught.

I do not remember whether I have yet mentioned that in the hasheesh state an occasional awakening occurs, perhaps as often as twice in an hour (though I have no way of judging accurately, from the singular properties of the hasheesh time), when the mind returns for an exceedingly brief space to perfect consciousness, and views all objects in their familiar light.

Awaking on the morrow after a succession of vague and

THE EQUINOX

delicious dreams, I had not yet returned to the perfectly natural state. I now began to experience a law of hasheesh which developed its effects more and more through all future months of its use. With the progress of the hasheesh life, the effect of every successive indulgence grows more perduring until the hitherto isolated experiences become tangent to each other; then the links of the delirium intersect, and at last so blend that the chain has become a continuous band, now resting with joyous lightness as a chaplet, and now mightily pressing in upon the soul like the glowing hoop of iron which holds martyrs to the stake. The final months of this spell-bound existence, be it terminated by mental annihilation or by a return into the quiet and mingled facts of humanity are passed in one unbroken yet chequered dream.

Moreover, through many ecstasies and many pains, I still supposed that I was only making experiments, and that, too, in the most wonderful field of mind which could be opened for investigation, and with an agent so deluding in its influence that the soul only became aware that the strength of a giant was needed to escape when its locks were shorn.

Upon William N—— hasheesh produced none of the effects characteristic of fantasia. There was no hallucination, no volitancy of unusual images before the eye when closed.

Circulation, however, grew to a surprising fulness and rapidity, accompanied by the same introversion of faculties and clear perception of all physical processes which startled my in my first experiment upon myself. There was stertorous breathing, dilation of the pupil, and a drooping appearance of

THE HASHEESH EATER

the eyelid, followed at last by a comatose state, lasting for hours, out of which it was almost impossible fully to arouse the energies. These symptoms, together with a peculiar rigidity of the muscular system, and inability to measure the precise compass and volume of the voice when speaking, brought the case nearer in resemblance to those recorded by Dr. O'Shaughnessy, of Calcutta, as occurring under his immediate inspection among the natives of India, than any I have ever witnessed.

At half-past seven in the evening, and consequently after supping instead of before, as I should have preferred, he took twenty-five grains of the drug. This may seem a large bolus to those who are aware that from fifteen grains I frequently got the strongest cannabine effect; but it must be kept in mind that, to secure the full phenomena, a much greater dose is necessary in the first experiment than ever after. Unlike all other stimuli with which I am acquainted, hasheesh, instead of requiring to be increased in quantity as existence in its use proceeds, demands rather a diminution, seeming to leave, at the return of the natural state (if I may express myself by rather a material analogy), an unconsumed capital of exaltation for the next indulgence to set up business upon.

For a while we walked silently. Presently I felt my companion shudder as he leaned upon my arm. "What is the matter, Bob?" I asked. "Oh! I am in unbearable horror," he replied. "If you can, save me!" "How do you suffer?" "This shower of soot which falls on me from heaven is dreadful!"

THE EQUINOX

I sought to turn the current of his thoughts into another channel, but he had arrived at that place in his experience where suggestion is powerless. His world of the Real could not be changed by any inflow from ours of the Shadowy. I reached the same place in after days, and it was then as impossible for any human being to alter the condition which enwrapped me as it would have been for a brother on earth to stretch out his hands and rescue a brother writhing in the pangs of immortality. There are men in Oriental countries who make it their business to attend hasheesh-eaters during the fantasia, and profess to be able to lead them constantly in pleasant paths of hallucination. If indeed they possess this power, the delirium which they control must be a far more ductile state than any I have witnessed occurring under the influence of hasheesh at its height. In the present instance I found all suggestion powerless. The inner actuality of the visions and the terror of external darkness both defeated me.

And now, in the midst of the darkness, there suddenly stood a wheel like that of a lottery, surrounded by one luminous spot, which illustrated all its movements. It began slowly to revolve; its rapidity grew frightful, and out of its opening flew symbols which indicated to him, in regular succession, every minutest act of his past life: from his first unfilial disobedience in childhood—the refusal upon a certain day, as far back as infancy, to go to school when it was enjoined upon him, to the latest deed of impropriety he had committed—all his existence fled before him like lightning in those burning emblems. Things utterly forgotten—things at

THE HASHEESH EATER

the time of their first presence considered trivial acts—as small as the cutting of a willow wand, all fled by his sense in arrow-flight; yet he remembered them as real incidents, and recognized their order in his existence.

This phenomenon is one of the most striking exhibitions of the state in which the higher hasheesh exaltation really exists. It is a partial sundering, for the time, of those ties which unite soul and body. That spirit should ever lose the traces of a single impression is impossible.

In the morning he awoke at the usual time; but, his temperament being perhaps more sensitive than mine, the hasheesh delight, without its hallucination, continued for several days.

And now a new fact flashed before me. This agony was not new; I had felt it ages ago, in the same room, among the same people, and hearing the same conversation. To most men, such a sensation has happened at some time, but it is seldom more than vague and momentary. With me it was sufficiently definite and lasting to be examined and located as an actual memory. I saw it in an instant, preceded and followed by the successions of a distinctly recalled past life.

What is the philosophy of this fact? If we find no ground for believing that we have ever lived self-consciously in any other state, and cannot thus explain it, may not this be the solution of the enigma? At the moment of the soul's reception of a new impression, she first accepts it as a thing entirely of the sense; she tells us how large it is, and of what quality. To this definition of its boundaries and likeness succeeds, at times

THE EQUINOX

of high activity, an intuition of the fact that the sensation shall be perceived again in the future unveiling that is to throw open all the past. Prophetically she notes it down upon the indestructible leaves of her diary, assured that it is to come out in the future revelation. Yet we who, from the tendency of our thought, reject all claims to any knowledge of the future, can only acknowledge perceptions as of the present or the past, and accordingly refer the dual realisation to some period gone by. We perceive the correspondence of two sensations, but, by an instantaneous process, give the second one a wrong position in the succession of experiences. The soul is regarded as the historian when she is in reality the sibyl; but the misconception takes place in such a microscopic portion of time that detection is impossible. In the hasheesh expansion of seconds into minutes, or even according to a much mightier ratio, there is an opportunity thoroughly to scrutinise the hitherto evanescent phenomena, and the truth comes out. How many more such prophecies as these may have been rejected through the gross habit of the body we may never know until spirit vindicates her claim in a court where she must have audience.

In this world we are but half spirit; we are thus able to hold only the perceptions and emotions of half an orb. Once fully rounded into symmetry ourselves, we shall have strength to bear the pressure of influences from a whole sphere of truth and loveliness.

It is this present half-developed state of ours which makes the infinitude of the hasheesh awakening so unendurable, even when its sublimity is the sublimity of delight. We have no

THE HASHEESH EATER

longer anything to do with horizons, and the boundary which was at once our barrier and our fortress is removed, until we almost perish from the inflow of perceptions.

It would be no hard task to prove, to a strong probability, at least, that the initiation to the Pythagorean mysteries, and the progressive instruction that succeeded it, to a considerable extent consisted in the employment, judiciously, if we may use the word, of hasheesh, as giving a critical and analytic power to the mind, which enabled the neophyte to roll up the murk and mist from beclouded truths till they stood distinctly seen in the splendour of their own harmonious beauty as an intuition.

One thing related of Pythagoras and his friends has seemed very striking to me. There is a legend that, as he was passing over a river, its waters called up to him in the presence of his followers, "Hail! Pythagoras."

Frequently, while in the power of the hasheesh delirium, have I heard inanimate things sonorous with such voices. On every side they have saluted me, from rocks, and trees, and waters, and sky, in my happiness filling me with intense exultation as I heard them welcoming their master; in my agony heaping nameless curses on my head as I went away into an eternal exile from all sympathy. Of this tradition of Iamblichus I feel an appreciation which almost convinces me that the voice of the river was indeed heard, though only by the quickened mind of some hasheesh-glorified esoteric. Again, it may be that the doctrine of the metempsychosis was first communicated to Pythagoras by Theban priests; but the astonishing illustration which hasheesh would contribute to

THE EQUINOX

this tenet should not be overlooked in our attempt to assign its first suggestion and succeeding spread to their proper causes.

I looked, and lo! all the celestial hemisphere was one terrific brazen bell, which rocked upon some invisible adamantine pivot in the infinitudes above. When I cam it was voiceless, but I soon knew how it was to sound. My feet were quickly chained fast to the top of heaven, and, swinging with my head downward, I became its tongue. Still more mightily swayed that frightful bell, and now, tremendously crashing, my head smote against its side. It was not the pain of the blow, though that was inconceivable, but the colossal roar that filled the universe, and rent my brain also, which blotted out in one instant all sense, thought, and being. In an instant I felt my life extinguished, but knew that it was by annihilation, not by death.

When I awoke out of the hasheesh state I was as overwhelmed to find myself still in existence as a dead man of the last century could be were he now suddenly restored to earth. For a while, even in perfect consciousness, I believed I was still dreaming, and to this day I have so little lost the memory of that one demoniac toll, that while writing these lines I have put my hand to my forehead, hearing and feeling something, trough the mere imagination, which was an echo of the original pang. It is this persistency of impressions which explains the fact of the hasheesh state, after a certain time, growing more and more every day a thing of agony. It is not because the body becomes worn out by repeated nervous shocks; with some constitutions, indeed, this wearing may occur; it never did with me, as I have said, even to the extent

THE HASHEESH EATER

of producing muscular weakness, yet the universal law of constantly acceleration diabolisation of visions held good as much in my case as in any others; but a thing of horror once experienced became a *κτῆμα ἧς ἄεί*, an inalienable dower of hell; it was certain to reproduce itself in some—to God be the thanks if not in all—future visions. I had seen, for instance, in one of my states of ecstasy, a luminous spot on the firmament, a prismatic parhelion. In the midst of my delight of gazing on it, it had transferred itself mysteriously to my own heart, and there became a circle of fire, which gradually ate its way until the whole writing organ was in a torturous blaze. That spot, seen again in an after-vision, through the memory of its former pain instantly wrought out for me the same accursed result. The number of such remembered faggots of fuel for direful suggestion of course increased proportionally to the prolonging of the hasheesh life, until at length there was hardly a visible or tangible object, hardly a phrase which could be spoken, that had not some such infernal potency as connected with an earlier effect of suffering.

Slowly thus does midnight close over the hasheesh-eater's heaven. One by one, upon its pall thrice dyed in Acharon, do the baleful lustres appear, until he walks under a hemisphere flaming with demon lamps, and upon a ground paved with tiles of hell. Out of this awful domain there are but three ways. Thank God that over this alluring gateway is not written,

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate!”

The first of these exits is insanity, the second death, the third abandonment. The first is doubtless oftenest trodden

THE EQUINOX

yet it may be long ere it reaches the final escape in oblivion, and it is as frightful as the domain it leaves behind. The second but rarely opens to the wretch unless he prises it open with his knife; ordinarily its hinges turn lingeringly. Towards the last let him struggle, though a nightmare torpor petrify his limbs—though on either side of the road be a phalanx of monstrous Afreets with drawn swords of flame—though demon cries peal before him, and unimaginable houris beckon him back—over thorns, through furnaces, but into—Life!

To the first restaurant at hand we hastened. Passing in, I called for that only material relief which I have ever found for these spiritual sufferings—something strongly acid. In the East the form in use is sherbet; mine was very sour lemonade. A glass of it was made ready, and with a small glass tube I drew it up, not being able to bear the shock of a large swallow. Relief came but very slightly—very slowly. Before the first glass was exhausted I called most imperatively for another one to be prepared as quickly as possible, let the flames should spread by waiting. In this way I kept a man busy with the composition of lemonade after lemonade, plunging my tube over the edge of the drained tumbler into the full one with a precipitate haste for which there were mortal reasons, until six had been consumed.

I returned to hasheesh, but only when I had become hopeless of carrying out my first intention—its utter and immediate abandonment. I now resolved to abandon it gradually—to retreat slowly from my enemy, until I had passed the borders of his enchanted ground, whereon he warred with me at vantage.

Once over the boundaries, and the nightmare spell

THE HASHEESH EATER

unloosed, I might run for my life, and hope to distance him in my own recovered territory.

This end I sought to accomplish by diminishing the doses of the drug. The highest I had ever reached was a drachm, and this was seldom necessary except in the most unimpressible states of the brain, since, according to the law of the hasheesh operation which I have stated to hold good in my experience, a much less bolus was ordinarily sufficient to produce full effect at this time than when I commenced the indulgence. I now reduced my daily ration to ten or fifteen grains.

The immediate result of even this modified resumption of the habit was a reinstatement into the glories of the former life. I came out of my clouds; the outer world was reinvested with some claim to interest, and the lethal torpor of my mind was replaced by an airy activity. I flattered myself that there was now some hope of escape by grades of renunciation, and felt assured, moreover, that since I now seldom experienced anything approaching hallucination, I might pass through this gradual course without suffering on the way.

As lemon-juice had been sometimes an effectual cure for the sufferings of excess, I now discovered that a use of tobacco, to an extent which at other times would be immoderate, was a preventive of the horrors of abandonment.

As, some distance back, I have referred to my own experience upon the subject, asserting my ability at times to *feel sights, see sounds, &c.*, I will not attempt to illustrate the present discussion by a narrative of additional portions of my own case. It might be replied to me, "Ah! yes, all very likely; but probably you are an exception to the general rule:

THE EQUINOX

nobody else might be affected so." This was said to me quite frequently when, early in the hasheesh life, I enthusiastically related the most singular phenomena of my fantasy.

But there is no such thing true of the hasheesh effects. Just as inevitably as two men taking the same direction, and equally favoured by Providence, will arrive at the same place, will two persons of similar temperament come to the same territory in hasheesh, see the same mysteries of their being, and get the same hitherto unconceived facts. It is this characteristic which, beyond all gainsaying, proves the definite existence of the most wondrous of the hasheesh disclosed states of mind. The realm of that stimulus is no vagary; it as much exists as England. We are never so absurd as to expect to see insane men by the dozen all holding to the same hallucination without having had any communication with each other.

As I said once previously, after my acquaintance with the realm of witchery had become, probably, about as universal as anybody's, when I chanced to be called to take care of some one making the experiment for the first time (and I always was called), by the faintest word, often by a mere look, I could tell exactly the place that my patient had reached, and treat him accordingly. Many a time, by some expression which other bystanders thought ineffably puerile, have I recognised the landmark of a field of wonders wherein I have travelled in perfect ravishment. I understood the symbolisation, which they did not.

Though as perfectly conscious as in his natural state, and capable of apprehending all outer realities without hallucination, he still perceived every word which was spoken to him

THE HASHEESH EATER

in the form of some visible symbol which most exquisitely embodied it. For hours every sound had its colour and its form to him as truly as scenery could have them.

The fact, never witnessed by me before, of a mind in that state being able to give its phenomena to another and philosophise about them calmly, afforded me the means of a most clear investigation. I found that his case was exactly analogous to those of B. and myself; for, like us, he recognised in distinct inner types every possible sensation, our words making a visible emblematic procession before his eyes, and every perception of whatever sense becoming tangible to him as form and audible as music.

THE BUDDHIST

THERE never was a face as fair as yours,
A heart as true, a love as pure and keen.
These things endure, if anything endures.
But, in this jungle, what high heaven immures
Us in its silence, the supreme serene
Crowning the dagoba, what destined die
Rings on the table, what resistless dart
Strikes me? I love you; can you satisfy
The hunger of my heart?

Nay; not in love, or faith, or hope is hidden
The drug that heals my life; I know too well
How all things lawful, and all things forbidden
Alike disclose no pearl upon the midden,
Offer no key to unlock the gate of Hell.
There is no escape from the eternal round,
No hope in love, or victory, or art.
There is no plumb-line long enough to sound
The abysses of my heart!

THE BUDDHIST

There no dawn breaks; no sunlight penetrates
 Its blackness; no moon shines, nor any star.
For its own horror of itself creates
Malignant fate from all benignant fates,
 Of its own spite drives its own angel afar.
Nay; this is the great import of the curse
 That the whole world is sick, and not a part.
Coterminous with its own universe
 The horror of my heart!

ANANDA VIJJA.

THE AGNOSTIC

An Agnostic is one who thinks that he knows everything.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE MANTRA-YOGI

I

HOW should I seek to make a song for thee
 When all my music is to moan thy name?
 That long sad monotone—the same—the same—
Matching the mute insatiable sea
That throbs with life's bewitching agony,
 Too long to measure and too fierce to tame!
 An hurtful joy, a fascinating shame
Is this great ache that grips the heart of me.
Even as a cancer, so this passion gnaws
Away my soul, and will not ease its jaws
 Till I am dead. Then let me die! Who knows
But that this corpse committed to the earth
May be the occasion of some happier birth?
 Spring's earliest snowdrop? Summer's latest rose?

II

Thou knowest what asp hath fixed its lethal tooth
 In the white breast that trembled like a flower
 At thy name whispered. thou hast marked how hour
By hour its poison hath dissolved my youth,

THE EQUINOX

Half skilled to agonise, half skilled to soothe
This passion ineluctable, this power
Slave to its single end, to storm the tower
That holdeth thee, who art Authentic Truth.

O golden hawk! O lidless eye! Behold
How the grey creeps upon the shuddering gold!
Still I will strive! That by the striving broken
I may exhaust this me! That thou mayst sweep
Swift on the dead from thine all-seeing steep—
And the unutterable word by spoken.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE VIOLINIST

THE room was cloudy with a poisonous incense: saffron, opoponax, galbanum, musk, and myrrh, the purity of the last ingredient a curse of blasphemy, the final sneer; as a degenerate might insult a Raphael by putting it in a room devoted to debauchery.

The girl was tall and finely built, huntress-lithe. Her dress, close-fitted, was of a gold-brown silk that matched, but could not rival, the coils that bound her brow—glittering and hissing like snakes.

Her face was Greek in delicacy; but what meant such a mouth in it? The mouth of a satyr or a devil. It was full and strong, curved twice, the edges upwards, an angry purple, the lips flat. her smile was like the snarl of a wild beast.

She stood, violin in hand, before the wall. Against it was a large tablet of mosaic; many squares and many colours. On the squares were letters in an unknown tongue.

She began to play, her gray eyes fixed upon one square on whose centre stood this character, ♪. It was in black on white; and the four sides of the square were blue, yellow, red, and black.

She began to play. The air was low, sweet, soft, and slow. It seemed that she was listening, not to her own playing, but for some other sound. Her bow quickened; the air grew

THE EQUINOX

harsh and wild, irritated; quickened further to a rush like flames devouring a hayrick; softened again to a dirge.

Each time she changed the soul of the song it seemed as if she was exhausted: as if she was trying to sound a particular phrase, and always fell back baffled at the last moment.

Nor did any light infuse her eyes. There was intentness, there was weariness, there was patience, there was alertness. And the room was strangely silent, unsympathetic to her mood. She was the dimmest thing in that gray light. Still she stove. She grew more tense, her mouth tightened, an ugly compression. Her eyes flashed with—was it hate? The soul of the song was now all anguish, all pleading, all despair—ever reaching to some unattainable thing.

She choked, a spasmodic sob. She stopped playing; she bit her lips, and a drop of blood stood on them scarlet against their angry purple, like sunset and storm. She pressed them to the square, and a smear stained the white. She caught at her heart; for some strange pang tore it.

Up went her violin, and the bow crossed it. It might have been the swords of two skilled fencers, both blind with mortal hate. It might have been the bodies of two skilled lovers, blind with immortal love.

She tore life and death asunder on her strings. Up, up soared the phoenix of her song; step by step on music's golden scaling-ladder she stormed the citadel of her Desire. The blood flushed and swelled her face beneath its sweat. Her eyes were injected with blood.

The song rose, culminated—overleapt the barriers, achieved its phrase.

She stopped; but the music went on. A cloud gathered

THE VIOLINIST

upon the great square, menacing and hideous. There was a tearing shriek above the melody.

Before her, his hands upon her hips, stood a boy. Golden haired he was, and red were his young lips, and blue his eyes. But his body was ethereal like a film of dew upon a glass, or rust clinging to an airy garment; and all was stained hideously with black.

“My Remenu!” she said. “After so long!”

He whispered in her ear.

The light behind her flickered and went out.

The spirit laid her violin and bow upon the ground.

The music went on—a panting, hot melody like mad eagles in death struggle with mountain goats, like serpents caught in jungle fires, like scorpions tormented by Arab girls.

And in the dark she sobbed and screamed in unison. She had not expected this: she had dreamt of love more passionate, of lust more fierce-fantastic, than aught mortal.

And this?

This real loss of a real chastity? This degradation not of the body, but of the soul! This white-hot curling flame—ice cold about her heart? This jagged lightning that tore her? This tarantula of slime that crawled up her spine?

She felt the blood running from her breasts, and its foam at her mouth.

Then suddenly the lights flamed up, and she found herself standing—reeling—her head sagging on his arm.

Again he whispered in her ear.

In his left hand was a little ebony box, a dark paste was in it. He rubbed a little on her lips.

And yet a third time he whispered in her ear.

THE EQUINOX

With an angel's smile—save for its subtlety—he was gone into the tablet.

She turned, blew on the fire, that started up friendly, and threw herself in an armchair. Idly she strummed old-fashioned simple tunes.

The door opened.

A jolly lad came in and shook the snow from his furs.

“Been too bored, little girl?” he said cheerily, confident.

“No, dear!” she said. “I’ve been fiddling a bit.”

“Give me a kiss, Lily!”

He bent down and put his lips to hers; then, as if struck by lightning, sprawled, a corpse.

She looked down lazily through half-shut eyes with that smile of hers that was a snarl.

FRANCIS BENDICK.

EHE!

A DROP FROM THE SPONGE OF KNOWLEDGE

Characters. SIMPLEX.
 SIMPLICIOR.
 SIMPLICISSIMUS.
 THE MOB OF THE PHILISTINES.

SIMPLEX.

Behold, O men: a Tree deep-rooted—
A hundred branches from the mighty Trunk,
And on each branch a hundred leaves—
An Axe—a Child—a Hand—a Will!

THE MOB.

Down with the old tree!

SIMPLEX. [*Unperturbed.*]

And Oh, He, Ho, the Will so powerful!
(After one million years the tree fell)
See the result: Toys, TOys, TOYs, TOYS!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Dogmatic.*]

The Spirit of Persistency unborn.

THE MOB.

Down with the Lords!

THE EQUINOX

SIMPLEX.

Behold again: an empty well—
A crystal pure—a dry sea—
Birds—a dead bird, a live bird, a phoenix—
A dying immortal harlot-goddess—
A cage (alas! it broke open
In the year of the sixteenth Funeral).

THE MOB.

Down with the birds!

SIMPLICIOR.

Yet, neither Bird could re-enter it!

THE MOB.

Beer and Cup-ties!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Pointedly.*]

The Spirit of Persistency conceived!

THE MOB.

Down with the Spirits!

SIMPLEX.

Behold again, Impatients, and decide:
Two centres I saw, that were but one—
A thick set of hair upon a white skull—
A spider patient (with my qualities),
Slowly webbing the slightly soiled cavities—
A lute, a rapturing lute *aux sons clairs*,
(But Oh, He, Ho, for three weary years
The lute hath no song!)—

EHE!

THE MOB.

Down with the foreign bands!

SIMPLEX. [*Pale, but firm.*]

A rotten corpse,
Coming to life again (for it cried)—
A deep, deep hole—a bearded man—and
Linking,

SIMPLICIOR. [*Radiant.*]

Clearly linking,

SIMPLEX.

the 6 (or 7—
The Spider counting as the skull's paying guest)
The Stream fro Heaven unto Us poured—

THE MOB.

Down with 'em!

SIMPLEX. [*Smiling.*]

Proving our love's old age in a youth renewed!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Exultant.*]

The Spirit of Persistency growing!

THE MOB.

Hooray!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS MAHATMAS. No 1.

YOGI MAHATMA SRI AGAMYA PARAMAHAMSA GURU SWAMIJI is a certain Punjabi lala, who, on account of his tremendous voice and ferocious temper, has well earned for himself the name of The Tiger Mahatma.

My first acquaintance with His Holiness was in November 1906, when he paid his second visit to England. I had seen his name in the daily press, but before calling upon him, I had read up what I could about him in his book: "Sri Brahma Dhara," in the preface of which he is praised as follows.

"He seeks to do good, he accepts money from no one, and lives a very simple, pure life . . . I . . . was much impressed by his great breadth of mind, his sweet charity, and his loving kindness for every living thing. . . . These teachings . . . breath love and kindness, and dwell upon the joys of pure clean living."

Forewarned is to be forearmed, and I had read the same type of "puff" on many a patent pill box!

On entering 70, Margaret Street I was shown upstairs and ushered into the den of Tiger Sri Agamya. Besides himself, there were three people in the room, two men and a

HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS MAHATMAS

woman, and as I entered one of the men, an American, was saying:

“O Mahatma! I haven’t the faith, I can’t get it!”

To which His Holiness roared out:

“You sheep are! . . . I no want sheep! . . . tigers I make . . . tigers tear up sheep, go away! . . . no good, get intellect . . . get English! . . . no more!!”

The three then departed, and I was left alone with the Blessed One. Neither of us spoke for about ten minutes, then at length, after a go or two at his snuff-box, he gave a loud grunt, to which I replied in a solemn voice:

“O Mahatma, what is Truth?”

“No Truth! All illusion,” he answered, “I am that Master, you become my disciple; I show you all things; I lead you to the ultimate reality . . . the supreme stage of the Highest . . . the infinite Ultimatum . . . the unlimited omniscience of eternal Wisdom—All this I give you if you have faith in me.”

As faith is exceedingly cheap in this country, I offered him unlimited oceans of it; and at this he seemed very please, and laughed:

“Ha! ha! You make good tiger cub . . . you tear sheep up . . . all is illusion!” Then after a pause: “De vouman,” pointing to the door, “is no good!” And the, without further hesitation, he entered upon a veritable Don Juan description of his earthly adventures. This I thought strange of so sober-minded a saint, and so put to him several questions concerning the Vedanta Philosophy, and its most noted exponents, to see what he really did know.

“Do you know Swami Vivekananda?” I asked.

THE EQUINOX

“Ha,” he replied, “he no good, he my disciple, I am the master!”

“And Swami Dayanand Sarasvati?” I continued. The same answer was vouched to me, although this latter teacher had died at the age of seventy, forty years ago. Thinking it about time to change the conversation, I said:

“O Thou Shower from the Highest! Tell thy grovelling disciple what then *is* a ‘lie?’”

“Ha!” he replied, “it is illusion, this truth that has been diverged from its real point . . . an illusive spring in the primogenial fermentation of ‘fee-no-me-non,’ in this typo-cosmy apparent to the sense which you call ‘de Vurld’ !!!”

With this, and promises of oceans of blissful reality from the highest eternality of ultimate ecstasy, he bade me sit in a chair and blow alternately through my nostrils; and, if I had faith, so he assured me, I should in six months’ time arrive at the supreme stage of the Highest in the infinite Ultimatum, and should burst as a chance illusively fermented bubble in the purest atmosphere of the highest reality.

The next occasion on which I saw the Mahatma was at a business meeting of his disciples held at 60, South Audley Street. His Holiness called them tiger-cubs, nevertheless seldom have I seen such a pen full of sheep. A man from Ilfracombe proposed this, and a man from Liverpool seconded that; at last a London plumber arose, and with great solemnity declared: “Gintlemen, hi taik hit ’is ’oliness his really ’oly, hin fact gintlemen hi taik hit ’e his Gawd; . . . hand so hi proposes the very least we can do for ’im his to subscribe yearly towards ’im folve shillins!” (“’ear, ’ear” from a comrade in the corner). However, the sheep wouldn’t have it, and the

HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS MAHATMAS

little man sat down to ruminate over lead piping, and solder at twopence a stick.

During the summer of '07 I had little time to waste at number 60, and had almost forgotten about the Mahatma, who, so I had been told, had let England for America, when I received a card announcing his return, and asking me to be present at a general meeting.

This I did, and as usual was more than bored. After business was over the Mahatma entered the room, all his sheep flocking round him to seek the turnips of his wisdom. On these occasions he would ask questions and select subjects upon which his disciples were supposed to write essays. One of these, I can still remember, was: "How to help the helpless hands"; another was: "What is dis-satisfaction, and what is true satisfaction?" And the answer was: "Love fixed on mortal things, without the knowledge of its source, increases vibration and creates dissatisfaction ('mortal things' is good!)."

In his book, "Sri Brahma Dhara," which contains some of the most astonishing balderdash ever put in print, may be found his philosophy. This is a stewed-up hash of Yoga, Vedanta, and outrageous verbosity. "Love," he writes, "is the force of the magician Maya, and is the cause of all disorder" (it seems to be so even in his exalted position). "This force of love—in the state of circumgyration in the extended world—is the cause of all mental movements towards the feeling of easiness or uneasiness: but the mind enjoys eternal beatitude with perfect calmness, when the force of love is concentrated over the unlimited extension of silence" ('silence' is really choice!).

THE EQUINOX

“Virtue,” he defines as: “the bent of mind towards self-command” (and evidently practises it). His morals are good; but his scientific conceptions really “take the cake!” “there are three kinds of animate creations in the world,” he writes: “They are the creations from (1) the womb; (2) Eggs; (3) Perspiration. . . .” Another gem: “how is it that some of the bodies are male and some are female?” Answer: “If the male seed preponderates, a male body is produced; and if female, a female. While, when both are equally proportioned, an eunuch is born” (!)

At one of his male meetings—there were also female ones; but mixed bathing in the ocean of infinite bliss was not allowed—he related to us his pet story, of how he had “flumoxed” the chief engineer and the captain of the liner which had brought him back from America.

He informed them that coal and steam were absurd; what you want, he said, is to have two large holes made in the sides of you ship, then the air will blow into them and turn the wheels, and make the ship go. When the captain pointed out to him, that if a storm were to arise the water might possibly flow into the ship and sink it, he roared out, “No! no! . . . get English! . . . get intellect! see! see! de vind vill fill de ship and blow it out of de vater and take it across over de vaves!”—Since this now becomes public property there probably will be a slump in turbines!

It was towards the close of last October, when I received from a friend of mine—also a so-called disciple—a letter in which he wrote: “There was a devil of a row at 60 last night. M: pressed me to come to his weekly entertainments; so I

HALF-HOURS WITH FAMOUS MAHATMAS

came. He urged me to speak; so I spoke. He then revealed his divine self in an exceptionally able manner; I refrained from revealing mine. His divine self reminded one rather of a 'Navy's Saturday Night, by Battersea Burns.' ” He further urged me to go and see the Mahatma himself on the following Sunday; and this I did.

I arrived at 60, South Audley Street at seven o'clock. There were already about twenty sheepish-looking tigers present, and when the Mahatma entered the room, I sat down next to him; for, knowing, in case a scrimmage should occur, that a Hindoo cannot stomach a blow in the spleen, I thought it wisest to be within striking distance of him.

The Mahatma opened the evening's discussion by saying: "Humph . . . I am Agnostic, you are believers. I say 'I don't know,' you contradict me." And during the next hour and a half more Bunkum was talked in that room that I should say in Exeter Hall during the whole course of the last century. At last it ended, and though I had made various attempts to draw His Holiness into argument, I had as yet failed to unveil his divinity. He now started dictating his precious philosophy, and in such execrable English, that it was quite impossible to follow him, and I once or twice asked him to repeat what he had said, and as I did so I noticed that several of the faithful shivered and turned pale. At length came the word "expectation" or "separation," and as I could not catch which, I exclaimed "what?"

"You pig-faced man!" shouted His Holiness, "you dirty fellow, you come here to take away my disciples . . . vat you vant vith this: vat! vat! vat! vat! . . . You do no exercise, else you understand vat I say, dirty man!" And then turning to his

THE EQUINOX

three head bell-wethers who were sitting at a separate table he sneered:

“X——” (my friend present at the previous revelation of his divinity) “send this pig-one . . . eh?”

“I don’t know why . . .” I began.

“Grutch, butch!” he roared, “you speak to me, you co-eater! . . . get intellect,” he yealled, “get English,” he bellowed, and up he sprang from the table.

As I did not wish to be murdered, for he had now become a dangerous maniac, I rose, keeping my eyes on him, and taking up my hat and stick, which I had purposely placed just behind me, I quietly passed round the large table at which his terror-stricken fold sat gaping, and moved towards the door.

The whole assembly seemed petrified with fear. At first the Blessèd One appeared not to realize what had happened, so taken aback was he by any one having the audacity to leave the room without his permission: then he recovered himself, and at the top of his tiger-roar poured out his curses in choicest Hindustani.

On reaching the door I opened it, and then facing him I exclaimed in a loud voice in his native tongue:

“Chup raho! tum suar ke bachcha ho!”

With gleaming eyes, and foaming lips, and arms flung wildly into the air,—there stood the Indian God, the 666th incarnation of Haram Zada, stung to the very marrow of his bones by this bitterest insult. Beside himself with fury he sprang up, murder written on every line of his face; tried to leap across the table—and fell in an epileptic fit. As he did so, I shut the door in his face.

Aum.

SAM HARDY.

THE THIEF-TAKER

SAÏD JELLAL UD DIN BIN MESSAOUD

Trusted to Allah for his daily food;
And so with favour was the Saint anointed
That never yet had he been disappointed.

On day this pious person wished to shave
His head; a sly and sacrilegious knave
Passed; when the good man would resume his prayer,
Alas! his turban was no longer there.

In rushed Mohammed, Hassan, and Husein:
“See! there he goes, the bastard of a swine.
Hasten and catch him!” But the good man went
With melancholy pace and sad intent.

Unto the burying-ground without the wall;
And there he sat, stern and funerea,
Wrapped in deep thought from any outward sense,
A monument of earnest patience!

“Sire” (a disciple dared at length to say)

“That wicked person took another way.”

“Wide is the desert,” said the saintly seer:

“But this is certain, that he must come here.”

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE EQUINOX

SHELLEY. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. GEORGE WYNDHAM. Burns and Oates.

We would rather not refer to the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham in a paper of this character. Let us deal with Francis Thompson.

Had he no friend to burn this manuscript? To save him from blackening his own memory in this way? We were content to give him his appointed niche in the temple, that of a delicate, forceful spirit, if rarely capable of cosmic expansion. We did not look for eagle-flights; we thought of him as a wild goose sweeping from Tibet upon the poppy-fields of Yunnan. But the prose of a poet reveals the man in him, as his poetry reveals the god; and Francis Thompson the man is a pitiful thing enough. It is the wounded earthworm cursing the harrow; the snipe blaspheming the lark. Shelley was a fine, pure, healthy man whose soul was habitually one with the Infinite Universe; Thompson was a wretch whose body was poisoned by drugs, whose mind by superstition. Francis Thompson was so much in love with his miserable self that he could not bear the thought of its extinction; Shelley was glad to die if thereby one rose could bloom the redder.

This essay is disgusting; we were all trying to forget Francis Thompson, to remember his songs; and here we have his putrid corpse indecently disinterred and thrust under our noses.

The worst of it all is the very perfection of the wrappings. what a poet Thompson might have been if he had never heard of Christ or opium; if he had revelled in Venice with its courtesans of ruddy hair, swan gracefulness, and tiger soul! Instead, he sold matches in the streets of London; from which abyss a church meant warmth, light, incense, music, and a pageant of hope.

To-day, as in the days of Nero, Christianity is no more than the slum-born shriek of the degenerate and undersized starvelings that inhabit the Inferno of Industrialism.

So also Thompson, impotent from abuse of opium, reviles Shelley and Byron for virility. "O che sciagura essere senza cog!"—

Dirt, dogma, drugs! What wonder and what hope lies in the soul of man if from such ingredients can be distilled such wine as "The dream tryst?" Requiescat in pace. Let the flowers grow on Thompson's grave; let none exhume the body!

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

DE LA RATIBOISIÈRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE
TYPHLOSOPHISTS OF SOUTH RUSSIA

BY

J. F. C. FULLER AND GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

I

“TELL it us! O tell us it!”

Elphénor Pistouillat de la Ratiboisière, the Master Magician, hearkened unto his disciples, who sat cross-legged around his incense-bowl. His lips parted in that unapeable grin of his, and he stopped his nostrils awhile with his two forefingers. Then he blew on the charcoal and began.

“Yes, I will tell it to you, intellectual infants, I will. Listen. Two hundred and one years ago—when I was thin and thirty—I chanced upon a couple, living in South Russia. Boy and girl they were still; but, as it were, they unwittingly founded a strange sect of self-mutilated followers, and, being the only man alive who witnessed the beginnings thereof, I will undertake to keep you interested for more than sixteen minutes with their history.”

The room was now darkened, and three large globes of crystal, set under the rays of a lamp, stood alone, attracting the eyes. The first globe was limpid and colourless, the second was of the palest amethyst, the third of a rich yellow. Worlds were revolving within. Then Elphénor broke the silence again.

“She was a little girl and he was a little boy . . .”

THE EQUINOX

“She looked like a penny toy,” murmured the Neptunian of the party.

None of the others smiled, for the Ancient was already beginning:

“Per illud nomen per quod Solomo constringebat daemones, et conclusit . . .”

He stopped short, however, seeing that the irrelevant interruption had found no echo; and he went on with his narrative, moving his arms to the rhythm of his voice, and with his fingers kneading unseen shapes in the air.

II

“THE boy comes in later. I want you to realize how beautiful was the little girl. Like a thick thread of scarlet were her lips, comely was her countenance, most pleasing to the sight was her earthly body, a temptation to the Angels her soul. Her eyes expressed the Infinite Sweetness, the Love Merciful; the Pure Innocence of the Eternal Equi-balanced. They were like crystalline drops of dew falling on a perfect rock of Carrara marble; eyes that looked upon you and created you holy; eyes clearer than the clearest rivulet, more beautiful than the most royal amethyst; eyes that illuminated the darkest corner of Hell; eyes that set the fashion to the stars of the Celestial Vault of Heaven; eyes that were but the imperfect mirror of the soul behind. Such was the ten-years-old Ljubov of the goodly countenance.

When, later on, the usual legend grew around her, it was said that wolves had once entered the village, in the midst of

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

winter, starved to madness, and had begun eating two cows in their shed, when little Ljubov chanced upon them and was discovered half an hour later, surrounded by two hundred of these wolves, which were pushing and kicking one another to lick her hands.

On another occasion, extraordinary miracle, one glance from her eyes had stopped the tongue of a drunken pope who was swearing at a peasant in the foulest language.

She was, of course, a favourite with all in the village: the simpler and nearer Nature their souls, the more they gave the child her proper place. But it must not be inferred that little Ljubov was either worshipped or freed from such menial works as children of her age are called upon to perform. Nor did her playmates realize her superiority. The alleged miracles and the reported cases of healing were heard of some ten years after her death, when eye-witnesses had all departed from this world. Yet, of course, they were possible, quite possible, quite.

III

“ALL of you, suckling babes, have read the Russian tale of the Man who bought souls—or heard of it. Men of a similar turn of mind exist in Russia, and I want you to concentrate your mind upon such a man, albeit his bargains cost him even less, and were of a more physical reality.

From town to village he went, in search of treasures in the shape of eyes. The tools of his trade were a few walnut shells, enamelled within, and a certain magical liquid preparation, which he used to preserve the qualities, freshness and beauty of his acquisitions.

THE EQUINOX

On the second day after his arrival in the village where Ljubov lived, he noticed the child and her marvellous beauty. For hours, having retired to the house belonging to a rich lady whose guest he was, he drivelled, with before him the enrapturing vision of Ljubov's priceless jewels. He proceeded carefully; made friends with all the children; and, the seventh day having come, he met her outside the village, by chance—so she thought—and made her a present of a few trifling ornaments. Then he placed over his own eyes two empty shells of walnut, and pretended to play some childish game of hide-and-peek.

After a few minutes, it was her turn to don the blinding apparel. But there were different from his, the empty shells he fixed under her eyebrows!

Ljubov felt no pain, rather an exquisite sensation of physical *bien-être*, of wondrous languor. Ay, but a few minutes later, the sun and moon and stars had lost their beauty for her. There were two large cavities under her eye-lids. The force within the nutshells had drawn the eyes out of them.

The Man ran away, carrying a treasured little box, and no more was ever heard of him in those parts.

IV

“What boots it to tell of the long, awful days of darkness through which poor little Ljubov lived before she grew accustomed to her blindness? I am not a medical philosopher; I like home and comfort far too much. If I journey, I must needs travel in state, and my staff includes both a medical

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

man and a philosopher. Therefore, what need is there for me to think, to fathom the depths of childish or human sorrow, to send my brains into a tiring process of elucidation? far more pleasant it is to remain a contemplative individual. Therefore, O Mexican Gaucho, pass me thy pellote pouch and let me take a helping of the leaves and root of thy wonderful mescal plant. And without thought and without fatigue, I can then *SEE*.

Where was I, my little brethren, fathers of larvae, sons of the she-goat? Ah, I know. Well, poor little Ljubov was saved by her magnificent soul from despairing thoughts. She lived, very miserable at first, more resigned later on.

And there was a boy, too. He was the blind-born son of an ex-soldier, and because of his father's queer and unsocial manner, few people in the village would condescend to take interest in him. But he was no mean child, nevertheless, and his heart was big.

Ljubov had denied herself the pitiful satisfaction of explaining her accident. No one ever heard from her lips the tale of her lost eyes. And, as the months passed by, all remembrance of her, as she had been, died away. Men, women and children passed her by, and took no notice of her. Her parents were kind, but over-worked. Only Piotr, the blind-born child, realized Ljubov's beauty. For if he had no eyes to see with, his other perceptions were sharpened for that very reason. He could not very well understand at first how, and why, it had come to pass that he, alone in the world—for he was but an ignorant peasant child—had not received the use of the five operations of the Lord. But the village deacon, who had been in trouble for some cause or another,

THE EQUINOX

and was almost a genius in disgrace—“*terribly clever*” the old men said—once told the little Piotr what it was to be blind. Fortunately for the child’s mental equilibrium, he also spoke of the compensation.

“What they mean, boy, when they call you blind, is that you cannot see,” he said; “that is, your eyes have been given unto you by the devil, and not by God. Your father must have been rather a bad fellow, you know. When you hear the women singing at the dance, it is that God has given you your ears; if you didn’t enjoy the sounds it would mean that the devil has given you your ears, as the Book says, which God wrote in Russian for our people: “*They have ears and they hear not.*” However, you hear well, and smell well, and your two other senses are all right. What you miss, it’s the colour of things. I cannot explain it to you, and it would do you no good if I did. Your compensation is that you do not see that which is ugly, ugly like old Ivan Semenovitch, and also that you hear and feel and smell with more accuracy than we do. Of course, it is nice to see as well, and I will pray Christ for you, especially if you can give me a few coppers with which to buy tapers. You must have plenty of them; people seem to give you very freely.”

Thus the tiresome brute, who had but a few chances of getting drunk in the place.

Happily, Piotr and little Ljubov taught one another a simpler and more natural theory. She was now twelve, and the boy fourteen years old. And I chanced to be staying in the neighbourhood. I met them, as hand in hand they cautiously crossed a lane, close to the spot where I was meditating. The girl I had seen before the accident, and only

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

by her golden voice did I recognize her. I listened to their childish talk, and joined in it, and heard it all from her lips. Then, a few days later, something happened. A lady entered.

There Elphénor became silent, for the door was violently shaken from the outside.

“Come in,” he said.

The door was pushed open, then shut again, but no one had entered. The disciples exchanged a glance of amusement; one of them said:

“Has a lady entered?”

They were all made merry by that exhibition of Neptunian spirit of apropos. But Elphénor Pistouillat, like the French Southerner he was, missed the courteous element in life, and began to curse the twelve young men. He was a bad-tempered man, and a very theatrical one.

He rose and walked to him who had caused them all to laugh.

“I know you, sir,” Elphénor said, purple in the face, “I know you, unwholesome monkey. Your father was a dealer in pork sausages and cooked ham, a trader in swine. Nothing better could be expected from you than your pig-like groans.”

His blood was boiling already, and these few words he uttered were but a preliminary letting out of steam. He walked in the dark to a large cupboard at the far end of his room and took from a shelf twelve little wax figures which he stood on a small table. Rapidly he mumbled an invocation, an incantation, and a depreciation. Then he walked to the fireplace, took the red-hot poker which he kept ever ready for the purpose of lighting his charcoal, and returned with it to the table.

THE EQUINOX

The twelve disciples felt that something was going to happen, but knew not what. An awful feeling overcame their will; they dared not move. Then, suddenly, the twelve of them jumped up and fell on the floor, curling themselves, howling with intense pain and agony, all in a sweat, their bodies aching with all the torments of Fire. They could hear the old man, by his table, cursing them and hitting the wax figures with the hot poker, haphazard, careless of the spot where he struck; but he struck them all equally. The contortions of the men on the yellow painted floor were terrible. He took no heed of them, and went on, cursing them each by name and each time hitting one figure, corresponding to the name he was cursing.

Finally, the red-hot iron had turned black again; and Elphéonor's arm was becoming tired. He gathered all the wax figures and went and threw them all into a large pail of water, pushing them down again and again as they came to the surface.

His victims were gradually coming back to their senses. Once more he gathered their waxen images and replaced them on the shelf. Then he turned to his disciples and shouted:

“Sit down, ye workers of Iniquity. Did you feel the draught—or not? Do not interrupt me again. And if anyone knocks again at the door, clear ye out of my visual path.”

They were all trembling with excitement and a mixed feeling of anger and desire for a power equal to his. Elphéonor blew on the charcoal and incense, turned out the lamp over the three crystal globes, so that they were now almost in utter darkness, and took up the thread of his narrative.

“The Lady who now comes before the footlights fell short

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

of being a great hysterical Countess Tarnowska; she had many lovers who went mad over her body, and whom she *could* drive to drink—or to murder, but she had not done so; she had only driven some of them to suicide, and some even to the loss of their self-respect. The Man who stole Eyes was one of these.

Without going into their respective or joint history let it be simply recorded that the proud collector of ocular jewels made present to the Lady of a pair of magnificent ear-rings—which were none other than the eyes of little Ljubov set in gold. When the Lady came to stay at the country house on the outskirts of the village, she wore her jewels. The simple peasants fell to gossip. The eyes they took for two weird precious stones resembling lapis lazuli. One of them spoke of his meeting with the Lady before poor blind little Piotr, who listened intently.

I will now, my friends, give you—nay, lend you—a piece of information of the utmost importance. It's a fine bit of psychology, too. *A man is not a wee bit interesting when he speaks of others, but let the beggar ride his own horse, expound his own experiences, and (you can bet your shirt upon it) he will be worth listening to.*

Thus the peasant-who-had-met-the-lady. He was usually very dull. But the poor fellow had not had any interesting experience in his life, until he met Her. She was walking in the garden, cutting flowers for the table, and, seeing a moujick digging the soil, summoned him.

“When thou hast done digging this hole, cut me some flowers,” she said.

And he fell to work with all his might, his body seeming

THE EQUINOX

young and beautiful in the precision of its mechanical actions. She let her eye fall upon him and wondered. . . . Presently he had done digging and set to cut her some flowers, looking at her all the while, already feeling strange and new sensations, sweating in an uncontrolled Sukshma-Pranayama.

Alack-a-day, fellows! That was a fine lady for a poor ignorant moujick to behold. She stood, to the end of his days, for a divine apparition. Had he know of OUR LADY HECATE, (blessed be he who murmurs her name with awe! may she gleefully look upon us!) he would have considered his vision to be a visit of the great Goddess (her name be rapidly uttered in the Vault of our beloved Brethren the Ka D Sh Knights of ∇ P.A...P.P. ∇).

To cut our tale short, for the time is approaching for our libations, the peasant heard the voice of the Lady. She thanked him, him, a poor peasant, her slave, and left him to his work. Her image, however, remained clear before his eyes and he did not fail in his description of her.

Well, little Piotr heard it all. As there was but one woman in the whole world whom he loved, the description of another woman did not in the least attract his attention. Only when mention was made of her magnificent jewels did his ears stand up.

“What are ear-rings?” he asked of Ljubov, when he felt her tiny hand in his, a little later.

“They are beautiful things, Piotr,” she answered. “They are beautiful to the eye.”

“Hah!” he sighed—for that was the one thing he could not well realize.

“They are stones with fire or water in them.”

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

“What, do they burn? do they feel cool to the hand?”

“Only to the eye, dear. *I* remember. One sets them in gold and wears them hanging from the ear, or round one’s neck.”

“Would you like to *feel* some, Ljubov?”

“Oh yes! . . . But, it’s no use, dear, I couldn’t *see* them.”

“Perhaps you would like just to pass your fingers over them, and try to imagine what they . . . er . . . look like?”

“I think I would. Then I could explain better to you what I mean.”

Piotr signed again and soon left her. In the evening he wandered around the house where the Lady was staying. She was walking in the garden and he listened to her voice while she sang softly to herself. Presently she sat down.

Piotr was well used to directing his steps without the use of eyes, and he managed to creep behind her. A fixed idea had taken possession of his childish brain. He would take the jewels everyone thought so beautiful, and take them to Ljubov.

Suddenly, he sprang forward and his hands searched in the darkness for the ears. A tiny little sound, made by the Lady, as she turned round, helped him to find the place. His fingers closed on each side over the ears and he pulled out with a violent movement. The Lady fell unconscious without having uttered a sound, so acute and sudden had been the pain.

Piotr went away slowly, his hands grasping two ear-rings with a little piece of human flesh attached to them.

THE EQUINOX

V

He sought Ljubov. She, who was like a shoot out of the stem of Jesse, who did not judge after the sight of her eyes, who could stretch out her hand on the den of the basilisk and play on the hole of the asp, without ever coming to grief, fell a-trembling with an unconscious knowledge of that which was going to happen. It dawned upon her that she had come to a point where the road was to become broad under her feet and of an easier walk than the dark path upon which she had of late journeyed. I was hiding behind a tree when Piotr approached her, and so I witnessed their meeting.

He, also, was quaking with excitement. Brandishing his two hands, somewhat red with the blood of his victim, he spoke pantingly.

“Ljubov, my little sister,” he said, “I have two fine jewels for thee. Feel them.”

But as she put her hand forward he withdrew his; and, instinctively, rubbed the two ear-rings with a corner of his blouse. The particles of flesh fell down during the process.

Then he took a step nearer to her and seized her shoulder, endeavouring to place one pendant where he knew it ought to be worn. But his hand trembled much; neither was her own body steady. They both laboured under great nervous excitement.”

“I could not,” Elphénor went on, “tell you how the thing happened, unless I used my imagination—and the whole pack of you are unworthy of that exertion—nor will I take the trouble to search the bottom drawers of my reason for any explanation of what I take to be a very scarce phenomenon.”

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

Briefly—for the time is approaching which we must better utilize—Piotr's hand shook so that he missed touching the lobe of little Ljubov's ear.

The jewel he held up to her face touched, instead, one of the empty orbits of his little friend.

Our villain, the Man who bought and stole Eyes, must have done his job very properly indeed, for Ljubov, who, in a vain attempt to see that which was shewn her, had open wide the dark cavities under her eyebrows. Well, I suppose the eye touched a still sensitive nerve. No sooner had it done so than she uttered an exclamation.

“I see! Piotr, I SEE! I SEE!”

And helping herself now, she rapidly unset the eyes from their golden crown and thrust them where they ought to have been all that time. Miracle of Miracles! She saw as you and I do. She saw poor little Piotr who stood before her, almost out of his mind, sharing her excitement.

She took his hand, drew him to her and kissed his forehead. Then she wept for a long time. finally, she sat down by him and told him of her new sensations.

VI

But they were unsatisfactory. The sky she saw was, in spite of the Stars, inferior to the beauty she had endowed it with. The sweet face of her little friend even was less sweet to behold than it had been to her childish fancy. And, gently, with an extraordinary delicacy, she spoke of her disappointment.

“Oh! it was more beautiful as we thought it, Piotroushka!” she exclaimed.

THE EQUINOX

And, acting upon an impulse, she dropped her eyes in her hand and threw them behind her without a sigh.

I picked them up, my friends, while the two children stood, their arms linked together, a sad by resigned expression gradually coming over their faces.

Ay, I picked them up, but I won't shew them to you, unworthy foxes.

And now, Lights please . . . let us take to the ritual. Brother H., fill the Holy Cups . . . Holy be the Lamps of Joy! Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow! Let us enter the Ark of Increased Knowledge!"

VII

A little late one of the Disciples inquired of the Master:

"You spoke of a strange sect of self-mutilated followers, O Master, what of them?"

"What of them?" Elphénor repeated. "Well, they were those who listened to Ljubov, and took her word for it—that one sees a better world if one has no human eyes. They put it into practice and their ranks were soon filled. They blinded themselves; they blinded their children almost in their cradles. Oh yes, there were soon hundreds of them who worshipped the Lord our God in that manner; and Ljubov and Piotr were their ministers. Is that all you want to know?"

"Master, what of the Lady?"

"The Lady? Faugh! She went away; the spirits of the Earth prevented her from lodging a complaint; she hid her

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

wounded ears under a thick ornament of pearls and gold. it was not bad with her! Besides, what is she to you, anyhow, billy-goat?

“And now, all of ye, clear out, and walk ye all to your rooms with the mantra.”

FINIS

MIDSUMMER EVE

FAINT shadows cross the shifting spears of light,
Pale gold and amethyst, or warmly white,
Till velvet shod, unseen, the wizard hours
Hold thus their elfin court amid the flowers,
That wake to wingèd music of the night.
And silken signs scarce stir the amorous bowers
Where 'passioned sleep his poppy garland showers,
In dreams which mock the hastening moments flight.

Up soars the moon, and higher still and higher
The dancers leap to catch some fairy fire
to steal and 'prison in the glow-worm's tail,
For pixie torches should the starlight fail;
Reflecting gems which deck the elfin choir,
Melting like snowflakes at the daybreak pale.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE POETICAL MEMORY


AN ESSAY

I AM one of those silly people (there are a lot of them—quite enough to make it pay) who are so irritated at the arrival of a bill that I nearly always throw it on the fire. For all that, I had been humbly proud of my memory, and it was an awful shock to me one morning when I received this bill,

TELEGRAPH ADDRESS: "JIGUMBOB, LONDON"

BY APPOINTMENT

TELEPHONE NO 5264, GERRARD



J W BENSON, LTD

JEWELLERS, GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS AND WATCH & CLOCK MAKERS.

25, OLD BOND ST
(STEAM FACTORIES LUDOATE HILL.)

ESTABLISHED 1749

PRICE MEDALS 1889 1897 PARIS 1889 1897 1903 1905

*E. A. Cowley, Esq.,
25 Warwick Road,
Kensington W.*

London Dec 1908

<i>1907</i>	<i>April 11 To repairs, Coffee Pot</i>	<i>4 6</i>
<i>1907</i>	<i>July 7 " new glasses to gold bezels & binding watch</i>	<i>2 -</i>
<i>1908</i>	<i>Oct 30 " relining and refitting lid of Goodale's best Case pigskin; supplying two new pigskin pockets and new tooth brush bottle; repairing and supplying two plated dials to side standards - removing blemishes and polishing all silver mounts - also cleaning and remounting all leather fittings</i>	<i>8 10 -</i>
<i>28</i>	<i>" repairing and cleaning Gold bezels & half hunting watch</i>	<i>13 6</i>
	<i>£</i>	<i>9 10 -</i>

for I had a very clear impression in my mind that the contract was for £5.

THE POETICAL MEMORY

This explanation *did* make the matter quite clear to me; for I had all the time in my possession—not thrown in the fire after all!—their original account.

Telegraphic Address, "JIGUMBOO, LONDON"

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Telephone No. 1584, City of London

J. W. BENSON, LTD

JEWELLERS, GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS AND WATCH & CLOCK MAKERS

25, OLD BOND ST

[STEAM FACTORIES LUDGATE HILL]

ESTABLISHED 1749

London, 20. 10. 1905

6 A. Crowley Esq
21 Warwick Rd
Birmingham

To
 Repairing & refitting with fingered lead of
 21 inch lead base new fingered pellets
 & new cut glass both found within
 supplying the flint glass & repairing
 rivet stand-ards, removing brass
 & refitting all silver mounts
 cleaning & renovating all metals fitting
 cleaning & repairing a Gold Key
 & all standing English Bars with
 Balance of old ass.

5
 136
 66
 66

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

ADELA

4 6 P D

VENEZIA, *May 19th, 1910.*

JUPITER'S foursquare blaze of gold and blue
Rides on the moon, a lilac conch of pearl,
As if the dread god, charioted anew
Came conquering, his amazing disk awhirl
To war down all the stars. I see him through
The hair of this mine own Italian girl,
Adela
That bends her face on mine in the gondola!

There is scarce a breath of wind on the lagoon.
Life is absorbed in its beatitude,
A meditative mage beneath the moon
Ah! should we come, a delicate interlude,
To Campo Santo that, this night of June,
Heals for awhile the immitigable feud?
Adela!
Your breath ruffles my soul in the gondola!

ADELA

Through maze on maze of silent waterways,
Guarded by lightless sentinel palaces,
We glide; the soft splash of the oar, that sways
Our life, like love does, laps—no softer seas
Swoon in the bosom of Pacific bays!
We are in tune with the infinite ecstasies,
Adela!
Sway with me, sway with me in the gondola!

They hold us in, these tangled sepulchres
That guard such ghostly life. They tower above
Our passage like the cliffs of death. There stirs
No angel from the pinnacles thereof.
All broods, all breeds. But immanent as Hers
That reigns is this most silent crown of love,
Adela
That broods on me, and is I, in the gondola.

They twist, they twine, these white and black canals,
Now stark with lamplight, now a reach of Styx.
Even as out love—raging wild animals
Suddenly hoisted on the crucifix
To radiate seraphic coronals,
Flowers, flowers—O let our light and darkness mix,
Adela,
Goddess and beast with me in the gondola!

Come! though your hair be a cascade of fire,
Your lips twin snakes, your tongue the lightning flash,
Your teeth God's grip on life, your face His lyre,

THE EQUINOX

Your eyes His stars—come, let our Venus lash
Our bodies with the whips of Her desire.
Your bed's the world, your body the world-ash,
Adela!
Shall I give the word to the man of the gondola?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE THREE WORMS

IN the great vault is a coffin. In the coffin is the corpse of a very beautiful woman. The vault is deep under the ground and very still. Above its bricks is a layer of earth, and if any sound at all percolates into this chamber of death, it is only the delicate tremor and rustle of things growing, of the grass seed pushing its tiny way through the mould, to break at the last into its narrow slip of bright green flame. This, and the weak whisper of trailing rose-roots in whose brown and ugly stems glow such a tender sap and noiseless fervour of exquisite perfume. At intervals, maybe, this dark blue silence is wounded by strange creakings and indescribably tremors: noises that are really the wastings and settlings of decaying bone and flesh, just as if Death were feasting his lips at last with murderous kisses on the flesh of his latest mistress in the secret peace of his terrible bridal chamber. All around the vault are hung great blue-black carpets of shadow, and the floor is damp, and wriggling with the spawn of low life.

Let us look into the coffin of the beautiful dead woman, look into it as we would have strangers look into our own with the child eyes of fancy and imagination, rather than with the cold and scaly eyes of knowledge.

Only to vulgar and brutish eyes is there any horror, for

THE EQUINOX

the sweet process of life is at work in every cell and particle of the dead. Truly, there is no such thing as death. Lips grown tired of speech, and outhonied of the honey of all kisses fade and whisper away into something else. The crude utterances of human language fail them, and they win instead the subtle perfumed conversation of flowers and vegetation. Thus their dust comes to lie about a rose-root, and with the lovely chemistry of earth they tremble back to the surface once more as crinkled and crimson perfume, or a frail flutter of yellow longing. Like flags, like tender waving pennons or messengers of hope and greeting from those beleaguered ones dissolving in the fastnesses of earth.

Every rose, every lily is a message from our dead: a sigh or a smile: something simple like the daisy from a simple heart, something of weird and oppressive beauty from some poet's brain, like the passion flower or the fuchsia.

In the coffin of the beautiful dead woman, there are three worms, sweet, clean, wavy, little maggots that will one day carry all the charm and delight of the dead back into the world again, will quicken and nourish seeds and roots, so that in the pink glamour of an April almond tree, the glory of the dead woman's hair shall be returned again.

One of these creatures is poised over her mouth, which again, to vulgar in unseeing eyes, looks ugly, though it is really more beautiful now than ever it was, for it is quick with frail seeds of countless existences, and is become a very factory and warehouse of Life Itself.

Another worm is coming out of the dead right eye of the woman, coiled, as it were, like a little pink amethyst from the stuff of her brain. And yet another peers from the mysterious

THE THREE WORMS

citadel of her heart, which like a faded and extinguished censer, rusts in the decadence of its scented memories.

The three worms dispose themselves and begin to talk.

The little worm which is issuing from her mouth begins:

“I am her mouth, her beautiful mouth, that sweet frail chalice where her soul delighted to dissolve itself and to lie. That mouth of hers, so nervous, so intimately sensible, that it is pleasant to think of it as the fragile rim of the holy and wonderful amphora of her strange exultant being.

“I am—since I was fed on them—all that litany of kisses which passion flung like a storm of wet rose-leaves on to her mouth—am, am I not?—all those dreams and pale blue shimmering fantasies that love drew like mists out of the hearts of all her lovers to expire in the stained fervour of an instant’s rapture.

“I am—forgive it to me!—all the lies which floated from her lips as sweetly as caresses, all those lies which fled like arrows barbed with gall into the ravished brains of her adorers. One I sent to America, and another to pick out the green glint of Death’s eye in the lustre of a glass of poison. I tore husband from wife with my wingèd scented words, redolent of the very nudity and flesh of love, yellow, crocus-tinted, opalescent, murderously sweet.

“I pricked the souls of little children with the crystal toys of speech that fell from the melting coral of my curvèd lips.

“I was East and West, and North and South, and sun and moon, and shuddering flight of stars to more than one, and it seems to me, as one of her heirs and sons, that she was not a good woman.

THE EQUINOX

“I fear she was bad, for from me were twisted such devious messages, such various, unlike reports, that yes and no became counters of speech almost indistinguishable to my thinking. Once, I remember, there trickled from me a vagrant little flow of words, so bitter and so inviting, so poisonous and yet so intoxicating, that the soul for whom they were meant held up the silver goblets of hearing for its own destruction with trembling, greedy hands, covetous and anxious, hungry and afraid. her voice that purred and rippled and sang through me—ah! it was like a kiss caged in her throat, and to hear it made a man a father in longing. There are voices like that, and when men hear them, they live a lifetime in an instant, mate, rear children, are widowed, or have their eyes closed for them for the last time by these women whose souls they thus secretly and inviolately espouse.”

After a little silence the worm which issued from her eyes then spoke:

“I am her eyes, and she was bad, bad as her mouth says. Some of that mouth’s warm tribute came indeed to me, and I was shut from seeing with the close lips of men beating time to the superb madness of their love music and rhythmic kisses. And I saw—O what I saw!—mountains that bowed to her, and stringed necklaces of stars that flashed in ecstasy on Eternity’s bosom from the very sight of her. Seas over which she passed on a sensuous errand as live and tremulous as the heave of their own great hearts—heaves that are the world’s sighs for the little brood that teases it, and festers the green and waving glory of its skin and hair.

THE THREE WORMS

“Much have I looked upon—I, the now crawling, damp and sightless evidence of her sight.

“I am her eyes.

“Empires shone in me: suns set, moons arose, and were drowned like lovely naiads in the waters of the sky. I knew wild flowers so beautiful, that one dared not touch them lest their beauty start to mere ugly life.

“I am that quiver of fragile and delicious expectation that shone in the virgin eyes of her when . . . O happy hour!

“I am that greediness, that terrible woman’s greediness, fierce as drought, relentless as Death, which devours its own portion in the feast of life.

“And I too, like her mouth, witness to it that she was evil. The senses are the person in so much as they are the sweet janitors to all that come and go. Through our five portals life only flows, and the flavour of its tides is with us always. I sit in judgment on myself—I where the world could gather itself in one, little, humble, focus-point of curiosity and pep into the garden of her soul—I—where seas could be held calm and captive in a little pool of blue—I—who could consume mountains in a flash, and devour the dawn, I who could bit the moon trail her white limbs for my pleasure through the windy bagnios of the sky.

“I sit in judgment and condemn, for often I was a sword when Truth was a little child, and the breasts of my beauty I gave to Worthlessness in the stinking lupanars of Treachery and Deceit.

“Brothers, like the afterlight of day, I the light of her life consort with the shadows of evening, and I say it softly,

THE EQUINOX

gently, ever as Spring's flying feet touch with unaccustomed primroses the wood, I say it—She was bad.”

Then the third worm, which came from the woman's heart, turned to the other two, and said:

“I am her heart ... her beautiful, beautiful heart.

“What do you know of the deeds of the Queen who were never in her council chamber?

“When you were bold, I was perhaps afraid, and when you exulted, there was I know not what trouble of sadness throbbing within me. All that you were I sustained: all your pleasure stirred through me, and you but harvested that which I sowed.

“When you were all aflame, it was I who lit you, and you could not even be sad without me.

“Not less tender than the inviting curl—like a curled and fluffy feather of coral—with which you who were her lips made welcome to some man, was the slow hypnotic wave of my thurible with whose essence I drenched ever cell of her body. I say that she was good, for she was human and she loved, oh! so sweetly, so delicately, so tenderly.

“What you did, you, her lips, her eyes and her other senses, was but to make vain effigies of our interior delight, to shatter in the broken shards of translation the mysterious silent beauty of the vase itself.

“I, the woman's heart of her, was like to a cave were thousands of voices of unborn children cried softly in the dark, where one felt their outstretching hands in pale and piteous appeal, as one may hear the early lilies break through the encompassing earth. In me were the seed of kisses that could only burst to flower in a hundred years to come.

THE THREE WORMS

“I am her heart, her ordinary, commonplace woman’s heart. Commonplace! Ah! nothing is so mysterious as the commonplace, for it is only Subtlety sleeping and holding its hands a little while. A country clod is more interesting than the most awake and magnetic of geniuses, even as the veiled and cloistered odours of Spring with which one knows the earth is tingling in Winter are more delirious and exciting than the naked bosoms of May.

“Will you believe me, that, but I know not what exquisite contradiction, the sweetest kiss was ever a pang to her, and yielding was only less terrible than denial?

“On my small insistent beat have lain heads that were heavy with great dreams: men of action and men of fancy who loved her and were loved, it may be, a little of her too. I have been the couch of treaties and the pillow of financial strifes, and on me much uncoined gold has slept through dreamless transparent nights.

“Once a poet received her favours, and his head, bowed and weighted with its spongy amorphous magic, rested on me like a honeycomb, all giddy and vibrant with perfume and emotion.

“And once an old mother’s head, gray and weary with its long rolling down the years, found on me the unexpected peace and happiness of the old. For the old are so lonely, and no one is their friend. . . . So, my brothers, I give you the key of all her secrets except that secret which she shares with Time and herself.

“I can make all plain except my own mystery, which is the tragedy of everyone, worm, or man, or God.

“Blaspheme no more in such childish, imitative fashion!

THE EQUINOX

You are nearer the world than I, and its weak vanity has stained you. The eye looks at the world, and the world looks at the eye, and though each learns from the other, it is not often an even bargain and exchange. . . .”

Then, as the heart-worm ceased to speak, the other two, the eye-worm and the mouth-worm, drew closer to where during all his talking they had been magnetically moved. And all those years which they had passed unconsciously as the lips or the eyes of a woman became suddenly revealed, most vividly different to them.

They could not speak, the two detractors, for they had learnt the wisdom and merit of sin. They knew that good and evil are the same thing, that in a world of illusion he who has the most illusions is the richest man, that to be wise unto ignorance is the fairest counsel, that they knew nothing and yet all, that . . .

And the heart-worm, whose judgment and reasonings had been so readily accepted by the others, grew in his turn a sceptic, since faith cannot live without doubt, and truth is only co-existent with untruth, as day with night, as life with death, as, O beloved! my heart with thine, as vain and coloured chatterings like this with noble and inviolate silence.

EDWARD STORER.

THE FELON FLOWER

AS the sighing of souls that are waiting the close of the light,
As the passionate kissings of Love in the Forest of Night,
 As the swish of the wavelets that beat on a cavernless shore,
 Or the cry of the sea-mew that echoes a moment or more,
So the voice of thy spirit soft-calling my soul in its flight.

As the breath of the wind that is borne from the island of Love,
As the swift-moving cloudlets that sail in the heaven above,
 As the warmth of the sunlight that breaks on the shimmer-
 ing sea,
 And the sweetness that lurks in the sting of the honey-
 fed bee,
So the joy of thy kiss, the dread offspring of serpent and dove.

As the trail of the fiery lightnings which gleam in the dark,
As the light from the measureless Bow of the sevenfold Arc,
 As the fires which glance o'er the face of the treacherous
 deep,
 When none but the furies may rest, and the nereids weep,—
So thy meteor eyes, brightest sirens alluring Love's barque.

When hid in the wonderful maze of thy whispering hair,
Alone with the shadows and thee, and away from the glare

THE EQUINOX

Of the burning and pitiless day, and the pitiless light,—
Thee only beside me, above me the mystical night,
No dream so created in darkness was ever more fair.

For then was thy touch as the light of a life-giving fire,
Which kindles, and scorches, and burns, with unsated desire,
Thy breath the warm essence of myrtle, the fragrance of
pine,
The languorous smoke of a temple obscene yet divine,
Which gladdens the soul of a god in his passionate ire.

So silent those nights, I could fancy the uttermost deep
Engulfed us for ever,—for ever in silence to keep
The tale of our wooing: till sweetly the murderous hours
Had lulled us to rest; and the magical poison of flowers
Had stolen our brains, and our eyelids were heavy with sleep.

Ah love! They are banished, yet not so the strength of the
spell
Which holds both our beings in bondage, a bondage so fell
That even the angels above cannot alter its power;
It lives in the memory yet of one passionate hour,
When from the dark bosom of Hell sprang a fair felon flower.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

COUNTERPARTS. Vol XVI of THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE. An Epitome of the Work and Teaching of Thomas Lake Harris. By RESPIRO. 2s. 6d. A New Editions. C. W. Pearce and Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

If we in any way to shadow forth the Ineffable, it must be by a degradation. Every symbol is a blasphemy against the Truth that it indicates. A painter to remind us of the sunset has no better material than dull ochre.

So we need not be surprised if the Unity of Subject and Object in Consciousness which is Samadhi, the uniting of the Bride and the Lamb which is Heaven, the uniting of the Magus and the God which is Evocation, the uniting of the Man and his Holy Guardian Angel which is the seal upon the work of the Adeptus Minor, is symbolized by the geometrical unity of the circle and the square, the arithmetical unity of the 5 and the 6, and (for more universality of comprehension) the uniting of the Lingam and Yoni, the Cross and the Rose. For as in earth-life the sexual ecstasy is the loss of self in the Beloved, the creation of a third consciousness transcending its parents, which is again reflected into matter as a child; so, immeasurably higher, upon the Plane of Spirit, Subject and Object join to disappear, leaving a transcendent unity. This third is ecstasy and death; as above, so below.

It is then with no uncleanness of mind that all races of men have adored an ithyphallic god; to those who can never lift their eyes above the basest plane the sacrament seems filth.

Much, if not all, of the attacks upon Thomas Lake Harris and his worthy successor "Respiro" is due to this persistent misconception by prurient and degraded minds.

When a sculptor sees a block of marble he thinks "How beautiful a statue is hidden in this! I have only to knock off the chips, and it will appear!"

This being achieved, the builder comes along, and says: "I will burn this, and get lime for my mortar." There are more builders than sculptors in England.

THE EQUINOX

This is the Magic Mirror of the Soul; if you see God in everything, it is because you are God and have made the universe in your image; if you see Sex in everything, and think of Sex as something unclean, it is because you are a sexual maniac.

True, it is, of course, that the soul must not unite herself to every symbol, but only to the God which every symbol veils.

And Lake Harris is perfectly clear on the point. The “counterpart” is often impersonated, with the deadliest results. But if the Aspirant be wise and favoured, he will reject all but the true.

And I really fail to see much difference between this doctrine and our own of attaining the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, or the Hindu doctrine of becoming one with God. We may easily agree that Lake Harris made the error of thinking men pure-minded, and so used language which the gross might misinterpret; but sincere study of this book will make the truth apparent to all decent me.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[We print this review without committing ourselves to any opinion as to how these doctrines may be interpreted in practice by the avowed followers of Harris.—ED.]

“No. 19.” By EDGAR JEPSON. Mills and Boon, Ltd.

Arthur Machen wrote fine stories, “The Great God Pan,” “The White People,” etc.

Edgar Jepson would have done better to cook them alone; it was a mistake to add the dash of Algernon Blackwood.

A. C.

RAINBOWS AND WITCHES. By WILL H. OGILVIE. 4th edition. 1s. Elkin Mathews.

A great deal of Mr. Ogilvie’s verse rings true, an honest sensitive Scots heart in this brave world of ours. If he rarely—perhaps never—touches the summit of Parnassus, at least he is always on the ridge.

A. C.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE KABALAH. By W. WYNN WESTCOTT. John M. Watkins.

It is difficult to find words in which to praise this little book. It is most essential for the beginner. Lucid and illuminating, it is also illuminated. In particular, we are most pleased to find the correlation of the Qabalah with the philosophical doctrines of other religions; a task attempted by ourselves in

THE BIG STICK

“Berashith” and “777,” perhaps not so successfully from the point of view of the beginner.

There is of course much beyond this elementary study, and the neophyte will find nothing in the book which he does not know; but the book is addressed to those who know nothing. It will supply them with a fine basis for Qabalistic research.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS. By EDOUARD SCHURÉ. Translated by F. ROTHWELL, B.A. W. Rider and son. 3s. 6d. net.

Books I and II.

I have been trying to read this book for a week, but the rapidly recurring necessity to appear on the stage of “Pan, a comedy,” in the name-part, has interfered, and I have not yet finished it. But it speaks well for the book that I have not been too bored by it.

I like both Hedonia and Alcyone, for I know them; but Memnonnes seems to lack cleanliness of line, and one understands Ombrius so little that one loses interest in his fortunes.

Books III and IV.

Book III did rather cheer me. But of course one knew all along that the Eruption was to be the God from the Machine. A great pity; why not another city and a less hackneyed catastrophe? But it's as well done as possible within these limits. The translation might have been better done in one or two places—Bother! here's Hedonia coming for lunch. What a wormy worm Ombrius was!

D. CARR.

PETER THE CRUEL. By EDWARD STORER. John Lane.

This admirable story of a little-known monarch dresses once more the Middle Ages in robes of scarlet, winged and shot with a delicate impressionism. Mr. Storer wields a pen like the rod of Moses; he has struck the water of Romance from the Rock of History; such scenes have rarely been so vividly described since de Sade and Sacher-Masoch passed on the the Great Reward.

CALIGULA II.

MORAG THE SEAL. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. Rebman. 6s.

One must wish that Mr. Brodie-Innes' English were equal to his imagination. Again and again a lack of perfect control over his medium spoils one of the finest stories ever thought. All the glamour of the Highlands is here; all love,

THE EQUINOX

all magic—which is love—and Mr. Brodie-Innes' refinement avoids the crude detective solution of the mystery.

And that mystery is enticing and enthralling; Morag is delicious as dream or death, enticing, elusive, exquisite. One of the subtlest and truest women in literature.

Not many men have imagination so delicate and—dictame!—but Mr. Brodie-Innes writes “with authority, and not as the scribes.” Why he allows Mathers to go about saying that he is a Jesuit and a poisoner will be revealed at the Last Day. Perhaps, like us, he can't catch him. Or perhaps it is that he is contented to be a great novelist—as he is, bar the weakness of his English and an occasional touch of Early Victorian prunes-and-prismism. He has every other qualification. God bless him! BOLESKINE.

IN THE NAME OF THE MESSIAH. By E. A. GORDON. KEISERSHA. Tokyo, N.D. N.P.

The only way to read this book is to run at it, shouting a slogan, and to stick a skean dhuibh in it somewhere and read the sentence it hits. Thus, perhaps, with perseverance and a lot of luck, one may find a coherent paragraph in the porridge of disconnected drivel, defaced with italics and capitals and inverted commas like a schoolgirl's letter.

And this is the coherent paragraph.

“There are 3 apocryphal descriptions of the man Christ Jesus. . . . All *agree* in describing Him as ‘strikingly tall,’ ‘6 ft. high,’ and with curled or wavy locks.

“This, to my mind, established the Identity of the Daibutsu with the curl-covered head and colossal stature.”

This, to my mind, establishes the Identity of Mrs. Gordon with Mr. J. M. Robertson. A. C.

OLD AS THE WORLD. BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES. 6s. Rebman.

A rattling good novel, with hundreds of incidents on every page, a hero and heroine who seldom talk in anything meaner than capitals, and a happy ending:

“Wherever you are, there is my kingdom,” he murmured, as he folded his beloved close against his heart.

Mr. Brodie-Innes belongs to what one may call the Exoteric Occult School

THE BIG STICK

of novelists; one feels throughout that his occultism is the result of study and not of experience. That is why I say exoteric.

Although the style of the book is comparatively undistinguished, and sometimes lapses into actual slovenliness, Mr. Brodie-Innes frequently attains beauty, and beauty of a positive and original kind. Some of his sea-pictures are quite fine. But the magic of style that renders Arthur Machen so marvellous is lacking. "Old as the World" is always interesting; it is never enthralling.

"Old as the World" is much better than "Morag the Seal," and there is a marked improvement in the style.

V. B. N.

BLACK MAGIC. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Marjorie Bowen knows nothing of the real magic, but she has learnt the tales spread by fools about sorcerers, and fostered by them as the best possible concealments of their truth.

Of these ingredients she has brewed a magnificent hell-broth. No chapter lacks its jewelled incident, and the web that she has woven of men's passions is a flame-red tapestry stained with dark patches of murder and charred here and there with fire of hell.

Marjorie Bowen has immense skill; has she genius? How can a stranger say? so many nowadays are forced by sheer starvation into writing books that will sell—and when they have taken the devil's money, find that it is in no figure that he has their souls in pawn.

I am told that it is the ambition of W. S. Maugham to write a great play.

A. C.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

I read this book on the Express Train from Eastbourne to London (change at Polegate, Lewes, Hayward's Heath, Three Bridges, Red Hill, and East Croydon—they ought to stop to set down passengers at Earlswood), and though it's a beautiful story, and I like Nixie, I must confess to being rather bored. Rather with a capital R and a sforzando *er*. I wanted George Macdonald's "Lilith," and Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams"—they have blood in them. And I was not in my library, but in a stuffy, dog-returneth-to-his-vomit-scented microbe-catcher labeled 1st Compo. Then, too, Algernon Blackwood began to remind me of Maeterlinck. There was too much bluebirdiness, and it gave me the blue devils. And then, again, though I've never read J. M. Barrie, I felt sure

THE EQUINOX

that he must be responsible for some of the oysters in the stew. And where was Sidney Blow?

Yes: it's a silly book; a book elaborately and deliberately silly; even laboriously silly with that silliness which cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting. . . .

And as I continued to read, it grew monotonously silly. Paul "slipped into the Crack" in several different ways, but there wasn't much difference in the result. I began to wonder if Mr. Blackwood has been drinking from the wisdom-fount of Ecclesiastes and Don Juan!

And oh dear! the conversations. Children don't talk bad metaphysics, nor do repatriated lumbermen. But Mr. Blackwood must dree his weird, I suppose.

And then, on a sudden, the monotony breaks up into a mixture of "La Morte Amoureuse," "Thomas Lake Harris," "The Yoke" (Mr. Hubert Wales' masterpiece), and "The Autobiography of a Flea told in a Hop, Skip, and a Jump."

But I prefer Mr. Verbouc to Uncle Paul, and Bella to Nixie. From the point of view of pure literature, of course.

The book then slobbers off into Gentle-Darwin-meek-and-mild Theosophy.

Victoria at last, thank God! I think I'll slip into the Crack, myself!

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE LITERARY GUIDE. Messrs. Watts and Co. 2d. The Journeyings of Joseph.

Joseph has gone a-wandering; and, as he cannot even on the billowy waves keep his mouth shut, we are treated in the above official organ to an account of his itinerary as if he were the real original Vasco de Gama.

He reminds us rather of the Shoreditch lady who went for her first country walk, as an old song tells us:

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet."

For, if he brings back with him "cockle shells from distant lands" like a certain Roman Caesar, akin to the information which now gushes from his pips, his pearls will indeed be from the land of Gophir, and must I am afraid be trampled by us with other flash fudge Parisian ware back into the gutter whence they came, the gutter of phylogenic-ontogeny.

There was no other Joseph or Josephina aboard, no "helpmeet" worthy of Him, all Potiphar's wives—by the way, a Second Joseph would have been rather a tall order for either Mrs. Potiphar or Ernst Haeckel—so the Great and Only

THE BIG STICK

One was intensely bored as he had to restrict himself to his own society. And the more he restricted himself the more bored he became, and the more bored he became the more boorish did he grow, and the ruder did he become to his fellow passengers, who evidently had not sufficient “rationalism” to believe that Erasmus Darwin was born in 1788, or that the water upon which they floated was composed of HO₂. He wondered, “If it were they who were fools, or I myself,”—we, being mystics, don’t; we know! Their conversation was “trivial chatter,” so evidently it had nothing to do with ontogenic-phylogeny. The chaplain was “insufferable” twice over, and so were his prayers.

“The heavy mask of revelry was still on the faces of the men whom curiosity drew to the open rail: men in gay pyjamas and flaunting shirts, men with ends of cigarettes in their lax mouths, men whose language, up to a few hours before, had been too archaic for the dictionary. With open mouths they jostled each other to get a good view of the plunge of the white sewn outline of a man.”

Now, Joseph, draw it mild; don’t put the sugar in your tea with a trowel! we have seen many burials at sea, more than we should care to count, but we have never seen the corpse surrounded by “fag-ends” and a gay pyjamaed mob. Perhaps one of the passengers was on his way to the bath-room, in a Swan and Edgar “sleeping suit,” when you went to have your own little peep—or have you borrowed a leaf from your former Jesuit brothers and write all this for the greater glory of God RPA?

We are travellers as well as mystics, we have been a score of journeys as long as yours and longer, right round the world twice—think of that, Jo! and all the cockle shells you could have collected! We know that the conversation “on board” is trivial, “very naughty,” as a little Cape Dutch girl once said to us, “but rather nice,” and that the ozone of the air and the brine of the waves make the ladies most charming on the boat deck. We are mystics and are never bored; we are mystics and are just as happy on board a Castle liner as behind Fleet Street in Johnson’s Court. If we back a winner we ask our friends to come and have a “night out” with us; and if the wrong colours go by, well, we don’t pawn our breeches to buy a revolver. It it were possible for boredom to descend upon us we should not say “sucks” to it, like Philpotts, but should retire into Dhyana or Samldhi. You would call this “Self-induced-hypophylo-morphodemoniacal-auto-suggestion.” Well, well, never mind! we will pass the words, we don’t care a “tinker’s curse” about them; it is the message we look for and not the special patents act under which the wire which conveyed it to us is registered. And if I say “hocuspocus” and down come a good dinner and a pretty girl, eat the one and don’t be rude to the other—or she will run away, Joseph, she really will: and please, Josy, don’t turn to me and say: You “insufferable” fool, you are not Romano’s; what business have you to produce

THE EQUINOX

a “Pêche Melba”? You are not a “trivial” Mrs. Warren; what do you mean by “Plumping down” before me this “little bit of fluff”?

Now don’t be too bored or too serious, Joseph, be a good fellow ever towards those who are unlike you, for a good heart is worth a dozen good heads and heaven only knows how many bad ones. Eat your “scoff” and enjoy it; give the girl a kiss—even if among the boats; and shake hands with the Chaplain—after all he probably agreed with you over the Boulter Case. Here surely is a link between you! Drop the “insufferable” and the “Christmas-card-curate” description of him, use your tea-spoon like an ordinary decent Christian and don’t empty the sugar basin, shake hands with him, my boy, shake hands with him, and try and be a real good fellow, Joseph, a real good fellow, as well as an indifferent evolutionist!

A. QUILLER.

WITH THE ADEPTS. By FRANZ HARTMANN. William Rider and Son.

If you have never been to “The Shakespeare” or “The Elephant and Castle” please go; for, for the same price that you would pay for this book you will be able to obtain at either a good seat. Go there when they are playing “The Sorrows of Satan,” and you will have no need to be “With the Adepts” of Franz Hartmann. Besides, if you are not amused by the play the back of the programme will surely never fail you. There you will learn the proximity of the nearest “Rag Shop” where old bones, scrap iron, india rubber and waste paper may be sold; and should you, like us, be so unfortunate as to possess a copy of this story, may with a little persuasion induce the ragman to relieve you of it. Besides, it will also tell you where you can obtain “Sausage and mash” for two pence—and who would not prefer so occult a dish to a “bun-worry” with Sisters Helen and Leila?

From page one to one hundred and eighty this is all warrented pure, like the white and pink sugar mice on a Christmas tree—quite wholesome for little children.

Not only can you meet the Adepts but the Adepts’ “lady friends”; you might be in Bloomsbury, but no such luck. Polite conversation takes place upon “advanced occultism,” which strongly reminds us of the pink and paunchy puddings of Cadogan Court. The lady adepts are bashful and shy, but always very proper. The Monastery might be in Lower Tooting. The hero asks silly questions so as to give the Adept the requisite opportunities of making sillier answers. “I was rather reluctant to leave the presence of the ladies . . . the ladies permitted me to retire.” Outside bottles full of this sort of occult Potassium Bromide, this novelette is eminently suited as a moral sedative for young girls when they reach sixteen or thereabouts and are beginning to wonder how they got into this funny world.

THE BIG STICK

THE DEVIL: "Let us giggle."

THEODORUS: "Hush, you have committed a horrible black magical act, you have slept with" . . .

LEILA [*a creamy girl*]: "Good heavens, Sir, I faint; call a policeman,"

THEODORUS: "Become acquainted with the Queen of the nymphs." . . .

SISTER HELEN [*nursing expert*]: "A douche, smelling salts, eau de Cologne, quinine . . .!"

THEODORUS: "From the abode of . . . Brotherhood you are expelled [*sobs*], to the British Museum you must go [*snuffles*], and read [*pause*] 'The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians'!"

THE DEVIL: "Tut, tut. . . . Dear Sisters, the train has stopped, we are at Streatham Hill—let us get out."
ALICIA DE GRUYS.

ON THE LOOSE. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. Publishing Office of THE EQUINOX, 124 Victoria Street, S. W. 1s. net.

The author of the *Man-Cover* is well-known to the readers of THE EQUINOX. His charm lays principally in the independence of his thought, the delicacy of his touch, in his spirit of pure joy, in his most holy childishness. He shows certainly a great lack of literary experience, an accumulation of various contradictory feelings which seem to fight one another for the conquest of his spirit. The scientific training of our order will give him that Mastery over self which alone can bring forth the full blossom of his rich imagination. There is every reason for us to expect much of Mr. Rafflovich. Is he not a Gemini man, with Jupiter and Saturn culminating? Somewhat Neronian, probably, as will be seen in his work.

We recommend especially the reading of the two sketches entitled "Demeter" and "A Spring Meeting," and we look forward to any future work of the author. There is more in his work that is met at first glance. Let him forget that he writes for English readers and subscribers to libraries!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY. By SIR EDWARD THORPE. Watts and Co. Vol. ii.

As excellent as vol. i. what is Sir Edward doing amongst this brainy goody lot?
H₂S.

HISTORY OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM. By ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D. Watts and Co. 1s. net.

An interesting little volume, as complete as can be expected for 146 pages. Duff, D. D., does not understand Qabalah. We can assure him it is not a "fancied philosophy wherein everything was in reality brand new," as Zunz

THE EQUINOX

says. He does not understand it, but he is not alone in this. Few understand the Qabalah; and therefore few talk sense about the Pentateuch. We recommend Duff, D. D., to study "A Note on Genesis" in vol. i, No. 2, THE EQUINOX, after which if he still considers it "fancied" we shall be ready to discuss it with him.

B. RASHITH.

THE SACRED SPORTS OF SIVA. Printed at the Hindu Mission Press. Annas 8.

The editor in his preface does not see the objection to Gods and especially to Siva holding sports, neither do we. But you must play square, even if you are a God; it is not cricket to slay the whole of the opposing eleven each time you are bowled. But perhaps Siva had a reputation to keep up; we'll ask Kali.

VISHNU.

RITUAL, FAITH, AND MORALS. By F. H. PERRYCOSTE. Watts and Co.

If you should be so depraved as to desire to become a rationalistic author, you must buy a pair of scissors, some stickphast, and a parcel of odd vols. at Hodgson's containing: Buckle, Draper, Gibbon Lecky, and old dictionary or two of quotations and some of the Christian Fathers. The process then is easy; it consists in cutting these to pieces and in sticking them together in all possible combinations, and publishing each combination under a different name.

For fifteen years Mr. Perrycoste has been snipping hard, and the above work consists only of Chapters III and IV of one volume of a series of volumes. We are charitable enough to hope that Mr. Perrycoste may be spared to produce the rest, so long as we are spared reviewing them.

ELIAS ASHMOLE.

THE ANCIENT CONSTITUTIONAL CHARGES OF THE GUILD FREE MASONS. By JOHN YARKER. William Tait, 2s. 6d. net.

This is a most learned work; the author holds Solomon only knows how many exalted degrees; but besides the title-page there is much of interest to Masons in this little volume. Some of the ancient charges are quite amusing.

"That no Fellow go into town in the night time without a Fellow to bear witness that he hath been in honest company" seems, however, a bit rough on the girls.

F.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By J. A. FARRAR. Watts and Co. 6d.

A good book which makes us wish we had been born before Christ.

A. Q.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC. Published at the Offices of M. A. P. 6d.

At one time I was acquainted with many of our London demi-mondaines, and many a charming girl and good-hearted woman had I the pleasure of meet-

THE BIG STICK

ing—and clean-minded withal. To say that all end in the Lock or the river is to say that you know nothing about the subject; for many marry, as Mayhew points out; in fact, Mayhew, in his classic “London Labour and the London Poor” is the only author I know—always excepting Charles Drysdale—who in any way saw the modern London hetaira as she really is. Drysdale in his courageous work, “the Elements of Social Science,” also points out that the life of the ordinary prostitute is a very much healthier one than that of the average factory girl. The authoress of this work seems to understand this in a way, for in spite of “the awful degradation” which she harps upon, she contradicts herself by writing: “I may here remark that the girls I come in contact with, if they marry happily, make excellent wives” (p. 66).

The cure for the present degradation associated with prostitution is a common-sense one—one of not supposing that we are good and others are bad, of carting away our own manure before writing to the sanitary inspector about other people’s dung, and to cease hatching mysteries between the sheets of our family four-poster.

If unions were sanctioned outside the marriage bond, even if such unions were only of an ephemeral nature, there would be no necessity to procure young girls, for natural love-making would take the place of state-fostered abduction. The root of the evil lies neither in the inherent lust of man after woman, which is natural, or of woman after gold, which shows her business-like capabilities; but in the unhealthy point of view adopted by the general public. There is nothing more disgusting in the act of generation, or even in the pleasures associated with it, that there is in alimentation, with its particular enjoyments. Dessert is quite a superfluous course after a good meal, and yet it is not considered degrading to eat it; and so, as it is not considered a crime to eat for the pleasure of eating, neither should it publicly (privately of course it is not) be considered a crime if unions take place without offspring resulting. This double-faced attitude must have the bottom knocked out of it as well as the front; it must utterly perish. From the natural, that is, the common-sense point of view, there are no such things as moral or immoral unions, for all nature demands is healthy parents and healthy children, healthy pleasures and healthy pains. The Church, the Chapel, and the Registry Office must go; for, so long as they remain, prostitution will spell degradation, and marriage falsehood and hypocrisy. Chaos will not result when Virtue weds with Vice, for what is possible to the savage is possible for us, and the children will be looked after better than ever. Once teach our children the nobility of love, and the pimp, the pander, and the puer-minded presbyter will simply be starved out. Continue to foster the present unhealthy aspect with its “unfortunate,” its “fallen,” its “awful,” its “degradation” and its “doom,” and, in spite of a million Vigilance Society men on every

THE EQUINOX

railway platform in the Kingdom, the White Slave Traffic will continue to flourish the more it is persecuted, and become more criminal and degrading than ever.

Money is not the basis of this so-called evil, as suggested, and public indignation will not work a cure any more than public indignation against the Metropolitan Water Board will stop people drinking water. We must cease globe-polishing virtue and sand-papering vice. Away with our moral Monkey Brand and our ethical Sapolio, and back to a little genuine common-sense elbow-grease.

When a girl ceases sowing her "wild oats" and can enter any phase of life without being spat upon and "chucked out," degradation will cease. And when such women as are "born" prostitutes are utilized by the State for the benefit of men who are not monogamists by nature, procuring will vanish. But, if these women be so used, it behoves the nation to care for these talented girls, just as she cares, or should care, for her soldiers; and when the time was expired, she should pension them off, and award them a long service and good-conduct medal should they deserve it.

This is a clean-minded book so far as it goes. We have no humbugging Horton, D. D., swooning at the thought of lace, frills, and a pretty ankle. But the remedies suggested are worse than the disease. Exalt the courtesan to her proper place, bracket her name with sweetheart, wife and mother, names which are rightly dear to us, and you will find a tender heart beneath the scarlet dress, and a charming lovable woman in spite of public opprobrium. Neglect this, and all other propositions of reform spell—Muck! A. QUILLER.

I like the legislation proposed by the blackguards of "vigilance"; who, never having met a gentleman, think that everybody is an avaricious scoundrel—though sometimes in another line of business. And this attack by M.A.P. on its trade rivals in the filth-purveying business (for all journalism is filth—must we exclude this White Slave "copy" from the indictment and class it as literature!) is only what is to be expected.

Anyhow, even our government is hardly likely to pass the suggested Act, which thoughtfully provides that you may be arrested without a warrant for offering your umbrella in a shower to a strange lady, and makes it felony to raise your hat in the street.

I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Coote, well-groomed in ultra-respectable broadcloth, and flaunting Three Virtues in his button-hole. I looked for some others in his heart, but drew blank. If he had any others, too, I suppose he would have worn the appropriate ribbons.

The truth about Coote-Comstock crapulence is this. Manx Cats subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Persian Cats. These funds go to support a

THE BIG STICK

lot of holy souteneurs in idleness—and they find it pays to foam at the mouth from time to time against the other souteneurs who live on poor prostitutes instead of wealthy virgins.

I should like, too, to ask Mr. Coote a rather curious question.

We were talking about paternity. His then secretary, Mr. Hewston, had given me to understand that the Vigilance Society made a practice of paying (on behalf of and at the expense of the fathers) allowances to the mothers of illegitimate children, of caring for the mothers, helping them to get work, and eventually marrying them to honest fellows of their own class.

This seemed too sensible to be true. Mr. Hewston's honest heart had let him to misunderstand.

Mr. Coote indignantly corrected this view of the society's work. They never did that sort of thing, he said, *except in a few very special cases*.

Now I want to know about these very special cases. Are they by any chance those in which the fathers are reputable and pious persons, highly esteemed for their Evangelicalism and philanthropy? . . .

There have been some ill-disposed persons who were not ashamed to assert that some of the methods of Vigilance societies remind them of blackmail.

Is there another side to the medal?

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE CANON. An Exposition of the Pagan Mysteries perpetuated in the Cabala as the rule of all the arts. Elkin Mathews.

This is a very extraordinary book, and it should be a fair "eye-opener" to such as consider the Qabalah a fanciful concatenation of numbers, words, and names. Also it may come as rather a rude shock to some of our "fancied" knowalls, our "cocksureites," who are under the delusion that knowledge was born with their grandmothers, and has now reached perfection in themselves, for it proves conclusively enough by actual measurements of existing monuments and records that the ancients, hundreds of years ago, were perfectly well acquainted with what we are pleased in our swollenheadiness to call "the discoveries of modern science."

Every ancient temple was built on a definite symbolic design and was not a haphazard erection of brick and mortar dependent on the *£ s. d.* On the contrary, it closely followed the measurements of the body of Christ or of a Man which it was supposed to represent.

The three great canonical numbers are 2,368 (IESOUS CHRISTOS), 1,480 (CHRISTOS) and 888 (IESOUS). Numerous other numbers also occur but most hinge on these three. Here is an example. 888, 1,480 and 2,368 are to each other in the ration of 3, 5 and 8. 358 is numerically equal to Messiah, and $358 \frac{1}{2} \times 6 = 2,151$ which is again a symbol of the Hebrew Messiah. Alpha

THE EQUINOX

and Omega = 2,152; and a hexagon described round a circle having a circumference of 2,151 has a perimeter of 3,368. 2,151 also is the sum of 1,480 (Christos) and 671 (Thora the Bride). A vesica 358 board is 620 long, and 620 is the value of Kether, etc., etc. (see p. 124).

This book is a veritable model of industry and research, but in spite of an excellent index, and index in the ordinary sense is almost out of place in a work of so complicated a character as this; what is really needed is a table of the numerical correspondences, similar in type to those we have already published in our "777". then at a glance the student can see the various numerical values and what they refer to.

J. F. C. F.

KANT'S ETHICS AND SCHOPENHAUER'S CRITICISM. By M. KELLY. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.

Last year we had the pleasure of review in Major Kelly's "Kant's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer," and we hope that if the future further volumes are to appear, and if they are as interesting as the present one, we may "continue the motion."

Kant's categories are in type similar to the Sephiroth of the Qabalah emanations from an unknown "x" sign or God, and whether this sign is called "à priori," "autonomy" or "categorical affirmative" matters no whit. Kant's ethics are futile, and to an intellect like Schopenhauer's absolutely childish. Kant never could understand "morality" because he never transcended the reason, practically, or even theoretically. If there is a moral law in the Formative World it is probably the line of least resistance. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and fixed laws of heteronomy and of autonomy are absurd, and if Kant had once transcended the Reason he would have had direct experience of this fact. On p. 126 Schopenhauer sets him right as follows:

"The essence of the world is will. . . . the only way of salvation is by negation of the will, or by self-denial and renunciation. . . ."

And again:

". . . life is the attainment of self-consciousness, in order that the will may acquire a right knowledge of its own nature. . . ." (p. 157).

"Evil and pleasure are but different manifestations of the one will to live" (p. 177).

"The tormentor and the tormented are one." . . . "Therefore what is good for one person may be just the opposite for another . . . all suffering is nothing but unfulfilled or crossed willing" (pp. 178-182).

"When a man has so far got rid of this veil that it no longer causes an egoistical distinction between his own person and that of another, he will recognize his innermost and true self in all beings, regard their endless suffering

THE BIG STICK

as his own, and so appropriate to himself the pain of the while world" (p. 184).

Here the "true-self" is the Higher Self, Atman or Augoeides, unity with which is what we have called the Great Work of the A.: A.:

When a soldier turns philosopher we always expect good work, and Major Kelly has not failed us; and to all such as would understand Kant as well as Schopenhauer's great work, "The World as Will and Idea"—of which an excellent English translation is published by Messrs. Paul, Trench, Trübner, we heartily recommend this masterful little volume. F.

THE SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN. By ALBERT CHURCHWARD. Swan Sonnenschein. 25s. net.

The first thing one has to do is to compose oneself in a comfortable position, for this book is large and weighs I don't know how many pounds; the next to remember that the author has an axe to grind, or at least has constituted himself leading counsel for his client Egypt, and in a learned and most convincing argument not only proves the undoubted antiquity of his client's claim, but that it was from Egypt, or rather Central Africa, that the human race originated, and that it is to Egyptian symbolism, and more particularly to the Ritual of the Dead, that we must go if we would rightly understand the temples, rites, ceremonies, and customs of mankind past and present. From Egypt they came and to Egypt must we go.

The book is in every sense a great book, and, by the way, it forms an excellent seventh volume to Gerald Massey's monumental work. Brother Wynn Westcott is very rightly condemned as displaying a peculiarly acute ignorance of both Freemasonry and Egyptology, and further on so is that chattering journalist, Mr. Andrew Lang—the Paul Carus of the British Isles.

Dr. Churchward is a Freemason of a very high degree, but yet not high enough to understand that secrets that need safeguarding are no secrets at all. "L. H." for left hand is excusable because it saves printers' ink; but "these need no explanation to R.A.M.'s" etc., etc., is ridiculous because R.A.M.'s need not be told about it, and if you are not going to divulge this frightful secret about a "Tau" why bother to say so? Remember that "an indincible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed," even by a R.A.M.! The Hebrew throughout is very faulty; either Dr. Churchward knows none, or else the proofs have been sadly neglected. But now let us turn to the subject over which he must have spent years of labour.

Man he traces back to the Pygmies of Central Africa, these or beings very like them hundreds of thousands of years ago emigrated all over the world—they were Paleolithic man, and whether these ape-like little beings had a Mythos

THE EQUINOX

or not would appear to be doubtful, but the next great exodus, that of Neolithic man, carried with it the Stellar Mythos,—that of the Seven Stars and the Pole Star, and the varied quarters to which these primitive men travelled is carefully indicated on the map at the end of the book. Though it may seem strange that they crossed vast oceans, it must be born in mind that the configurations of the globe have changed since those remote periods; besides, primitive man did get about the world in a most extraordinary way, as such islands as Madagascar and Easter Island prove. The inhabitants of the former are Polynesian and not African, of the later, seemingly Melanesian, judging by their skulls, and the Solomon Islands, the nearest Melanesian islands to Easter Island, are thousands of miles away. Ducie Island, the nearest island to Easter Island, is many hundred miles away, and the coast of South America is no less than 2,300 miles distant. And yet in this tiny island we find proofs of very high civilization, and it is curious that Dr. Churchward has not mentioned the numerous hieroglyphics found there concerning which a very full account is given in the Smithsonian Reports of 1889. After these came another exodus, carrying with it the Lunar and Solar Mythos, and Horus became under varying names the supreme world-god, and his four sons, or emanations, the four quarters.

It is impossible here to enter into the numerous entrancing speculations that Dr. Churchward draws, or to give any adequate idea of the vast number of proofs that he marshals to convince us—they are quite bewildering. In fact, they completely reverse our conception of polytheism; for it is we who are the idolators, and not our ancestors; it is we who sacrifice to many gods, and not those little Bushmen who felt and saw and lived with the One Great Spirit. Let us therefore mention that the chief points, a few out of a score, that have struck us are—The Custom of the Mark Sacred Stone; the universality of Horus worship; the startling identity of hieroglyphics, all over the world, with the Egyptian; and the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, and its use as a Temple of Initiation.

A few others, however, do not understand. On p. 80 Dr. Churchward traces the “Bull Roarer” back to Egypt. But we can find no proofs of these ever having been used there. In Australia, as he states, they were used, and so also in New Zealand and New Guinea and over most of Europe; in Sussex, country boys to this day use them as toys. Again, the Egyptian throwing-stick (p. 67) is not a boomerang at all; it was made of thick rounded wood and will not return when thrown. It is as perfectly distinct from the Australian weapon as the Australian is from the throwing-clubs of Fiji. The double triangle symbol (?) is so common in the Pacific Islands that it is to be found on nearly every club and utensil; in some cases it represents figures of men with bent knees and arms akimbo. There are many combination of it. In small details the author fails,

THE BIG STICK

he is so keen to find proof of Egyptian antiquity in everything. On p. 228 he quotes as an example of original sign-language that he “watched with interest our bluejackets leaning over the side of a man-of-war talking to one another” by means of their hands and fingers. Of course what they are really doing is semaphore signalling without flags after the official signalling with flags has ceased.

In spite of these small over-eagernesses, this book is a revolutionary volume, a work that should stimulate argument and comment; and we hope that it will induce others to collect and discover the secrets of the past before they are devoured by our Minotaurean Civilization. It is a melancholy fact that though amongst the rudest of rude savages secrets have been kept and great systems maintained for hundreds of thousands of years, the “clever” children of the present with all their arts and crafts are only destroyers of the past. We defame antiquity, annihilate those who still venerate it—mentally we destroy their minds with a corrupt and idolatrous Christianity, a veritable haggis of guts and blood, and their bodies with gunpowder and loathsome diseases. In a few years all will have gone; but (say you?) all will be saved, stored in our libraries and museums. But, we answer, even these in a few centuries will be dust and ashes; the very paper of this book which we are reviewing, beautiful though it be, will, like a girl’s beauty, vanish before forty years are past. Our inventions are our curse, they are our destruction. What was coagulated in the minds of barbarians for thousands and tens of thousands of years we shall have destroyed utterly, utterly, in as many days and nights. Civilization has driven her plough over Stellar and Solar mythology, wantonly, and at haphazard, and in their place she has cultivated the Unknowable and Andrew Lang!

If the Utilitarian progress in the next few years as he has in the last, soon we shall have some socialistic fellah depriving the world of its last great monuments, and building labourers’ cottages out of the stones and bricks of the Pyramids, because they are so very much more useful. “Solve” is the cry to-day; the Sabbatic finger of the Goat points upwards, yet on the clouds of darkness does it scrawl a sigil of light. A new God stirs in the Womb of its Mother; we can see his form, dim and red, in the cavern of Time. Dare we pronounce his name? Yea! It is Horus, Horus the Child, reborn Amsu the Good Shepherd, who will lead us out of the sheepish stupidity of to-day. How many understand this mystery? Perhaps none save those who have seen and subscribed to the Law of Thelema.

J. F. C. F.

THE LOST VALLEY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Nash. 6s.

It is the penalty of factitious success that the need of fuel increases like the dose of a drug-fiend. Instead of clothing his with with silk from the loom of life

THE EQUINOX

and embroidering it with gold thread drawn from the observation of things around him, the slave of popularity wears it threadbare. Morphia won't replace bread after the first month or so!

Now we see Mr. Blackwood and Nemesis. He gets a reputation by marketing his tiny scrap of knowledge of the inner World; the public cries out for more, and the poor wage-slave, bankrupt in invention, does his best to fake—and fails.

It is the male equivalent of the harlot who has drifted from Piccadilly to Waterloo Bridge Road.

So here we see him, the shy smile changed to the open coarse appeal, the tawdry apparatus of his craft seen for what it is—rabbit-skin ermine!— and himself unmistakably the fifth-rate writer, like Baudelaire's "Old Mountebank"—surely no more pitiful—tumbling for no kindlier laugh than that of contempt. (And he might have been so fine!)

This is why success must in the nature of things spoil everybody. Make a hit with one arrow; you must never dare to do more than change the colour of the feathers—till your quiver is empty.

And how empty is Mr. Blackwood's! When it comes to a father hating his twin sons because (why?) he wanted one son very badly, going mad, and after his death turning the two into one in spite of a clergyman's reading aloud of Job—

Well, hang it, Mr. Blackwood, the woman has the best of it yet. It is a very foolish girl who cannot hold her own for ten years. But you who have been writing hardly half the time are only fit for the Literary Lock Hospital.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, *Natu Minimus*.

AMBERGRIS. A Selection of Poems by ALEISTER CROWLEY. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. Printed by Strangeways and sons, Great Tower Street, Cambridge Circus, W. C.

We don't like books of selections, and you can't make a nightingale out of a crow by picking out the least jarring notes.

The book is nicely bound and printed—as if that were any excuse! Mr. Crowley, however, must have been surprised to receive a bill of over Six Pounds for "author's corrections," as the book was printed from his volume of Collected Works, and the alterations made by his were well within the dozen!

[Yes; he was surprised; it was his first—and last—experience of these strange ways.—ED.]

If poets are ever going to make themselves heard, they must find some means of breaking down the tradition that they are the easy dupes of every— [Satis.—ED.]

THE BIG STICK

Just as a dishonest commercial traveller will sometimes get a job by accepting a low salary, and look for profit to falsifying the accounts of “expenses,” so—— [Here; this will never do.—ED.]

We have had fine weather recently in Mesopotamia—[I dare say; but I’m getting suspicious; stop right here.—ED.] All right; don’t be huffy; good-bye!
S. HOLMES.

SECRET REMEDIES. British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W. C. 1s.

Every person who has the welfare of the people at heart should buy this book for free distribution among the poor.

The major portion of the Press (which lives corruptly on the advertisements of the scoundrels exposed in this book, knaves who sell ginger at the price of gold) has done its best to boycott the book.

The public—the helpless, ignorant section of it—spends nigh 2½ millions sterling every year on these quack nostrums.

We must safeguard them. We must register all “patent” remedies, insist on the ingredients and their cost being printed clearly on each box, and appoint a committee with funds at its disposal from the Treasury to recompense adequately and generously anyone who really should discover a cure for human affliction.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer need not worry about his third of a million yearly from the stamp duty. No country ever yet lost money by driving out its bloodsuckers, and saving its citizens from the penalties of ignorance.

A. C.

THE MAGNETIC MIRROR. By DR. CAROLUS REX. 1s.

This little work is very skillfully written; it is intended to induce members of the higher grades of the Universal Order of B.: F.: to pay “Dr.” “Carolus” “Rex” sums of from Two to Twenty Guineas for “Magic Mirrors,” which we hope are worth as many pence. PROFESSOR JACOBUS IMPERATOR.

GLAZIERS' HOUSES

OR

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT

I will write him a very taunting letter.—*As You Like it.*

IN these latter days, when (too often) a newspaper proprietor is like a Buddhist monk, afraid to scratch his head lest he should incommode his vermin, it is indeed a joy for a young and nameless author to be presented with a long sword by a cordial editor, with the injunction: "There, my lad, sweep away, never mind what you hit—I'll stand the racket."

Whoosh! off we go. One, two, three—crash! What's that? "Aere perennius"? Or a perennial ass?

Let us see—a very curious problem.

A problem not to be solved by mere surface scraping. Well then?

A thankless and invidious task it may seem to pierce deeper than the "wolf in Dr. Jaeger's clothing" of our wittiest woman and most alluring *morphinomane*. That task is ours. For last night in the visions of mine head upon my bed I beheld, strangely interwoven with this striking picture, the scene between Little Red Riding Hood and her sick grandmother—how perverted! For in my dream it seemed that the old lady had devoured the wolf and that the scourge of the

GLAZIERS' HOUSES

Tories was but a bed-ridden and toothless hag, mumbling the senile curses and jests which she could no longer articulate.

True it is that the Word of Shaw is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. Yet the habit of sword-swallowing is probably fatal to the suicidal intentions of a Brutus, and it has certainly grown on him until he can no longer slay either himself or another.

A dweller in the glass houses of Fad, he has thrown stones at the fishy god. A Society Shimei, he has spat against the wind, and his beard is befouled.

True, every thought of Shaw is a great thought; and so equable and far-seeing is the artist, that its contradictory appears with it. His births are all Siamese twins; his god is Janus; his sign is Gemini . . . but his end is (I fear) not to rise above the equilibrium of contraries by a praeter-Hegelian dialectic, but to sink wearily between his two stools, a lamentable loon. . . . This Nulli Secundus, inflated with fermenting Grape-Nuts!

For in all that mass of analysis lucid and terrible I cannot recall a single line of beauty, rarely a note of ecstasy; with one exception (John Tanner), hardly a hero. Even he not a little absurd.

He has seen through the shams of romance, and marriage, and free love, and literary pose, and medical Ju-Ju, and religious rant, and political twaddle, and socialist Buncombe and—every phase of falsehood. . . . But he has hardly grasped that each such falsehood is but a shadow of some sun of truth. He does not perceive the ineffable glory of the Universe in its whole and in each part. He has smitten at the shadow of a shadow: it falls—the world is filth. Let him

THE EQUINOX

rather new-edge his sword for a deeper analysis, and cut away the veil from the face of our Mother. 'Sdeath, man, is there nothing we may love?

He is wrong, anyway, to gibe at Scripture. For, like Balaam, I came to curse, and appear to be blessing him! (with scarce a monitory word). And, like Balaam, too, I have been reviewed by G. K. Chesterton.

To pass from this painful subject. . . .

Let me rouse myself to a really resolute effort to denounce Shaw as a niddering. Aha! I have it. The man is a journalist after all. We have to thank him for semi-educating a few of our noodles, for applying the caustic of Ibsen (right) and Wagner (wrong—the book's drivel) to that most indolent of ulcers, the British Public, but for nothing more. His own work, bar "Man and Overman" (why the hybrid Superman?), is a glib sham. If it proves anything, it proves nothing.

But are we to writhe in the ecstasies of Pyrrhonism? For this prophet claims to be Zoroaster.

Can we be sure even of that? He has educated the British goat to caper to his discordant Pan-pipe, so that without the nuisance of crucifixion he may scourge the money-changes from the temple.

Yet is this true cynicism? Doth he delight, the surly Diogenes, in his solitary gambols—that insult both Lydia and Lalage? Or is he doing it to tempt them—to coquette with them? Is he a man deadly serious in positive constructive aim, yet so sensitive to ridicule that he will always seek to turn it off as a jest—and so a stultifier of himself? A Christ crucified, not upon Calvary, but upon Venusberg, and so no redeemer?

If so, *ave atque vale*, George Bernard Shaw, for a redeemer

GLAZIERS' HOUSES

from the Overmen we want, and we will have; another we will not have. Rather than your mock-crucified castrato-devilry, Barabbas!

But if it be your serious livelong purpose to slay all ideas by ridicule. . . . then we must claim you as an adept, one fit for the scourge and the buffets, for the gives and the slaver of the lick-spittle English, whose only notion of a jest is a smutty story.

There is room for another hand at my bench.

See! if thou be indeed Achilles, why should we be in doubt? The gilded arms of Pandarus—the speech of Ther-sites. Sir, these things trouble us!

Thou seest it! If thou art journalist, the very journalists may rise from their slime, bubbling with foul breath, and suck thee down to their mother ooze unspeakable; but if not, then I too (no journalist, God knows!) must praise thee.

Thee—not thy work. For the manner thereof is wholly abominable. What have all we done, that for Pegasus we have this spavined and hamstrung Rosinante, for Bucephalus this hydrocephalic hydropath?

Even as god Gilbert begat the devil-brood musical comedy, so hast thou begotten the tedious stage-sermons to which our priest-loving, sin-conscious slaves now flock. Refinement of cruelty! Thou hast replaced the Trappist cell by the Court Theatre!

For this, I, who prefer the study to the theatre, forgive thee; for I love not the badger-reek of Suburbia and Bohemia in my nostrils. But for this also I praise thee, that lion-like thou turnest at last upon the jackal-crowd at thy heels. That ungainly dragon, the Chesterbelloc, hast thou ridden against,

THE EQUINOX

good St. George Bernard Shaw! With a spear thou hast pierced its side, and there floweth forth beer and water.

Turn also, gramercy, upon the others, even unto the lowest. As Ibsen hawked at carrion birds with a Wild Duck, so do thou create some harpy to torment them. Who is this that followeth thee? Behold this mumblor born to butcher the English language, and educated to hack it with a saw! This stuttering babbler, this Harpocrates by the compulsion of a Sloane Square Mammurra! Who is this hanger-on to the bedraggled petticoats of thy lousy Thalia—this beardless, witless filcher of thy fallen crab-apples? This housemaid of the Court theatre, the Gittite slut whose bleary eyes weep sexless crocodile tears over the crassness of the daughters of the Philistines?

Arise, and speak to this palsied megalomaniac, this frowsy Moll Flanders of a degenerated Chelsea, this down-at-heel *flâneur* on the outer boulevards of a prostituted literature, this little mongrel dog that fawneth upon the ill-cut trousers of thee, O St. Pancras Pulchinello—this little red-coated person that doth mouth and dance upon the kakophonous barrel-organ of New thought fakirs and Modernity mountebanks.

Speak to this parasite—itself unspeakably verminous—of the long-haired brigade, who has “got on” for that it had neither sufficient talent to excite envy, nor manhood enough to excite apprehension, but wit well to comprehend the sycophancy of the self-styled court and the tittle-tattle of the servants’ hall.

It is an Editor—dear Lord my God! it is an Editor; but he who employs it has an equally indefeasible title to employ the pronoun “We.”

GLAZIERS' HOUSES

It hath never had ought to say; but, then, how affectedly it hath said it! . . .

Will not the late *New Quarterly* take note of this?

O these barbers, with their prattle, and their false expedients—and scarce even a safety razor among them!

For let each one who worships George Bernard Shaw, while ignorant of that magnificent foundation of literature and philosophy—the Cubical Stone of the Wise, on which a greater than Auguste Rodin hath erected the indomitable figure of Le Penseur—take these remarks individually to himself, and—oh! Thinker, think again. Let not posterity consider of this statue that its summit is no Overman, but a gibbering ape! Not filth, not sorrow, not laughter of the mocker is this universe; but laughter of a young god, a holy and beautiful god, a god of live and light.

And thou, since thou hast the ear of the British ass at thy lips, sing to it those starry songs. It can but bray. . . .

But why, as hitherto, shouldst thou bray also? Or if bray thou must, let us have the virile and portentous bray of the Ass of Apuleius, not (as hitherto) the plaintive bray of the proverbial ass who hesitated so long between the two thistles that he starved to death. I warn thee, ass! We who are gods have laughed with thee these many years; beware lest in the end we laugh at thee with the laughter of a mandrake torn up, whereat thou shouldst fall dead.

A. QUILLER, JR.

IN THE TEMPLE

THE subtle-souled dim radiant queen
 Burns like a bale-fire through the mist;
The slender earth is bright and green,
 Emerald, gray and amethyst;
 The wavering breeze has slowly kissed
The way between
 Her zone and wrist.

Pale guardian of the altar-flame,
 Syren of old, perfidious song,
A murmeuring runnel lately came
 In streaming hate of mortal wrong.
 Wait, for, my goddess, not for long
The snake is tame. . . .
 See! He is strong!

The wide-set temple pillars gleam,
 As marble white, and tall as pines;
The doorway to immortal dream
 Lies through the temple's purple shrines.
 Behold, pure queen, the magic signs.
Let words out-stream
 As mingled wines! . . .

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

**THE HIGH HISTORY OF
GOOD SIR PALAMEDES
THE SARACEN KNIGHT
AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF THE QUESTING BEAST
BY ALEISTER CROWLEY
RIGHTLY SET FORTH IN RIME**

TO ALLAN BENNETT

“Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya”

my good knight comrade in the Quest, I dedicate this
imperfect account of it, in some small recognition of his
suggestion of its form.

MANDALAY, *November* 1905.

ARGUMENT

i. Sir Palamede, the Saracen knight, riding on the shore of Syria, findeth his father's corpse, around which an albatross circleth. He approveth the vengeance of his peers.

ii. On the shore of Arabia he findeth his mother in the embrace of a loathly negro beneath blue pavilions. Her he slayeth, and burneth all that encampment.

iii. Sir Palamede is besieged in his castle by Severn mouth, and his wife and son are slain.

iv. Hearing that his fall is to be but the prelude to an attack of Camelot, he maketh a desperate night sortie, and will traverse the wilds of Wales.

v. At the end of his resources among the Welsh mountains, he is compelled to put to death his only remaining child. By this sacrifice he saves the world of chivalry.

vi. He having become an holy hermit, a certain dwarf, splendidly clothed, cometh to Arthur's court, bearing tidings of a Questing Beast. The knights fail to lift him, this being the test of worthiness.

vii. Lancelot findeth him upon Scawfell, clothed in his white beard. he returneth, and, touching the dwarf but with his finger, herleth him to the heaven.

viii. Sir Palamede, riding forth on the quest, seeth a Druid worship the sun upon Stonehenge. He rideth eastward, and findeth the sun setting in the west. Furious he taketh a Viking ship, and by sword and whip fareth seaward.

ix. Coming to India, he learneth that It glittereth. Vainly fighting the waves, the leaves, and the snows, he is swept in the Himalayas as by an avalanche into a valley where dwell certain ascetics, who pelt him with their eyeballs.

x. Seeking It as Majesty, he chaseth an elephant in the Indian jungle. The elephant escapeth; but he, led to Trichinopoli by an Indian lad, seeth an elephant forced to dance ungainly before the Mahalingam.

xi. A Scythian sage declareth that It transcendeth Reason. Therefore Sir Palamede unreasonably decapitateth him.

xii. An ancient hag prateth of It as Evangelical. Her he hewed in pieces.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

xiii. At Naples he thinketh of the Beast as author of Evil, because Free of Will. The Beast, starting up, is slain by him with a poisoned arrow; but at the moment of Its death It is reborn from the knight's own belly.

xiv. At Rome he meeteth a red robber in a Hat, who speaketh nobly of It as of a king-dove-lamb. He chaseth and slayeth it; it proves but a child's toy.

xv. In a Tuscan grove he findeth, from the antics of a Satyr, that the Gods sill dwell with men. Mistaking orgasm for ecstasy, he is found ridiculous.

xvi. Baiting for It with gilded corn in a moonlit vale of Spain, he findeth the bait stolen by bermin.

xvii. In Crete a metaphysician weaveth a labyrinth. Sir Palamede compelleth him to pursue the quarry in this same fashion. Running like hippogriffs, they plunge over the precipice; and the hermit, dead, appears but a mangy ass. Sir Palamede, sore wounded, is borne by fishers to an hut.

xviii. Sir Palamede noteth the swiftness of the Beast. He therefore climbeth many mountains of the Alps. Yet can he not catch It; It outrunneth him easily, and at last, stumbling, he falleth.

xix. Among the dunes of Brittany he findeth a witch dancing and conjuring, until she disappeareth in a blaze of light. He then learneth music, from a vile girl, until he is as skilful as Orpheus. In Paris he playeth in a public place. The people, at first throwing him coins, soon desert him to follow a foolish Egyptian wizard. No Beast cometh to his call.

xx. He argueth out that there can be but one Beast. Following single tracks, he at length findeth the quarry, but on pursuit It eldueth him by multiplying itself. This on the wide plains of France.

xxi. He gathereth an army sufficient to chase the whole herd. In England's midst they rush upon them; but the herd join together, leading on the knights, who at length rush together into a *mêlée*, wherein all but Sir Palamede are slain, while the Beast, as ever, standeth aloof, laughing.

xxii. He argueth Its existence from design of the Cosmos, noting that Its tracks form a geometrical figure. But seeth that this depends upon his sense of geometry; and is therefore no proof. Meditating upon this likeness to himself—Its subjectivity, in short—he seeth It in the Blue Lake. Thither plunging, all is shattered.

xxiii. Seeking It in shrines he findeth but a money-box; while they that helped him (as they said) in his search, but robbed him.

xxiv. Arguing Its obscurity, he seeketh It within the bowels of Etna, cutting off all avenues of sense. His own thoughts pursue him into madness.

SIR PALAMDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

xxv. Upon the Pacific Ocean, he, thinking that It is not-Self, throweth himself into the sea. But the Beast setteth him ashore.

xxvi. Rowed by Kanakas to Japan, he praiseth the stability of Fuji-Yama. But, an earthquake arising, the pilgrims are swallowed up.

xxvii. Upon the Yang-tze-kiang he contemplateth immortal change. Yet, perceiving that the changes themselves constitute stability, he is again balked, and biddeth his men bear him to Egypt.

xxviii. In an Egyptian temple he hath performed the Bloody Sacrifice, and cursed Osiris. Himself suffering that curse, he is still far from the Attainment.

xxix. In the land of Egypt he performeth many miracles. But from the statue of Memnon issueth the questing, and he is recalled from that illusion.

xxx. Upon the plains of Chaldea he descendeth into the bowels of the earth, where he beholdeth the Visible Image of the soul of Nature for the Beast. Yet Earth belcheth him forth.

xxxi. In a slum city he converseth with a Rationalist. Learning nothing, nor even hearing the Beast, he goeth forth to cleanse himself.

xxxii. Seeking to imitate the Beast, he goeth on all-fours, questing horribly. The townsmen cage him for a lunatic. Nor can he imitate the elusiveness of the Beast. Yet at one note of that questing the prison is shattered, and Sir Palamede rusheth forth free.

xxxiii. Sir Palamede hath gone to the shores of the Middle Sea to restore his health. There he practiseth devotion to the Beast, and becometh maudlin and sentimental. His knaves mocking him, he beateth one sore; from whose belly issueth the questing.

xxxiv. Being retired into an hermitage in Fenland, he traverseth space upon the back of an eagle. He knoweth all things—save only It. And incontinent beseedheth the eagle to set him down again.

xxxv. He lectureth upon metaphysics—for he is now totally insane—to many learned monks of Cantabrig. They applaud him and detain him, though he hath heard the questing and would away. But so feeble is he that he fleeth by night.

xxxvi. It hath often happened to Sir Palamede that he is haunted by a shadow, the which he may not recognise. But at last, in a sunlit wood, this is discovered to be a certain hunchback, who doubteth whether there be at all any Beast or any quest, or if the whole life of Sir Palamede be not a vain illusion. Him, without seeing to conquer with words, he slayeth incontinent.

xxxvii. In a cave by the sea, feeding on limpets androots, Sir Palamede abideth, sick unto death. Himseemeth the Beast questeth within his own bowels; he is the

SIR PALAMDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Beast. Standing up, that he may enjoy the reward, he findeth another answer to the riddle. Yet abideth in the quest.

xxxviii. Sir Palamede is confronted by a stranger knight, whose arms are his own, as also his features. This knight mocketh Sir Palamede for an impudent pretender, and impersonator of the chosen knight. Sir Palamede in all humility alloweth that there is no proof possible, and offereth ordeal of battle, in which the stranger is slain. Sir Palamede heweth him into the smallest dust without pity.

xxxix. In a green valley he obtaineth the vision of Pan. Thereby he regaineth all that he had expended of strength and youth; is gladdened thereat, for he now devoteth again his life to the quest; yet more utterly cast down than ever, for that this supreme vision is not the Beast.

xl. Upon the loftiest summit of a great mountain he perceiveth Naught. Even this is, however, not the Beast.

xli. Returning to Camelot to announce his failure, he maketh entrance into the King's hall, whence he started out upon the quest. The Beast cometh nestling to him. All the knights attain the quest. The voice of Christ is heard: "well done." He sayeth that each failure is a step in the Path. The poet prayeth success therein for himself and his readers.

THE HIGH HISTORY
OF GOOD
SIR PALAMEDES
THE SARACEN KNIGHT; AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF
THE QUESTING BEAST

I

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Rode by the marge of many a sea:
He had slain a thousand evil men
And set a thousand ladies free.

Armed to the teeth, the glittering knight
Galloped along the sounding shore,
His silver arms one lake of light,
Their clash one symphony of war.

How still the blue enamoured sea
Lay in the blaze of Syria's noon!
The eternal roll eternally
Beat out its monotonic tune.

Sir Palamede the Saracen

A dreadful vision here espied,
A sight abhorred of gods and men,
Between the limit of the tide.

The dead man's tongue was torn away;
The dead man's throat was slit across;
There flapped upon the putrid prey
A carrion, screaming albatross.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

So halted he his horse, and bent
To catch remembrance from the eyes
That stared to God, whose ardour sent
His radiance from the ruthless skies.

Then like a statue still he sate;
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

But the coldest horror drave the light
From knightly eyes. How pale thy bloom,
Thy blood, O brow whereon that night
Sits like a serpent on a tomb!

For Palamede those eyes beheld
The iron image of his own;
On those dead brows a fate he spelled
To strike a Gorgon into stone.

He knew his father. Still he sate,
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

The knight approves the justice done,
And pays with that his rowels' debt;
While yet the forehead of the son
Stands beaded with an icy sweat.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

God's angel, standing sinister,
Unfurls this scroll—a sable stain:
“Who wins the spur shall ply the spur
Upon his proper heart and brain.”

He gave the sign of malison
On traitor knights and perjured men;
And ever by the sea rode on
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

II

BEHOLD! Arabia's burning shore
 Rings to the hoofs of many a steed.
Lord of a legion rides to war
 The indomitable Palamede.

The Paynim fly; his troops delight
 In murder of many a myriad men,
Following exultant into fight
 Sir Palamede the Saracen.

Now when a year and day are done
 Sir Palamedes is aware
Of blue pavilions in the sun,
 And bannerets fluttering in the air.

Forward he spurs; his armour gleams;
 Then on his haunches rears the steed;
Above the lordly silk there streams
 The pennon of Sir Palamede!

Aflame, a bridegroom to his spouse,
 He rides to meet with galliard grace
Some scion of his holy house,
 Or germane to his royal race.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

But oh! the eyes of shame! Beneath
The tall pavilion's sapphire shade
There sport a band with wand and wreath,
Languorous boy and laughing maid.

And in the centre is a sight
Of hateful love and shameless shame:
A recreant Abyssianian knight
Sports grossly with a wanton dame.

How black and swinish is the knave!
His hellish grunt, his bestial grin;
Her trilling laugh, her gesture suave,
The cool sweat swimming on her skin!

She looks and laughs upon the knight,
Then turns to buss the blubber mouth,
Draining the dregs of that black blight
Of wine to ease their double drouth!

God! what a glance! Sir Palamede
Is stricken by the sword of fate:
His mother it is in very deed
That gleeful goes the goatish gait.

His mother it his, that pure and pale
Cried in the pangs that gave him birth;
The holy image he would veil
From aught the tiniest taint of earth.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

She knows him, and black fear bedim
Those eyes; she offers to his gaze
The blue-veined breasts that suckled him
In childhood's sweet and solemn days.

Weeping she bares the holy womb!
Shrieks out the mother's last appeal:
And reads irrevocable doom
In those dread eyes of ice and steel.

He winds his horn: his warriors pour
In thousands on the fenceless foe;
The sunset stains their hideous war
With crimson bars of after-glow.

He winds his horn; the night-stars leap
To light; upspring the sisters seven;
While answering flames illumine the deep,
The blue pavilions blaze to heaven.

Silent and stern the northward way
They ride; alone before his men
Staggers through black to rose and grey
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

III

THERE is a rock by Severn mouth
Whereon a mighty castle stands,
Fronting the blue impassive South
And looking over lordly lands.

Oh! high above the envious sea
This fortress dominates the tides;
There, ill at heart, the chivalry
Of strong Sir Palamede abides.

Now comes irruption from the fold
That live by murder: day by day
The good knight strikes his deadly stroke;
The vultures claw the attended prey.

But day by day the heathen hordes.
Gather from dreadful lands afar,
A myriad myriad bows and swords,
As clouds that blot the morning star.

Soon by an arrow from the sea
The Lady of Palamede is slain;
His son, in sally fighting free,
Is struck through burgonet and brain.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

But day by day the foes increase,
 Though day by day their thousands fall:
Laughs the unshaken fortalice;
 The good knights laugh no more at all.

Grimmer than heather hordes can scowl,
 The spectre hunger rages there;
He passes like a midnight owl,
 Hooting his heraldry, despair.

The knights and squires of Palamede
 Stalk pale and lean through court and hall;
Though sharp and swift the archers speed
 Their yardlong arrows from the wall.

Their numbers thin; their strength decays;
 Their fate is written plain to read:
These are the dread deciduous days
 Of iron-souled Sir Palamede.

He hears the horrid laugh that rings
 From camp to camp at night; he hears
The cruel mouths of murderous kings
 Laugh out one menace that he fears.

No sooner shall the heroes die
 Than, ere their flesh begin to rot,
The heathen turns his raving eye
 To Caerlon and Camelot.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

King Arthur in ignoble sloth
Is sunk, and dalliance with his dame,
Forgetful of his knightly oath,
And careless of his kingly name.

Befooled and cuckolded, the king
Is yet the king, the king most high;
And on his life the hinges swing
That close the door of chivalry.

'Sblood! shall it sink, and rise no more,
That blaze of time, when men were men?
That is thy question, warrior
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

IV

NOW, with two score of men in life
And one fair babe, Sir Palamede
Resolves one last heroic strife,
Attempts forlorn a desperate deed.

At dead of night, a moonless night,
A night of winter storm, they sail
In dancing dragons to the fight
With man and sea, with ghoul and gale.

Whom God shall spare, ride, ride! (so springs
The iron order). Let him fly
On honour's steed with honour's wings
To warn the king, lest honour die!

Then to the fury of the blast
Their fury adds a dreadful sting:
The fatal die is surely cast.
To save the king—to save the king!

Hail! horror of the midnight surge!
The storms of death, the lashing gust,
The doubtful gleam of swords that urge
Hot laughter with high-leaping lust!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Though one by one the heroes fall,
 Their desperate way they slowly win,
And knightly cry and comrade-call
 Rise high above the savage din.

Now, now they land, a dwindling crew;
 Now, now fresh armies hem them round.
They cleave their blood-bought avenue,
 And cluster on the upper ground.

Ah! but dawn's dreadful front uprears!
 The tall towers blaze, to illumine the fight;
While many a myriad heathen spears
 March northward at the earliest light.

Falls thy last comrade at thy feet,
 O lordly-souled Sir Palamede?
Tearing the savage from his seat,
 He leaps upon a coal-black steed.

He gallops raging through the press:
 The affrighted heathen fear his eye.
There madness gleams, there masterless
 The whirling sword shrieks shrill and high.

They shrink, he gallops. Closely clings
 The child slung at his waist; and he
Heeds nought, but gallops wide, and sings
 Wild war-songs, chants of gramarye!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Rides like a centaur mad with war;
He sabres many a million men,
And tramples many a million more!

Before him lies the untravelled land
Where never a human soul is known,
A desert by a wizard banned,
A soulless wilderness of stone.

Nor grass, nor corn, delight the vales;
Nor beast, nor bird, span space. Immense,
Black rain, grey mist, white wrath of gales,
Fill the dread armoury of sense.

Nor shines the sun; nor moon, nor star
Their subtle light at all display;
Nor day, nor night, dispute the scaur:
All's one intolerable grey.

Black llyns, grey rocks, white hills of snow!
No flower, no colour: life is not.
This is no way for men to go
From Severn-mouth to Camelot.

Despair, the world upon his speed,
Drive (like a lion from his den
Whom hunger hunts) the man at need,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

V

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath cast his sword and arms aside.
To save the world of goodly men,
He sets his teeth to ride—to ride!

Three days: the black horse drops and dies.
The trappings furnish them a fire,
The beast a meal. With dreadful eyes
Stare into death the child, the sire.

Six days: the gaunt and gallant knight
Sees hateful visions in the day.
Where are the antient speed and might
Were wont to animate that clay?

Nine days; they stumble on; no more
His strength avails to bear the child.
Still hangs the mist, and still before
Yawns the immeasurable wild.

Twelve days: the end. Afar he spies
The mountains stooping to the plain;
A little splash of sunlight lies
Beyond the everlasting rain.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

His strength is done; he cannot stir.
The child complains—how feebly now!
His eyes are blank; he looks at her;
The cold sweat gathers on his brow.

To save the world—three days away!
His life in knighthood's life is furled,
And knighthood's life in his—to-day!—
His darling staked against the world!

Will he die there, his task undone?
Or dare he live, at such a cost?
He cries against the impassive sun:
The world is dim, is all but lost.

When, with the bitterness of death
Cutting his soul, his fingers clench
The piteous passage of her breath.
The dews of horror rise and drench

Sir Palamede the Saracen.
Then, rising from the hideous meal,
He plunges to the land of men
With nerves renewed and limbs of steel.

Who is the naked man that rides
Yon tameless stallion on the plain,
His face like Hell's? What fury guides
The maniac beast without a rein?

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Who is the naked man that spurs
A charger into Camelot,
His face like Christ's? what glory stirs
The air around him, do ye wot?

Sir Arthur arms him, makes array
Of seven times ten thousand men,
And bids them follow and obey
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

VI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

The earth from murder hath released,
Is hidden from the eyes of men.

Sir Arthur sits again at feast.

The holy order burns with zeal:
Its fame revives from west to east.

Now, following Fortune's whirling-wheel,

There comes a dwarf to Arthur's hall,
All cased in damnascen d steel.

A sceptre and a golden ball

He bears, and on his head a crown;
But on his shoulders drapes a pall

Of velvet flowing sably down

Above his vest of cramoisie.
Now doth the king of high renown

Demand him of his dignity.

Whereat the dwarf begins to tell
A quest of loftiest chivalry.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Quod he: “By Goddes holy spell,
So high a venture was not known,
Nor so divine a miracle.

A certain beast there runs alone,
That ever in his belly sounds
A hugeous cry, a monster moan,

As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested with him. Now God saith
(I swear it by His holy wounds

And by His lamentable death,
And by His holy Mother’s face!)
That he shall know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace
Who shall achieve this marvel quest.”
Then Arthur sterte up from his place,

And sterte up boldly all the rest,
And sware to seek this goodly thing.
But now the dwarf doth beat his breast,

And speak on this wise to the king,
That he should worthy knight be found
Who with his hands the dwarf should bring

By might one span from off the ground.
Whereat they jeer, the dwarf so small,
The knights so strong: the walls resound

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

With laughter rattling round the hall.

But Arthur first essays the deed,
And may not budge the dwarf at all.

Then Lancelot sware by Goddes reed,
And pulled so strong his muscel burst,
His nose and mouth brake out a-bleed;

Nor moved he thus the dwarf. From first
To last the envious knights essayed,
And all their malice had the worst,

Till strong Sir Bors his prowess played—
And all his might availèd nought.
Now once Sir Bors had been betrayed

To Paynim; him in traitrise caught,
They bound to four strong stallion steers,
To tear asunder, as they thought,

The paladin of Arthur's peers.
But he, a-bending, breaks the spine
Of three, and on the fourth he rears

His bulk, and rides away. Divine
The wonder when the giant fails
To stir the fatuous dwarf, malign

Who smiles! But Bors on Arthur rails
That never a knight is worth but one.
“By Goddes death” (quod he), “what ails

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Us marsh-lights to forget the sun?

There is one man of mortal men
Worthy to win this benison,

Sir Palamede the Saracen.”

Then went the applauding murmur round:
Sir Lancelot girt him there and then

To ride to that enchanted ground

Where amid timeless snows the den
Of Palamedes might be found.

VII

BEHOLD Sir Lancelot of the Lake
Breasting the stony scree: behold
How breath must fail and muscle ache

Before he reach the icy fold
That Palamede the Saracen
Within its hermitage may hold.

At last he cometh to a den
Perched high upon the savage scaur,
Remote from every haunt of men,

From every haunt of life afar.
There doth he find Sit Palamede
Sitting as steadfast as a star.

Scarcely he knew the knight indeed,
For he was compassed in a beard
White as the streams of snow that feed

The lake of Gods and men revered
That sitteth upon Caucasus.
So muttered he a darkling weird,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

And smote his bosom murderous.

His nails like eagles' claws were grown;
His eyes were wild and dull; but thus

Sir Lancelot spake: "Thy deeds atone
By knightly devoir!" He returned
That "While the land was overgrown

With giant, fiend, and ogre burned
My sword; but now the Paynim bars
Are broke, and men to virtue turned:

Therefore I sit upon the scars
Amid my beard, even as the sun
Sits in the company of the stars!"

Then Lancelot bade this deed be done,
The achievement of the Questing Beast.
Which when he spoke that holy one

Rose up, and gat him to the east
With Lancelot; when as they drew
Unto the palace and the feast

He put his littlest finger to
The dwarf, who rose to upper air,
Piercing the far eternal blue

Beyond the reach of song or prayer.
Then did Sir Palamede amend
His nakedness, his horrent hair,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

His nails, and made his penance end,
Clothing himself in steel and gold,
Arming himself, his life to spend

In vigil cold and wandering bold,
Disdaining song and dalliance soft,
Seeking one purpose to behold,

And holding ever that aloft,
Nor fearing God, nor heeding men.
So thus his hermit habit doffed
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

VIII

KNOW ye where Druid dolmens rise
In Wessex on the widow plain?
Thither Sir Palamedes plies

The spur, and shakes the rattling rein.
He questions all men of the Beast.
None answer. Is the quest in vain?

With oaken crown there comes a priest
In samite robes, with hazel wand,
And worships at the gilded East.

Ay! thither ride! The dawn beyond
Must run the quarry of his quest.
He rode as he were wood or fond,

Until at night behoves him rest.
—He saw the gilding far behind
Out on the hills toward the West!

With aimless fury hot and blind
He flung him on a Viking ship.
He slew the rover, and inclined

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The seamen to his stinging whip.
Accurs'd of God, despising men,
Thy reckless oars in ocean dip,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

IX

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Sailed ever with a favouring wind
Unto the smooth and swarthy men

That haunt the evil shore of Hind:

He queried eager of the quest.
“Ay! Ay!” their cunning sages grinned:

“It shines! It shines! Guess thou the rest!
For naught but this our Rishis know.”
Sir Palamede his way addressed

Unto the woods: they blaze and glow;
His lance stabs many a shining blade,
His sword lays many a flower low

That glittering gladdened in the glade.
He wrote himself a wanton ass,
And to the sea his traces laid,

Where many a wavelet on the glass
His prowess knows. But deep and deep
His futile feet in fury pass,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Until one billow curls to leap,
And flings him breathless on the shore
Half drowned. O fool! his God's asleep,

His armour in illusion's war
Itself illusion, all his might
And courage vain. Yet ardours pour

Through every artery. The knight
Scales the Himalaya's frozen sides,
Crowned with illimitable light,

And there in constant war abides,
Smiting the spangles of the snow;
Smiting until the vernal tides

Of earth leap high; the steady flow
Of sunlight splits the icy walls:
They slide, they hurl the knight below.

Sir Palamede the mighty falls
Into an hollow where there dwelt
A bearded crew of monachals

Asleep in various visions spelt
By mystic symbols unto men.
But when a foreigner they smelt

They drive him from their holy den,
And with their glittering eyeballs pelt
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

X

Now findeth he, as all alone
 He moves about the burning East,
The mighty trail of some unknown,
 But surely some majestic beast.

So followeth he the forest ways,
 Remembering his knightly oath,
And through the hot and dripping days
 Ploughs through the tangled undergrowth.

Sir Palamede the Saracen
 Came on a forest pool at length,
Remote from any mart of men,
 Where there disported in his strength

The lone and lordly elephant.
 Sir Palamede his forehead beat.
“O amorous! O militant!
 O lord of this arboreal seat!”

Thus worshipped he, and stalking stole
 Into the presence: he emerged.
The scent awakes the uneasy soul
 Of that Majestic One: upsurged

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The monster from the oozy bed,
 And bounded through the crashing glades.
—But now a staring savage head
 Lurks at him through the forest shades.

This was a naked Indian,
 Who led within the city gate
The fooled and disappointed man,
 Already broken by his fate.

Here were the brazen towers, and here
 The sculptured rocks, the marble shrine
Where to a tall black stone they rear
 The altars due to the divine.

The God they deem in sensual joy
 Absorbed, and silken dalliance:
To please his leisure hours a boy
 Compels an elephant to dance.

So majesty to ridicule
 Is turned. To other climes and men
Makes off that strong, persistent fool
 Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hied him to an holy man,
Sith he alone of mortal men

Can help him, if a mortal can.
(So tell him all the Scythian folk.)
Wherefore he makes a caravan,

And finds him. When his prayers invoke
The holy knowledge, saith the sage:
“This Beast is he of whom there spoke

The prophets of the Golden Age:
‘Mark! all that mind is, he is not.’ ”
Sir Palamede in bitter rage

Sterne up: “Is this the fool, ’Od wot,
To see the like of whom I came
From castellated Camelot?”

The sage with eyes of burning flame
Cried: “Is it not a miracle?
Ay! for with folly travelleth shame,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

And thereto at the end is Hell
Believe! And why believe? Because
It is a thing impossible.”

Sir Palamede his pulses pause.
“It is not possible” (quod he)
“That Palamede is wroth, and draws

His sword, decapitating thee.
By parity of argument
This deed of blood must surely be.”

With that he suddenly besprent
All Scythia with the sage’s blood,
And laughting in his woe he went

Unto a further field and flood,
Aye guided by that wizard’s head,
That like a windy moon did scud

Before him, winking eyes of red
And snapping jaws of white: but then
What cared for living or for dead
Sir Palamede the Saracen?

XII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Follows the Head to gloomy halls
Of sterile hate, with icy walls.
A woman clucking like a hen
Answers his lordly bugle-calls.

She rees him in ungainly rede
Of ghosts and virgins, doves and wombs,
Of roods and prophecies and tombs—
Old pagan fables run to seed!
Sir Palamede with fury fumes.

So doth the Head that jabbers fast
Against that woman's tangled tale.
(God's patience at the end must fail!)
Out sweeps the sword—the blade hath passed
Through all her scraggy farthingale.

“This chatter lends to Thought a zest”
(Quod he), “but I am all for Act.
Sit here, until your Talk hath cracked
The addled egg in Nature's nest!”
With that he fled the dismal tract.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

He was so sick and ill at ease
And hot against his fellow men,
He thought to end his purpose then—
Nay! let him seek new lands and seas,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XIII

SIR PALAMEDE is come anon
 Into a blue delicious bay.
A mountain towers thereupon,
Wherein some fiend of ages gone

Is whelmed by God, yet from his breast
 Spits up the flame, and ashes grey.
Hereby Sir Palamede his quest
Pursues withouten let or rest.

Seeing the evil mountain be,
 Remembering all his evil years,
He knows the Questing Beast runs free—
Author of Evil, then, is he!

Whereat immediate resounds
 The noise he hath sought so long: appears
There quest a thirty couple hounds
Within its belly as it bounds.

Lifting his eyes, he sees at last
 The beast he seeks: 'tis like an hart.
Ever it courseth far and fast.
Sir Palamede is sore aghast,

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

But plucking up his will, doth launch
 A mighty poison-dippèd dart:
It fareth ever sure and staunch,
And smiteth him upon the haunch.

Then as Sir Palamede overhauls
 The stricken quarry, slack it droops,
Staggers, and final down it falls.
Triumph! Gape wide, ye golden walls!

Lift up your everlasting doors,
 O gates of Camelot! See, he swoops
Down on the prey! The life-blood pours:
The poison works: the breath implores

Its livelong debt from heart and brain.
 Alas! poor stag, thy day is done!
The gallant lungs gasp loud in vain:
Thy life is spilt upon the plain.

Sir Palamede is stricken numb
 As one who, gazing on the sun,
Sees blackness gather. Blank and dumb,
The good knight sees a thin breath come

Out of his proper mouth, and dart
 Over the plain: he seeth it
Sure by some black magician art
Shape ever closer like an hart:

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

While such a questing there resounds
 As God had loosed the very Pit,
Or as a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

Full sick at heart, I ween, was then
 The loyal knight, the weak of wit,
The butt of lewd and puny men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XIV

NORTHWARD the good knight gallops fast,
 Resolved to seek his foe at home,
When rose that Vision of the past,
 The royal battlements of Rome,
 A ruined city, and a dome.

There in the broken Forum sat
A red-robed robber in a Hat.
 “Whither away, Sir Knight, so fey?”
“Priest, for the dove on Ararat
 I could not, nor I will not, stay!”

“I know thy quest. Seek on in vain
 A golden hart with silver horns!
Life springeth out of divers pains.
 What crown the King of Kings adorns?
 A crown of gems? A crown of thorns!”

The Questing Beast is like a king
In face, and hath a pigeon’s wing
 And claw; its body is one fleece
Of bloody white, a lamb’s in spring.
 Enough. Sir Knight, I give thee peace.”

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The knight spurs on, and soon espies
A monster coursing on the plain.
He hears the horrid questing rise
And thunder in his weary brain.
This time, to slay it or be slain!

Too easy task! The charger gains
Stride after stride with little pains
Upon the lumbering, flapping thing.
He stabs the lamb, and splits the brains
Of that majestic-seeming king.

He clips the wing and pares the claw—
What turns to laughter all his joy,
To wondering ribaldry his awe?
The beast's a mere mechanic toy,
Fit to amuse an idle boy!

XV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath come to an umbrageous land
Where nymphs abide, and Pagan men.

The Gods are nigh, say they, at hand.
How warm a throb from Venus stirs
The pulses of her worshippers!

Nor shall the Tuscan God be found

Reluctant from the altar-stone:
His perfume shall delight the ground,
His presence to his hold be known
In darkling grove and glimmering shrine—
O ply the kiss and pour the wine!

Sir Palamede is fairly come

Into a place of glowing bowers,
Where all the Voice of Time is dumb:
Before an altar crowned with flowers
He seeth a satyr fondly dote
And languish on a swan-soft goat.

Then he in mid-caress desires

The ear of strong Sir Palamede.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

“We burn,” quoth he, “no futile fires,
Nor play upon an idle reed,
Nor penance vain, nor fatuous prayers—
The Gods are ours, and we are theirs.”

Sir Palamedes plucks the pipe
The satyr tends, and blows a trill
So soft and warm, so red and ripe,
That echo answers from the hill
In eager and voluptuous strain,
While grows upon the sounding plain

A gallop, and a questing turned
To one profound melodious bay.
Sir Palamede with pleasure burned,
And bowed him to the idol grey
That on the altar sneered and leered
With loose red lips behind his beard.

Sir Palamedes and the Beast
Are woven in a web of gold
Until the gilding of the East
Burns on the wanton-smiling wold:
And still Sir Palamede believed
His holy quest to be achieved!

But now the dawn from glowing gates
Floods all the land: with snarling lip
The Beast stands off and cachinnates.
That stings the good knight like a whip,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

As suddenly Hell's own disgust
Eats up the joy he had of lust.

The brutal glee his folly took
For holy joy breaks down his brain.
Off bolts the Beast: the earth is shook
As out a questing roars again,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

The peasants gather to deride
The knight: creation joins in mirth.
Ashamed and scorned on every side,
There gallops, hateful to the earth,
The laughing-stock of beasts and men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XVI

WHERE shafts of moonlight splash the vale,
Beside a stream there sits and strains
Sir Palamede, with passion pale,

And haggard from his broken brains.
Yet eagerly he watches still
A mossy mound where dainty grains

Of gilded corn their beauty spill
To tempt the quarry to the range
Of Palamede his archer skill.

All night he sits, with ardour strange
And hope new-fledged. A gambler born
Aye thinks the luck one day must change,

Though sense and skill he laughs to scorn.
So now there rush a thousand rats
In sable silence on the corn.

They sport their square or shovel hats,
A squeaking, tooth-bare brotherhood,
Innumerable as summer gnats

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Buzzing some streamlet through a wood.

Sir Palamede grows mighty wroth,
And mutters maledictions rude,

Seeing his quarry far and loth

And thieves despoiling all the bait.
Now, careless of the knightly oath,

The sun pours down his eastern gate.

The chase is over: see ye then,
Coursing afar, afoam at fate
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XVII

SIR PALAMEDE hath told the tale
Of this misfortune to a sage,
How all his ventures nought avail,

And all his hopes dissolve in rage.
“Now by thine holy beard,” quoth he,
“And by thy venerable age

I charge thee this my riddle see.”
Then said that gentle eremite:
“This task is easy unto me!

Know then the Questing Beast aright!
One is the Beast, the Questing one:
And one with one is two, Sir Knight!

Yet these are one in two, and none
Disjoins their substance (mark me well!),
Confounds their persons. Rightly run

Their attributes: immeasurable,
Incomprehensibundable,
Unspeakable, inaudible,

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

Intangible, ingustable,
 Insensitive to human smell,
Invariable, implacable,

Invincible, insciable,
 Irrationapsychicable,
Inequilegijurable,

Immamemimomummable.
 Such is its nature: without parts,
Places, or persons, plumes, or pell,

Having nor lungs nor lights nor hearts,
 But two in one and one in two.
Be he accursèd that disparts

Them now, or seemeth so to do!
 Him will I pile the curses on;
Him will I hand, or saw him through,

Or burn with fire, who doubts upon
 This doctrine, hotototon spells
The holy word otototon.”

The poor Sir Palamedes quells
 His rising spleen; he doubts his ears.
“How may I catch the Beast?” he yells.

The smiling sage rebukes his fears:
 “ ’Tis easier than all, Sir Knight!
By simple faith the Beast appears.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

By simple faith, not heathen might,
Catch him, and thus achieve the quest!"
Then quoth that melancholy wight:

"I will believe!" The hermit blessed
His convert: on the horizon
Appears the Beast. "To thee the rest!"

He cries, to urge the good knight on.
But no! Sir Palamedes grips
The hermit by the woebegone

Beard of him; then away he rips,
Wood as a maniac, to the West,
Where down the sun in splendour slips,

And where the quarry of the quest
Canters. They run like hippogriffs!
Like men pursued, or swine possessed,

Over the dizzy Cretan cliffs
They smash. And lo! it comes to pass
He sees in no dim hieroglyphs,

In knowledge easy to amass,
This hermit (while he drew his breath)
Once dead is like a mangy ass.

Bruised, broken, but not bound to death,
He calls some passing fishermen
To bear him. Presently he saith:

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

“Bear me to some remotest den
 To Heal me of my ills immense;
 For now hath neither might nor sense
Sir Palamede the Saracen.”

XVIII

SIR PALAMEDES for a space
 Deliberates on his rustic bed.
“I lack the quarry’s awful pace”

(Quod he); “my limbs are slack as lead.”
 So, as he gets his strength, he seeks
The castles where the pennons red

Of dawn illumine their dreadful peaks.
 There dragons stretch their horrid coils
Adown the winding clefts and creeks:

From hideous mouths their venom boils.
 But Palamede their fury ’scapes,
Their malice by his valour foils,

Climbing aloft by bays and capes
 Of rock and ice, encounters oft
The loathly sprites, the misty shapes

Of monster brutes that lurk aloft.
 O! well he works: his youth returns
His heart revives: despair is doffed

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

And eager hope in brilliance burns
 Within the circle of his brows
As fast he flies, the snow he spurns.

Ah! what a youth and strength he vows
 To the achievement of the quest!
And now the horrid height allows

His mastery: day by day from crest
 To crest he hastens: faster fly
His feet: his body knows not rest,

Until with magic speed they ply
 Like oars the snowy waves, surpass
In one day's march the galaxy

Of Europe's starry mountain mass.
 "Now," quoth he, "let me find the quest!"
The Beast sterte up. Sir Knight, Alas!

Day after day they race, nor rest
 Till seven days were fairly done.
Then doth the Questing Marvel crest

The ridge: the knight is well outrun.
 Now, adding laughter to its din,
Like some lewd comet at the sun,

Around the panting paladin
 It runs with all its splendid speed.
Yet, knowing that he may not win,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

He strains and strives in very deed,
So that at last a boulder trips
The hero, that he bursts a-bleed,

And sanguine from his bearded lips
The torrent of his being breaks.
The Beast is gone: the hero slips

Down to the valley: he forsakes
The fond idea (every bone
In all his body burns and aches)

By speed to attain the dear Unknown,
By force to achieve the great Beyond.
Yet from that brain may spring full-grown
Another folly just as fond.

XIX

THE knight hath found a naked girl
 Among the dunes of Breton sand.
She spinneth in a mystic whirl,

And hath a bagpipe in her hand,
 Wherefrom she draweth dismal groans
The while her maddening saraband

She plies, and with discordant tones
 Desires a certain devil-grace.
She gathers wreckage-wood, and bones

Of seamen, jetsam of the place,
 And builds therewith a fire, wherein
She dances, bounding into space

Like an inflated ass's skin.
 She raves, and reels, and yells, and whirls
So that the tears of toil begin

To dew her breasts with ardent pearls.
 Nor doth she mitigate her dance,
The bagpipe ever louder skirls,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Until the shapes of death advance
And gather round her, shrieking loud
And wailing o'er the wide expanse

Of sand, the gibbering, mewling crowd.
Like cats, and apes, they gather close,
Till, like the horror of a cloud

Wrapping the flaming sun with rose,
They hide her from the hero's sight.
Then doth he must thereat morose,

When in one wild cascade of light
The pageant breaks, and thunder roars:
Down flaps the loathly wing of night.

He sees the lonely Breton shores
Lapped in the levin: then his eyes
See how she shrieking soars and soars

Into the starless, stormy skies.
Well! well! this lesson will he learn,
How music's mellowing artifice

May bid the breast of nature burn
And call the gods from star and shrine.
So now his sounding courses turn

To find an instrument divine
Whereon he may pursue his quest.
How glitter green his gleeful eyne

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

When, where the mice and lice infest
A filthy hovel, lies a wench
Bearing a baby at her breast,

Drunk and debauched, one solid stench,
But carrying a silver lute.
'Boardeth her, nor doth baulk nor blench,

And long abideth brute by brute
Amid the unsavoury denzens,
Until his melodies uproot

The oaks, lure lions from their dens,
Turn rivers back, and still the spleen
Of serpents and of Saracens.

Thus then equipped, he quits the quean,
And in a city fair and wide
Calls up with music wild and keen

The Questing Marvel to his side.
Then do the sportful city folk
About his lonely stance abide:

Making their holiday, they joke
The melancholy ass: they throw
Their clattering coppers in his poke.

So day and night they come and go,
But never comes the Questing Beast,
Nor doth that laughing people know

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

How agony's unleavening yeast
 Stirs Palamede. Anon they tire,
And follow an Egyptian priest

Who boasts him master of the fire
 To draw down lightning, and invoke
The gods upon a sandal pyre,

And bring up devils in the smoke.
 Sir Palamede is all alone,
Wrapped in his misery like a cloak,

Despairing now to charm the Unknown.
 So arms and horse he takes again.
Sir Palamede hath overthrown

The jesters. Now the country men,
 Stupidly staring, see at noon
Sir Palamede the Saracen

A-riding like an harvest moon
 In silver arms, with glittering lance,
With plumèd helm, and wingèd shoon,
 Athwart the admiring land of France.

XX

SIR PALAMEDE hath reasoned out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
 That this his Questing Beast is one;
For were it Beasts, he must suppose
An earlier Beast to father those.
 So all the tracks of herds that run

Into the forest he discards,
And only turns his dark regards
 On single prints, on marks unique.
Sir Palamede doth now attain
Unto a wide and grassy plain,
 Whereon he spies the thing to seek.

Thereat he putteth spur to horse
And runneth him a random course,
 The Beast a-questing aye before.
But praise to good Sir Palamede!
'Hath gotten him a fairy steed
 Alike for venery and for war,

So that in little drawing near
The quarry, lifteth up his spear
 To run him of his malice through.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

With that the Beast hopes no escape,
Dissolveth all his lordly shape,
 Splitteth him sudden into two.

Sir Palamede in fury runs
Unto the nearer beast, that shuns
 The shock, and splits, and splits again,
Until the baffled warrior sees
A myriad myriad swarms of these
 A-questing over all the plain.

The good knight reins his charger in.
“Now, by the faith of Paladin!
 The subtle quest at last I hen.”
Rides off the Camelot to plight
The faith of many a noble knight,
 Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XXI

Now doth Sir Palamede advance
The lord of many a sword and lance.

In merrie England's summer sun
Their shields and arms a-glittering glance

And laugh upon the mossy mead.
Now winds the horn of Palamede,
As far upon the horizon
He spies the Questing Beast a-feed.

With loyal craft and honest guile
They spread their ranks for many a mile.
For when the Beast hath heard the horn
He practiseth his ancient wile,

And many a myriad beasts invade
The stillness of that arméd glade.
Now every knight to rest hath borne
His lance, and given the accolade,

And run upon a beast: but they
Slip from the fatal point away
And course about, confusing all
That gallant concourse all the day,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Leading them ever to a vale
With hugeous cry and monster wail.
 Then suddenly their voices fall,
And in the park's resounding pale

Only the clamour of the chase
Is heard: oh! to the centre race
 The unsuspecting knights: but he
The Questing Beast his former face

Of unity resumes: the course
Of warriors shocks with man and horse.
 In mutual madness swift to see
They shatter with unbridled force

One on another: down they go
Swift in stupendous overthrow.
 Out sword! out lance! Curiass and helm
Splinter beneath the knightly blow.

They storm, they charge, they hack and hew,
They rush and wheel the press athrough.
 The weight, the murder, over whelm
One, two, and all. Nor silence knew

His empire till Sir Palamede
(The last) upon his fairy steed
 Struck down his brother; then at once
Fell silence on the bloody mead,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Until the questing rose again.
For there, on that ensanguine plain
 Standeth a-laughing at the dunce
The single Beast they had not slain.

There, with his friends and followers dead,
His brother smitten through the head,
 Himself sore wounded in the thigh,
Weepeth upon the deed of dread,

Alone among his murdered men,
The champion fool, as fools were then,
 Utterly broken, like to die,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XXII

SIR PALAMEDE his wits doth rally,
Nursing his wound beside a lake
Within an admirable valley,

Whose walls their thirst on heaven slake,
And in the moonlight mystical
Their countless spears of silver shake.

Thus reasons he: “In each and all
Fyttes of this quest the quarry’s track
Is wondrous geometrical.

In spire and whorl twists out and back
The hart with fair symmetric line.
And lo! the grain of wit I lack—

This Beast is Master of Design.
So studying each twisted print
In this mirific mind of mine,

My heart may happen on a hint.”
Thus as the seeker after gold
Eagerly chases grain or glint,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The knight at last wins to behold
 The full conception. Breathless-blue
The fair lake's mirror crystal-cold

Wherein he gazes, keen to view
 The vast Design therein, to chase
The Beast to his last avenue.

Then—O thou gosling scant of grace!
 The dream breaks, and Sir Palamede
Wakes to the glass of his fool's face!

“Ah, 'sdeath!” (quod he), “by thought and deed
 This brute for ever mocketh me.
The lance is made a broken reed,

The brain is but a barren tree—
 For all the beautiful Design
Is but mine own geometry!”

With that his wrath brake out like wine.
 He plunged his body in, and shattered
The whole delusion asinine.

All the false water-nymphs that flattered
 He killed with his resounding curse—
O fool of God! as if it mattered!

So, nothing better, rather worse,
 Out of the blue bliss of the pool
Came dripping that inveterate fool!

XXIII

NOW still he holdeth argument:

“So grand a Beast must house him well;
Hence, now beseemeth me frequent
Cathedral, palace, citadel.”

So, riding fast among the flowers
Far off, a Gothic spire he spies,
That like a gladiator towers
Its spear-sharp splendour to the skies.

The people cluster round, acclaim:
“Sir Knight, good knight, thy quest is won.
Here dwells the Beast in orient flame,
Spring-sweet, and swifter than the sun!”

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Spurs to the shrine, afire to win
The end; and all the urgent men
Throng with him eloquently in.

Sir Palamede his vizor drops;
He lays his loyal lance in rest;
He drives the rowels home—he stops!
Faugh! but a black-mouthed money-chest!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

He turns—the friendly folk are gone,
Gone with his sumpter-mules and train
Beyond the infinite horizon
Of all he hopes to see again!

His brain befooled, his pocket picked—
How the Beast cachinnated then,
Far from that doleful derelict
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXIV

“ONE thing at least” (quoth Palamede),
“Beyond dispute my soul can see:
This Questing Beast that mocks my need
Dwelleth in deep obscurity.”

So delveth he a darksome hole
Within the bowels of Etna dense,
Closing the harbour of his soul
To all the pirate-ships of sense.

And now the questing of the Beast
Rolls in his very self, and high
Leaps his whole heart in fiery feast
On the expected ecstasy.

But echoing from the central roar
Reverberates many a mournful moan,
And shapes more mystic than before
Baffle its formless monotone!

Ah! mocks him many a myriad vision,
Warring within him masterless,
Turning devotion to derision,
Beatitude to beastliness.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

They swarm, they grow, they multiply;
The Strong knight's brain goes all a-swim,
Paced by that maddening minstrelsy,
Those dog-like demons hunting him.

The last bar breaks; the steel will snaps;
The black hordes riot in his brain;
A thousand threatening thunder-claps
Smite him—insane—insane—insane!

His muscles roar with senseless rage;
The pale knight staggers, deathly sick;
Reels to the light that sorry sage,
Sir Palamede the Lunatick.

XXV

A SAVAGE sea without a sail,
Grey gulphs and green a-glittering,
Rare snow that floats—a vestal veil
Upon the forehead of the spring.

Here in a plunging galleon
Sir Palamede, a listless drone,
Drifts desperately on—and on—
And on—with heart and eyes of stone.

The deep-scarred brain of him is healed
With wind and sea and star and sun,
The assoiling grace that God revealed
For gree and bounteous benison.

Ah! still he trusts the recreant brain,
Thrown in a thousand tourney-justs;
Still he raves on in reason-strain
With senseless “oughts” and fatuous “musts.”

“All the delusions” (argueth
The ass), “all uproars, surely rise
From that curst Me whose name is Death,
Whereas the Questing beast belies

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The Me with Thou; then swift the quest
To slay the Me should hook the Thou.”
With that he crossed him, brow and breast,
And flung his body from the prow.

An end? Alas! on silver sand
Open his eyes; the surf-rings roar.
What snorts there, swimming from the land?
The Beast that brought him to the shore!

“O Beast!” quoth purple Palamede,
“A monster strange as Thou am I.
I could not live before, indeed;
And not I cannot even die!

Who chose me, of the Table Round
By miracle acclaimed the chief?
Here, waterlogged and muscle-bound,
Marooned upon a coral reef!”

XXVI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath gotten him a swift canoe,
Paddled by stalwart South Sea men.

They cleave the oily breasts of blue,
Straining toward the westering disk
Of the tall sun; they battle through

Those weary days; the wind is brisk;
The stars are clear; the moon is high.
Now, even as a white basilisk

That slayeth all men with his eye,
Stands up before them tapering
The cone of speechless sanctity.

Up, up its slopes the pilgrims swing,
Chanting their pagan gramarye
Unto the dread volcano-king.

“Now, then, by Goddes reed!” quod he,
“Behold the secret of my quest
In this far-famed stability!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

For all these Paynim knights may rest
 In the black bliss they struggle to.”
But from the earth’s full-flowered breast

Brake the blind roar of earthquake through,
 Tearing the belly of its mother,
Engulphing all that heathen crew,

That cried and cursed on one another.
 Aghast he standeth, Palamede!
For twinned with Earthquake laughs her brother

The Questing Beast. As Goddess reed
 Sweats blood for sin, so now the heart
Of the good knight begins to bleed.

Of all the ruinous shafts that dart
 Within his liver, this hath plied
The most intolerable smart.

“By Goddess wounds!” the good knight cried,
 “What is this quest, grown daily dafter,
Where nothing—nothing—may abide?

Westward!” They fly, but rolling after
 Echoes the Beast’s unsatisfied
And inextinguishable laughter!

XXVII

SIR PALAMEDE goes aching on
 (Pox of despair's dread interdict!)
Aye to the western horizon,

Still meditating, sharp and strict,
 Upon the changes of the earth,
Its towers and temples derelict,

The ready ruin of its mirth,
 The flowers, the fruits, the leaves that fall,
The joy of life, its growing girth—

And nothing as the end of all.
 Yea, even as the Yang-tze rolled
Its rapids past him, so the wall

Of things brake down; his eyes behold
 The mighty Beast serenely couched
Upon its breast of burnished gold.

“Ah! by Christ's blood!” (his soul avouched),
 “Nothing but change (but change!) abides.
Death lurks, a leopard curled and crouched,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

In all the seasons and the tides.

But ah! the more it changed and changed"—
(The good knight laughed to split his sides!)

“What? Is the soul of things deranged?

The more it changed, and rippled through
Its changes, and still changed, and changed,

The liker to itself it grew.

“Bear me,” he cried, “to purge my bile
To the old land of Hormakhu,

That I may sit and curse awhile

At all these follies fond that pen
My quest about—on, on to Nile!

Tread tenderly, my merry men!

For nothing is so void and vile
As Palamede the Saracen.”

XXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath clad him in a sable robe;
Hath curses, writ by holy men
From all the gardens of the globe.

He standeth at an altar-stone;
The blood drips from the slain babe's throat;
His chant rolls in a magick moan;
His head bows to the crownèd goat.

His wand makes curves and spires in air;
The smoke of incense curls and quivers;
His eyes fix in a glass-cold stare:
The land of Egypt rocks and shivers!

“Lo! by thy Gods, O God, I vow
To burn the authentic bones and blood
Of curst Osiris even now
To the dark Nile's upsurging flood!

I cast thee down, oh crowned and throned!
To black Ameniti's void profane.
Until mine anger be atoned
Thou shalt not ever rise again.”

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

With firm red lips and square black beard,
Osiris in his strength appeared.

He made the sign that saveth men
On Palamede the Saracen.

'Hath hushed his conjuration grim:
The curse comes back to sleep with him.

'Hath fallen himself to that profane
Whence none might ever rise again.

Dread torture racks him; all his bones
Get voice to utter forth his groans.

The very poison of his blood
Joins in that cry's soul-shaking flood.

For many a chiliad counted well
His soul stayed in its proper Hell.

Then, when Sir Palamedes came
 Back to himself, the shrine was dark.
Cold was the incense, dead the flame;
 The slain babe lay there black and stark.

What of the Beast? What of the quest?
 More blind the quest, the Beast more dim.
Even now its laughter is suppressed,
 While his own demons mock at him!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

O thou most desperate dupe that Hell's
Malice can make of mortal men!
Meddle no more with magick spells,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXIX

HA! but the good knight, striding forth
From Set's abominable shrine,
Pursues the quest with bitter wrath,
So that his words flow out like wine.

And lo! the soul that heareth them
Is straightway healed of suffering.
His fame runs through the land of Khem:
They flock, the peasant and the king.

There he works many a miracle:
The blind see, and the cripples walk;
Lepers grow clean; sick folk grow well;
The deaf men hear, the dumb men talk.

He casts out devils with a word;
Circleth his wand, and dead men rise.
No such a wonder hath been heard
Since Christ our God's sweet sacrifice.

"Now, by the glad blood of our Lord!"
Quoth Palamede, "my heart is light.
I am the chosen harpsichord
Whereon God playeth; the perfect knight,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The saint of Mary"—there he stayed,
For out of Memnon's singing stone
So fierce a questing barked and brayed,
It turned his laughter to a groan.

His vow forgot, his task undone,
His soul whipped in God's bitter school!
(He moaned a mighty malison!)
The perfect knight? The perfect fool!

"Now, by God's wounds!" quoth he, "my strength
Is burnt out to a pest of pains.
Let me fling off my curse at length
In old Chaldea's starry plains!

Thou blessèd Jesus, foully nailed
Unto the cruel Calvary tree,
Look on my soul's poor fort assailed
By all the hosts of devilry!

Is there no medicine but death
That shall avail me in my place,
That I may know the Beauteous Breath
And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace?

Keep Thou yet firm this trembling leaf
My soul, dear God Who died for men;
Yea! for that sinner-soul the chief,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!"

XXX

STARRED is the blackness of the sky;
Wide is the sweep of the cold plain
Where good Sir Palamede doth lie,
Keen on the Beast-slot once again.

All day he rode; all night he lay
With eyes wide open to the stars,
Seeking in many a secret way
The key to unlock his prison bars.

Beneath him, hark! the marvel sounds!
The Beast that questeth horribly.
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in his belly questeth he.

Beneath him? Heareth he aright?
He leaps to'sfeet—a wonder shews:
Steep dips a stairway from the light
To what obscurity God knows.

Still never a tremor shakes his soul
(God praise thee, knight of adamant!);
He plungers to that gruesome goal
Firm as an old bull-elephant!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The broad stair winds; he follows it;
Dark is the way; the air is blind;
Black, black the blackness of the pit,
The light long blotted out behind!

His sword sweeps out; his keen glance peers
For some shape glimmering through the gloom:
Naught, naught in all that void appears;
More still, more silent than the tomb!

Ye now the good knight is aware
Of some black force, of some dread throne,
Waiting beneath that awful stair,
Beneath that pit of slippery stone.

Yea! though he sees not anything,
Nor hears, his subtle sense is 'ware
That, lackeyed by the devil-king,
The Beast—the Questing Beast—is there!

So though his heart beats close with fear,
Though horror grips his throat, he goes,
Goes on to meet it, spear to spear,
As good knight should, to face his foes.

Nay! but the end is come. Black earth
Belches that peerless Paladin
Up from her gulphs—untimely birth!
—Her horror could not hold him in!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

White as a corpse, the hero hails
The dawn, that night of fear still shaking
His body. All death's doubt assails
Him. Was it sleep or was it waking?

“By God, I care not, I!” (quod he).
“Or wake or sleep, or live or dead,
I will pursue this mystery.
So help me Grace of Godlihead!”

Ay! with thy wasted limbs pursue
That subtle Beast home to his den!
Who know but thou mayst win athrough,
Sir Palamede the Saracen?

XXXI

FROM God's sweet air Sir Palamede
Hath come unto a demon bog,
A city where but rats may breed

In sewer-stench and fetid fog.
Within its heart pale phantoms crawl.
Breathless with foolish haste they jog

And jostle, all for naught! They scrawl
Vain things all night that they disown
Ere day. They call and bawl and squall

Hoarse cries; they moan, they groan. A stone
Hath better sense! And these among
A cabbage-headed god they own,

With wandering eye and jabbering tongue.
He, rotting in that grimy sewer
And charnel-house of death and dung,

Shrieks: "How the air is sweet and pure!
Give me the entrails of a frog
And I will teach thee! Lo! the lure

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

Of light! How lucent is the fog!
How noble is my cabbage-head!
How sweetly fragrant is the bog!

“God’s wounds!” (Sir Palamedes said),
“What have I done to earn this portion?
Must I, the clean knight born and bred,

Sup with this filthy toad-abortion?”
Nathless he stayed with him awhile,
Lest by disdain his mention torsion

Slip back, or miss the serene smile
Should crown his quest; for (as onesaith)
The unknown may lurk within the vile.

So he who sought the Beauteous Breath,
Desired the Goodly Gift of Grace,
Went equal into life and death.

But oh! the foulness of his face!
Not here was anything of worth;
He turned his back upon the place,

Sought the blue sky and the green earth,
Ay! and the lustral sea to cleanse
That filth that stank about his girth,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

The sores and scabs, the warts and wens,
The nameless vermin he had gathered
In those insufferable dens,

The foul diseases he had fathered.
So now the quest slips from his brain:
“First (Christ!) let me be clean again!”

XXXII

“HA!” cries the knight, “may patient toil
Of brain dissolve this cruel coil!

In Afric they that chase the ostrich
Clothe them with feathers, subtly foil

Its vigilance, come close, then dart
Its death upon it. Brave my heart!

Do thus!” And so the knight disguises
Himself, on hands and knees doth start

His hunt, goes questing up and down.
So in the fields the peasant clown
Flies, shrieking, from the dreadful figure.
But when he came to any town

They caged him for a lunatic.
Quod he: “Would God I had the trick!
The beast escaped from my devices;
I will the same. The bars are thick,

But I am strong.” He wrenched in vain;
Then—what is this? What wild, sharp strain
Smites on the air? The prison smashes.
Hark! ’tis the Questing Beast again!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Then as he rushes forth the note
Roars from that Beast's malignant throat
 With laughter, laughter, laughter, laughter!
The wits of Palamedes float

In ecstasy of shame and rage.
"O Thou!" exclaims the baffled sage;
 "How should I match Thee? Yet, I will so,
Though Doomisday devour the Age.

Weeping, and beating on his breast,
Gnashing his teeth, he still confessed
 The might of the dread oath that bound him:
He would not yet give up the quest.

"Nay! while I am," quoth he, "though Hell
Engulph me, though God mock me well,
 I follow as I sware; I follow,
Though it be unattainable.

Nay, more! Because I may not win,
Is't worth man's work to enter in!
 The Infinite with mighty passion
Hath caught my spirit in a gin.

Come! since I may not imitate
 The Beast, at least I work and wait.
We shall discover soon or late
Which is the master --- I or Fate!"

XXXIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath passed unto the tideless sea,
That the keen whisper of the wind
May bring him that which never men
Knew—on the quest, the quest, rides he!
So long to seek, so far to find!

So weary was the knight, his limbs
Were slack as new-slain dove's; his knees
No longer gripped the charger rude.
Listless, he aches; his purpose swims
Exhausted in the oily seas
Of laxity and lassitude.

The soul subsides; its serious motion
Still throbs; by habit, not by will.
And all his lust to win the quest
Is but a passive-mild devotion.
(Ay! soon the blood shall run right chill
—And is not death the Lord of Rest?)

There as he basks upon the cliff
He yearns toward the Beast; his eyes
Are moist with love; his lips are fain

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

To breathe fond prayers; and (marry!) if
Man's soul were measured by his sighs
He need not linger to attain.

Nay! while the Beast squats there, above
Him, smiling on him; as he vows
Wonderful deeds and fruitless flowers,
He grows so maudlin in his love
That even the knaves of his own house
Mock at him in their merry hours.

“God's death!” raged Palamede, not wroth
But irritated, “laugh ye so?
Am I a jape for scullions?”
His curse came in a flaky froth.
He seized a club, with blow on blow
Breaking the knave's unreverent sconce!

“Thou mock the Questing Beast I chase,
The Questing Beast I love? 'Od's wounds!”
Then sudden from the slave there brake
A cachinnation scant of grace,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Were in his belly! Knight, awake!

Ah! well he woke! His love an scorn
Grapple in death-throe at his throat.
“Lead me away” (quoth he), “my men!
Woe, woe is me was ever born
So blind a bat, so gross a goat,
As Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXIV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hid him in an hermit's cell
Upon an island in the fen

Of that lone land where Druids dwell.
There came an eagle from the height
And bade him mount. From dale to dell

They sank and soared. Last to the light
Of the great sun himself they flew,
Piercing the borders of the night,

Passing the irremeable blue.
Far into space beyond the stars
At last they came. And there he knew

All the blind reasonable bars
Broken, and all the emotions stilled,
And all the stains and all the scars

Left him; sop like a child he thrilled
With utmost knowledge; all his soul,
With perfect sense and sight fulfilled,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Touched the extreme, the giant goal!
Yea! all things in that hour transcended,
All power in his sublime control,

All felt, all thought, all comprehended—
“How is it, then, the quest” (he saith)
“Is not—at last!—achieved and ended?”

Why taste I not the Bounteous Breath,
Receive the Goodly Gift of Grace?
Now, kind king-eagle (by God’s death!),

Restore me to mine ancient place!
I am advantaged nothing then!”
Then swooped he from the Byss of Space,

And set the knight amid the fen.
“God!” quoth Sir Palamede, “that I
Who have won nine should fail at ten!

I set my all upon the die:
There is no further trick to try.
Call thrice accursèd above men
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXV

“YEA!” quoth the knight, “I rede the spell.
This Beast is the Unknowable.
I seek in Heaven, I seek in Hell;

Ever he mocks me. Yet, methinks,
I have the riddle of the Sphinx.
For were I keener than the lynx

I should not see within my mind
One thought that is not in its kind
In sooth That Beast that lurks behind:

And in my quest his questing seems
The authentic echo of my dreams,
The proper thesis of my themes!

I know him? Still he answers: No!
I know him not? Maybe—and lo!
He is the one sole thing I know!

Nay! who knows not is different
From him that knows. Then be content;
Thou canst not alter the event!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Ah! what conclusion subtly draws
From out this chaos of mad laws?
An I, the effect, as I, the cause?

Nay, the brain reels beneath its swell
Of pompous thoughts. Enough to tell
That He is known Unknowable!"

Thus did that knightly Saracen
In Cantabrig's miasmal fen
Lecture to many learned men.

So clamorous was their applause—
"His mind" (said they) "is free of flaws:
The Veil of God is thin as gauze!"—

That almost they had dulled or drowned
The laughter (in its belly bound)
Of that dread Beast he had not found.

Nathless—although he would away—
They forced the lack-luck knight to stay
And lecture many a weary day.

Verily, almost he had caught
The infection of their costive thought,
And brought his loyal quest to naught.

It was by night that Palamede
Ran from that mildewed, mouldy breed,
Moth-eathen dullards run to seed!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

How weak Sir Palamedes grows!
We hear no more of bouts and blows!
His weapons are his ten good toes!

He that was Arthur's peer, good knight
Proven in many a foughten fight,
Flees like a felon in the night!

Ay! this thy quest is past the ken
Of thee and of all mortal men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXXVI

OFT, as Sir Palamedes went
 Upon the quest, he was aware
Of some vast shadow subtly bent
 With his own shadow in the air.

It had no shape, no voice had it
 Wherewith to daunt the eye or ear;
Yet all the horror of the pit
 Clad it with all the arms of fear.

Moreover, though he sought to scan
 Some feature, though he listened long,
No shape of God or fiend or man,
 No whisper, groan, shriek, scream, or song

Gave him to know it. Now it chanced
 One day Sir Palamedes rode
Through a great wood whose leafage danced
 In the thin sunlight as it flowed

From heaven. He halted in a glade,
 Bade his horse crop the tender grass;
Put off his armour, softly laid
 Himself to sleep till noon should pass.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

He woke. Before him stands and grins
A motley hunchback. “Knave!” quoth he,
“Hast seen the Beast? The quest that wins
The loftiest prize of chivalry?”

“Sir Knight,” he answers, “hast thou seen
Aught of that Beast? How knowest thou, then,
That it is ever or hath been,
Sir Palamede the Saracen?”

Sir Palamede was well awake.
“Nay! I deliberate deep and long,
Yet find no answer fit to make
To thee. The weak beats down the strong;

The fool’s cap shames the helm. But thou!
I know thee for the shade that haunts
My way, sets shame upon my brow,
My purpose dims, my courage daunts.

Then, since the thinker must be dumb,
At least the knight may knightly act:
The wisest monk in Christendom
May have his skull broke by a fact.”

With that, as a snake strikes, his sword
Leapt burning to the burning blue;
And fell, one swift, assured award,
Stabbing that hunchback through and through.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Straight he dissolved, a voiceless shade.

“Or scotched or slain,” the knight said then,
“What odds? Keep bright and sharp thy blade,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXVII

SIR PALAMEDE is sick to death!
The staring eyen, the haggard face!
God grant to him the Beauteous breath!
God send the Goodly Gift of Grace!

There is a white cave by the sea
Wherein the knight is hid away.
Just ere the night falls, spieth he
The sun's last shaft flicker astray.

All day is dark. There, there he mourns
His wasted years, his purpose faint.
A million whips, a million scorns
Make the knight flinch, and stain the saint.

For now! what hath he left? He feeds
On limpets and wild roots. What odds?
There is no need a mortal needs
Who hath loosed man's hope to grasp at God's!

How his head swims! At night what stirs
Above the faint wash of the tide,
And rare sea-birds whose winging whirrs
About the cliffs? Now good betide!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

God save thee, woeful Palamede!
The questing of the Beast is loud
Within thy ear. By Goddes reed,
Thou has won the tilt from all the crowd!

Within thy proper bowels it sounds
Mighty and musical at need,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested within thee, Palamede!

Now, then, he grasps the desperate truth
He hath toiled these many years to see,
Hath wasted strength, hath wasted youth—
He was the Beast; the Beast was he!

He rises from the cave of death,
Runs to the sea with shining face
To know at last the Bounteous Breath,
To taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.

Ah! Palamede, thou has mistook!
Thou art the butt of all confusion!
Not to be written in my book
Is this most drastic disillusion!

So weak and ill was he, I doubt
If he might hear the royal feast
Of laughter that came rolling out
Afar from that elusive Beast.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Yet, those white lips were snapped, like steel
 Upon the ankles of a slave!
That body broken on the wheel
 Of time suppressed the groan it gave!

“Not there, not here, my quest!” he cried.
 “Not thus! Not now! do how and when
Matter? I am, and I abide,
 Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE of great renown
 rode through the land upon the quest,
His sword loose and his vizor down,
 His buckler braced, his lance in rest.

Now, then, God save thee, Palamede!
 Who courseth yonder on the field?
Those silver arms, that sable steed,
 The sun and rose upon his shield?

The strange knight spurs to him. Disdain
 Curls that proud lip as he uplifts
His vizor. “Come, an end! In vain,
 Sir Fox, thy thousand turns and shifts!”

Sir Palamede was white with fear.
 Lord Christ! those features were his own;
His own that voice so icy clear
 That cuts him, cuts him to the bone.

“False knight! false knight!” the stranger cried.
 “Thou bastard dog, Sir Palamede?
I am the good knight fain to ride
 Upon the Questing Beast at need.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

Thief of my arms, my crest, my quest,
My name, now meetest thou thy shame.
See, with this whip I lash thee back,
Back to the kennel whence there came

So false a hound.” “Good knight, in sooth,”
Answered Sir Palamede, “not I
Presume to asset the idlest truth;
And here, by this good ear and eye,

I grant thou art Sir Palamede.
But—try the first and final test
If thou or I be he. Take heed!”
He backed his horse, covered his breast,

Drove his spurs home, and rode upon
That knight. His lance-head fairly struck
The barred strength of his morion,
And rolled the stranger in the muck.

“Now, by God’s death!” quoth Palamede,
His sword at work, “I will not leave
So much of thee as God might feed
His sparrows with. As I believe

The sweet Christ’s mercy shall avail,
So will I not have aught for thee;
Since every bone of thee may rail
Against me, crying treachery.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Thou hast lied. I am the chosen knight
To slay the Questing beast for men;
I am the loyal son of light,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

Thou wast the subtlest fiend that yet
Hath crossed my path. To say thee nay
I dare not, but my sword is wet
With thy knave's blood, and with thy clay

Fouled! Dost thou think to resurrect?
O sweet Lord Christ that savest men!
From all such fiends do thou protect
Me, Palamede the Saracen!"

XXXIX

GREEN and Grecian is the valley,
Shepherd lads and shepherd lasses
Dancing in a ring
Merrily and musically.
How their happiness surpasses
The mere thrill of spring!

“Come” (they cry), “Sir Knight, put by
All that weight of shining armour!
Here’s a posy, here’s a garland, there’s a chain of daisies!
Here’s a charmer! There’s a charmer!
Praise the God that crazes men, the God that raises
All our lives toe ecstasy!”

Sir Palamedes was too wise
To mock their gentle wooing;
He smiles into their sparkling eyes
While they his armour are undoing.
“For who” (quoth he) “may say that this
Is not the mystery I miss?”

Soon he is gathered in the dance,
And smothered in the flowers.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

A boy's laugh and a maiden's glance
Are sweet as paramours!
Stay! is there naught some wanton wight
May do to excite the glamoured knight?

Yea! the song takes a sea-wild swell;
The dance moves in a mystic web;
Strange lights abound and terrible;
The life that flowed is out at ebb.

The lights are gone; the night is come;
The lads and lasses sink, awaiting
Some climax—oh, how tense and dumb
The expectant hush intoxicating!
Hush! the heart's beat! Across the moor
Some dreadful god rides fast, be sure!

The listening Palamede bites through
His thin white lips—what hoofs are those?
Are they the Quest? How still and blue
The sky is! Hush—God knows—God knows!

Then on a sudden in the midst of them
Is a swart god, from hoof to girdle a goat,
Upon his brow the twelve-star diadem
And the King's Collar fastened on this throat.

Thrill upon thrill courseth through Palamede.
Life, live, pure life is bubbling in his blood.
All youth comes back, all strength, all you indeed
Flaming within that throbbing spirit-flood!

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Yet was his heart immeasurably sad,
For that no questing in his ear he had.

Nay! he saw all. He saw the Curse
That wrapped in ruin the World primæval.
He saw the unborn Universe,
And all its gods coeval.
He saw, and was, all things at once
In Him that is; he was the stars,
The moons, the meteors, the suns,
All in one net of triune bars;
Inextricably one, inevitably one,
Immeasurable, immutable, immense
Beyond all the wonder that his soul had won
By sense, in spite of sense, and beyond sense.
“Praise God!” quoth Palamede, “by this
I attain the uttermost of bliss. . . .

God’s wounds! but that I never sought.
The Questing Beast I sware to attain
And all this miracle is naught.
Off on my travels once again!

I keep my youth regained to foil
Old Time that took me in his toil.
I keep my strength regained to chase
The beast that mocks me now as then
Dear Christ! I pray Thee of Thy grace
Take pity on the forlorn case
Of Palamede the Saracen!”

XL

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath see the All; his mind is set
To pass beyond that great Amen.

Far hath he wandered; still to fret

His soul against that Soul. He breaches
The rhododendron forest-net,

His body bloody with its leeches.

Sternly he travelleth the crest
Of a great mountain, far that reaches

Toward the King-snows; the rains molest

The knight, white wastes updriven of wind
In sheets, in torrents, fiend-possessed,

Up from the steaming plains of Ind.

They cut his flesh, they chill his bones:
Yet he feels naught; his mind is pinned

To that one point where all the thrones

Join to one lion-head of rock,
Towering above all crests and cones

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

That crouch like jackals. Stress and shock
Move Palamede no more. Like fate
He moves with silent speed. They flock,

The Gods, to watch him. Now abate
His pulses; he threads through the vale,
And turns him to the mighty gate,

The glacier. Oh, the flowers that scale
Those sun-kissed heights! The snows that crown
The quartz ravines! The clouds that veil

The awful slopes! Dear God! look down
And see this petty man move on.
Relentless as Thine own renown,

Careless of praise or orison,
Simply determined. Wilt thou launch
(This knight's presumptuous head upon)

The devastating avalanche?
He knows too much, and cares too little!
His wound is more than Death can staunch.

He can avoid, though by one tittle,
Thy surest shaft! And now the knight,
Breasting the crags, may laugh and whittle

Away the demon-club whose might
Threatened him. Now he leaves the spur;
And eager, with a boy's delight,

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Treads the impending glacier.

Now, now he strikes the steep black ice
That leads to the last neck. By Her

That bore the lord, by what device

May he pass there? Yet still he moves,
Ardent and steady, as if the price

Of death were less than life approves,

As if on eagles' wings he mounted,
Or as on angels' wings—or love's!

So, all the journey he discounted,

Holding the goal. Supreme he stood
Upon the summit; dreams uncounted,

Worlds of sublime beatitude!

He passed beyond. The All he hath touched,
And dropped to vile desuetude.

What lay beyond? What star unsmutched

By being? His poor fingers fumble,
And all the Naught their ardour clutched,

Like all the rest, begins to crumble.

Where is the Beast? His bliss exceeded
All that bards sing of or priests mumble;

No man, no God, hath known what he did.

Only this balked him—that he lacked
Exactly the one thing he needed.

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

“Faugh!” cried the knight. “Thought, word, and act
Confirm me. I have proved the quest
Impossible. I break the pact.

Back to the gilded halls, confessed
A recreant! Achieved or not,
This task hath earned a foison—rest.

In Caerlon and Camelot
Let me embrace my fellow-men!
To buss the wenches, pass the pot,
Is now the enviable lot
Of Palamede the Saracen!”

XLI

SIR ARTHUR sits again at feast
 Within the high and holy hall
Of Camelot. From West to East

The Table Round hath burst the thrall
 Of Paynimrie. The goodliest gree
Sits on the gay knights, one and all;

Till Arthur: “Of your chivalry,
 Knights, let us drink the happiness
Of the one knight we lack” (quoth he);

“For surely in some sore distress
 May be Sir Palamede.” Then they
Rose as one man in glad liesse

To honour that great health. “God’s way
 Is not as man’s” (quoth Lancelot).
“Yet, may God send him back this day,

His quest achieved, to Camelot!”
 “Amen!” they cried, and raised the bowl;
When—the wind rose, a blast as hot

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

As the simoom, and forth did roll

 A sudden thunder. Still they stood.
Then came a bugle-blast. The soul

Of each knight stirred. With vigour rude,
 The blast tore down the tapestry
That hid the door. All ashen-hued

The knights laid hand to sword. But he
 (Sir Palamedes) in the gap
Was found—God knoweth—bitterly

Weeping. Cried Arthur: “Strange the hap!
 My knight, my dearest knight, my friend!
What gift had Fortune in her lap

Like thee? Embrace me!” “Rather rend
 Your garments, if you love me, sire!”
(Quod he). “I am come unto the end.

All mine intent and my desire,
 My quest, mine oath—all, all is done.
Burn them with me in fatal fire!

For I have failed. All ways, each one
 I strove in, mocked me. If I quailed
Or shirked, God knows. I have not won:

That and no more I know. I failed.”
 King Arthur fell a-weeping. Then
Merlin uprose, his face unveiled;

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

Thrice cried he piteously then
 Upon our Lord. Then shook his head
Sir Palamede the Saracen,

As knowing nothing might bestead,
 When lo! there rose a monster moan,
A hugeous cry, a questing dread,

As if (God's death!) there coursed alone
 The Beast, within whose belly sounds
That marvellous music monotone

As if a thirty couple hounds
 Quested within him. Now, by Christ
And by His pitiful five wounds!—

Even as a lover to his tryst,
 That Beast came questing in the hall,
One flame of gold and amethyst,

Bodily seen then of them all.
 Then came he to Sir Palamede,
Nestling to him, as sweet and small

As a young babe clings at its need
 To the white bosom of its mother,
As Christ clung to the gibbet-reed!

Then every knight turned to his brother,
 Sobbing and signing for great gladness;
And, as they looked on one another,

THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD

Surely there stole a subtle madness
 Into their veins, more strong than death:
For all the roots of sin and sadness

Were plucked. As a flower perisheth,
 So all sin died. And in that place
All they did know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
 Then fell the night. Above the baying
Of the great Beast, that was the bass

To all the harps of Heaven a-playing,
 There came a solemn voice (not one
But was upon his knees in praying

And glorifying God). The Son
 Of God Himself —men thought—spoke then.
“Arise! brave soldier, thou hast won

The quest not given to mortal men.
 Arise! Sir Palamede Adept,
Christian, and no more Saracen!

On wake or sleeping, wise, inept,
 Still thou didst seek. Those foolish ways
On which thy folly stumbled, leapt,

All led to the one goal. Now praise
 Thy Lord that He hath brought thee through
To win the quest!” The good knight lays

SIR PALAMEDES, THE SARACEN KNIGHT

His hand upon the Beast. Then blew
Each angel on his trumpet, then
All Heaven resounded that it knew

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Was master! Through the domes of death,
Through all the mighty realms of men

And spirits breathed the Beauteous Breath:
They taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
—Now 'tis the chronicler that saith:

Our Saviour grant in little space
That also I, even I, be blest
Thus, though so evil is my case—

Let them that read my rime attest
The same sweet unction in my pen—
That writes in pure blood of my breast;

For that I figure unto men
The story of my proper quest
As thine, first Eastern in the West,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

George Raffalovich's forthcoming works.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL

Edition strictly limited

THE DEUCE AND ALL

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

READY SHORTLY

Through **THE EQUINOX** and all booksellers

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200.

*Ready immediately. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN

POEMS BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished—besides **THE TRIUMPH OF PAN**, includes **THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE**.

The First Edition will be limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies will be numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding will be half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies will be bound in crimson cloth.

PHOTOGRAPHS

To be had of THE EQUINOX. Price Ten Shillings each.
Neatly framed in gold. The original panel Photographs:

THE STUDENT. (A reproduction faces “Aha!”
in No. III.)

THE INTERPRETER. (Reproduced on p. 199
of No. IV.)

THE GUARDIAN OF THE FLAME.

THE GODDESS.

No student of the mysteries should be without one at least
of these remarkable and beautiful studies. Their presence
serves to remind the possessor of the constant quest and to
stimulate to more persistent Effort.

A. COLIN LUNN,

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 BRIDGE STREET, 19 KING'S PARADE,
& 31 TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—"A CONNOISSEUR'S CIGARETTE." These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

MESSRS. LOWE AND CO.,

8 Stafford Street, Bond Street,

beg to announce that they have been entrusted for twelve years past
with the preparation of the

OILS, PERFUMES, UNGUENTS, ESSENCES, INCENSES,

and other chemical products useful to members of all the lesser grades
of the A.: A.:

Mr. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH'S charming volume of Essays and Sketches
entitled

ON THE LOOSE:

PLANETARY JOURNEYS AND EARTHLY SKETCHES.

A new popular edition. Price One Shilling net

Crown 8vo, Pp. 164,

May be obtained through THE EQUINOX.

The Photograph in this number of

"The Equinox" is by the

DOVER STREET STUDIOS

38 Dover Street, MAYFAIR.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING Co., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

Some Press Opinions

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoolment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

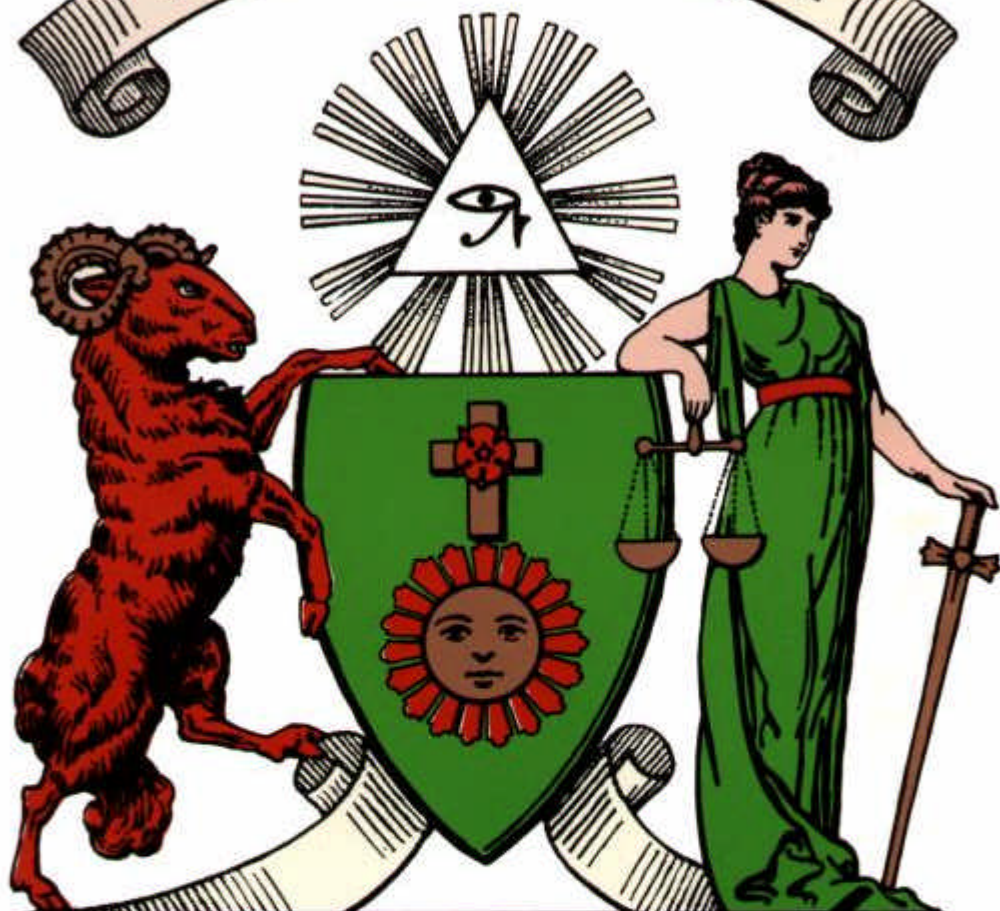
"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

[It appears that the key entry of this issue at the-equinox.org was made from one of the Weiser facsimile reprints rather than the first edition as it contained a number of apparent omissions corresponding to those in the Weiser facsimile of other numbers. A few have been tentatively restored; others may be restored if I can get access to either a copy of the first edition, or—more realistically—the First Impressions reprint. Key entry on the latter half of *The Temple of Solomon the King* (pp. 120-196) was done by myself as this was missing from the online copy.

Once again, I have omitted some pages of advertisements: a list of second-hand occult books offered by one Frank Hollings, a full-page ad for the essays of Prentice Mulford (whoever he was) in four volumes, and another for the Crowley's works.]

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION



THE WINGED BEETLE

By **ALEISTER CROWLEY**

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net

50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, & 1 1s. net



CONTENTS

ROSA Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archaeologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominae.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Gout de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poèmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

*Now ready. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN.

POEMS BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems,—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished — besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM FIRST NOTICES.

"Not everyone will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this is should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman*.

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotonies of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion*.

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader*.

"A charming volume of poems . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian Theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light*.

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times*.

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy*.

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From the first to the last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander*.

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Demy 8vo. Cloth gilt. 4s. 6d. net

ALCHEMY: Ancient and Modern.

Being a brief account of the Alchemistic Doctrines, and their relations to Mysticism on the one hand, and to recent discoveries in Physical Science on the other hand; together with some particulars regarding the lives and teachings of the most noted Alchemists.

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S.

AUTHOR OF "ON THE CALCULATION OF THERMO-CHEMICAL CONSTANTS,"

"MATTER, SPIRIT, AND THE COSMOS," ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

(including Portraits of the most celebrated Alchemists).

CONTENTS: THE MEANING OF ALCHEMY—THE THEORY OF PHYSICAL ALCHEMY—THE ALCHEMISTS—THE OUTCOME OF ALCHEMY—THE AGE OF MODERN CHEMISTRY—MODERN ALCHEMY.

Some Opinions of the Press.

"A thoroughly well-informed study of the subject, which has the merit of being more sympathetic than such studies often are, and not less learned."—*The Scotsman*.

"This book is worth reading as a study in parallelism, and it has the merit of being written by one who is thoroughly well acquainted with both sides of his subject."—*The Observer*.

"Mr. Redgrove gives a careful and unbiassed account of alchemy, and traces its progress until it is absorbed by scientific chemistry. He also gives, from the layman's point of view, perhaps the most lucid account that has yet been rendered of the modern theories of matter and the ether."—*The Outlook*.

"This remarkable book."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

"Exceedingly interesting book."—*Modern Society*.

"This unexpectedly arresting book. . . . Some of the author's accounts of what was done and believed by the masters in alchemy are most instructive. . . . Highly suggestive comparisons between the old men and the latter-day trend of science."—*Manchester City News*.

Ready early in March. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 560 pp.

DEATH: Its Causes and Phenomena.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO IMMORTALITY.

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

Late Member of the Council of the American Institute for Scientific Research. Author of "Vitality, Fasting, and Nutrition," "The Coming Science," "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," etc. etc.

AND

JOHN R. MEADER

("GRAHAM HOOD")

Member of the American Statistical Society and of the Society for Psychological Research, Author of "The Laws of Success," etc.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE. PART I. *Physiological*.—I. The Scientific Aspect of Life and Death. II. The Signs of Death. III. Trance, Catalepsy, Suspended Animation, etc. IV. Premature Burial. V. Burial, Cremation, Mummification. VI. The Causes of Death. VII. Old Age; its Scientific Study. By Hereward Carrington. VIII. My Own Theory of Death. By Hereward Carrington. IX. My Own Theory of Death. By John R. Meader. X. On the Possible Unification of our Theories. XI. The "Questionnaire" on Death. Answers. XII. General Conclusions.

PART II. *Historic Speculations on Death*.—I. Man's Theories about Immortality. II. The Philosophical Aspect of Death and Immortality. III. The Theological Aspect of Death and Immortality. IV. The Common Arguments for Immortality.

PART III. *Scientific Attempts to Solve the Problem*.—Introductory. I. The Moment of Death. II. Visions of the Dying. III. Death Described from Beyond the Veil. IV. Experiments in Photographing and Weighting the Soul. V. Death Coincidences. VI. The Testimony of Science—Psychical Research. VII. On the Intra-Cosmic Difficulties of Communication. VIII. Conclusions.

Appendices. Bibliography. Index.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 164 Aldersgate St., London. E.C.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW IN PREPARATION

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

*This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor
of the A.:A.:]*

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

124 Victoria Street,
S.W.

Telephone 3210 VICTORIA,
or to call at that address by appointment. A representative
will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An VII

VOL. I. No. V.

⊙ in ℞

MARCH MCMXI

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

PRINTED FOR ALEISTER CROWLEY
AND
PUBLISHED BY HIM
AT THE OFFICE OF THE EQUINOX.

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
LIBER HHH	5
THE BLIND PROPHET. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	15
THE TRAINING OF THE MIND. BY ANANDA METTEYA	28
THE SABBATH. BY ETHEL RAMSAY	60
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING	65
A NOCTURNE. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	121
THE VIXEN. BY FRANCIS BENDICK	125
THE PILGRIM. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	130
MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES, NO. IV.—WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	133
X-RAYS ON EX-PROBATIONERS. BY PERDURABO	142
THE VAMPIRE. BY ETHEL ARCHER.	143
THE BIG STICK	144
CORRESPONDENCE	158

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

LIBER CCCCXVIII (XXX AERUM)	I
STOP PRESS REVIEWS	178

EDITORIAL

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

EDITORIAL

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

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

LIBER HHH

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCCXLI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class D.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER HHH

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

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

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

“In hoc primo libro sunt Aquae Contemplationis.”

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

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

In this first book are written the Reflexions.

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

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

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

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

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

LIBER HHH

SVB FIGVRÂ CCCXLI

CONTINET CAPITULA TRES: MMM, AAA, ET SSS

I

MMM

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

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

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

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

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

LIBER HHH

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

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

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

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

Let his body fall supine with arms outstretched.

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

7. Now let him resume his former posture.

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

II

A A A

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

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

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

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

3. Now imagine a divine breath entering thy nostrils.

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

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

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

7. Next, imagine the divine energy informing the nerves

LIBER HHH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

This being mastered, add 8.

Then add 9-13.

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

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

LIBER HHH

III

SSS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Concentrate thy thought of adoration in the brain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

[The dancers issue from beyond the veil.]

THE BLIND PROPHET

The Prophet. Sway like the lilies, gentle girls!

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

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

The Musicians. The flutes coo.

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

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

THE EQUINOX

In the midst a mystical rose!

[The dancers unfold, and their Queen appears.]

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

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

THE BLIND PROPHET

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

THE BLIND PROPHET

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

The Prophet. Yet will I strive!

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

The Musicians. No! No! Life is woe.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BLIND PROPHET

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE BLIND PROPHET

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

The Queen of the Dancers, in her prime pose.

(Spoken without inflection or emphasis.)

Now do you understand the tragedy of life?

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

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

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

ANANDA METTEYA.

THE SABBATH

To A. E. W.

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

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

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

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

THE SABBATH

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

THE SABBATH

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

ETHEL RAMSAY.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

XV. Secret Names of the Four Worlds.	XIV. The Four Worlds.		XIII. The Parts of the Soul	XII. Secret Numbers corresponding	XI. The Elements and Senses	X The Letters of the Name.	
מה	Yetzirah, Formative World		רוח	45	△ Air, Smell	ו	11
נו	Briah, Creative World		נשמה	63	▽ Water, Taste	ה	23
נב	Atziluth, Archetypal World		חיה	72	△ Fire, Sight	י	31
נן	Assiah, Material World		נפש	52	▽ Earth, Touch	מ	32 bis
—	—		יחודה	—	⊗ Spirit, Hearing	ש	31 bis
XVI. The Planets and their Numbers			IX. Numbers printed on Tarot Trumps.	VIII. Value of Col VII.	VII. Hebrew Letters and English Equivalents used in this Article.		
♃	8	12	0	1	A	א	11
♄	9	13	I	2	B	ב	12
♅	7	14	II	3	G	ג	13
♆	4	21	III	4	D	ד	14
♇	5	27	IV	5	H	ה	15
♈	6	30	V	6	V	ו	16
♉	3	32	VI	7	Z	ז	17
XVIII. English of Col. XVII.		XVII. Parts of the Soul.	VII	8	Ch	ח	18
			XI	9	T	ט	19
			IX	10	Y	י	20
			X	20, 500	K	כ	21
			VIII	30	L	ל	22
The Self	יחודה	1	VIII	30	L	ל	22
The Life Force	חיה	2	XII	40, 600	M	מ	23
The Intuition	נשמה	3	XIII	50, 700	N	נ	24
} The Intellect	} רוח	4	XIV	60	S	ס	25
		5	XV	70	O	ע	26
		6	XVI	80, 800	P	פ	27
		7	XVII	90, 900	Tz	צ	28
		8	XVIII	100	Q	ק	29
The Animal Soul	נפש	9	XIX	200	R	ר	30
		10	XX	300	Sh	ש	31
			XXI	400	Th	ת	32
			—	—		ת	32 bis
			—	—		ש	31 bis

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING—(*Continued*)

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

In their totality and unity the ten Sephiroth represent the archetypal man, אָדָם קַדְמוֹן, *Adam Qadmon*, the Protogonos. In looking at the Sephiroth constituting the first triad, it is evident that they represent the intellect; and hence this triad is called the intellectual world, עוֹלָם מוֹשְׁבֵל, *Olahm Mevshekal*. The second triad corresponds to the moral world, עוֹלָם מוֹרְגֵשׁ, *Olahm Morgash*. The third represents power and stability, and is therefore called the material world, עוֹלָם הַמוֹטְבֵעַ, *Olahm ha-Mevetbau*. These three aspects are called the faces, אַנְפֵינַי, *Anpin*. Thus is the tree of life, עֵץ חַיִּים, *Otz Chaiim* formed; the first triad being placed above, the second and third

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

QABALISTIC DOGMA

The Evolution of Things is thus described by the Qabalists.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly the Lux dawns, and the Problem is solved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2nd.N.

3rd. R.

All. I.

Chief. Yod. ʾ

2nd.Nun. ʾ

3rd. Resh. ʾ

All. Yod. ʾ

Chief. Virgo (♍) Isis, Mighty Mother.

2nd.Scorpio (♏) Apophis, Destroyer.

3rd. Sol (☉) Osiris, slain and rise.

All. Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

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

The Sign of Osiris slain!

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

The Sign of the Mourning of Isis.

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

The Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

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

The Sign of Osiris risen.

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

L. V. X.

Then the Sign of Osiris risen, and say:—

Lux, the Light of the Cross.

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

First, the Letters have been written in Hebrew Characters.

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

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

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

To return to the general Dogma of the Qabalists.

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I. Gematria.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Notariqon.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

3. Temurah.

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

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


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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

We could more easily read

מנא. To sacrifice to death is folly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTIC READINGS OF THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

(*See TAROT CARDS, AND MEDITATE*)

אֵלֶּף. Folly’s Doom is Ruin

בֵּית. The Juggler with the Secret of the Universe.

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

(Other meanings suit other planes and other grades.)

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

Like the immortal burglar:

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

AN ESSAY UPON NUMBER

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

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

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

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

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

PART I

THE UNIVERSE AS IT IS

SECTION I

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECTION II

0. The Cosmic Egg.

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

2. The Father.

3. The Mother.

4. The Father made flesh—authoritative and paternal.

5. The Mother made flesh—fierce and active.

6. The Son—partaking of all these natures.

7. The Mother degraded to mere animal emotion.

8. The Father degraded to mere animal reason.

9. The Son degraded to mere animal life.

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

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

SECTION III

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

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

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

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

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

4. Memory.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

SECTION IV

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

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

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

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

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

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

18. אה, Life. An “elaboration” of 9.

20. אה, Yod, the letter of the Father.

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

41. אה, the Mother, unfertilised as unenlightened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

61. **סין**, the Negative. **סני**, the Ego. A number rather like 31, *q.v.*

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

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

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

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

72. **סני**, Mercy. The number of the Shemhamphorasch, as if affirming God as merciful. For details of Shemhamphorasch, see 777 and other classical books of reference. Note especially * + יה + יהו + יהוה = 72.

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

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

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

81. A mystic number of the Moon.

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

אום, the Hindu Aum or Om.

מחולל, mad—the destruction of Reason by Illumination.

עולה, a holocaust. *Cf.* **אשן**.

פליא, the Hidden Wonder, a title of Kether.

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

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

124. **עין**, Eden.

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

148. **מאזניים**, Scales of Justice.

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

175. A mystic number of Venus.

203. ABR, initials of **אב**, **בן**, **יהוה**, the Trinity.

206. **רבר**, Speech, “the Word of Power.”

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

210. Pertains to Part II. See Liber 418.

214. **רוח**, the air, the mind.

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

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

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

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

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

301. **אש**, Fire.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

326. **יהושע**, Jesus—see 300.

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

340. **שם**—the Name.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

419. **תת**, the letter Teth.

434. **דלת**, the letter Daleth.

440. **תל**, the great dragon.

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

450. **תת**, the great dragon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saturn 3, 9, 15, 45.

Jupiter 4, 16, 34, 136.

THE EQUINOX

Mars 5, 25, 65, 325.

Sol 6, 36, 111, 666.

Venus 7, 49, 175, 1225.

Mercury 8, 64, 260, 2080.

Luna 9, 81, 369, 3321.

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

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

Thus (1) Kether = 1.

(2) Chokmah = 1 + 2 = 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

777. *Vide supra.*

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

811. IAΩ (Greek numeration).

888. Jesus (Greek numeration).

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

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

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

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

Scholion γ. $9 = \text{ט}$, a serpent. And the Serpent is the Holy Uræus, upon the crown of the Gods.

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

Scholion ε. $9 = \text{יטוּר} = 80 = \text{פ} = \text{Mars} = 5 = \text{ה} =$

the Mother = Binah = 3 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} = \text{ג} = \text{גמל} = 73 = \text{הכמה} = \\ = \text{ס} = \text{The Father} = \\ = (1 + 2) = \text{Mystic Number of Chokmah} = \end{array} \right.$

= Chokmah = 2 = $\text{ב} = \text{The Magus} = 1 = 1$.

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

Scholion η . $9 = \text{Luna} = \text{♁} = 3$, *etc.*, as before.

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

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

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

PART II

THE UNIVERSE AS WE SEEK TO MAKE IT

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

Atheists are of three kinds.

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

This is the Christian conception.

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

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

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

This is the Unsectarian conception.

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

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

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

2. *Vide supra.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

12. Useless. Mere symbol of the Goal.

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

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

21. As bad, nearly, as 7.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

30. The Balance—Truth. Most useful.

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

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

37. Man’s crown.

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

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

52. **אמא** and **בן**. But orthodoxy conceives these as external saviours; therefore they serve no useful purpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

91. Merely venerable.

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

120. See Part I. and references.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

Note 10^{22} , the modulus of the universe of atoms, men, stars. See “Two new worlds.”

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

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

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

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

333. See Part I.

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

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

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

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

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

406. See Part I.

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

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

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

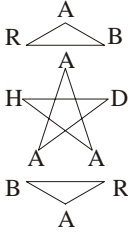
By Aiq Bkr, ABRAHADABRA = $1 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 22$. Also $418 = 22 \times 19$, Manifestation. Hence the word manifests the 22 Keys of Rota.

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

It resolves into Pentagram and Hexagram as follows:—

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

(1)



[This is by taking the 5 middle letters.]

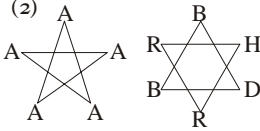
The pentagram is 12, **חיד**, Macroprosopus.

The hexagram is 406, **ארה**, Microprosopus.

Thus it connotes the Great Work.

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

(2)

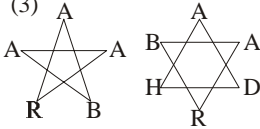


[This is by separating the One (Aleph) from the Many (diverse letters).]

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

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

(3)



[By taking each alternate letter.]

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

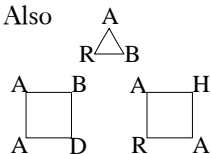
} This shows Abrahamadabra as

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

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

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

Also



The Supernals are supported upon two squares:—

אבה = **ה**, Love, 8.

ארה = **ה**, Light, 207.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

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

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

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

671. Useful, as shown in Part I.

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

Amen!

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

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

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

A NOCTURNE

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

A NOCTURNE

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE VIXEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

The third Visit was nor in sleep nor waking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VIXEN

What, Margaret! so blue? laughed Patricia.

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

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

This time the girl writhed and moaned a little.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wish your were Geoffrey, girlie! she panted.

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VIXEN

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

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

“Yours!” she cooed.

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

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

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

There was a savage lust upon his face.

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

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

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

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

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

“Patricia Margaritæ vulpis vulpem dedit.”

FRANCIS BENDICK.

THE PILGRIM

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

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

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

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

THE PILGRIM

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

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

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

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

Together! together!
The wage of the weather

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. IV.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

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

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

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

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

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

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

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

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

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

WAITE (1911)

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

CROWLEY

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

"Aha!" 1909.

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

THE EQUINOX

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

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

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

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

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

become the One and All . . . and lose myself. “Konx Om Pax,” 1907.
 This were my guerdon; to fade utterly
 Into the rose-heart of that sanguine vase,
 And lose my purpose in its silent sea,
 And lose my life, and find my life, and pass
 Up to the sea that is as molten glass.
 “Tannhäuser,” 1901.
 “the ego is altogether abased, absorbed,
 in the Beloved.” “Time,” 1906.

“In that love and in that joining together there is *no passage longer from subject to object*. But this is the Godhead.”

“The Most Secret, Most Holy Temple, into which God and the soul go in (sic! I don’t acknowledge Mr Waite as a disciple in grammar) and only one comes out.”

(Of Dhyana)
 “The absolute identity
 Of the beholder and the Vision.”
 “Pentecost,” 1904.
 “If a single state of consciousness persist unchanged for a period exceeding a very few seconds, its duality is annihilated.”
 “Science and Buddhism,” 1904.
 The object (*scil.* of meditation) disappears; in its stead arises a great glory, characterised by a feeling of calm, yet of intense, unimaginable bliss ... it might be absurd to assert that either subject or object disappears in Dhyana to the disadvantage of the other. “Time,” 1906.
 He (the Black Magician) works in a circle. . . . He says: I am inside, and you can’t get at me. He says One and One are Two! (By the “Black Magician” is here symbolised any person with the normal dualistic consciousness.)
 “Ali Sloper,” 1907.
 “Destroy him, or be he! That is enough; there is no more to say.”
 “Konx Om Pax,” 1907.
 “Prostrate I wait upon Thy will,
 Mine Angel, for this grace of union.”
 Ib.
 “nothing is

THE EQUINOX

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

“Aha!” 1909.

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

“Aha!” 1909.

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

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

Ib.

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

Ib.

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

“Pentecost,” 1904.

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

“Science and Buddhism,” 1904.

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

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

“Pentecost,” 1904.

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

“Postcards to Probationers,” 1909.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

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

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

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

“John St John,” 1908.

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

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

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

Forgetting purposely the wine

(Though the Arcana of Nibbana

Ignore the very name of Cana).

He could not pass a herd of swine

Without a hint; in fact, in fine,

He took His Silence as a sign:

This is an enemy of mine!”

“Konx Om Pax,” 1907.

“Fifth House, and mostly dream at that.”

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

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

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

“John St John,” 1908.

“O petty purities and pale,

These visions I have spoken of!

The Infinite Lord of Light and Love

Breaks on the soul like dawn. . . .

In that fire the soul burns up.

THE EQUINOX

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

“Aha!” 1909.

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

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

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

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

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

X-RAYS ON EX-PROBATIONERS

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

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

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

PERDURABO.

THE VAMPIRE

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

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

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

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

A DREAMER'S TALES. By LORD DUNSANY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MESSAGE OF THUBA MLEEN

I

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

THE BIG STICK

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

V

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

THE EQUINOX

VI

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

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

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

This is a most regrettable collection
Of songs; they deal with unrestrained affection
Unlicensed by the Church and State; what's worse
There's no denying they are first-rate verse.
It surely cannot be that Pan's in clover
And England's days of Sunday-school are over!

PERCY FLAGE.

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER. FATHER POULAIN, S. J.

It would be easy, and was tempting, to dismiss Father Poulain and his 650 pages with a jest—I have done harder things—for the mountains of his prejudice are difficult to approach across the abyss of his ignorance.

For example, he devotes just a paragraph to "Yogis." These persons he describes as "Hindu Buddhists" who are "Panteists," and endeavour to produce "a state of stupefaction" in "their mental powers which are very low" and a "comatose condition" of their body, whose joints they dislocate. How well this describes such people as the Buddha and the author of the *Bhagavadgita*!

What a ring fence is Romanism against not merely truth but information!

We then examine Father Poulain on the scientific side. How does levitation of the Saints take place?

"The simplest explanation, and that most in conformity with the order of Providence, consists in saying: Since the angels have power to move corporeal bodies, God makes use of their ministry, so as to avoid intervening Himself without necessity."

THE BIG STICK

(This is not the translator's blundering, though perhaps much more may be hoped from a lady who says that "Socrates remained for twenty-four hours lost in thought in the camp that Potidaea was besieging." It was Potidaea's way of doing her back hair that made her so generally admired.)

No; this is the real Poulain, 50 per cent. above proof.

I am sorry for this hobble-skirted Atalanta. He must not study mystic facts; all he is allowed to do is to arrange, invent, delete as may suit dogma. He is obliged to accept the nymphomaniac nun Gertrude, and treat her blasphemous maunderings with reverence, or ascribe some peculiarly foul outburst to an "early temptation." He must accept every orthodox levitation, and explain it by weight-lifting competitions among the angels; he must deny every heterodox levitation, or explain it by demonic power. And as one's bitterest enemies are always one's nearest relations, so his bitterest polemics are against the Quietists who are absolutely indistinguishable from the orthodox, and in favour at Rome until the intrigues of the beasts of blood of the Society of Jesus destroyed Molinos. Father Poulain even repeats the Catholic Truths about Molinos's confession. But Father Poulain is a Jesuit.

At this stage a reviewer wants to get up and stamp such people into pulp. But the hour is not yet, though Ferrer's blood adds its cry to that of his fellow-martyrs. Rather let us consider the good points in Father Poulain's poultice.

He understand the mysticism of his own system fairly well, and his book forms a most useful document in comparative Occultism. A. C.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By H. STANLEY REDGRAVE. [Publisher and price information omitted]

A most admirable treatise on the little-understood and misunderstood science of Alchemy. More, the only treatise. Clarity and good sense mark every line. A book entirely essential to anyone who wishes to study the subject, and to understand, (1) how the alchemists conceived of hierarchical monism, (2) how they preserved mysticism, (3) how they made chemistry possible.

The book is a complete refutation alike of the Pooh-Pooh and the Holy Timmie schools of critics. LEO VIRIDIS.

LOTUS LEAVES. By ALICE L. HEAD. Elkin Mathews.

I really enjoyed these charming poems.

Now, you know, I don't often say a thing like that! ALICE L. FOOTE.

AN ADVENTURE.

Anonymous.

This little book appears to be the production of an extremely clever young man.

THE EQUINOX

But he should have taken more pains to make the literary style of "Miss Morrison" different from that of "Miss Lamond"; and he should have shown the MS. to a lady. The most improbable event recorded is this: one of two modern ladies, walking at Versailles, sees a woman dressed in the clothes of the period of Louis XVI. --- and makes no remark!

I don't think!

S. HOLMES.

THE PORCH. Vol. I. NO. 5. JOHN G. GICHTEL (Extracts).

Outside 21 Cecil Court I don't suppose one could find a holier man than John G. Gichtel.

He writes like a Magister Templi, does John G.; and does indeed communicate a little that may be of use to an Adeptus of any kind. But there is nothing for naughty Neophytes, or for poor putrid Probationers. Why doesn't Mr. Watkins issue easy simple straightforward instructions, like the EQUINOX?

PROBATIONER.

Ib. No. 6. THE SEVEN VALLEYS. by FARIDUDDIN ATTAR. 3*d*.

A man of good repute who loved God saw Majnun sifting earth in the middle of the road, and said to him: "Oh Majnun! What art thou seeking thus?" "I seek Laylah." "Can a pearl so pure be found in that dust?" "I seek Laylah everywhere, in the hope of finding her one day somewhere."

This was my toil, and the reward is mine.

Of such gems the volume is full.

A. C.

Ib. No. 7. A SERMON FOR WHIT SUNDAY. By JOHN TAULER.

Awful good, but awful dull. Mr Crowley's "Pentecost" is much livelier.

H. G.

SPIRITISM AND INSANITY. By Dr MARCEL VIOLLET.

The worst type of cocksure medical dogmatising rendered into pitifully Frenchified English. This is (I am told) not the fault of the translator, but of Dr Viollet's arrogance. Good English is not good enough for him. It sounds to me like incipient G.P.I.

TARR, M.B.

DIVORCE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. E. S. P. HAYNES.

Divorce Law Reform Union. 1*s*.

These papers are learned and acute, but also wise and broad-minded.

Mr. Haynes' suggestions go about as far as practical politics allow. Polygynous Monogamy is the natural state of the Briton, and we cannot sweep it away to pleas a few idealistic cranks. And marriage is a matter too serious to be treated as Houdini treats handcuffs, popping in and out at will. On the other hand,

THE BIG STICK

everybody is not a Houdini, and we must help the weaker brethren. No life should be irrevocably accurst. Marriage bonds should be bonds of roses; and if the roses fade, they should be thrown away.

As for me, I feel at present like a cross between Galahad and St Paul. Henry VIII. is but a memory.

MOHAMMED (dated from his suspended coffin).

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. The Equinox.
3s. 6d.

This admirable study of a modern temperament, a thoughtful and generous mind at sea in the whirl of these new forces, so difficult to understand at all, so impossible to rate at their real value is a monument of our late colleague's earlier manner.

The book is almost as abstract as Kant, more abstract than Erewhon. Mr Raffalovich when he wrote this had not that lightning flash, the concentration of infinite light into a single lucid symbol, which distinguishes his later work.

The light is calm and cool. If I had to compare this book to another, I should select one of Jane Austen's; and if it is pointed out that I have never read any of Jane Austen's I can retort that neither have I read "The History of a Soul."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PSYCHISM. By M. HUME. [publisher and price information missing]

Mrs Hume is a female M. h S r. She begins by a long hypothesis full of big words whose meaning she shows no sign of understanding, though the sentence "Lunatics abound" can hardly be denied. The body of the book is made up of rambling statements (unsupported by any sort of evidence) of psychic powers that she possesses, the least of which, if substantiated, would be sufficient to overturn the entire universe; and still more Starry are the "inspirational" poems which disconnectedly impregnate the other rubbish.

"Nay, take her up gently,
Dry thou her tears,
Wind thine arm round her,
Soothe thou her fears."

This seems as obviously borrowed from Hood as her great male analogue borrows from any book that he has been reading recently.

"Nature's law rules supreme
Because it is God's.
He framed it,
It must be,
And men are his 'lords.'"

THE EQUINOX

At this point, as Mrs Hume observes, "the strong man reeled in his anguish."
N. W.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

If we were right in suggestion as de did in September, that Mr Edgar Jepson had stolen fire from Mr Blackwood, we must now admit that Mr Blackwood has got more than even. For the "Human Chord" has a plot so like that of No. 19 that we can hardly help thinking that Mr Blackwood must have been studying the methods of William Somerset Maugham, Esq., M.D. In both books we have a lonely place, and a strong man of the magician type, and the beautiful young lady, and the nice young gentleman, who agree after a little experience that it is much better to give up any aspiration higher than that of checking race suicide. Even the incidents in the "Human Chord" suggest "No. 19." The horrible creature coming out of the dark is very like Mr Blackwood's personified sounds, and the final smash-up if of very much the same type. Mr Blackwood's other sources are the Qabalah, which he appears to have taken from the preface to Mathers, and if he had only added to his library a shilling handbook on sound, he would have avoided some of the more absurd blunders. The distinguishing difference between "No. 19" and the "Human Chord," is that Edgar Jepson is a first-rate story-teller, while Algernon Blackwood is suffering from indigestion brought on by a surfeit of ill-cooked Theosophy. The theories spring up and choke the narrative, and it becometh unfruitful.

GEORGOS.

THE DEUCE AND ALL. By GEORGE RAFFLOVICH. Published by the EQUINOX.
Price 3s. 6d. and 1s. net.

I can find no words of any known language strong and emphatic enough to express my admiration of this extraordinary volume. Twelve tales! The twelve Pointed Star of Genius! An introduction that is a Revelation! Magical knowledge thrown away! Psychology never at fault! Truly the Book to read again and again.

But, mind you, do not let it fall into the hands of elderly people. *They would never die.*
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

POEMS. By VICTOR RATCLIFFE. Cambridge, 1910.

The title of this little volume is misleading.

CANTAB.

BRACKEN. By JOHN TREVENA.

This is a very fine study of west country life. Jaspar Ramridge is a school-master, and can see nothing but discipline.

Cuthbert Orton is a schoolboy, and can see nothing but revolt against that discipline.

THE BIG STICK

Neither grows up. So when they start to create, the boy produces a creature of naked emotion and no more; the man a creature of naked intellect and no more. The first is an animal, the second a devil.

This is our own doctrine; but never have I seen it better expressed.

It is not the province of man to create, but to beget. The father of the girl who is in turn obsessed by Orton and Ramridge is a perfect ass; but he made a very good job once in his life.

Let this admirable book be a warning to all those who seek magical power, or to teach pupils.

If you obtain magical powers, as is easy, you can only use it to destroy both yourself and your victims, unless by a greater miracle than the magic itself. If you seek to teach, your pupils are almost sure to misunderstand.

The alternative is to initiate; and this can only be done by those who are no longer men or magicians.

Let me congratulate Mr Trevena upon a most enthralling and instructive book.

O. H.

THE WHIRLPOOL. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Equinox. 1s. net.

I can add nothing to the appreciation which I have written for preface to this volume, which all should read.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Look at the cover, and shudder!

In this masterpiece of illustration dwells the very soul of the book,—the virgin emaciated with insatiable passion; the verminous, illicit night-bird of a prehistoric age (the only conceivable steed for such an one!); the turbid waters of imagery; the lurid sky to which tentacular arms appeal to loves too luscious for this world, are all embodied in this simple design. The artist has seized the loathsome horror of the book,—I feared even to sign it.

Look at the cover and shudder; then read it if you dare!

E. J. WIELAND.

The obsurer phases of love, the more mystic side of passion, have never been more enchantingly delineated than they are by Ether Archer, in this delightfully vicious book.

Terrible in its naïveté, astounding in its revelations, "The Whirlpool" is the complete morbid expression of that infinite disease of the spirit spoken of in Thelema.

For my own personal opinion I refer readers to my exquisite introductory sonnet to the volume.

VICTOR.

The first thing one wishes to know on completing this extraordinary volume is:—What is the author's definition of Art? Some say that the definition of Art is to please; I say Art is artifice; Phil May said something which conveys nothing if

THE EQUINOX

translated into Latin, and is unprintable in English.

If the author holds Phil Mar's opinion she has, of course, ever right to continue printing such books; if, however, her idea of Art is to please, then Ether Archer's idea of pleasure is as warped as her nature.

To the Philistine Public this book will have but one use—it contains just sufficient paper to set the drawing-room fire agoing in event of returning home after the domestics have retire to rest. Those, however, who appreciate good verse, with find just sufficient warmth therein to read it though the fire be out.

BUNCO.

Especially after a last glance at the wonderful cover, I think that The World's Pool of Sound suggests itself as an alternative title to this thin volume. Thin but bony—nor could sweeter marrow be found elsewhere. The volume has, I am afraid, an unfortunate horoscope, owing no doubt to some affliction in Virgo, with no correspondingly strong influence from the house of Taurus. Let use leave it at that.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

Babes of the Abyss! behold Form without Soul! Of womanhood (philosophical Weininger-womanhood!) Ether Archer is the supreme expression. She is passion à rebours; Là-bas in excelsis. One can imagine her writhing away from even the infamies and hysterics of Canon Docre; or, having won her broomstick, declining to go to the Sabbath. Hers is the glass fruit of Murano, with its tinkling bells; hers that obscene chastity which blasphemes love and holds the candle to vice. Hers is the prudery and respectability which can pass through all fires unscorched, unwarmed. Hers is the soul of the real succuba, as that was before man idealised it away into a vampire of voluptuousness.

Miss Archer (God help her!) is still young; her verse halts and her technique is faulty; it is amateurish. But she only needs a little hard work and experience to produce the vilest ravings that ever foamed upon the fleshless lips of a lost soul.

Unless that work redeems her. For she is as idle as she is vicious. The book is a masterpiece of horror, in its way; every one should read it and shudder.

LAURA GRAHAME.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, etc. BERNARD SHAW.

The preface to the first of these plays is a pointless hotchpotch of ignorant balderdash, the eavesdropping of a doctor's flunky translated to a suburban layman. Sometimes it hits the marks; the law of chance provides for this event.

The play is even worse rubbish.

Follows a dull, dirty stupid, prolix, foolish farrago about marriage. "By George!" cried Somerset, "Three days of you have transformed me into an ancient Roman!" Bernard Shaw is the nearest approach to the redoubtable Zero that seems possible. I have had doubts about marriage, and troubles in marriage; but Shaw has made me feel partly like St Paul and partly like Queen Victoria.

But there is no need to take Shaw seriously. He has lived so long as cock-of-the-walk of his mattoid dunghill of sexless and parasexual degenerates that he has lost sight of the world altogether. Probably a sewer-rat thinks that fresh air smells nasty. Nor, one may add, is much consideration due to a person so ignorant as to write "dumbfounded" for "dumfounded" and "laudatores temporis acti." "Til" for "till" is doubtless only a foolish faddism intended to irritate, like the Old Philadelphia Lady in the *New York Herald*, but he has not her sense of humour.

There is some ground, though, for hoping that the "Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" merely mark the temporary eclipse of a great mind. For the remarks on the Censor are quite informed and sensible, and Blanco Posnet is really quite good. The characters are human and living—a welcome change indeed from the dogmatic dummies of the other two plays. A. C.

CAGLIOSTRO. By W. H. TROWBRIDGE.

I have a prejudice against memoirs of a century ago. They are usually pornographic tittle-tattle, absolutely pointless, the favourite reading of a Colonel Glumley. One expects to see them in a still-life whose other ingredients are birches tied up with blue ribbons, and imitations of the Inimitable.

What, then, was my pleasure in finding this study of Cagliostro a well-written and profoundly interesting book!

The man problem of Cagliostro's identity is discussed with marvellous power and fascination.

Mr Trowbridge's review of eighteenth-century occultism is strikingly sane and intelligent. Knowing nothing of the causes à priori, he has judged by the effects, and these have not betrayed him. Indeed, had Mr Trowbridge sworn secrecy to the modern Illuminati, I am afraid that he might have his s. . . l

THE EQUINOX

s . . n across, and his b s exposed to the s g r . . s of the s . n before now!

I think Mr Trowbridge is too ready to assume that the initiations of Egyptian Masonry were ridiculous. On what documents does he base his description? It is always open to a Mason to reply to an "exposure" that those who tell don't know, and those who know don't tell. My own small knowledge of the matter assures me that the accounts given on pp. 111 and 112, 120 and 121 are entirely foreign to that knowledge and à priori most unlikely. It is incredible that one to whom so many impressive rites were accessible should found his system on tomfoolery.

I wish Mr Trowbridge could have found time to study intimately for a month the life of a modern master.

As it is, the most natural phenomena perturb him. The periodical disappearances of his hero annoy the historian; yet this is the first condition of the life of a Magus, like the disappearance of salmon from rivers. Unless one went back to the sea pretty often, those silver scales would blacken.

Many other matter, too, would have suggested their own explanation. However, the historian's native wit has gone very far to supply him with motives for Cagliostro. What puzzles fools, whether they be Jewish, Russian, French, or naturalised Englishmen, in estimating the actions of an adept, is this; they have not the smallest notion of what he loves, or even of what he sees. Cagliostro is fortunate in finding a student with good sense and perspicacity. It is only a step from Cagliostro's vindication (successfully accomplished in this book) to his triumph. Mr Trowbridge will come one day to see that his high mission was not a failure, recognise that Dumas is the most illuminated of historians as well as the most fascinating of novelists.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL, a legend in line and verse. By WILLIAM T. HORTON.

A little while ago I begged the Deity to forbid that William T. Horton should become vocal. My prayer was not heard.

Again, William T. Horton begged the Deity not to let the Equinox review his book.

His prayer has not been heard.

Enough to shake anybody's faith!

There is a most illuminated forward by Ralph Shirley, a thing I could wish to have written myself.

And now for the Reverse of the Medal.

The principal subject of illustration is a series of accordion-pleated cliffs

THE BIG STICK

made of Sunlight soap, waters made of vermicelli, suns indicated by circles drawn with a compass surrounded by lines drawn with a very unsteady hand to represent rays—surely a ruler would have been neater?—moons cut out of cardboard probably by his little sister, trees rather well done as they are accurately copied from Morris & Co., flaming swords like fly-switches, roses and stars and the rest, all conceived and executed with inconceivable coarseness, banality, and an absolute lack of any sense of beauty on the one hand and technical skill on the other. Such drawing would be rejected by the vulgarest comic papers; the best examples do not reach the standard of Ally Sloper, though the feeling approximates to that journal's at its nadir.

I did not mention that there are numerous attempts to represent divine, angelic, and human forms; the subject is beyond my power of expression.

As it is, I can only beg my readers to buy this book, for these drawings must be seen to be believed. And even then? Their existence is incompatible with that of God.

The only other way to save my credit is to quote (without comment; I am only human) the “verse”; it is better than the drawings, but it will give an idea of what William T. Horton really can do.

Isis-Osiris, Lo! on Thy throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone,
Breathe on us of Thy might;
Ruler of Love and Light
Isis-Osiris on Thy golden throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone.

• • • • •
The Future hid,
The Soul, in Love,
Goes where 'tis bid.
By Love above.

• • • • •
Within a cold and barren land,
Whereon, at times, a moon doth shine
A tree of Life doth upright stand,
Close by a gap, near a deep mine.

• • • • •
I know that over there,
Behind the crescent moon,
There waits for me somewhere,
One I shall meet full soon.

• • • • •

THE EQUINOX

Thy heart shall weary
And thy Soul shall cry,
Till thou findest me,
Thy Bride from on high.

Star of my Hope to thee I call
Upon the way I stumbling fall
Shine thou upon my weary soul
Disperse the clouds that o'er me roll.

I faint for thee with dear desire
My heart with longing oft doth tire
To thee I climb—ah! shine on me
Disclose thyself, revealed be.

Why hidest thou from me thy face?
Come forth, thy hand in mine, Sweet, place;
I stand where many cross roads meet
Oh! guide and guard my faltering feet

Within it's Crystal House the Soul,
Made perfect, sits enthroned in joy,
Around it all Earth's clouds may roll,
But nought can harm it, or annoy.

Isis, Mother of all the gods,
By Thee th' aspiring Soul doth rise;
No more on Earth it blindly plods
But, Spirit-freed, mounts to the skies.

The late Leonard Smithers once told me an anecdote, for whose truth I do not vouch.

William T. Horton was walking across a moor (I think it was Clapham Common) at night to be an architect, when he heard a voice,

“ Turn again, Hor-ton,
Ar-tist of Lon-don!”

He turned. But I don't agree with Leonard Smithers' comment that William T. Horton could have made a good architect; I prefer the sober judgment of Ethel Archer that he might have been trained to be a bricklayer.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BIG STICK

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By J. ARTHUR HILL.

A very interesting record, written fairly and conceived clearly. There is absolutely none of the sentimentality which degrades 99.9 per cent. of Spiritistic "research."

I must confess that "Watson" does not impress me. He is too terribly correct in his facts. To admit the supernormal hypothesis here would be to betray all good sense. However unlikely it may appear, Watson must have known the facts.

For otherwise, if he can describe and name some fifteen relatives of "F. K.," he ought—in the course of a lifetime—to do as much for many others. But he doesn't

The argument is this. Suppose my aeroplane does just manage to leave the ground for a few yards, one can explain it away. But if I fly from London to New York, I show such power that it is reasonable to insist on my flying at least a few miles to order.

I challenge Watson to give me the name of one relative of a stranger that I bring him.

The cross-correspondences are more satisfactory. But the hypothesis of spirits is quite unnecessary.

If we admit, as any Pantheist would admit, that subliminal Mrs Verral is identical with or in communication with subliminal Mrs Piper, there is no mystery left, no suggestion of Myers to pit against the blank failure of the sealed letter test. Further, I distrust "Mrs Holland." I cannot believe that any one is so imbecile as not to solve the Hodgson cipher at a single glance. But a grande hystérique forging the script might pretend to be unable to decipher it.

I have seen more fraud from the vanity of amateurs than from the cupidity of professionals. So, in the end, to this record as to all others, I enter the Scotch verdict.

A. C.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS. By ETHELBERT JOHNSON.

A charming little book, a book of understanding. But this one thing he does not understand, that He who should come hath indeed come. "For we have seen His Star in the West, and are come to worship Him."

L. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

“THE PERFECT SHOPKEEPER”

25 OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON, W., 11th Feb. 1911.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard from our Lawyers (to whom you compelled us to go to obtain payment from you) that you have paid £6 into court in settlement of our account of £9, 10s., of which £8, 10s., is for repairs to a suit case brought to us in very bad state, the remaining £1 being simply money paid out of pocket to our workman for watch and coffee-pot repairs, etc.

In instructing our Lawyers to accept such payment, we think it best to state that had you at any time told us you objected to any of the charges we should at once have tried to have met your wishes and pleased you, but you never have complained, simply ignoring all our applications for payment as on previous occasions with your accounts. The writer, you may possibly remember, had an interview with you here in June 1906, when he remonstrated with you strongly on your very shabby treatment; you there and then, to make up for it perhaps, gave us an order, selecting the very fine suit case over which you were, by the special instructions of the writer, put on most liberal terms for cash.

Perhaps having treated us so shabbily again you will give us another order, for if letting people in for needless Lawyers' expense is your idea of right from wrong it is very different from

Yours faithfully,

A. ELLIOTT of

J. W. BENSON LTD.

P.S.—if calling, kindly ask for the writer, who will be pleased to see you again.

E. A. CROWLEY, Esq.,
124 Victoria Street, S. W.

[This letter (a masterpiece of autopsychography) should be read in the light of the article published in No. iv. pp. 311-313. A.C.]

[This correspondence must *not* now cease.—ED.]

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

LIBER XXX ÆRVM

VEL SÆCVLI

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCCCXVIII

BEING OF THE ANGELS OF THE 30 ÆTHYRS

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

A.: A.: Publication in Class A B.
Imprimatur:

D.D.S. $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator
O.S.V. $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ Imperator
N.S.F. $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE THIRTIETH OR INMOST AIRE OR ÆTHYR
WHICH IS CALLED TEX

I AM in a vast crystal cube in the form of the Great God Harpocrates. This cube is surrounded by a sphere. About me are four archangels in black robes, their wings and armour lined out in white.

In the North is a book on whose back and front are A.M.B.Z. in Enochian characters.

Within it is written:

I AM, the surrounding of the four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses of Eternity: for my Father goeth forth to judge the World. One Light, let it become a thousand, and one sword ten thousand, that no man hide him from my Father's eye in the Day of Judgment of my God. Let the Gods hide themselves: let the Angels be troubled and flee away: for the Eye of My Father is open, and the Book of the Æons is fallen.

Arise! Arise! Arise! Let the Light of the Sight of Time be extinguished: let the Darkness cover all things: for my Father goeth forth to seek a spouse to replace her who is fallen and defiled.

Seal the book with the seals of the Stars Concealed: for

THE EQUINOX

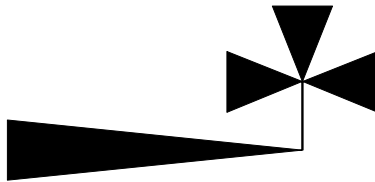
the Rivers have rushed together and the Name יהוה is broken in a thousand pieces (against the Cubic Stone).

Tremble ye, O Pillars of the Universe, for Eternity is in travail of a Terrible Child; she shall bring forth an universe of Darkness, whence shall leap forth a spark that shall put his father to flight.

The Obelisks are broken; the stars have rushed together: the Light hath plunged into the Abyss: the Heavens are mixed with Hell.

My Father shall not hear their Noise: His ears are closed: His eyes are covered with the clouds of Night.

The End! the End! the End: For the Eye of Shiva He hath opened: the Universe is naked before Him: for the Æon of Saturn leaneth toward the Bosom of Death.



The Angel of the East hath a book of red written in letters of Blue A.B.F.M.A. in Enochian. The Book grows before my eyes and filleth the Whole Heaven.

Within: "It is Written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

I see above the Book a multitude of white-robed Ones from whom droppeth a great rain of Blood; but above them is a Golden Sun, having an eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and read therein:

Seal up the Book! Speak not that which thou seest and

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

reveal it unto none: for the ear is not framed that shall hear it:
nor the tongue that can speak it!

O Lord God, blessed, blessed, blessed be Thou for ever!

Thy Shadow is as great Light.

Thy Name is as the Breath of Love across all Worlds.



(A vast Svastika is shewn unto me behind the Angel with
the Book.)

Rend your garments, O ye clouds! Uncover yourselves! for
the Love of My Son!

Who are they that trouble thee?

Who are they that slew thee?

O Light! Come thou, who art joined with me to bruise the
Dragon's head.

We, who are wedded, and the Earth perceiveth it not!

O that Our Bed were seen of Men, that they might rejoice
in My Fertility: that My Sister might partake of My Great
Light.

O Light of God, when wilt thou find the heart of man—
write not! I would not that men know the Sorrow of my
Heart, Amen!

I turned me to the West, and the Archangel bore a flaming
Book, on which was written AN in Enochian. Within was
drawn a fiery scorpion, yet cold withal.

Until the Book of the East be opened!

Until the hour sound!

THE EQUINOX

Until the Voice vibrate!
Until it pierce my Depth;
Look not on High!
Look not Beneath!

For thou wilt find a life which is as Death: or a Death which should be infinite.

For Thou art submitted to the Four: Five thou shalt find, but Seven is lone and far.

O Lord God, let Thy Spirit hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of infinite pain: no hope: no God: no resurrection: no end: I fall: I fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise Thou my Head with Thy foot to save the world, that once again I touch Him whom I slew, that in my death I feel the radiance and the heat of the moving of Thy Robes!

Let us alone! What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?

Go! Go!

If I keep silence—Or if I speak each word is anguish without hope.

And I heard the Æthyr cry aloud “Return! Return! Return! For the work is ended; and the Book is shut; and let the glory be to God the Blessed for ever in the Æons, Amen.” Thus far is the voice of TEX and no more.

THE CRY OF THE TWENTY AND NINTH AIRE OR ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED RII

The sky appears covered with stars of gold; the background is of green. But the impression is also of darkness.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

An immense eagle-angel is before me. His wings seem to hide all the Heaven.

He cried aloud saying: The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters: the Terror of God upon Mankind. The voice of the Lord maketh the Skies to tremble: the Stars are troubled: the Aires fall. The First Voice Speaketh and saith: Cursed, cursed be the Earth, for her iniquity is great. Oh Lord! Let Thy Mercy be lost in the great Deep! Open thine eyes of Flame and Light, O God, upon the wicked! Lighten thine Eyes! The Clamour of Thy Voice, let it smite down the Mountains!

Let us not see it! Cover we our eyes, lest we see the End of Man.

Close we our ears, lest we hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let none write it: I, I am troubled, my eyes are moist with dews of terror: surely the Bitterness of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South and lo! a great lion as wounded and perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered! Let the Sons of Earth keep silence; for my Name is become as That of Death!

When will men learn the Mysteries of Creation?

How much more those of the Dissolution (and the Pang of Fire)?

I turned me to the West and there was a great Bull; White with horns of White and Black and Gold. His mouth was scarlet and his eyes as Sapphire stones. With a great sword he shore the skies asunder, and amid the silver flashes of the steel grew lightnings and deep clouds of Indigo.

THE EQUINOX

He spake: It is finished! My mother hath unveiled herself!

My sister hath violated herself! The life of things hath disclosed its Mystery.

The work of the Moon is done! Motion is ended for ever!

Clipped are the eagle's wings: but my Shoulders have not lost their strength.

I heard a Great Voice from above crying: Thou liest! For the Volatile hath indeed fixed itself; but it hath arisen above thy sight. The World is desert: but the Abodes of the House of my Father are peopled; and His Throne is crusted over with white Brilliant Stars, a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a Great Horse, having a Scourge and Balances in his hand (or a long spear glitters at his back or in his hand). He is clothed in black velvet and his face is stern and terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged! It is the end: the gate of the beginning. Look in the Beneath and thou shalt see a new world!

I looked and saw a great abyss and a dark funnel of whirling waters or fixed airs, wherein were cities and monsters and trees and atoms and mountains and little flames (being souls) and all the material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one by one, as necessity hath ordained. For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold and azure, set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: "Thou seest the Current of Destiny! Canst thou change one atom in

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

its path? I am Destiny. Dost thou think to control me? for who can move my course?"

And there falleth a thunderbolt therein: a catastrophe of explosion: and all is shattered. And I saw above me a Vast Arm reach down, dark and terrible, and a voice cried: I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry arose: "No! no! no! All is changed; all is confounded; naught is ordered: the white is stained with blood: the black is kissed of the Christ! Return! Return! It is a new chaos that thou findest here: chaos for thee: for us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!"

I said: Tell me this truth: for I have conjured ye by the Mighty Names of God, the which ye cannot but obey.

The voice said:

Light is consumed as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew. But pain and sorrow infinite, and darkness are invoked. For this child riseth up within his Mother and doth crucify himself within her bosom. He extendeth his arms in the arms of his Mother and the Light becometh fivefold.*

Lux in Luce,
Christus in Cruce;
Deo Duce
Sempiterno.

* The LVX Cross hidden in the Svastika is probably the Arcanum here connoted.

This Cross on Mars square adds to 65 Adonai, Shone, Gloried, ha-Yekal, HS = keep silence.

Svastika itself adds to $231 = 0 + 1 + 2 + \dots + 21$, the 21 Keys. The cubical Svastika regarded as composed of this LVX Cross and the arms has a total of 78 faces—Tarot and Mezla.

THE EQUINOX

And be the glory for ever and ever unto the Most High God, Amen!

Then I returned within my body, giving glory unto the Lord of Light and of the Darkness. In Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen!

(On composing myself to sleep, I was shewn an extremely brilliant $\overline{\text{I}}$ in the Character of the Passing of the River, in an egg of white light. And I take this as the best of Omens. The letter was extremely vivid and indeed apparently physical. Almost a Dhyana.)

November 17, 1900, Die ㄗ.

A NOTE

Concerning the thirty Æthyrs:

The Visions of the 29th and 30th Æthyrs were given to me in Mexico in August, 1900, and I am now (23.11.9) trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked that the last three æthyrs have ten angels attributed to them, and they therefore represent the ten Sephiroth. Yet these ten form but one, a Malkuth-pendant to the next three, and so on, each set being, as it were, absorbed in the higher. The last set consists, therefore, of the first three æthyrs with the remaining twenty-seven as their Malkuth. And the letters of the first three æthyrs are the key-sigils of the most exalted interpretation of the Sephiroth.

I is therefore Kether;

L, Chokmah and Binah;

A, Chesed;

N, Geburah;

R, Tiphereth;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Z, Netzach;

N, Hod;

O, Jesod.

The geomantic correspondences of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime commentary.

Note that the total angels of the æthyrs are 91, the numeration of Amen.

THE CRY OF THE 28TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED BAG

There cometh an Angel into the stone with opalescent shining garments like a wheel of fire on every side of him, and in his hand is a long flail of scarlet lightning; his face is black, and his eyes white without any pupil or iris. The face is very terrible indeed to look upon. Now in front of him is a wheel, with many spokes, and many tyres; it is like a fence in front of him.

And he cries: O man, who art thou that wouldst penetrate the Mystery? for it is hidden unto the End of Time.

And I answer him: Time is not, save in the darkness of Her womb by whom evil came.

And now the wheel breaks away, and I see him as he is. His garment is black beneath the opal veils, but it is lined with white, and he has the shining belly of a fish, and enormous wings of black and white feathers, and innumerable little legs and claws like a centipede, and a long tail like a scorpion. The breasts are human, but they are all scored with blood; and he cries: O thou who hast broken down the veil, knowest thou not that who cometh where I am must be scarred by many sorrows?

And I answer him: Sorrow is not, save in the darkness of

THE EQUINOX

the womb of Her by whom came evil.

I pierce the Mystery of his breast, and therein is a jewel. It is a sapphire as great as an ostrich egg, and thereon is graven this sigil:



But there is also much writing on the stone, very minute characters carved. I cannot read them. He points with his flail to the sapphire, which is now outside him and bigger than himself; and he cries: Hail! warden of the Gates of Eternity who knowest not thy right hand from thy left; for in the æon of my Father is a god with clasped hands wherein he holdeth the universe, crushing it into the dust that ye call stars.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right eye from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is but one light.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right nostril from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is neither life nor death.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right ear from thy left; for in the æon of my Father there is neither sound nor silence.

Whoso hath power to break open this sapphire stone shall find therein four elephants having tusks of mother-of-pearl, and upon whose backs are castles, those castles which ye call the watch-towers of the Universe.

Let me dwell in peace within the breast of the Angel that is warden of the æthyr. Let not the shame of my Mother be unveiled. Let not her be put to shame that lieth among the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

lilies that are beyond the stars.

O man, that must ever be opening, when wilt thou learn to seal up the mysteries of the creation? to fold thyself over thyself as a rose in the embrace of night? But thou must play the wanton to the sun, and the wind must tear thy petals from thee, and the bee must rob thee of thy honey, and thou must fall into the dusk of things. Amen and Amen.

Verily the light is hidden, therefore he who hideth himself is like unto the light; but thou openest thyself; thou art like unto the darkness that bindeth the belly of the great goddess.*

OLAHO VIRUDEN MAHORELA ZODIREDA! ON
PIREDA EXENTASER; ARBA PIRE GAH GAHA
GAHAL GAHALANA VO ABRA NA GAHA VELU-
CORSAPAX.

And the voice of the æon cried: Return, return, return! the time sickeneth, and the space gapeth, and the voice of him that is, was and shall be crowned rattles in the throat of the mighty dragon of eld. Thou canst not pass by me, except thou have the mystery of the word of the abyss.

Now the angel putteth back the sapphire stone into his breast; and I spake unto him and said, I will fight with thee and overcome thee, except thou expound unto me the word of the abyss.

Now he makes as if to fight with me. (It is very horrible, all the tentacles moving and the flail flashing, and the fierce eyeless face, strained and swollen. And with the Magic sword

* In the light of the cry of LOE, this passage seems to mean almost precisely the opposite of its apparent meaning.

THE EQUINOX

I pierce through his armour to his breast. He fell back, saying: Each of these my scars was thus made, for I am the warden of the æthyr. And he would have said more; but I cut him short, saying: expound the word of the Abyss. And he said: Discipline is sorrowful and ploughing is laborious and age is weariness.

Thou shalt be vexed by dispersion.

But now, if the sun arise, fold thou thine arms; then shall God smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply into words and letters; for this Mystery hath been hidden by the Alchemists. Compose the sevenfold into a fourfold regimen; and when thou hast understood thou mayest make symbols; but by playing child's games with symbols thou shalt never understand. Thou hast the signs; thou hast the words; but there are many things that are not in my power, who am but the warden of the 28th Æthyr.

Now my name thou shalt obtain in this wise. Of the three angels of the Æthyr, thou shalt write the names from right to left and from left to right and from right to left, and these are the holy letters:

The first 1, the fifth 2, the sixth 3, the eleventh 4, the seventh 5, the twelfth 6, the seventeenth 7.

Thus hast thou my name who am above these three, but the angels of the 30th Æthyr are indeed four, and they have none above them; wherefore dispersion and disorder.

Now cometh from every side at once a voice, terribly great, crying: Close the veil; the great blasphemy hath been uttered; the face of my Mother is scarred by the nails of the devil. Shut the book, destroy the breaker of the seal!

And I answered: Had he not been destroyed he had not

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

come hither, for I am not save in the darkness in the womb of Her by whom came evil into the world.

And this darkness swallows everything up, and the angel is gone from the stone; and there is no light therein, save only the light of the Rose and of the Cross.

AUMALE, ALGERIA.

November 23, 1909, between 8 and 9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 27TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZAA

There is an angel with rainbow wings, and his dress is green with silver, a green veil over silver armour. Flames of many-coloured fire dart from him in all directions. It is a woman of some thirty years old, and she has the moon for a crest, and the moon is blazoned on her heart, and her sandals are curved silver, like the moon.

And she cries: Lonely am I and cold in the wilderness of the stars. For I am the queen of all them that dwell in Heaven, and the queen of all them that are pure upon earth, and the queen of all the sorcerers of hell.

I am the daughter of Nuit, the lady of the stars. And I am the Bride of them that are vowed unto loneliness. And I am the mother of the Dog Cerberus. One person am I, and three gods.

And thou who hast blasphemed me shalt suffer knowing me. For I am cold as thou art cold, and burn with thy fire. Oh, when shall the war of the Aires and the elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these falchions of my brothers, invisibly about me, but the might of the æthyrs beneath my feet beareth me down. And they avail not to sever the Kamailos. There is one

THE EQUINOX

in green armour, with green eyes, whose sword is of vegetable fire. That shall avail me. My son is he,—and how shall I bear him that have not known man?

All this time intolerable rays are shooting forth to beat me back or destroy me; but I am encased in an egg of blue-violet, and my form is the form of a man with the head of a golden hawk. While I have been observing this, the goddess has kept up a continuous wail, like the baying of a thousand hounds; and now her voice is deep and guttural and hoarse, and she breathes very rapidly words that I cannot hear. I can hear some of them now.

UNTU LA LA ULULA UMUNA TOFA LAMA LE
LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA ELULA ETFOMA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU MARABAN ULULU MAHATA
ULU ULU LAMASTANA.

And then her voice rises to a shriek, and there is a cauldron boiling in front of her; and the flames under the cauldron are like unto zinc flames, and in the cauldron is the Rose, the Rose of 49 petals, seething in it. Over the cauldron she has arched her rainbow wings; and her face is bent over the cauldron, and she is blowing opalescent silvery rings on to the Rose; and each ring as it touches the water bursts into flame, and the Rose takes new colours.

And now she lifts her head, and raises her hands to heaven, and cries: O Mother, wilt thou never have compassion on the children of earth? Was it not enough that the Rose should be red with the blood of thine heart, and that its petals should be by 7 and by 7?

She is weeping, weeping. And the tears grow and fill the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

whole stone with moons. I can see nothing and hear nothing for the tears, though she keeps on praying. "Take of these pearls, treasure them in thine heart. Is not the Kingdom of the Abyss accurst?" She points downward to the cauldron; and now in it there is the head of a most cruel dragon, black and corrupted. I watch, and watch; and nothing happens.

And now the dragon rises out of the cauldron, very long and slim (like Japanese Dragons, but infinitely more terrible), and he blots out the whole sphere of the stone.

Then suddenly all is gone, and there is nothing in the stone save brilliant white light and flecks like sparks of golden fire; and there is a ringing, as if bells were being used for anvils. And there is a perfume which I cannot describe; it is like nothing that one can describe, but the suggestion is like *lignum aloes*. And now all these things are there at once in the same place and time.

Now a veil of olive and silver is drawn over the stone, only I hear the voice of the angel receding, very sweet and faint and sorrowful, saying: Far off and lonely in the secret stone is the unknown, and interpenetrated is the knowledge with the will and the understanding. I am alone. I am lost, because I am all and in all; and my veil is woven of the green earth and the web of stars. I love; and I am denied, for I have denied myself. Give me those hands, put them against my heart. Is it not cold? Sink, sink, the abyss of time remains. It is not possible that one should come to ZAA. Give me thy face. Let me kiss it with my cold kisses. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fall back from me. The word, the word of the æon is MAKHASHANAH. And these words shalt thou say backwards: ARARNAY OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM

THE EQUINOX

LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO SAD FONUSA SOBANA
ARANA BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA UOHULU when
thou wilt call my burden unto appearance, for I who am the
Virgin goddess am the pregnant goddess, and I have cast
down my burden even unto the borders of the universe. They
that blaspheme me are stoned, and my veil is fallen about me
even unto the end of time.

Now there arises a great raging of thousands and thousands
of mighty warriors flashing through the æthyr so thickly that
nothing is to be seen but their swords, which are like blue-
gray plumes. And the noise is confused, thousands of battle-
cries harmonizing to a roar, like the roar of a monstrous river in
flood. And all the stone is dull, dull gray. The life is gone
from it.

There is no more to see.

SIDI AISSA, ALGERIA.

November 24, 1909, 8-9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 26TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DES

There is a very bright pentagram: and now the stone is
gone, and the whole heaven is black, and the blackness is the
blackness of a mighty angel. And though he is black (his face
and his wings and his robe and his armour are all black), yet is
he so bright that I cannot look upon him. And he cries: O ye
spears and vials of poison and sharp swords and whirling
thunderbolts that are about the corners of the earth, girded
with wrath and justice, know ye that His name is Righteous-
ness in Beauty? Burnt out are your eyes, for that ye have seen
me in my majesty. And broken are the drum-heads of
your ears, because my name is as two mountains of

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

fornication, the breasts of a strange woman; and my Father is not in them.

Lo! the pools of fire and torment mingled with sulphur! Many are their colours, and their colour is as molten gold, when all is said. Is not He one, one and alone, in whom the brightness of your countenance is as 1,728 petals of fire.

Also he spake the curse, folding his wings across and crying: Is not the son the enemy of his father? And hath not the daughter stolen the warmth of the bed of her mother? therefore is the great curse irrevocable. Therefore there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor knowledge in this house, that hangeth upon the edge of hell. Thou art not 4 but 2, O thou blasphemy spoken against 1!

Therefore whoso worshippeth thee is accursed. He shall be brayed in a mortar and the powder thereof cast to the winds, that the birds of the air may eat thereof and die; and he shall be dissolved in strong acid and the elixir poured into the sea, that the fishes of the sea may breathe thereof and die. And he shall be mingled with dung and spread upon the earth, so that the herbs of the earth may feed thereof and die; and he shall be burnt utterly with fire, and the ashes thereof shall calcine the children of flame, that even in hell may be found an overflowing lamentation.

And now on the breast of the Angel is a golden egg between the blackness of the wings, and that egg grows and grows all over the æthyr. And it breaks, and within there is a golden eagle.

And he cries: Woe! woe! woe! Yea, woe unto the world! For there is no sin, and there is no salvation. My plumes are like waves of gold upon the sea. My eyes are brighter than

THE EQUINOX

the sun. My tongue is swifter than the lightning.

Yet am I hemmed in by the armies of night, singing, singing praises unto Him that is smitten by the thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not the sky clear behind the sun? These clouds that burn thee up, these rays that scorch the brains of men with blindness; these are heralds before my face of the dissolution and the night.

Ye are all blinded by my glory; and though ye treasure in your heart the sacred word that is the last lever of the key to the little door beyond the abyss, yet ye gloss and comment thereupon; for the light itself is but illusion. Truth itself is but illusion. Yea, these be the great illusions beyond life and space and time.

Let thy lips blister with my words! Are they not meteors in thy brain? Back, back from the face of the accursed one, who am I; back into the night of my father, into the silence; for all that ye deem right is left, forward is backward, upward is downward.

I am the great god adored of the holy ones. Yet am I the accursed one, child of the elements and not their father.

O my mother! wilt thou not have pity upon me? Wilt thou not shield me? For I am naked, I am manifest, I am profane. O my father! wilt not thou withdraw me? I am extended, I am double, I am profane.

Woe, woe unto me! These are they that hear not prayer. It is I that have heard all prayer alway, and there is none to answer *me*. Woe unto me! Woe unto me! Accursed am I unto the æons!

All this time this brilliant eagle-headed god has been attacked, seemingly, by invisible people, for he is wounded

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

now and again, here and there; little streams of fresh blood come out over the feathers of his breast. And the smoke of the blood is gradually filling the Æthyr with a crimson veil. There is a scroll over the top, saying: *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*; and there is another scroll below it in a language of which I do not know the sounds. The meaning is, Not as they have understood.

The blood is thicker and darker now, and it is becoming clotted and black, so that everything is blotted out; because it coagulates, coagulates. And then at the top there steals a dawn of pure night-blue,—Oh, the stars, the stars in it deeply set!—and drives the blood down; so that all round the top of the oval gradually dawns the figure of our Lady Nuit, and beneath her is the flaming winged disk, and below the altar of Ra-Hoor-Khuit, even as it is upon the Stele of Revealing. But below is the supine figure of Seb, into whom is concentrated all that clotted blood.

And there comes a voice: It is the dawn of the æon. The æons of cursing are passed away. Force and fire, strength and sight, these are for the servants of the Star and the Snake.

And now I seem to be lying in the desert, exhausted.

THE DESERT, NEAR SIDI AISSA.

November 25, 1909. 1.10-2 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 25TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED VTI

There is nothing in the stone but the pale gold of the Rosy Cross.

Now there comes an Angel with bright wings, that is the Angel of the 25th Aire. And all the aire is a dark olive about

THE EQUINOX

him, like an alexandrite stone. He bears a pitcher or amphora. And now there comes another Angel upon a white horse, and yet again another Angel upon a black bull. And now there comes a lion and swallows the two latter angels up. The first angel goes to the lion and closes his mouth. And behind them are arrayed a great company of Angels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Angel says: Blow, all ye trumpets, for I will loose my hands from the mouth of the lion, and his roaring shall enkindle the worlds.

Then the trumpets blow, and the wind rises and whistles terribly. It is a blue wind with silver specks; and it blows through the whole Æthyr. But through it one perceives the lion, which has become as a raging flame.

And he roareth in an unknown tongue. But this is the interpretation thereof: Let the stars be burnt up in the fire of my nostrils! Let all the gods and the archangels and the angels and the spirits that are on the earth, and above the earth, and below the earth, that are in all the heavens and in all the hells, let them be as motes dancing in the beam of mine eye!

I am he that swalloweth up death and victory. I have slain the crownèd goat, and drunk up the great sea. Like the ash of dried leaves the worlds are blown before me. Thou hast passed by me, and thou hast not known me. Woe unto thee, that I have not devoured thee altogether!

On my head is the crown, 419 rays far-darting. And my body is the body of the Snake, and my soul is the soul of the Crowned Child. Though an Angel in white robes leadeth me, who shall ride upon me but the Woman of Abominations? Who is the Beast? Am not I one more than he? In

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

his hand is a sword that is a book. In his hand is a spear that is a cup of fornication. Upon his mouth is set the great and terrible seal. And he hath the secret of V. His ten horns spring from five points, and his eight heads are as the charioteer of the West. Thus doth the fire of the sun temper the spear of Mars, and thus shall he be worshipped, as the warrior lord of the sun. Yet in him is the woman that devoureth with her water all the fire of God.

Alas! my lord, thou art joined with him that knoweth not these things.

When shall the day come that men shall flock to this my gate, and fall into my furious throat, a whirlpool of fire? This is hell unquenchable, and all they shall be utterly consumed therein. Therefore is that asbestos unconsumable made pure.

Each of my teeth is a letter of the reverberating name. My tongue is a pillar of fire, and from the glands of my mouth arise four pillars of water. TAOTZEM is the name by which I am blasphemed. My name thou shalt not know, lest thou pronounce it and pass by.

And now the Angel comes forward again and closes his mouth.

All this time heavy blows have been raining upon me from invisible angels, so that I am weighed down as with a burden greater than the world. I am altogether crushed. Great millstones are hurled out of heaven upon me. I am trying to crawl to the lion, and the ground is covered with sharp knives. I cut myself at every inch.

And the voice comes: Why art thou there who art here? Hast thou not the sign of the number, and the seal of the name, and the ring of the eye? Thou wilt not.

THE EQUINOX

And I answered and said: I am a creature of earth, and ye would have me swim.

And the voice said: Thy fear is known; thine ignorance is known; thy weakness is known; but thou art nothing in this matter. Shall the grain which is cast into the earth by the hand of the sower debate within itself, saying, am I oats or barley? Bond-slave of the curse, we give nothing, we take all. Be thou content. That which thou art, thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passeth over through the Æthyꝛ with the crowned beast upon his back, and the tail of the lion goes on instead of stopping, and on each hair of the tail is something or other—sometimes a little house, sometimes a planet, at other times a town. Then there is a great plain with soldiers fighting upon it, and an enormously high mountain carved into a thousand temples, and more houses and fields and trees, and great cities with wonderful buildings in them, statues and columns and public buildings generally. This goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on all on the hairs of this lion's tail.

And then there is the tuft of his tail, which is like a comet, but the head is a new universe, and each hair streaming away from it is a Milky Way.

And then there is a pale stern figure, enormous, enormous, bigger than all that universe is, in silver armour, with a sword and a pair of balances. That is only vague. All has gone into stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

AIN EL HAJEL.

November 25, 1909. 8.40-9.40 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

(There were two voices in all this Cry, one behind the other—or, one was the speech, and the other the meaning. And the voice that was the speech was simply a roaring, one tremendous noise, like a mixture of thunder and water-falls and wild beasts and bands and artillery. And yet it was articulate, though I cannot tell you what a single word was. But the meaning of the voice—the second voice—was quite silent, and put the ideas directly into the brain of the Seer, as if by touch. It is not certain whether the millstones and the sword-strokes that rained upon him were not these very sounds and ideas.)

THE CRY OF THE 24TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED NIA

An angel comes forward into the stone like a warrior clad in chain-armour. Upon his head are plumes of gray, spread out like the fan of a peacock. About his feet a great army of scorpions and dogs, lions, elephants, and many other wild beasts. He stretches forth his arms to heaven and cries; In the crackling of the lightning, in the rolling of the thunder, in the clashing of the swords and the hurling of the arrows: be thy name exalted!

Streams of fire come out of the heavens, a pale brilliant blue, like plumes. And they gather themselves and settle upon his lips. His lips are redder than roses, and the blue plumes gather themselves into a blue rose, and from beneath the petals of the rose come brightly coloured humming-birds, and dew falls from the rose-honey-coloured dew. I stand in the shower of it.

And a voice proceeds from the rose: Come away! Our chariot is drawn by doves. Of mother-of-pearl and ivory is

THE EQUINOX

our chariot and the reins thereof are the heart-strings of men. Every moment that we fly shall cover an æon. And every place on which we rest shall be a young universe rejoicing in its strength; the meadows thereof shall be covered with flowers. There shall we rest but a night, and in the morning we shall flee away, comforted.

Now, to myself, I have imagined the chariot of which the voice spake, and I looked to see who was with me in the chariot. It was an Angel of golden hair and golden skin, whose eyes were bluer than the sea, whose mouth was redder than the fire, whose breath was ambrosial air. Finer than a spider's web were her robes. And they were of the seven colours.

All this I saw; and then the hidden voice went on low and sweet: Come away! The price of the journey is little, though its name be death. Thou shalt die to all that thou fearest and hopest and hatest and lovest and thinkest and art. Yea! thou shalt die, even as thou must die. For all that thou hast, thou hast not; all that thou art, thou art not!

NENNI OFEKUFA ANANAEL LAIADA I MAEL-
PEREJI NONUKA AFAFA ADAREPEHETA PEREGI
ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE OL ZODIR IDOIAN.

And I said: ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou hidden from me, whom I hear?

And the voice answered and said unto me: Hearing is of the spirit alone. Thou art a partaker of the five-fold mystery. Thou must roll up the ten divine ones like a scroll, and fashion therefrom a star. Yet must thou blot out the star in the heart of Hadit.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

For the blood of my heart is like a warm bath of myrrh and ambergris; bathe thyself therein. The blood of my heart is all gathered upon my lips if I kiss thee, burns in my fingertips if I caress thee, burns in my womb when thou art caught up into my bed. Mighty are the stars; mighty is the sun; mighty is the moon; mighty is the voice of the ever-living one, and the echoes of his whisper are the thunders of the dissolution of the worlds. But my silence is mightier than they. Close up the worlds like unto a weary house; close up the book of the recorder, and let the veil swallow up the shrine, for I am arisen, O my fair one, and there is no more need of all these things.

If once I put thee apart from me, it was the joy of play. Is not the ebb and flowing of the tide a music of the sea? Come, let us mount unto Nuit our mother and be lost! Let being be emptied in the infinite abyss! For by me only shalt thou mount; thou hast none other wings than mine.

All this while the Rose has been shooting out blue flames, coruscating like snakes through the whole Aire. And the snakes have taken shapes of sentences. One of them is: *Sub umbra alarum tuarum Adonai quies et felicitas*. And another: *Summum bonum, vera sapientia, magnanima vita, sub noctis nocte sunt*. And another is: *Vera medicina est vinum mortis*. And another is: *Libertas evangelii per jugum legis ob gloriam dei intactam ad vacuum nequaquam tendit*. And another is: *Sub aquâ lex terrarum*. And another is: *Mens edax rerum, cor umbra rerum; intelligentia via summa*. And another is: *Summa via lucis: per Hephaestum undas regas*. And another is: *Vir introit tumulum regis, invenit oleum lucis*.

And all round the whole of these things are the letters

THE EQUINOX

TARO; but the light is so dreadful that I cannot read the words. I am going to try again. All these serpents are collected together very thickly at the edges of the wheel, because there are an innumerable number of sentences. One is: *tres annos regimen oraculi*. And another is: *terribilis ardet rex* עליון. And another is: *Ter amb (amp?)* (can't see it) *rosam oleo* (?). And another is: *Tribus annulis regna olisbon*. And the marvel is that with those four letters you can get a complete set of rules for doing everything, both for white magic and black.

And now I see the heart of the rose again. I see the face of him that is the heart of the rose, and in the glory of that face I am ended. My eyes are fixed upon his eyes; my being is sucked up through my eyes into those eyes. And I see through those eyes, and lo! the universe, like whirling sparks of gold, blown like a tempest. I seem to swell out again into him. My consciousness fills the whole Æthyr. I hear the cry NIA, ringing again and again from within me. It sounds like infinite music, and behind the sound is the meaning of the Æthyr. Again there are no words.

All this time the whirling sparks of gold go on, and they are like blue sky, with a lot of rather thin white clouds in it, outside. And now I see mountains round, far blue mountains, purple mountains. And in the midst is a little green dell of moss, which is all sparkling with dew that drips from the rose. And I am lying on that moss with my face upwards, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking of the dew.

I cannot describe to you the joy and the exhaustion of everything that was, and the energy of everything that is, for it is only a corpse that is lying on the moss. I am the soul of the Æthyr.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Now it reverberates like the swords of archangels, clashing upon the armour of the damned; and there seem to be the blacksmiths of heaven beating the steel of the worlds upon the anvils of hell, to make a roof to the Æthyr.

For if the great work were accomplished and all the Æthyrs were caught up into one, then would the vision fail; then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from the stone.

AIN EL HAJEL.

November 26, 1909. 2-3.25 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 23RD ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TOR.

In the brightness of the stone are three lights, brighter than all, which revolve ceaselessly. And now there is a spider's web of silver covering the whole of the stone. Behind the spider's web is a star of twelve rays; and behind that again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the ground. The flames from his mouth increase and whirl, and he cries: Behold the mystery of toil, O thou who art taken in the toils of mystery. For I who trample the earth thereby make whirlpools in the air; be comforted, therefore, for though I be black, in the roof of my mouth is the sign of the Beetle. Bent are the backs of my brethren, yet shall they gore the lion with their horns. Have I not the wings of the eagle, and the face of the man?

And now he is turned into one of those winged Assyrian bull-men.

And he sayeth: The spade of the husbandman is the sceptre of the king. All the heavens beneath me, they serve me. They are my fields and my gardens and my orchards and my pastures.

THE EQUINOX

Glory be unto thee, who didst set thy feet in the North; whose forehead is pierced with the sharp points of the diamonds in thy crown; whose heart is pierced with the spear of thine own fecundity.

Thou art an egg of blackness, and a worm of poison. But thou hast formulated thy father, and made fertile thy mother.

Thou art the basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone, and the cockatrice at the breast of an harlot that giveth death for milk. Thou art the asp that has stolen into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto thee, who art twined about the world as the vine that clingeth to the bare body of a bacchanal.

Also, though I be planted so firmly upon the earth, yet is my blood wine and my breath fire of madness. With these wings, though they be but little, I lift myself above the crown of the yod, and being without fins I yet swim in the inviolate fountain.

I disport myself in the ruins of Eden, even as Leviathan in the false sea, being whole as the rose at the crown of the cross. Come ye unto me, my children, and be glad. At the end of labour is the power of labour. And in my stability is concentrated eternal change.

For the whirlings of the universe are but the course of the blood in my heart. And the unspeakable variety thereof is but my divers hairs, and plumes, and gems in my tall crown. The change which ye lament is the life of my rejoicing, and the sorrow that blackeneth your hearts is the myriad deaths by which I am renewed. And the instability which maketh ye to fear, is the little waverings of balance by which I am assured.

And now the veil of silver tissue-stuff closes over him, and above that, a purple veil, and above that, a golden veil,

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

so that now the whole stone is like a thick mat of woven gold wires; and there come forth, one from each side of the stone, two women, and grasp each other by both hands, and kiss, and melt into one another; and melt away.* And now the veils open again, the gold parts, and the purple parts, and the silver parts, and there is a crowned eagle, also like the Assyrian eagles.

And he cries: All my strength and stability are turned to the use of flight. For though my wings are of fine gold, yet my heart is the heart of a scorpion.

Glory unto thee, who being born in a stable didst make thee mirth of the filth thereof, who didst suck in iniquity from the breast of thy mother the harlot; who didst flood with iniquity the bodies of thy concubines.

Thou didst lie in the filth of the streets with the dogs; thou wast tumbled and shameless and wanton in a place where four roads meet. There wast thou defiled, and there wast thou slain, and there wast thou left to rot. The charred stake was thrust through thy bowels, and thy parts were cut off and thrust into thy mouth for derision.

All my unity is dissolved; I live in the tips of my feathers. That which I think to be myself is but infinite number. Glory unto the Rose and the Cross, for the Cross is extended unto the uttermost end beyond space and time and being and knowledge and delight! Glory unto the Rose that is the minute point of its center! Even as we say; glory unto the Rose that is Nuit the circumference of all, and glory unto the Cross that is the heart of the Rose!

* These are intended to show symbolically that the Bull is the same as the Eagle.

THE EQUINOX

Therefore do I cry aloud, and my scream is the treble as the bellowing of the bull is the bass. Peace in the highest and peace in the lowest and peace in the midst thereof! Peace in the eight quarters, peace in the ten points of the Pentagram! Peace in the twelve rays of the seal of Solomon, and peace in the four and thirty whirlings of the hammer of Thor! Behold! I blaze upon thee. (The eagle is gone; it is only a flaming Rosy Cross of white brilliance.) I catch thee up into rapture. FALUTLI, FALUTLI!

. . . O it dies, it dies.

BOU SÂADA.

November 28, 1909. 9.30-10.15 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 22ND ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIN

There comes first into the stone the mysterious table of forty-nine squares. It is surrounded by an innumerable company of angels; these angels are of all kinds,—some brilliant and flashing as gods, down to elemental creatures. The light comes and goes on the tablet; and now it is steady, and I perceive that each letter of the tablet is composed of forty-nine other letters, in a language which looks like that of Honorius; but when I would read, the letter that I look at becomes indistinct at once.

And now there comes an Angel, to hide the tablet with his mighty wing. This Angel has all the colours mingled in his dress; his head is proud and beautiful; his headdress is of silver and red and blue and gold and black, like cascades of water, and in his left hand he has a pan-pipe of the seven holy metals, upon which he plays. I cannot tell you how wonderful

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the music is, but it is so wonderful that one only lives in one's ears; one cannot see anything any more.

Now he stops playing and moves with his finger in the air. His finger leaves a trail of fire of every colour, so that the whole Aire is become like a web of mingled lights. But through it all drops dew.

(I can't describe these things at all. Dew doesn't represent what I mean in the least. For instance, these drops of dew are enormous globes, shining like the full moon, only perfectly transparent, as well as perfectly luminous.)

And now he shows the tablet again, and he says: As there are 49 letters in the tablet, so are there 49 kinds of cosmos in every thought of God. And there are 49 interpretations of every cosmos, and each interpretation is manifested in 49 ways. Thus also are the calls 49, but to each call there are 49 visions. And each vision is composed of 49 elements, except in the 10th Æthyr, that is accursèd, and that hath 42.

All this while the dewdrops have turned into cascades of gold finer than the eyelashes of a little child. And though the extent of the Æthyr is so enormous, one perceives each hair separately, as well as the whole thing at once. And now there is a mighty concourse of angels rushing toward me from every side, and they melt upon the surface of the egg in which I am standing in the form of the god Kneph, so that the surface of the egg is all one dazzling blaze of liquid light.

Now I move up against the tablet,—I cannot tell you with what rapture. And all the names of God, that are not known even to the angels, clothe me about.

All the seven senses are transmuted into one sense, and that sense is dissolved in itself . . . (Here occurs Samadhi.)

THE EQUINOX

. . . Let me speak, O God; let me declare it . . . all. It is useless; my heart faints, my breath stops. There is no link between me and P . . . I withdraw myself. I see the table again.

(He was behind the table for a very long time. O.V.)

And all the table burns with intolerable light; there has been no such light in any of the Æthyrs until now. And now the table draws me back into itself; I am no more.

My arms were out in the form of a cross, and that Cross was extended, blazing with light into infinity. I myself am the minutest point in it. This is *the birth of form*.

I am encircled by an immense sphere of many-coloured bands; it seems it is the sphere of the Sephiroth projected in the three dimensions. This is *the birth of death*.

Now in the centre within me is a glowing sun. That is *the birth of hell*.

Now all that is swept away, washed away by the table. It is the virtue of the table to sweep everything away. It is the letter I in this Æthyr that gives this vision, and L is its purity, and N is its energy. Now everything is confused, for I invoked the Mind, that is disruption. Every Adept who beholds this vision is corrupted by mind. Yet it is by virtue of mind that he endures it, and passes on, if so be that he pass on. Yet there is nothing higher than this, for it is perfectly balanced in itself. I cannot read a word of the holy Table, for the letters of the Table are all wrong. They are only the shadows of shadows. And whoso beholdeth this Table with this rapture, is light. The true word for light hath seven letters. They are the same as ARARITA, transmuted.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

There is a voice in this Æthyr, but it cannot be spoken. The only way one can represent it is as a ceaseless thundering of the word Amen. It is not a repetition of Amen, because there is no time. It is one Amen continuous.

Shall mine eye fade before thy glory? I am the eye. That is why the eye is seventy. You can never understand why, except in this vision.

And now the table recedes from me. Far, far it goes, streaming with light. And there are two black angels bending over me, covering me with their wings, shutting me up into the darkness; and I am lying in the Pastos of our Father Christian Rosenkreutz, beneath the Table in the Vault of seven sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child, the Speech of the Babe that is hidden in the egg of blue. (Before me is the flaming Rosy Cross.) I have opened mine eye, and the universe is dissolved before me, for force is mine upper eye-lid and matter is my lower eye-lid. I gaze into the seven spaces, and there is naught.

The rest of it comes without words; and then again:

I have gone forth to war, and I have slain him that sat upon the sea, crowned with the winds. I put forth my power and he was broken. I withdrew my power and he was ground into fine dust.

Rejoice with me, O ye Sons of the Morning; stand with me upon the Throne of Lotus; gather yourselves up unto me, and we shall play together in the fields of light. I have passed into the Kingdom of the West after my Father.

Behold! where are now the darkness and the terror and the lamentation? For ye are born into the new Æon; ye shall

THE EQUINOX

not suffer death. Bind up your girdles of gold! Wreath yourselves with garlands of my unfading flowers! In the nights we will dance together, and in the morning we will go forth to war; for, as my Father liveth that was dead, so do I live and shall never die.

And now the table comes rushing back. It covers the whole stone, but this time it pushes me before it, and a terrible voice cries: Begone! Thou hast profaned the mystery; thou hast eaten of the shew-bread; thou hast spilt the consecrated wine! Begone! For the Voice is accomplished. Begone! For that which was open is shut. And thou shalt not avail to open it, saving by virtue of him whose name is one, whose spirit is one, whose individuum is one, and whose permutation is one; whose light is one, whose life is one, whose love is one. For though thou art joined to the inmost mystery of the heaven, thou must accomplish the sevenfold task of the earth, even as thou sawest the Angels from the greatest unto the least. And of all this shalt thou take back with thee but a little part, for the sense shall be darkened, and the shrine re-veiled. Yet know this for thy reproof, and for the stirring up of discontent in them whose swords are of lath, that in every word of this vision is concealed the key of many mysteries, even of being, and of knowledge, and of bliss; of will, of courage, of wisdom, and of silence, and of that which, being all these, is greater than all these. Begone! For the night of life is fallen upon thee. And the veil of light hideth that which is.

With that, I suddenly see the world as it is, and I am very sorrowful.

BOU-SAADA.

November 28, 1909. 4-6 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

(*Note.*—You do not come back in any way dazed; it is like going from one room into another. Regained normal consciousness completely and immediately.)

THE CRY OF THE 21ST ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ASP.

A mighty wind rolls through all the Æthyr; there is a sense of absolute emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance. Only now and then there seem as it were, the shadows of great angels, swept along. No sound; there is something very remorseless about the wind, passionless, that is very terrible. In a way, it is nerve-shaking. It seems as if something kept on trying to open behind the wind, and just as it is about to open, the effort is exhausted. The wind is not cold or hot; there is no sense of any kind connected with it. One does not even feel it, for one is standing in front of it.

Now, the thing opens behind, just for a second, and I catch a glimpse of an avenue of pillars, and at the end a throne, supported by sphinxes. All this is black marble.

Now I seem to have gone through the wind, and to be standing before the throne; but he that sitteth thereon is invisible. Yet it is from him that all this desolation proceeds.

He is trying to make me understand by putting tastes in my mouth, very rapidly one after the other. Salt, honey, sugar, assafoetida, bitumen, honey again, some taste that I don't know at all; garlic, something very bitter like nux vomica, another taste, still more bitter; lemon, cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the juice of some plant, like a dandelion, I think; honey again, salt, a taste something like phosphorus, honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste which I don't know,

THE EQUINOX

coffee, then a burning taste, then a sour taste that I don't know. All these tastes issue from his eyes; he *signals* them.

I can see his eyes now. They are very round, with perfectly black pupils, perfectly white iris, and the cornea pale blue. The sense of desolation is so acute that I keep on trying to get away from the vision.

I told him that I could not understand his taste-language, so instead he set up a humming very much like a big electric plant with dynamos going.

Now the atmosphere is deep night-blue; and by the power of that atmosphere, the pillars kindle to a dull glowing crimson, and the throne is a dull, ruddy gold. And now, through the humming, come very clear, bell-like notes, and farther still a muttering, like that of a gathering storm.

And now I hear the meaning of the muttering: I am he who was before the beginning, and in my desolation I cried aloud, saying, let me behold my countenance in the concave of the abyss. And I beheld, and lo! in the darkness of the abyss my countenance was black, and empty, and distorted, that was (once) invisible and pure.

Then I closed mine eye, that I might not behold it, and for this was it fixed. Now it is written that one glance of mine eye shall destroy it. And mine eye I dare not open, because of the foulness of the vision. Therefore do I gaze with these two eyes throughout the æon. Is there not one of all my adepts that shall come unto me, and cut off mine eyelids, that I may behold and destroy?

Now I take a dagger, and, searching out his third eye, seek to cut off the eye-lids, but they are of adamant. And the edge of the dagger is turned.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

And tears drop from his eyes, and there is a mournful voice: So it hath been ever: so must it ever be! Though thou hast the strength of five bulls, thou shalt not avail in this.

And I said to him: Who shall avail? And he answered me: I know not. But the dagger of penance thou shalt temper seven times, afflicting the seven courses of thy soul. And thou shalt sharpen its edge seven times by the seven ordeals.

(One keeps on looking round to try to find something else because of the terror of it. But nothing changes at all. Nothing but the empty throne, and the eyes, and the avenue of pillars!)

And I said to him: O thou that art the first countenance before time; thou of whom it is written that "He, God, is one; He is the eternal one, without equal, son or companion. Nothing shall stand before His face"; all we have heard of thine infinite glory and holiness, of thy beauty and majesty, and behold! there is nothing but this abomination of desolation.

He speaks; I cannot hear a word; something about the Book of the Law. The answer is written in the Book of the Law, or something of that sort.

This is a long speech; all that I can hear is: From me pour down the fires of life and increase continually upon the earth. From me flow down the rivers of water and oil and wine. From me cometh forth the wind that beareth the seed of trees and flowers and fruits and all herbs upon its bosom. From me cometh forth the earth in her unspeakable variety. Yea! all cometh from me, naught cometh to me. Therefore am I lonely and horrible upon this unprofitable throne. Only those who accept nothing from me can bring anything to me.

THE EQUINOX

(He goes on speaking again: I cannot hear a word. I may have got about a twentieth of what he said.) And I say to him: It was written that his name is Silence, but thou speakest continually.

And he answers: Nay, the muttering that thou hearest is not my voice. It is the voice of the ape.

(When I say that he answers, it means that it is the same voice. The being on the throne has not uttered a word.) I say: O thou ape that speakest for Him whose name is Silence, how shall I know that thou speakest truly His thought? And the muttering continues: Nor speaketh He nor thinketh, so that which I say is true, because I lie in speaking His thoughts.

He goes on, nothing stops him; and the muttering comes so fast that I cannot hear him at all.

Now the muttering has ceased, or is overwhelmed by the bells, and the bells in their turn are overwhelmed by the whirring, and now the whirring is overwhelmed by the silence. And the blue light is gone, and the throne and the pillars are returned to blackness, and the eyes of him that sitteth upon the throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close to the throne, and I am pushed back, because I cannot give the sign. I have given all the signs I know and am entitled to, and I have tried to give the sign that I know and am not entitled to, but have not the necessary appurtenance; and even if I had, it would be useless; for there are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was wrong in suggesting that a Master of the Temple had a right to enter the temple of a Magus or an Ipsissimus. On the contrary, the rule that holds below, holds

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

also above. The higher you go, the greater is the distance from one grade to another.

I am being slowly pushed backwards down the avenue, out into the wind. And this time I am caught up by the wind and whirled away down it like a dead leaf.

And a great Angel sweeps through the wind, and catches hold of me, and bears me up against it; and he sets me down on the hither side of the wind, and he whispers in my ear: Go thou forth into the world, O thrice and four times blessed who hast gazed upon the horror of the loneliness of The First. No man shall look upon his face and live. And thou hast seen his eyes, and understood his heart, for the voice of the ape is the pulse of his heart and the labouring of his breast. Go, therefore, and rejoice, for thou art the prophet of the Æon arising, wherein He is not. Give thou praise unto thy lady Nuit, and unto her lord Hadit, that are for thee and thy bride, and the winners of the ordeal X.

And with that we are come to the wall of the Æthyr, and there is a little narrow gate, and he pushes me through it, and I am suddenly in the desert.

THE DESERT, NEAR BOU SÂADA.*

November 29, 1909. 1.30-2.50 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 20TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED KHR

The dew that was upon the face of the stone is gone, and it is become like a pool of clear golden water. And now the light is come into the Rosy Cross. Yet all that I see is the night, with the stars therein, as they appear through a telescope.

* This night I took the shew-stone to my breast to sleep, and immediately a Dhyana arose of the sun, seen more clearly afterwards as the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance.

THE EQUINOX

And there cometh a peacock into the stone, filling the whole Aire. It is like the vision called the Universal Peacock, or, rather, like a representation of that vision. And now there are countless clouds of white angels filling the Aire as the peacock dissolves.

Now behind the angels are archangels with trumpets. These cause all things to appear at once, so that there is a tremendous confusion of images. And now I perceive that all these things are but veils of the wheel, for they all gather themselves into a wheel that spins with incredible velocity. It hath many colours, but all thrilled with white light, so that they are transparent and luminous. This one wheel is forty-nine wheels, set at different angles, so that they compose a sphere; each wheel has forty-nine spokes, and has forty-nine concentric tyres at equal distances from the centre. And wherever the rays from any two wheels meet, there is a blinding flash of glory. It must be understood that though so much detail is visible in the wheel, yet at the same time the impression is of a single, simple object.

It seems that this wheel is being spun by a hand. Though the wheel fills the whole Aire, yet the hand is much bigger than the wheel. And though this vision is so great and splendid, yet there is no seriousness with it, or solemnity. It seems that the hand is spinning the wheel merely for pleasure, it would be better to say amusement.

A voice comes: For he is a jocund and a ruddy god, and his laughter is the vibration of all that exists, and the earthquakes of the soul.

One is conscious of the whirring of the wheel thrilling one, like an electric discharge passing through one.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Now I see the figures on the wheel, which have been interpreted as the sworded Sphinx, Hermanubis and Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim of the wheel is a vivid emerald snake; in the centre of the wheel is a scarlet heart; and, impossible to explain as it is, the scarlet of the heart and the green of the snake are yet more vivid than the blinding white brilliance of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are darker than the wheel itself; in fact, they are stains upon the purity of the wheel, and for that reason, and because of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot see them. But at the top seems to be the Lamb and Flag, such as one sees on some Christian medals, and one of the lower things is a wolf, and the other a raven. The Lamb and Flag symbol is much brighter than the other two. It keeps on growing brighter, until now it is brighter than the wheel itself, and occupies more space than it did.

It speaks: I am the greatest of the deceivers, for my purity and innocence shall seduce the pure and innocent, who but for me should come to the centre of the wheel. The wolf betrayeth only the greedy and the treacherous; the raven betrayeth only the melancholy and the dishonest. But I am he of whom it is written: He shall deceive the very elect.

For in the beginning the Father of all called forth lying spirits that they might sift the creatures of the earth in three sieves, according to the three impure souls. And he chose the wolf for the lust of the flesh, and the raven for the lust of the mind; but me did he choose above all to simulate the pure prompting of the soul. Them that are fallen a prey to the wolf and the raven I have not scathed; but them that have rejected me, I have given over to the wrath of the raven and the wolf. And the jaws of the one have torn them, and the

THE EQUINOX

beak of the other has devoured the corpse. Therefore is my flag white, because I have left nothing upon the earth alive. I have feasted myself on the blood of the saints, but I am not suspected of men to be their enemy, for my fleece is white and warm, and my teeth are not the teeth of one that teareth flesh; and mine eyes are mild, and they know me not the chief of the lying spirits that the Father of all sent forth from before his face in the beginning.

(His attribution is salt; the wolf mercury, and the raven sulphur.)

Now the lamb grows small again, there is again nothing but the wheel, and the hand that whirleth it.

And I said: "By the word of power, double in the voice of the Master; by the word that is seven, and one in seven; and by the great and terrible word 210 , I beseech thee, O my Lord, to grant me the vision of thy glory." And all the rays of the wheel stream out at me, and I am blasted and blinded with the light. I am caught up into the wheel. I am one with the wheel. I am greater than the wheel. In the midst of a myriad lightnings I stand, and I behold his face. (I am thrown violently back on to the earth every second, so that I cannot quite concentrate.)

All one gets is a liquid flame of pale gold. But its radiant force keeps hurling me back.

And I say: By the word and the will, by the penance and the prayer, let me behold thy face. (I cannot explain this, there is confusion of personalities.) I who speak to you, see what I tell you; but I, who see him, cannot communicate it to me, who speak to you.

If one could gaze upon the sun at noon, that might be like

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the substance of him. But the light is without heat. It is the vision of Ut in the Upanishads. And from this vision have come all the legends of Bacchus and Krishna and Adonis. For the impression is of a youth dancing and making music. But you must understand that he is not doing that, for he is still. Even the hand that turns the wheel is not his hand, but only a hand energized by him.

And now it is the dance of Shiva. I lie beneath his feet, his saint, his victim. My form is the form of the God Phtah, in my essence, but the form of the god Seb in my form. And this is the reason of existence, that in this dance which is delight, there must needs be both the god and the adept. Also the earth herself is a saint; and the sun and the moon dance upon her, torturing her with delight.

This vision is not perfect. I am only in the outer court of the vision, because I have undertaken it in the service of the Holy One, and must retain sense and speech. No recorded vision is perfect, of high visions, for the seer must keep either his physical organs or his memory in working order. And neither is capable. There is no bridge. One can only be conscious of one thing at a time, and as the consciousness moves nearer to the vision, it loses control of the physical and mental. Even so, the body and the mind must be very perfect before anything can be done, or the energy of the vision may send the body into spasms and the mind into insanity. This is why the first visions give Ananda, which is a shock. When the adept is attuned to Samadhi, there is but cloudless peace.

This vision is particularly difficult to get into, because he is I. And herefore the human ego is being constantly excited, so

THE EQUINOX

that one comes back so often. An acentric meditation practice like mahasatipatthana ought to be done before invocations of the Holy Guardian Angel, so that the ego may be very ready to yield itself utterly to the Beloved.

And now the breeze is blowing about us, like the sighs of love unsatisfied—or satisfied. His lips move. I cannot say the words at first.

And afterwords: “Shalt thou not bring the children of men to the sight of my glory? ‘Only thy silence and thy speech that worship me avail.’ ‘For as I am the last, so am I the next, and as the next shalt thou reveal me to the multitude.’ Fear not for aught; turn not aside for aught, eremite of Nuit, apostle of Hadit, warrior of Ra Hoor Khu! The leaven taketh, and the bread shall be sweet; the ferment worketh, and the wine shall be sweet. My sacraments are vigorous food and divine madness. Come unto me, O ye children of men; come unto me, in whom I am, in whom ye are, were ye only alive with the life that abideth in Light.”

All this time I have been fading away. I sink. The veil of night comes down a dull blue-gray with one pentagram in the midst of it, watery and dull. And I am to abide there for a while before I come back to the earth. (But shut me the window up, hide me from the sun. Oh, shut the window!)*

Now, the pentagram is faded; black crosses fill the Æthyr gradually growing and interlacing, until there is a network.

It is all dark now. I am lying exhausted, with the sharp edge of the shew-stone cutting into my forehead.

BOU-SÂADA.

November 30, 1909. 9.15-10.50 a.m.

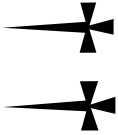
* It was done.—O. V.

The Alphabet



A

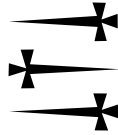
Of Daggers



B



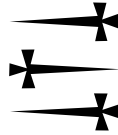
C



D



E



F



G



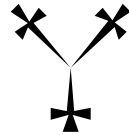
H



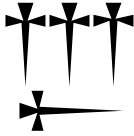
I



J



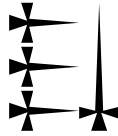
K



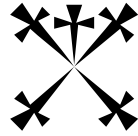
L



M



N



O



P



Q



R



S



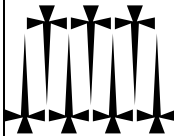
T



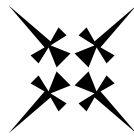
U



V



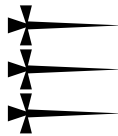
W



X



Y



Z

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE 19TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED POP

At first there is a black web over the face of the stone. A ray of light pierces it from behind and above. Then cometh a black cross, reaching across the whole stone; then a golden cross, not so large. And there is a writing in an arch that spans the cross, in an alphabet in which the letters are all formed of little daggers, cross-hilted, differently arranged. And the writing is: Worship in the body the things of the body; worship in the mind the things of the mind; worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.

(This holy alphabet must be written by sinners, that is, by those who are impure.)

“Impure” means those whose every thought is followed by another thought, or who confuse the higher with the lower, the substance with the shadow. Every Æthyr is truth, though it be but a shadow, for the shadow of a man is not the shadow of an ape.

(*Note.*—All this has come to me without voice, without vision, without thought.)

(The shew-stone is pressed upon my forehead and causes intense pain; as I go on from Æthyr to Æthyr, it seems more difficult to open the Æthyr.)

The golden cross has become a little narrow door, and an old man like the Hermit of the Taro has opened it and come out. I ask him for admission: and he shakes his head kindly, and says: It is not given to flesh and blood to unveil the mysteries of the Æthyr, for therein are the chariots of fire. and the tumult of the horsemen; whoso entereth here may never look on life again with equal eyes. I insist.

THE EQUINOX

The little gate is guarded by a great green dragon. And now the whole wall is suddenly fallen away; there is a blaze of the chariots and the horsemen; a furious battle is raging. One hears nothing but the clash of steel and the neighing of the chargers and the shrieks of the wounded. A thousand fall at every encounter and are trampled under foot. Yet the Æthyr is always full; there are infinite reserves.

No; that is all wrong, for this is not a battle between two forces, but a *mélée* in which each warrior fights for himself against all the others. I cannot see one who has even one ally. And the least fortunate, who fall soonest, are those in the chariots. For as soon as they are engaged in fighting, their own charioteers stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the battlefield there is a great tree, like a chinar-tree. Yet it bears fruits. And now all the warriors are dead, and they are the ripe fruits that are fallen—the ground is covered with them.

There is a laugh in my right ear: “This is the tree of life.”

And now there is a mighty god, Sebek, with the head of a crocodile. His head is gray, like river mud, and his jaws fill the whole Aire. And he crunches up the whole tree and the ground and everything.

Now then at last cometh forth the Angel of the Æthyr, who is like the Angel of the fourteenth key of Rota, with beautiful blue wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle like a brooch, and the two crescents of the moon shapen into sandals for her feet. Her hair is of flowing gold, each sparkle as a star. In her hands are the torch of Penelope and the cup of Circe.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

She comes and kisses me on the mouth, and says: Blessed art thou who hast beheld Sebek my Lord in his glory. Many are the champions of life, but all are unhorsed by the lance of death. Many are the children of the light, but their eyes shall all be put out by the Mother Darkness. Many are the servants of love, but love (that is not quenched by aught but love) shall be put out, as the child taketh the wick of a taper between his thumb and finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a kiss, and on it is the monogram I.H.S. The letters I.H.S. mean In Homini Salus and Instar Hominis Summus, and Imago Hominis deus. And there are many, many other meanings, but they all imply this one thing; that nothing is of any importance but man; there is no hope or help but in man.

And she says: Sweet are my kisses, O wayfarer that wanderest from star to star. Sweet are my kisses, O householder that weariest within four walls. Thou art pent within thy brain, and my shaft pierceth it, and thou art free. Thine imagination eateth up the universe as the dragon that eateth up the moon. And in my shaft is it concentrated and bound up. See how all around thee gather my warriors, strong knights in goodly armour ready for war. Look upon my crown; it is above the stars. Behold the glow and the blush thereof! Upon thy cheek is the breeze that stirs those plumes of truth. For though I am the Angel of the fourteenth key, I am also the Angel of the eighth key. And from the love of these two have I come, who am the warden of Popé and the servant of them that dwell therein. Though all crowns fall, mine shall

THE EQUINOX

not fall; for my plumes reach up unto the Knees of Him that sitteth upon the holy throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever as the balance of righteousness and truth. I am the Angel of the moon. I am the veiled one that sitteth between the pillars veiled with a shining veil, and on my lap is the open Book of the mysteries of the ineffable light. I am the aspiration unto the higher; I am the love of the unknown. I am the blind ache within the heart of man. I am the minister of the sacrament of pain. I swing the censer of worship, and I sprinkle the waters of purification. I am the daughter of the house of the invisible. I am the Priestess of the Silver Star.

And she catches me up to her as a mother catches her babe, and holds me up in her left arm, and sets my lips to her breast. And upon her breast is written: *Rosa Mundi est Lilium Coeli.*

And I look down upon the open Book of the mysteries, and it is open at the page on which is the Holy Table with the twelve squares in the midst. It radiates a blaze of light, too dazzling to make out the characters, and a voice says: *Non haec piscis omnium.*

(To interpret that, we must think of *Ἰχθύς*, which does not conceal *Iesus Christos Theon Uios Soter* as traditionally asserted, but is a mystery of the letter Nun and the letter Qoph, as may be seen by adding it up.

Ἰχθύς is only connected with Christianity because it was a hieroglyph of syphilis, which the Romans supposed to have been brought from Syria; and it seems to have been confounded with leprosy, which also they thought was caused by fish-eating.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

One important meaning of 'Ιαθύς: it is formed of the initials of five Egyptian deities and also of five Greek deities: in both cases a magic formula of tremendous power is concealed.

As to the Holy Table itself, I cannot see it for the blaze of light; but I am given to understand that it appears in another Æthyr, of which it forms practically the whole content. And I am bidden to study the Holy Table very intently so as to be able to concentrate on it when it appears.

I have grown greater, so that I am as great as the Angel. And we are standing, as if crucified, face to face, our hands and lips and breasts and knees and feet together, and her eyes pierce into my eyes like whirling shafts of steel, so that I fall backwards headlong through the Æthyr—and there is a sudden and tremendous shout, absolutely stunning, cold and brutal: Osiris was a black god!* And the Æthyr claps its hands, greater than the peal of a thousand mighty thunders.

I am back.

BOU-SAADA.

November 30, 1909 10-11.45 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 18TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZEN

A Voice comes before any vision: Accursed are they who enter herein if they have nails, for they shall be pierced therewith; or if they have thorns, for they shall be crowned withal; or if they have whips, for with whips they shall be scourged: or if they bear wine, for their wine shall be turned to bitterness; or if they have a spear, for with a spear shall they be pierced unto the heart. And the nails are desires, of which

* The Doctrine implied is that one must not be the child, but the Mother.

THE EQUINOX

there are three; the desire of light, the desire of life, the desire of love.

(And the thorns are thoughts, and the whips are regrets, and the wine is ease, or perhaps unsteadiness, especially in ecstasy, and the spear is attachment.)

And now there dawns the scene of the Crucifixion; but the Crucified One is an enormous bat, and for the two thieves are two little children. It is night, and the night is full of hideous things and howlings.

And an angel cometh forth, and saith: Be wary, for if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed. But enter into the mountain of the Caverns, for that this (how much more than that Calvary which mocks it, as his ape mocks Thoth?) is but the empty shell of the mystery of ZEN. Verily, I say unto thee, many are the adepts that have looked upon the back parts of my father, and cried, "our eyes fail before the glory of thy countenance."

And with that he gives the sign of the rending of the veil, and tears down the vision. And behold! whirling columns of fiery light, seventy-two. Upon them is supported a mountain of pure crystal. The mountain is a cone, the angle of the apex being sixty degrees. And within the crystal is a pyramid of ruby, like unto the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

I am entered in by the little door thereof, and I am come into the chamber of the king, which is fashioned like unto the vault of the adepts, or rather it is fitting to say that the vault of the adepts is a vile imitation of it. For there are four sides to the chamber, which with the roof and the floor and the chamber itself makes seven. So also is the pastos seven, for

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

that which is within is like unto that which is without. And there is no furniture, and there are no symbols.

Light streams from every side upon the pastos. This light is that blue of Horus which we know, but being refined it is brilliance. For the light of Horus only appears blue because of the imperfection of our eyes. But though the light pours from the pastos, yet the pastos remains perfectly dark, so that it is invisible. It hath no form: only, at a certain point in the chamber, the light is beaten back.

I lie prostrate upon the ground before this mystery. Its splendour is impossible to describe. I can only say that its splendour is so great that my heart stops with the terror and the wonder and the rapture of it. I am almost mad. A million insane images chase each other through my brain. . . . A voice comes: (it is my own voice—I did not know it). “When thou shalt know me, O thou empty God, my little flame shall utterly expire in thy great N.O.X.” There is no answer. . . . (20 minutes. O.V.). . . .

And now, after so long a while, the Angel* lifts me, and takes me from the room, and sets me in a little chamber where is another Angel like a fair youth in shining garments, who makes me partake of the sacraments; bread, that is labour; and fire, that is wit; and a rose, that is sin; and wine, that is death. And all about us is a great company of angels in many-coloured robes, rose and spring-green, and sky-blue, and pale gold, and silver, and lilac, solemnly chanting without words. It is music wonderful beyond all that can be thought.

And now we go out of the chamber; on the right is a pylon, and the right figure is Isis, and the left figure

* No angel has been mentioned. The Seer was lost to being.

THE EQUINOX

Nephthys, and they are folding their wings over, and supporting Ra.

I wanted to go back to the King's Chamber. The Angel pushed me away, saying: "Thou shalt see these visions from afar off, but thou shalt not partake of them save in the manner prescribed. For if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed."

And this is the manner prescribed:

Let there be a room furnished as for the ritual of passing through the Tuat. And let the aspirant be clad in the robes of, and let him bear the insignia of his grade. And at the least he shall be a neophyte.

Three days and three nights shall he have been in the tomb, vigilant and fasting, for he shall sleep no longer than three hours at any one time, and he shall drink pure water, and eat little sweet cakes consecrated unto the moon, and fruits, and the eggs of the duck, or of the goose, or of the plover. And he shall be shut in, so that no man may break in upon his meditation. But in the last twelve hours he shall neither eat nor sleep.

Then shall he break his fast, eating rich food, and drinking sweet wines, and wines that foam; and he shall banish the elements and the planets and the signs and the sephiroth; and then shall he take the holy table that he hath made for his altar, and he shall take the call of the Æthyr of which he will partake, which he hath written in the angelic character, or in the character of the holy alphabet that is revealed in Popé, upon a fair sheet of virgin vellum; and therewith shall he conjure the Æthyr, chanting the call. And in the lamp that is hung above the altar shall he burn the call that he hath written.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Then shall he kneel before the holy table, and it shall be given him to partake of the mystery of the Æthyr.

And concerning the ink with which he shall write; for the first Æthyr let it be gold, for the second scarlet, for the third violet, for the fourth emerald, for the fifth silver, for the sixth sapphire, for the seventh orange, for the eighth indigo, for the ninth gray, for the tenth black, for the eleventh maroon, for the twelfth russet, for the thirteenth green-gray, for the fourteenth amber, for the fifteenth olive, for the sixteenth pale blue, for the seventeenth crimson, for the eighteenth bright yellow, for the nineteenth crimson adorned with silver, for the twentieth mauve, for the twenty-first pale green, for the twenty-second rose-madder, for the twenty-third violet cobalt, for the twenty-fourth beetle-brown, blue-brown colour, for the twenty-fifth a cold dark gray, for the twenty-sixth white flecked with red, blue, and yellow; the edges of the letters shall be green, for the twenty-seventh angry clouds of ruddy brown, for the twenty-eighth indigo, for the twenty-ninth bluish-green, for the thirtieth mixed colours.

This shall be the form to be used by him who would partake of the mystery of any Æthyr. And let him not change so much as the style of a letter, lest the holy word be blasphemed.

And let him beware, after he hath been permitted to partake of this mystery, that he await the completion of the first hour of his retirement, before he open the door of the place of his retirement; lest he contaminate his glory with uncleanness, and lest they that behold him be smitten by his glory unto death.

For this is a holy mystery, and he that did first attain to

THE EQUINOX

reveal the alphabet thereof, perceived not one ten-thousandth part of the fringe that is upon its vesture.

Come away! for the clouds are gathered together, and the Aire heaveth like the womb of a woman in travail. Come away! lest he loose the lightnings from his hand, and unleash his hounds of thunder. Come away! For the voice of the Æthyr is accomplished. Come away! For the seal of His loving-kindness is made sure. And let there be praise and blessing unspeakable unto him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, for he casteth down mercies as a spendthrift that scattereth gold. And he hath shut up judgment and hidden it away as a miser that hoardeth coins of little worth.

All this while the Angel hath been pushing me backwards, and now he is turned into a golden cross with a rose at its heart, and that is the red cross wherein is set the golden shewstone.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 1, 1909. 2.30-4.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 17TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TAN

Into the stone there first cometh the head of a dragon, and then the Angel Madimi. She is not the mere elemental that one would suppose from the account of Casaubon. I enquire why her form is different.

She says: Since all things are God, in all things thou seest just so much of God as thy capacity affordeth thee. But behold! Thou must pierce deeply into this Æthyr before true images appear. For TAN is that which transformeth

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

judgment into justice. BAL is the sword, and TAN the balances.

A pair of balances appears in the stone, and on the bar of the balance is written: Motion about a point is iniquity.

And behind the balances is a plume, luminous, azure. And somehow connected with the plume, but I cannot divine how, are these words: Breath is iniquity. (That is, any wind must stir the feather of truth.)

And behind the plume is a shining filament of quartz, suspended vertically from the abyss to the abyss. And in the midst is a winged disk of some extremely delicate, translucent substance, on which is written in the "dagger" alphabet: Torsion is iniquity. (This means, that the Rashith Ha-Gilgalim is the first appearance of evil.)

And now an Angel appears, like as he were carven in black diamonds. And he cries: Woe unto the Second, whom all nations of men call the First. Woe unto the First, whom all grades of Adepts call the First. Woe unto me, for I, even as they, have worshipped him. But she is whose paps are the galaxies, and he that never shall be known, in them is no motion. For the infinite Without filleth all and moveth not, and the infinite Within goeth indeed; but it is no odds, else were the space-marks confounded.

And now the Angel is but a shining speck of blackness in the midst of a tremendous sphere of liquid and vibrating light, at first gold, then becoming green, and lastly pure blue. And I see that the green of Libra is made up of the yellow of air and the blue of water, swords and cups, judgment and mercy. And this word TAN meaneth mercy. And the feather of Maat is blue because the truth of justice is mercy. And a voice

THE EQUINOX

cometh, as it were the music of the ripples of the surface of the sphere: Truth is delight. (This means that the Truth of the universe is delight.)

Another voice cometh; it is the voice of a mighty Angel, all in silver; the scales of his armour and the plumes of his wings are like mother-of-pearl in a framework of silver. And he sayeth: Justice is the equity that ye have made for yourselves between truth and falsehood. But in Truth there is nothing of this, for there is only Truth. Your falsehood is but a little falser than your truth. Yet by your truth shall ye come to Truth. Your truth is your troth with Adonai the Beloved one. And the Chymical Marriage of the Alchemists beginneth with a Weighing, and he that is not found wanting hath within him one spark of fire, so dense and so intense that it cannot be moved, through all the winds of heaven should clamour against it, and all the waters of the abyss surge against it, and all the multitude of the earths heap themselves upon it to smother it. Nay, it shall not be moved.

And this is the fire of which it is written: "Hear thou the voice of fire!" And the voice of fire is the second chapter of the Book of the Law, that is revealed unto him that is a score and half a score and three that are scores, and six, by Aiwass, that is his guardian, the mighty Angel that extendeth from the first unto the last, and maketh known the mysteries that are beyond. And the method and the form of invocation whereby a man shall attain to the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel shall be given unto thee in the proper place, and seeing that the word is deadlier than lightning, do thou meditate straitly thereupon, solitary, in a place where is no living thing visible, but only the light of the sun. And

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

thy head shall be bare.* Thus mayest thou become fitted to receive this, the holiest of the Mysteries. And it is the holiest of the Mysteries because it is the Next Step. And those Mysteries which lie beyond, though they be holier, are not holy unto thee, but only remote. (The sense of this passage seems to be, that the holiness of a thing implies its personal relation with one, just as one cannot blaspheme an unknown god, because one does not know what to say to annoy him. And this explains the perfect inefficiency of those who try to insult the saints; the most violent attacks are very often merely clumsy compliments.)

Now the Angel is spread completely over the globe, a dewy film of silver upon that luminous blue.

And a great voice cries: Behold the Queen of Heaven, how she hath woven her robes from the loom of justice. For as that straight path of the Arrow cleaving the Rainbow became righteousness in her that sitteth in the hall of double truth, so at last is she exalted unto the throne of the High Priestess, the Priestess of the Silver Star, wherein also is thine Angel made manifest. And this is the mystery of the camel that is ten days in the desert, and is not athirst, because he hath within him that water which is the dew distilled from the the night of Nuit. Triple is the cord of silver, that it may be not loosed; and three score and half a score and three is the number of the name of my name, for that the ineffable wisdom, that also is of the sphere of the stars, informeth me. Thus am I crowned with the triangle that is about the eye, and therefore is my number three. And in me there is no

* This I performed in a sort of cave upon the ridge of a great mountain in the Desert near Bou-Sâada at 12-3 p.m. on December 2.

THE EQUINOX

imperfection, because through me descendeth the influence of TARO. And that is also the number of Aiwass the mighty Angel, the Minister of Silence.

And even as the shew-stone burneth thy forehead with its intolerable flame, so he who hath known me, though but from afar, is marked out and chosen among men, and he shall never turn back or turn aside, for he hath made the link that is not to be broken, nay, not by the malice of the Four Great Princes of evil of the world, nor by Chorozone, that mighty Devil, nor by the wrath of God, nor by the affliction and feebleness of the soul.

Yet with this assurance be not thou content; for though thou hast the wings of the Eagle, they are vain, except they be joined to the shoulders of the Bull. Now, therefore, I send forth a shaft of my light, even as a ladder let down from the heaven upon the earth, and by this black cross of Themis that I hold before thine eyes, do I swear unto thee that the path shall be open henceforth for evermore.

There is a clash of a myriad silver cymbals, and silence. And then three times a note is struck upon a bell, which sounds like my holy Tibetan bell, that is made of electrum magicum.

I am happily returned unto the earth.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 2, 1909. 12.15-2 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 16TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LEA

There are faint and flickering images in a misty landscape, all very transient. But the general impression is of moonrise at midnight, and a crowned virgin riding upon a bull.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

And they come up into the surface of the stone. And she is singing a chant of praise: Glory unto him that hath taken upon himself the image of toil. For by his labour is my labour accomplished. For I, being a woman, lust ever to mate myself with some beast. And this is the salvation of the world, that always I am deceived by some god, and that my child is the guardian of the labyrinth that hath two-and-seventy paths.

Now she is gone.

And now there are Angels, walking up and down in the stone. They are the Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table. It seems that they are waiting for the Angel of the Æthyr to come forth.

Now at last he appears in the gloom. He is a mighty King, with crown and orb and sceptre, and his robes are of purple and gold. And he casts down the orb and sceptre to the earth, and he tears off his crown, and throws it on the ground, and tramples it. And he tears out his hair, that is of ruddy gold tinged with silver, and he plucks at his beard, and cries with a terrible voice: Woe unto me that am cast down from my place by the might of the new Æon. For the ten palaces are broken, and the ten kings are carried away into bondage, and they are set to fight as the gladiators in the circus of him that hath laid his hand upon eleven. For the ancient tower is shattered by the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning. And they that walk upon their hands shall build the holy place. Blessed are they who have turned the Eye of Hoor unto the zenith, for they shall be filled with the vigour of the goat.

All that was ordered and stable is shaken. The Æon of

THE EQUINOX

Wonders is come. Like locusts shall they gather themselves together, the servants of the Star and of the Snake, and they shall eat up everything that is upon the earth. For why? Because the Lord of Righteousness delighteth in them.

The prophets shall prophesy monstrous things, and the wizards shall perform monstrous things. The sorceress shall be desired of all men, and the enchanter shall rule the earth.

Blessing unto the name of the Beast, for he hath let loose a mighty flood of fire from his manhood, and from his womanhood hath he let loose a mighty flood of water. Every thought of his mind is as a tempest that uprooteth the great trees of the earth, and shaketh the mountains thereof. And the throne of his spirit is a mighty throne of madness and desolation, so that they that look upon it shall cry: Behold the abomination!

Of a single ruby shall that throne be built, and it shall be set upon a high mountain, and men shall see it afar off. Then will I gather together my chariots and my horsemen and my ships of war. By sea and land shall my armies and my navies encompass it, and I will encamp round about it, and besiege it, and by the flame thereof shall I be utterly devoured. Many lying spirits have I sent into the world that my Æon might be established, and they shall be all overthrown.

Great is the Beast that cometh forth like a lion, the servant of the Star and of the Snake. He is the Eternal one; He is the Almighty one. Blessed are they upon whom he shall look with favour, for nothing shall stand before his face. Accursed are they upon whom he shall look with derision, for nothing shall stand before his face.

And every mystery that hath not been revealed from the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

foundation of the world he shall reveal unto his chosen. And they shall have power over every spirit of the Ether; and of the earth and under the earth; on dry land and in the water; of whirling air and of rushing fire. And they shall have power over all the inhabitants of the earth, and every scourge of God shall be subdued beneath their feet. The angels shall come unto them and walk with them, and the great gods of heaven shall be their guests.

But I must sit apart, with dust upon my head, discrowned and desolate. I must lurk in forbidden corners of the earth. I must plot secretly in the by-ways of great cities, in the fog, and in marshes of the rivers of pestilence. And all my cunning shall not serve me. And all my undertakings shall be brought to naught. And all the ministers of the Beast shall catch me and tear out my tongue with pincers of red-hot iron, and they shall brand my forehead with the word of derision, and they shall shave my head, and pluck out my beard, and make a show of me.

And the spirit of prophecy shall come upon me despite me ever and anon, as even now upon my heart and upon my throat; and upon my tongue seared with strong acid are the words: *Vim patior*. For so must I give glory to him that hath supplanted me, that hath cast me down into the dust. I have hated him, and with hate my bones are rotten. I would have spat upon him, and my spittle hath befouled my beard. I have taken up the sword against him, and I am fallen upon it, and mine entrails are about my feet.

Who shall strive with his might? Hath he not the sword and the spear of the Warrior Lord of the Sun? Who shall contend with him? Who shall lift himself up against him?

THE EQUINOX

For the latchet of his sandal is more than the helmet of the Most High. Who shall reach up to him in supplication, save those that he shall set upon his shoulders? Would God that my tongue were torn out by the roots, and my throat cut across, and my heart torn out and given to the vultures, before I say this that I must say: Blessing and Worship to the Prophet of the Lovely Star!

And now he is fallen quite to the ground, in a heap, and dust is upon his head; and the throne upon which he sat is shattered into many pieces.

And dimly dawning in this unutterable gloom, far, far above, is the face that is the face of a man and of a woman, and upon the brow is a circle, and upon the breast is a circle, and in the palm of the right hand is a circle. Gigantic is his stature, and he hath the Uraeus crown, and the leopard's skin, and the flaming orange apron of a god. And invisibly about him is Nuit, and in his heart is Hadit, and between his feet is the great god Ra Hoor Khuit. And in his right hand is a flaming wand, and in his left a book. Yet is he silent; and that which is understood between him and me shall not be revealed in this place. And the mystery shall be revealed to whosoever shall say, with ecstasy of worship in his heart, with a clear mind, and a passionate body: It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

And now all that glory hath withdrawn itself; and the old King lies prostrate, abject.

And the virgin that rode upon the bull cometh forth, led by all those Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table, and they are dancing round her with garlands and sheaves of flowers, loose robes and hair dancing in the wind. And she smiles upon me

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

with infinite brilliance, so that the whole Æthyr flushes warm, and she says with a subtle sub-meaning, pointing downwards: By this, that.

And I took her hand and kissed it, and I say to her: Am I not nearly purged of the iniquity of my forefathers?

With that she bends down, and kisses me on the mouth, and says: "Yet a little, and on thy left arm shalt thou carry a man-child, and give him to drink of the milk of thy breasts. But I go dancing."

And I wave my hand, and the Æthyr is empty and dark, and I bow myself before it in the sign that I, and only I, may know. And I sink through waves of blackness, poised on an eagle, down, down, down.

And I give the sign that only I may know.

And now there is nothing in the stone but the black cross of Themis, and on it these words: Memento: Sequor. (These words probably mean that the Equinox of Horus is to be followed by that of Themis.)

BOU-SÂADA.

December 2, 1909. 4.50-6.5 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 15TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED OXO

There appears immediately in the Æthyr a tremendous column of scarlet fire, whirling forth, rebounding, crying aloud. And about it are four columns of green and blue and gold and silver, each inscribed with writings in the character of the dagger. And the column of fire is dancing among the pillars. Now it seems that the fire is but the skirt of the dancer, and the dancer is a mighty god. The vision is overpowering.

THE EQUINOX

As the dancer whirls, she chants in a strange, slow voice, quickening as she goes: Lo! I gather up every spirit that is pure, and weave him into my vesture of flame. I lick up the lives of men, and their souls sparkle from mine eyes. I am the mighty sorceress, the lust of the spirit. And by my dancing I gather for my mother Nuit the heads of all them that are baptized in the waters of life. I am the lust of the spirit that eateth up the soul of man. I have prepared a feast for the adepts, and they that partake thereof shall see God.

Now it is clear what she has woven in her dance; it is the Crimson Rose of 49 Petals, and the Pillars are the Cross with which it is conjoined. And between the pillars shoot out rays of pure green fire; and now all the pillars are golden. She ceases to dance, and dwindles, gathering herself into the centre of the Rose.

Now it is seen that the Rose is a vast amphitheatre, with seven tiers, each tier divided into seven partitions. And they that sit in the Amphitheatre are the seven grades of the Order of the Rosy Cross. This Amphitheatre is built of rose-coloured marble, and of its size I can say only that the sun might be used as a ball to be thrown by the players in the arena. But in the arena there is a little altar of emerald, and its top has the heads of the Four Beasts, in turquoise and rock-crystal. And the floor of the arena is ridged like a grating of lapis lazuli. And it is full of pure quicksilver.

Above the altar is a veiled Figure, whose name is Pan. Those in the outer tier adore him as a Man; and in the next tier they adore him as a Goat; and in the next tier they adore him as a Ram; and in the next tier they adore him as a Crab;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

and in the next tier they adore him as an Ibis; and in the next tier they adore him as a Golden Hawk; and in the next tier they adore him not.

And now the light streameth out from the altar, splashed out by the feet of him that is above it. It is the Holy Twelve-fold Table of OIT.

The voice of him that is above the altar is silence, but the echo thereof cometh back from the walls of the circus, and is speech. And this is the speech: Three and four are the days of a quarter of the moon, and on the seventh day is the sabbath, but thrice four is the Sabbath of the Adepts whereof the form is revealed in the Æthyr ZID; that is the eighth of the Aires. And the mysteries of the Table shall not be wholly revealed, nor shall they be revealed herein. But thou shalt gather of the sweat of thy brow a pool of clear water wherein this shall be revealed. And of the oil that thou burnest in the midnight shall be gathered together thirteen rivers of blessing; and of the oil and the water I will prepare a wine to intoxicate the young men and the maidens.

And now the Table is become the universe; every star is a letter of the Book of Enoch. And the Book of Enoch is drawn therefrom by an inscrutable Mystery, that is known only to the Angels and the Holy Sevenfold Table. While I have been gazing upon this table, an Adept has come forth, one from each tier, except the inmost Tier.

And the first drove a dagger into my heart, and tasted the blood, and said: *καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός, καθαρός.*

And the second Adept has been testing the muscles of my right arm and shoulder, and he says: fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis.

THE EQUINOX

And the third Adept examines the skin and tastes the sweat of my left arm, and says:

TAN, TAN, TAN, TAN.

And the fourth Adept examines my neck, and seems to approve, though he says nothing; and he hath opened the right half of my brain, and he makes some examination, and says: "Samajh, samajh, samajh."

And the fifth Adept examines the left half of my brain, and then holds up his hand in protest, and says "PLA . . ." (I cannot get the sentence, but the meaning is: In the thick darkness the seed awaiteth spring.)

And now am I again rapt in contemplation of that universe of letters which are stars.

The words ORLO, ILRO, TULE are three most secret names of God. They are Magick names, each having an interpretation of the same kind as the interpretation of I.N.R.I., and the name OIT, RLU, LRL, OOE are other names of God, that contain magical formulae, the first to invoke fire; the second, water; the third, air; and the fourth, earth.

And if the Table be read diagonally, every letter, and every combination of letters, is the name of a devil. And from these are drawn the formulae of evil magick. But the holy letter I above the triad LLL dominateth the Table, and preserveth the peace of the universe

And in the seven talismans about the central Table are contained the Mysteries of drawing forth the letters. And the letters of the circumference declare in glory of Nuit, that beginneth from Aries*.

* Note that the corner letters in this table are all B = ⚡.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

All this while the Adepts must have been chanting as it were an oratorio for seven instruments. And this oratorio hath one dominant theme of rapture. Yet it applieth to every detail of the universe as well as to the whole. And herein is Choronzon brought utterly to ruin, that all his work is against his will, not only in the whole, but in every part thereof, even as a fly that walketh upon a beryl-stone.

And the tablet blazeth ever brighter till it filleth the whole Aire. And behold! there is is one God therein, and the letters of the stars in his crown, Orion, and the Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and Alpha Centauri, and Cor Leonis, and Cor Scorpionis, and Spica, and the pole-star, and Hercules, and Regulus, and Aquila, and the Ram's Eye.

And upon a map of the stars shalt thou draw the sigil of that name; and because also some of the letters are alike, thou shalt know that the stars also have tribes and nations. The letter of a star is but the totem thereof. And the letter representeth not the whole nature of the star, but each star must be known by itself in the wisdom of him that hath the Cynocephalus in leash.

And this pertaineth unto the grade of a Magus—and that is beyond thine. (All this is communicated not by voice, or by writing; and there is no form in the stone, but only the brilliance of the Table. And now I am withdrawn from all that, but the Rosy Cross of 49 petals is set upright upon the summit of a pyramid, and all is dark, because of the exceeding light behind.)

And there cometh a voice: The fly cried unto the ox, "Beware! Strengthen thyself. Set thy feet firmly upon the earth, for it is my purpose to alight between thy shoulders,

THE EQUINOX

and I would not harm thee.” So also are they who wish well unto the Masters of the Pyramid.

And the bee said unto the flower: “Give me of thine honey,” and the flower gave richly thereof; but the bee, though he wit it not, carried the seed of the flower into many fields of sun. So also are they that take unto themselves the Masters of the Pyramid for servants.

Now the exceeding light that was behind the Pyramid, and the Rosy Cross that is set thereon, hath fulfilled the whole Aire. The black Pyramid is like the back of a black diamond. Also the Rosy Cross is loosened, and the petals of the Rose are the mingled hues of sunset and of dawn; and the Cross is the Golden light of noon, and in the heart of the Rose there is the secret light that men call midnight.

And a voice: “Glory to God and thanksgiving to God, and there is no God but God. And He is exalted; He is great; and in the Sevenfold Table is His Name writ openly, and in the Twelfefold Table is His Name concealed.”

And the Pyramid casts a shadow of itself into the sky, and the shadow spreads over the whole stone. And an angel clad in blue and scarlet, with golden wings and plumes of purple fire, comes forth and scatters disks of green and gold, filing all the Aire. And they become swiftly-whirling wheels, singing together.

And the voice of the angel cries: Gather up thy garments about thee, * O thou that hast entered the circle of the Sabbath; for in thy grave-clothes shouldest thou behold the resurrection.

* Since the examination in the amphitheatre I have been a naked spirit without garments or anything; by garments he means the body.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

The flesh hangeth upon thee like his rags upon a beggar that is a pilgrim to the shrine of the Exalted One. Nevertheless, bear them bravely, and rejoice in the beauty thereof, for the company of the pilgrims is a glad company, and they have no care, and with song and dance and wine and fair women do they make merry. And every hostel is their place, and every maid their queen.

Gather up thy garments about thee, I say, for the voice of the Æthyr, that is the voice of the Æon, is ended, and thou art absorbed into the lesser night, and caught in the web of the light of thy mother in the word ARBADAHARBA.

And now the five and the six are divorced, and I am come again within my body.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909. 9.15 to 11.10 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 14TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED UTA

There come into the stone a white goat, a green dragon, and a tawny bull. But they pass away immediately. There is a veil of such darkness before the Æthyr that it seems impossible to pierce it. But there is a voice saying: Behold, the Great One of the Night of Time stirreth, and with his tail he churneth up the slime, and of the foam thereof shall he make stars. And in the battle of the Python and the Sphinx shall the glory be to the Sphinx, but the victory to the Python.

Now the veil of darkness is formed of a very great number of exceedingly fine black veils, and one tears them off one at a time. And the voice says, There is no light or knowledge or beauty or stability in the Kingdom of the Grave, whither

THE EQUINOX

thou goest. And the worm is crowned. All that thou wast hath he eaten up, and all that thou art is his pasture until tomorrow. And all that thou shalt be is nothing. Thou who wouldst enter the domain of the Great One of the Night of Time, this burden must thou take up. Deepen not a superficialities.

But I go on tearing down the veil that I may behold the vision of UTA, and hear the voice thereof. And there is a voice: He hath drawn the black bean. And another voice answers it: Not otherwise could he plant the Rose. And the first voice: He hath drunk of the waters of death. The answer: Not otherwise could he water the Rose. And the first voice: He hath burnt himself at the Fires of life. And the answer: Not otherwise could he sun the Rose. And the first voice is so faint that I cannot hear it. But the answer is: Not otherwise could he pluck the Rose.

And still I go on, struggling with the blackness. Now there is an earthquake. The veil is torn into thousands of pieces that go flying away in a whirling wind. And there is an all-glorious Angel before me, standing in the sign of Apophis and Typhon. On his Forehead is a star, but all about him is darkness, and the crying of beasts. And there are lamps moving in the darkness.

And the Angel says: Depart! For thou must invoke me only in the darkness. Therein will I appear, and reveal unto thee the Mystery of UTA. For the Mystery thereof is great and terrible. And it shall not be spoken in sight of the sun.

Therefore I withdraw myself. (Thus far the vision upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert near Bou-Sâada.)

December 3.

2.50-3.15 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

The Angel re-appears.

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the eye of the hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is

THE EQUINOX

my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty Privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids—their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æthyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure —,* and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these, whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword

* I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.

THE EQUINOX

of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909 9.50-11.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 13TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIM

Into the Stone there cometh an image of shining waters, glistening in the sun. Unfathomable is their beauty, for they are limpid, and the floor is of gold. Yet the sense thereof is of fruitlessness.

And an Angel cometh forth, of pure pale gold, walking upon the water. Above his head is a rainbow, and the water foams beneath his feet. And he saith: Before his face am I come that hath the thirty-three thunders of increase in his hand. From the golden water shalt thou gather corn.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

All the Aire behind him is gold, but it opens as it were a veil. There are two terrible black giants, wrestling in mortal hatred. And there is a little bird upon a bush, and the bird flaps its wings. Thereat the strength of the giants snaps, and they fall in heaps to the earth, as though all their bones were suddenly broken.

And now waves of light roll through the Æthyr, as if they were playing. Therefore suddenly I am in a garden, upon a terrace of a great castle, that is upon a rocky mountain. In the garden are fountains and many flowers. There are girls also in the garden, tall, slim, delicate and pale. And now I see that the flowers are the girls, for they change from one to another; so varied, and lucent, and harmonious is all this garden, that it seems like a great opal.

A voice comes: This water which thou seest is called the water of death. But NEMO hath filled therefrom our springs.

And I said: Who is NEMO?

And the voice answered: A dolphin's tooth, and a ram's horns, and the hand of a man that is hanged, and the phallus of a goat. (By this I understand that nun is explained by shin, and hé by resh, and mem by yod, and ayin by tau. NEMO is therefore called $165 = 11 \times 15$; and is in himself $910 = 91 \text{ Amen} \times 10$; and $13 \times 70 = \text{The One Eye, } \textit{Achad Ayin}.$)

And now there cometh an Angel into the garden, but he hath not any of the attributes of the former Angels, for he is like a young man, dressed in white linen robes.

And he saith: No man hath beheld the face of my Father. Therefore he that hath beheld it is called NEMO. And know thou that every man that is called NEMO hath a garden that he tendeth. And every garden that is and flourisheth hath

THE EQUINOX

been prepared from the desert by NEMO, watered with the waters that were called death.

And I say unto him: To what end is the garden prepared?

And he saith: First for the beauty and delight thereof; and next because it is written, "And Tetragrammaton Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden." And lastly, because though every flower bringeth forth a maiden, yet is there one flower that shall bring forth a man-child. And his name shall be called NEMO, when he beholdeth the face of my Father. And he that tendeth the garden seeketh not to single out the flower that shall be NEMO. He doeth naught but tend the garden.

And I said: Pleasant indeed is the garden, and light is the toil of tending it, and great is the reward.

And he said: Bethink thee that NEMO hath beheld the face of my Father. In Him is only Peace.

And I said: Are all gardens like unto this garden?

And he waved his hand, and in the Aire across the valley appeared an island of coral, rosy, with green palms and fruit-trees, in the midst of the bluest of the seas.

And he waved his hand again, and there appeared a valley shut in by mighty snow mountains, and in it were pleasant streams of water, rushing through, and broad rivers, and lakes covered with lilies.

And he waved his hand again, and there was a vision, as it were of an oasis in the desert.

And again he waved his hand, and there was a dim country with grey rocks, and heather, and gorse, and bracken.

And he waved his hand yet again, and there was a park, and a small house therein, surrounded by yews. This time

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the house opens, and I see in it an old man, sitting by a table. He is blind. Yet he writeth in a great book, constantly. I see what he is writing: "The words of the Book are as the leaves of the flowers in the garden. Many indeed of these my songs shall go forth as maidens, but there is one among them, which one I know not, that shall be a man-child, whose name shall be NEMO, when he hath beheld the face of the Father, and become blind."

(All this vision is most extraordinarily pleasant and peaceful, entirely without strength or ecstasy, or any positive quality, but equally free from the opposites of any of those qualities.) And the young man seems to read my thought, which is, that I should love to stay in this garden and do nothing for ever; for he sayeth to me: Come with me, and behold how NEMO tendeth his garden.

So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid so that that root writhes as if in torture. And another he cuts, and the shriek is like the shriek of a mandrake, torn up by the roots. And another he chars with fire, and yet another he anoints with oil.

And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great indeed is the reward.

And the young man answered me: He shall not see the reward, he tendeth the garden.

And I said: What shall come unto him?

And he said: This thou canst not know, nor is it revealed by the letters that are the totems of the stars, but only by the stars.

And he says to me, quite disconnectedly: The man of earth

THE EQUINOX

is the adherent. The lover giveth his life unto the work among men. The hermit goeth solitary, and giveth only of his light unto men.

And I ask him: Why does he tell me that?

And he says: I tell thee not. Thou tellest thyself, for thou hast pondered thereupon for many days, and hast not found light. And now that thou art called NEMO, the answer to every riddle that thou hast not found shall spring up in thy mind, unsought. Who can tell upon what day a flower shall bloom?

And thou shalt give thy wisdom unto the world, and that shall be thy garden. And concerning time and death, thou hast naught to do with these things. For though a precious stone be hidden in the sand of the desert, it shall not heed for the wind of the desert, although it be but sand. For the worker of works hath worked thereupon; and because it is clear, it is invisible; and because it is hard, it moveth not.

All these words are heard by everyone that is called NEMO. And with that doth he apply himself to understanding. And he must understand the virtue of the waters of death, and he must understand the virtue of the sun and the wind, and of the worm that turneth the earth, and the stars that roof in the garden. And he must understand the separate nature and property of every flower, or how shall he tend his garden?

And I said to him: Concerning the Vision and the Voice, I would know if these things be of the essence of the Æthyr, or of the essence of the seer.

And he answers: It is of the essence of him that is called NEMO, combined with essence of the Æthyr, for from

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the 1st Æthyr to the 15th Æthyr, there is no vision and no voice, save for him that is called NEMO. And he that seeketh the vision and the voice therein is led away by dog-faced demons that show no sign of truth, seducing from the Sacred Mysteries, unless his name be NEMO.

And hadst thou not been fitted, thou too hadst been led away, for before the gate of the 15th Æthyr, is this written: He shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. And again it is written: The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. And again it is written that God tempteth man. But thou hadst the word and the sign, and thou hadst authority from thy superior, and licence. And thou hast done well in that thou didst not dare, and in that thou dost dare. For daring is not presumption.

And he said moreover: Thou dost well to keep silence, for I perceive how many questions arise in thy mind; yet already thou knowest that the answering, as the asking, must be vain. For NEMO hath all in himself. He hath come where there is no light or knowledge, only when he needeth them no more.

And then we bow silently, giving a certain sign, called the Sign of Isis Rejoicing. And then he remaineth to ward the Æthyr, while I return unto the bank of sand that is the bed of the river near the desert.

THE RIVER-BED NEAR BOU-SÁADA.

December 4, 1909. 2.10-3.45 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 12TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LOE.

There appear in the stone two pillars of flame, and in the midst is a chariot of white fire.

This seems to be the chariot of the Seventh Key of

THE EQUINOX

Tarot. But it is drawn by four sphinxes, diverse, like the four sphinxes upon the door of the vault of the adepts, counterchanged in their component parts.

The chariot itself is the lunar crescent, waning. The canopy is supported by eight pillars of amber. These pillars are upright, and yet the canopy which they support is the whole vault of the night.

The charioteer is a man in golden armour, studded with sapphires, but over his shoulders is a white robe, and over that a red robe. Upon his goldenhelmet he beareth for his crest a crab. His hands are clasped upon a cup, from which radiates a ruddy glow, constantly increasing, so that everything is blotted out by its glory, and the whole Aire is filled with it.

And there is a marvelous perfume in the Aire, like unto the perfume of Ra Hoor Khuit, but sublimated, as if the quintessence of that perfume alone were burnt. For it hath the richness and voluptuousness and humanity of blood, and the strength and freshness of meal, and the sweetness of honey, and the purity of olive-oil, and the holiness of that oil which is made of myrrh, and cinnamon, and galangal.

The charioteer speaks in a low, solemn voice, awe-inspiring, like a large and very distant bell: Let him look upon the cup whose blood is mingled therein, for the wine of the cup is the blood of the saints. Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babalon the Mother of Abominations, that rideth upon the Beast, for she hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth and lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom.

With the breath of her kisses hath she fermented it, and it hath become the wine of the Sacrament, the wine of the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Sabbath; and in the Holy Assembly hath she poured it out for her worshippers, and they had become drunken thereon, so that face to face they beheld my Father. Thus are they made worthy to become partakers of the Mystery of this holy vessel, for the blood is the life. So sitteth she from age to age, and the righteous are never weary of her kisses, and by her murders and fornications she seduceth the world. Therein is manifested the glory of my Father, who is truth.

(This wine is such that its virtue radiateth through the cup, and I reel under the intoxication of it. And every thought is destroyed by it. It abideth alone, and its name is Compassion. I understand by "Compassion," the sacrament of suffering, partaken by the true worshippers of the Highest. And it is an ecstasy in which there is no trace of pain. Its passivity (=passion) is like the giving-up of the self to the beloved.)

The voice continues: This is the Mystery of Babylon, the Mother of abominations, and this is the mystery of her adulteries, for she hath yielded up herself to everything that liveth, and hath become a partaker in its mystery. And because she hath made herself the servant of each, therefore is she become the mistress of all. Not as yet canst thou comprehend her glory.

Beautiful art thou, O Babylon, and desirable, for thou hast given thyself to everything that liveth, and thy weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union thou didst *understand*. Therefore art thou called Understanding, O Babylon, Lady of the Night!

This is that which is written, "O my God, in one last rapture let me attain to the union with the many." For she is

THE EQUINOX

Love, and her love is one, and she hath divided the one love into infinite loves, and each love is one, and equal to The One, and therefore is she passed “from the assembly and the law and the enlightenment unto the anarchy of solitude and darkness. For ever thus must she veil the brilliance of Her Self.”

O Babylon, Babylon, thou mighty Mother, that ridest upon the crownèd beast, let me be drunken upon the wine of thy fornications; let thy kisses wanton me unto death, that even I, thy cup-bearer, may *understand*.

Now, through the ruddy glow of the cup, I may perceive far above, and infinitely great, the vision of Babylon. And the Beast whereon she rideth is the Lord of the City of the Pyramids, that I beheld in the fourteenth Æthyr.

Now that is gone in the glow of the cup, and the Angel saith: Not as yet mayest thou understand the mystery of the Beast, for it pertaineth not unto the mystery of this Aire, and few that are new-born unto Understanding are capable thereof.

The cup glows ever brighter and fierier. All my sense is unsteady, being smitten with ecstasy.

And the Angel sayeth: Blessed are the saints, that their blood is mingled in the cup, and can never be separate any more. For Babylon the Beautiful, the Mother of abominations, hath sworn by her holy cteis, whereof every point is a pang, that she will not rest from her adulteries until the blood of everything that liveth is gathered therein, and the wine thereof laid up and matured and consecrated, and worthy to gladden the heart of my Father. For my Father is weary with the stress of eld, and cometh not to her bed. Yet shall

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

this perfect wine be the quintessence, and the elixir, and by the draught thereof shall he renew his youth; and so shall it be eternally, as age by age the worlds do dissolve and change, and the universe unfoldeth itself as a Rose, and shutteth itself up as the Cross that is bent into the cube.

And this is the comedy of Pan, that is played at night in the thick forest. And this is the mystery of Dionysus Zagreus, that is celebrated upon the holy mountain of Kithairon. And this is the secret of the brothers of the Rosy Cross; and this is the heart of the ritual that is accomplished in the Vault of the Adepts that is hidden in the Mountain of the Caverns, even the Holy Mountain Abiegnus.

And this is the meaning of the Supper of the Passover, the spilling of the blood of the Lamb being a ritual of the Dark Brothers, for they have sealed up the Pylon with blood, lest the Angel of Death should enter therein. Thus do they shut themselves off from the company of the saints. Thus do they keep themselves from compassion and from understanding. Accursed are they, for they shut up their blood in their heart.

They keep themselves from the kisses of my Mother Babylon, and in their lonely fortresses they pray to the false moon. And they bind themselves together with an oath, and with a great curse. And of their malice they conspire together, and they have power, and mastery, and in their cauldrons do they brew the harsh wine of delusion, mingled with the poison of their selfishness.

Thus they make war upon the Holy One, sending forth their delusion upon men, and upon everything that liveth. So that their false compassion is called compassion, and their

THE EQUINOX

false understanding is called understanding, for this is their most potent spell.

Yet of their own poison do they perish, and in their lonely fortresses shall they be eaten up by Time that hath cheated them to serve him, and by the mighty devil Choronzon, their master, whose name is the Second Death, for the blood that they have sprinkled on their Pylon, that is a bar against the Angel Death, is the key by which he entereth in.*

The Angel sayeth: And this is the word of double power in the voice of the Master, wherein the Five interpenetrateth the Six. This is its secret interpretation that may not be understood, save only of *them that understand*. And for this is the Key of the Pylon of Power, because there is no power that may endure, save only the power that descendeth in this my chariot from Babylon, the city of the Fifty Gates, the Gate of the God On [בַּחַיִּים]. Moreover is On the Key of the Vault that is 120. So also do the Majesty and the Beauty derive from the Supernal Wisdom.

But this is a mystery utterly beyond thine understanding. For Wisdom is the Man, and Understanding the Woman, and not until thou hast perfectly understood canst thou begin to be wise. But I reveal unto thee a mystery of the Æthyrs, that not only are they bound up with the Sephiroth, but also with the Paths. Now, the plane of the Æthyrs interpenetrateth and surroundeth the universe wherein the Sephiroth are established, and therefore is the order of the Æthyrs not the order of the Tree of Life. And only in a few places do they coincide.

* (I think the trouble with these people was, that they wanted to substitute the blood of someone else for their own blood, because they wanted to keep their personalities.)

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

But the knowledge of the Æthyrs is deeper than the knowledge of the Sephiroth, for that in the Æthyrs is the knowledge of the Æons, and of *Θελημα*. And to each shall it be given according to his capacity. (He has been saying certain secret things to the unconscious mind of the seer, of a personal nature.)

Now a voice comes from without: And lo! I saw you to the end.

And a great bell begins to toll. And there come six little children out of the floor of the chariot, and in their hands is a veil so fine and transparent that it is hardly visible. Yet, when they put it over the Cup, the Angel bowing his head reverently, the light of the Cup goes out entirely. And as the light of the Cup vanishes, it is like a swift sunset in the whole Aire, for it was from the light of that Cup alone that it was lighted.

And now the light is all gone out of the stone, and I am very cold.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 4 - 5, 1909. 11.30 p.m.-1.20 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 11TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED IKH

There appears in the stone immediately the Kamea of the Moon. And it is rolled up; and behind it there appeareth a great Host of Angels. Their backs are turned towards me, but I can see how tremendous are their arms, which are swords and spears. They have wings upon their helmets and their heels: they are clad in complete armour, and the least of their swords is like the breaking forth of a tremendous

THE EQUINOX

storm of lightning. The least of their spears is like a great water-spout. On their shields are the eyes of Tetragrammaton, winged with flame,—white, red, black, yellow and blue. On their flanks are vast squadrons of elephants, and behind them is their meteor-artillery. They that sit upon the elephants are armed with the thunderbolt of Zeus.

Now in all that host there is no motion. Yet they are not resting upon their arms, but tense and vigilant. And between them and me is the God Shu, whom before I did not see, because his force filleth the whole Æthyr. And indeed he is not visible in his form. Nor does he come to the seer through any of the senses; he is understood, rather than expressed.

I perceive that all this army is defended by fortresses, nine mighty towers of iron upon the frontier of the Æthyr. Each tower is filled with warriors in silver armour. It is impossible to describe the feeling of tension; they are like oarsmen waiting for the gun.

I perceive that an Angel is standing on either side of me; nay, I am in the midst of a company of armed angels, and their captain is standing in front of me. He too is clad in silver armour; and about him, closely wrapped to his body, is a whirling wind, so swift that any blow struck against him would be broken.

And he speaketh unto me these words:

Behold, a mighty guard against the terror of things, the fastness of the Most High, the legions of eternal vigilance; these are they that keep watch and ward day and night throughout the æons. Set in them is all force of the Mighty One, yet there sirreth not one plume of the wings of their helmets.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Behold, the foundation of the Holy City, the towers and the bastions thereof! Behold the armies of light that are set against the outermost Abyss, against the horror of emptiness, and the malice of Choronzon. Behold how worshipful is the wisdom of the Master, that he hath set his stability in the all-wandering Air and in the changeful Moon. In the purple flashes of lightning hath He written the word Eternity, and in the wings of the swallow hath He appointed rest.

By three and by three and by three hath He made firm the foundation against the earthquake that is three. For in the number nine is the changefulness of the numbers brought to naught. For with whatsoever number thou wilt cover it, it appeareth unchanged.

These things are spoken unto him that understandeth, that is a breastplate unto the elephants, or a corselet unto the angels, or a scale upon the towers of iron; yet is this mighty host set only for a defense, and whoso passeth beyond their lines hath no help in them.

Yet must he that understandeth go forth unto the outermost Abyss, and there must he speak with him that is set above the four-fold terror, the Princes of Evil, even with Choronzon, the mighty devil that inhabiteth the outermost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or understand him, but the servants of Babylon, that understand, and they that are without understanding, his servants.

Behold! it entereth not into the heart, nor into the mind of man to conceive this matter; for the sickness of the body is death, and the sickness of the heart is despair, and the sickness of the mind is madness. But in the outermost Abyss is sickness of the aspiration, and sickness of the will, and sickness

THE EQUINOX

of the essence of all, and there is neither word nor thought wherein the image of its image is reflected.

And whoso passeth into the outermost Abyss, except he be of them that understand, holdeth out his hands, and boweth his neck, unto the chains of Choronzon. And as a devil he walketh about the earth, immortal, and he blasteth the flowers of the earth, and he corrupteth the fresh air, and he maketh poisonous the water; and the fire that is the friend of man, and the pledge of his aspiration, seeing that it mounteth ever upward as a pyramid, and seeing that man stole it in a hollow tube from Heaven, even that fire he turneth unto ruin, and madness, and fever, and destruction. And thou, that art an heap of dry dust in the city of the pyramids, must understand these things.

And now a thing happens, which is unfortunately sheer nonsense; for the Æthyr that is the foundation of the universe was attacked by the Outermost Abyss, and the only way that I can express it is by saying that the universe was shaken. But the universe was *not* shaken. And that is the exact truth; so that the rational mind which is interpreting these spiritual things is offended; but, being trained to obey, it setteth down that which it doth not understand. For the rational mind indeed reasoneth, but never attaineth unto Understanding; but the Seer is of them that understand.

And the Angel saith:

Behold, He hath established His mercy and His might, and unto His might is added victory, and unto his Mercy is added splendour. And all these things hath He ordered in beauty, and He hath set them firmly upon the Eternal Rock, and therefrom He hath suspended His kingdom as one pearl that

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

is set in a jewel of threescore pearls and twelve. And He hath garnished it with the Four Holy Living Creatures for Guardians, and He hath graven therein the seal of righteousness,* and He hath burnished it with the fire of His Angel, and the blush of His loveliness informeth it, and with delight and with wit hath He made it merry at the heart, and the core thereof is the Secret of His being, and therein is His name Generation. And this His stability had the number 80, for that the price thereof is War.†

Beware, therefore, O thou who art appointed to understand the secret of the Outermost Abyss, for in every Abyss thou must assume the mask and form of the Angel thereof. Hadst thou a name, thou wert irrevocably lost. Search, therefore, if there be yet one drop of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Babylon the Beautiful, for in that little pile of dust, if there could be one drop of blood, it should be utterly corrupt; it should breed scorpions and vipers, and the cat of slime.

And I said unto the Angel:

Is there not one appointed as a warden?

And he said:

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani.

Such an ecstasy of anguish racks me that I cannot give it voice, yet I know it is but as the anguish of Gethsemane. And that is the last word of the Æthyr. The outposts are passed, and before the seer extends the outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35 p.m.

* Full title of Jesod is Tzedeq Jesod Olahm, "The Righteous is the Foundation of the World."

† I.S.V.D., Jesod, = 80, the number of pé, the letter of Mars.

THE EQUINOX

In nomine BABALON
Amen.

Restriction unto Choronzon.

THE TENTH ÆTHYR IS CALLED ZAX.

This Æthyr being accursèd, and the seer forewarned, he taketh these precautions for the scribe.

First let the scribe be seated in the centre of the circle in the desert sand, and let the circle be fortified by the Holy Names of God—Tetragrammaton and Shaddai El Chai and Ararita.

And let the Demon be invoked within a triangle, wherein is inscribed the name of Choronzon, and about it let him write ANAPHAXETON—ANAPHANETON—PRIMEUMATON, and in the angles MI-CA-EL: and at each angle the Seer shall slay a pigeon, and having done this, let him retire to a secret place, where is neither sight nor hearing, and sit within his black robe, secretly invoking the Æthyr. And let the Scribe perform the Banishing Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram, and let him call upon the Holy Names of God, and say the Exorcism of Honorius, and let him beseech protection and help of the Most High.

And let him be furnished with the Magick Dagger, and let him strike fearlessly at anything that may seek to break through the circle, were it the appearance of the Seer himself. And if the Demon pass out of the triangle, let him threaten him with the Dagger, and command him to return. And let him beware lest he himself lean beyond the circle. And

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

since he reverenceth the Person of the Seer as his Teacher, let the Seer bind him with a great Oath to do this.

Now, then, the Seer being entered within the triangle, let him take the Victims and cut their throats, pouring the blood within the Triangle, and being most heedful that not one drop fall without the Triangle; or else Choronzon should be able to manifest in the universe.

And when the sand hath sucked up the blood of the victims, let him recite the Call of the Æthyr apart secretly as aforesaid. Then will the Vision be revealed, and the Voice heard.

The Oath

I, Omnia Vincam, a Probationer of A.: A.:, hereby solemnly promise upon my magical honour, and swear by Adonai the angel that guardeth me, that I will defend this magic circle of Art with thoughts and words and deeds. I promise to threaten with the Dagger and command back into the triangle the spirit incontinent, if he should strive to escape from it; and to strike with a Dagger at anything that may seek to enter this Circle, were it in appearance the body of the Seer himself. And I will be exceeding wary, armed against force and cunning; and I will preserve with my life the inviolability of this Circle, Amen.

And I summon my Holy Guardian Angel to witness this mine oath, the which if I break, may I perish, forsaken of Him. Amen and Amen.

THE CRY OF THE 10TH ÆTHYR, THAT IS CALLED ZAX

There is no being in the outermost Abyss, but constant forms come forth from the nothingness of it.

THE EQUINOX

Then the Devil of the Æthyr, that mighty devil Choronzon, crieth aloud, Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada Zasas.

I am the Master of Form, and from me all forms proceed.

I am I. I have shut myself up from the spendthrifts, my gold is safe in my treasure-chamber, and I have made every living thing my concubine, and none shall touch them, save only I. And yet I am scorched, even while I shiver in the wind. He hateth me and tormenteth me. He would have stolen me from myself, but I shut myself up and mock at him, even while he plagueth me. From me come leprosy and pox and plague and cancer and cholera and the falling sickness. Ah! I will reach up to the knees of the Most High, and tear his phallus with my teeth, and I will bray his testicles in a mortar, and make poison thereof, to slay the sons of men.

(Here the Spirit stimulated the voice of Frater P., which also appeared to come from his station and not from the triangle.)

I don't think I can get any more; I think that's all there is.

(The Frater was seated in a secret place covered completely by a black robe, in the position called the "Thunderbolt." He did not move or speak during the ceremony.)

Next the Scribe was hallucinated, believing that before him was a beautiful courtesan whom previously he had loved in Paris. Now, she wooed him with soft words and glances, but he knew these things for delusions of the devil, and he would not leave the circle.

The demon then laughed wildly and loud.

(Upon the Scribe threatening him, the Demon proceeded, after a short delay.)

They have called me the God of laughter, and I laugh when I will slay. And they have thought that I could not

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

smile, but I smile upon whom I would seduce. O inviolable one, that canst not be tempted. If thou canst command me by the power of the Most High, know that I did indeed tempt thee, and it repenteth me. I bow myself humbly before the great and terrible names whereby thou hast conjured and constrained me. But thy name is mercy, and I cry aloud for pardon. Let me come and put my head beneath thy feet, that I may serve thee. For if thou commandest me to obedience in the Holy names, I cannot swerve therefrom, for their first whispering is greater than the noise of all my temptests. Bid me therefore come unto thee upon my hands and knees that I may adore thee, and partake of thy forgiveness. Is not thy mercy infinite?

(Here Choronzon attempts to seduce the Scribe by appealing to his pride.

But the Scribe refused to be tempted, and commanded the demon to continue with the Æthyr.

There was again a short delay.)

Choronzon hath no form, because he is the maker of all form; and so rapidly he changeth from one to the other as he may best think fit to seduce those whom he hateth, the servants of the Most High.

Thus taketh he the form of a beautiful woman, or of a wise and holy man, or of a serpent that writheth upon the earth ready to sting.

And, because he is himself, therefore he is no self; the terror of darkness, and the blindness of night, and the deafness of the adder, and the tastelessness of stale and stagnant water, and the black fire of hatred, and the udders of the Cat of slime; not one thing, but many things. Yet, with all that, his torment

THE EQUINOX

is eternal. The sun burns him as he writhes naked upon the sands of hell, and the wind cuts him bitterly to the bone, a harsh dry wind, so that he is sore athirst. Give unto me, I pray thee, one drop of water from the pure springs of Paradise, that I may quench my thirst.

(The Scribe refused.)

Sprinkle water upon my head. I can hardly go on.

(This last was spoken from the triangle in the natural voice of the Frater, which Choronzon again simulated. But he did not succeed in taking the Frater's form—which was absurd!

The Scribe resisted the appeal to his pity, and conjured the demon to proceed by the names of the Most High. Choronzon attempted also to seduce the faithfulness of the Scribe. A long colloquy ensued. The Scribe cursed him by the Holy Names of God, and the power of the Pentagram.)

I feed upon the names of the Most High. I churn them in my jaws, and I void them from my fundament. I fear not the power of the Pentagram, for I am the Master of the Triangle. My name is three hundred and thirty and three, and that is thrice one. Be vigilant, therefore, for I warn thee that I am about to deceive thee. I shall say words that thou wilt take to be the cry of the Æthyr, and thou wilt write them down, thinking them to be great secrets of Magick power, and they will be only my jesting with thee.

(Here the Scribe invoked the Angels, and the Holy Guardian Angel of the Frater P. . . . The demon replied:)

I know the name of the Angel of thee and thy brother P. . . ., and all thy dealings with him are but a cloak for thy filthy sorceries.

(Here the Scribe averred that he knew more than the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

demon, and so feared him not, and ordered the demon to proceed.)

Thou canst tell me naught that I know not, for in me is all Knowledge: Knowledge is my name. Is not the head of the great Serpent arisen into Knowledge?

(Here the Scribe again commanded Choronzon to continue with the call.)

Know thou that there is no Cry in the tenth Æthyr like unto the other Cries, for Choronzon is Dispersion, and cannot fix his mind upon any one thing for any length of time. Thou canst master him in argument, O talkative one; thou wast commanded, wast thou not, to talk to Choronzon? He sought not to enter the circle, or to leave the triangle, yet thou didst prate of all these things.

(Here the Scribe threatened the demon with anger and pain and hell. The demon replied:)

Thinkest thou, O fool, that there is any anger and any pain that I am not, or any hell but this my spirit?

Images, images, images, all without control, all without reason. The malice of Choronzon is not the malice of a being; it is the quality of malice, because he that boasteth himself "I am I," hath in truth no self, and these are they that are fallen under my power, the slaves of the Blind One that boasted himself to be the Enlightened One. For there is no centre, nay, nothing but Dispersion.

Woe, woe, woe, threefold to him that is led away by talk, O talkative One.

O thou that hast written two-and-thirty books of Wisdom, and art more stupid than an owl, by thine own talk is thy

THE EQUINOX

vigilance wearied, and by my talk art thou befooled and tricked, O thou that sayest that thou shalt endure. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction? For thou that art the Scribe hast not the understanding* that alone availeth against Choronzon. And wert thou not protected by the Holy Names of God and the circle, I would rush upon thee and tear thee. For when I made myself like unto a beautiful woman, if thou hadst come to me, I would have rotted thy body with the pox, and thy liver with cancer, and I would have torn off thy testicles with my teeth. And if I had seduced thy pride, and thou hadst bidden me to come into the circle, I would have trampled thee under foot, and for a thousand years shouldst thou have been but one of the tape-worms that is in me. And if I had seduced thy pity, and thou hadst poured one drop of water without the circle, then would I have blasted thee with flame. But I was not able to prevail against thee.

How beautiful are the shadows of the ripples of the sand!

Would God that I were dead.

For know that I am proud and revengeful and lascivious, and I prate even as thou. For even as I walked among the Sons of God, I heard it said that P. . . . could both will and know, and might learn at length to dare, but that to keep silence he should never learn. O thou that art so ready to speak, so slow to watch, thou art delivered over unto my power for this. And now one word was necessary unto me, and I could not speak it. I behold the beauty of the earth in

* Originally, for “understanding” was written “power.” Choronzon was always using some word that did not represent his thought, because there is no proper link between his thought and speech. Note that he never seems able to distinguish between the Frater and the Scribe, and addresses first one, then the other, in the same sentence.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

her desolation, and greater far is mine, who sought to be my naked self. Knowest thou that in my soul is utmost fear? And such is my force and my cunning, that a hundred times have I been ready to leap, and for fear have missed. And a thousand times am I baulked by them of the City of the Pyramids, that set snares for my feet. More knowledge have I than the Most High, but my will is broken, and my fierceness is marred by fear, and I must speak, speak, speak, millions of mad voices in my brain.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am Commander,
With a burning spear
And a horse of Air
To the wilderness I wander.

(The idea was to keep the Scribe busy writing, so as to spring upon him. For, while the Scribe talked, Choronzon had thrown sand into the circle, and filled it up. But Choronzon could not think fast and continuously, and so resorted to the device of quotation.

The Scribe had written two or three words of “Tom o’Bedlam,” when Choronzon sprang within the circle (that part of the circumference of which that was nearest to him he had been filling up with sand all this time), and leaped upon the Scribe, throwing him to the earth. The conflict took place within the circle. The Scribe called upon Tetragrammaton, and succeeded in compelling Choronzon to return into his triangle. By dint of anger and of threatening him with the Magick Staff did he accomplish this. He then repaired the circle. The discomfited demon now continued:)

All is dispersion. These are the qualities of things.

THE EQUINOX

The tenth Æthyr is the world of adjectives, and there is no substance therein.

(Now returneth the beautiful woman who had before tempted the Scribe. She prevailed not.)

I am afraid of sunset, for Tum is more terrible than Ra, and Khephra the Beetle is greater than the Lion Mau.

I am a-cold.

(Here Choronzon wanted to leave the triangle to obtain wherewith to cover his nakedness. The Scribe refused the request, threatening the demon. After a while the latter continued:)

I am commanded, why I know not, by him that speaketh. Were it thou, thou little fool, I would tear thee limb from limb. I would bite off thine ears and nose before I began with thee. I would take thy guts for fiddle-strings at the Black Sabbath.

Thou didst make a great fight there in the circle; thou art a goodly warrior!

(Then did the demon laugh loudly. The Scribe said: Thou canst not harm one hair of my head.)

I will pull out every hair of thy head, every hair of thy body, every hair of thy soul, one by one.

(Then said the Scribe: Thou hast no power.)

Yea, verily I have power over thee, for thou hast taken the Oath, and art bound unto the White Brothers, and therefore have I the power to torture thee so long as thou shalt be.

(Then said the Scribe unto him: Thou liest.)

Ask of thy brother P. . . ., and he shall tell thee if I lie!

(This the Scribe refused to do, saying that it was no concern of the demon's.)

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Father, and befouled his beard; and I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Son, and torn off his Phallus; but against the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost shall I strive and not prevail. The three slain doves are my threefold blasphemy against him; but their blood shall make fertile the sand, and I writhe in blackness and horror of hate, and prevail not.

(Then the demon tried to make the Scribe laugh at Magick, and to think that it was all rubbish, that he might deny the names of God that he had invoked to protect him; which, if he had doubted but for an instant, he had leapt upon him, and gnawed through his spine at the neck.

Choronzon succeed not in his design.)

In this Æthyr is neither beginning nor end, for it is all hotch-potch, because it is of the wicked on earth and the damned in hell. And so long as it be hotch-potch, it mattereth little what may be written by the sea-green incorruptible Scribe.

The horror of it will be given in another place and time, and through another Seer, and that Seer shall be slain as a result of his revealing. But the present Seer, who is not P. . . ., seeth not the horror, because he is shut up, and hath no name.

(Now was there some further parleying betwixt the demon and the Scribe, concerning the departure and the writing of the word, the Scribe not knowing if it were meet that the demon should depart.

Then the Seer took the Holy Ring, and wrote the name BABALON, that is victory over Choronzon, and he was no more manifest.)

THE EQUINOX

(This cry was obtained on Dec. 6, 1909, between 2 and 4.15 p.m., in a lonely valley of fine sand, in the desert near Bou-Sâada. The Æthyr was edited and revised on the following day.)

After the conclusion of the Ceremony, a great fire was kindled to purify the place, and the Circle and Triangle were destroyed.

NOTE BY SCRIBE

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overshadowed, and he spoke as it were in spite of himself, remembering afterwards scarcely a word of his speeches, some of which were long and seemingly eloquent.

All the time he had a sense of being protected from Choronzon, and this sense of security prevented his knowing fear.

Several times did the Scribe threaten to put a curse upon the demon; but ever, before he uttered the words of the curse, did the demon obey him. For himself, he knoweth not the words of the curse.

Also is it meet to record in this place that the Scribe several times whistled in a Magical manner, which never before had he attempted, and the demon was apparently much discomfited thereat.

Now knoweth the Scribe that he was wrong in holding much converse with the demon; for Choronzon, in the confusion and chaos of his thought, is much terrified by silence. And by silence can he be brought to obey.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

For cunningly doth he talk of many things, going from subject to subject, and thus he misleadeth the way into argument with him. And though Choronzon be easily beaten in argument, yet, by disturbing the attention of him who would command him, doth he gain the victory.

For Choronzon feareth of all things concentration and silence: he therefore who would command him should will in silence: thus is he brought to obey.

This the Scribe knoweth; for that since the obtaining of the Accursèd Tenth Æthyr, he hath held converse with Choronzon. And unexpectedly did he obtain the information he sought after having long refused to answer the demon's speeches.

Choronzon is dispersion; and such is his fear of concentration that he will obey rather than be subjected to it, or even behold it in another.

The account of the further dealings of Choronzon with the Scribe will be found in the Record of Omnia Vincam.

THE CRY OF THE 9TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIP

(The terrible Curse that is the Call of the Thirty Æthyrs sounds like a song of ecstasy and triumph; every phrase in it has a secret meaning of blessing.)

The Shew-stone is of soft lucent white, on which the Rose-Cross shows a brilliant yet colourless well of light.

And now the veil of the stone is rent with as clap of thunder, and I am walking upon a razor-edge of light suspended over the Abyss, and before me and above me are ranged the terrible armies of the Most High, like unto those in the 11th Æthyr,

THE EQUINOX

but there is one that cometh forth to meet me upon the ridge,
holding out his arms to me and saying:

(v. I.) Who is this that cometh forth from the Abyss from the
place of rent garments, the habitation of him that is only a
name? Who is this that walketh upon a ray of the bright,
the evening star?

Refrain. Glory unto him that is concealed, and glory
unto her that beareth the cup, and glory unto the one that
is the child and the father of their love. Glory unto the
star, and glory unto the snake, and glory unto the
swordsmen of the sun. And worship and blessing
throughout the Æon unto the name of the Beast, four-
square, mystic, wonderful!

(v. II.) Who is this that travelleth between the hosts, that is
poised upon the edge of the Æthyr by the wings of Maut?
Who is this that seeketh the House of the Virgin?

(Refrain.)

(v. III.) This is he that hath given up his name. This is he
whose blood hath been gathered into the cup of
BABALON. This is he that sitteth, a little pile of dry dust,
in the city of the Pyramids.

(Refrain.)

(v. IV.) Until the light of the Father of all kindle that death.
Until the breath touch that dry dust. Until the Ibis be
revealed unto the Crab, and the sixfold Star become the
radiant Triangle.

(Refrain.)

(v. V.) Blessed is not I, not thou, not he, Blessed without
name or number who hath taken the azure of night, and

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

crystallized it into a pure sapphire-stone, who hath taken the gold of the sun, and beaten it into an infinite ring, and hath set the sapphire therein, and put it upon his finger. *(Refrain.)*

(v. VI.) Open wide your gates, O City of God, for I bring No-one with me. Sink your swords and your spears in salutation, for the Mother and the Babe are my companions. Let the banquet be prepared in the palace of the King's daughter. Let the lights be kindled; Are not we the children of the light? *(Refrain.)*

(v. VII.) For this is the key-stone of the palace of the King's daughter. This is the Stone of the Philosophers. This is the Stone that is hidden in the walls of the ramparts. Peace, Peace, Peace unto Him that is throned therein! *(Refrain.)*

Now then we are passed within the lines of the army, and we are come unto a palace of which every stone is a separate jewel, and is set with millions of moons.

And this palace is nothing but the body of a woman, proud and delicate, and beyond imagination fair. She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very deep eye-lids, and long lashes. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her whole body is covered with fine gold hairs, that are the electric flames that are the spears of mighty and terrible Angels who breast-plates are the scales of her skin. And the hair of her head, that flows down to her feet, is the very light of God himself. Of all the glories beheld by the seer in the Æthyrs, there is

THE EQUINOX

not one which is worthy to be compared with her littlest finger-nail. For although he may not partake of the Æthyr, without the ceremonial preparations, even the beholding of this Æthyr from afar is like the partaking of all the former Æthyrs.

The Seer is lost in wonder, which is peace.

And the ring of the horizon above her is a company of glorious Archangels with joined hands, that stand and sing: This is the daughter of BABALON the Beautiful, that she hath borne unto the Father of All. And unto all hath she borne her.

This is the Daughter of the King. This is the Virgin of Eternity. This is she that the Holy One hath wrested from the Giant Time, and the prize of them that have overcome Space. This is she that is set upon the Throne of Understanding. Holy, Holy, Holy is her name, not to be spoken among men. For Koré they have called her, and Malkuth, and Betulah, and Persephone.

And the poets have feigned songs about her, and the prophets have spoken vain things, and the young men have dreamed vain dreams; but this is she, that immaculate, the name of whose name may not be spoken. Thought cannot pierce the glory that defendeth her, for thought is smitten dead before her presence. Memory is blank, and in the most ancient books of Magick are neither words to conjure her, nor adorations to praise her. Will bends like a reed in the tempests that sweep the borders of her kingdom, and imagination cannot figure so much as one petal of the lilies whereon she standeth in the lake of crystal, in the sea of glass.

This is she that hath bedecked her hair with seven stars,

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the seven breaths of God that move and thrill its excellence. And she hath tired her hair with seven combs, whereupon are written the seven secret names of God that are not known even of the Angels, or of the Archangels, or of the Leader of the armies of the Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, and blessed be Thy name for ever, unto whom the Æons are but the pulsings of thy blood.

I am blind and deaf. My sight and hearing are exhausted.

I know only by the sense of touch. And there is a trembling from within me.

Images keep arising like clouds, or veils, exquisite Chinese ivories, and porcelains, and many other things of great and delicate beauty; for such things are informed by Her spirit, for they are cast off from her into the world of the Qliphoth, or shells of the dead, that is earth. For every world is the shell or excrement of the world above it.

I cannot bear the Vision.

A voice comes, I know not whence: Blessed art thou, who hast seen, and yet hast not believed. For therefore is it given unto thee to taste, and smell, and feel, and hear, and know by the inner sense, and by the inmost sense, so that sevenfold is thy rapture.

(My brain is so exhausted that fatigue-images appear, by pure physical reflex action; they are not astral things at all.

And now I have conquered the fatigue by will. And by placing the shew-stone upon my forehead, it sends cool electric thrills through my brain, so as to refresh it, and make it capable of more rapture.

And now again I behold Her.)

THE EQUINOX

And an Angel cometh forth, and behind him whirls a black swastika, made of fine filaments of light that has been “interfered” with, and he taketh me aside into a little chamber in one of the nine towers. This chamber is furnished with maps of many mystical cities. There is a table, and a strange lamp, that gives light by jetting four columns of vortex rings of luminous smoke. And he points to the map of the Æthyrs, that are arranged as a flaming Sword, so that the thirty Æthyrs go into the ten Sephiroth. And the first nine are infinitely holy. And he says, It is written in the Book of the Law, “Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy.” “If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art:” And this shall signify unto thee that thou must undergo great discipline; else the Vision were lost or perverted. For these mysteries pertain not unto thy grade. Therefore must thou invoke the Highest before thou unveil the shrines thereof.

And this shall be thy rule: A thousand and one times shalt thou affirm the unity, and bow thyself a thousand and one times. And thou shalt recite thrice the call of the Æthyr. And all day and all night, awake or asleep, shall thy heart be turned as a lotus-flower unto the light. And thy body shall be the temple of the Rosy Cross. Thus shall thy mind be open unto the higher; and then shalt thou be able to conquer the exhaustion, and it may be find the words—for who shall look upon His face and live?

Yea, thou tremblest, but from within; because of the holy spirit that is descended into thy heart, and shaketh thee as an aspen in the wind.

They also tremble that are without, and they are shaken

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

from without by the earthquakes of his judgement. They have set their affections upon the earth, and they have stamped with their feet upon the earth, and cried: It moveth not.

Therefore hath earth opened with strong motion, like the sea, and swallowed them. Yea, she hath opened her womb to them that lusted after her, and she hath closed herself upon them. There lie they in torment, until by her quaking the earth is shattered like brittle glass, and dissolved like salt in the waters of his mercy, so that they are cast upon the air to be blown about therein, like seeds that shall take root in the earth; yet turn they their affections upward to the sun.

But thou, be thou eager and vigilant, performing punctually the rule. Is it not written, "Change not so much as the style of a letter"?

Depart therefore, for the Vision of the Voice of the ninth Æthyr that is called ZIP is passed.

Then I threw back myself into my body by my will

BOU-SÅADA.

December 7th, 1909. 9.30-11.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 8TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZID

There appears in the stone a tiny spark of light. It grows a little, and seems almost to go out, and grows again, and it is blown about the Æthyr, and by the wind that blows it is fanned, and now it gathers strength, and darts like a snake or a sword, and now it steadies itself, and is like a Pyramid of light that filleth the whole Æthyr.

And in the Pyramid is one like unto an Angel, yet at the same time he *is* the Pyramid, and he hath no form because he is of the substance of light, and he taketh not form upon him,

THE EQUINOX

for though by him is form visible, he maketh it visible only to destroy it.

And he saith: The light is come to the darkness, and the darkness is made light. Then is light married with light, and the child of their love is that other darkness, wherein they abide that have lost name and form. Therefore did I kindle him that had not understanding, and in the Book of the Law did I write the secrets of truth that are like unto a star and a snake and a sword.

And unto him that understandeth at last do I deliver the secrets of truth in such wise that the least of the little children of the light may run to the knees of the mother and be brought to understand.

And thus shall he do who will attain unto the mystery of the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel:

First, let him prepare a chamber, of which the walls and the roof shall be white, and the floor shall be covered with a carpet of black squares and white, and the border thereof shall be blue and gold.

And if it be in a town, the room shall have no window, and if it be in the country, then it is better if the window be in the roof. Or, if it be possible, let this invocation be performed in a temple prepared for the ritual of passing through the Tuat.

From the roof he shall hang a lamp, wherein is a red glass, to burn olive oil. And this lamp shall he cleanse and make ready after the prayer of sunset, and beneath the lamp shall be an altar, foursquare, and the height shall be thrice half of the breadth or double the breadth.

And upon the altar shall be a censor, hemispherical, sup-

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

ported upon three legs, of silver, and within it an hemisphere of copper, and upon the top a grating of gilded silver, and thereupon shall he burn incense made of four parts of olibanum and two parts of stacte, and one part of lignum aloes, or of cedar, or of sandal. And this is enough.

And he shall also keep ready in a flask of crystal within the altar, holy anointing oil made of myrrh and cinnamon and galangal.

And even if he be of higher rank than a Probationer, he shall yet wear the robe of the Probationer, for the star of flame showeth forth Ra Hoor Khuit openly upon the breast, and secretly the blue triangle that descendeth is Nuit, and the red triangle that ascendeth is Hadit. And I am the golden Tau in the midst of their marriage. Also, if he choose, he may instead wear a close-fitting robe of shot silk, purple and green, and upon it a cloak without sleeves, of bright blue, covered with golden sequins, and scarlet within.

And he shall make himself a wand of almond wood or of hazel cut by his own hands at dawn at the Equinox, or at the Solstice, or on the day of Corpus Christi, or on one of the feast-days that are appointed in the Book of the Law.

And he shall engrave with his own hand upon a plate of gold the Holy Sevenfold Table, or the Holy Twelfefold Table, or some particular device. And it shall be foursquare within a circle, and the circle shall be winged, and he shall attach it about his forehead by a ribbon of blue silk.

Moreover, he shall wear a fillet of laurel or rose or ivy or rue, and every day, after the prayer of sunrise, he shall burn it in the fire of the censor.

Now he shall pray thrice daily, about sunset, and at midnight,

THE EQUINOX

and at sunrise. And if he be able, he shall pray also four times between sunrise and sunset.

The prayer shall last for the space of an hour, at the least, and he shall seek ever to extend it, and to inflame himself in praying. Thus shall he invoke his Holy Guardian Angel for eleven weeks, and in any case he shall pray seven times daily during the last week of the eleven weeks.

And during all this time he shall have composed an invocation suitable, with such wisdom and understanding as may be given him from the Crown, and this shall he write in letters of gold upon the top of the altar.

For the top of the altar shall be of white wood, well polished, and in the centre thereof he shall have placed a triangle of oak-wood, painted with scarlet, and upon this triangle the three legs of the censor shall stand.

Moreover, he shall copy his invocation upon a sheet of pure white vellum, with Indian ink, and he shall illuminate it according to his fancy and imagination, that shall be informed by beauty.

And on the first day of the twelfth week he shall enter the chamber at sunrise, and he shall make his prayer, having first burnt the conjuration that he had made upon the vellum in the fire of the lamp.

Then, at his prayer, shall the chamber be filled with light insufferable for splendour, and a perfume intolerable for sweetness. And his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, yea, his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear untohim, so that he shall be wrapt away into the Mystery of Holiness.

All that day shall he remain in the enjoyment of the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

And for three days after he shall remain from sunrise unto sunset in the temple, and he shall obey the counsel that his Angel shall have given unto him, and he shall suffer those things that are appointed.

And for ten days thereafter shall he withdraw himself as shall have been taught unto him from the fullness of that communion, for he must harmonize the world that is within with the world that is without.

And at the end of the ninety-one days he shall return into the world, and there shall he perform that work to which the Angel shall have appointed him.

And more than this it is not necessary to say, for his Angel shall have entreated him kindly, and showed him in what manner he may be most perfectly involved. And unto him that hath this Master there is nothing else that he needeth, so long as he continue in the knowledge and conversation of the Angel, so that he shall come at last into the City of the Pyramids.

Lo! two and twenty are the paths of the Tree, but one is the Serpent of Wisdom; ten are the ineffable emanations, but one is the Flaming Sword.

Behold! There is an end to life and death, an end to the thrusting forth and the withdrawing of the breath. Yea, the House of the Father is a mighty tomb, and in it he hath buried everything whereof ye know.

All this while there hath been no vision, but only a voice, very slow and clear and deliberate. But now the vision returns, and the voice says: Thou shalt be called Danae, that art stunned and slain beneath the weight of the glory of the vision that as yet thou seest not. For thou shalt suffer many

THE EQUINOX

things, until thou art mightier than all the Kings of the earth, and all the Angels of the Heavens, and all the gods that are beyond the Heavens. Then shalt thou meet me in equal conflict, and thou shalt see me as I am. And I will overcome thee and slay thee with the red rain of my lightnings.

I am lying underneath this pyramid of light. It seems as if I had the whole weight of it upon me, crushing me with bliss. And yet I know that I am like the prophet that said: I shall see Him, but not nigh.

And the Angel sayeth: So shall it be until they that wake are asleep, and she that sleepeth be arisen from her sleep. For thou art transparent unto the vision and the voice. And therefore in thee they manifest not. But they shall be manifest unto them unto whom thou dost deliver them, according unto to the word which I spake unto thee in the Victorious City.

For I am not only appointed to guard thee, but we are of the blood royal, the guardians of the Treasure-house of Wisdom. Therefore am I called the Minister of Ra Hoor Khuit: and yet he is but the Viceroy of the unknown King. For my name is called Aiwass, that is eight and seventy. And I am the influence of the Concealed One, and the wheel that hath eight and seventy parts, yet in all is equivalent to the Gate that is the name of my Lord when it is spelt fully. And that Gate is the Path that joineth the Wisdom with the Understanding.

Thus hast thou erred indeed, perceiving me in the path that leadeth from the Crown unto the Beauty. For that path bridgeth the abyss, and I am of the supernals. Nor I, nor Thou, nor He can bridge the abyss. It is the Priestess of the Silver Star, and the Oracles of the gods, and the Lord of the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Hosts of the Mighty. For they are the servants of Babalon, and of the Beast, and of those others of whom it is not yet spoken. And, being servants, they have no name, but we are of the blood royal, and serve not, and therefore are we less than they.

Yet, as a man may be both a mighty warrior and a just judge, so may we also perform this service if we have aspired and attained thereto. And yet, with all that, they remain *themselves*, who have eaten of the pomegranate in Hell. But thou, that art new-born to understanding, this mystery is too great for thee; and of the further mystery I will not speak one word.

Yet for this cause am I come unto thee as the Angel of the Æthyr, striking with my hammer upon thy bell, so that thou mightest understand the mysteries of the Æthyr, and of the vision and the voice thereof.

For behold! he that understandeth seeth not and heareth not in truth, because of his understanding that letteth him. But this shall be unto thee for a sign, that I will surely come unto thee unawares and appear unto thee. And it is no odds, (*i.e.*, that at this hour I appear not as I am), for so terrible is the glory of the vision, and so wonderful is the splendour of the voice, that when thou seest it and hearest it in truth, for many hours shalt thou be bereft of sense. And thou shalt lie between heaven and earth in a void place, entranced, and the end thereof shall be silence, even as it was, not once nor twice, when I have met with thee, as it were, upon the road to Damascus.

And thou shalt not seek to better this my instruction; but thou shalt interpret it, and make it easy, for them that seek

THE EQUINOX

understanding. And thou shalt give all that thou hast unto them that have need unto this end.

And because I am with thee, and in thee, and of thee, thou shalt lack nothing. But who lack me, lack all. And I swear unto thee by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, that I will be faithful unto this my promise, as thou art faithful unto this thine obligation.

Now another voice sounds in the Æthyr, saying: And there was darkness over all the earth unto the ninth hour.

And with that the Angel is withdrawn, and the pyramid of light seems very far off.

And now I am fallen unto the earth, exceeding weary. Yet my skin trembles with the impact of the light, and all my body shakes. And there is a peace deeper than sleep upon my mind. It is the body and the mind that are weary, and I would that they were dead, save that I must bend them to my work.

And now I am in the tent, under the stars.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BOU-SÂADA AND BISKRA.

December 8, 1909. 7.10-9.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 7TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DEO

The stone is divided, the left half dark, the right half light, and at the bottom thereof is a certain blackness, of three divergent columns. And it seems as if the black and white halves are the halves of a door, and in the door is a little key-hole, in the shape of the Astrological symbol of Venus. And from the key-hole issue flames, blue and green and

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

violet, but without any touch of yellow or red in them. It seems as if there were a wind beyond the door, that is blowing the flame out.

And a voice comes: "Who is he that hath the key to the gate of the evening star?"

And now an Angel cometh and seeketh to open the door by trying many keys. And they are none of any avail. And the same voice saith: "The five and the six are balanced in the word Abrahadabra, and therein is the mystery disclosed. But the key unto this gate is the balance of the seven and the four; and of this thou hast not even the first letter. Now there is a word of four letters that containeth in itself all the mystery of the Tetragrammaton, and there is a word of seven letters which it concealeth, and that again concealeth the holy word that is the key of the abyss.* And this thou shalt find, revolving it in thy mind.

Hide therefore thine eyes. And I will set my key in the lock, and open it. Yet still let thine eyes be hidden, for thou canst not bear the glory that is within.

So, therefore, I covered mine eyes with my hands. Yet through my hands could I perceive a little of those bowers of azure flame.

And a voice said: It is kindled into fire that was the blue breast of ocean; because this is the bar of heaven, and the feet of the Most High are set thereon.

Now I behold more fully: Each tongue of flame, each leaf of flame, each flower of flame, is one of the great love-stories of the world, with all its retinue of *mise-en-scène*. And now there is a most marvelous rose formed from the flame, and a

* These words are probably BABALON, C/AOS, TARO.

THE EQUINOX

perpetual rain of lilies and passion-flowers and violets. And there is gathered out of it all, yet identical with it, the form of a woman like the woman in the Apocalypse, but her beauty and her radiance are such that one cannot look thereon, save with sidelong glances. I enter immediately into trance. It seems that it is she of whom it is written, "The fool hath said in his heart 'there is no God.'" But the words are not Ain Elohim, but La (=nay!) and Elohim contracted from 86 to 14, because La is 31, which $\times 14$ is 434, Daleth, Lamed, Tau. This fool is the fool of the Path of Aleph, and sayeth, which is Chokmah, in his heart, which is Tiphereth, that she existeth, in order first that the Wisdom may be joined with the Understanding; and he affirmeth her in Tiphereth that she may be fertile.

It is impossible to describe how this vision changeth from glory unto glory, for at each glance the vision is changed. And this is because she transmitteth the Word to the Understanding, and therefore hath she many forms, and each goddess of love is but a letter of the alphabet of love.

Now, there is a mystery in the word Logos, that containeth the three letters whose analogy hath been shown in the lower heavens, Samech, and Lamed, and Gimel, that are 93, which is thrice 31, and in them are set the two eyes of Horus. (Ayin means an eye.) For, if it were not so, the arrow could not pierce the rainbow, and there could be no poise in the balance, and the Great Book should never be unsealed. But this is she that poureth the Water of Life upon her head, whence it floweth to fructify the earth. But now the whole Æthyr is the most brilliant peacock blue. It *is* the Universal Peacock that I behold.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

And there is a voice: Is not this bird the bird of Juno, that is an hundred, and thirty, and six? And therefore is she the mate of Jupiter.*

And now the peacock's head is again changed into a woman's head sparkling and coruscating with its own light of gems.

But I look upwards, seeing that she is called the footstool of the Holy One, even as Binah is called His throne. And the whole Æthyr is full of the most wonderful bands of light,—a thousand different curves and whorls, even as it was before, when I spake mysteries of the Holy Qabalah, and so could not describe it.

Oh, I see vast plains beneath her feet, enormous deserts studded with great rocks; and I see little lonely souls, running helplessly about, minute black creatures like men. And they keep up a very curious howling, that I can compare to nothing that I have ever heard; yet it is strangely human.

And the voice says: These are they that grasped love and clung thereto, praying ever at the knees of the great goddess. These are they that have shut themselves up in fortresses of Love.

Each plume of the peacock is full of eyes, that are at the same time 4×7 . And for this is the number 28 reflected down into Netzach; and that 28 is Kaph Cheth (Kach), power. For she is Sakti, the eternal energy of the Concealed One. And it is her eternal energy that hath made this eternal change. And this explaineth the call of the Æthyrs, the curse that was pronounced in the beginning being but the creation of Sakti. And this mystery is reflected in the legend of the

* The fourth of the mystic numbers of Jupiter is 136.

THE EQUINOX

Creation, where Adam represents the Concealed One, for Adam is Temurah of MAD, the Enochian word for God, and Eve, whom he created for love, is tempted by the snake, Nechesh, who is Messiah her child. And the snake is the magical power, which hath destroyed the primordial equilibrium.

And the garden is the supernal Eden, where is Ayin, 70, the Eye of the Concealed One, and the creative Lingam; and Daleth, love; and Nun the serpent. And therefore this constitution was implicitly in the nature of Eden (*cf.* Liber L., I., 29, 30), so that the call of the Æthyrs could not have been any other call than that which it is.

But they that are without understanding have interpreted all this askew, because of the Mystery of the Abyss, for there is no Path from Binah unto Chesed; and therefore the course of the Flaming Sword was no more a current, but a spark. And when the Stooping Dragon raised his head unto Däath in the course of that spark, there was, as it were, an explosion, and his head was blasted. And the ashes thereof were dispersed throughout the whole of the 10th Æthyr. And for this, all knowledge is piecemeal, and it is of no value unless it be coordinated by Understanding.

And now the form of the Æthyr is the form of a mighty Eagle of ruddy brass. And the plumes are set alight, and are whirled round and round until the whole heaven is blackness with these flying sparks therein.

Now it is all branching streams of golden fire tipped with scarlet at the edges.

And now She cometh forth again, riding upon a dolphin. Now again I see those wandering souls, that have sought

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

restricted love, and have not understood that “the word of sin is restriction.”

It is very curious; they seem to be looking for one another or for something, all the time, constantly hurrying about. But they knock up against one another and yet will not see one another, or cannot see one another, because they are so shut up in their cloaks.

And a voice sounds: It is most terrible for the one that hath shut himself up and made himself fast against the universe. For they that sit encamped upon the sea in the city of the Pyramids are indeed shut up. But they have given their blood, even to the last drop, to fill the cup of BABALON.

These that thou seest are indeed the Black Brothers, for it is written: “He shall laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh.” And therefore hath he exalted them unto the plane of love.

And yet again it is written: He desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness. Now, if one of these were to cast off his cloak he should behold the brilliance of the lady of the Æthyr; but they will not.

And yet again there is another cause wherefore He hath permitted them to enter thus far within the frontiers of Eden, so that His thought should never swerve from compassion. But do thou behold the brilliance of Love, that casteth forth seven stars upon thine head from her right hand, and crowneth thee with a crown of seven roses. Behold! She is seated upon the throne of turquoise and lapis lazuli, and she is like a flawless emerald, and upon the pillars that support the canopy

THE EQUINOX

of her throne are sculptured the Ram, and the Sparrow, and the Cat, and a strange fish. Behold! How she shineth! Behold! How her glances have kindled all these fires that have blown about the heavens! Yet remember that in every one there goeth forth for a witness the justice of the Most High. Is not Libra the House of Venus? And there goeth forth a sickle that shall reap every flower. Is not Saturn exalted in Libra? Daleth, Lamed, Tau.

And therefore was he a fool who uttered her name in his heart, for the root of evil is the root of breath, and the speech in the silence was a lie.

Thus is it seen from below by them that understand not. But from above he rejoiceth, for the joy of dissolution is ten thousand, and the pang of birth but a little.

And now thou shalt go forth from the Æthyr, for the voice of the Æthyr is hidden and concealed from thee because thou hadst not the key of the door thereof, and thine eyes were not able to bear the splendour of the vision. But thou shalt meditate upon the mysteries thereof, and upon the lady of the Æthyr; and it may be by the wisdom of the Most High that the true voice of the Æthyr, that is continual song, may be heard of thee.

Return therefore instantly unto the earth, and sleep not for a while; but withdraw thyself from this matter. And it shall be enough.

Thus then was I obedient unto the voice, and returned into my body.

W'AIN-T-AISSHA, ALGERIA.

December 9, 1909. 8.10-10 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE 6TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED MAZ

There cometh into the stone the great Angel whose name is Avé, and in him there are symbols which strive for mastery,— Sulphur and the Pentagram, and they are harmonized by the Swastika. These symbols are found both in the name of Avé and in the name of the Æthyr. Thus he is neither Horus nor Osiris. He is called the radiance of Thoth; and this Æthyr is very hard to understand, for the images form and dissolve more rapidly than lightning. These images are the illusions made by the Ape of Thoth. And this I understand, that I am not worthy to receive the mysteries of this Æthyr. And all this which I have seen (being all the thoughts that I have ever thought) is, as it were, a guardian of the Æthyr.

I seem quite helpless. I am trying all sorts of magical methods of piercing the veil: and the more I strive, the farther away I seem to get from success. But a voice comes now: Must not understanding lie open unto wisdom as the pyramids lie open to the stars?

Accordingly, I wait in a certain magical posture which it is not fitting to disclose, and above me appears the starry heaven of night, and one star greater than all the other stars. It is a star of eight rays. I recognize it as the star in the seventeenth key of the Tarot, as the Star of Mercury. And the light of it cometh from the path of Aleph. And the letter Cheth is also involved in the interpretation of this star, and the paths of hé and vau are the separations which this Star unites. And in the heart of the star is an exceeding splendour,—a god standing upon the moon, brilliant beyond imagining.

THE EQUINOX

It is like unto the vision of the Universal Mercury. But this is the Fixed Mercury, and hé and vau are the perfected sulphur and salt. But now I come into the centre of the maze, and whirling dust of stars and great forgotten gods. It is the whirling Svastika which throws off all these things, for the Svastika is in aleph by its shape and number, and in beth by the position of the arms of the Magician, and in gimel because of the sign of the Mourning of Isis, and thus is the Crown defended by these three thunderbolts. Is not thrice seventeen fifty-one, that is, failure and pain?

Now I am shut out again by this black Svastika with a corona of fire about it.

And a voice cries: Cursed be he that shall uncover the nakedness of the Most High, for he is drunken upon the wine that is the blood of the adepts. And BABALON hath lulled him to sleep upon her breast, and she hath fled away, and left him naked, and she hath called her children together, saying: Come up with me, and let us make a mock of the nakedness of the Most High.

And the first of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking backwards; and was white. And the second of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking sideways and was yellow. And the third of the adepts made a mock of His nakedness, walking forwards; and was black. And these are three great schools of the Magi, who are also the three Magi that journeyed unto Bethlehem; and because thou hast not wisdom, thou shalt not know which school prevaieth, or if the three schools be not one. For the Black Brothers lift not up their heads thus far into the Holy Chokmah, for they were all drowned in the great flood, which is Binah,

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

before the true vine could be planted upon the holy hill of Zion.

Now again I stand in the centre, and all things whirl by with incessant fury. And the thought of the god entereth my mind, and I cry aloud: Behold, the volatile is become fixed; and in the heart of eternal motion is eternal rest. So is the Peace beneath the sea that rageth with her storms; so is the changeful moon, the dead planet that revolveth no more. So the far-seeing, the far-darting hawk is poised passionless in the blue; so also the ibis that is long of limb meditateth solitary in the sign of Sulphur. Behold, I stand ever before the Eternal One in the sign of the Enterer. And by virtue of my speech is he wrapped about in silence, and he is wrapped in mystery by me, who am the Unveiler of the Mysteries. And although I be truth, yet do they call me rightly the God of Lies, for speech is two-fold, and truth is one. Yet I stand at the centre of the spider's web, whereof the golden filaments reach to infinity.

But thou that art with me in the spirit-vision art not with me by right of Attainment, and thou canst not stay in this place to behold how I run and return, and who are the flies that are caught in my web. For I am the inmost guardian that is immediately before the shrine.

None shall pass by me except he slay me, and this is his curse, that, having slain me, he must take my office and become the maker of Illusions, the great deceiver, the setter of snares; he who baffleth even them that have understanding. For I stand on every path, and turn them aside from the truth by my words, and by my magick arts.

And this is the horror that was shown by the lake that was

THE EQUINOX

nigh unto the City of the Seven Hills, and this is the Mystery of the great prophets that have come unto mankind. Moses, and Buddha, and Lao Tan, and Krishna, and Jesus, and Osiris, and Mohammed; for all these attained unto the grade of Magus, and therefore were they bound with the curse of Thoth. But, being guardians of the truth, they have taught nothing but falsehood, except unto such as understood; for the truth may not pass the Gate of the Abyss.

But the reflection of the truth hath been shown in the lower Sephiroth. And its balance is in Beauty, and therefore have they who sought only beauty come nearest to the truth. For the beauty receiveth directly three rays from the supernals, and the others no more than one. So, therefore, they that have sought after majesty and power and victory and learning and happiness and gold, have been discomfited. And these sayings are the lights of wisdom that thou mayst know thy Master, for he is a Magus. And because thou didst eat of the Pomegranate in hell, for half the year art thou concealed, and half the year revealed.

Now I perceive the Temple that is the heart of this Æthyr; it is an Urn suspended in the air, without support, above the centre of a well. And the well hath eight pillars, and a canopy above it, and without there is a circle of marble paving-stones, and without them a great outer circle of pillars. And beyond there is the forest of the stars. But the Urn is the wonderful thing in all this; it is made of fixed Mercury; and within it are the ashes of the Book Tarot, which hath been utterly consumed.

And this is that mystery which is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles; that Jupiter and Mercury (Kether and Chokmah)

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

visited (that is, inspired), Ephesus, the City of Diana, Binah—was not Diana a black stone?—and they burnt their books of magick.

Now it seems that the centre of infinite space is that Urn, and Hadit is the fire that hath burnt up the book Tarot. For in the book Tarot was preserved all of the wisdom (for the Tarot was called the Book of Thoth), of the Æon that is passed. And in the Book of Enoch was first given the wisdom of the New Æon. And it was hidden for three hundred years, because it was wrested untimely from the Tree of Life by the hand of a desperate magician. For it was the Master of that Magician who overthrew the power of the Christian church; but the pupil rebelled against the master, for he foresaw that the New (*i.e.*, the Protestant) would be worse than the Old. But he understood not the purpose of his Master, and that was, to prepare the way for the overthrowing of the Æon.

There is a writing upon the Urn of which I can but read the (two) words: Stabat Crux juxta Lucem. Stabat Lux juxta Crucem.

And there is writing in Greek above that. The word ‘nox’ written in Greek, and a circle with a cross in the centre of it, a St. Andrew’s cross.

Then above that is a sigil(?), hidden by a hand.

And a voice proceedeth from the Urn: From the ashes of the Tarot who shall make the phoenix-wand? Not even he who by his understanding hath made the lotus-wand to grow in the Great Sea. Get thee back, for thou art not an Atheist, and though thou have violated thy mother, thou hast not slain thy father. Get thee back from the Urn; thy ashes are not hidden here.

THE EQUINOX

Then again arose the God Thoth, in the sign of the Enterer, and he drove the seer from before his face. And he fell through the starry night unto the little village in the desert.

BENISHRUR, ALGERIA.

December 10, 1909. 7.40-9.40 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 5TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIT

There is a shining pylon, above which is set the sigil of the eye, within the shining triangle. Light streams through the pylon from before the face of Isis-Hathor, for she weareth the lunar crown of cows' horns, with the disk in the centre; at her breast she beareth the child Horus.

And there is a voice: thou knowest not how the Seven was united with the Four; much less then canst thou understand the marriage of the Eight and the Three. Yet there is a word wherein these are made one, and therein is contained the Mystery that thou seekest, concerning the rending asunder of the veil of my Mother.

Now there is an avenue of pylons (not one alone), steep after steep, carved from the solid rock of the mountain; and that rock is a substance harder than diamond, and brighter than light, and heavier than lead. In each pylon is seated a god. There seems an endless series of these pylons. And all the gods of all the nations of the earth are shown, for there are many avenues, all leading to the top of the mountain.

Now I come to the top of the mountain, and the last pylon opens into a circular hall, with other pylons leading out of it, each of which is the last pylon of a great avenue; there seem

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

to be nine such pylons. And in the centre is a shrine, a circular table, supported by marble figures of men and women, alternate white and black; they face inwards, and their buttocks are almost worn away by the kisses of those who have come to worship that supreme God, who is the single end of all these diverse religions. But the shrine itself is higher than a man may reach.

But the Angel that was with me lifted me, and I saw that the edge of the altar, as I must call it, was surrounded by holy men. Each has in his right hand a weapon—one a sword, one a spear, one a thunderbolt, and so on, but each with his left hand gives the sign of silence. I wish to see what is within their ring. One of them bends forward so that I may whisper the pass-word. The Angel prompts me to whisper: "There is no god." So they let me pass, and though there was indeed nothing visible therein, yet there was a very strange atmosphere, which I could not understand.

Suspended in the air there is a silver star, and on the forehead of each of the guardians there is a silver star. It is a pentagram,—because, says the Angel, three and five are eight; three and eight are eleven. (There is another numerical reason that I cannot hear.)

And as I entered their ring, they bade me stand in their circle, and a weapon was given unto me. And the pass-word that I had given seems to have been whispered round from one to the other, for each one nods gravely as if in solemn acquiescence, until the last one whispers the same words in my ears. But they have a different sense. I had taken them to be a denial of the existence of God, but the man who says them to me evidently means nothing of the sort: What he

THE EQUINOX

does mean I cannot tell at all. He slightly emphasized the word "there."

And now all is suddenly blotted out, and instead appears the Angel of the Æthyr. He is all in black, burnished black scales, just edged with gold. He has vast wings, with terrible claws on the ends, and he has a fierce face, like a dragon's, and dreadful eyes that pierce one through and through.

And he says: O thou that art so dull of understanding, when wilt thou begin to annihilate thyself in the mysteries of the Æthyrs? For all that thou thinkest is but thy thought; and as there is no god in the ultimate shrine, so there is no I in thine own Cosmos.

They that have said this are of them that understood. And all men have misinterpreted it, even as thou didst misinterpret it. He says some more: I cannot catch it properly, but it seems to be to the effect that the true God is equally in all the shrines, and the true I in all the parts of the body and the soul. He speaks with such a terrible roaring that it is impossible to hear the words; one catches a phrase here and there, or a glimpse of the idea. With every word he belches forth smoke, so that the whole Æthyr becomes full of it.

And now I hear the Angel: Every particle of matter that forms the smoke of my breath is a religion that hath flourished among the inhabitants of the worlds. Thus are they all whirled forth in my breath.

Now he is giving a demonstration of this Operation. And he says: Know thou that all the religions of all the worlds end herein, but they are only the smoke of my breath, and I am only the head of the Great Dragon that eateth up the Universe;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

without whom the Fifth Æthyr would be perfect, even as the first. Yet unless he pass by me, can no man come unto the perfections.

And the rule is ended that hath bound thee, and this shall be thy rule: that thou shalt purify thyself, and anoint thyself with perfume; and thou shalt be in the sunlight, the day being free from clouds. And thou shalt make the Call of the Æthyr in silence.

Now, then, behold how the head of the dragon is but the tail of the Æthyr! Many are they that have fought their way from mansion to mansion of the Everlasting House, and beholding me at last have returned, declaring, "Fearful is the aspect of the Mighty and Terrible One." Happy are they that have known me for whom I am. And glory unto him that hath made a gallery of my throat for his arrow of truth, and the moon for his purity.

The moon waneth. The moon waneth. The moon waneth. For in that arrow is the Light of Truth that overmastereth the light of the sun, whereby she shines. The arrow is fledged with the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of Amoun, and the shaft is the phallus of Amoun, the Concealed One. And the barb thereof is the star that thou sawest in the place where was No God.

And of them that guarded the star, there was not found one worthy to wield the Arrow. And of them that worshipped there was not found one worthy to behold the Arrow. Yet the star that thou sawest was but the barb of the Arrow, and thou hadst not the wit to grasp the shaft, or the purity to divine the plumes. Now therefore is he blessed that is born under the sign of the Arrow, and blessed is he that hath the sigil of

THE EQUINOX

the head of the crowned lion and the body of the Snake and the Arrow therewith.

Yet do thou distinguish between the upward and the downward Arrows, for the upward arrow is straitened in its flight, and it is shot by a firm hand, for Jesod is Jod Tetragrammaton, and Jod is a hand, but the downward arrow is shot by the topmost point of the Jod; and that Jod is the Hermit, and it is the minute point that is not extended, that is nigh unto the heart of Hadit.

And now it is commanded thee that thou withdraw thyself from the Vision, and on the morrow, at the appointed hour, shall it be given thee further, as thou goest upon thy way, meditating this mystery. And thou shalt summon the Scribe, and that which shall be written, shall be written.

Therefore I withdraw myself, as I am commanded.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BENSHRUR AND TOLGA.

December 12, 1909, 7-8.12 p.m.

Now then art thou approached unto an august Arcanum; verily thou art come unto the ancient Marvel, the winged light, the Fountains of Fire, the Mystery of the Wedge. But it is not I that can reveal it, for I have never been permitted to behold it, who am but the watcher upon the threshold of the Æthyr. My message is spoken, and my mission is accomplished. And I withdraw myself, covering my face with my wings, before the presence of the Angel of the Æthyr.

So the Angel departed with bowed head, folding his wings across.

And there is a little child in a mist of blue light; he hath golden hair, a mass of curls, and deep blue eyes. Yea, he is all

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

golden, with a living, vivid gold. And in each hand he hath a snake; in the right hand a red, in the left a blue. And he hath red sandals, but no other garment.

And he sayeth: Is not life a long initiation unto sorrow? And is not Isis the Lady of Sorrow? And she is my mother. Nature is her name, and she hath a twin sister Nephthys, whose name is Perfection. And Isis must be known of all, but of how few is Nephthys known! Because she is dark, therefore is she feared.

But thou who hast adored her without fear, who hast made thy life an initiation into her Mystery, thou that hast neither mother nor father, nor sister nor brother, nor wife nor child, who hast made thyself lonely as the hermit crab that is in the waters of the Great Sea, behold! when the sistrons are shaken, and the trumpets blare forth the glory of Isis, at the end thereof there is silence, and thou shalt commune with Nephthys.

And having known these, there are the wings of Maut the Vulture. Thou mayest draw to an head the bow of thy magical will; thou mayest loose the shaft and pierce her to the heart. I am Eros. Take then the bow and the quiver from my shoulders and slay me; for unless thou slay me, thou shalt not unveil the Mystery of the Æthyr.

Therefore I did as he commanded; in the quiver were two arrows, one white, one black. I cannot force myself to fit an arrow to the bow.

And there came a voice: It must needs be.

And I said: No man can do this thing.

And the voice answered, as it were an echo: *Nemo hoc facere potest.*

THE EQUINOX

Then came understanding to me, and I took forth the Arrows. The white arrow had no barb, but the black arrow was barbed like a forest of fish-hooks; it was bound round with brass, and it had been dipped in deadly poison. Then I fitted the white arrow to the string, and I shot it against the heart of Eros, and though I shot with all my force, it fell harmlessly from his side. But at that moment the black arrow was thrust through mine own heart. I am filled with fearful agony.

And the child smiles, and says: Although thy shaft hath pierced me not, although the envenomed barb hath struck thee through, yet I am slain, and thou livest and triumphest, for I am thou and thou art I.

With that he disappears, and the Æthyr splits with a roar as of ten thousand thunders. And behold, The Arrow! The plumes of Maat are its crown, set about the disk. It is the Ateph crown of Thoth, and there is the shaft of burning light, and beneath there is a silver wedge.

I shudder and tremble at the vision, for all about it are whorls and torrents of tempestuous fire. The stars of heaven are caught in the ashes of the flame. And they are all dark. That which was a blazing sun is like a speck of ash. And in the midst the Arrow burns!

I see that the crown of the Arrow is the Father of all Light, and the shaft of the Arrow is the Father of all Life, and the barb of the Arrow is the Father of all Love. For that silver wedge is like a lotus flower, and the Eye within the Ateph Crown crieth: I watch. And the Shaft crieth: I work. And the Barb crieth: I wait. And the Voice of the Æthyr echoeth: It beams. It burns. It blooms.

And now there cometh a strange thought; this Arrow is

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the source of all motion; it is infinite motion, yet it moveth not, so that there *is* no motion. And therefore there is no matter. This Arrow is the glance of the Eye of Shiva. But because it moveth not, the universe is not destroyed. The universe is put forth and swallowed up in the quivering of the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of the Arrow; but those plumes quiver not.

And a voice comes: That which is above is *not* like that which is below.

And another voice answers it: That which is below is *not* like that which is above.

And a third voice answers these two: What is above and what is below? For there is the division that divideth not, and the multiplication that multiplieth not. And the One is the many. Behold, this Mystery is beyond understanding, for the winged globe is the crown, and the shaft is the wisdom, and the barb is the understanding. And the Arrow is one, and thou art lost in the Mystery, who art but as a babe that is carried in the womb of its mother, that art not yet ready for the light.

And the vision overcometh me. My sense is stunned; my sight is blasted; my hearing is dulled.

And a voice cometh: Thou didst seek the remedy of sorrow; therefore all sorrow is thy portion. This is that which is written: "God hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." For as thy blood is mingled in the cup of BABALON, so is thine heart the universal heart. Yet is it bound about with the Green Serpent, the Serpent of Delight.

It is shown me that this heart is the heart that rejoiceth, and the serpent is the serpent of Death for herein all the symbols are interchangeable, for each one containeth in itself

THE EQUINOX

its own opposite. And this is the great Mystery of the Supernals that are beyond the Abyss. For below the Abyss, contradiction is division; but above the Abyss, contradiction is Unity. And there could be nothing true except by virtue of the contradiction that is contained in itself.

Thou canst not believe how marvelous is this vision of the Arrow. And it could never be shut out, except the Lords of Vision troubled the waters of the pool, the mind of the Seer. But they send forth a wind that is a cloud of Angels, and they beat the water with their feet, and little waves splash up—they are memories. For the seer hath no head; it is expanded into the universe, a vast and silent sea, crowned with the stars of night. Yet in the very midst thereof is the arrow. Little images of things that were, are the foam upon the waves. And there is a contest between the Vision and the memories. I prayed unto the Lords of Vision, saying: O my Lords, take not away this wonder from my sight.

And they said: It must needs be. Rejoice therefore if thou hast been permitted to behold, even for a moment, this Arrow, the austere, the august. But the vision is accomplished, and we have sent forth a great wind against thee. For thou canst not penetrate by force, who hast refused it; nor by authority, for thou hast trampled it under foot. Thou art bereft of all but understanding, O thou that art no more than a little pile of dust!

And the images rise up against me and constrain me, so that the Æthyr is shut against me. Only the things of the mind and of the body are open unto me. The shew-stone is dull, for that which I see therein is but a memory.

TOLGA, ALGERIA

December 13, 1909. 8.15-10.10 p.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

THE CRY OF THE 4TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED PAZ

The Stone is translucent and luminous, and no images enter therein.

A voice says: Behold the brilliance of the Lord, whose feet are set upon him that pardoneth transgression. Behold the six-fold Star that flameth in the Vault, the seal of the marriage of the great White King and his black slave.

So I looked into the Stone, and beheld the six-fold Star: the whole Æthyr is as tawny clouds, like the flame of a furnace. And there is a mighty host of Angels, blue and golden, that throng it, and they cry: Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, that art not shaken in the earthquakes, and in the thunders! The end of things is come upon us; the day of be-with-us is at hand! For he hath created the universe, and overthrown it, that he might take his pleasure thereupon.

And now, in the midst of the Æthyr, I beheld that god. He hath a thousand arms, and in each hand is a weapon of terrible strength. His face is more terrible than the storm, and from his eyes flash lightnings of intolerable brilliance. From his mouth run seas of blood. Upon his head is a crown of every deadly thing. Upon his forehead is the upright tau, and on either side of it are the signs of blasphemy. And about him clingeth a young girl, like unto the king's daughter that appeareth in the ninth Æthyr. But she is become rosy by reason of his force, and her purity hath tinged his black with blue.

They are clasped in a furious embrace, so that she is torn asunder by the terror of the god; yet so tightly clingeth she about him, that he is strangled. She hath forced back his

THE EQUINOX

head, and his throat is livid with the pressure of her fingers. Their joint cry is an intolerable anguish, yet it is the cry of their rapture, so that every pain, and every curse, and every bereavement, and every death of everything in the whole universe, is but one little gust of wind in that tempest-scream of ecstasy.

The voice thereof is not articulate. It is in vain to seek comparison. It is absolutely continuous, without breaks or beats. If there seem to be vibration therein, it is because of the imperfection of the ears of the seer.

And there cometh an interior voice, which sayeth to the seer that he hath trained his eyes well and can see much; and he hath trained his ears a little, and can hear a little; but his other senses hath he trained scarcely at all, and therefore the Æthyrs are almost silent to him on those planes. By the senses are meant the spiritual correlations of the senses, not the physical senses. But this matters little, because the Seer, so far as he is a seer, is the expression of the spirit of humanity. What is true of him is true of humanity, so that even if he had been able to receive the full Æthyrs, he could not have communicated them.

And an Angel speaks: Behold, this vision is utterly beyond thine understanding. Yet shalt thou endeavour to unite thyself with the dreadful marriage-bed.

So I am torn asunder, nerve from nerve and vein from vein, and more intimately—cell from cell, molecule from molecule, and atom from atom, and at the same time all crushed together. Write down that the tearing asunder *is* a crushing together. All the double phenomena are only two ways of looking at a single phenomenon; and the single phenomenon

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

is Peace. There is no sense in my words or in my thoughts. "Faces half-formed arose." This is the meaning of that passage; they are attempts to interpret Chaos, but Chaos is Peace. Cosmos is the War of the Rose and the Cross. That was "a half-formed face" that I said then. All images are useless.

Blackness, blackness intolerable, before the beginning of the light. This is the first verse of Genesis. Holy art thou, Chaos, Chaos, Eternity, all contradictions in terms!

Oh, blue! blue! blue! whose reflection in the Abyss is called the Great One of the Night of Time; between ye vibrateth the Lord of the Forces of Matter.

O Nox, Nox qui celas infamiam infandi nefandi, Deo solo sit laus qui dedit signum non scribendum. Laus virgini cuius stuprum tradit salutem.

O Night, that givest suck from thy paps to sorcery, and theft, and rape, and gluttony, and murder, and tyranny, and to the nameless Horror, cover us, cover us, cover us from the Rod of Destiny; for Cosmos must come, and the balance be set up where there was no need of balance, because there was no injustice, but only truth. But when the balances are equal, scale matched with scale, then will Chaos return.

Yea, as in a looking-glass, so in thy mind, that is backed with the false metal of lying, is every symbol read averse. Lo! everything wherein thou hast trusted must confound thee, and that thou didst flee from was thy saviour. So therefore didst thou shriek in the Black Sabbath when thou didst kiss the hairy buttocks of the goat, when the gnarled god tore thee asunder, when the icy cataract of death swept thee away.

Shriek, therefore, shriek aloud; mingle the roar of the

THE EQUINOX

gored lion and the moan of the torn bull, and the cry of the man that is torn by the claws of the Eagle, and the scream of the Eagle that is strangled by the hands of the Man. Mingle all these in the death-shriek of the Sphinx, for the blind man hath profaned her mystery. Who is this, Oedipus, Tiresias, Erinyes? Who is this, that is blind and a seer, a fool above wisdom? Whom do the hounds of heaven follow, and the crocodiles of hell await? Aleph, vau, yod, ayin, resh, tau, is his name.

Beneath his feet is the kingdom, and upon his head the crown. He is spirit and matter; he is peace and power; in him is Chaos and Night and Pan, and upon BABALON his concubine, that hath made him drunk upon the blood of the saints that she hath gathered in her golden cup, hath he begotten the virgin that now he doth deflower. And this is that which is written: Malkuth shall be uplifted and set upon the throne of Binah. And this is the stone of the philosophers that is set as a seal upon the tomb of Tetragrammaton, and the elixir of life that is distilled from the blood of the saints, and the red powder that is the grinding-up of the bones of Choronzon.

Terrible and wonderful is the Mystery thereof, O thou Titan that hast climbed into the bed of Juno! Surely thou art bound unto, and broken upon, the wheel; yet hast thou uncovered the nakedness of the Holy One, and the Queen of Heaven is in travail of child, and his name shall be called Vir, and Vis, and Virus, and Virtus, and Viridis, in one name that is all these, and above all these.

Desolate, desolate is the Æthyr, for thou must return unto the habitations of the Owl and the Bat, unto the Scorpions of

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the sand, and the blanched eyeless beetles that have neither wing nor horn. Return, blot out the vision, wipe from thy mind the memory thereof; stifle the fire with green wood; consume the Sacrament; cover the Altar; veil the Shrine; shut up the Temple and spread booths in the market place; until the appointed time come when the Holy One shall declare unto thee the Mystery of the Third Æthyr.

Yet be thou wake and ware, for the great Angel Hua is about thee, and overshadoweth thee, and at any moment he may come upon thee unawares. The voice of PAZ is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 16, 1909. 9-10.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 3RD ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZON

There is an angry light in the stone; now it is become clear.

In the centre is that minute point of light which is the true Sun, and in the circumference is the Emerald Snake. And joining them are the rays which are the plumes of Maat, and because the distance is infinite, therefore are they parallel from the circumference, although they diverge from the centre.

In all this is no voice and no motion.

And yet it seems that the great Snake feedeth upon the plumes of Truth as upon itself, so that it contracteth. But ever so little as it contracteth, without it gloweth the golden rim, which is that minute point in the centre.

And all this is the sigil of the Æthyr, gold and azure and green. Yet also these are the Severities.

It is only in the first three Æthyrs that we find the pure

THE EQUINOX

essence, for all the other Æthyrs are but as Malkuth to complete these three triads, as hath before been said. And this being the second reflection, therefore is it the palace of two hundred and eighty judgments.

For all these paths* are in the course of the Flaming Sword from the side of Severity. And the other two paths are Zayin, which is a sword; and Shin, which is a tooth. These are then the five severities which are 280.

All this is communicated to the Seer interiorly.

“And the eye of His benignancy is closed. Let it not be opened upon the Æthyr, lest the severities be mitigated, and the house fall.” Shall not the house fall, and the Dragon sink? Verily all things have been swallowed up in destruction; and Chaos hath opened his jaws and crushed the Universe as a Bacchanal crusheth a grape between her teeth. Shall not destruction swallow up destruction, and annihilation confound annihilation? Twenty and two are the mansions of the House of my Father, but there cometh an ox that shall set his forehead against the House, and it shall fall. For all these things are the toys of the Magician and the Maker of Illusions, that barreth the Understanding from the Crown.

O thou that hast beheld the City of the Pyramids, how shouldst thou behold the House of the Juggler? For he is wisdom, and by wisdom hath he made the Worlds, and from that wisdom issue judgements 70 by 4, that are the 4 eyes of the double-headed one; that are the 4 devils, Satan, Lucifer, Leviathan, Belial, that are the great princes of the evil of the world.

* 𐌒, 𐌔, and 𐌚 (☉, ♎, and ♀), the Sun, the Balance or plumes of Maat, and the Snake. Added they make 280.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

And Satan is worshipped by men under the name of Jesus; and Lucifer is worshipped by men under the name of Brahma; and Leviathan is worshipped by men under the name of Allah; and Belial is worshipped by men under the name of Buddha.

(This is the meaning of the passage in Liber Legis, Chap. III.)

Moreover, there is Mary, a blasphemy against BABALON, for she hath shut herself up; and therefore is she the Queen of all those wicked devils that walk upon the earth, those that thou sawest even as little black specks that stained the Heaven of Urania. And all these are the excrement of Choronzon.

And for this is BABALON under the power of the Magician, that she hath submitted herself unto the work; and she guardeth the Abyss. And in her is a perfect purity of that which is above; yet she is sent as the Redeemer to them that are below. For there is no other way into the Supernal Mystery but through her, and the Beast on which she rideth; and the Magician is set beyond her to deceive the brothers of blackness, lest they should make unto themselves a crown; for if there were two crowns, then should Ygdrasil, that ancient tree, be cast out into the Abyss, uprooted and cast down into the Outermost Abyss, and the Arcanum which is in the Adytum should be profaned; and the Ark should be touched, and the Lodge spied upon by them that are not masters, and the bread of the Sacrament should be the dung of Choronzon; and the wine of the Sacrament should be the water of Choronzon; and the incense should be dispersion; and the fire upon the Altar should be hate. But lift up thyself; stand,

THE EQUINOX

play the man, for behold! there shall be revealed unto thee the Great Terror, the thing of awe that hath no name.

And this is the mystery that I declare unto thee: that from the Crown itself spring the three great delusions; Aleph is madness, and Beth is falsehood, and Gimel is glamour. And these three be greater than all, for they are beyond the words that I speak unto thee; how much more therefore are they beyond the words that thou transmittest unto men.

Behold! the Veil of the Æthyr sundereth, and is torn, like a sail by the breath of the tempest, and thou shalt see him as from afar off. This is that which is written, "Confound her understanding with darkness," for thou canst not speak this thing.

It is the figure of the Magus of the Taro; and in his right arm the torch of the flames blazing upwards; in his left the cup of poison, a cataract into Hell. And upon his head the evil talisman, blasphemy and blasphemy and blasphemy, in the form of a circle. That is the greatest blasphemy of all.* On his feet hath he the scythes and swords and sickles; daggers; knives; every sharp thing,—a millionfold, and all in one. And before him is the Table that is a Table of wickedness, the 42-fold Table. This Table is connected with the 42 Assessors of the Dead, for they are the Accusers, whom the soul must baffle; and with the 42-fold name of God, for this is the Mystery of Iniquity, that there was ever a beginning at all. And this Magus casteth forth, by the might of his four weapons, veil after veil; a thousand shining colours, ripping and tearing the Æthyr, so that it is like jagged saws, or like broken teeth in the face of a young girl, or like disruption, or

* I.e., that the circle should be thus profaned. This evil circle is of three concentric rings.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

madness. There is a horrible grinding sound, maddening. This is the mill in which the Universal Substance, which is ether, was ground down into matter.

The Seer prayeth that a cloud may come between him and the sun, so that he may shut out the terror of the vision. And he is afire; he is terribly athirst; and no help can come to him, for the shew-stone blazeth ever with the fury and the torment and the blackness, and the stench of human flesh. The bowels of little children are torn out and thrust into his mouth, and poison is dropped into his eyes. And Lilith, a black monkey crawling with filth, running with open sores, an eye torn out, eaten of worms, her teeth rotten, her nose eaten away, her mouth a putrid mass of green slime, her dugs dropping and cancerous, clings to him, kisses him.

(Kill me! kill me!)

There is a mocking voice: Thou art become immortal. Thou wouldst look upon the face of the Magician and thou hast not beheld him because of his Magick veils.

(Don't torture me!)

Thus are all they fallen into the power of Lilith, who have dared to look upon his face.

The shew-stone is all black and corrupt. O filth! filth! filth!

And this is her great blasphemy: that she hath taken the name of the First Æthyr, and bound it on her brow, and added thereunto the shameless yod and the tau for the sign of the Cross.

She it is that squatteth upon the Crucifix, for the nastiness of her pleasure. So that they that worship Christ suck up her filth upon their tongues, and therefore their breaths stink.

THE EQUINOX

I was saved from that Horror by a black shining Triangle, with apex upwards, that came upon the face of the sun.

And now the shew-stone is all clear and beautiful again.

The pure pale gold of a fair maiden's hair, and the green of her girdle, and the deep soft blue of her eyes.

Note.—In this the gold is Kether, the blue is Chokmah, the green is Binah.

Thus she appeareth in the Æthyr, adorned with flowers and gems. It seems that she hath incarnated herself upon earth, and that she will appear manifest in a certain office in the Temple.

I have seen some picture like her face; I cannot think what picture. It is a piquant face, with smiling eyes and lips; the ears are small and pink, the complexion is fair, but not transparent; not as fair as one would expect from the hair and eyes. It is rather an impudent face, rather small, very pretty; the nose very slightly less than straight, well-proportioned, rather large nostrils. Full of vitality, the whole thing. Now very tall, rather slim and graceful; a good dancer.

There is another girl behind her, with sparkling eyes, mischievous, a smile showing beautiful white teeth; an ideal Spanish girl, but fair. Very vivacious. Only her head is visible, and now it is veiled by a black sun, casting forth dull rays of black and gold.

Then the disk of the sun is a pair of balances, held steady; and twined about the central pole of the balance is the little green poisonous snake, with a long forked tongue rapidly darting.

And the Angel that hath spoken with me before, saith to me: The eye of His benignancy is opened; therefore veileth

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

he thine eyes from the vision. Manfully hast thou endured; yet, hast thou been man, thou hadst not endured; and hadst thou been wholly that which thou art, thou shouldst have been caught up in the full vision that is unspeakable for Horror. And thou shouldst have beheld the face of the Magician that thou hast not been able to behold,—of him from whom issue forth the severities that are upon Malkuth, and his name is *Misericordia Dei*.

And because he is the dyad, thou mayest yet understand in two ways. Of first way, the Mercy of God is that Mercy which Jehovah showed to the Amalekites; and the second way is utterly beyond thine understanding, for it is the upright, and thou knowest nothing but the averse,—until Wisdom shall inform thine Understanding, and upon the base of the Ultimate triangle arise the smooth point.

Veil therefore thine eyes, for that thou canst not master the Æthyr, unless thy Mystery match Its Mystery. Seal up thy mouth also, for thou canst not master the voice of the Æthyr, save only by Silence.

And thou shalt give the sign of the Mother, for BABALON is thy fortress against the iniquity of the Abyss, of the iniquity of that which bindeth her unto the Crown, and barreth her from the Crown; for not until thou art made one with CHAOS canst thou begin that last, that most terrible projection, the three-fold Regimen which alone constitutes the Great Work.

For Choronzon is as it were the shell or excrement of these three paths, and therefore is his head raised unto Daath, and therefore have the Black Brotherhood declared him to be the child of Wisdom and Understanding, who is but the bastard of the Svastika. And this is that which is written in

THE EQUINOX

the Holy Qabalah, concerning the Whirlpool and Leviathan, and the Great Stone.

Thus long have I talked with thee in bidding thee depart, that the memory of the Æthyr might be dulled; for hadst thou come back suddenly into thy mortal frame, thou hadst fallen into madness or death. For the vision is not such that any may endure it.

But now thy sense is dull, and the shew-stone but a stone. Therefore awake, and give secretly and apart the sign of the Mother, and call four times upon the name of CHAOS, that is the four-fold word that is equal to her seven-fold word. And then shalt thou purify thyself, and return into the World.

So I did that which was commanded me, and returned.

BISKRA.

December 17, 1909. 9.30-11.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 2ND ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ARN

In the first place, there is again the woman riding on the bull, which is the reflection of BABALON, that rideth on The Beast. And also there is an Assyrian legend of a woman with a fish, and also there is a legend of Eve and the Serpent, for Cain was the child of Eve and the Serpent, and not of Eve and Adam; and therefore when he had slain his brother, who was the first murderer, having sacrificed living things to his demon, had Cain the mark upon his brow, which is the mark of the Beast spoken of in the Apocalypse, and is the sign of initiation.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

The shedding of blood is necessary, for God did not hear the children of Eve until blood was shed. And that is external religion; but Cain spake not with God, nor had the mark of initiation upon his brow, so that he was shunned by all men, until he had shed blood. And this blood was the blood of his brother. This is a mystery of the sixth key of the Taro, which ought not to be called The Lovers, but The Brothers.

In the middle of the card stands Cain; in his right hand is the Hammer of Thor with which he hath slain his brother, and it is all wet with his blood. And his left hand he holdeth open as a sign of innocence. And on his right hand is his mother Eve, around whom the serpent is entwined with his hood spread behind her head; and on his left hand is a figure somewhat like the Hindoo Kali, but much more seductive. Yet I know it to be Lilith. And above him is the Great Sigil of the Arrow, downward, but it is struck through the heart of the child. This Child is also Abel. And the meaning of this part of the card is obscure, but that is the correct drawing of the Taro card; and that is the correct magical fable from which the Hebrew scribes, who were not complete Initiates, stole their legend of the Fall and the subsequent events. They joined different fables together to try and make a connected story, and they sophisticated them to suit their social and political conditions.

All this while no image hath come unto the Stone, and no voice hath been heard.

I cannot get any idea of the source of what I have been saying. All I can say is, that there is a sort of dew, like mist, upon the Stone, and yet it has become hot to the touch.

THE EQUINOX

All I get is that the Apocalypse was the recension of a dozen or so totally disconnected allegories, that were pieced together, and ruthlessly planed down to make them into a connected account; and that recension was re-written and edited in the interests of Christianity, because people were complaining that Christianity could show no true spiritual knowledge, or any food for the best minds: nothing but miracles, which only deceived the most ignorant, and Theology, which only suited pedants.

So a man got hold of this recension, and turned it Christian, and imitated the style of John. And this explains why the end of the world does not happen every few years, as advertised.

There is nothing whatever in the Stone but a White Rose. And a voice comes: there shall be no more red roses, for she hath crushed all the blood of all things into her cup.

It seemed at one time as if the rose was in the breast of a beautiful woman, high-bosomed, tall, stately, yet who danced like a snake. But there was no subsistence in this vision.

And now I see the white Rose, as if it were in the beak of a swan, in the picture by Michael Angelo in Venice. And that legend too is the legend of BABALON.

But all this is before the veil of the Æthyr. Now will I go and make certain preparations, and I will return and repeat the call of the Æthyr yet again.

BISKRA.

December 18, 1909. 9.20-10.5 a.m.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

It is not a question of being unable to get into the Æthyr, and trying to struggle through; but one is not anywhere near it.

A voice comes: When thy dust shall strew the earth whereon She walketh, then mayest thou bear the impress of Her foot. And thou thinkest to behold Her face!

The Stone is become of the most brilliant whiteness, and yet, in that whiteness, all the other colours are implicit. The colour of anything is but its dullness, its obstructiveness. So is it with these visions. All that they *are* is falsity. Every idea merely marks where the mind of the Seer was too stupid to receive the light, and therefore reflected it. Therefore, as the pure light is colourless, so is the pure soul black.

And this is the Mystery of the incest of CHAOS with his daughter.

There is nothing whatever visible.

But I asked of the Angel that is at my side if the ceremony hath been duly performed. And he says: Yes, the Æthyr is present. It is thou that canst not perceive it, even as I cannot perceive it, because it is so entirely beyond thy conception that there is nothing in thy mind on to which it can cast a symbol, even as the emptiness of space is not heated by the fire of the sun. And so pure is the light that it preventeth the formation of images, and therefore have men called it darkness. For with any lesser light, the mind responds, and makes for itself divers palaces. It is that which is written: "In my Father's house there are many mansions"; and if the house be destroyed, how much more the mansions that are therein! For this is the victory of BABALON over the Magician that ensorcelled

THE EQUINOX

her. For as the Mother she is 3 by 52, and as the harlot she is 6 by 26; but she is also 12 by 13, and that is the pure unity. Moreover she is 4 by 39, that is, victory over the power of the 4, and in 2 by 78 hath she destroyed the great Sorcerer. Thus is she the synthesis of 1 and 2 and 3 and 4, which being added are 10, therefore could she set her daughter upon her own throne, and defile her own bed with her virginity.

And I ask the Angel if there is any way by which I can make myself worthy to behold the Mysteries of this Æthyr.

And he saith: It is not in my knowledge. Yet do thou make once more in silence the Call of the Æthyr, and wait patiently upon the favour of the Angel, for He is a mighty Angel, and never yet have I heard the whisper of his wing.

This is the translation of the Call of the Æthyr.

O ye heavens which dwell in the first Aire, and are mighty in the parts of the earth, and execute therein the judgment of the highest, to you it is said: Behold the face of your God, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the heavens which provided you for the government of the earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding, that ye might dispose all things according to the foresight of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the beginning, saying, The earth, let her be governed by her parts (this is the prostitution of BABALON to Pan), and let there be division in her (the formation of the Many from the One), that her glory may be always ecstasy and irritation of orgasm. Her course let it round with the heavens (that is, let her way be always harmonious with heaven), and as an

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

handmaid let her serve them (that is, the Virgin of Eternity climbing into the bed of CHAOS). One season let it confound another (that is, let there be unwearying variety of predicates), and let there be no creature upon or within her the same (that is, let there be an unwearying variety of subjects). All her members let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one creature equal with another (for if there were any duplication or omission, there would be no perfection in the whole). The reasonable creatures of the earth and men, let them vex and weed out one another (this is, the destruction of reason by internecine conflicts in the course of redemption). And their dwelling places, let them forget their names. (This is, the arising of Nemo.) The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. (That is, in the Great Work man must lose his personality.) His building, let it be a cave for the Beast of the Field. ("His building" means the Vault of the Adepts, and the "Cave" is the Cave of the Mountain of Abiegnus, and the "Beast" is he upon whom BABALON rideth, and the "Field" is the supernal Eden.) Confound her understanding with darkness. (This sentence is explained by what has been said concerning Binah.) For why, it rejoiceth me concerning the Virgin and the Man. (Kelly did not understand this Call at all, and he would not believe this sentence was written so, for it seemed to contradict the rest of the Call, so he altered it.) One while let her be known and another while a stranger, (that is, the Mystery of the Holy One being at the same time identical with everything and apart from it), because she is the bed of an harlot, and the dwelling of him that is fallen. (That is that Mystery which was revealed in the last Æthyr; the universe being, as it were, a garden wherein the Holy

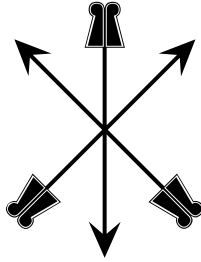
THE EQUINOX

Ones may take their pleasure.) O ye heavens, arise; the lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you. (This is a command for the whole of things to join in universal rapture.) Govern those that govern; cast down such as fall; bring forth those that increase; and destroy the rotten. (This means that everything shall take its own pleasure in its own way.) No place let it remain in one number. (“No place” is the infinite Ain . . . “Let remain in one number”; that is, let it be concentrated in Kether.) Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. (It is a mystery of the Logos being formulated by the Qabalah, because the stars, are all letters of the Holy Alphabet, as it was said in a former Æthyr.) Arise! Move! and Appear! before the covenant of his mouth which he hath shewn unto us in his justice. (“The Covenant” is the letter Aleph; “His mouth”, pé; “His Justice”, lamed; and these add up again to Aleph, so that it is in the letter Aleph, which is zero, thus symbolizing the circles of the Æthyrs, that he calleth them forth. But men thought that Aleph was the initial of ARR, cursing, when it was really the initial of AChD, unity, and AHBH, love. So that it was the most horrible and wicked blasphemy of the blackest of all the black brothers to begin Barashith with a beth, with the letter of the Magician. Yet, by this simple device, hath he created the whole illusion of sorrow.) Open the mysteries of your creation, and make us partakers of the undefiled knowledge. (The word here “IADNAMAD” is not the ordinary word for knowledge. It is a word of eight letters, which is the secret name of God, summarized in the letter cheth; for which see the Æthyr which correspondeth to that letter, the twelfth Æthyr.)

Now from time to time I have looked into the Stone, but

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

never is there any image therein, or any hint thereof; but now there are three arrows, arranged thus:



This is the letter Aleph in the Alphabet of Arrows.

(I want to say that while I was doing the translation of the Call of the Æthyrs, the soles of my feet were burning, as if I were on red hot steel.)

And now the fire has spread all over me, and parches me, and tortures me. And my sweat is bitter like poison. And all my blood is acrid in my veins, like gleet. I seem to be all festering, rotting; and the worms eating me while I am yet alive.

A voice, neither in myself nor out of myself, is saying: Remember Prometheus; remember Ixion.

I am tearing at nothing. I will not heed. For even this dust must be consumed with fire.

And now, although there is no image, at last there is a sense of obstacle, as if one were at length drawing near to the frontier of the Æthyr.

But I am dying.

I can neither strive nor wait. There is agony in my ears, and in my throat, and mine eyes have been so long blind that I cannot remember that there ever was such a thing as sight.

And it cometh to me that I should go away, and await the

THE EQUINOX

coming of the veil of the Æthyr; not here. I think I will go to the Hot Springs.

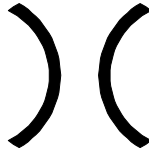
So I put away the Stone upon my breast.

BISKRA

10.15-11.52 a.m.

Flashes of lightning are playing in the Stone, at the top; and at the bottom of the Stone there is a black pyramid, and at the top thereof is a vesica piscis. The vesica piscis is of colourless brilliance.

The two curves of Pisces are thus:



They are the same curves as the curves of vesica piscis, but turned round.

And a voice comes: How can that which is buried in the pyramids behold that which descendeth unto its apex?

Again it comes to me, without voice: Therefore is motherhood the symbol of the Masters. For first they must give up their virginity to be destroyed, and the seed must lie hidden in them until the nine moons wax and wane, and they must surround it with the Universal Fluid. And they must feed it with blood for fire. Then is the child a living thing. And afterwards is much suffering and much joy, and after that are they torn asunder, and this is all their thank, that they give it to suck.

All this while the vision in the Shew-Stone stays as it was, save that the lightning grows more vehement and clear;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

and behind the vesica piscis is a black cross extending to the top and to the edges of the Stone. And now blackness spreads, and swallows up the images.

Now there is naught but a vast black triangle having the apex downwards, and in the centre of the black triangle is the face of Typhon, the Lord of the Tempest, and he crieth aloud: Despair! Despair! For thou mayest deceive the Virgin, and thou mayest cajole the Mother; but what wilt thou say unto the ancient Whore that is throned in Eternity? For if she will not, there is neither force nor cunning, nor any wit, that may prevail upon her.

Thou canst not woo her with love, for she *is* love. And she hath all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with gold, for all the Kings and captains of the earth, and all the gods of heaven, have showered their gold upon her. Thus hath she all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with knowledge, for knowledge is the thing that she hath spurned. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with wit, for her Lord is Wit. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee. Despair! Despair!

Nor canst thou cling to her knees and ask for pity; nor canst thou cling to her heart and ask for love; nor canst thou put thine arms about her neck, and ask for understanding; for thou hast all these, and they avail thee not. Despair! Despair!

Then I took the Flaming Sword, and I let it loose against Typhon, so that his head was cloven asunder, and the black triangle dissolved in lightnings.

THE EQUINOX

But as he parted his voice broke out again: Nor canst thou win her with the Sword, for her eyes are fixed upon the eyes of Him in whose hand is the hilt of the Sword. Despair! Despair!

And the echo of that cry was his word, which is identical, although it be diverse: Nor canst thou win her by the Serpent, for it was the Serpent that seduced her first. Despair! Despair!

(Yet he cried thus as he fled:)

I am Leviathan, the great Lost Serpent of the Sea. I writhe eternally in torment, and I lash the ocean with my tail into a whirlpool of foam that is venomous and bitter, and I have no purpose. I go no whither. I can neither live nor die. I can but rave and rave in my death agony. I am the Crocodile that eateth up the children of men. And through the malice of BABALON I hunger, hunger, hunger.

All this while the Stone is more inert than ever yet; a thousand times more lifeless than when it is not invoked. Now, when it kindles, it only kindles into its physical beauty. And now upon the face of it is a great black Rose, each of whose petals, though it be featureless, is yet a devil-face. And all the stalks are the black snakes of hell. It is alive, this Rose; a single thought informs it. It comes to clutch, to murder. Yet, because a single thought alone informs it, I have hope therein.

I think the Rose has a hundred and fifty-six petals, and though it be black, it has the luminous blush.

There it is, in the midst of the Stone, and I cannot see anyone who wears it.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Shut out the sight!

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou!

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Light, Life and Love are like three glow-worms at thy feet: the whole universe of stars, the dewdrops on the grass whereon thou walkest!

I am quite blind.

Thou art Nuit! Strain, strain, strain my whole soul!

A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Falutli! Falutli!

I cling unto the burning Æthyr like Lucifer that fell through the Abyss, and by the fury of his flight kindled the air.

And I am Belial, for having seen the Rose upon thy breast, I have denied God.

And I am Satan! I am Satan! I am cast out upon a burning crag! And the sea boils about the desolation thereof. And already the vultures gather, and feast upon my flesh.

Yea! Before thee all the most holy is profane, O thou desolator of shrines! O thou falsifier of the oracles of truth! Ever as I went, hath it been thus. The truth of the profane was the falsehood of the Neophyte, and the truth of the Neophyte was the falsehood of the Zelator! Again and again the the fortress must be battered down! Again and again the pylon must be overthrown! Again and again must the gods be desecrated!

And now I lie supine before thee, in terror and abasement. O Purity! O Truth! What shall I say? My tongue cleaveth to my jaws, O thou Medusa that hast turned me to stone! Yet is that stone the stone of the philosophers. Yet is that tongue Hadit.

THE EQUINOX

Aha! Aha!

Yea! Let me take the form of Hadit before thee, and sing:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Nuit! Nuit! How art thou manifested in this place! This is a Mystery ineffable. And it is mine, and I can never reveal it either to God or to man. It is for thee and me !

Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

. . . My spirit is no more; my soul is no more. My life leaps out into annihilation!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

It is the cry of my body! Save me! I have come too close. I have come too close to that which may not be endured. It must awake, the body; it must assert itself.

It must shut out the Æthyr, or else it is dead.

Every pulse aches, and beats furiously. Every nerve stings like a serpent. And my skin is icy cold.

Neither God nor man can penetrate the Mystery of the Æthyr.

(Here the Seer mutters unintelligibly.)

And even that which understandeth cannot hear its voice. For to the profane the voice of the Neophyte is called silence,

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

and to the Neophyte the voice of the Zelator is called silence.
And so ever is it.

Sight is fire, and is the first angle of the Tablet; spirit is hearing, and is the centre thereof; thou, therefore, who art all spirit and fire, and hast no duller elements in thy star; thou art come to sight at the end of thy will. And if thou wilt hear the voice of the Æthyr, do thou invoke it in the night, having no other light but the light of the half moon. Then mayest thou hear the voice, though it may be that thou understandest it not. Yet shall it be a potent spell, whereby thou mayest lay bare the womb of thy understanding to the violence of CHAOS.

Now, therefore, for the last time, let the veil of the Æthyr be torn.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

.

This Æthyr must be left unfinished then until the half moon.

HAMMAM SALAHIN.

December 18, 1909 3.10-4.25 p.m.

An olvah nu arenu olvah. Diraeseu adika va paretanu poliax poliax in vah rah ahum subre fifal. Lerthexanax. Mama ra-la hum fifala maha.

All this is the melody of a flute, very faint and clear. And there is a sort of sub-tinkle of a bell.

THE EQUINOX

And there is a string instrument, somewhat like a zither.
And there is a human voice.

And the voice comes: this is the Song of the Sphinx, which
she singeth ever in the ears of men.

And it is the song of the syrens. And whoever heareth it
is lost.

I

Mu pa telai,
Tu wa melai
Ā, ā, ā
Tu fu tulu!
Tu fu tulu
Pa, Sa, Ga.

II

Qwi Mu telai
Ya Pa melai;
ū, ū, ū.
'Se gu melai;
Pe fu telai,
Fu tu lu.

III

O chi balae
Wa pa malae:—
Ut! Ut! Ut!
Ge; fu latrai,
Le fu malai
Kūt!—Hūt!—Nūt.

IV

Al OAI
Rel moai
Ti—Ti—Ti!
Wa la pelai
Tu fu latai
Wi, Ni, Bi.

Translation of Song.

I

Silence! the moon ceaseth (her motion),
That also was sweet
In the air, in the air, in the air!
Who Will shall attain!
Who Will shall attain
By the Moon, and by Myself, and by the Angel of the Lord!

II

Now Silence ceaseth
And the moon waxeth sweet;
(It is the hour of) Initiation, Initiation, Initiation.
The kiss of Isis is honeyed;
My own Will is ended,
For Will hath attained.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

III

Behold the lion-child swimmeth (in the heaven)
And the moon reeleth:—
(It is) Thou! (It is) Thou! (It is) Thou!
Triumph; the Will stealeth away (like a thief),
The Strong Will that staggered
Before Ra Hoor Khuit!—Hadit!—Nuit!

IV

To the God OAI
Be praise
In the end and the beginning!
And may none fall
Who Will attain
The Sword, the Balances, the Crown!

And that which thou hearest is but the dropping of the dew from my limbs, for I dance in the night, naked upon the grass, in shadowy places, by running streams.

Many are they who have loved the nymphs of the woods, and of the wells, and of the fountains, and of the hills. And of these some were nympholept. For it was not a nymph, but I myself that walked upon the earth taking my pleasure. So also there were many images of Pan, and men adored them, and as a beautiful god he made their olives bear double and their vines increase; but some were slain by the god, for it was I that had woven the garlands about him.

Now cometh a song.

So sweet is this song that no one could resist it. For in it is all the passionate ache for the moonlight, and the great hunger of the sea, and the terror of desolate places,—all things that lure men to the unattainable.

THE EQUINOX

Ōmāri tēssālā mārāx,
tēssālā dodī phōrnēpāx.
āmri rādārā pōlīāx
 ārmānā pīliū.
āmri rādārā pīliū sōn';
māri nārŷā bārbītōn
mādārā ānāphāx sārpedōn
 āndālā hrīliū.

Translation.

I am the harlot that shaketh Death.
This shaking giveth the Peace of Satiated Lust.
Immortality jetteth from my skull,
 And music from my vulva.
Immortality jetteth from my vulva also,
For my Whoredom is a sweet scent like a seven-stringed instrument,
Played unto God the Invisible, the all-ruler,
 That goeth along giving the shrill scream of orgasm.

Every man that hath seen me forgetteth me never, and I appear oftentimes in the coals of the fire, and upon the smooth white skin of woman, and in the constancy of the waterfall, and in the emptiness of deserts and marshes, and upon great cliffs that look seaward; and in many strange places, where men seek me not. And many thousand times he beholdeth me not. And at last I smite myself into him as a vision smiteth into a stone, and whom I call must follow.

Now I perceive myself standing in a Druid circle, in an immense open plain.

A whole series of beautiful visions of deserts and sunsets and islands in the sea, green beyond imagination But there is no subsistence in them.

A voice goes on: this is the holiness of fruitless love and aimless toil. For in doing the thing for the things's sake is concentration, and this is the holiest of them that suit not the

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

means to the end. For therein is faith and sympathy and a knowledge of the true Magick.

Oh my beloved, that fliest in the air like a dove, beware of the falcon! oh my beloved, that springest upon the earth like a gazelle, beware of the lion!

There are hundreds of visions, trampling over one another. In each one the Angel of the Æthyr is mysteriously hidden.

Now I will describe the Angel of the Æthyr until the voice begins again.

He is like one's idea of Sappho and Calypso, and all seductive and deadly things; heavy eye-lids, long lashes, a face like ivory, wonderful barbaric jewellery, intensely red lips, a very small mouth, tiny ears, a Grecian face. Over the shoulders is a black robe with a green collar; the robe is spangled with golden stars; the tunic is a pure soft blue.

Now the whole Æthyr is swallowed up in a forest of unquenchable fire, and fearlessly through it all a show-white eagle flies. And the eagle cries: the house also of death. Come away! The volume of the book is open, the Angel waiteth without, for the summer is at hand. Come away! For the Æon is measured, and thy span allotted. Come away! For the mighty sounds have entered into every angle. And they have awakened the Angels of the Æthyrs that slept these three hundred years.

For in the Holy letter Shin, that is the Resurrection in the Book of Thoth, that is the Holy Spirit in the Trinity, that is three hundred in the tale of the years, hath the tomb been opened, so that this great wisdom might be revealed.

Come away! For the Second Triad is completed, and there remaineth only the Lord of the Æon, the Avenger, the Child

THE EQUINOX

both Crowned and Conquering, the Lord of the Sword and the Sun, the Babe in the Lotus, pure from his birth, the Child of suffering, the Father of justice, unto whom be the glory throughout all the Æon!*

Come away! For that which was to be accomplished is accomplished, seeing that thou hadst faith unto the end of all.

In the letter N the Voice of the Æthyr is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 20, 1909. 8.35-9.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 1ST ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIL

First, let praise and worship and honour and glory and great thank be given unto the Holy One, who hath permitted us to come thus far, who hath revealed unto us the ineffable mysteries, that they might be disclosed before men. And we humbly beseech His infinite goodness that he will be pleased to manifest unto us even the Mystery of the First Æthyr.

(Here followeth the Call of the Æthyr.)

The veil of the Æthyr is like the veil of night, dark azure, full of countless stars. And because the veil is infinite, at first one seeth not the winged globe of the sun that burneth in the centre thereof. Profound peace filleth me,—beyond ecstasy, beyond thought, beyond being itself, IAIDA. (This word means “I am,” but in a sense entirely beyond being.)

(*Note.* --- In Hebrew letters it adds to 26. In Hebrew letters the name of the Æthyr is 70, ayin; but by turning the

* The Seer had absolutely forgotten this prophecy, and was amazed at the final identification of the Child in LIL with Hoor.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Yetziratic attributions of the letters into Hebrew, it gives 66, and 66 is the sum of the numbers from 0 to 11.)

Yes; there is peace. There is no *tendency* of any sort, much less any observation or feeling or impression. There is only a faint consciousness, like the scent of jasmine.

The body of the Seer is rested in a waking sleep that is deeper than sleep, and his mind is still; he seems like a well in the desert, shaded by windless palms.

And it is night; and because the night is the whole night of space, and not the partial night of earth, there is no thought of dawn. For the light of the Sun maketh illusion, blinding man's eyes to the glory of the stars. And unless he be in the shadow of the earth, he cannot see the stars. So, also, unless he be hidden from the light of life, he cannot behold Nuit. Here, then, do I abide in unalterable midnight, utterly at peace.

I have forgotten where I am, and who I am. I am hanging in nothing.

Now the veil opens of itself. (To Scribe. Come nearer; I don't want to have to speak so loudly.)

It is a little child covered with lilies and roses. He is supported by countless myriads of Archangels. The Archangels are all the same colourless brilliance, and every one of them is blind. Below the Archangels again are many, many other legions, and so on far below, so far that the eye cannot pierce. And on his forehead, and on his heart, and in his hand, is the secret sigil of the Beast. And of all this the glory is so great that all the spiritual senses fail, and their reflections in the body fail.

It is very strange. In my heart is rapture, holy and ineffable, absolutely beyond emotion; beyond even that bliss

THE EQUINOX

called Ananda, infinitely calm and pure. Yet at the gates of mine eyes stand tears, like warriors upon the watch, that lean on their spears, listening.*

The great and terrible Angel keeps on looking at me, as if to bar me from the vision. There is another blinding my mind. There is another forcing my head down in sleep.

(It's very difficult to talk at all, because an impression takes such an immense time to travel from the will to the muscles. Naturally, I've no idea of time.)

I have gone up again to the child, led by two Angels, abasing my head.

This child seems to be the child that one attempted to describe in "The Garden of Janus."

Every volition is inhibited. I have tried to say a lot, but it has always got lost on the way.

Holy art thou, O more beautiful than all the stars of the Night!

There has never been such peace, such silence. But these are *positive* things. Singing praises of things eternal amid the flames of first glory, and every note of every song is a fresh flower in the garland of peace.

This child danceth not, but it is because he is the soul of the two dances,—the right hand and the left hand, and in him they are one dance, the dance without motion.

There is dew on all the fire. Every drop is the quintessence of the ecstasy of stars.

* There are long intervals between many of these paragraphs, the Seer having been lost to Being. The reader will note that "The Great and Terrible Angel" has not been mentioned, but comes in suddenly. This was because the Seer's speech was inaudible, or never occurred. This angel was the "Higher Genius" of the Seer.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Yet a third time am I led to him, prostrating myself seven times at every step. There is a perfume in the air, reflected down even to the body of the seer. That perfume thrills his body with an ecstasy that is like love, like sleep.

And this is the song:

I am the child of all who am the father of all, for from me come forth all things, that I might be. I am the fountain in the snows, and I am the eternal sea. I am the lover, and I am the beloved, and I am the first-fruits of their love. I am the first faint shuddering of the Light, and I am the loom wherein night weaveth her impenetrable veil.

I am the captain of the hosts of eternity; of the swordsmen and the spearmen and the bowmen and the charioteers. I have led the armies of the east against the armies of the west, and the armies of the west against the armies of the east. For I am Peace.

My groves of olive were planted by an harlot, and my horses were bred by a thief. I have trained my vines upon the spears of the Most High, and with my laughter have I slain a thousand men.

With the wine in my cup have I mixed the lightnings, and I have carved my bread with a sharp sword.

With my folly have I undone the wisdom of the Magus, even as with my judgments I have overwhelmed the universe. I have eaten the pomegranate in the House of Wrath, and I have crushed out the blood of my mother between mill-stones to make bread.

There is nothing that I have not trampled beneath my feet. There is nothing that I have not set a garland on my brow. I have wound all things about my waist as a girdle. I

THE EQUINOX

have hidden all things in the cave of my heart. I have slain all things because I am Innocence. I have lain with all things because I am Untouched Virginity. I have given birth to all things because I am Death.

Stainless are my lips, for they are redder than the purple of the vine, and of the blood wherewith I am intoxicated. Stainless is my forehead, for it is whiter than the wind and the dew that cooleth it.

I am light, and I am night, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am speech, and I am silence, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am life, and I am death, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am war, and I am peace, and I am that which is beyond them.

I am weakness, and I am strength, and I am that which is beyond them.

Yet by none of these can man reach up to me. Yet by each of them must man reach up to me.

Thou shalt laugh at the folly of the fool. Thou shalt learn the wisdom of the Wise. And thou shalt be initiate in holy things. And thou shalt be learned in the things of love. And thou shalt be mighty in the things of war. And thou shalt be adept in things occult. And thou shalt interpret the oracles. And thou shalt drive all these before thee in thy car, and though by none of these canst thou reach up to me, yet by each of these must thou attain to me. And thou must have the strength of the lion, and the secrecy of the hermit. And thou must turn the wheel of life. And thou must hold the balances of Truth. Thou must pass through the great Waters, a Redeemer. Thou must have the tail of the scorpion, and

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

the poisoned arrows of the Archer, and the dreadful horns of the Goat. And so shalt thou break down the fortress that guardeth the Palace of the King my son. And thou must work by the light of the Star and of the Moon and of the Sun, and by the dreadful light of judgment that is the birth of the Holy Spirit within thee. When these shall have destroyed the universe, then mayest thou enter the palace of the Queen my daughter.

Blessed, blessed, blessed; yea, blessed; thrice and four times blessed is he that hath attained to look upon thy face. For I will hurl thee forth from my presence as a whirling thunderbolt to guard the ways, and whom thou smitest shall be smitten indeed. And whom thou lovest shall be loved indeed. And whether by smiting or by love thou workest, each one shall see my face, a glimmer through a thousand veils. And they shall rise up from love's sleep or death's, and gird themselves with a girdle of snake-skin for wisdom, and they shall wear the white tunic of purity, and the apron of flaming orange for will, and over their shoulders shall they cast the panther's skin of courage. And they shall wear the nemyss of secrecy and the atep crown of truth. And on their feet shall they put sandals made of the skin of breasts, that they may trample upon all they were, yet also that its toughness shall support them, and protect their feet, as they pass upon the mystical way that lieth through the pylons. And upon their breasts shall be the Rose and Cross of light and life, and in their hands the hermit's staff and lamp. Thus shall they set out upon the never-ending journey, each step of which is an unutterable reward.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy; yea, thrice and four times holy

THE EQUINOX

art thou, because thou hast attained to look upon my face; not by my favour only, not by thy magick only, may this be won. Yet it is written: “Unto the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift.”

Mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty; yea, thrice and four times mighty art thou. He that riseth up against thee shall be thrown down, though thou raise not so much as thy little finger against him. And he that speaketh evil against thee shall be put to shame, though thy lips utter not the littlest syllable against him. And he that thinketh evil concerning thee shall be confounded in his thought, although in thy mind arise not the least thought of him. And they shall be brought unto subjection unto thee, and serve thee, though thou willest it not. And it shall be unto them a grace and a sacrament, and ye shall all sit down together at the supernal banquet, and ye shall feast upon the honey of the gods, and be drunk upon the dew of immortality—FOR I AM HORUS, THE CROWNED AND CONQUERING CHILD, WHOM THOU KNEWEST NOT!

Pass thou on, therefore, O thou Prophet of the Gods, unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe; there shalt thou receive every tribe and kingdom and nation into the mighty Order that reacheth from the frontier fortresses that guard the Uttermost Abyss unto My Throne.

This is the formula of the Æon, and with that the voice of LIL, that is the Lamp of the Invisible Light, is ended. Amen.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

December 19, 1909. 1.30-3.30 p.m.

A COMMENT UPON THE NATURES OF THE ÆTHYRS.

30. Without the cube—the material world—is the sphere-system of the spiritual world enfolding it. the Cry seems to be a sort of Exordium, and external showing forth of the coming of the new Æon, the Æon of Horus the crowned child.

29. The disturbance of Equilibrium caused by the Coming of the Æon.

28. Now is a further and clearer shadowing-forth of the Great Mystery of the Æon which is to be led up to by the Æthyrs. Note however that the King of the New Æon never appears until the very first Æthyr.

27. Hecate appears—her son, the son of a Virgin, a magus, is to bring the Æon to pass. And she, the herald, her function fulfilled, withdraws within her mystic veil.

26. The death of the past Æon, that of Jehovah and Jesus; ends with adumbration of the new, the vision of the Stele of Ankh-f-n-khonsu, whose discovery brought about in a human consciousness the knowledge of the Equinox of the Gods, 21. 3. 04.

25. Appearance of the Lion God of Horus, the child of Leo that incarnates him.

The first Angel is Isis its mother.

THE EQUINOX

24. Now appears his mate, the heavenly Venus, the Scarlet Woman, who by men is thought of as Babalon as he is thought of as Chaos.

23. Here appear the Cherubim, the other officers of the new Temple, the earth and water assistants of the fire and air Beast and Scarlet Woman.

22. Here is the First Key to the formula of Horus, a sevenfold arrangement. A shadow of Horus declares his nature.

21. This seems to be the Vision of God face to face that is the necessary ordeal for him who would pass the Abyss, as it were. A commission to be the prophet of the Æon arising is given to the Seer. The God is the Hierophant in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

20. A guide is given to the Seer, his Holy Guardian Angel. And this is attained by a mastery of the Universe conceived as a wheel The Hiereus in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

19. Now cometh forth the Angel who giveth instruction, in the lowest form. The Hegemone in the Ceremony of Magister Templi which the Seer is about to undergo.

18. The Vault of preparation for the Ceremony of M.T

The Veil is the Crucifixion, symbol of the dead Æon. The first ordeal is undergone.

17. The symbol of the Balance is now given unto the Aspirant.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

16. The sacrifice is made. The High Priestess (image of Babalon) cometh forth upon her Beast and maketh this.

15. The mystic dance by Salome. The new Temple, the signs of the grades are received and the A.E. rejected.

14. The Shrine of Darkness. Final initiation into grade of M. T.

13. The emergence of Nemo into the world; his work therein. This is the first mystery revealed to a M.T.

12. The Second Mystery: the cup-bearer of Babalon the beautiful. The Holy Grail manifested to the M.T., with the first knowledge of the Black Brothers.

11. Now cometh the Frontier of the Holy City; the M.T. is taken into the Abyss.

10. The Abyss.

9. The M.T. hath passed the Abyss, and is let to the Palace of the Virgin redeemed from Malkuth unto Binah.

8. The fuller manifestation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

7. The Virgin become the Bride, the great Reward of the Ceremony. also an adumbration of the Further Progress.

6. A shadowing-forth of the grade of Magus.

5. The reception of the M.T. among the Brethren of the A.: A.: the manifestation of the Arrow.

4. Further concerning the Magus. The marriage of Chaos with the purified Virgin.

THE EQUINOX

3. The Magician. Exhibition of the Guards to the Higher Knowledge.

2. The understanding of the Curse, that is become a Blessing. The final reward of the M.T., his marriage even with Babalon Herself. The paean thereof.

1. The final manifestation. All leads up to the Crowned Child, Horus, the Lord of the New Æon.

[A further and fuller comment upon this Book is in preparation.]

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

THE NEW GOD AND OTHER ESSAYS. By RALPH SHIRLEY.

These remarkable essays have much of the depth and lucidity of Huxley, with a greater power of sustaining the interest of the casual reader. Mr. Shirley has the gift of bringing life into controversies long since dead and buried, of showing their importance to us, of restating them in terms of actuality. Moreover his standpoint is most sane. he is a questioner and critic not obsessed by the microscopic accuracy of the logician, but able to see things with human eyes.

To the metaphysician professed, therefore, he may seem shallow. One may quarrel for instance with his attempted disproof of the theory that the Universe is a single phenomenon. One may assert that without experience of Samadhi it is impossible to understand what is meant by the theory. Mr. Shirley cannot realize that Time and Space are accidental forms of our consciousness, no more essential to it than a harem skirt to the Venus of Milo.

Suppose a cinematograph show observed by a man on earth and a man on the sun (with a devil of a telescope!) at 10.40, and their observations compared. The solar will regard the terrestrial as a prophet, for the latter can see at 10.40 what the former sees at 10.48 or thereabouts. With space it is the same thing. Assumer a fourth dimension, and Calcutta may rub streets with Buenos Ayres. The Battle of Waterloo may be merely one name for a phenomenon whose other names are John Brown, saucepan, geometry, etc., etc.

These conceptions are hard to realize intellectually. Mr. Shirley is too sane; has never tortured his mind to the point of grasping such whirlwinds and making them the breath of his nostrils. But one minute in Samadhi, and he would understand the actuality of such imaginations. Not that facts are so discovered; it is the attainment of a point of view.

And were this apex added to the broad pyramid of his common sense, we should have another St. John the Divine, an incarnation of the Eagle Kerub, no

longer as now merely the subtlety of the Serpent and the sharpness of the Scorpion.

LEO.

[We regret that urgency forbids detailed criticism of this admirable volume. We should in particular have liked to argue the "Rite" theory of the Crucifixion. As it is, we can only refer the author to J. M. Robertson's "Pagan Christs."—ED.]

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D.

"Stage fright is also a condition of pathological fear." To such a degree of absurdity can specialization bring an unbalanced mind. Fear is only pathological when it has no reasonable basis.

This is enough to show the worthlessness of this ill-written book.

It is amusing to find the author quoting Mrs. Verral as conclusive proof against any supernormal element in automatic writing, while Mr. Hill quotes the same experiments as conclusive proof for it. But Mr. Hill is a student of science; Dr. Coriat a flatulent gastrologian.

ERIC TAIT.

MAN—KING OF MIND, BODY, AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By JAMES ALLEN.

The important disclosures of this unpretentious volume mark a new epoch in human thought.

Good is better than evil. Bad habits should be broken. Health is more desirable than disease. Happiness gives more happiness than unhappiness does.

Work is more useful than idleness. Selfishness is bad; unselfishness is good.

Suffering is common. Dwelling upon one's petty troubles and ailments is a manifestation of weakness of character.

The reviewer, staggered by revelations so overwhelming, can only fall upon his knees and burst into a flood of tears.

But think of the chagrin of Lord Avebury!

M. TUPPER.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

Some Press Opinions

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
124 Victoria St., S. W.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective
treatise extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

Price 10s net.

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised
to one guinea net.

A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

=====

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbersome sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

WILLIAM NORTHAM,

ROBEMAKER,

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand
TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0. PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1. " " superior quality	7 0 0
	2. NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3. ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4. PRACTICUS " " 3	1 0 0
	5. PHILOSOPHUS " " 4	1 0 0
	6. DOMINUS LIMINIS " " 5	1 0 0
	7. ADEPTUS (without) " " 0 OR 1	3 0 0
	8. " (within)	10 0 0
	9. ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10. ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11. MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemyss of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cop embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

George Raffalovich's forthcoming works.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL

Price 3s. 6. Edition strictly limited

THE DEUCE AND ALL

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

1s net.

READY.

Through **THE EQUINOX** and all booksellers

READY SHORTLY.

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

WITH A COVER SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY

E. J. WIELAND;

A DEDICATORY SONNET BY

VICTOR B. NEUBURG;

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Price One Shilling Net.

A. COLIN LUNN,

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 BRIDGE STREET, 19 KING'S PARADE,
& 31 TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—"A CONNOISSEUR'S CIGARETTE." These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

MESSRS. LOWE AND CO.,

8 Stafford Street, Bond Street,

beg to announce that they have been entrusted for twelve years past
with the preparation of the

OILS,

PERFUMES,

UNGUENTS,

ESSENCES,

INCENSES,

and other chemical products useful to members of all the lesser grades
of the A.: A.:

Mr. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH's charming volume of Essays and Sketches
entitled

ON THE LOOSE:


PLANETARY JOURNEYS AND EARTHLY SKETCHES.

A new popular edition. Price 1s. net
Crown 8vo, Pp. 164,

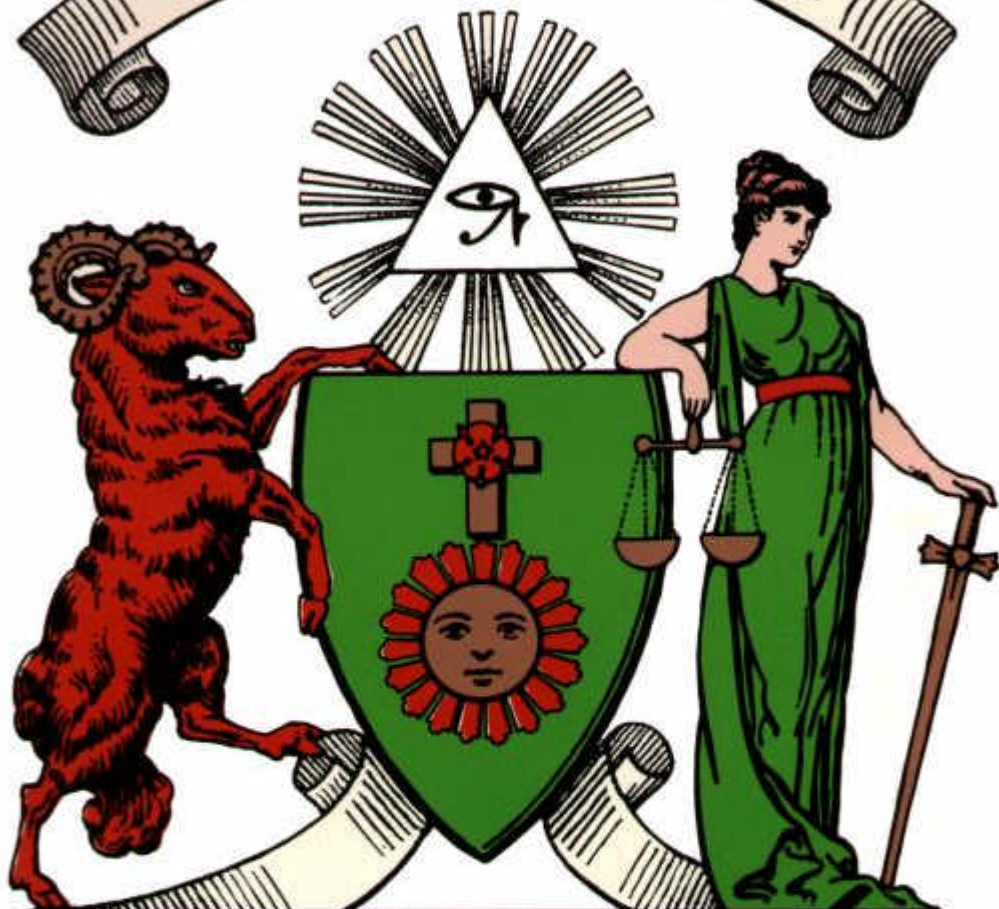
May be obtained through THE EQUINOX.

[It appears that the key entry of this issue at the-equinox.org was made from one of the Weiser facsimile reprints rather than the first edition as it contained a number of apparent omissions corresponding to those in the Weiser facsimile of other numbers. A few have been tentatively restored; others may be restored if I can get access to either a copy of the first edition, or—more realistically—the First Impressions reprint.

In the *Temple of Solomon the King* installment in this issue (later declared to be Liber LVIII), Hebrew text originally appeared for the most part in letter-for-letter transliteration, e.g. AChTh RVCh ALHIM ChIIM; it has here been done into Hebrew letters.

Once again, I have omitted some pages of advertisements: a list of second-hand occult books offered by one Frank Hollings, a display ad for Neuburg's *Green Garland*, a one-page plug (probably by Rider; some clown working for Weiser erased the advertiser's name there as elsewhere) for *The New God and other Essays*, *Abnormal Psychology* (see "Stop Press Reviews") and *A Manual of Occultism* by "Sephirial", and the obligatory full-page for Crowley's then unsellable back catalogue.—

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net

50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, £ 1 1s. net



CONTENTS

ROSA Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archaeologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominae.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Gout de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poèmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

*Now ready. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN.

POEMS BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems,—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished — besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM FIRST NOTICES.

"Not everyone will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this is should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman*.

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotonies of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion*.

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader*.

"A charming volume of poems . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian Theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light*.

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times*.

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy*.

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From the first to the last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander*.

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle*.

RIDER'S OCCULT PUBLICATIONS

JUST PUBLISHED

THE KABALA OF NUMBERS. A Handbook dealing with the Traditional Interpretation of Numbers and their Predictive Value. By "SEPHARIAL," Author of "A Manual of Occultism," "Kabalistic Astrology," "Prognostic Astronomy," etc. etc. About 168 pp. crown 8vo, ornamental cloth gilt, 2s. net.

A MANUAL OF OCCULTISM. A complete Exposition of the Occult Arts and Sciences by "SEPHARIAL," Author of "A Manual of Astrology," "Prognostic Astronomy," "Kabalistic Astrology," etc. etc. With numerous diagrams and illustrations. 368 pp., handsomely bound in cloth gilt. Gilt tops. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

CONTENTS:

PART I. THE OCCULT SCIENCES, comprising: Astrology—Palmistry—Thaumaturgy—Kabalism—Numerology—Talismans—Hypnotism.

PART II. THE OCCULT ARTS, comprising: Divination—The Tarot Cartomancy—Crystal Gazing—Clairvoyance—Geomancy—Psychometry—Dowsing—Dreams—Sortileges—Alchemy.

The need for a concise and practical exposition of the main tenets of Occultism has long been felt. In this manual of Occultism the author has dealt in a lucid manner with both the Occult Sciences and the Occult Arts, and has added some supplementary matter on the subjects of Hypnotism and Alchemy. The book is written from the point of view of a practical student, and contains many experimental results, which form valuable keys to the study and practice of the subjects dealt with. The text is illustrated with numerous explanatory diagrams and symbols.

"Almost every department of the secret arts is touched upon in this manual, and, for those who are interested in such things and have the time to study them, it is a mine of information."—*The Academy*.

"A well-furnished store of information for students of the occult arts and sciences."—*Light*.

THE NEW GOD AND OTHER ESSAYS. By RALPH SHIRLEY, Editor of "The Occult Review." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 248 pp., 3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS

The New God—Prophets and Prophecies—Prophecies and Anticipations—Julian the Apostate—Mystical Christianity—The Perfect Way—Relationship of Christianity to Gnostic Faiths—Early Christian Evidences—Founders of Orthodox Christianity—Friedrich Nietzsche—The Strange Case of Lurancy Vennum—Cagliostro.

Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, writing to the author, characterises this book as "excellent both in style and matter."

Mr HAVELOCK ELLIS writes to the author—"I have read your brilliant and stimulating volume of essays with much interest."

"The highly controversial matters of which he treats are dealt with in an exceptionally interesting and fascinating fashion . . . suggestive and thoughtful, and written in a clear and illuminative style."—*The Globe*.

"Marked by very considerable literary ability."—*Scotsman*.

"Twelve brilliant and striking essays."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Essays . . . combining lightness of expression with considerable depth and originality of thought."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"Mr. Shirley illuminates his subject with a pleasing humour, and his book is readable and interesting as well as instructive."—*The Yorkshire Observer*.

DEATH: ITS CAUSES AND PHENOMENA. By HERWARD CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. Ornamental black cloth, gilt, 8½ in. × 5½ in., 552 pp., 8s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE. PART I. *Physiological*.—I. The Scientific Aspect of Life and Death. II. The Signs of Death. III. Trance, Catalepsy, Suspended Animation, etc. IV. Premature Burial. V. Burial, Cremation, Mummification. VI. The Causes of Death. VII. Old Age; its Scientific Study. VIII. The Questionnaire on Death: Answers. IX. My Own Theory of the Nature of Death (Hereward Carrington). X. My Own Theory of the Nature of Death (John R. Meader). XI. On the Possible Unification of our Theories. XII. General Conclusions.

PART II. *Historical*.—I. Man's Theories of Immortality. II. The Philosophical Aspect of Death and Immortality. III. The Theological Aspect of Death and Immortality. IV. The Common Arguments for Immortality.

PART III. *Psychological*.—Introductory. I. The Moment of Death. II. Visions of the Dying. III. Death Described from Beyond the Veil. IV. Experiments in Photographing and Weighting the Soul. V. Death Coincidences. VI. The Testimony of Science—Psychical Research. VII. On the Intra-Cosmic Difficulties of Communication. VIII. Conclusions.

Appendices. Bibliography. Index.

"The book . . . has much to recommend it on the score of stimulus to calm reasoning and further research"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The collaborators may certainly claim that they have brought proven evidence as to the persistence of individual consciousness and personal identity which merits consideration."—*Sunday Times*. "Well worth reading."—*The Tatler*.

"Our authors have maintained an admirably detached attitude . . . Mr Carrington's theory will stand many tests of application in the light of our present knowledge."—*Westminster Gazette*. "An extraordinarily interesting book."—*Truth*.

"One closes their comprehensive survey with the conviction that the subject has been dealt with by two well-equipped, careful investigators."—*T. P.'s Weekley*. "A really useful piece of work."—*T.P.S. Book Notes*.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 164 Aldersgate St., London. E.C.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW IN PREPARATION

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.:A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

124 Victoria Street,
S.W.

Telephone 3210 VICTORIA,
or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An VII

VOL. I. No. VI.

⊙ in Ω

SEPTEMBER MCMXI

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & CO.
3 GREAT JAMES STREET, GRAY'S INN
LONDON, W.C.

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS
EDINBURGH

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	I
LIBER X	3
LIBER XVI	9
LIBER XC	17
LIBER CLVI	23
LIBER CC	29
LIBER CCCLXX	33
THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	41
CIRCE. BY ETHEL ARCHER	52
THE ELECTRIC SILENCE	53
SONG	66
THE SCORPION. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	67
THE EARTH. BY FRANCIS BENDICK	108
SLEEP. BY ETHEL ARCHER	112
THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON. BY MARTIAL NAY	113
THE AUTUMN WOODS. BY VICTOR J. I. NEUBURG	149
THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM	153
THE BIG STICK. BY JOHN YARKER, E. WHINERAY, ALEISTER CROWLEY, ETC.	160

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS	i
----------------------	---

[The necessity of giving immediate publication to the text of The Rites of Eleusis has obliged us to hold over the instalment of The Temple of Solomon the King until next March.]

EDITORIAL

SLOWLY but surely the EQUINOX climbs from crest to crest of prosperity. Such as been the response to the appeal in our last number that we have been able to put in hand the task of translating the Official Instructions of A.:A.: into French, and, if it continues, we shall be able to publish them in every important language of the world within the next two years.

Your overworked Editor, too, have been able to take the longest and happiest holiday of his life. River and forest have given him all that nature can; and this was the least part of his contentment. Moreover, he has been able to prepare, under sublime guidance, a dozen Official Instructions of A.:A.:, to conclude the great Qabalistic Dictionary of Gematria, and to begin the almost equally important Greek Dictionary on similar lines.

He has had leisure to produce more play, sketches, poems, and stories in this last year than he has done in any previous five years of his life.

For all this his gratitude is due, and must be expressed, to the self-sacrificing devotion of our sworn sub-editor, Mr. Victor J. I. Neuburg. Rarely in all history has so unpleasing an exterior concealed such sterling qualities of heart and brain, such indomitable courage, such inflexibility of will, such loyalty and truth. We are glad to hear that he is about to accept a highly paid post on the staff of our bright little contemporary *The Looking-Glass*, and that he who himself sings so musically may be in his turn the means of making others sing.

As we observed above, we are causing several extracts from the EQUINOX to be translated into French.

THE EQUINOX

We are further glad to hear such good reports from every branch. The North and the Midlands are already making London look to its laurels; the West has surpassed all hope; America, South Africa, Burma, India, the Malay Peninsula, West Africa, all thrive. Australia has received an important addition to its strength; we have excellent accounts from British Columbia, Paraguay, and Brazil. France is being specially nursed at present, but Holland, Switzerland, and Germany need no such aid. The work in Spain is still hampered by political conditions, and we are sorry to hear little from Italy. In Algeria and Egypt work has got somewhat into arrear, but we hope that the winter will see the fundamental task fairly accomplished.

As we go to press, we are overjoyed to receive the most excellent accounts from the Caucasus, where the good work done by Monsieur Nelidoff twenty years ago has come to marvellous fruition.

With regard to personal progress of Probationers, nothing can be more satisfactory. The process of sifting, subtle but severe, initiated by V.V.V.V.V., and carried out so thoroughly by the Præmonstrator of A.: A.:, has been perfectly successful.

Every day brings a report illustrative of the fact that people who do not do the practices, but gossip about the A.: A.:, find themselves mysteriously outside, without word spoken; and the correlative fact, that people who do the practices find that results do happen.

It is most astonishing, even to us; under the old empirical, dogmatic methods people could work really hard for years, and get absolutely nothing; in our three years' experience with the A.: A.:, we have not found one man in whom three months' work has not produced at least one notable result.

What can we add but this: Blessing and worship to the Beast, the Prophet of the Lovely Star!

LIBER

PORTA LVCIS

SVB FIGVRÂ

X

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER

PORTA LVCIS

SVB FIGVRÂ X

1. I behold a small dark orb, wheeling in an abyss of infinite space. It is minute among a myriad vast ones, dark amid a myriad bright ones.

2. I who comprehend in myself all the vast and the minute, all the bright and the dark, have mitigated the brilliance of mine unutterable splendour, sending forth V.V.V.V.V. as a ray of my light, as a messenger unto that small dark orb.

3. Then V.V.V.V.V. taketh up the word, and sayeth:

4. Men and women of the Earth, to you am I come from the Ages beyond the Ages, from the Space beyond your vision; and I bring to you these words.

5. But they heard him not, for they were not ready to receive them.

6. But certain men heard and understood, and through them shall this Knowledge be made known.

7. The least therefore of them, the servant of them all, writeth this book.

8. He writeth for them that are ready. Thus is it known if one be ready, if he be endowed with certain gifts, if he be fitted by birth, or by wealth, or by intelligence, or by some

THE EQUINOX

other manifest sign. And the servants of the master by his insight shall judge of these.

9. This Knowledge is not for all men; few indeed are called, but of these few many are chosen.

10. This is the nature of the Work.

11. First, there are many and diverse conditions of life upon this earth. In all of these is some seed of sorrow. Who can escape from sickness and from old age and from death?

12. We are come to save our fellows from these things. For there is a life intense with knowledge and extreme bliss which is untouched by any of them.

13. To this life we attain even here and now. The adepts, the servants of V.V.V.V.V., have attained thereunto.

14. It is impossible to tell you of the splendours to which they have attained.

Little by little, as your eyes grow stronger, will we unveil to you the ineffable glory of the Path of the Adepts, and its nameless goal.

15. Even as a man ascending a steep mountain is lost to sight of his friends in the valley, so must the adept seem. They shall say: He is lost in the clouds. But he shall rejoice in the sunlight above them, and come to the eternal snows.

16. Or as a scholar may learn some secret language of the ancients, his friends shall say: "Look! he pretends to read this book. But it is unintelligible—it is nonsense." Yet he delights in the Odyssey, while they read vain and vulgar things.

17. We shall bring you to Absolute Truth, Absolute Light, Absolute Bliss.

LIBER PORTA LUCIS

18. Many adepts throughout the ages have sought to do this; but their words have been perverted by their successors, and again and again the Veil has fallen upon the Holy of Holies.

19. To you who yet wander in the Court of the Profane we cannot reveal all; but you will easily understand that the religions of the world are but symbols and veils of the Absolute Truth. So also are the philosophies. To the adepts, seeing all things from above, there seems nothing to choose between Buddha and Mohammed, between Atheism and Theism.

20. The many change and pass; the one remains. Even as wood and coal and iron burn up together in one great flame, if only that furnace be of transcendent heat; so in the alembic of this spiritual alchemy, if only the zelator blow sufficiently upon his furnace all the systems of earth are consumed in the One Knowledge.

21. Nevertheless, as a fire cannot be started with iron alone, in the beginning one system may be suited for one seeker, another for another.

22. We therefore who are without the chains of ignorance, look closely into the heart of the seeker and lead him by the path which is best suited to his nature unto the ultimate end of all things, the supreme realization, the Life which abideth in Light, yea, the Life which abideth in Light.

LIBER TVRRIS

VEL

DOMVS DEI

SVB FIGVRÂ

XVI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER TVRRIS

VEL DOMVS DEI

SVB FIGVRÂ XVI

o. This practice is very difficult. The student cannot hope for much success unless he have thoroughly mastered Asana, and obtained much definite success in the meditation-practices of Liber E and Liber HHH.

On the other hand, any success in this practice is of an exceedingly high character, and the student is less liable to illusion and self-deception in this than in almost any other that We make known.

[The meditation-practice in Liber E consisted in the restraint of the mind to a single predetermined imagined object exterior to the student, simple or complex, at rest or in motion: those of Liber HHH in causing the mind to pass through a predetermined series of states: the Raja-Yoga of the Hindus is mainly an extension of the methods of Liber E to interior objects: the Mahasatipatthana of the Buddhists is primarily an observation and analysis of bodily movements. While the present practice differs radically from all of these, it is of the greatest advantage of be acquainted practically with each of them, with regard firstly to their incidental difficulties, and secondly to their ascertained results in respect of psychology. ED.]

i. First Point. The student should discover for himself the apparent position of the point in his brain where thoughts arise, if there be such a point.

THE EQUINOX

If not, he should seek the position of the point where thoughts are judged.

2. Second Point. He must also develop in himself a Will of Destruction, even a Will of Annihilation. It may be that this shall be discovered at an immeasurable distance from his physical body. Nevertheless, this must he reach, with this must he identify himself even to the loss of himself.

3. Third Point. Let this Will then watch vigilantly the point where thoughts arise, or the point where they are judged, and let every thought be annihilated as it is perceived or judged.*

4. Fourth Point. Next, let every thought be inhibited in its inception.

5. Fifth Point. Next, let even the causes or tendencies that if unchecked ultimate in thoughts be discovered and annihilated.

6. Sixth and Last Point. Let the true Cause of All† be unmasked and annihilated.

7. This is that which was spoken by wise men of old time concerning the destruction of the world by fire; yea, the destruction of the world by fire.

8. [This and the following verses are of modern origin.] Let the Student remember that each Point represents a definite achievement of great difficulty.

9. Let him not then attempt the second until he be well satisfied of his mastery over the first.

* This is also the "Opening of the Eye of Shiva." ED.

† Mayan, the Magician, or Mara. Also the Dweller on the Threshold in a very exalted sense. ED.

LIBER TVRRIS

10. This practice is also that which was spoken by Fra. P. in a parable as follows:

11. Foul is the robber stronghold, filled with hate;
Thief strangling thief, and mate at war with mate,
Fronting wild raiders, all forlorn to Fate!

There is nor health nor happiness therein.
Manhood is cowardice, and virtue sin.
Intolerable blackness hems it in.

Not hell's heart hath so noxious a shade;
Yet harmless and unharmed, and undismayed,
Pines in her prison an unsullied maid.

Penned by the master mage to his desire,
She baffles his seductions and his ire,
Praying God's all-annihilating fire.

The Lord of Hosts gave ear unto her song:
The Lord of Hosts waxed wrathful at her wrong.
He loosed the hound of heaven from its thong.

Violent and vivid smote the levin flash.
Once the tower rocked and cracked beneath its lash,
Caught inextinguishable fire; was ash.

But that same fire that quelled the robber strife,
And struck each being out of lust and life,
Left the mild maiden a rejoicing wife.

THE EQUINOX

12. And this:

13. There is a well before the Great White Throne
That is choked up with rubbish from the ages;
Rubble and clay and sediment and stone,
Delight of lizards and despair of sages.

Only the lightning from His hand that sits,
And shall sit when the usurping tyrant falls,
Can purge that wilderness of wills and wits,
Let spring that fountain in eternal halls.

14. And this:

15. Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury:
Which is master of the three?

Salt is Lady of the Sea;
Lord of Air is Mercury.

Now by God's grace here is salt
Fixed beneath the violet vault.

Now by God's love purge it through
With our right Hermetic dew.

Now by God wherein we trust
Be our sophic salt combust.

Then at last the Eye shall see
Three in One and One in Three,

Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,
Crowned by Heavenly Alchemy!

LIBER TVRRIS

To the One who sent the Seven
Glory in the Highest Heaven!

To the Seven who are the Ten
Glory on the Earth, Amen!

16. And of the difficulties of this practice and of the Results that reward it, let these things be discovered by the right Ingenium of the Practicus.

LIBER TZADDI

VEL

HAMVS HERMETICVS

SVB FIGVRÂ

XC

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER TZADDI

VEL HAMVS HERMETICVS

SVB FIGVRÂ XC

0. In the name of the Lord of Initiation, Amen.
1. I fly and I alight as an hawk: of mother-of-emerald are my mighty-sweeping wings.
2. I swoop down upon the black earth; and it gladdens into green at my coming.
3. Children of Earth! rejoice! rejoice exceedingly; for your salvation is at hand.
4. The end of sorrow is come; I will ravish you away into mine unutterable joy.
5. I will kiss you, and bring you to the bridal; I will spread a feast before you in the house of happiness.
6. I am not come to rebuke you, or to enslave you.
7. I bid you not turn from your voluptuous ways, from your idleness, from your follies.
8. But I bring joy to your pleasure, peace to your languor, wisdom to your folly.
9. All that ye do is right, if so be that ye enjoy it.
10. I am come against sorrow, against weariness, against them that seek to enslave you.

THE EQUINOX

11. I pour you lustral wine, that giveth you delight both at the sunset and the dawn.

12. Come with me, and I will give you all that is desirable upon the earth.

13. Because I give you that of which Earth and its joys are but as shadows.

14. They flee away, but my joy abideth even unto the end.

15. I have hidden myself beneath a mask: I am a black and terrible God.

16. With courage conquering fear shall ye approach me: ye shall lay down your heads upon mine altar, expecting the sweep of the sword.

17. But the first kiss of love shall be radiant on your lips; and all my darkness and terror shall turn to light and joy.

18. Only those who fear shall fail. Those who have bent their backs to the yoke of slavery until they can no longer stand upright; them will I despise.

19. But you who have defied the law; you who have conquered by subtlety or force; you will I take unto me, even I will take you unto me.

20. I ask you to sacrifice nothing at mine altar; I am the God who giveth all.

21. Light, Life, Love; Force, Fantasy, Fire; these do I bring you: mine hands are full of these.

22. There is joy in the setting-out; there is joy in the journey; there is joy in the goal.

23. Only if ye are sorrowful, or weary, or angry, or discomforted; then ye may know that ye have lost the golden thread, the thread wherewith I guide you to the heart of the groves of Eleusis.

LIBER TZADDI

24. My disciples are proud and beautiful; they are strong and swift; they rule their way like mighty conquerors.

25. The weak, the timid, the imperfect, the cowardly, the poor, the tearful—these are mine enemies, and I am come to destroy them.

26. This also is compassion: an end to the sickness of earth. A rooting-out of the weeds: a watering of the flowers.

27. O my children, ye are more beautiful than the flowers: ye must not fade in your season.

28. I love you; I would sprinkle you with the divine dew of immortality.

29. This immortality is no vain hope beyond the grave: I offer you the certain consciousness of bliss.

30. I offer it at once, on earth; before an hour hath struck upon the bell, ye shall be with Me in the Abodes that are beyond Decay.

31. Also I give you power earthly and joy earthly; wealth, and health, and length of days. Adoration and love shall cling to your feet, and twine around your heart.

32. Only your mouths shall drink of a delicious wine—the wine of Iacchus; they shall reach ever to the heavenly kiss of the Beautiful God.

33. I reveal unto you a great mystery. Ye stand between the abyss of height and the abyss of depth.

34. In either awaits a Companion; and the Companion is Yourself.

35. Ye can have no other Companion.

36. Many have arisen, being wise. They have said “Seek out the glittering Image in the place ever golden, and unite yourself with It.”

THE EQUINOX

37. Many have arisen, being foolish. They have said, “Stoop down unto the darkly splendid world, and be wedded to that Blind Creature of the Slime.”

38. I who am beyond Wisdom and Folly, arise and say unto you: achieve both weddings! Unite yourself with both!

39. Beware, beware, I say, lest ye seek after the one and lose the other!

40. My adepts stand upright; their head above the heavens, their feet below the hells.

41. But since one is naturally attracted to the Angel, another to the Demon, let the first strengthen the lower link, the last attach more firmly to the higher.

42. Thus shall equilibrium become perfect. I will aid my disciples; as fast as they acquire this balanced power and joy so faster will I push them.

43. They shall in their turn speak from this Invisible Throne; their words shall illumine the worlds.

44. They shall be masters of majesty and might; they shall be beautiful and joyous; they shall be clothed with victory and splendour; they shall stand upon the firm foundation; the kingdom shall be theirs; yea, the kingdom shall be theirs.

In the name of the Lord of Initiation. Amen.

LIBER CHETH

VEL

VALLVM ABIEGNI

SVB FIGVRÂ

CLVI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER CHETH

VEL VALLVM ABIEGNI

SVB FIGVRÂ CLVI

1. This is the secret of the Holy Graal, that is the sacred vessel of our Lady the Scarlet Woman, Babalon the Mother of Abominations, the bride of Chaos, that rideth upon our Lord the Beast.

2. Thou shalt drain out thy blood that is thy life into the golden cup of her fornication.

3. Thou shalt mingle thy life with the universal life. Thou shalt not keep back one drop.

4. Then shall thy brain be dumb, and thy heart beat no more, and all thy life shall go from thee; and thou shalt be cast out upon the midden, and the birds of the air shall feast upon thy flesh, and thy bones shall whiten in the sun.

5. Then shall the winds gather themselves together, and bear thee up as it were a little heap of dust in a sheet that hath four corners, and they shall give it unto the guardians of the abyss.

6. And because there is no life therein, the guardians of the abyss shall bid the angels of the winds pass by. And the angels shall lay thy dust in the City of the Pyramids, and the name thereof shall be no more.

THE EQUINOX

7. Now therefore that thou mayest achieve this ritual of the Holy Graal, do thou divest thyself of all thy goods.

8. Thou hast wealth; give it unto them that have need thereof, yet no desire toward it.

9. Thou hast health; slay thyself in the fervour of thine abandonment unto Our Lady. Let thy flesh hang loose upon thy bones, and thine eyes glare with thy quenchless lust unto the Infinite, with thy passion for the Unknown, for Her that is beyond Knowledge the accursèd one.

10. Thou hast love; tear thy mother from thine heart, and spit in the face of thy father. Let thy foot trample the belly of thy wife, and let the babe at her breast be the prey of dogs and vultures.

11. For if thou dost not this with thy will, then shall We do this despite thy will. So that thou attain to the Sacrament of the Graal in the Chapel of Abominations.

12. And behold! if by stealth thou keep unto thyself one thought of thine, then shalt thou be cast out into the abyss for ever; and thou shalt be the lonely one, the eater of dung, the afflicted in the Day of Be-with-Us.

13. Yea! verily this is the Truth, this is the Truth, this is the Truth. Unto thee shall be granted joy and health and wealth and wisdom when thou are no longer thou.

14. Then shall every gain be a new sacrament, and it shall not defile thee; thou shalt revel with the wanton in the market-place, and the virgins shall fling roses upon thee, and the merchants bend their knees and bring thee gold and spices. Also young boys shall pour wonderful wines for thee, and the singers and the dancers shall sing and dance for thee.

LIBER CHETH

15. Yet shalt thou not be therein, for thou shalt be forgotten, dust lost in dust.

16. Nor shall the æon itself avail thee in this; for from the dust shall a white ash be prepared by Hermes the Invisible.

17. And this is the wrath of God, that these things should be thus.

18. And this is the grace of God, that these things should be thus.

19. Wherefore I charge you that ye come unto me in the Beginning; for if ye take but one step in this Path, ye must arrive inevitably at the end thereof.

20. This Path is beyond Life and Death; it is also beyond Love; but that ye know not, for ye know not Love.

21. And the end thereof is known not even unto Our Lady or to the Beast whereon She rideth; nor unto the Virgin her daughter nor unto Chaos her lawful Lord; but unto the Crowned Child is it known? It is not known if it be known.

22. Therefore unto Hadit and unto Nuit be the glory in the End and the Beginning; yea, in the End and the Beginning.

LIBER RESH

VEL

HELIOS

SVB FIGVRÂ

CC

A.: A.:
Publication in Class D.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER RESH

VEL HELIOS

SVB FIGVRÂ CC

o. These are the adorations to be performed by all aspirants to the A.:A.:

1. Let him greet the Sun at dawn, facing East, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Ra in Thy rising, even unto Thee who art Ra in Thy strength, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Uprising of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Night!

2. Also at Noon, let him greet the Sun, facing South, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Ahathoor in Thy triumphing, even unto Thee who art Ahathoor in Thy beauty, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Mid-course of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Morning!

3. Also, at Sunset, let him greet the Sun, facing West,

THE EQUINOX

giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Tum in Thy setting, even unto Thee who art Tum in Thy joy, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Down-going of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Day!

4. Lastly, at Midnight, let him greet the Sun, facing West, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Khephra in Thy hiding, even unto Thee who art Khephra in Thy silence, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Midnight Hour of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Evening!

5. And after each of these invocations thou shalt give the sign of silence, and afterwards thou shalt perform the adoration that is taught thee by thy Superior. And then do thou compose thyself to holy meditation.

6. Also it is better if in these adorations thou assume the god-form of Whom thou adorest, as if thou didst unite with Him in the adoration of That which is beyond Him.

7. Thus shalt thou ever be mindful of the Great Work which thou hast undertaken to perform, and thus shalt thou be strengthened to pursue it unto the attainment of the Stone of the Wise, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness.

LIBER A'ASH

VEL

CAPRICORNI PNEVMATICI

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCCLXX

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER A'ASH

VEL CAPRICORNI PNEVMATICI

SVB FIGVRÂ CCCLXX

0. Gnarled Oak of God! In thy branches is the lightning nested! Above thee hangs the Eyeless Hawk.

1. Thou art blasted and black! Supremely solitary in that heath of scrub.

2. Up! The ruddy clouds hang over thee! It is the storm.

3. There is a flaming gash in the sky.

4. Up.

5. Thou art tossed about in the grip of the storm for an æon and an æon and an æon. But thou givest not thy sap; thou fallest not.

6. Only in the end shalt thou give up thy sap when the great God F. I. A. T. is enthroned on the day of Be-With-Us.

7. For two things are done and a third thing is begun. Isis and Osiris are given over to incest and adultery. Horus leaps up thrice armed from the womb of his mother. Harpocrates his twin is hidden within him. Set is his holy covenant, that he shall display in the great day of M. A. A. T., that is being interpreted the Master of the Temple of A.:A.:, whose name is Truth.

THE EQUINOX

8. Now in this is the magical power known.

9. It is like the oak that hardens itself and bears up against the storm. It is weather-beaten and scarred and confident like a sea-captain.

10. Also it straineth like a hound in the leash.

11. It hath pride and great subtlety. Yea, and glee also!

12. Let the magus act thus in his conjuration.

13. Let him sit and conjure; let him draw himself together in that forcefulness; let him rise next swollen and straining; let him dash back the hood from his head and fix his basilisk eye upon the sigil of the demon. Then let him sway the force of him to and from like a satyr in silence, until the Word burst from his throat.

14. Then let him not fall exhausted, although the might have been ten thousandfold the human; but that which floodeth him is the infinite mercy of the Genitor-Genetrix of the Universe, whereof he is the Vessel.

15. Nor do thou deceive thyself. It is easy to tell the live force from the dead matter. It is no easier to tell the live snake from the dead snake.

16. Also concerning vows. Be obstinate, and be not obstinate. Understand that the yielding of the Yoni is one with the lengthening of the Lingam. Thou art both these; and thy vow is but the rustling of the wind on Mount Meru.

17. Now shalt thou adore me who am the Eye and the Tooth, the Goat of the Spirit, the Lord of Creation. I am the Eye in the Triangle, the Silver Star that ye adore.

18. I am Baphomet, that is the Eightfold Word that shall be equilibrated with the Three.

LIBER A'ASH

19. There is no act or passion that shall not be a hymn in mine honour.

20. All holy things and all symbolic things shall be my sacraments.

21. These animals are sacred unto me; the goat, and the duck, and the ass, and the gazelle, the man, the woman, and the child.

22. All corpses are sacred unto me; they shall not be touched save in mine eucharist. All lonely places are sacred unto me; where one man gathereth himself together in my name, there will I leap forth in the midst of him.

23. I am the hideous god; and who mastereth me is uglier than I.

24. Yet I give more than Bacchus and Apollo; my gifts exceed the olive and the horse.

25. Who worshippeth me must worhsip me with many rites.

26. I am concealed with all concealments; when the Most Holy Ancient One is stripped and driven through the marketplace I am still secret and apart.

27. Whom I love I chastise with many rods.

28. All things are sacred to me; no thing is sacred from me.

29. For there is no holiness where I am not.

30. Fear not when I fall in the fury of the storm; for mine acorns are blown afar by the wind; and verily I shall rise again, and my children about me, so that we shall uplift our forest in Eternity.

31. Eternity is the storm that covereth me.

32. I am Existence, the Existence that existeth not save through its own Existence, that is beyond the Existence of

THE EQUINOX

Existences, and rooted deeper than the No-Thing-Tree in the Land of No-Thing.

33. Now therefore thou knowest when I am within thee, when my hood is spread over thy skull, when my might is more than the penned Indus, and resistless as the Giant Glacier.

34. For as thou art before a lewd woman in Thy nakedness in the bazar, sucked up by her slyness and smiles, so art thou wholly and no more in part before the symbol of the beloved, though it be but a Pisacha or a Yantra or a Deva.

35. And in all shalt thou create in Infinite Bliss, and the next link of the Infinite Chain.

36. This chain reaches from Eternity to Eternity, even in triangles—is not my symbol a triangle?—ever in circles—is not the symbol of the Beloved a circle? Therein is all progress base illusion, for every circle is alike and every triangle alike!

37. But the progress is progress, and progress is rapture, constant, dazzling, showers of light, waves of dew, flames of the hair of the Great Goddess, flowers of the roses that are about her neck, Amen!

38. Therefore lift up thyself as I am lifted up. Hold thyself in as I am master to accomplish. At the end, be the end far distant as the stars that lie in the navel of Nuit, do thou slay thyself as I at the end am slain, in the death that is life, in the peace that is the mother of war, in the darkness that holds light in his hand as a harlot that plucks a jewel from her nostrils.

39. So therefore the beginning is delight, and the End is delight, and delight is in the midst, even as the Indus is water

LIBER A'ASH

in the cavern of the glacier, and water among the greater hills and the lesser hills and through the ramparts of the hills and through the plains, and water at the mouth thereof when it leaps forth into the mighty sea, yea, into the mighty sea.

[The Interpretation of this Book will be given to members of the Grade of Dominus Liminis on application, each to his Adeptus.]

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

I

THE WAIF OF OCEANUS

TO FRANK HARRIS

SHE is like a flower washed up
On the shore of life by the sea of luck;
A strange and venomous flower, intent
To prove an unguessed continent.
New worlds of love in the curve of its cup!
New fruits to crush, new flowers to pluck.

White waif, white champak-blossom blown
From the jungle to the lost lagoon!
White lily swayed by the wind of time!
Grey eyes that crave the chrism of crime!
Blanched face like a note on a clarion!
Red mouth like the sun through simoon, typhoon!

Hurricanes howl, howl in her heart;
Serpents sleep in her smile; I hear
Horrible happenings long ago,
Direful deeds, weirds of woe,

THE EQUINOX

Things beyond history and art
In the tresses that tumble over her ear!

In what grim gloom did Satan get
This child on what wood-nymph dishevelled?
Whence was the wind that swayed the woods
On their bestial beatitudes?
Or what garden of rose and violet
Lay under the moon wherein they revelled?

She is like a poppy-petal.
All the seas of sleep are hidden
Under the languorous eyelids, whose
Lashes are long and strong to bruise
My heart where her lusts like hornets settle
On sacred leaves, on flowers forbidden.

She is like a drug of wonder.
All the limits of sense dissolve
When we fall like snows from the precipice
Sun-kissed to the black ravines of ice.
I am drowned in the universal thunder;
The hours disrupt, the aeons involve.

Ah! not in any mortal mood
Ends the great verb we conjugate.
From the highest hyberbole she doth swerve
In an incommensurable curve,
And the line of our beatitude
Is one with the sigil of our Fate.

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

Pallid, a mummy throned, she sits;
The Egyptian eyes, the Egyptian hair,
The band on her brows, the slender hands,
All hieroglyphs of a God's commands
Beyond the rimes that a poet knits
With fruitless travail, sterile care!

Marvellous! marvellous, marvellous!
And again a marvel, a lotus-bud
Dropt from the brows of a Goddess unknown
On the ivory steps of the golden throne,
Virginal brows and luminous
With the star-stream flowing therein for blood.

Ah, but electric thrills the Host
Of the esoteric Eucharist!
The Pagan power of the corn and wine
Mystical, magical, hers and mine,
The dove-plumed snake of the Holy Ghost
That wings and writhes in the wounds unknissed!

Lie there, love—if I love you indeed
Who adore and wonder and faint for drouth
Of the passion-flower fallen from the other side
Of time and space the tedious tide.
Lie there, lie there, and let me bleed
To death in the breath of the murderous mouth!

THE EQUINOX

II

THE SNOW MAIDEN

TO MARGARET CALLAGHAN

MY love is like the lucent globes
That drip from lips of cool crevasses,
To clothe them with the virgin robes
Of mosses, flowers, and grasses.

O spheres compact of fire and dew,
Lamps of the hollows of the mountain,
What dream angelic fathered you
On what celestial fountain?

Nay! but I lay on lower earth
Stagnant in sunless meres! The prison
Of monstrous spawn, detested birth—
Behold me rearisen!

It was yon fierce diurnal star
That licked me up with his huge kisses,
And dropped me in his rain afar
Upon these froze abysses!

Yea! as I press to the cool moss
My mouth, and drink at its delirious
Delight—acclaim the Sun across
The menaces of Sirius!

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

Doth not the World's great Alchemist
 Rule earth's alembic with the sun?
Is not the mind a foolish mist,
 And is not water one?

The slim white body that you gave,
 Wild Jaja', with exotic nautches
Wanton and wonderful, a wave
 Of debonair debauches,

Is worth the virgin limbs and lips
 Of her the virtuous, the viceless,
With life who never came to grips,
 Who gave me nothing priceless.

Give me the purity distilled
 From dervish sweat and satyr bruises.
The Holy Graal with wine is filled
 From no unbroken cruses.

Doth not the World's great Alchemist
 Corrupt His oysters to make pearls?
Shall not these lips praise Him? They kissed
 No cold reluctant girl's.

Jaja' hath woven the web of God
 From threads of lust and laughter spun.
In heaven the rose is worth the rod;
 And love as water, One.

THE EQUINOX

III

JEANNE A PASTORAL

TO RAYMOND RADCLYFFE

“Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon.”

I LAID mine ear against your heart,
 Jeanne!

A masterpiece of nature turned
A masterpiece of art,
With your blanched Egyptian beauty foiled
By the hungry eyes, and the red mouth soiled
By the honey of mine that your greed has spoiled,
 Jeanne!

The body a corpse and the soul inurned!

Against your heart I laid mine ear,
 Jeanne!

And the clock went ticking, ticking,
How could I choose but hear,
 Jeanne!

Ah me! what thoughts came pricking
Like spurs in the flanks of a weary horse?
Nor heart nor clock could feel remorse,
But kept their definite deadly course,
 Jeanne!

Alas! for man, for his life's disaster:
The clock beats fast, but a heart beats faster.

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

Oh, your love was a marvellous thing,
 Jeanne!

It was dawn, it was fire, it was birth, it was spring,
 Jeanne!

But this is the curse, that it quickens its rate,
Lest man by love should escape from fate
And win from the dust to the Uncreate,
 Jeanne!

Nay, we are lovers, you and I—
And we must die, and our love must die!

How have we striven, each of us,
 Jeanne!

To break the bars of the prison-house,
 Jeanne!

We have raged like cats in a ring of fire,
Driven by desire that was true Desire,
The hate of the lower, the love of the Higher,
 Jeanne!

What is the end of it, Jeanne? Why, that's
A mystery not to be solved by cats!

In the fields we wandered through to-day,
 Jeanne!

Hand in hand, this wonderful May,
 Jeanne!

This May we have made so marvellous
With the infinite longing and love of us,

THE EQUINOX

In the fields all faery with flowers there lay
The placid cows—that had nothing to say,
 Jeanne!

No flame of words from maddening blood,
But complacent chewing of the cud.
I dared not whisper the sudden fear
Of my heart in your miracle of an ear,
 Jeanne!

I tightened my lips, and my hand on yours;
So that you might think I loved you more.
But now in the midnight the thought endures,
And the love—ah what is the dream we adore?

Suppose the infinite peace of the heart,
 Jeanne!

The crest and crown of labour and art,
Of the mystic quest, of the toil of the saint,
The mount on whose slopes the strongest faint,
 Jeanne!

Suppose that peace of God, that House
Of Delight of the Bridegroom and the Spouse,
Were only the calm of the chewing cows,
 Jeanne!

Suppose that in all the worlds inane
There were one thing only vexed and vain,
Turbulent, troubled, and insane,
 Jeanne!

Suppose that the universal plan
Had but one flaw, and that flaw were man!

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHÉRON

Then—even then—we are here,
 Jeanne!

We love—we shall die, sweet heart, take cheer,
 Jeanne!

We are bound to a fate that brings release;
We move in a moil that must one day cease;
We shall win to the everlasting peace,
 Jeanne!

And how things are, and why, and whence
Are puzzles for fools that lack the sense
Of cows—enough of the future tense,
 Jeanne!

For the end of love and the end of art
Is just—my ear against your heart!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

CIRCE

HER mouth a rosebud of delight,
 Low-laughing 'mid the languid curls,
Whose kissing cadence seems to cite
The rhythmic melody of Night.
 Her hair a saraband where whirls
A wanton witch, whose perfumes smite
The shuddering air; a summer night
 Where summer lightning darts and curls.

Her soul a Parian marble shrine,
 Centred in lily-cups that fold
 Their carven petals, smooth and cold,
Far o'er a lake of frozen wine—
 Yet deep within whose inmost fold
Sleepeth a snake: the crystal brine
Of endless sorrow seals his shrine;
 Wiser than Sin is he, so old!

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

[This parable is a synopsis of The Temple of Solomon the King, with which it may be collated.—ED.].

I WAITED for news that my heart beat. The severing night was between me and my love. There was no god of sleep; sleep were traitor. I sought to praise my love, and to lament the hours that divided us; and I could not. Therefore I wrote down the story of my life.

And it is this:

* * * * *

Gilded and painted to hide its worm-eaten planks, my pleasure-boat was foundering. I cursed the treachery of the workmen, and resolved to trust myself to my own arms rather than to abide any longer therein.

No sooner had I taken off my clothes and plunged into the river than I perceived that it was now become dark. On the one hand glowed a star, curious indeed, but of no great brightness, and promising but little; while on the other was a sombre and fantastic lamp, whose fascination was its horror.

If I swam lazily towards either of these, it was because their light, confused and difficult on the one part, and tenebrous on the other, was yet light in comparison with that aimless and abiding gloom which had now settled upon the bosom of

THE EQUINOX

the river. And these lamps were above the river, children of a nobler element. And in the river is the great Leviathan that devours men.

But before I had come within the sphere of attraction of either of these, suddenly mine eyes were gladdened with a marvellous vision. Infinitely far off, as it seemed, a ray of sunlight shot through the Saturnine gloom of the skies, and lit the surface of the water. And then I perceived that upon the river there floated, within that small circle of light, an ark, or as it might be, a coffin. Then looking up into that pierced cloud I saw within the light a certain house surrounded by a grove. Within, all was dark; yet from it proceeded a ray as silvery as the first ray was golden.

And I desired ardently to enter that house. Yet, having no wings, the task appeared beyond my human force. Then the heavens closed as suddenly as they had opened, and I was left darkling. Yet I had this candle of hope, that within the ark, could I reach it, might be some help of knowledge or power whereby that house might be attained.

So I swam steadily toward, though with some fear, for the eddies in that great stream were numerous, and my sole guide was a slender snake of light that moved upon the water.

Or so it appeared; for I have since discovered that I had an interior sense of direction as trusty as the mariner's compass; so that, though I knew it not, it was never possible for me to go astray.

Now as I swam I came upon one floundering and spluttering in the stream, who with mighty puffings urged me to continue.

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

For but a little way beyond us (quoth he) is a mighty swimmer and a dexterous.

So with a mighty effort my comrade put forth all his strength, and we gained upon this one, and greeted him.

Thereupon he (and he was a goodly man, and fair) did most heartily welcome me as a fellow-traveller to that house, and confirmed me in my belief that the ark did indeed hold the secret of the way thereto. And as for the guide that might convey us through the darkness and the tumult of the stream, he spoke (something darkly) of one appointed, and more clearly that he was aware of divers marks upon the way; for, said he, to them that view it from above this trackless waste of water is mapped out and charted with a perfect science.

Behold! quoth he. And at that moment was there a glimmer just before me of a white shining triangle, and what was most strange, rather an impression than a vision of a man that hung upon a gibbet by one heel. This, said the fair man, is a most notable sign that we travel the right road.

Now by the light of the triangle I perceived another wonder; for my friend was not swimming as I was in the stream, but was borne by a boat, frail indeed, yet sufficient. Within this shallop or cockleshell he pulled me, and set me at the bench. Then (still by the light of the triangle) I saw a dark man at the thwart, rowing a strong stroke. We pulled on almost in silence; for when I asked of the fair man his name he answered me only "I wish to know," and of the dark man "I wish it were light," the first clearly a confession of ignorance, the second a patent evasion; which things discomfited me much.

Yet we progressed evenly and rapidly, and were mightily

THE EQUINOX

cheered after a while to see just a flash of lightning sundering two dark clouds; next a pale crescent, heavy and slow, yet silvered; next, as if it had dropped from the stars, an unicorn galloped past us and was gone ere we could fix it; next a tall lighthouse upon the water.

“Here,” said the dark man my comrade, “is a pleasant place for refreshment before we turn to the further journey.” As he spoke, although no sun was visible, a mighty rainbow appeared, and crowned the tower. I cried out joyfully, “The bow of promise,” but they answered nothing. And at that I understood that they had travelled further already, and were but returned for an hour to succour me who had no boat.

Seven days then we remained in the tower, eating and drinking. Also in my sleep I had many marvellous dreams, of greater sustenance than sleep itself. And there was given unto me by my fair brother (for so I may now call him) a little book, wherein it was written how a man might build himself a shallop, and have for steersman one appointed thereunto.

This then I laboured to build, and the toil was great. Moreover, certain vile fish rose from the water, and with their fins beat upon the planks of my boat, that I might not end it.

However, at last I had it perfect, and was about to set sail at dawn. But first the dark man my brother departed from us, and went his way. And then the old man of the tower took me aside and offered me a seat at the funeral feast of his master. And although I verily believe that this old man was a rogue, a very knavish fellow, and a sot, yet in that funeral I took great pleasure. For the gentlest perfume was

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

borne upon the breeze, and the air was lit with faint electric flames that gathered themselves into a hill of light. So I, being lifted up, and my heart overflowing, came into the funeral chamber that was exceeding bright, and there was the table for the feast, and beneath it the coffin wherein lay the body of the master. There too I saw barren wood bear roses, and I heard the voice of the master. After that I was shewn all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and many other things of great use and beauty.

Then I took my leave of the old man of the tower, and boarded the shallop that I had made, when he cried out piteously that he feared earthquake, and asked me for my aid.

So with a heart both heavy and light I abandoned my shallop and the dreadful labour of its fashioning, and came back to him.

Then came earthquake as he had foreseen; and he and the boats also were swallowed up. In the tidal wave of the earthquake I was borne far away, even from the fair man my brother; and in the darkness he was lost to me. I knew not even whether he had perished.

But fashioning a raft from the loose planks of the wreckage, I made shift to paddle. The ark was invisible, and I had no more memory thereof, so turned away was I and absorbed in the bright signs upon the way. And now my raft was like to sink, and my arms were exceeding weary, when a voice sounded but a little above me: "Enter the ark!"

And I looked up and beheld a bearded man, mighty, with the signs of labour and long journeying writ upon him. I knew him; and for this reason was I much amazed, for I had believed him far from that place. But taking my hand

THE EQUINOX

he drew me not without pain into the ark. Here (quoth he) forget all that thou hast seen and heard; for in this ark they are not lawful.

So I obeyed him, else I had drawn after me the raft that had brought me hither.

Then he questioned me, saying:

What lieth above the ark?

And I answered him:

The house of the silver ray, that is lighted by the ray of gold.

He: How many roofs hath the ark?

I: One.

He: Thou must pass through this one. Yet thou lookest eagerly upon the four walls of the ark.

I: I seek a door.

He: The door is in the roof.

I: Lead me to it, I pray thee!

He: Fix thine eyes upon it.

I: Sir, I will. Yet I pray thee to tell me thy name.

He: Thou didst know it of old, didst thou not?

I: The son of the mountain?

He: The Stone of the Crossways.

I: It is enough. Let me fix mine eye upon the door.

He: It is well.

Then I obeyed him, and in that obedience forgot him. For though mine eye wandered often, and although once the planks beneath me threatened to give way and plunge me once more into the stream, yet I strove as a man may.

Then, mine eye being accustomed to the gloom, I beheld by my side, yet a little above me, the dark man my brother.

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

Him I greeted most gladly, and told him of the earthquake. Whereat he sighed heavily.

Brother, quoth I, canst thou now tell me thy name? But he only answered me: "It is a pity!"

And with that I returned to my task, and he guided me therein with his counsel and example. Yet in the ark the gloom is fierce; the river without is but twilight, wherein shadows are free; within is darkness itself, and the essence and quintessence of darkness.

In this terrific silence I abode for very long; then for an instant that seemed longer than many lives the sun of heaven broke in and smote mine eye, so that I fell backward nigh fainting. But he bade me be of good cheer and return to the task. I obeyed; and behold! again the sun, and behind the sun a glimpse of one appointed equally to be hidden and to be seen, each as may be fitting.

But the brightness of the sun and its heat dazzled me and scorched me. My members refused to obey; and I slid backward into the great stream that was here so icy cold, and it refreshed me and comforted me.

Now then I was minded to enter again the ark when there flew unto me, I wot not whence, a dove, and perched upon my shoulder. And thus I swam for a while, and the waters of the stream were soft and warm, caressing me.

Yet I felt that this aimless drifting was enervating my limbs; so I gathered some stray planks of my raft—for they still floated round the ark—and began half playfully to paddle, with what purpose I cannot tell.

And so it was ordered that the dove flew to me with an oak-leaf in its beak.

THE EQUINOX

Thereat I was silent. But gazing eagerly thereon, I beheld one appointed, and I understood that the oak-leaf was sent from the House.

Then I took counsel of him who is to this end appointed, and with his own hand he brought to me a champak-blossom, a mustard-seed, and again an oak-leaf.

And these I treasured in my bosom, though I hardly knew wherefore. Nor could I understand what purpose they should serve, save darkly. And seeing this, the dove came to me again bearing an olive-branch; and with this I was so mightily pleased that for awhile I forgot all else, and swam lustily in the stream for my pleasure.

But now came a current of ice-cold water and enwrapped me; and when I looked, it bore spots of blood upon it. Then I went hastily into the ark that was ever near by; and, climbing to the roof by the ladder that I had before made, looked through. And all the sky was a hurricane, a madness of storm.

Now in my eagerness I had approached closely to the roof, so that the storm whirled me away into itself. One might say that I was the storm. And when I came to myself I was floating upon the bosom of the river, borne by that very bark that once I had built myself in the lighthouse. And in the storm I had lost my hair and beard; for the wind had torn all out by the root. So that I heard a voice saying, "It is a babe upon the waters." And looking at the bark, I found it refashioned by him that is appointed to refashion. For it had planks of my old shallop, and planks also of the ark, and it was shaped like a cradle rather than like a boat. And I heard the voice of one appointed to speak saying: "Behold thou me!"

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

And I could not. Nevertheless I gazed earnestly, and paddled in the direction of the sound.

While this was a-doing suddenly the river fell in a cataract. And I looked for the olive-branch, and it was withered, and sunk beneath the stream. And I looked for the dove, and it was wrapped round with a most hideous serpent. And I was helpless. In the end he devoured that rose-winged companion of my journey, and went seeking a new prey.

Now in this cataract I had most surely been wrecked but that I clung tightly to the boat. This indeed floated as serenely as if it had been upon the still waters of a lake; and when I had a little plucked up courage, I saw sitting at the helm him that is appointed to steer; I saw him face to face.

This then endured for a space; and with his aid I began ship-building. "For" (said he) "there are many that swim, and find no boats. Be it thy task to aid them." Of my journey to the House he spake nothing. But in the ship-building came the fair man my brother to my help; and one evening as we sate at meat he said: May it please you to enter the House; for there is prepared for you a goodly bedchamber. But I would not at that time; for I was ashamed, being unclothed; not understanding that in the House robes are provided by him that is appointed to provide them.

Thus we laboured, and built many fair shallops upon the model of that wherein we sailed. In all these there was not one splinter of wood too much, or too little; and there was no ornament; and neither paint nor varnish covered the planks, for they were planks of a tree that cometh neither from the East nor from the West. But the sails were of gold tissue, very brave, with figures inwoven.

THE EQUINOX

Now at last the time being come, did I take my chamber in the House. And upon the secret things that were there shown to me I ponder yet; so that in this place I shall make no mention of them. But this treasure will I give out, that everything noble in that House seemeth vile to them that are swimming in the stream; and everything vile to them appeareth noble. Thus they endure not the delicate stuffs with rough and impure handling; and the rubbish they carry away with them, and devour. Thus wisely hath the master of the House ordained.

Now of the silver radiance that issueth from the darkness of the House I will say nothing; nor of the golden ray that illuminateth the darkness of the House.

But for the sake of one that may come to share my bed-chamber will I speak of the last adventure.

Upon the breast of the river came a wild swan, singing, and for a moment rested upon mine image reflected in the water. And I said: "Come up hither."

And the wild swan said: "How shall I come up thither?"

I: I will guide thee.

The Swan: Who art thou?

I: My Father is the keeper of the King's Cup: I have prepared a little ship wherein I may go my journeys upon the great river.

Who will draw it?

The Swan: I will draw it.

So we set forth together; and of the horrible tempests that arose it is unworthy discourse. And of what followed after is discourse unprofitable; but the wild swan still guides my ship.

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

And the end shall be as is appointed by the master of the House; but this I know, that this ship is the King's ship. And in my bosom are the champak-blossom, and the mustard seed, and the oak-leaf, more lovely than before.

And upon us watcheth ever he that is appointed to watch.

And the wild swan sings ever; and my heart sings ever.

Now then I had laid aside the pen, and a voice cried:
Write!

Fear not!

Turn not aside!

Is it not written that Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning?

Sleep therefore in peace and in faith: shall he not watch whose eye hath no eyelid, who to this end is appointed?

And my heart answered: Amen!

SONG

COME, Love awaken! O'er the wild salt sea,
Shadows strange-shapen whirl themselves and flee
As eddying mist, by storm winds overtaken,
And sunbeams kissed—the shafts all curled and shaken
In shuddering ecstasy!
Come, Love, nor list to tired dreams that twist
Thy lithe long limbs in fierce abandonment,
Awake, and learn of me the secret of the sea,
Whose meaning is the sum of all things blent
In fiercest harmony.

Soft winds are calling on the cloudy deep,
(Like foam-flowers falling from the breasts of Sleep
Their Lotus-kiss is), such a world forestalling
Of wanton blisses, that the fear of palling
Makes e'en the Sirens weep.
Ah me! What serpent hisses from out those purple bysses,
Far in the womb of the long-lying sea?
She wakes! Nor dare he creep back to her soul, whence Sleep
Has torn aside the mist-hung drapery;
Too strange the way, and steep.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE SCORPION

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

“God is Love.”—Epistles of St. John

To ΑΓΑΘΑ in memory of the Hour of
Initiation, and to Lampada Tradam and
Mohammed ibn Rahman in memory of our
wanderings in the Desert, and to my brothers
of the O.: of K. D. S. H. in memory of the
Martyrdom of our G.: M.:

J. B. M.

I dedicate this tragedy.

THE SCORPION

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT I

SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, *Preceptor of the Knights Templars*
SIR RAYMOND, SIR JAMES, SIR EUSTACHE, and OTHERS, *his Knights*
JOCELYN, *a Troubadour, in their company*
ESQUIRES, *etc., to these*
SAID OMAR, *an Arabian Emir. His band of Warriors*
LAYLAH, *his newly-wedded bride*
A NYMPH, *and children attendant on her*

ACT I

SCENE: *The desert. In the foreground, a walled well with a lever. Three palms. Tall grasses. The ground is uneven. In the background other palms, among which are several military chargers, held by esquires. Around the well are Knights Templars, armed, reposing. Also JOCELYN, a troubadour.*

JOCELYN [*sings to his harp*]:

Noon slumbers softly in the palms
The desert breezes whisper psalms;
And we who rest must rise and ride
Beneath the banner cruciform
That braves the Saracen and the storm,
This blessed Christmastide.
For we are hardy, and worn with blows
And battles,
And languish for our mother snows.
What is the gladness of the well
To us who pine for citadel,
And joyous burg, and Christian feast?
But we are vowed to Christ to fight
For God, our honour, and our right
Against the recreant East.

THE SCORPION

We have left our ladies, you and I,
My brothers!
To keep our castles, and to sigh!

Oh! could some holy hermit give
One short day's dalliance fugitive!
Speed hither through the enchanted air
Our ladies, for our faith's reward!
Would it not sharpen every sword
And perfume every prayer?
Love sharp as holly and pure as snow,
And kisses
Beneath the moon for mistletoe!

SIR RAYMOND. Something ill sung, Jocelyn, and too sadly, forsooth! Here the hermits are foul and malicious. I would clear the land of them.

SIR JAMES. Spies, every one. And enchanters to boot.

SIR EUSTACHE. The maids are worse, to my mind. Think of the gallant Florimond, as tall a knight of his hands as ever swung sword or couched lance.

SIR RAYMOND. Netted like a fish!

SIR JAMES. And now lives in the desert with the witch, a wild man, and banned.

SIR RAYMOND. Little better than a robber. And the word goes that he hath apostatized from our holy faith.

[ALL *cross themselves.*]

JOCELYN [*sings*]

Heigho! Heigho! the Crescent and Cross!
If the one is a bargain, the other's a loss.

THE EQUINOX

Who would be found
On the ground
Of Mahound
A recreant knight, and a renegade boaster?
Better we each
Leave our bones here to Bleach
And be saved, than go burn with the Paynim impostor!
For the infidel swine
Lack our spirit divine;
There crazy old prophet prohibits them wine!
Drink, every knight!
God and my right!
We'll drive the black dogs to their kennels to-night!

SIR JAMES. Peace to thy ribaldry! Here comes the Preceptor. To saddle!

JOCELYN. Why cannot he ride with us, as a good knight and gay?

SIR JAMES. Who poises in his mind the destinies of Christendom needs not in his ear thy fool's prattle, or thy fool's face at his elbow. Though he have seen but five-and-twenty summers he is wiser than many a greybeard! See, even afar, how weightily he sits his horse. His forehead bent, his shoulders arched—

JOCELYN. The seat of a hunchback!

SIR JAMES. Like Atlas supporting the world.

SIR RAYMOND. Good Jocelyn, could thy wisest thought match his most foolish, thou would'st sit at the council.

JOCELYN. Gramercy! I smile awry. With a hawk on my wrist, and a madrigal at my lips, a prayer in the morning

THE SCORPION

given, and a kiss stolen at night, I want none of your dusty conclaves. I had as lief be a scholar.

SIR JAMES. If the world were like thee, Christendom would perish in a year and a day. Thy good knights comrades would row the Turkish galleys, and a few prize fools—such as thou—make sport for their Emirs or guard their women.

JOCELYN. And a good thing. I am weary of crusading. The sacred Sepulchre is empty—praise God, Who performed a miracle to make it so!—and we must perforce come and fill thousands more with good Christian flesh and blood, that was alive and jolly. Let us be off, though! The Preceptor sheds dullness as the sun sheds light, alike on the evil and on the good. One, two, three—I'll race you all to Sidi Khaled.

[They go off R. toward their horses, JOCELYN singing as he goes.]

What is the worth
Of a hound or a hawk?
A monkey for mirth!
A parrot for talk!
Rosamond's skin
Is whiter than milk,
Seductive as sin
And softer than silk.
Would I were back
From crusade for an hour,
My limbs lying slack
In Rosamond's Bower!

[From the palms C. comes forward LAYLAH, veiled, with a pitcher. She attaches it to the cord of the lever and

THE EQUINOX

dips it into the well. She looks about her, and seeing no one, raises her veil.

LAYLAH. From the heart of the sand
The water wells up
Purer than the rain.
So in my heart
Love springs
Chaster than the grace of heaven itself.
Earth purifies
More subtly than the sea.
Only through matter
Can spirit understand itself,
Justify itself, become itself.
This mystery I heard
From the holy man of Bassu.
His beard was whiter than snow
Because it had once been blacker than burnt wood.

So will I cherish my love,
The love which I owe,
Which I give, to my husband
The noblest of the Emirs;
For I and my love and my service
And my duty
All are his.
I have no duty to God
But to obey my husband.
So my heart is freer
That all other hearts,

THE SCORPION

As the dweller among the palms
Is freer than the wanderer in the desert.
The wanderer must find the palms;
The dweller is at ease.

My heart is a young gazelle
Leaping with love toward my husband.
He is black-bearded and bold and magnificent.
Even on the morn of the wedding he rode forth
Against the infidel.
He is so strong and brave:
God must look favourably upon him,
Bidding him return a conqueror
To the flower of his garden
That awaits his hand to pluck.

[During the last part of the song SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, preceptor of the Knights Templars, has entered L. quietly, dismounted, tethered his palfrey to palm, and approached LAYLAH. As she pulls the pitcher from the water he claps his hands over her eyes. She shudders with fear, but gives no sound.]

SIR RINALDO. You are a brave maiden.

LAYLAH. You are—an infidel. I had not my dagger, or your shriek—not mine—would have summoned my kin.

RINALDO. I have a score good knights within sound of my horn. And your kin are but the dotards and women and little children. Your fighting men are away.

LAYLAH. Ay, slaying your good knights.

THE EQUINOX

RINALDO. It may be so. But you are my hostage.

[He releases her. She faces him.]

LAYLAH. A worthless pledge.

RINALDO. These silks and pearls! I could draw your veil through a link in my chain mail.

LAYLAH. I am the bride of the Emir.

RINALDO. A fair bride. I guessed you his daughter.

LAYLAH. My feet have not entered his house.

RINALDO. Your feet are fair. . . . Can you tell fortunes?

LAYLAH. On the forehead of every man his destiny is written.

RINALDO. Read mine.

LAYLAH. Let me go to my house.

RINALDO. Then I will read yours. You are to be captive to a strange knight.

LAYLAH. Not to you, Sir Knight!

RINALDO. The rest is dark.

LAYLAH. You dare not touch me.

RINALDO. Sit there! [*He seats her on the wall of the well.*] Do you guess what I have been thinking as I rode through the sun to these palms?

LAYLAH. Some new plot to carry fire and sword through our quiet villages.

RINALDO. No. I was wondering why men should not live at peace. I was wondering what was the quarrel that has beggared Europe and made Asia a shambles these nigh five score years.

LAYLAH. I cannot tell you.

RINALDO. This is all I know, that in the time of Pope Urban the Second, some pilgrims to Jerusalem began to

THE SCORPION

grumble. And a madman screamed so loud on their behalf that all Europe was infected. All pilgrims grumble. All mankind grumbles. Can chivalry do nothing better than redress grievances? Progress and learning are dead in this eternal redressing. Or if we must redress grievances, let us redress the great grievance, man misunderstanding man!

LAYLAH. Let me go to my house. [*She tries to slip away.*]

RINALDO. Sit there! [*He puts her back very accurately.*] We worship one God, as you do. That is the essence of agreement. We have one prophet, as you have; there's little odds in a name. Let our fools go worship at the tomb of our prophets, as your fools go worship at the tomb of yours; and let us break the heads only of those who break the peace.

LAYLAH. Let me go to my house. You are breaking the peace now, and I will break your head.

[*She has unloosened a stone from the Well and strikes him. His cheek bleeds.*]

RINALDO. [*unmoved.*] Sit there! . . . So this is my reading of the future. I who met you in hate shall leave you in love . . . and there an end of the Crusades!

LAYLAH. Love! [*bitterly sarcastic.*]

RINALDO. Love! [*enthusiastic.*]

LAYLAH. I had rather a scorpion stung me.

RINALDO. My crest is a scorpion. [*He points to the golden bejewelled crest upon his light helmet.*] I am thirsty. Give me water.

LAYLAH. I would give water to a thirsty dog. [*She pours water into his hands.*]

THE EQUINOX

RINALDO. For water I will give you fire. Twelve hundred years ago came peace on earth and goodwill toward men through a virgin sacrifice. . . . History repeats itself.

LAYLAH. I am on the edge of the well; but I shall not fall in. You are a renegade, I see; and, I think, a monster. You are mad with pride and conceit of your own wisdom. So I know you for a fool.

RINALDO. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

LAYLAH. Prate on! Even the dust mocks at you.

RINALDO. There are snakes in the dust.

LAYLAH. What do you mean?

RINALDO. I saw it in your eyes three minutes since. I did not need to turn my head to know that on the horizon gallop your husband and his band.

LAYLAH. You are clever.

RINALDO. And you were forced despite yourself to drop a hint that might warn me to rejoin my knights.

LAYLAH. No!

RINALDO. Yes. By that I knew that you loved me.

LAYLAH. And by this (*she strikes him*) know that I hate you.

RINALDO. You are too young. I have seen lions.

LAYLAH. You are a savage.

RINALDO. Nature is savage. Passion is savage. The God alike of Jews and Moslems delights in death. Or why are men and beasts slain in His honour? Brutal force is at the heart of things. Man is dragged crying from his mother's womb in dire agony; man fights his surroundings—the nearer they are the more bitterly must he fight them

THE SCORPION

—and at last he is hurled fighting into the hungry mouth of death.

LAYLAH. The cloud grows.

RINALDO. Indeed you love me, if you bid me waste no time.

LAYLAH. Oh no! . . .

I must respect you. You treat me as if I were a pebble in the sand. Nothing moves you.

RINALDO. Love moves me.

LAYLAH. We are opposites in all.

RINALDO. So Nature hath ordained. Man hates his neighbour: but when he finds his opposite, he loves it. All joy is the warfare of enemies, from the clash of lance and sabre, when Saracen meets Christian on the plain to—this, when Christian rushes Saracen in his arms and——

[He clasps her.

LAYLAH. Oh! *[The pitcher is overturned and the water flows out.*

RINALDO. I love you.

LAYLAH. I am a speck of dust in the simoom.

RINALDO. Let it whirl! There is no more Christian and Saracen, but man and woman—as it was in the beginning and for ever shall be.

He has borne her in his arms to the tall grasses. She struggles uselessly. They are now invisible.

LAYLAH. Help me, O God of Battles!

RINALDO. God is love.

[Music. From the well issues a nymph dressed in silver and azure gauze, with jewels and roses in her hair. After her a cluster of children.]

THE EQUINOX

THE NYMPH [*sings.*]

In the well
Where I dwell,
It is cool, it is dusk;
But the truth
Of my youth
Is a palace of musk.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
Light and night are one to Him!

In the dark
You may mark
The slow ooze of my springs,
But you know
Not the glow
Where the soul of me sings.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
Life and death are one to Him!

There is cold
In the old
Grey gloom of my caves;
There is heat
In the beat
Of my passionate waves.
Truth come bubbling to my brim;
Love and hate are one to Him.

[*They dance and return to the well. R. and L. are now seen behind the grasses, she sobbing upon his shoulder.*]

THE SCORPION

RINALDO. The cloud blackens all the sky. Laylah!

[He takes the scorpion from his helmet.]

Keep this token of me.

LAYLAH. For a token of hate and of revenge!

RINALDO. As you will. But the Crusades are ended!

[He draws her to the well, and lays her down. With her arms on the low wall, and her face hidden, she sobs.]

RINALDO takes his palfrey, and, with one glance over his shoulder towards the enemy and another to LAYLAH, rides off, driving the spurs into his horse. LAYLAH remains sobbing. After a long interval she half-rises, and stretching her arms after him, calls brokenly:

LAYLAH. Come back! . . . Come back! . . .

[Sobs again take her more violently than ever. She struggles to her feet, holds out the scorpion crest and calls:]

Come back! . . . Come back!

[She collapses. Dead silence. After a little the distant galloping of horses is heard. It grows louder and louder. LAYLAH rises, mistress of herself, kisses the golden scorpion and hides it at her heart, and refills the pitcher.]

[Enter a band of Saracens, who dismount. Their leader, the EMIR SAID OMAR, rushes forward to the well.]

SAID OMAR. Victory! we have chased the infidels three days, and the vultures of the desert are gorged, and the jackals burst with fatness. My gazelle, didst thou languish for me? My rose, my tulip, my anemone, slim palm of the oasis, sweet water of the well! We shall feast to-night,

THE EQUINOX

little one, star of the night, beautiful young moon over the sand-dunes!

[*He clasps her in his arms.*

LAYLAH [*tonelessly*]. Victory! Ay, victory is sweet. We shall feast to-night.

[*She shudders.*

SAID OMAR [*seeing that all is not well*]. What is it? What is it?

LAYLAH. I have had evil dreams.

SAID OMAR [*to his men*]. On to the houses! We must feast; we must sleep.

[*He takes LAYLAH on his saddlebow.*]

You must sleep, whisper of the west wind!

LAYLAH. I shall have evil dreams.

SAID OMAR. No! you shall not sleep to-night, white fairy of Paradise, black-eyed gazelle of the wilderness!

LAYLAH. Be gentle with me . . . I ache . . . I have been stung by a scorpion.

SAID OMAR. There are no scorpions in the winter. Where is the wound?

[*LAYLAH puts her hand to her heart, and falls fainting limp across the saddlebow.*]

Call Ibrahim, the wise physician! On to the houses!

[*Exeunt. The voice of the nymph of the well, faintly from below.*

“ Truth comes bubbling to my brim:
Love and Hate are one to Him!”]

CURTAIN

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT II

LAYLAH, *wife of Sidi Omar*

SILMAN, *her son by Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle*

OTHMAN,

AKBAR,

MOHAMMED,

} *her sons by Sidi Omar*

FATMA, *her aged Nubian nurse*

LEDMIYA, *a young handmaiden, musical. Other waiting-women. Pipe-slaves.*

ABDUL KHAN, *an eunuch. Other eunuchs*

ACHMET, *equerry to Sliman*

A FAIR-HAIRED CHRISTIAN MAIDEN, *daughter to Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle*

MESSENGERS

THE POPULACE

ACT II

Twenty years later. An Oriental Palace in a city near Jerusalem; the Hall of Audience. In the throne is LAYLAH veiled. Around her are waiting-women and her old nurse FATMA. At the door an eunuch on guard with drawn scimitar.

LEDMIYA [*a young girl with a stringed instrument*].

As the flower waits for the rain,
As the lover waits for the moon,
We wait, we wait, an hungry pain,
For tidings from the battle plain—
If those we love are hurt or slain,
Or if the Lord hath smitten again
The legions of the Cross, and hewn
A path of blood where glory flares.
The sabre strikes, the trumpet blares,
The war horse neighs,—Oh let us see
The Crescent borne to victory!

LAYLAH. Is there no news?

FATMA. It is rumoured that the battle has begun.

LEDMIYA. Under the very walls of Jerusalem!

ABDUL KHAN. Within the southern gate.

FATMA. Many, many will fall. Alas, alas!

THE SCORPION

LAYLAH. Sliman is strong and brave — my splendid boy.

FATMA. Ay, there are hairs on his chin. But the strongest and the bravest fall first.

LAYLAH. Thou ominous owl! Be silent, or I will have thee whipped.

FATMA. Oh! Oh! indeed I only say what we all know. If he should die indeed, thou mayst have Sidi Omar left, thy dear lord. And Othman, and Akbar, and Mohammed!

LAYLAH. Sliman is my first-born.

FATMA. Ay, he is not like his brothers. He is square and solid-set. He is more like the cedar than the palm.

LAYLAH. Sidi Omar's mother was a princess from Lebanon.

FATMA. He is silent and stern.

LAYLAH. Sidi Omar's father was the holiest man of Syria. He lived alone forty years in the mountain.

FATMA. He is relentless in anger, and obeys not. One would say there was Christian blood in him.

LAYLAH. On the night of his begetting there was Christian blood on Sidi Omar's hands.

FATMA. He is as fair as a Christian.

LAYLAH. The men of Sidi Omar's tribe are white men, thou wizened old black witch.

FATMA. Ah! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Happy the prince whose wife is as faithful as thou. Thou canst not open thy mouth without uttering his name.

LAYLAH. Do not take it in thine, mother of lies!

FATMA. My mouth has been shut these twenty years.

LAYLAH. What? Any time these twenty years thou hast

THE EQUINOX

deserved a beating, old scandal-monger! And often thou hast had it.

FATMA. It was not a beating that thou didst earn, princess. Many a time I have fetched water from the well by—

LAYLAH. Abdul Khan! take out this prating hag and beat her soundly. Fatma! this is the last time I leave thy lying tongue in that camel-lipped old face of an unbelieving Jinneeyah!

[The eunuch drags her out, screaming and scolding.]

What news! What news!

LEDMIYA *[at the window]*. A horseman gallops from Jerusalem.

LAYLAH. Oh, quick, quick, quick, his tidings! For pity's sake. Would it were the winged horse of brass! I am distracted. Mind me not! I can wait. A queen must be able to wait.

LEDMIYA. He is quite near now. And in the distance is a glint, and a faint shouting. I think the battle is coming here.

LAYLAH. Oh, we cannot have been beaten! Silman is so strong and brave.

FATMA *[re-entering]*. All is lost! All is lost! Let us all flee!

LAYLAH. Peace, parrot!

[Enter Messenger.]

MESSENGER. Pardon, princess!

LAYLAH. Thy news, or thy head shall pay it.

MESSENGER. Glorious news! Sidi Omar hath entered Jerusalem, and sacked the House of the Knights Templars, and the House of the Knights Hospitallers, and——

THE SCORPION

LEDMIYA. [*at window*]. Oh, I can see the spears shining through the dust of the horses!

MESSENGER. —but—

LAYLAH. Speak, if thou wouldst ever speak again!

MESSENGER. But the Knights of Malta appeared in great strength, riding from the valley on their noble chargers, armed at all points—

LAYLAH. Yes? Yes?

MESSENGER. So that we judged it best to fall back upon the reserves. The Maltese fell upon us—you may see them fighting now.

LAYLAH. What news of my brave Sliman?

FATMA. And Sidi Omar? And Othman? And Akbar? And Mohammed?

LAYLAH. Peace. What news?

MESSENGER. Sidi Omar is hurt.

LAYLAH. And Sliman?

MESSENGER. I do not know, princess.

LAYLAH. Get forth, back to the fight. Reward him, ye!

FATMA. Reward for such bad news! What is the world coming to? In my young days—

LAYLAH. Such withered weeds were burnt.

FATMA. Alas, Sidi Omar! The strong, the brave, the comely! He is dead, he is dead.

LAYLAH. Hurt, said the messenger.

LEDMIYA. Now comes another from the fight, riding hard. he bears a fair-haired child across the saddle. Oh, do look!

LAYLAH. Is there no messenger?

LEDMIYA. It is Achmet! It is good Achmet!

THE EQUINOX

LAYLAH. The equerry of Prince Silman! Out of the way, girl! [*She pushes LEDMIYA roughly from the window.*]

Booty! He must be well and victorious! Bring him in! Now we shall know—good tidings! good tidings!

[*She paces up and down impatiently. Enter ACHMET with a young girl.*]

ACHMET. The duty of my Lord! Good tidings from the battle. The spoils of my lord's spear! He prays you to keep her among the women until he return and place her in his harem.

LAYLAH. A man! He is a man! I have borne a man-child, a lion, a conqueror!

ACHMET. Indeed, he has slain twenty Christians with his own hand. And still he is in the front of the battle. He laughed: "To-day I am a man, I need thee no more; be my chamberlain and carry this toy to my mother." I think she is a princess.

THE CHILD. My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he is coming to cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH. Leave her with us! Ride back on a fresh horse, and bear aid to the prince. [*Exit ACHMET*]

LEDMIYA [*at window*]. There is a tumult in the courtyard, and a great wailing. [*Wailing without.*]

LAYLAH. The sun will be set in an hour. One hour more of favour and protection for my boy, oh God of Battles!

THE CHILD. Our God is love! He will protect me, I know.

LAYLAH. Imp! Be silent! How you startled me! And now I look at you—what is it? what is it? You frighten me. Take her away—there, with the pipe-slaves.

[*FATMA takes the child down stage to the pipe-slaves.*]

THE SCORPION

THE CHILD. You are ugly, you black creature!

LEDMIYA. Oh! Oh!

[*She runs to LAYLAH and hides in the folds of her dress.*

LAYLAH. What now?

LEDMIYA. They are bringing in a corpse.

LAYLAH. Oh my God—if Achmet lied!

[*The door opens. The corpse of SIDI OMAR is brought in by six eunuchs.*]

Ah! [*She goes down hall.*] Lay him there! [*She rends her veil.*] Sidi Omar, these twenty years have I been wedded to thee and thou hast not known my heart! Leave me, that I may bewail him as is fitting.

[*All depart but FATMA and LEDMIYA and the PIPE-SLAVES with their prisoner.*]

Fatma, do thou lament. I await tidings of the battle. Is there sign of a messenger?

[*FATMA goes to corpse and mutters over it.*

LEDMIYA [*at window*]. There are many that make hither. Some bear the dead away—two, three, five, eight, oh so many! Some ride weary or wounded . . .

LAYLAH. Some ride like messengers?

LEDMIYA. No. Yes, one. No, he has fallen from his horse, and lies still. [*Wailing without.*

LAYLAH. Go, bid those fools be quiet. Is there not enough woe in this house but that their shrieks should edge it?

[*LEDMIYA goes out. The wailing stops. Then suddenly it begins again more loudly than before.*

FATMA. More death! More misery!

[*LEDMIYA returns, and goes again to window.*

THE EQUINOX

LAYLAH. Silence, thou blotchy spider! Thou baboon of ugliness! Mother of curses!

[Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of the boy MOHAMMED.]

Ah God! my youngest, my own delicate darling! Lay him by his sire! *[She goes down and bends over him.]* Was not this arm too tender to bear a sword? Why would he go to the battle? He was made for luting and the zephyr. His eyes were larger and lovelier than the gazelle's! His eyebrows were blacker than the kohl upon mine eyelids. Alas, my baby! My young one, my tender one! . . . Is there tidings, girl?

LEDMIYA. One rides fast. His horse stumbles at the gate. He leaps clear. The horse has fallen. He runs hither.

LAYLAH. News! News!

[LEDMIYA goes out. Enter a Messenger.]

2ND MESSENGER. The duty of my lord to his mother! We keep the hounds at bay now. Prince Sliman is like the Angel of Death. No man can stand before him. The Christians tremble, and give back when he rides against them.

LAYLAH. A man! A man! He is not hurt?

2ND MESSENGER. Scratches. As if a lion were at play with kittens!

LAYLAH. I am glad he has scratches. Every one shall be sung by the poets as if it were the axe-blow of old Duke Walter.

[Again the wailing surges in the courtyard.] LEDMIYA *rushes in.*

LEDMIYA. Alas, alas, my queen! I cannot say it! Do not ask me to say it! . . . They are bringing him in.

LAYLAH. Who? Devil-child! *[She strikes her. Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of AKBAR.]* Forgive me! I am not myself. I am not a woman. Lay him there, beside his

THE SCORPION

father! [*She goes down to corpse.*] Akbar, my little one! Strong wast thou and greater than thy brothers. Thou hadst the hawk's eye, and the deer's foot; and thine hand on the bowstring was surer and stronger than thy father's! Three, of my five, my five that should guard me and cherish me! Three taken, and two left! Yet, while one is left . . .

LEDMIYA [*at window*]. The battle is fiercer every moment. Hundreds and hundreds must be killed. But the press is thinner. I can make out the banners. Oh! I can see Sliman's banner!

LAYLAH. Let me see! let me see! [*She rushes to window.*] Yes! it flows free in the good air! How fierce he fights. I cannot see him; but he must be there. Yes! it moves forward now; the Christians part before him like the air before an arrow. The dust swallows all up again.

[*Wailing rises without, louder and more insistent.*]

A curse upon these fools! But for them I could hear his battle-cry. . . . Has he ever cried, and I not heard him? Oh, why did the strange knight not bear me on his palfrey? I must be mad.

FATMA. You must be mad!

LAYLAH. Bewail the dead, thou bald vulture, shaggy toothless crone, dam of perdition! There floats the banner again, above them all. The Templar's banner dips; some one has cut through the staff. The Christians are in rout. . . .

[*Four eunuchs enter, bearing the corpse of OTHMAN.*]

FATMA. Othman is dead! Alas! Alas! Weep, mother, three brave boys beside their sire! All dead! dead!

LAYLAH [*not turning from window*]. Lay him beside his father and his two brothers! Brave banner! Brave

THE EQUINOX

banner! We go through the Christians as a wedge cleaves a plank, as a ship cleaves the sea, as a bird cleaves the air! Victory! Sliman! Sliman! Drive them, like cattle, to their walls again!

FATMA. She has always been mad! I wonder what really happened.

LAYLAH. The sun is setting in blood. There are storm-clouds lit like burning charcoal blown upon by the mightiest of the Djinn. I cannot see the banner. It grows dark. They must stop fighting soon. They will withdraw to their walls—nay, let them camp among the dead! Come back with tidings! Tell me, Sliman is safe. Ah! there sounds the horn of truce.

THE CHILD. My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he will come and cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH [*goes down to her*]. Thou preposterous little curd of sour milk! Thy father is dead! I saw the Banner of the Temple snap like a dry twig. My brave son Sliman cut it at a single blow. He will whip home the dogs, your friends, and you shall be his toy to play with and break and make sport of. He will twist your skinny arm—so!

[*She catches the child's wrist, twists it, and makes her scream.*]

Spindle-legged little spider! [*The child bites her wrist.*]

Venomous as a scorpion!

THE CHILD. My father's crest is a scorpion.

LAYLAH. No! No! it cannot be. I am mad. I hear a strange thing. Now I know what I saw in your face. Child! Child! I am sorry I hurt you. I want to be friends with you. I am all-powerful here. No harm shall come to you! His child! Come and kiss me! [*The child shrinks away.*]

THE SCORPION

No! I am sorry. I am your good friend. I will take you back to your father. He is not dead. I am sure he is not dead.

THE CHILD. I do not understand you.

LAYLAH. Oh, you shall understand. Your father will make you understand! [*changing again to roughness*]. What was your mother like? Had she your golden hair, and the complexion like a shaved sow? And the simper, and the grey eyes! I have grey eyes too; but mine are steel-grey, true as steel; and yours are chill and watery. But you have your father's temper, and his silence, and his will.

THE CHILD. What do you know of my father?

LAYLAH. Nothing. I only jested; I wanted to try you, to hear what you would say. Tell me about your mother.

THE CHILD. She was a fair and noble lady. She died when I was born.

LAYLAH. Thank God!

THE CHILD. I do not understand.

LAYLAH. Oh! will your father say, "I do not understand?" What am I? Yet I gave him my greatest gift—and I have yet a greater gift to give him—and I have a gift that he has always had and I have never lost.

THE CHILD. Are you an enchantress? You do not talk sense.

LAYLAH. You are the child of an enchanter.

THE CHILD. My father burns enchanters alive when he catches them.

LEDMIYA [*at window*]. There is a great concourse without. The men are returning. They ride slowly, as in peace.

THE EQUINOX

But one rides fast, for I can hear his hoofs ring the gallop above all the trampling.

LAYLAH. It is Sliman! His horse has silver shoes. Wait there, child! I have joy for you to come.

[A horse is heard galloping into the courtyard, and a battle-cry, La Allah illa Allah, rings out in a boy's clear voice, a voice weary yet supremely happy.]

[Almost beside herself] Sliman! to me! to your mother!

[Sliman enters, in his right hand his sword still dripping blood.]

SLIMAN. Splendid fun, mother! We should have had the whole city, but those cursed Knights of Malta threatened our flank. And father told me I was a better leader for withdrawing than if I had gone on and taken the city. There! Aha! little one! you are caged safely, canary. Thanks, mother! Don't kiss me. I'm all blood.

[She smothers him with kisses.]

LAYLAH. Oh, you're wounded. Ledmiya, the kerchief, quick. And the Arabian oil, and the balsam.

SLIMAN. Nonsense, mother, it's nothing. But think! I slew twenty knights—they haven't the strength of babies. It was like cracking eggshells. All except one. He was as strong as I, but not so quick. So I cut him down, and took his crest for a brooch for you, mother dear.

[He holds out a golden crest.]

LAYLAH. The scorpion!

THE CHILD. The scorpion! *[She retires and watches.]*

LAYLAH. Boy, you have killed your father.

[She stands thunderstuck.]

SLIMAN. Oh, no, mother! Father and the boys all died in

THE SCORPION

the melee when we were thrown back on the reserve. The Knights of St John charged in line. It was rough-and-tumble for a few minutes, indeed it was. When I got out, their banners were swept far down the fighting line. There was a mess of varlets between us; before I could sweep them away the Knights had rolled over Sidi Omar and my brothers—the whole wing was destroyed. I rallied the right on the centre, and—why, mother, you are not listening!

LAYLAH [*taking his sword*]. This sword killed your father. Listen! Sidi Omar was not your father. Your father ravished me, a virgin and a princess, and left me only this for token. [*She takes the jewelled scorpion from her breast.*] I took it for hate and revenge; wherein I lied, for I loved him, and I love him. God has punished my lie, making you—the token of love—the minister of revenge. So then—be he avenged!

[*She strikes the neck of SLIMAN and he falls dead. She stands stupefied.*]

THE CHILD [*coming forward and picking up the scorpion that SLIMAN had in his hand*]. I thank thee, lady. My brother is avenged.

[*She dips the scorpion in his blood and fastens it in her dress.*]

LAYLAH [*shortly*]. Your brother lies there dead.

THE CHILD. I am sorry, if he was my brother. He was a brave boy. He picked me up and threw me to a servant just as if I had been an old tabard.

LAYLAH. Your father's trick!

THE CHILD. I do not understand.

LAYLAH. Understand this. I have slain my son because he

THE EQUINOX

slew his father; and all I look for is for some one to slay me also!

THE CHILD. But you say his father is my father.

LAYLAH. Was! was!

THE CHILD. But is is my brother who was slain by Sliman. My father is in Rome; he is coming hither with the next fair wind.

LAYLAH. Fair wind! God! It is I than who have slain our son. The scorpion! My sole token.

[She falls on SLIMAN'S corpse.]

My son! only son of my love! one sole jewel of the world wert thou. And the accursed scorpion has betrayed me. Oh, let me from this hour throw off all womanhood, all kindness, all compassion—all but my love that has made my heart a hell. From this hell spring forth fiery scorpions—Eunuchs! Girls! let us be men! Take swords! take spears! Truce or no truce, night or no night, out to the field. Let us slay the dogs as they lie. God, hear me! Make me mightier than Semiramis! Hate and revenge! Battle and death! To arms! To arms! Out into the night!

[During this speech the eunuchs, girls, and slaves, catching her madness, have all armed themselves from the trophies on the wall. They troop out, running and jostling. LAYLAH turns to the Name of God above the throne, and waving her sabre, cries:]

Hear me, hear me, thou God of Battles! *[Exit.]*

THE CHILD. God is love. And he has protected me. *[Alone among the corpses.]*

CURTAIN.

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT III

SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, *Grand Master of the Temple*

A BISHOP

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KING OF JERUSALEM

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST JOHN

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA

CLERKS, USHERS, ADVOCATES, etc.

TORTURERS

A PHYSICIAN

THE KING OF JERUSALEM

MANY DIGNITARIES AND THEIR LADIES

THE CROWD

ISAAC, *a Jew*

AN URCHIN

LAYLAH, *now known as Princess Koureddin*

ACT III

SCENE I: *Twenty years later. Jerusalem. The Council Chamber of the Grand Tribunal. A Bishop, as Grand Inquisitor. On his right, RINALDO; now become Grand Master of the Temple; on his left the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. Beyond these, the Grand Master of the Knights of St John and the representative of the King of Jerusalem. Clerks, Ushers, etc. A military guard. Clerical functionaries of all sorts. Under guard LAYLAH, unveiled, scarred with sword-cuts, a stern savage virago.*

BISHOP. Let the indictment be read.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT. Princess Kahar-ud-din or Koureddin, you are arraigned of witchcraft. Firstly that on the night of the victory to the Crusaders' arms, by God's grace, during a period of truce, you did sally forth with a horde of slaves and women, by many accounted devils, and did attack and destroy the armies of the Crusaders.

PROSECUTOR. We say this was by witchcraft. How else could a rabble of slaves and women defeat the heroes who, though barely two thousand strong, had that day destroyed four hundred thousand and above of your best warriors?

LAYLAH. On our side was the God of Battles.

BISHOP. My daughter, God is love.

THE SCORPION

LAYLAH. Lord Bishop, I have heard that phrase thrice in three score years. The first time a man used it to destroy a child: the second time a child used it to murder her brother; this time you use it to torture and burn an honourable adversary.

BISHOP. Child of the devil, you blaspheme. Be silent! On the first count, guilty.

[Several JUDGES, but not RINALDO, echo "Guilty." Throughout this scene RINALDO sits absolutely silent and motionless, except that now and then he makes a gesture of weariness and impatience.]

THE CLERK. Secondly, that you have in these twenty years past gathered a band of lawless ruffians, and constantly assailed the defenders of the sepulchre, with malice and deadly hatred.

PROSECUTOR. We say that no woman could do thus, unless aided by Satan.

LAYLAH. Dido, Queen of Carthage, was renowned as a warrior, and Semiramis, Queen of Nineveh.

BISHOP. Both pagans. On the second count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK. Thirdly, that you did discard the modesty of womanhood and put on armour enchanted.

PROSECUTOR. We say that, forasmuch as many good knights have ridden against it with sword and lance and not availed to pierce it, this was by magic and forbidden art.

LAYLAH [*contemptuously*]. It was good armour.

BISHOP. The prisoner mocks us. On the third count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK. Fourthly, that you did at midnight upon Martinmas,

THE EQUINOX

eighteen years ago, in the valley of Hinnom, on the stone called Succoth, bind yourself in a diabolical pact with Satan, whereby he granted the power to change your sex at will, since which time you have become the father of an innumerable brood of devils, and in particular have travelled by night in the form of an owl to assault the virtue of many holy servants of the True Faith, notably at the Convent of St Anne in this city, whereby the bodies and souls of the nuns were possessed and destroyed.

PROSECUTOR. We say this is plain witchcraft.

[LAYLAH *takes no notice.*

BISHOP. Silence under such a charge is contumacious, and equivalent to confession. On the fourth count, guilty.

[JUDGES *echo "Guilty."*

CLERK. Fifthly, that you do take the form of a bat, and suck the blood of sleeping children, and moreover have bewitched divers cows to the prejudice of the Holy Orders of Knights Hospitaller and others, lawful owners of the aforesaid cows.

PROSECUTOR. All clear marks of a witch!

LAYLAH. Your Saviour sent devils into swine.

BISHOP. Blasphemy on blasphemy! [*crosses himself*]. Sure only the devil could speak thus. On the fifth count, guilty.

[JUDGES *echo "Guilty."*

CLERK. Sixthly—

BISHOP. Stay, gentle sir. Have we not heard enough? Must the ears of the Court be further polluted with a recital of these abominations?

G. M. OF ST J. We have heard enough.

G. M. OF ST MALTA. Enough, my lord Bishop.

THE SCORPION

REP. OF K. OF JERUSALEM. Enough.

BISHOP [*to* RINALDO]. And you, Grand Master?

RINALDO. More than enough.

BISHOP. My beloved daughter! God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should repent and be saved. It is therefore the most merciful provision of our just and merciful law that none be condemned without confession. Let me urge you to make peace with God and man.

LAYLAH. Peace, peace! when there is no peace.

BISHOP. There spoke a lost soul. Confess, my dear daughter. Break the bonds of Satan at the last.

LAYLAH [*straining at her handcuffs*]. They hold fast.

BISHOP. We are not moved by insult from our most merciful purpose. Summon the executioners.

[*A CLERK goes with the order. Enter torturers with their implements. Also a Physician.*]

LAYLAH. Your steel against my will. It is a fair bout.

BISHOP. Apply the thumbscrews.

[*The torturers bind LAYLAH and apply the torture.*]

[*To G. M. of St John*] My cook is a great knave, you must know. I bade him prepare me a pasty of quails toward to-night, and the varlet swears there are no quails on the market. Now this morning riding I saw quails with these eyes. The air was as thick with them as when the Children of Israel were miraculously fed.

G. M. OF ST J. A new miracle if the knave escape. But will not your lordship sup with me to-night?

BISHOP. Thanks, good Grand Master.

FIRST TORTURER. My lord, I think I heard a sigh.

PHYSICIAN. Only a natural motion of the body, by your

THE EQUINOX

leave, my lord, I venture to opine. Her lip is bitten through.

BISHOP. What wickedness! Truly, my lords, Satan hath great power in these latter days, spoken of by St Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. Force the mouth open.

[*A torturer obeys.*

PHYSICIAN. Pardon, my lord, if she utters no sound. She hath swallowed her tongue, a notorious devilry of Arabian enchanters. By your leave, my lord, the tongue should be pulled forward. Her soul would be lost (begging your Lordship's pardon) should she choke now.

BISHOP. Rightly said. And on your head be it! Redouble the thumbscrews.

[*A torturer pulls her tongue forward with pincers.*

LAYLAH *groans.*

TORTURER. I certainly heard somewhat.

BISHOP. Articulate?

TORTURER. I dare hardly say, my lord.

BISHOP. The needles.

TORTURER. They are white-hot. How many, my lord?

BISHOP. Three behind each eyeball should suffice.

TORTURER. It is done. There is a sound like "wa."

PHYSICIAN [*in triumph*]. "Aiwa," my lord Bishop, "aiwa" without a doubt. It is "yes" in their heathen tongue.

BISHOP. I heard it. We all heard it. Glory to God! Release the prisoner.

[*LAYLAH is released. She is unconscious and falls limp.*]

Sir Clerk, write down that the prisoner made full confession and repented of her crimes, desiring to be reconciled

THE SCORPION

with God and His holy church. My own chaplain shall baptize her and administer the sacrament. Glory to God in the Highest for one more soul torn from the grasp of Satan.

My beloved daughter, behold you now at peace with God and with His holy church. Your sins are forgiven you. But the secular arm is not yet satisfied; your crimes, the crimes to which you have confessed, must be expiated according to law. The sentence of the Court is that you be handed over to the secular arm; and I beg of you [*turning to the Representative of the King of Jerusalem*], the Court begs of you, that you will deal mercifully with the Prisoner, without shedding of blood.

REP. OF K. OF J. A stake shall be prepared. [*To the soldiers*] Remove the prisoner to the strongest dungeon, and let the guard be trebled. Witchcraft has many tricks.

BISHOP. The Court is dissolved. My lords, will you please breakfast with me? [JUDGES *murmur assent.*

RINALDO. Thank you, my lord, but I have my bellyful.

[*The others exchange glances and go out. RINALDO is left alone. He goes to the place of torture.*]

There is blood on the floor. It fell from her lip that she bit through. . . . Pilate washed his hands in water. Had I power I would wash mine in blood, in the blood of these monsters of cruelty—no, of stupidity. But I am too old. I gave all for power, and I used all my power to reconcile, to heal, to amend the matter. So at the end I find myself a toothless dog. Bigotry I could have beaten: it is this mountain of stupidity that crushes me. Shall I summon my

THE EQUINOX

knights and join the Saracen army? That were only to change the balance, to change the cross, soaked in the blood of humanity, for the crescent, pale flame of madness. Oh could I destroy both! . . . Forty years ago I strove to reconcile them by love, by sympathy. What came of it? A frolic crime, sterile as all my thoughts are. Nothing, nothing has ever come of anything that I have ever done. Yet that came nearest to success; for it was my one touch of love. I have never loved since, as most surely I had never loved before. She is dead long ago. . . . Oh, these years of carnage! The Holy Sepulchre that hid the body of Him whose innocent blood was shed is not worth one drop of innocent blood—like this. [*He bows, takes the blood on his finger and crosses his forehead with it.*] The brand of Cain! Would it have saved her if I had thrust my poniard into that hypocrite's throat? I can do nothing but wait, binding chosen knights with an oath—the oath of the Knights of the Royal Mystery . . . that God is one; that to love God and man is enough. . . . Peace, Tolerance, Truth. Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase. If I cry out “Down with tyranny! Down with superstition and imposture!” the first knight thinks me mad; the second that I have some politic baseness toward; the third that I mean Saracens; the fourth suspects the truth, and destroys me. Anon . . . Anon . . .

[He goes sorrowfully out.]

CURTAIN.

THE SCORPION

SCENE II. *A few days later. A public place in Jerusalem. In the midst a stake with faggots. Seats for the dignitaries, some thirty or forty of whom are present, most with their ladies. There is present moreover a motley crowd of all classes of society, Christian and Saracen. Note especially ISAAC, a fat good-tempered Jew, and an URCHIN of some twelve years old. In front are jugglers, tumblers, singers and dancers, hucksters, etc., all of whom ply their trade merrily. The Official Procession now enters, the guard clearing away these folk. All take their seats, chatting. The Bishop is enthroned, in full canonicals. He is supported by three acolytes, bearing bell, book and candle. LAYLAH brought in and bound to stake. The Bishop rises at a signal from the King, and begins a long declamation in Latin. The general confusion gradually subsides.*

URCHIN. Uncle Isaac, take me on thy stout shoulder. I want to see the witch burnt.

ISAAC. All in good time. The holy Bishop is still cursing, I think.

BISHOP [*concluding, raises his voice to drown the general conversation*]. In Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen!

ALL. Amen!

K. OF J. [*enthroned near the Bishop*]. Let the sentence be executed.

[*The Executioner brings forward his torch, which he lights at the BISHOP'S candle.*

BISHOP [*blessing*]. Absolvo te.

[*The Executioner thrusts his torch into the pyre. The flames*

THE EQUINOX

spring up. At this moment the wind suddenly rises in a fury, and the sky darkens. There is no light but the flicker of the straw.]

[All present are alarmed; many cry out.

BISHOP. Witchcraft! *[He cowers on his throne.]*

[The people move confusedly about, some trying to escape, others to get better places.

K. OF J. Keep order, guards!

[The guards restore order after a struggle.

URCHIN. O do lift me up, Uncle Isaac!

ISAAC. What do you want to see a witch burnt for, boy?

[He takes the boy on his shoulder.

URCHIN. O, it's jolly!

ISAAC. Well then, you're a fool for your pains. This woman isn't a witch at all. But she was a better and braver soldier than any of their knights, so when they caught her at last—there you are!

URCHIN. She's a Saracen, isn't she?

ISAAC. Yes. If we only had a Jewess now-a-days like her! There was Deborah once, and Jael, and Judith. But the glory is departed, boy, the glory is departed.

URCHIN. I'm a Saracen, you know.

ISAAC. You're a heavy little old Man of the Sea!

URCHIN. The flames are creeping up her body now. Oh! I'm so angry; I'm so angry.

ISAAC. You mustn't be angry, or you'll never be fat.

URCHIN. I don't wan't to be fat. I wan't to kill all the people.

ISAAC. Well, well, you shall one day, if you're good.

URCHIN. Yes, I will.

THE SCORPION

ISAAC. There, the wind has blown her robe open. What's that? Diamonds, by Abraham! What waste! What terrible waste!

RINALDO [*leaping from his seat*]. The scorpion!

[*He rushes to the pure and clasps LAYLAH in his arms.*]

Laylah! my one love!

LAYLAH. Rinaldo!

RINALDO. We might not live together. God is love; He lets us die together.

LAYLAH. Together at last!

RINALDO. You and I, love, you and I.

LAYLAH. You and I.

[*The flames blaze to heaven with a roar. RINALDO and*

LAYLAH are blotted out.

URCHIN. What has he done?

ISAAC. He was trying to save his diamonds. That was the Grand Master of the Temple. It was his crest; she must have stolen it. A diamond scorpion! Oh dear! Oh dear!

URCHIN. I'll be a dragon, with wings. They shan't burn me; I'll burn them.

ISAAC. Of course, you will, you little fire-eater. What's your great name?

URCHIN. Saladin.

CURTAIN.

THE EARTH

THE child of miracle to the world, greeting.

I reach my hands to the leaves and dabble in the dew: I sprinkle dew on you for kisses. I kneel down and hold the grass of the black earth to my bosom; I crush the earth to my lips as if it were a grape. And the wine of Demeter flushes my cheeks; they burn with joy of youth.

Why should I greet the world? Because my heart is bursting with love for the world. Love, say I? Why not lust? Is not lust strength, and merriment, and the famine that only the infinite can stay?

And why do I call myself the child of miracle? Because I have entered a second time into my mother's womb and am born. Because to the knowledge of manhood has come the passion, even the folly, of adolescence; with all its pride and purity.

It is for this that you see me lying upon the thick wet grass, unquenchable; or rejoicing in the fat black loam.

Now the manner of the miracle was this. In the beginning is given to a youth the vision of his mate. This one must he henceforth seek blindly; and many are the enchantments and disenchantments. Through this his vision fades; even his hunger dies away unless he be indeed Elect. But in the end it may be that God shall send him the other half of that Token

THE EARTH

of Paradise. Then, if he have kept the holy fire alight, perhaps with much false fuel, that fire shall instant blaze and fill the temple of his soul. By its insistent energy it shall destroy even the memory of all those marsh-lights that came to greet it; and the priest shall bow down in the glory, and grasp the altar with his hands, and strike it with his forehead seven times. Now this altar is the earthen altar of Demeter.

Then understanding all things by the light of that love, he shall know that this is love, that this is the soul of the earth, that this is fertility and understanding, the secret of Demeter. Nay, (even!) the Oracle may speak in his heart and foretell or foreshadow the greater mysteries of Persephone, of Death the daughter of Love.

Those, too, who are thus reborn will understand that I who write these words am stretched on the wet earth on the day of Spring. It is night, but only the sea whispers of Persephone, as the stars intimate Urania whose mystery is the third, and beyond. My body is absorbed in scent and touch; for the consuming fire of my sight has burnt itself out to blindness, and in my mouth is only the savour of an infinite kiss. The moist earth burns my lips; my fingers search down about the roots of the grass. The life of earth itself is my life: I shall be glad to be buried in the earth. Let my body dissolve into hers, putrefy in her reviving limbeck. He never loved who let them case him in a coffin from the supreme embrace.

It is from the earth, bride of the sun, that all bodily strength derives. It is no figure that Antaeus regained all his force when he touched earth. It is no pedantry and folly of the Hindus, who (fearing bodily lust) isolate their acolytes from earth, no futility their doctrine of Prana and the Tamo-

THE EQUINOX

Guna. It is not mere faith healing, this hygiene of Father Kneipp, and his failures are those who retain decorum and melancholy, who follow the letter and not the spirit, cold-blooded treaders upon earth instead of passionate lovers of its strength.

It is no accident of mythology that the Titans made war upon the Gods, and in Prometheus overthrew them. It was when Canute failed to drive back the sea that his dynasty was lost to that Norman William who caught hold of Mother Earth with both hands.

When I was a child I fell; and the scars of the earth are on my forehead at this hour.

When I was a boy I was hurt by the explosion of a buried jar of gunpowder; and the scars of the earth are on my face at this hour.

Since then I have been the lover of the earth, that wooed me thus roughly. Many a night have I slept upon her naked breast, in forest and on glacier, upon great plains and upon lonely crags, in heat and cold, fair weather and foul; and my blood is the blood of the earth. My life is hers, and as she is a spark thrown off from the whirling brilliance of the sun, so do I know myself to be a spark of infinite God.

Seek earth, and heaven shall be added unto you! Back to our mother, drive the shining spade into her womb! Wrinkle her with your furrows, she will only smile more kindly!

Let your sweat, the sweat of your toil, which is your passion, drip like benediction from on High upon her; she will render corn and wine. Also your wife shall be desirable in your eyes all the days of your life, and your children shall

THE EARTH

be strong and comely, and the blessing of the Most High shall be upon you.

Then let your grasp relax in the satiety of death, and your weight shall cumber the earth, and the little children of the earth shall make merry with you until the rose strike its root into your breast. Then shall your body be one again with the mother, and your soul one with the Father, as it is written in the Book of the Law.

All this have I been taught by her whose purity and strength are even as Earth's, chosen before the foundation of Time. Lioness with lion, may we walk by night among the ruins of great cities, when, weary with happiness too great even for our immortality, we turn from the fragrance and fertility of Earth. And at the sunrise return where the peopled valleys call us; where, bronzed and buoyant, our children sing aloud as they drive home the spade.

Glory be to the Earth and to the Sun and to the holy body and soul of Man; and glory be to Love and to the Father of Love, the secret Unity of things!

Glory be to the Shrine within the Temple, and to the God within the Shrine, to the Word and to the Silence that bore it unto Him that is beyond the Silence and the Speech!

Also thanksgiving in the Highest for the Gift of all these things, and for the maiden in whom all these things are found, for the holy body and soul of man, and for the sun, and for the earth. AMEN.

FRANCIS BENDICK.

SLEEP

Along the silver pathways of the moon,
(With lilies strewn to mark her passing hours)
A mighty goddess strays.
Her rapt eyes gaze in calm undying swoon,
Like stars in June that guard earth's sleeping flowers,
The guests of summer days.
Moving she plays some sweetly slumbrous tune,
As mothers croon; through faint Æolian showers,
Her mist-hung garment sways.

And in her shadow chaste as starlit snows,
A vestal goes, scattering sweet roses:
Roses deep-thorned and red—
Whose leaves are shed in perfumed dreams, where glows
A world that blows and fairy-like discloses
The fields that Flora fled.
And some are sped where dream brings that repose
The thorn bestows—(where naught that is, reposes)—
Goring the sleeper's head

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

TO I, J, AND K

I

THE RED HOUR

THERE was myrrh in the honey of the smile with which Edgar Rolles turned from the façade of the Pantheon. “Aux grandes hommes la patrie reconnaissante”—he reflected that the grateful fatherland never gives her great men anything but a tomb.

Then the full blast of it struck him. The Gargantuan jest! The solemn ass that had devised the motto; the laborious ass that had put it up there; the admiring asses that had warmed their skinny souls at the false fire of its pompous sentimentality.

Perhaps he was the first to see the joke! He rocked and reeled with laughter—to find himself caught, as he stumbled against a table, in the sturdy arms of a solidly built young woman, who—he had in her a glance—joined in Celtic harmony the robust brutality of the peasant to the decadent refinement of the latter Greek. The face of a Bacchanal, even of a satyr, perhaps; but a satyr of Raphael; the face of a madonna, perhaps; but a madonna of Rodin. Besides this, she

THE EQUINOX

was seductive, alluring, a Messalina rather than an Aspasia. Chienne de race! She was young, and her lips rather sneered than smiled, rather gloated than sneered. One instinctively muttered the word *cannibal*. She had a perfect and perverse enjoyment of life, a perfect and perverse contempt of life; the contempt of the philosopher, the enjoyment of the wallowing pig. Porcus e grege Epicuri.

This much Edgar Rolles smelt rather than saw; for as he turned to her, he caught her eyes. They were the eyes of an enthusiast, of a saint, of an ascetic—but of a saint who, strong in his agony through faith and hope and love, still endures the Dark Night of the Soul.

“You shall lunch with me, nice boy” (she said), “and beg my pardon for your stumble, and pay for your lunch by telling me what drives you mad with laughter at the sight of the Pantheon. Is it ‘L’homme aux trois sous’?” For so the irreverent Frenchman, mindful of his daily need, calls Rodin’s ‘Le Penseur.’ ”

“Mademoiselle,” said Rolles, “I accept your kind invitation; I abandon the Church for the Tavern.” They turned into the Taverne du Pantheon, threading their way through the professors and their mistresses, a clever, incurious, domestic, fascinating crowd.

“I kiss your hands and your feet, and I will tell you the joke before lunch; so that you may repent in time if it is not amusing. In your ear, enchantress! The truth is—I am a great man.”

She saw it in a flash. “Then, my friend, I must bury you!”

“In your hair!” he cried. She had huge rolling masses of

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

brown-bronze hair, as if a great sculptor had wished to immortalise the sea in storm.

"Anoint me first," he added, with a low sob, suddenly clairvoyant of some vision of Christ and Magdalene.

"Need you die?" They were seated, and her hand fell on his lap. "Great men die never."

"Nor kind words," he retorted. "You have flattered me; tu veux me perdre." His English had no equivalent. She gave a little shiver.

"What do you want?" he said, with the man's alarm when he at last meets the woman he may be able to love.

"Your body and soul," she answered solemnly; her eyes sank into his, like a dagger into the belly of a faithless Kabyle woman. "But beyond that, your secret! You know life, yet you can laugh from a mad heart!"

"It is easily said. I am going to London to-morrow. There they will make me bankrupt, because I love my neighbour better than myself, and prosecute me for blasphemy and indecency, because I uttered a few simple truths that everybody knows."

"Why, my friend, you will be famous!" she cried. "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"

"Probably," said he. "Already I run to a full page in the American papers, my name intimately coupled with that of a duke's daughter whom I have never seen."

"Good, good!" she agreed—"so much for fame. But are you really great? Your laughter was better than Zarathoustra! What is your real secret? Why did you love your neighbour? Why did you speak the truth? How did you come to know anything at all well enough to be able to laugh as

THE EQUINOX

you laughed! Such abandonment to mirth implies a standard of seriousness unshakable.”

“You are a witch,” said he. “It is sorcery to know that I have a secret. But to discover it you must be an adept.”

“I know this,” she answered, making a secret sign.

“This,” he retorted, with the *mano in fica*.

“If you can laugh at me,” she said, “you must indeed be a great man!”

“Know,” said he pompously, “that you speak to an Absolute Grand Patriarch of the Rite of Mizraim.

“A button!” she laughed back. “I was born to undo them. So I always wear laced boots.”

“True enough,” said Edgar Rolles. “I will take you seriously then. If you really understand the sign you gave me, you know that the *mano in fica* is but a caricature of the answer to it. Why are you painted and perfumed?”

“Because I am ambitious, may I not be vicious?” she rimed. “If I see anyone that seems likely to amuse me, I try and amuse him—or her,” she laughed. “Is not that the Golden Rule?”

“Well,” said Edgar hesitatingly, “well . . .”

“I am so abstemious, so self-restrained, that I fear the reproach of the ascetic. Love is my balancing-pole.” She threw her arm round his neck, and her mouth shuddered on his in a long, deliberate, skilful kiss.

“Art?” sighed he, fallen back half fainting in his seat.

“Art concealed;” she glowed, radiant, intoxicated with her own enthusiasm.

“Yes,” he agreed, “consummate art!”

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

“And to all arts there is but One summit!” continued the girl.

“You are a *nymphomane*,” he said; “your aspiration is the lie you tell yourself.”

She struck him across the face. “Devil!” she cried, so loud that even in the Taverne Pantheon folk looked up and laughed, “have I not heard that from conscience since I was sixteen? A blow is the one answer possible.”

“A blow is but your male desire,” he said, unmoved.

“How shall I prove my truth?” she sobbed, disquieted and angry.

“Live it down, little girl,” he said kindly. “Trust me; I will prove you and justify you. Afterwards!”

“Do you think!—now—?” she began indignantly.

“I know it,” said he. “In the grey light, to-morrow, we will talk.”

She suddenly felt chill and afraid. “I am not ready,” she said; “I am not worthy . . .”

“It is to prove you worthy,” said he, “that I was sent to you.”

“Well, God aid me,” said the girl. She was serious and almost sobbing, her face drawn and white beneath its paint. Her emotion added piquancy to her voluptuousness, pathos to her brute appeal.

“At this moment, of all moments? How should I find you? It was one chance in a million million.”

Edgar lifted the knife that lay by his side. There was a fly on the tablecloth. Adroit and salmon-swift, he cut it fairly in half. “Bad luck on the fly?” he laughed. “But I did it. Chance only means ignorance of causes.”

THE EQUINOX

“Then you believe in the Brothers?”

“As I revel in the kisses of your mouth,” said the boy, crushing her face against his.

A rich gladness filled her eyes, moist gladness; one might say the first gush of an artesian well amid the seas of sand.

“Well,” quoth she, cheerful and brisk, to let the mask fall on her blushing soul, “we have got through six dozen oysters and a devil of a lot of Burgundy. . . . I wonder if I am hungry!” She looked him between the eyes.

“Hors d’oeuvres!” said Edgar. “I have a box for the Sam Hall fight.”

“Oh do take me,” she panted. “Will he beat Joe Marie?” she added, with a touch of anxiety. “He has the weight, and the experience, and the record.”

“Fools are betting he will. My money is on the man with three years younger, six inches taller, and twelve inches longer reach to his credit. And a twenty-four times harder skull.”

“It’s his skin I love.”

“The only thing a woman ever can love.”

“And his activity.”

“Exactly. You cannot understand Being, which is Peace.”

“Don’t! You are near *my* secret, now.”

“Wait till the grey hours!”

She dropped three napoleons on the plate, and disdainingly to wait for the change, took Edgar’s arm in hers. They hailed a fiacre.

“By the way, I don’t know your name,” he began, as they clattered down the Boul’ Mich’.

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

“Ida Pendragon. But call me Poppy, because my lips are red, because I give sleep, and death!”

A pause. “And you name, nice boy?”

“Edgar Rolles—you may call me Monkshood.”

“What—*the* Edgar Rolles?”

“As ever is.”

“Oh, they’ll hang you! They’ll certainly hang you! for that last book of yours. . . . But you shall hang here first.” Her long white fingers went to her neck, like a cuttle-fish feeling for its prey. Her eyes closed: her throat worked convulsively for a moment. Rolles too leaned back, pale with excitement. He drank the fresh air. Then, like a man shot, he lifted himself and fell forward, his head in the nest of her bosom.

“Please sit up and behave sensibly, Mr Rolles!” was the next word that fell on his ears. “We are crossing the Seine. Passion may not pass the gloomy river; here stalks Vice, and the Englishman on its heels. The very coffee sent son Anglais.”

“Et les femmes,” muttered Edgar.

She slapped his hand half fiercely.

“It’s Poster Art of immorality.”

“I remember going with an American girl to the Guignol once. They played a comedy one could have acted in a Sunday-school in Glasgow; but Verro-nika, as they called her, who didn’t understand a word of French, said the atmosphere was one of the most awful lust. Poor girl! she had paid a lot to see Yurup and its wickedness. I had not the heart to undeceive her.”

“You sympathised, and offered to take her away?”

THE EQUINOX

“Of course.”

“And she preferred to stay?”

“Of course.”

“Here’s the Cirque, anyhow.”

“We’ll hope for a clean fight.”

The second round was just over as they took their seats. Sam Hall was solid and furious, looking an ounce or two overtrained; Joe Marie looked hardly human, his black skin gleaming, his arms so long as to seem almost disproportionate. He seemed apathetic; he reminded one of indiarubber.

It was not till the sixth round that any warm exchanges took place. Then Ida sat up. Joe had sent a sharp upper cut to the Englishman’s lip. She dug her nails into Rolles’ hand, that lay idly on her knee. Sam Hall returned a blow on the heart that sent the negro staggering across the ring. He was after him like a flash, thinking to finish the fight; but the black countered unexpectedly hard, and the round finished in a clinch.

In the seventh round both men seemed cautious and afraid of punishment. Joe Marie, in particular, seemed half asleep. The lazy grace of his feints was admirable; he was tiring the Englishmen, and paying nothing for the advantage.

In the ninth round Sam Hall reached his eye; but he only laughed, and leapt at his opponent, rushing him to the ropes despite the extra stone and a half. In the furious exchanges both men gave and took a great deal of punishment. In a sense, it was bad boxing.

The tenth round showed Joe Marie awake at last. He led repeatedly, and thrice got home on the white man’s face.

Ida was rubbing her body against Edgar’s like a cat.

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

“He is like a black leopard,” she purred. “Is anything in the world so beautiful as that lithe black body?”

“I have seen blood in the sunlight on a bull’s shoulder,” replied Rolles.

“I love to see the pure animal beat the mere brute. White men ought not to fight: they ought to think, and do lovely physical things, things gracious and of good report.”

“Ida! my Ida! Could you see your nostrils twitching! I can imagine you fighting with all their fierceness, incapable of keeping to the rules of boxing.”

“I hate you,” she said. “In everything you see——”

“Your lust of blood,” he answered gravely.

“It is true,” said Ida slowly. “There is no light of battle in your eye. You see it as a picture.”

“It is a hieroglyph.”

“But it is a fight!”

“I do not believe in fights. I only believe in beauty.”

“Oh how true, how right you are! How noble!” She hid her face in her hands and began to cry to herself. “I see! I see! That is how God must see the universe, or He could never tolerate such cruelty, such idiotcy, ineptitude.”

“Exactly. Suppose now that the world is only symbol—I had rather say sacrament—suppose for example that all these stars swimming in boundless aether are but corpuscles in the blood of some toy terrier of the Creator.”

“You frighten me. I don’t want to suppose.”

“Think of the eternal battles of hæmoglobin, oxyhæmoglobin, carboxyhaemoglobin in our blood. It is the same idea. Do we express sympathy for the fallen? Have we a stop-the-war party? On the contrary, we take good care that these

THE EQUINOX

murderous conflicts shall go on. So when you call the God to whom you aspire 'The Compassionate,' 'The Merciful,' pray be very careful as to exactly what you mean!"

"I am cold. I am frightened. The world has fallen away from me. Take me away. Put me into the ordeal; I have nothing more to lose."

"In the grey hours of the morn."

But the crowd was already on its feet, cheering. Joe Marie had fallen on his opponent, now too weak to counter or to guard, and smashed him here, there, and everywhere. It was as one-sided as a man beating a carpet. Twice he knocked him through the ropes. The first time he rose unsteadily, only to fall instantly. The second time his friends, careless of the rules, helped him to rise. A mistaken kindness; the black rushed him round the ring under a hail of pitiless blows, and with a last smashing drive flung him clean through the ropes out of the ring before the referee had time to stop the fight.

Edgar Rolles drove Ida Pendragon back to his studio in Montparnasse. All the way she clung to him, sobbing like a child. He sat very still, save to caress her hair from which the turban had fallen. "It is the victory of Essence over Form," he mused, "of Matter over Motion. Woman is Form, and thinks Form is Being. Oh my God!" he started up. "I am a man. Suppose I, who am Being, think Being is Form! . . . I cannot even attach a meaning to the phrase! I am blinder than shorn Samson. Both must be equal, equally true, equally false, in His eyes wherein all is false and true, He being beyond them. Only the brains of a child—of The Child—can grasp it. 'Except ye become as little children, ye

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven!’ I am blinder than shorn Samson! . . . Well, I’m in charge of Delilah at present, and here’s the House where we don’t admit Philistines! Get up, little girl!”

He lifted her gently from the fiacre and paid the driver. “Stamp!” said he, “stamp like Dr Johnson! The ground is firm.”

“E pur si muove,” murmured she, and clung (O illogical sex!) still closer to his arm.

II

THE GREY HOUR

“TO resume,” observed Rolles as he removed the tea-tray, “since you have done no prescribed practices (wicked little sister!) you cannot banish the body by bidding it keep silence. So it must be banished by exhaustion, and the spirit awakened by a sevenfold dose of the Elixir.”

“Have you the Elixir?” she asked, rather awed.

“It is entrusted to me,” he answered simply. “To this laudable end I have appointed a sufficiency of Bisque Kadosh at the Café Riche, followed by Homard Cardinal and Truffles au champagne. With a savoury of my own invention. The truffles au champagne of the Café Riche are more to be desired than all the hashish dreams of all the wicked, and than all the divine dreams of all the good. We shall walk there, and drive back. This incense shall be kindled, and this lamp left burning.”

He took a strange object from a locked cabinet. It had flowered chased pipes of gold, copper and platinum, coiling about an egg of crystal. The three snakes met just above the egg, as if to bite or to kiss. Rolles filled the egg with a pale blue liquid from a Venetian flask, then pressed the heads of the serpents just a little closer together. Instantly a coruscating flame leapt between them, minute, dazzling, radiant. It

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

continued to burn with a low hissing noise rarely interrupted by a dry crackle.

“It is well,” said Rolles, “let us depart.”

Ida Pendragon had not said a word. She put on her hat and followed to the door as fatalistically as the condemned man walks to the gallows. She had passed through anticipation; she was content to await what might be.

At the door she whispered, hushed in awe of the real silence of the room with its monotonous hiss, in his ear. “You have the Lamp. I almost begin to wonder if you have not the Ring!”

“‘This is a secret sign,’ ” he quoted, “ ‘and thou shalt not disclose it unto the profane.’ To-night yours be the ring—the Eternal Ring, the Serpent to twine about my heart.”

“Ah! could I crush it!”

He closed the door. Like a priest celebrating his first high mass he led her through Paris. Neither spoke. Only as they mounted the steps of the Cafe he took her arm and said, sharply and sternly: “Attention! From this moment I am Edgar Rolles, and you are Ida Pendragon. No more: not a thought of our real relation. Man and woman, if you will; beasts in the jungle, if you will; flowers by the wayside, if you will; but nothing more. Else you will not only fail in the ordeal, but you will be swept aside out of the Path. You were in greater danger than you knew this afternoon; you will yet pay the price.”

“I understand,” she said. “You devil! I love you.” “And I love every inch of your white body!”

They ran laughing arm in arm through the swing doors.

.

THE EQUINOX

Edgar Rolles sat curled up Hindu fashion on his bed. The sacred lamp still hissed. At his side lay Ida, her arms stretched out cruciform. She hardly breathed; there was no colour in her face. One would have said the corpse of a martyred virgin. On her white body its own purity hovered like a veil.

Edgar Roles watched the lamp, erect, attentive. It went out. Hardly a hint of grey filtered through the blackness. In his hands he held two threads. "One is black, and one is white, he mused, and only God knows which is which. So only God knows what is sin. In our darkness we who presume to declare it are liars—charlatans, groping quacks at the best. Will the sun never dawn? For us on whom the lightning of ecstasy hath flashed for a moment—'much may be seen by its light'—the light of the tempest. But the Light of the Silver Star? Oh, my Brothers (he began to speak aloud) give me wisdom as you have given me understanding! Knowledge and grace and power? These are nothing and less than nothing. Is not this a precious thing that you have given into my charge? Am not I too young among you to bear so wonderful a burden? It is the first time that I have dared so far. The Abyss! The Razor-Edge! Frail bridge and sharp! Yet is it not a ray of the Evening Star, a ray of Venus, of the Love Supernal! . . .

"Can I tell black from white? It seems I can—and then the certainty flickers, and I doubt. I doubt. I am always doubting. Perhaps a wise man grows angry, and declares his will. 'It shall be what o'clock I say it is,' or . . . see! I lay the threads on her white breast. No doubt remains."

Then clear and loud: "Ave Soror!"

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

The girl, as it seemed mechanically, murmured the words “Rosae Rubeae.”

“Et Aureae Crucis,” he rejoined.

Then together, very slowly and distinctly: “Benedictus sit Dominus Deus Noster qui nobis dedit signum.”

It seemed hardly possible that her voice joined his. The lips hardly moved; it was as if an interior voice spoke in her heart. Yet the room was suddenly filled with a pale green light—or was it rosy?—or was it golden?—or was it like the moon? That was the strange thing about it. To every name one put to it an inward voice answered: No, not that; like that, but not quite that. Luminous, spectral, cloudy, shimmering—it was all these, and something more.

He placed his hand upon the girl’s forehead.

“Are you perfectly awake?”

“I am awake, frater.”

“Can you give me the sign of your grade?”

“I must not move. But I am poised for diving, frater.”

“The word?”

Haltingly came the answer: “Ar—ar—it—a.”

“One is His beginning; one is His individuality; His permutation one. Do not forget it, little sister.”

“Are you ready?”

“I am ready. Farewell—farewell for ever!”

“Farewell.”

He took his signet-ring, and pressed a spring. The bezel opened and disclosed a small jewelled wheel, divided into many compartments. He pressed a second spring. The wheel began to revolve, and in the silence sang a tiny tune.

THE EQUINOX

It was a faint tinkle, like a distant cow-bell, or like a chime heard far off, heard from the snow. There was an icy quality in the note.

“Where are you?”

“I—I—” she broke off.

His eyes lit with joy.

“I am in the sand; I am buried to the wast in the sand. I see nothing but sand.”

His face fell again.

“What is sand?” he asked.

“Oh—just sand, you know. Leagues and leagues of sand; like a great bowl of sand.”

“But what is sand?”

“Sand—oh! sand is God, I suppose.” There was a patience and weariness in her voice, as of one who has suffered long and is at rest, or convalescent.

“And who are you?”

She did not answer the question. “Now I see sky,” she said. “Sky is God, too, I think.”

“Then do you see God?”

“Oh no! I think I am God, somehow. It is all like it was before, long ago. I was once a spider in the sand. God is a spider; the Universe is flies. I am a fly, too. . . . And now the desert is full of flies.”

Rolles bit his lip; his face was drawn with pain. At that moment he looked an old man.

“Black flies,” she went on. “Horrible white maggots. And now there are corpses. The maggots play about their mouths and eyes. There are three corpses that were God when they were alive. I killed Him. That was

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

when I was a camel in the sand. Now there are only my bones.”

“It may be only a veil,” he muttered, not wishing her to hear. But she heard.

“It is a veil,” she said. “But is there anything behind veils?”

“Look!”

“Only the sand.”

“Tear it down!”

“There might be Nothing behind.”

“There is Nothing behind. It is through that that you must pass.”

“This veil is God. I am a holy nun in the trance called Rampurana. I am canonised. My name is on every banner. My face is worshipped by every nation. I am a pure virgin; all the others are soiled. Thought is worse than deed. All my thoughts are holy. I think. I think. I think. By the power of my thought I created the Word; and by the Word came the Worlds. I am the creator. I will write my law upon tablets of jade and onyx.”

Rolles bowed his head in silence.

“I am thought itself,” she went on quietly. “And all thought is I. I am knowledge. All knowledge is in three. Three hundred and thirty-three. I am half the Master. I have cut him in two.”

The adept shuddered.

“That was when I was an axe. I will not be an arrow. I will be an axe. . . .” She gave a giggle.

“I am gleeful by reason of hate.”

There was a pause.

THE EQUINOX

“And I am gleeful because I am reason. . . .”

“All reason ends in two. I have cut the Master in two.”

“Can she pass through?” wondered Edgar. “Is it a fault to be identified so well with that which she beholds?”

“There are devils,” she cried. “Black, naked screaming devils. They touch, and at a touch each oozes back to his slime. This slime is Chaos.”

“Ararita!” he breathed the word upon her brow.

“Don’t touch me! don’t touch me!” she screamed. “I am holy! I am God! I am I!” Her face was black and distorted with sudden passion.

“It’s quite different to my own experience in many ways,” thought the watcher. “Yet—is it not the essence of all ordeal, all initiation, that it should be unexpected? Otherwise, the candidate would have passed through the gate before he approached it. Which is absurd.”

The last word must have been audible.

“Absurd!” she cried. “Indeed, it is not absurd. It is all rational. It is you who are absurd.”

“Do you understand what you are saying?”

“No! No! I hate all who understand. I will bite them. I will bite their waists.” Dropping her voice suddenly: “That was when I was a mouse-trap.”

“Dear God! this is like delirium.”

“Oh! go on about God. I don’t mind God. I could tell you wonderful things about what I have done to God. I was a Nonconformist preacher once: I had secret sins. They were mine! Mine! How proud I was of them! Every Sunday I used to preach against the sin that I had done most in the week. There are many butterflies in the desert;

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

ever so many more than one would think. This proves that God is good. And then, you see, there are beetles. Beetles and beetles. And scorpions. Dear little amber beasts. There! one has stung me. It is the sacrament of hate. I will sleep in a bed of scorpions and rose-leaves. Scorpions are better than thorns. Why do I wander about naked? And why do I thirst? And this torment of cold? It ought to be hot in the desert. And it isn't. Now that proves—oh yes, my cat! you shall have milk. I will strike a rock for you. Milk and honey.”

She started up suddenly, and put her hands to her face, then threw them round his neck.

“Edgar, darling!” she cried, “your pussy has had such a dreadful dream. Come and love his girl!”

He dared not tell her that she had tried and failed, that she had come back as she set out. He flung his will into that act of mercy; his kisses ravished her into delight.

It was late morning when they woke, faint with rapture, fresh kisses blossoming on their young lips, as the sun himself lit their awakening with his love.

Only then came memory, and solemnity, and sorrow.

“I must catch the four o'clock,” he said, as he left her; “one of these addresses always finds me. Telegraph if you need me. I would come from the ends of the earth, if I must: but you know the Brothers? When you need me really I shall be at your shoulder. O my darling! my darling!” he broke out, falling to tenderness, half human and half superhuman; “how I love you! how I love you! I hate going to England.”

“Oh yes! your martyrdom! I wish I were worthy to share it.”

THE EQUINOX

“God! God! why must we part? It’s my fool vanity that makes me want the martyrdom. And all the time I only want you.”

“But you’re not only Edgar Rolles.”

“And when I return, be more than Ida Pendragon. Keep a stout heart, wench!”

So, with a thousand tear and kisses, they parted. She would not come to see him off; her self-command was weakened alike by her new love and by the terrible ordeal that she had undergone. Her mind remembered nothing of it—such is the merciful order of things; but her soul, beaten with rods, was sore.

So Edgar Rolles went to England to his martyrdom, with a lock of her hair in his pocket-book; and he turned martyrdom to battle, and battle to victory. Kingdoms have been won for an eyelash, before now.

III

THE BLACK HOUR

“DISGUSTING!” said Ida Pendragon. She was at the Luxembourg Gallery, regarding a too faithful portrait of an orator addressing his constituents. She spoke over her shoulder to the long negro, Joe Marie. His eyes rolled, and his hands twitched, and his thick mouth grinned. He seemed to sniff her hair. A pitiable creature—a tamed leopard. All smiles and yes! yes! to a discourse of whose purport he had no idea.

“Realism!” she went on. “We want truth, but we want beauty too. We don’t want what our silly eyes call truth. We want the beauty that is seen by artists’ souls. A photograph is a lie because a camera is not a God. And we would rather the truth coloured by the artist’s personality than the lie that his mere eyes tell him. The women of Bougereau and Gerome are more like what the eyes tell one of life than the women of Degas and Manet. I want the truth of Being, not the truth of Form. Do you hear?” she cried, “I want truth, I want Truth.”

“I want you,” said Joe Marie.

“We are both in trouble, then,” she smiled back. “And perhaps if we had our wish, we should both be disappointed. Now I am going home to write letters, and if you are good you shall lunch with me to-morrow.”

THE EQUINOX

"Then let me pay! I want to pay for your lunch."

"You shall have a great treat, Joe! I have a friend and his girl coming, too. You shall pay for all of us."

The negro beamed. "Ida Pendragon!" he spluttered. "I love you, Ida Pendragon."

"And Ida Pendragon loves her leopard. Now leave me." She glanced round. They were alone in the gallery.

"You may kiss the back of my neck, if you like."

The negro buried his head between her shoulders.

She shivered; her hair hissed under his kiss. She writhed round, and gave her mouth to his for one clinging moment. Then she pushed herself away, and he, poor troubled animal, went swiftly and sleekly from the room. At the corner he staggered. The girl saw it; her smile was like sheet lightning.

A quarter of a mile away, at that moment, Edgar Rolles was tearing the edges from a "petit bleu."

"I am paying the penalty," he read. "Lunch with me at Lavenue's at one to-morrow. Bring a girl."

"Right," said he. "But I wonder what she means." And he strolled out to the Dôme to find good-hearted Ninon, "la grande hystérique" of the Quarter, half-mad and wholly amorous, half gamine and half great lady, satiated and unsatisfied indeed, but innocent withal. La Dame de Montparno they called her; she dominated her surroundings without effort. Yet none could analyse or explain the fascination to which all surrendered. She had more friends than lovers, and no one ever told a lie about her, or let her want for anything.

She welcomed the invitation with joy. "Ida Pendragon!"

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

she said, "oh! I know the type. Name of a tigress" and she rattled off a story of a stag-hunt at Fontainebleau in which the Cornish girl had played the principal, an incredible part.

The cafe pricked up its ears, and dissolved in laughter at the culminating impossibility.

But Edgar Rolles only frowned. "I am sorry for Ida," he said slowly. "If your story were true I should be glad; but she is only the painter with his palette mixing paints: she never gives her soul up to the canvas. Tigress? yes: but not the Bodhi-sattva who let the tigress eat him. She always wins; she cannot lose. As the proverb says: 'Lucky at play, unlucky in love—and 'God is love.' "

"Listen! he is saying the Black Mass again," cried Ninon, and springing on a table began the Dance of the Postman's Knock, just then the rage of Montparnasse before the infection spread to Paris and London. A Polish youth jumped on to the table opposite and joined her; in a minute the whole cafe was aflame with it.

But Edgar Rolles, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and the threat of tears in his eyes, was walking back to his studio.

"If only life were folly!" he sighed. "But the silliest things we do are wisdom—somehow, somewhere——"

And he let himself in.

* * * * *

The lunch in the private room at Lavenue's was secretly amusing. Joe Marie had only dog's eyes for Ida; Ninon amused herself by trying to distract him. Edgar held forth at length upon Art, passionlessly expository.

THE EQUINOX

“Art,” said he, “and do not imagine that Art or anything else is other than High Magic!—is a system of holy hieroglyph. The artist, the initiate, thus frames his mysteries. The rest of the world scoff, or seek to understand, or pretend to understand; some few obtain the truth. The technical ability of the artist is the lucidity of his language; it has nothing to do with the degree of his illumination. Bougereau is better technically than Manet; he explains more clearly what he sees. But what does he see? He is the priest of a false God. Form has no importance except in this sense; we must not be revolted by the extravagance of new symbolic systems. Gauguin and Matisse may live to be understood. We acquiesce in the eccentricities of Raphael.”

Ida gave a little laugh of pleased scorn of him.

“My good girl, perspective is an eccentricity, a symbol; no more. How can one ever represent a three-dimensional world in two dimensions? Only by symbolism. We have acquiesced in the method of the primitives—do you think men and women are really like Fra Angelico’s pictures look to the eye of the untaught? We may one day acquiesce in all the noughts and crosses of Nadelmann! It’s the same everywhere. I draw a curve and a circle and a waggle up and down; and everybody who can read English is perfectly satisfied that I mean that placid ruminant, female, herbivorous, and lactiferous, to which we compare our more domesticated courtesans and our less domesticated policemen. So Being is not in Form; it is however only to be understood through Form. Hence incarnations. The Universe is only a picture in the Mind of the Father, by which He wishes to convey—what? It is our Magnum Opus to discover what He means! Hence ‘the eye

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

of faith.' Mere eyesight tells us that a plaster mould is truer to nature than the greatest masterpiece of Phidias; so does science, with her gross calipers. Sensible men prefer a good photograph of nature to a bad landscape. The photograph shows them the view of their own normal eye through the medium of an accepted symbolism; the picture shows the view of an indifferent bad soul through a medium of mud. But Corot! But Whistler! But Morrice! Corot sees a wood, and paints Pan; Bougereau sees a pretty model, and paints a pretty model. He doesn't paint Woman. Morrice paints the Venice of Byron, of our historic and voluptuous dreams; not the Venice of the Yankee and the churning steamers. Raphael found Madonna in his mistress; Rembrandt a queen of sombre passion and seduction in his wife. In one way or another we must get to God's meaning through a medium that itself is meaningless."

"Just as through dejeuner we get to the dessert!" laughed Ida, who had something more to say than her face showed. All through lunch she had allured the big black savage, until beneath her glances he was in agony. All the primitive passions fought one another in his heart. He could have killed Rolles for the very nonchalance of his small-talk. It hurt him that anyone should speak to Ida save in words of love. Equally, he could have killed him for a trace of inflection in his voice.

Edgar Rolles understood his torture, understood the suppressed intensity of Ida's purpose, though he could not guess its nature. Somehow he distrusted the event.

"Take literature!" he went on, in that even vigilant voice of his. "Take Zola with his million marshalled facts. What

THE EQUINOX

do they matter? Nothing. We get the truth about the Second Empire—and if Zola's facts were all false, it would not alter the truth he came to tell, poor, provincial, time-serving truth as it is."

"Take Ibsen! It is no accusation to say that Norwegians never act as his characters do; no defence to prove that Norwegians always do act so. It has nothing to do with the question. Romeo and Juliet make love in English—nobody minds! Macbeth is not obliged to say, 'Hoots! ma leddy!' every time he addresses his wife. The fool who bothers with local colour misses the sunshine. The man with the burette misses the sea. Some pious Dutchman of yore, who wanted to paint Abraham and Isaac, gave the old man a blunderbuss. Why not? You can shoot your soon with a blunderbuss! I tell you it's all symbolism, all hieroglyphics. Take Wagner!"

"Take a cigarette," said Ida.

He shrugged his shoulders, and surrendered to the event.

"Mr Rolles," she said, "it is your advice on life that we are asking. Let us talk seriously. This dear boy (she took the negro's lips in her slim fingers and pinched them) likes me."

"I love her! I would die for her!" broke in the black, crying with pleasure and pain, utterly unable to hold himself in. He caught the table to draw himself to it, so violently that two glasses fell. "I love her! I love her! I want her."

"Hush, Joe! Well, you see, Mr Rolles, I love him too. . . ." Rolles flashed one glance at her. She would not see it.—"I love him passionately, indeed I do. Oh, I love him, I love him!"

She threw herself on the broad chest of the boxer and hid

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

her face. His long arms wound convulsively round her. His eyes seemed to start from his head; foam gathered on his dry lips; he could not speak. The breath came through his dilated nostrils hot and fierce; one would have said a bull in the arena. She disengaged herself.

“You see, he wants to marry me. I love him! I want to be with him for ever. But—” the great fighter was limp in his chair. “It is difficult,” she went on. “There are complications. My mother . . .”

Edgar Rolles detected the false note in her voice. He understood. He was angry, angry at his implication in such an affair. His teeth snapped.

“Yes?” he said, though he wanted to shout, to break the furniture.

“We cannot marry,” she went on, and this time the mordant malice almost tore her silky pathos with a rending shriek. “So, Joe . . .” She turned her great eyes on him, lustrous, pleading.

“I want you!” was all he said. But his voice was like the low and terrible cry of an elephant.

“You would not make me”—she hesitated a moment—“you would not make me—*impure?*” Her inflection was low and tremulous; but the Caucasians understood. It was like the scream of the typhoon, ripping the sails.

Ninon broke into a high hysterical sob of utmost laughter. She had not seen such a comedy since—she had never seen such a comedy. What a dull brute that black creature was!

Edgar Rolles rose with a jerk. He did not know what was coming.

And then light dawned in the dense brain of the African.

THE EQUINOX

The thousand meshes of her spider web were torn. He understood. He understood that she cared nothing, had never cared, would never have given a hair of her head for all his body and soul. Understanding was to his brain a momentary death.

Then with a silent snarl he sprang at her. She and her chair crashed backwards to the floor, and the black leopard was upon her, his teeth sunk in her throat.

Edgar Rolles was only just in time. His boot caught the murderer behind the ear—and Edgar Rolles had played football.

The beast was dead.

Edgar stooped and caught her up, blood leaping from her throat, while Ninon, shriek upon shriek rising in torment, rushed to rouse the people of the restaurant.

“Oh, my brother,” gasped the girl. “Could you not understand? I wanted to die, so.”

There were her last words for long.

Lavenue’s was a storm of chattering and gesticulating fools. The police pushed them aside. The corpse to the mortuary; the girl to the hospital; the man to the Poste. Ninon, wringing her hands and crying and laughing, had run like a Bacchante up the Boulevard to the Dôme.

IV

THE HOUR OF GOLD

IT was easy to satisfy French justice. Ida Pendragon was compared to several early Christian martyrs whose names I have forgotten; Edgar Rolles was asked to sit for a picture of St George by Follat, the success of the year's salon. Humanitarian papers urged the law to suppress boxing and its brutalities. Texans in Paris argued and rejoiced; Parisians in Texas went with a clear conscience to such lynchings as occurred.

Ida was convalescent. She would never lose the awful scars that jagged her throat; but would her face ever lose its mysterious exaltation? When Edgar saw her, he was almost afraid to understand. Leaving her, he went through the heart of Paris to a certain house. He wished to be certain; he wished to consult a Brother of the Silver Star.

Now it is very easy to find a Brother, when you know the password. But it is not always easy to get that Brother to tell you what you want. He is almost certain to be exceedingly rude; he is extremely likely to insist on talking common sense, which is annoying when you go for exalted mysticism; and quite possibly he may just nod, and continue his labours, which is maddening when your business is of the highest importance to you, and to him, and to the Brother-

THE EQUINOX

hood itself, not to mention humanity—while he is occupied in playing spillikins, and further insults you by explaining that he is trying to prove that, if you only do it carefully enough, you can detach planets from the solar system without hurting it.

On this occasion, however, Rolles was fortunate enough to find the Brother whom he knew at leisure—even for him. His feet were on the mantelpiece; a long pipe was in his mouth, and he was twiddling his thumbs.

“Avé, Frater!” said he, as Rolles entered. “Also Valé. How you young brothers manage to find trouble!”

“Miss Pendragon will be out of the hospital in four days,” began Edgar in explanation.

“Lucky dog!” said the great man. “But the funny thing is that I am in trouble too.”

“Oh! I am sorry.”

“I wonder if you could help. It’s this way. Sometimes I twiddle my thumbs so—we call that the plus direction: and sometimes *so*—the minus direction. Now I lost count years and years ago; and so whichever way I twiddle, I may be getting further and further from equality. Then how—I ask you!—may man attain to the Universal Equilibrium?”

“Wouldn’t it be safer not to twiddle at all?” suggested Rolles meekly.

“Inglorious youth!” retorted the Brother. “Base Buddhist! So you could never equalize the count! No! My plan is—always to twiddle one way. It is an even chance that my way is right.”

“But if you should be wrong?”

“I shall be damned, I suppose.”

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

“And if you should succeed, and equalise the count?”

“I have no idea.”

“But——”

“Ungenerous, unsympathetic youth! I wager you have not divined my difficulty?”

“It *all* seems very difficult.”

“But my supreme, my crushing doubt?”

“I cannot guess, sir.”

“This! In your ear, my young friend. This! I cannot remember which way always to twiddle.”

Rolles drew back dazed.

“Read Nietzsche!” snapped the Brother.

“But—but—” he stammered. “Oh! this is it. Miss Pendragon comes out in four days’ time . . .”

“I wish you’d learnt twiddling,” said the Brother sadly.

“But what am I to do, sir?”

“Twiddle, you damned fool!”

“I know you always mean something . . .”

“Never. There is Nothing to mean!”

“Oh!”

“Be off, I can’t be bothered with you—be off! I send you packing. Is *that* clear?”

“You have nothing to say to me?”

“What have I been saying this priceless past fourteen minutes twenty-seven seconds? Ape! Goat! Imbecile! Dullard! Poopstick! Do you think one can recover lost time? One must talk English to you—English, you hotel blotting-paper, you unabsorbent wad of pulp! English, you Englishman!”

Rolles nearly lost his temper at the final insult.

THE EQUINOX

“Well, then, I send you packing. Go and pack, dolt! Pack! Trunks, portmanteaux, bags, boxes, and for the Lord’s sake pack some brains! Take the girl to Jericho or Johannesburg, and get some sense, and triplets, if you can!”

“Twiddle so—Being! Twiddle so—Form! Balance them, cheating grocer! Nation of shopkeepers! Twiddle! Twiddle! Twiddle! Isn’t the Balance in the Babe? Teach her to understand children!” The Brother paused to re-light his pipe, thrusting the bowl into the glowing carbon of the grate.

“To understand children? It is hard. But we love children, sir.”

“And what the devil is the difference between love and understanding? If you have one, you have the other. Oh, twiddle, twiddle!—You can send me one of those rotten paper knives from Jericho,” added the adept more peaceably. “With the rotten Sephardi pointing—blasphemers! And here! don’t *you* blaspheme, young feller my lad. You’ve got a good woman: make the most of her.”

“A great woman, perhaps.”

“A good woman. In the next siege of Paris I hope I shall not have to boil your head; I prefer thick soup. A good woman. A sister of the Silver Star, my good goat!”

“I do not understand, master!”

“You never will, I think. O generation of vipers! O prosy princox! O coxcomb of Kafoozelum!”

“I beg your pardon, sir! You know she failed in the abyss?”

“I? You? This is intolerable. Give me mere Hafiz! Here, thickhead! she was your mistress, I suppose? Most women in Paris seem to be.”

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON

“Sir!”

“Yes or no? Well, silence gives consent—No! she wasn’t! You lie! she never gave herself but once—go and look at the mark on her throat!”

Rolles reeled back, stunned by the bludgeon truth.

“I am a Fool!”

“Not by a long chalk! Keep your end up, and you’ll be a Magus in this life yet, though. In the meantime—oh, be a Devil!”

The younger man divined the infinite love and wisdom beneath the brusquerie of the Brother.

His eyes filled with tears.

“I’ll win her, sir, by God!” he said enthusiastically.

“Lose yourself to her. Only so. Off now, boy! I am busy. I must twiddle—twiddle—twiddle.”

Edgar bowed and went. He could not trust himself to speak: the Love that was the whole being of the Brother melted the snow of his soul. He loved. Not Ida, not the world, not anything. It was pure love; love without object, love as love is in itself. He did not love; he was Love.

But he strode straight back to Ida Pendragon. Before she left her bed, they were married. A week later they drove through the cool swift air to the South; and there, among the vines, they learnt how—once in a century—the phoenix Passion may rise from the fire of Vice, and how in the beak of the phoenix proved by the fire is the ring of Love.

* * * * *

A year later. They were in a villa at Mustapha. The sea and sky strove enviously which should best answer the sun’s question with the word blue.

THE EQUINOX

But Ida Pendragon, pale and fragile as rare porcelain, twisted herself and found no peace. Edgar bent over her, as vigilant as on the night of her first ordeal. In the shadow stood a physician; at the bedside sat a nurse, and in her arms a child.

“Brother!” she said faintly, “the number of the grade is Three, and I have given myself three times. Once to the brute, once to the man—my man! (her hand pressed his, oh! too feebly!) and now—to God!” The tears sprang to his eyes.

“It is for you,” she whispered, “to understand the child.”

She fell back. The physician ran forward. He knew that he had no useful purpose there: but he motioned Edgar away. Too late. Edgar had understood the Event.

He fell upon the dead girl’s breast, crash!

The nurse shook herself, half angrily, as a retriever shakes off water. Then she put the child into his arms.

MARITAL NAY

THE AUTUMN WOODS

THE eye of Fate is closed; the olden doom
Lies in the wrack of things. There is no sigh;
Only the wind cries through the lonely woods,
And the barren motherhood of the world is manifest
Shamelessly; in the dank, pale Autumn woods
The fallen leaves lie squelching under the feet
Of the desolate gnomes; and now the birds are silent,
And the streams flow sluggishly through the veins of the
world.

Dark gray and cloudy, the skies no more are blue,
And grayness reigning solitary makes music
Drearly through the wind-harp. The dripping rain
Soddens the earth, and the stones lie thick and wet
Among the leaves; and the trees wave naked arms
In despair to the sky. The light is quickly dying,
And there is no more day; the dull red sun—
A sore and aching eye in a face of gray—
Droops down to slumber. All the world is dead.

Rose! Rose! Where art thou? O my Rose, my Rose!
My secret Rose, art lost among the gray?
There is no voice in the silence; in the woods
The brownness glistens under the weeping rain,

THE EQUINOX

And I am in despair of Thee and Time.
Weeping the trees, and all the streams grown sullen
Under the lowering skies, and the bitter winds.
There is no living thing in the temple of Summer,
And the ashes of Spring lie cold on the hearth of day.

Gray dreams again! And all my hope is fled.
Gray dreams, gray dreams, and the day is tired and dead.
The bitter aftermath of Summer brings
Time's memory back to the world: there are no stings,
In the world's pain, but only bitterness
Of the memory of Time; no sore distress,
Save for the thought of Summer waned and dead,
And faded with the gold skies overhead,
And the young green beneath; ah! secret Rose,
Here in the heart of the woods I pluck thee forth,
Fraught with the swell of Summer, crimson-bright!
And for the world under the stars to-night—
It shall be thine, and thine the star that draws
The world to worship thee: the days are fled
Under the heavens; there is no more sun,
And no more love; the world is hushed and dead.

Slim-passing dryad through the lonely woods!
I will follow thee in the paths of dank decay;
Decadent Autumn, with thy lonely broods
Of active gnomes, and little red-capped Fays,
Feasting in the Summer dead under the trees
Dripping with Autumn rains—ah! take me too,
Me too into the silence of the past,

THE AUTUMN WOODS

The grave of desolation! I am weary
Of all things; let me sleep my life away!

The breast of Fate is pregnant with despair
Got on her by the piercing shaft of Time.
Ah! Unborn child of Fate and Time, I am weary
Of them that gave thee birth. Shall I love thee?
O darling, wilt thou come to me in the silence,
Saying: I hear the mystery of Time,
And the secret of Fate? I know not yet, but surely
Thou shalt know of the Rose, the rose, the Rose of the
world;
With thee shall I bear the chalice of blood-tipped lilies,
The chalice of red, sweet lilies under the moon?

But now there is no moon, nor any sun;
The world's gray noon only is for thee and me;
There is no sound in the nerveless silences
Of the fading world; there is a quiver of light
On the river of life; we are unwed, my Rose,
Nor knoweth each the other; we are undone,
My Rose, my secret Rose, my unknown Rose!

And still the Autumn woods are rustling dumbly
With sodden leaves made brown by wind and rain;
And the satyrs are fled under the earth to hide
From the sunless world, and the nymphs are faded to air,
To be reborn in the sun-light: there is no more joy,
For mournfulness is fallen on the world,
And decadence and decay and the odour of eld.

THE EQUINOX

The spirit sleeps; the Rose of the world is buried
Under the soil of every star that glows,
A hanging lamp, under the firmament.
There shall be no more roses, no more roses,
Until the spring of the stars shall fall on the world.
Then shall be light again, O secret Rose,
And thou shalt be born anew, with radiant star-light
For dew, and all thy petals shall be dreams
Crystallised of the gods who swing the chains
Of the worlds in space; and at the heart of thee
Shall be the secret knowledge, the sacred word,
The logos of the throbbing universe.

And the years shall pass in myriads over the tree
Whereon thou bloomest, O my Rose of the worlds!
And one shall pluck thee forth, and love and death
Shall lie together, and there shall be born
He who shall bear for ever into life
The rose-tipped lilies under the silent stars,
The silent stars, and the red-blushing roses.

O Rose, my Rose of the world, my Rose of Roses,
Thou shalt be born anew, and live for ever!

VICTOR J. I. NEUBURG.

THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM

*AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO
ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.*

A CURIOUS idea is being sedulously disseminated, and appears to be gaining ground, that mysticism is the “Safe” Path to the Highest, and magic the dangerous Path to the Lowest.

There are several comments to be made on this assertion. One may doubt whether anything worth doing at all is free from danger, and one may wonder what danger can threaten the man whose object is his own utter ruin. One may also smile a little grimly at the integrity of those who try to include all Magic under Black Magic, as is the present trick of the Mystic Militant here on earth.

Now, as one who may claim to a slight acquaintance with the literature of both paths, and to have been honoured by personal exposition from the adepts of both paths, I believe that I may be able to bring them fairly into the balance.

This is the magical theory, that the first departure from the Infinite must be equilibrated and so corrected. So the “great magician,” Mayan, the maker of Illusion, the Creator, must be met in combat. Then “if Satan be divided against Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?” Both vanish: the illusion is no more. Mathematically, $1 + (-1) = 0$. And this path is symbolised in the Taro under the figure of the

THE EQUINOX

Magus, the card numbered 1, the first departure from 0, but referred to Beth, 2, Mercury, the god of Wisdom, Magic and Truth.

And this Magus has the twofold aspect of the Magician himself and also of the "Great Magician" described in Liber 418 (EQUINOX, No. V., Special Supplement, p. 144).

Now the formula of the mystic is much simpler. Mathematically, it is $1 - 1 = 0$. He is like a grain of salt cast into the sea; the process of dissolution is obviously easier than the shock of worlds which the magician contemplates. "Sit down, and feel yourself as dust in the presence of God; nay, as less than dust, as nothing," is the all-sufficient simplicity of his method. Unfortunately, many people cannot do this. And when you urge your inability, the mystic is only too likely to shrug his shoulders and be done with you.

This path is symbolised by the "Fool" of the Tarot, who is alike the Mystic and the Infinite.

But apart from this question, it is by no means certain that the formula is as simple as it seems. How is the mystic to assure himself that "God" is really "God" and not some demon masquerading in His image? We find Gerson sacrificing Huss to his "God"; we find a modern journalist who has done more than dabble in mysticism writing, "This mystic life at its highest is undeniably selfish"; we find another writing like the old lady who ended her criticism of the Universe, "There's only Jock an' me'll be saved; an' I'm no that sure o' Jock"; we find another who at the age of ninety-nine foams at the mouth over an alleged breach of her

THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM

alleged copyright; we find another so sensitive that the mention of his name by the present writer induces an attack of epileptic mania; if such are really “united with” or “absorbed in” God, what of God?

We are told in Galatians that the fruits of the Spirit are peace, love, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and somewhere else, “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Of these evil-doers then we must either think that they are dishonest, and have never attained at all, or that they have united themselves with a devil.

Such are “Brethren of the Left Hand Path,” described so thoroughly in Liber 418 (EQUINOX, No. V., Special Supplement, pp. 119 *sqq.*).

Of these the most characteristic sign is their exclusiveness. “We are the men.” “Ours is the only Way.” “All Buddhists are wicked,” the insanity of spiritual pride.

The Magician is not nearly so liable to fall into this fearful mire of pride as the mystic; he is occupied with things outside himself, and can correct his pride. Indeed, he is constantly being corrected by Nature. He, the Great One, cannot run a mile in four minutes! The mystic is solitary and shut up, lacks wholesome combat. We are all schoolboys, and the football field is a perfect prophylactic of swelled head. When the mystic meets an obstacle, he “makes believe” about it. He says it is “only illusion.” He has the morphino-maniac’s feeling of *bien-être*, the delusions of the general paralytic. He loses the power of looking any fact in the face; he feeds himself on his own imagination; he

THE EQUINOX

persuades himself of his own attainment. If contradicted on the subject, he is cross and spiteful and cattish. If I criticise Mr X, he screams, and tries to injure me behind my back; if I say that Madame Y is not exactly St Teresa, she writes a book to prove that she is.

Such persons "swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw, Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread," as Milton wrote of a less dangerous set of spiritual guides.

For their unhappy followers and imitators, no words of pity suffice. The whole universe is for them but "the glass of their fool's face"; only, unlike Sir Palamedes, they admire it. Moral and spiritual Narcissi, they perish in the waters of illusion. A friend of mine, a solicitor in Naples, has told me strange tales of where such self-adoration ends.

And the subtlety of the devil is shown particularly in the method by which neophytes are caught by the Black Brothers. There is an exaggerated awe, a solemnity of diction, a vanity of archaic phrases, a false veil of holiness upon the unclean shrine. Stilted affectation masquerades as dignity; a rag-bag of mediævalism apes profundity; jargon passes for literature; phylacteries increase about the hem of the perfect prig, prude, and Pharisee.

Corollary to this attitude is the lack of all human virtue. The greatest magician, when he acts in his human capacity, acts as a man should. In particular, he has learnt kind-heartedness and sympathy. Unselfishness is very often his long suit. Just this the mystic lacks. Trying to absorb the lower planes into the higher, he neglects the lower, a mistake no magician could make.

THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM

The Nun Gertrude, when it came to her turn to wash up the dishes, used to explain that she was very sorry, but at that particular moment she was being married, with full choral service, to the Saviour.

Hundreds of mystics shut themselves up completely and for ever. Not only is their wealth-producing capacity lost to society, but so is their love and good-will, and worst of all, so is their example and precept. Christ, at the height of his career, found time to wash the feet of his disciples; any Master who does not do this on every plane is a Black Brother. The Hindus honour no man who becomes “Sannyasi” (nearly our “hermit”) until he has faithfully fulfilled all his duties as a man and a citizen. Celibacy is immoral, and the celibate shirks one of the greatest difficulties of the Path.

Beware of all those who shirk the lower difficulties: it’s a good bet that they shirk the higher difficulties too.

Of the special dangers of the path there is here no space to write; each student finds at each step temptations reflecting his own special weakness. I have therefore dealt solely with the dangers inseparable from the path itself, dangers inherent in its nature. Not for one moment would I ask the weakest to turn back or turn aside from that path, but I would ask even the strongest to apply these correctives: first, the sceptical or scientific attitude, both in outlook and method; second, a healthy life, meaning by that what the athlete and the explorer mean; third, hearty human companionship, and devotion to life, work, and duty.

Let him remember that an ounce of honest pride is better than a ton of false humility, although an ounce of true

THE EQUINOX

humility is worth an ounce of honest pride; the man who works has no time to bother with either. And let him remember Christ's statement of the Law "to love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

REVIEWS

THE BIG STICK

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. ROBERT HITCHENS. Methuen, 6s.

Mr Hichens once wrote "Flames." This was a pretty powerful book. To-day (tempted, as I suppose, by a heavy bribe, for he is an artist in his way) he gives us this book with a title borrowed, not from Lytton, whom he has obviously not read, but from some eighteenth-hand source, and contents borrowed from his own "Flames." Hence a tedious novel,

dull novel	unconvincing novel,
stupid novel,	futile novel,
pseudo-occult novel,	banal novel,
pot-boiling novel,	senseless novel,
tired novel,	ground-out novel,
pointless novel,	unreal novel,
fatuous novel,	sorry novel,

etc., etc., etc.

The above method of filling space I took from Rabelais. Mr Hichens' method is just as obvious.

PANURGE.

MYSTICISM. EVELYN UNDERHILL. Methuen. 15s. net.

This lengthy treatise upon the simplest of subjects is more free from pedantry and theological bias than was perhaps to be expected. It is very complete in its way as regards Christian mysticism; but the attempt to restrict the term mysticism to Christian mysticism must fail. It is indeed self-destructive. To exclude the authors of the Bhagavadgita, the Voice of the Silence, Knox Om Pax, and the Tao Teh King is to exclude by implication St. Teresa. To deny Crowley is to deny Christ. Similarly, the attempt to define Magic in terms contrary to its tradition, is sectarian folly. I may disagree with Huxley, but I shall not confute him by saying that he was a bigoted opponent of Evolution.

Roosevelt, in calling Thomas Paine a dirty little Atheist, when he was demonstrably a clean tall Deist, established only the record for falsehood. Mr (or

THE BIG STICK

Mrs or Miss?) Evelyn Underhill does the same thing when he abuses the Magi by attributing to them the doctrines and practices of sorcerers. And we think that his sense of awe misleads him in one respect. The Buddha, the Christ, and He whom some of us know as Frater Perdurabo, were all men before they became lost in the Infinity of what some call the One, others the All, others the Naught; and their documents are accessible. These documents are of immeasurably greater value than the lesser writings of the mediaeval saints. In fact, this word mediaeval is of use to us in describing Evelyn Underhill's state of mind. He, she, or it is rather narrow, vastly learned and curiously ignorant, capable of seeing far from within, utterly incapable of seeing an inch from without, a bit of a heresy-hunter and so on. It is clear that the mystic vision even is not his, or how could he remain sectarian? Had he only enough imagination to think of the earth as seen from Cor Scorpionis, all such diatribes would seem infinitely petty. We may splutter about with our little verbal fireworks, as I am doing now; but to take it seriously! "There's nothing serious in mortality;" God is All in All. The Universe is but a mote playing in that sunbeam; why bother to fill 600 dull pages? Nothing is worth writing but literature. Art is the expression of divine Truth; Mr. Underhill, being no artist, expresses only human error.

CANDLESTICK.

DEATH. HERWARD CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. Wm. Rider & Son, 8s. 6d. net.

A most interesting and fairly able book. Mr Carrington's hysteria is thoroughly diluted by Mr Meader, or else he has taken a little nourishment and feels better. The Vitality book was the scream of a schoolgirl.

The "theories" of these writers are, however, too comic to discuss seriously. One believes in "Life," a mystical entity flowing through one like a grease-spot through a greenback; the other believes that Death is caused by a man's hypnotising himself into the belief that it must come!

Big as is the present volume, it is necessarily far from complete. Yet I am compelled to admit much against my will that he makes out a very strong case for the persistence of personality after death, and its manifestation through certain mediums. Yet I think that the "coincidence" argument is a little better than is supposed.

The point is that the failures are unrecorded. Take "pure chance" roulette for example. Scientifically, any given run (say 500 on the red) is no more and no less remarkable than any other given run, say R B B R R B B B R R R B B B B, etc., to 500 coups. But the one is acclaimed as a miracle, the other goes unremarked.

THE EQUINOX

Now in the millions of séances of the last sixty years the “evidential” records can be counted in the fingers of one hand.

And it is not antecedently so very improbable that pure chance might dictate correct answers in so small a proportion of cases.

Further, the spiritists have thrown upon science the task of proving a universal negative.

If Sir Oliver Lodge, or Professor Munsterberg, or Lord Cholly Cauliflower, or Mr Upthe Pole comes to me with a tale of unicorns in Piccadilly, I merely humour him. Munsterberg, at least, might be dangerous.

But I should not investigate his statement, and I certainly should not claim to be able to disprove it on *à priori* grounds.

Even in the evidential cases, there is so much room for a mixture of fraud, telepathy, chance, and hysteria, and humanity is so clever at stopping chinks with putty and then leaving the door open, that we must continue to suspend judgment.

An amusing case occurred some years ago at Cambridge. I offered to reproduce roughly the performance of the Zancigs (which was then puzzling the foolish in London) without preparation. A stranger to me offered to act as my “medium.”

The conditions were these. The ten small cards of a suit were laid on the floor; one was to be touched in the medium’s absence and in my presence. The medium was to return and say which it was. The rest of the company were to prevent us from communicating if they could.

Well, they tried everything. In a minute’s interview I arranged a button-touching code with my medium, and as each new restriction was put on me I managed to invent a new code. Shifting my pipe, coughing, arranging books, winking, altering the position of my fingers, etc., etc., all were provided against. Then I obtained a confederate. Ultimately the grand sceptic of all devised the following test just as I had passed the note to my medium, “If I can’t manage any of the old ways, I’ll try and write down the number and put it on the mantelpiece.”

And this was the test.

The medium was to be taken from Whewell’s Court (were we were) over to the Great Court of Trinity—well out of all hearing. I was to be left alone with the sceptic, who by this time suspected everybody of being a confederate. He was to touch the card in my presence and then take me away in the opposite direction. The medium was then (at a given time) to return, and tell the card. Now it happened that in the course of general argument about fairness, which I encouraged to enable myself to plot unnoticed in the confusion of talk, that I had stipulated for my sceptic to write down the number that he had

THE BIG STICK

touched, to avoid dispute. This he agreed to; he was allowed to hide it as he chose.

I gave up all hope but in bringing off the 9 to 1 chance of my medium's being right. The sceptic kept both eyes on me all the time; if I stirred a finger, he was up in arms. I did keep my back to the mantelpiece, but there was no way of writing down the number.

But it was just at that point that my sceptic's magnificent brain broke down. He had correctly argued everything so far; but then his brain said, "It is important that Crowley shall not know where I hide the paper with the number on it: I must hide it somewhere where he cannot see."

So instead of slipping it into one of the hundreds of books on the shelves, the hid it behind my back, *i.e.* on the mantelpiece, where it was duly found!

I must tell just one other story to the point. It throws possibly some light on one or two of the "miracles" which Blavatzky performed in order to disgust the more foolish of her followers.

In June 1906 I was at Margate (God help me!), and asked my friend J—— to lend me his copy of Abramelin.

"Sorry!" said he. "I lent it to So-and-so, and it has not been returned."

He forgot this conversation: I remembered it.

Staying at his house six months later, I was alone one morning and found the book, which he "knew for a fact" to be in London sixty miles away. It was hidden by the panel of a glass-fronted bookcase.

I hid it in the stuffing of a music-stool, led the conversation at lunch-time to "apports," got my host to suggest my doing this very thing which he was sure I could not do, and, in the evening, did it.

If I had been a cheat, could I have produced better evidence? My host would have sworn that the book was in London in a house unknown to me, whose occupants were unknown to me. He is a man of science and of most accurate and balanced judgment. One little lapse of memory: he forgot that he had told me that the book was not in his shelves; another little lapse of memory: he forgot where the book was; and there is your miracle!

Now for my constructive policy. I suggest that a "spirit" be cultivated on the lines laid down by Eliphaz Levi, "Dogma and Ritual," Chap. XIII., so that he may manifest more wholly. Then let him dictate to two or three segregated mediums a long passage, or a long set of meaningless figures, and get so high a degree of agreement that hardly any doubt remains.

Or if anybody wants a really high evidential proof, let him get the proof of Fermat's Last Theorem, which Fermat died without revealing, and which the united efforts of mathematicians have hitherto failed to discover.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE EQUINOX

THE PORCH. Vol. I., No. 8. 3*d.* J. M. WATKINS. THE MIRROR OF SIMPLE SOULS.

Of all this admirable series this is the best. Such prose I have rarely found in all my reading. I am beggared of wit to review it; but I implore all who seek the pure Light mirrored in flawless imagery to obtain it.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE APOCALYPSE UNSEALED. *Being an Estoeric Interpretation* of THE INITIATION OF IOANNES. By JAMES M. PRYSE. New York; John M. Pryse, 9-15 Murray Street, 1910. London: J. M. Watkins. 8*s.* 6*d.* net

It is possible to write upon this book in a freer manner, without offence, than upon any other book in the Canon of Scripture, for there is no other book which has caused so much disquiet to theologians, in all ages, as has the "Revelation of St John the Divine," and it is but in comparatively recent times that it has been generally accepted as Canonical, and this even by those who admit that they do not understand it; and to such as these the "Apocalypse Unsealed" will be a veritable "Revelation" indeed. Mr James M. Pryse accepts it unreservedly as the work of the Apostle John, but we ought to mention that there is a long string of authorities against this view. Dionysius, who was surnamed the Great, of Alexandria, was a pupil of Origen, and he of Clement of Alexandria, all catechists of the *Arcane Discipline* which taught a Christianised version of the older Gnosis, which Clement and others had brought into the Church from the older secret, or occult, societies of which they were, or had been members. This Dionysius makes a certain John the Presbyter, as of note in Asia Minor in the 1st century, and distinct from the Apostle, to be the author of the book. Presbyter Cajus, or Gaius, of Rome, and the Alogi, attributed it to Cerinthus, a Gnostic of the independent sect of these, and Eusebius quotes both Dionysius and these Alogi; Nicephorus Callistus uses the same as saying that some who had preceded them had manipulated the book in such way, in every chapter, that the original could not be recognised. This may be an exaggeration, but amongst the eminent critics who have denied the authenticity of the book may be mentioned these, and what else can we expect when none to the present time could understand it? Against it are De Wett, Bleek, Ewald, Credner, Schott, Lucke, Neander, Michaelis, who treat the style as utterly foreign to that of John the Apostle. The first-named observes that "Revelation" is characterised by strong Hebraisms, ruggedness, and exhibits the absence of pure Greek words, whilst in the Gospel of John is to be found a calm, deep feeling, but in the Apocalypse we have great creative power of fancy;—the two minds are at variance with each other. St Jerome had an

THE BIG STICK

exalted opinion of the book, and says that it has much of mystery therein; possibly he saw it with the same eyes as Mr Pryse. Even both Luther and Erasmus were doubtful as to its acceptance. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" argues that its allusions are of the 4th or 5th century. It may be mentioned here, that Dom John Chapman, D.O.S., has made an examination of the question this year, and argues, with doubtful success, that John the Presbyter and John the Apostle were the same person, and accepts both the Gospel and the Apocalypse as the works of Apostle John, and accounts for the difference in style as that of the amanuensis whom the Apostle John employed.

Two noticable, but irreconcilable, attempts have in recent years been made to interpret the book, theologically and historically. The learned Dr E. V. Kenealy made sense out of it, but overdid the subject. He believed it to represent the Apocalyptic church of Adam, and found in its addresses to the "Seven Churches" the existence of a great Asian hierarchy of the seven temples of the "twenty-four Ancients," and further, in its various characters, the acts of the twelve divine incarnations, or messengers, who follow each other at periods of 600 years, as taught in regard to the manifestations of Vishnu.

Then, in 1906, we have a book of the astronomer, Nicholas Marazoff, verified by the astronomers Ramin and Lanin, who attempt an astrological view, grounded on the state of the heavens at Patmos on the 30th September 395, at 5 o'clock at night. Jupiter—the white horse—was then in Sagittarius; whilst Saturn—the pale horse—was in Scorpio; the sun in Virgo, and the moon under her feet. John Chrysostom was then in Patmos, and immediately after 395 was called to Rome to become a presbyter; but Rome finding that the "Second Coming" did not take place, it is argued that he was deprived and banished as a "false prophet." Against this we have the fact that Chrysostom does not mention the book, but the date assigned agrees with criticisms as the book now stands.

We must defer to the superior knowledge of this modern "Unveiler," though personally I am inclined to accept the views of those early Fathers who assign the authorship to Cerinthus, and also the later German critics, who believe that the first three chapters and the last have been added by a later hand, and other portions altered to agree with the Scriptures held to be orthodox. Of course this, if it were so, does not effect in any way the views of Mr Pryse, but rather strengthens them, as I look upon the imagery of the book as essentially that of the earlier and pre-Christian Gnostics. Though we may not have absolute proof of the great antiquity of the Gnosis, such as Mr Pryse unveils, yet it is clearly Aryan, dating from the time of Momu—the thinker; then again the development of the Kundalini—serpent fire—world's mother, also termed rousing the Brahm—is said to be shown as issuing from the foreheads of early

THE EQUINOX

Egyptian kings; Apollonius of Tyana, a contemporary of our Jesus, visited the Gymnosophists of the Upper Nile, but said that they were not equal to those of India. The British Druids must have had a knowledge of the "Serpent fire" in their secret instruction, or why exclaim, "I am a serpent." The Mythraic Mysteries, and all the Eranoi Societies, were equally protected by the laws of Solon seven centuries B.C., and Mr Pryse observes that only once does the word Halleluiah occur in the Bible, yet we know that it formed the close of a chant in the "Rites of Purification" in a call to the slain god for deliverance, in pre-Christian centuries, and further there are Mythraic traces in Revelation. We also know from a large mass of inscriptions found in recent times, that the early Christians made use of the very ancient societies, and by that course spread their doctrine. Before the issue of the "Unsealing," the same translator published the "Magical Message of Iôannes," a translation of great value which receives much additional light from the later work, and the more so as it supplies, in a knowledge of Hermetic Greek, much meaning which escapes us in the authorised version.

In the "Unsealing," Mr. Pryse goes solid for the book, the whole book, and nothing but the book, as the veritable work of the Apostle John, hence the clergy may extend a welcome hand to it. He quite believes it is a work of the Apostle John, and defends the style; amongst these there are some doubtless who are narrow-minded, but here, and still more prominently in America, there are broad-minded clergy who will welcome the Unsealing.

The Freemasons too in their higher grades, which have more or less reached us through the Rosicrucians, have very strong allusions to the Apocalypse, and may profit by it, and this refers to several systems practised throughout the world. Thus the Order of Hérédom (Harodim) Rosy Cross, which has an unchanged Ritual from 1740, at least, draws upon Dionysius the Areopagite, a disciple of St Paul, and it has also a rhythmical description of the New Jerusalem. Again, two entire degrees of the Scottish Rite of 33° are drawn from the Apocalypse, and certainly entered the Rite before 1758, and seem as if they were drawn bodily from the Rosicrucian Militia of the Cross: I allude to the 17° Knight of the East and West, and the 19° of Grand Pontiff, which treat upon the Heavenly Jerusalem, and the opening scene of the Revelations. It was rather a pity that when the late Albert Pike was revising the Rituals, he did not consolidate the Rite by changing the places of the 17° with the 20°, which latter treats of Zerubbabel. His predecessor Morin, in 1767, did a like thing by the Amalgamation of Prince Adept, which he had in his patent of 1762, with Knight of the Sun, and supplying the blank thus created with Patriarch Noachite. There is also the Royal Oriental Order of the Sat Bhai which was founded 1743-5 by a Brahmin Pundit at Prag, for certain Anglo-Indian officers, and which is now well established in America.

THE BIG STICK

The idea that Revelation is a book of Initiation is not altogether new to Freemasons, as the late Dr Geo. Oliver elaborated that view at considerable length, but Mr Pryse's view is quite a different sort of Initiation; it is the development of the semi-miraculous powers of the Gnosis of Clement, Origen, and the early Christian Church, the birth of the divine three principles, the Crestos, in the human soul. The key to this "Unsealing" is the text itself, in which is found the Nos. 333, 444, 666, 777, 888, 999, 1000, as applied to the seven principal "chakras" of the human body, as taught by Greek Yogis. Apart altogether from the possession of a reliable literal translation of the book, there are seventy-five pages upon the development of the *Kundalini*, and each subject is followed in the text by a commentary in application. Mr Pryse expresses the view that the book is necessarily incomprehensible to the conventional theologian, yet easily comprehended by the esoteric Initiate, *i.e.* by him who possesses the Gnosis, and that the drama is perfect in all its parts. I may add that most of this class of Initiative books had a double interpretation, and hence that the same may be equally found in the Apocalypse, but into this Mr Pryse does not enter.

JOHN YARKER.

Mr Pryse has undoubtedly found the key of the Apocalypse, and many of his interpretations are profound and accurate. But he is afflicted by sexual mania to an extent positively shocking, and does not understand the harmony of the principles. Adeptship is balanced growth, not lopping. A rose dies if you remove the root and stalk, Mr Pryse!

He is unfortunately a poor scholar, and has developed the American literary sense to an incredible point. He translates *ἀκρασια*, "impotence, lack of control," as "sensuality," *ἀγγελος* as "divinity," and gives us "saucers" for "vials"!

Unfortunately, too, he has studied Eastern Mysticism at second-hand, through Theosophical spectacles. Nor has he kept even to Blavatsky the genius, but relied upon her commentators, who had neither her learning nor her experience.

But he has the key, and it opens the way for a real study of "St John" by a person of greater ability.

It is a very remarkable fact, however, that Akrasia (333) and Akolasia (333) should so accurately describe Choronzon (333). No higher test of the truth of "The Vision and the Voice" could be desired.

Again, 666 is 'Η Φορην, not the Lower Mind, as Mr Pryse unhellenically says, but Tiphereth, the Lion that lieth down with the Lamb. Nor, by the way, is Iacchos a phallic God except as 'Ο Νικων himself is phallic, and has his mystic

THE EQUINOX

name written upon that organ, according to Mr Pryse! Iacchus = IAO = Jehovah, and concentrates I.N.R.I.

We recommend the book for its suggestion and insight; it is one of the best of the kind. NICK LAMB.

SALAMAN ET ABSAL, POÈME ALLÉGORIQUE PERSIAN DE DJAMI. Traduit par AUGUSTE BRICTEUX, Ph.D., Litt.D., etc. etc., avec une Introduction sur le Mysticisme persan, etc. Bruxelles, 10 rue de la Tribune (Librairie Ch. Carrington). 10 *francs*.

A magnificent volume without and within. This, with the single exception of the "Bagh-i-muattar" (Probsthain & Co., 1910, 3gs., and therefore difficult of access), is the greatest of Persian mystic treatises, though it is rather elementary. But we can recommend no better volume for those who know but a little. Dr Bricteux has no experience of mysticism, and so makes mistakes. This was to be expected, but I am surprised at the scholar's error of asserting that the Hindu system lacks the method of love. As ninety-five Hindus practise Bhakti-Yoga for five that practise any other kind, we advise Dr Bricteux to be more careful. But this is a small blemish on a very fine essay. ABHAVANANDA.

RUBAIYAT D'OMAR KHÁYYÁMI. Mis en Rimes françaises par JULES DE BARTHOLD. Bruxelles, 10 rue de la Tribune (Librairie Ch. Carrington). 5 *francs*.

Since the "loathsome and abominable" disclosures with regard to Edward Fitzgerald and "Posh," I suppose every decent Englishman has burnt his copy of the Quatrains. It is consequently very pleasant to find a new translation, accurately representing the original, in beautiful and lucid French. The verses flow with the sound of wine poured in a thirsty country. We can recommend this book to all lovers of whom the *Daily Telegraph* would call "the astronomer-poet of Persia," and then "the tent-maker of Naishapur." A. L.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Par GÉRARD HARVEY. Bruxelles, Ch. Carrington. 2.50 *francs*.

I hope I shall find a Gérard Harvey at the Day of Judgment. There is none of that nasty carping spirit which spoils so many sunny natures. When the great Maurice dines alone, it is his almost monachal asceticism; when he has company, it is his genial bonhomie. He smokes—how brave of him; but of course it is denicotinised tobacco—how prudent of him! He sometimes sleeps alone—the modern Galahad; and sometimes with somebody else—"even his

THE BIG STICK

Heinesque moods are steeled through with a strong man's virility." In short, Dr Pangloss was indeed the greatest of philosophers—until Gérard Harvey wiped the floor with him.

A. L.

THE LIMIT. By ADA LEVERSON. 6s.

Mrs Leverson is easily the dantiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece "the limit." Mrs Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled, and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge, and chalk, until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of "An Idyll in Bloomsbury," but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or in Bayswater.

FELIX.

THE SOUL OF THE MOOR. William Rider & Son. 2s. net.

"Success meant life! Failure—worse than death, for there would be the everlasting self-reproach! Dare I attempt the experiment?"

This sounds familiar, but, if memory serves me right, Mr Dion Clayton Calthorpe's drama continues in this strain,—“He carefully surveyed his ashen face in the tiny glass suspended over his washhand stand, then, with hasty, trembling fingers, he dipped his leaky shaving-brush into the icy water, and proceeded, at the ghastly hour of 6 a.m., TO SHAVE!”

Perhaps the fact that “My wife was very ill” accounts for the variation.

Mr Stratford D. Jolly is much too busy a man to devote much time to the “Serious study of the occult,” and it is a pity he should have spent so much time upon the forty-five chapters which comprise this work, instead of upon some other subjects with which he might be more conversant.

In short, it is a flabby, gentlemanly book, which should find a ready sale among the more “goody” portion of Suburbia, the only place where the Hero could be appreciated!

Despite the author's obvious endeavour, there is absolutely nothing immoral in this book, and I can recommend it to great-grandchildren as a suitable Christmas present for their grandmother's aunt.

My congratulations to the illustrator for so thoroughly seizing the spirit of the book.

BUNCO

THE EQUINOX

CHRONICLES OF PHARMACY. By A. C. WOOTTON. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 21s.

The title of this work justifies itself as the reader reaches the end of the second volume. To the pharmacist it is an extremely useful book, and in a great many instances furnishes information of an interesting character, which the busy man would have difficulty in finding in pharmaceutical history. To the student of the occult it ought to appeal strongly, as the author gives a long list of drugs used in religious ceremonies in different ages, and although the present century is so much in advance, we find that the incenses and sweet odours used in ceremonial magic to-day are the same as those used in Egypt, in the worship of Isis, and in the services held in the Temple of Solomon. Mention is also made of the preparations made by the ancient alchemists which were thought to have magic power. Short biographical sketches of some of the old masters of pharmacy appear, but after Liebig we have no special mention of the pharmacists of the last century.

A interesting chapter on Poisons in History, introducing the stories of poisoners and the drugs employed, furnishes material for the budding novelist, to whom in fact the whole of this excellent work may be recommended. To the occult reader the concluding chapter on names and symbols would be of considerable service, and might be useful for reference.

The book, which is published in two volumes, is profusely illustrated, and well printed and bound. Had the author not been known as the popular editor of a pharmaceutical newspaper and an authority on all matters connecting with pharmacy, "The Chronicles" would have proved an excellent monument to his memory; unfortunately Mr Wootton died before his book left the publisher's hands.

E. WHINERAY, M.P.S.

NOTE

These Rites were written
and produced by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

except parts of the Rites of Mars
and of Mercury
which were written by an adept
who wishes to remain anonymous

The solos were chosen from her
repertoire by Miss Leila Waddell.

[In view of the absurd statements as to the character of these rites which have been made in certain quarters, it has been thought that the best reply is the publication of the text in full. ED.]

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS AS
PERFORMED AT CAXTON
HALL WESTMINSTER IN
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
1910 BY MISS LEILA WAD-
DELL AND MR ALEISTER
CROWLEY WITH DIS-
TINGUISHED ASSISTANCE

- I. THE RITE OF SATURN.
- II. THE RITE OF JUPITER.
- III. THE RITE OF MARS.
- IV. THE RITE OF SOL.
- V. THE RITE OF VENUS.
- VI. THE RITE OF MERCURY.
- VII. THE RITE OF LUNA.

TO MY FRIEND
COMMANDER G. M. MARSTON, R. N.
to whose suggestion
these rite
are due
they are gratefully dedicated.

THE RITE OF SATURN

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, *the representative of Binah, Saturn.*

MATER CŒLI, *Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation.*

BROTHER AQUARIUS, *the house of Saturn; in Chesed, because Pisces is water:*
"Hope."

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, *in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn; in*
Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus.

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or CHORAGOGE.

SCENE.—*In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binah, Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison.*

THE RITE OF SATURN

PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by BROTHER CAPRICORNUS and the LEADER OF THE CHORUS.*

First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps. PROBATIONERS chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from 963 while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil. BROTHER CAPRICORNUS turns on the Blue light.

The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let BROTHER CAPRICORNUS arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor. MAGISTER TEMPLI in the shrine, with MATER CÆLI.

CAPRICORNUS. Procul, O procul este profani!

[He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. He next lights the hell-broth and recites:]

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand
Reacheth to the sacred sand,
Fire consumes him that his name be forgotten in the land.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Even as the wicked eye
Seeks the mysteries to spy,
So the blindness of the gods takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,
Poisoned by the sacred feast,
Changes by its seven powers to the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,
Broken by the wanded will,
Shriek about the holy place, vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,
Chained in fires before the spell,
Strain upon the sightless steel, break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane!
Children of the hurricane!
Lest the sword of fire destroy, lest the ways of death be plain!

So depart, and so be wise,
Lest your perishable eyes
Look upon the formless fire, see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame
Burn upon the stone of shame,
That the holy ones may hear music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse
Of the sun-engirdled house,
With the secret symbol burning on thy multiscient brows! . . .

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, let us awaken the Master of the Temple.

[THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap and stamp their feet. No result.*]

THE RITE OF SATURN

Silence—it is in vain! Brethren, let us invoke the assistance of the Mother of Heaven!

[He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands.

MATER CÆLI. *[Passes through Throne of MAGISTER TEMPLI and enters the Temple.]* Children, what is your will with me?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER CÆLI. What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER CÆLI. Be it unto your desire!

[She plays. As she ends she kneels: the veil slowly parts, and MAGISTER TEMPLI "is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple." MATER CÆLI returns to throne, having been blessed and raised by him.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, beloved of the Stars, wherefore hast thou awakened the Poison of Eld, the Dweller in Eternity?

MATER CÆLI. Shabbathai.

[MAGISTER TEMPLI comes down to hell-broth and recites "The Eyes of Pharaoh."]

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb

Burned like twin planets ruby-red.

Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom

Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate:

No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.

Only that red incarnate hate

Through pylon after pylon flared.

* Kuyawiak: Wieniawski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damned minion
Of Set, the accursèd lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone
White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascened yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands.

THE RITE OF SATURN

So did the neophyte that would gaze
 Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
 To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft:
 It blazed in battle on his plume:
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
 He rushed alone through tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
 Are shred like husks: the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
 To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
 Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
 Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
 Death universal, locked and linked:—
Aha! one names the awful Name—
 The twin red planets are extinct.

[A pause.

[The lamp burns out, and darkness covers all.

[LEADER OF THE CHORUS *secretly removes hell-broth vase.*

PART II

The Temple in Darkness

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. ¶ Brother Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS. Midnight.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS. The Fortress that is upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brothers Aquarius and Capricornus, is the Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. The Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

[*Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet."*]*

[MATER CÆLI *plays accordingly*.†]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, to what end are we assembled?

AQUARIUS. [*Rises and whispers in his ear.*] Shabbathai.

ALL [*aloud*]. Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Are the brethren fed?

¶ The figures represent knocks. 1. a single knock; 22. a battery of two knocks; and so on.

* Swinburne's poems being in copyright, we can only give titles or first lines. The reader should consult Messrs Chatto & Windus' edition of his works.

† Aria arranged for G string: Bach.

THE RITE OF SATURN

AQUARIUS. Upon the corpses of their children.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Have they quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS. Upon poppy-heads infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS. The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS. The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Then . . .

Lights! [CAPRICORNUS *switches on the blue glare.*

1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there are evil things abroad. [To CAPRICORNUS] Turn out the guard!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, stand to your arms!

[All PROBATIONERS *rise and follow him. He pricks all assistants with his spear, inspects doors, etc.*]

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there is a traitor within the gates. [To CAPRICORNUS] Inspect the garrison!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, purify your hearts!

[*He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to BRO.*

CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS, *he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and plunges his spear into him.*

He completes inspection. Returns and bows to
MAGISTER TEMPLI.]

Master, justice has been executed upon the traitor. Only the faithful remain.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. So perish all traitors!

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes light.*

[*A pause.*

PART III

Darkness

AQUARIUS. [*Comes forward and kneels to* MAGISTER TEMPLI.] Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no crackling in the dried leaves. [CAPRICORNUS *joins* AQUARIUS *kneeling.*

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no heart in the black lamb.

[*All* PROBATIONERS *join* AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS *kneeling.*]

ALL. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The sacred python was found dead.

[MATER CÆLI *comes forward, kneels before* MAGISTER TEMPLI, *thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition,* then again kneels.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let the ceremony proceed.

[MATER COELI *returns to her throne.* AQUARIUS *rises, and* CAPRICORNUS *returns to his post and lights the lamp.*

* Abendlied: Schumann.

THE RITE OF SATURN

AQUARIUS *and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-tom.*]

[*During the confusion* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Silence! [A pause.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I.

AQUARIUS. I.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Holy be the Lamps of Joy!

AQUARIUS. Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!

CAPRICORNUS. Hail, thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids!

AQUARIUS. Hail, thou that art encamped upon the Great Sea!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS. Master, what is Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Death.

AQUARIUS. Master, what is the Ark thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The grave.

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Arise and follow me!

[*He rises and circumambulates the temple widdershins.*

CAPRICORNUS *plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one* MAGISTER TEMPLI *addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Thou also must die!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *stops in E.*

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brethren! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

[He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine. BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not discovered. MAGISTER TEMPLI draws veil again. CAPRICORNUS puts out light.]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Alas! there is no God!

[Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud.]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Silence. *[All resume seats.*

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

[A pause.

PART IV

Darkness

AQUARIUS. In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed.
There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

[*Light on.*

[CAPRICORNUS *enters veil and walks up and down. He returns.*]

[*Lights off.*

Brother Capricornus, what do you find?

CAPRICORNUS. Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS. There is no living thing therein?

CAPRICORNUS. There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. [*Recites poem: "Colloque sentimental."*]

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon—now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past—oh hark!

“Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?”

“Why do you wish to remind me?”

“Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?”

“Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear?” “No.”

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

“Ah! the fair days of joyance and of gree
“When our mouths kissed, ah hissed!” “Maybe!”

“How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!”
“Hope has gone down to Hell’s nadir.”

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS. Master, it is not to be borne.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament
together!

[*Recites Swinburne’s “The Garden of Proserpine.”*]

[MATER CÆLI *plays accordingly.**]

CAPRICORNUS. Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us work to-
gether!

MATER CÆLI. Behold thine handmaiden!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *and* MATER CÆLI *go together hand
in hand, within the veil.* CAPRICORNUS *turns light up.*]

[MATER CÆLI *plays a Pæan of despair.*†]

[MAGISTER TEMPLI, *rending veil, appears standing on altar.*

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!

O battling in black floods without an ark!

O spectral wanderers of unholy Night!

My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,

With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:

Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale!

Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail

And perish in your perishing unblest.

And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope

Of all our universe, with desperate hope

To find some solace for your wild unrest. {16}

* Légende: Wieniawski.

† Wiegendlied: Hauser

THE RITE OF SATURN

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
 Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
 It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
 Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
 Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
 We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
 In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
 To other beings, with their own time-doom
Infinite aeons are our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man
 Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
 Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
 Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
 By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth,
 Not all the world could change or hinder it.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse:
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief:
Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.

[Blow out red lights.]

[BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS run up, tearing the veil asunder.* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *"flings himself at foot of altar.* CHORAGOGE *lights salt again, or other glare.* MAGISTER TEMPLI *is discovered lying dead, his head supported by MATER CÆLI weeping.*]

[CAPRICORNUS extinguishes the light.

[AQUARIUS draws the veil.

[MATER CÆLI *plays the final hopeless dirge.**] *[Silence.*

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Noon.

AQUARIUS. Let us depart; it is accomplished. *[Full light.*

[CAPRICORNUS stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out.]

* Marche funébre: Waddell.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

OFFICERS

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO. *Black Robe, Swastika,*

SPHINX. *Green Robe, Violin and Sword.*

HERMANUBIS. *Violet Robe, Caduceus.*

TYPHON. *Red Robe, Prong two-forked, or Sword.*

HEBE.

GANYMEDE. } *Cup-bearers and Dancers. White Robes.*

The Temple represents the Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot. At its axle is the Altar on which sits C.I.C.T. On the rim, S. at East spoke, H. at North-West, T. at South-West. Hebe and Ganymede are seated at the feet of C.I.C.T. To the West of the Wheel is the Veil.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

PART I

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

HEBE. Pisces Section from 963. [See EQUINOX, No. III., Special Supplement.]

SPHINX. Brother Hermanubis, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

HERMANUBIS. 4444, Brother Typhon, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

[TYPHON *draws aside veil as GANYMEDE begins his dance.*
Lights down.]

HERMANUBIS. Welcome to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

Bear the bowls of Libation! (*done*).

Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled. Know that Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence—until Jupiter be ready to make war!

TYPHON. Him that speaketh will I slay forthright!

[*A long pause.*]

PART II

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.

TYPHON. Hail unto thee, thou great god Hermanubis!
Art thou not the messenger of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto thee, thou great god Typhon!
Art thou not the executor of his vengeance?

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the hour?

HERMANUBIS. Noon. Brother Typhon, what is the place?

TYPHON. The summit of Olympus. Brother Hermanubis,
what is thy position?

HERMANUBIS. Upon the rim of the Wheel. And Thine?

TYPHON. Upon the rim of the Wheel.

HERMANUBIS. Let us seek the centre of the Wheel.

*[They with SPHINX rise and walk, faster and faster round
the rim, returning exhausted to their places.]*

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, we are no nearer to the
centre of the wheel.

HERMANUBIS. We are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

TYPHON. Hast thou no message from the Gods?

HERMANUBIS. None, brother. Let us seek an oracle of
the Gods.

*[They rise and go round the rim, stopping and prostrating
themselves before the SPHINX.]*

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto Thee, that hast the secret of Jupiter!

Declare unto us, we beseech Thee, the mystery whereby we may approach the centre of the wheel.

[SPHINX *plays a riddling sarcastic music.**

[TYPHON *goes to his place in terror.*

[HERMANUBIS *goes to his place in wonderment.*

SPHINX. Neither by sloth nor by activity may even my secret be attained. Neither by emotion nor by reason may even I be understood. How then should ye come to the centre of the wheel?

HERMANUBIS. Mother of mystery, what is thy position on Olympus?

SPHINX. Upon the rim of the wheel.

C.I.C.T. Feeling, and thought, and ecstasy
Are but the cerements of Me.
Thrown off like planets from the Sun
Ye are but satellites of the One.
But should your revolution stop
Ye would inevitably drop
Headlong within the central Soul,
And all the parts become the Whole.
Sloth and activity and peace,
When will ye learn that ye must cease?

TYPHON. How should I cease from lethargy?

HERMANUBIS. How should I quench activity?

SPHINX. How should I give up ecstasy?

C.I.C.T. What shines upon your foreheads?

S.H.T. (*together*). The Eye within the Triangle.

* Serenade: Drdla.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

C.I.C.T. What burns upon your breasts?

S.H.T. (*together*). The Rosy Cross.

C.I.C.T. Brethren of the Rosy Cross! Aspirants to the Silver Star! Not until these are ended can ye come to the centre of the wheel.

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at the glance
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance
With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn, and with the bloom
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's gloom;
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn ways
Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays;
Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its peace;
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds hush and cease.
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and birth,
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and earth,
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,
Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.
These are with me, these are of me, these approve me, these obey,
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the night and day.
These are real, these illusion: I am of them, false or frail,
True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,
Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world beneath its stem;
Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counterpart in them
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disappear,
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing bud dissever:
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are nothingness for ever.
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these visions pass,
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no stain upon the glass.
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last certain calm of will,
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and grow still.
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's utmost flame,
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and form and name!
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up in mist to sun;
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Master's work is done.
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and sweet and strong,
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the ancient House of Wrong!

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being tossed!
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether lost!

[A pause.]

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.
CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

[A pause.]

PART III

TYPHON. I desire to begin the banquet.

HERMANUBIS. Brother Typhon, I will inquire of the Oracle. Mother of Mystery, I beseech thee to begin the Banquet; for it is certainly necessary that this should be done.

[SPHINX *turns, bows, and stretches her hands in mute appeal to C.I.C.T.*]

C.I.C.T. 1. I heed not the passion, or the reason, or the soul of man. Mother of Mystery, declare my will.

[SPHINX *plays the most exalted (passionless because beyond passion) piece that she may.**]

HERMANUBIS. This means nothing to me.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my mind.

[SPHINX *plays a cold, passionless, intellectual piece.†*]

HERMANUBIS. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my heart.

[SPHINX *plays an intensely sensual passionate piece.‡*]

TYPHON. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

* Samadhilied: Waddell.

† Adagio: Brahms.

‡ Preislied: Wagner.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HERMANUBIS. Accursed! Accursed! be the soul of impurity,
the body of Sin!

C.I.C.T. I. Irreconcilable, my children, how shall ye partake
of the Banquet of Jupiter, or come to the centre of the wheel?
For this is the secret of Jupiter, that He who created you is
in each of you, yet apart from all; before Him ye are equal,
revolving in time and in Space; but he is unmoved and
within.

[*A pause.*

TYPHON. I.

[TYPHON *recites.*

Sweet, sweet are May and June, dear,
The loves of lambent spring,
Our lamp the drooping moon, dear,
Our roof, the stars that sing;
The bed, of moss and roses;
The night, as long as death!
Still, breath!
Life wakens and reposes,
Love ever quickeneth!

Sweet, sweet, when Lion and Maiden,
The motley months of gold,
Swoop down with sunlight laden,
And eyes are bright and bold.
Life-swelling breasts uncover
Their warm involving deep—
Love, sleep!—
And lover lies with lover
On air's substantial steep.

Ah! sweeter was September—
The amber rain of leaves,
The harvest to remember,
The load of sunny sheaves.
In gardens deeply scented,
In orchards heavily hung,
Love flung
Away the days demented
With lips that curled and clung.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Ah! sweeter still October,
When russet leaves go grey,
And sombre lovers and sober
Make twilight of the day.
Dark dreams and shadows tenser
Throb through the vital scroll,
Man's soul.
Lift, shake the subtle censer
That hides the cruel coal!

Still sweeter when the Bowman
His silky shaft of frost
Lets loose on earth, that no man
May linger nor be lost.
The barren woods, deserted.
Lose echo of our sighs—
Love—dies?—
Love lives—in granite skirted,
And under oaken skies.

But best is grim December,
The Goatish God his power;
The Satyr blows the ember,
And pain is passion's flower;
When blood drips over kisses,
And madness sobs through wine:—
Ah, mine!—
The snake starts up and hisses
And strikes and—I am thine!

[*He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.*

[HERMANUBIS *recites.*

HERMANUBIS. I.

O coiled and constricted and chosen!
O tortured and twisted and twined!
Deep spring of my soul deep frozen,
The sleep of the truth of the mind!
As a bright snake curled
Round the Vine of the World!

THE RITE OF JUPITER

O sleeper through dawn and through daylight,
O sleeper through dusk and through night!
O shifted from white light to gray light,
From gray to the one black light!
O silence and sound
In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as an armour
To bind on the breast of a lord!
Not deaf to the Voice of the Charmer,
Not blind to the sweep of the sword!
I strike to the deep
That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost being!
Lift up the gemmed head to the heart!
Lift up till the eyes that were seeing
Be blind, and their life depart!
Till the Eye that was blind
Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me, dying,
Absorbed in the sense of the Snake!
Stir! leave the flower-throne, and up-flying!
Hiss once, and hiss thrice, and awake!
Then crown me and cling!
Flash forward—and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the altar,
The stones, and the sacrifice shed;
Till the Three Worlds flicker and falter,
And life and her love be dead!
In mysterious joy
Awake—and destroy!

[*He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.*

SPHINX. I.

C.I.C.T. I. [SPHINX *plays an enchantment.**

C.I.C.T. (*recites.*)

* Andante: Mendelssohn

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Lift up this love of peace and bliss,
The starry soul of wine,
Destruction's formidable kiss,
The lamp of the divine:
This shadow of a nobler name
Whose life is strife, whose soul is fame!

I rather will exalt the soul
Of man to loftier height,
And kindle at a livelier coal
The subtler soul of light.
From these soft splendours of a dream
I turn, and seek the Self supreme.

This world is shadow-shapen of
The bitterness of pain.
Vain are the little lamps of love!
The light of life is vain!
Life, death, joy, sorrow, age and youth
Are phantoms of a further truth.

Beyond the splendour of the world,
False glittering of the gold,
A Serpent is in slumber curled
In wisdom's sacred cold.
Life is the flaming of that flame.
Death is the naming of that name,

The forehead of the snake is bright
With one immortal star,
Lighting her coils with living light
To where the nenuphar
Sleeps for her couch. All darkness dreams
The thing that is not, only seems.

That star upon the serpent's head
Is called the soul of man.
That light in shadows subtly shed
The glamour of life's plan.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

The sea whereon that lotus grows
Is thought's abyss of tears and woes.

Leave Sirens! Even Greece
Forget! they are not there!
By worship cometh not the Peace,
The Silence not by prayer.
Leave the illusions, life and time
And Death, and seek that star sublime,

Until the lotus and the sea
And snake no longer are,
And single through Eternity
Exists alone the Star,
And utter Knowledge rise, and cease
In that which is beyond the Peace!

[GANYMEDE *dances and falls as dead.*

TYPHON. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

HERMANUBIS. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

SPHINX. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

C.I.C.T. Let the banquet of Jupiter begin!

[*All go without veil, except C.I.C.T. and SPHINX.*

HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *draw and guard the veil.*
SILENCE.]

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

[HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *draw veil.* SPHINX *is standing before altar.* C.I.C.T. *has disappeared.* He has *donned a white robe, and panther-skin, and white and gold nemes.* HERMANUBIS, TYPHON, *and others return to their places.* HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *come forward and salute* SPHINX.]

TYPHON. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

HERMANUBIS. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

[SPHINX *plays a triumphant melody.**

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the place?

HERMANUBIS. The Summit of Mount Kithairon.

TYPHON. Procul, o Procul este viri!

[*All male probationers retire to back of stage.*

TYPHON. Sisters, let us invoke the Father to manifest in the Son.

SPHINX. Per Spiritum Sanctum, Amen.

[*She also retires to her place on wheel.*

MÆNADS. Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Iacche!

TYPHON.

Hail, O Dionysus! Hail!

Winged Son of Semele!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale;

Hidden the moonlight in the vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the sea.

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,

Mingling in the godly rout

Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty mother

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and leave

Earthly Joys to earth to smother!

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the devil!

* Obertass: Wieniawski.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Mingle in the laughing measure,
Hand and lip to breast and thigh!
In enthusiastic pleasure
Grasp the solitary treasure!
Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your voices
In the inspired divine delight!
Now the sun sets; now the choice is
Who rebels or who rejoices,
Murmuring to the mystic night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!
Dance, ye maids serene and subtle!
Clotho's task is fairly ended.
Atropos, thy power is ended!
Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance together
With the life of rocks and trees!
Let the blue delirious weather
Bind all spirits in one tether,
Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io! Evoe! I faint, I fall,
Swoon in purple light; the grape
Drowns my spirit in its thrall.
Love me, love me over all,
Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant
Sounds the shout, Evoe, Evoe!
Evoe, Iacche! Soft, insistent
Like to echo's voice persistent:—
Hail! Agave! Autonoe!

[TYPHON *goes up stage.*

AGAVE. Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Hail, O Hail!
Praise him! What dreams are these?

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

AUTONOE. Sisters, O sisters!
AGAVE. Say, are our brothers of the rocks awake?
AUTONOE. The lion roars.
MÆNADS. O listen to the snake!
AUTONOE. Evoe, Ho! Give me to drink!
AGAVE. Run wild!
Mountain and mountain let us leap upon
Like tigers on their prey!
MAENADS. Crush, crush the world!
AGAVE. Tread earth as 'twere a winepress!
AUTONOE. Drink its blood,
The sweet red wine!
MAENADS. Ay, drink the old earth dry!
AGAVE. Squeeze the last drops out till the frame collapse
Like an old wineskin!
AUTONOE. So the sooner sup
Among the stars!
AGAVE. The swift, swift stars!
MAENADS. O night!
Night, night, fall deep and sure!
AUTONOE. Fall soft and sweet!
AGAVE. Moaning for love the woods lie.
AUTONOE. Sad the land
Lies thirsty for our kisses.
MÆNADS. All wild things
Yearn towards the kiss that ends in blood.
AGAVE. Blood! Blood!
Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!
MÆNADS. Come, sweet God,
Come forth and lie with us!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Caught in that fiery wave,
Her love and life she gave
With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire
Of Bromius—hunter dire!—
Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy
That offspring melancholy
Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair
And limbs divinely fair
Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate
We dare commemorate,
Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, hear!
Be close, be quick, be near,
Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start
As the Apollonian dart!
Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

1ST MAENAD. He is here! He is here!
AUTONOE. Tigers, appear!
AGAVE. To the clap of my hand
And the whish of my wand,
Obey!
AUTONOE. I have found
A chariot crowned
With ivy and vine,
And the laurel divine,
And the clustering smell

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Of the sage asphodel,
And the Dædal flower
Of the Cretan bower;
Dittany's force,
And larkspur's love,
And blossoms of gorse
Around and above.

AGAVE. The tiger and panther
Are there at my cry.
Ho, girls! Span there
Their sides!

1ST MÆNAD. Here am I.
2ND MÆNAD. And I! We are ready.
AGAVE. Strong now and steady!
1ST MÆNAD. The tiger is harnessed.
2ND MÆNAD. The nightingale urges
Our toil from her far nest.

3RD MÆNAD. Ionian surges
Roar back to our chant.
4TH MÆNAD. Aha! for the taunt
Of Theban sages
Is lost, lost, lost!
The wine that enrages
Our life is enforced.
We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE. The spirits that haunt
The rocks and the river,
The moors and the woods,
The fields and the floods,
Are with us for ever!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

1ST MÆNAD. Are of us for ever.

Evoe! Evoe!

AUTONOE. Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE. Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL. Ho! Ho! Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Evoe! Evoe!

AGAVE. The white air hummeth
With force of the spirit.
We are heirs: we inherit.
Our joys are as theirs;
Weave with your prayers
The joy of a kiss!
Ho! for the bliss
Of the cup and the rod.
He cometh! O lover!
O friend and O God,
Cover us, cover
Our faces, and hover
Above us, within us!
Daintily shod,
Daintily robed,
His witcheries spin us
A web of desire.
Subtle as fire
He cometh among us.
The whole sky globed
Is on fire with delight,
Delight that hath stung us,
The passion of night.
Night be our mistress!
That tress and this tress

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Weave with thy wind
Into curls deep-vined!
Passionate bliss!
Rapture on rapture!
Our hymns recapture
The Bromian kiss.
Blessed our souls!
Blessed this even!
We reach to the goals
Of the starriest heaven.
Daphnis, and Atthis, and Chrysis, and Chloe,
Mingle, O maidens! Evoe! Evoe!

[C.I.C.T. *rises upon the altar; he wears a white and gold robe and the panther skin, and a white and gold nemmes. Throwing off his veil and raising his hands in blessing, he recites:*]

C.I.C.T.

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height,
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth—Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabbled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,
The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping
Against the children of earth;
But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight;
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light.
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one!

[The lights go out and the company join in universal dance.]

HERMANUBIS. Silence.

TYPHON. Silence.

C.I.C.T. 1-333. The Secret of the Father is in the Secret of the Son.

SPHINX. 22-22. And the Secret of the Son is in the Secret of the Holy Ghost.

GANYMEDE. 4444 Gloria Patri.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HEBE. Et Filio.

TYPHON. Et Spiritui Sancto.

HERMANUBIS. Ut erat in Principio.

SPHINX. Et nunc est.

C.I.C.T. Et erit semper.

ALL. Amen.

SPHINX	Fasting.
HERMANUBIS	Song.
TYPHON	Feasting.
C.I.C.T.	Grace.
SPHINX	Music.
HERMANUBIS	Dancing.
TYPHON	Love.
C.I.C.T.	The End.

TYPHON *draws the veil.*

THE RITE OF MARS

OFFICERS

BROTHER SOL IN ARIES. *White Robe, White and gold nemes, Sceptre.*

(MARS) BROTHER MARS. *Red Robe, Sword.*

(VENUS) SISTER SCORPIO. *Green Robe, Violin, Sword.*

(ATHENA) BROTHER ARIES. *Violet Robe, Spear.*

(VULCAN) BROTHER CAPRICORNUS. *Black Robe, Tom-tom, Sword.*

A guard of PROBATIONERS, armed.

Mars is throned in the South, Scorpio on his right, Aries on his left. In the East is also a veil, behind which is Sol in Aries. In the North is Capricornus, crouching, kept from the altar by the guard.

THE RITE OF MARS

Charcoal in censer alight. No incense.

BROTHER SOL *is concealed behind the veil in the East, enthroned upon the Altar.*

MARS, ARIES, *and* SCORPIO *enthroned.*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. 4444-I.

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444.

[MARS *reads the Twelfefold Affirmation from 963.*

[SOR. SCORPIO *plays a short marital air.**

[CAPRICORNUS *draws aside veil, and admits Probationers and Guests.*]

[*The voice of Mars is heard reciting the 91st Psalm of David.*

BRO. ARIES. Let the sacred perfume be kindled upon the Altar of Mars (*does so*).

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail unto the Master of the Battle!

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto the Leader of the Armies of Jupiter!

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Hail unto the Warrior of Eternity!

BRO. MARS. Hail, brethren!

[CAPRICORNUS *returns.*

1. Let the Temple be purified and consecrated.

[CAPRICORNUS *does so.*

1. Are the Brethren prepared?

* March: Beethoven

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

BRO. ARIES. They are prepared, Master! They are drawn up in military array around the sacred altar.

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Capircornus, I command you to perform the Ritual of the Pentagram.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Fiat (*does so*).

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Aries, I command you to perform the Invocation of the Holy Fire.

BRO. ARIES. Fiat (*goes to altar*).

333. (*erect*). I swear by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between that I will not stir from this place until the fire of God hath flamed upon the water that is upon the altar.

(*His face over lamp*) Dost thou hear, Brother Ash?

(*Erect*) By Aub, the witchery of the secret flame;

By Aud, the subtlety of the inmost fluid;

By Aur, the effulgence of the radiant light;

I call thee, Ash! I adore thee, Ash!

(*Over lamp*) Ash! Ash! Ash!

I caress thee! I kiss thee! I suck thee up into my mouth and nostrils!

Ohooatan! (*three times*). (*The water flames*).

Behold! the fire of God upon the altar as I have sworn by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between! (*returns to his throne*).

BRO. MARS. I. Hail, sister of the Scorpion!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, Lord of the Eagle and the Serpent!

BRO. MARS. Amen. I appoint you to lead the army.

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us carry the holy symbols with sacred song and dance round the altar of Mars.

[*The song* is sung as all march round five times deosil before*

* Tune. Litany: Waddell.

THE RITE OF MARS

MARS *in procession headed by* SCORPIO, ARIES, CAPRICORNUS.]

Strike, strike the louder chord!

Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!

Crowned child and conquering Lord!

Horus, avenger! [All resume stations.]

Brother Aries, let us invoke the Master of the Battle.

BRO. ARIES [*advances and kneels to* MARS]. Mighty and Terrible One, we beseech thee to lead us in the Battle. Here, by thy Symbols, thy Spear, the Sword, and The Drum, we pray thee to strengthen our arms and to defend our hearts. For we are thy chosen warriors, O thou Master of the Battle!

[*Silence.*]

We now invoke thee, O Ama-Inanna, whom our Brethren worshipped in the days of ancient Babylon, great Goddess of Love and War, who made love and war to Gilgames, the ruler of thine own city Erech. We invoke thee, our Mother, that thou entreat for us with the Master of Battles.

SOR. SCORPIO. To what end do we ask the aid of the Lord Mars?

BRO. ARIES. Unto Jupiter we have given the thunderbolt and the lightning-flash; for we seek to enthrone him in the stead of Saturn his father. But Saturn yet reigns; we need the Sword of Mars.

SOR. SCORPIO. My heart and hand are with you, children.

[*She plays.**]

[MARS *starts up and recites:*

I. . . . The Dukes of Edom were amazed: Trembling took hold on the mighty of Moab!

* Romance in G: Beethoven.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

2. Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir; when thou marchedst out of the Field of Edom; the earth trembled, and the heaven dropped: the clouds also dropped water.

3. Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty!

4. The river Kishon swept them away: that ancient river, the river Kishon!

5. Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!

1. He bowed the Heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet: at the Brightness that was before him thick clouds passed: hail stones and flashes of fire!

2. The Lord thundred through the Heavens, and the Highest gave forth his voice; hailstones and flashes of fire!

3. He sent forth his arrows and scattered them: He hurled forth his lightnings and destroyed them!

4. The Channels of the Waters were seen: and the Foundations of the World were discovered.

5. At thy Rebuke, oh Lord! At the Blast of the Breath of thy Nostrils!

1. Oh Lord! I have heard thy Speech, and was afraid!

2. The Voice of the Lord is upon the Waters.

The God of Glory thundereth!

The Lord is upon many Waters.

3. The Voice of the Lord is strong and powerful!

The Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty!

4. The Voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars!

Yea! the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon!

5. The Voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire!

Yea! the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh!

1. Eloah came out of Temani of Edom: And the Holy One from Mount Paran:

2. He had Karnaim in his hand; and there was the Hiding of his Power.

3. Before him went the Pestilence; and Flaming Fire went forth at his feet.

4. He stood, and measured the Earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the Nations.

5. And the Everlasting Mountains were scattered; the Perpetual Hills did bow!

THE RITE OF MARS

1. Was the Lord displeased against the Rivers?
Was thine anger kindled against the Rivers?
Was thy wrath kindled against the Sea?
That thou didst ride upon thy Horses and thy Chariots of Salvation?
2. The Mountains saw thee and they trembled. The deluge of Water rolled by: the Deep uttered his voice; and lifted up his hands on high.
3. The Sun and the Moon stood still in their habitations.
At the light of thine arrows they went, at the shaking of thy glittering spear!
4. Thou didst march through the Land in thine indignation: thou didst thresh the Heathen in thine anger.
5. Thou didst march through the sea with thine Horses: through the Depth of the Mighty Waters!

[CAPRICORNUS *starts up wildly and dances the dance of MARS.*]

[CAPRICORNUS *falls on floor near his place.*

SOR. SCORPIO. Brother Aries, let us crown the Master of Battles.

[*They advance to altar.* SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown and crowns MARS, all PROBATIONERS joining in chant as before.*]

BRO. MARS. May Victory crown your arms!

PROBATIONERS. Let us join battle! We conquer! We conquer.

[CAPRICORNUS *rushes forward and threatens them, reciting:*

My head is split. The crashing axe
Of the agony of things shears through
The stupid skull: out spurt the brains.
The universe revolves, then cracks,
Then roars in dissolution due;
And I am counting up the gains
And losses of a life afire
With dust of thought and dulled desire.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

[SCORPIO, *as if alarmed at the interruption, flees to throne of MARS and there with MARS defies the rabble.* BRO. ARIES *rallies* PROBATIONERS.]

So, all is over. I admit
Futility the lord of will.
Life was an episode for me.
As for the meanest monad, knit
To man by mightier bonds than skill
Of subtle-souled psychology.
May sever. Aim in chaos? None.
The soul rolls senseless as the sun.

[*All are driven back up to altar.*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. [*ends*]. “There is no God.”

MARS [*leaps up and goes to altar with uplifted sword*].

i. Silence! [*a pause*]. There is no God—but God!

[ARIES *and* PROBATIONERS *dance a war dance.*

[CAPRICORNUS *slinks from temple.*

[MARS *recites.*

This is the day which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born’s spell yawns for Heaven’s despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destructions’s strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o’er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;

THE RITE OF MARS

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

[SCORPIO *plays in accordance**

BRO. ARIES. Hail to Thee that sailest heavenwards!
Hail to Thee in whose eye is a Flame of Fire!
Hail, Lord of the Destroying Army!

MARS. Hail, brethren.

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto Thee, that hast fought at the side
of our Lord in the great Battle!
Hail unto Thee, our Lady of Tumult!
Terrible and beautiful was thou in the midst of the
battle, upon thy chariot!
Hail unto Thee, as unto thy Lord!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, brethren!

BRO. ARIES. Let us rejoice in our victory!

[*He leads PROBATIONERS in the triumphal dance which
becomes slow and voluptuous.*]

[*A pause.*

BRO. ARIES [*to seal his triumph*]. I-4444.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS [*without*]. 4444-I.

[BRO. ARIES *extinguishes all lights.*

[SCORPIO *plays love poem.* †

[MARS *recites:*

Who is this maiden robed for a bride,
White shoulders and bright brows adorable,
The flaming locks that clothe her, and abide,
As God were bathing in the fire of Hell?

* Polonaise: Vieuxtemps.

† Romance: Ranz Ries.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

They change, they grow, they shake
As sunlight on the lake:
They hiss, they glisten on her bosom bare.
O maiden, maiden queen!
The lightning flows between
Thy mounting breasts, too magically fair.
Draw me, O draw me to a dreaming death!
Send out thine opiate breath,
And lull me to the everlasting sleep,
That, closing from the kisses of disdain
To ecstasy of pain,
I may sob out my life into their dangerous deep.

Who cometh from the mountain as a tower
Stalwart and set against the fiery foes!
Who, breathing as a jasmine-laden bower?
Who, crowned and lissome as a living rose?
Sharp thorns in thee are set;
In me, in me beget
The dolorous despair of this desire.
Thy body sways and swings
Above the tide of things,
Laps me as ocean, wraps me round as fire!
Ye elemental sorceries of song,
Surge, strenuous and strong,
Seeking dead dreams, the secret of the shrine;
So that she drain my life and being up
As from a golden cup,
To mingle in her blood, death's kiss incarnadine.

Who cometh from the ocean as a flower?
Who blossometh above the barren sea,
Thy lotus set beneath thee for a bower,
Thine eyes awakened, lightened, fallen on me?
O Goddess, queen, and wife!
O lady of my life!
Who set thy stature as a wood to wave?
Whose love begat thy limbs?
Whose wave-washed body swims
That nurtured thee, and found herself a grave?

THE RITE OF MARS

But thou, O thou, hast risen from the deep!
All mortals mourn and weep
To see thee, seeing that all love must die
Besides thy beauty, see thee and despair!
Deadly as thou art fair,
I cry for all mankind—they are slain, even as I!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown off.*
[A pause.

[BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *dances the dance of Vulcan to anvil-music in gradually increasing red light, at end rushes to throne and finds MARS and SCORPIO, their weapons laid aside, in each other's arms.*]

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Ah, wanton!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes violin and charms the offended deity, who retires pacified.**]

MARS. Brethren in arms, this is not defeat, but victory!
For though I be dethroned, not to Me, not to our lady was the glory. For always is the true God hidden—behold!

[*One turns on the white light, and there stands SOL IN ARIES upon the throne of the East. MARS goes to him and recites:*]

Unity uttermost showed,
I adore the might of thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before thee:—
I, I adore thee!

[*He kneels.*

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
Whose face is like an emerald;
Whose crown is indigo as night;
Smaragdine snakes about thy brow

* Romance from 2nd Concerto: Wieniawski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Twine, and the disk of flaming light
Is on thee, seated in the prow
Of the Sun's bark, enthroned above
With lapis-lazuli for love
And ruby for enormous force
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound
Of planets choral in their course!

[He rises.

O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light;
Thine heart a secret sun of flame!
I adore the insuperable might:
I bow before the unspoken Name.

[He bows, then turns toward altar.

For I am Yesterday, and I
To-day, and I to-morrow, born
Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create
The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
I come from the sequestered state;
My birth is from the House of Death.

[He advances to altar.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnaced
That watch upon the universe!
Ye that the bier of God beheld!
That bore it onwards, ministers
Of peace within the house of Wrath,
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights,
Mounting from underneath the North,
The shrine of the celestial Heights!

[At altar.

THE RITE OF MARS

He is in me, and I in Him!
Mine is the crystal radiance
That filleth aether to the brim
Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
I am the beautiful and glad,
Rejoicing in the golden day.
I am the spirit silken-clad
That fareth on the fiery way.
I have escaped from him, whose eyes
Are closed at eventide, and wise
To drag thee to the House of Wrong:—
I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!
I make my way: opposing horns
Of secret foemen push their lust
In vain: my song their fury scorns;
They sink, they grovel in the dust.

[He turns to SOL.]

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
Inscrutable and infinite!
Let Orpheus journey forth to see
The Disk in peace and victory!
Let him adore the splendid sight,
The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;
Soar like a bird, laved by the light,
To pierce the far eternal blue!

[He turns to ARIES and SCORPIO.]

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill
Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!
The way is open unto will!
The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

[He kneels to SOL.]

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
That hath looked forth upon the Bier
That goeth to the House of Rest!
His heart is lit with melody;
Peace in his house is master of fear;
His holy Name is in the West

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's.

[He rises and faces altar.

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world enfold.
I alight in mighty splendour from the thronèd boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they pæn, bowing low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure force with them!
Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for ever.

*[He turns and falls clasping SOL'S feet. All prostrate themselves in adoration. SOR. SCORPIO plays her solar chant.**

[SOL in ARIES recites:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

* Papillon: Bohm.

THE RITE OF MARS

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Uylsses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free;
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past.
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444. The battle is indeed fought.

SOL. IN ARIES. 333-333. The victory is indeed won.

BRO. ARIES. Brethren, the Sun is arisen. Let us depart
in joy.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us depart in love.

MARS. Let us depart in peace.

[The officers leave the Temple, MARS and SCORPIO escorting SOL in ARIES, ARIES and CAPRICORNUS following at the head of the Guard of PROBATIONERS.]

THE RITE OF SOL

OFFICERS

SOL. *Leopard skin. Nemys white-gold over white-sleeved robe. Spear.*

ARIES. *White robe, spear.*

LEO. *Red robe, spear.*

SATAN-TYPHON. *Violet robe.*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. *Green robe.*

BEZ. *Black-robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Sol is enthroned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation.

THE RITE OF SOL

LEO *parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from Atalanta in Calydon.*

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man ... etc.
... His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

[Returns. A pause.

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO. The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. Sunset!

ARIES. It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO. Brother Aries, what is the sacrifice?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

[Silence.

SOL. 1-22-22-1.

ARIES. Hark! it is the Summons of the King.

LEO. It is the Lord of Heaven that awakens the Children of the Light. [They draw the veil—full light—and kneel.

ARIES. Let us adore the Exalted One!

LEO.

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fall, as I am falling,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES. Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that travellest over the Heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of noon! [ARIES and LEO resume thrones.

[A PROBATIONER recites the 12 fold glorification of God from 963.]

[Enter SCORPIO-APOPHIS dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in disorder.]

[ARIES and LEO rise and bow.

ARIES. Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. From the House of God.

ARIES. What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord?

THE RITE OF SOL

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO. Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the wind my hymns would not be heard; and these hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL. 22-I-I-22.

[ARIES *and* LEO *return to their thrones.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS *plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her despairing "Venus in Tannhäuser" melody.* She clasps the feet and knees of SOL but he gives no sign of life.*]

[*At the end* ARIES *and* LEO *rise from their thrones— a pause.*]

ARIES. (*Loudly*). 333-333.

LEO. (*Louder*). 333-333.

ARIES. The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The hour of sacrifice is to come.

* Liebstod from Tristan and Isolde: Wagner.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

LEO. The sacrifice is not accepted.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The sacrifice is accepted.

ARIES. Depart from us, thou unclean thing!

[ARIES *and* LEO *raise her and march from the temple, ARIES leading, LEO following her.*]

[ARIES *and* LEO *re-enter and resume thrones—a pause.*]

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.

LEO. Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

ARIES. The sun is already setting.

LEO. The night birds are already abroad.

ARIES. It grows very dark.

LEO. The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.

ARIES. There is no moon to-night.

LEO. I think there will be rain.

ARIES. Let us close the shrine.

LEO. The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.

ARIES. But no pilgrims can come now.

LEO. No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.

LEO. It cannot be.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us from this.

LEO. Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken.

THE RITE OF SOL

ARIES. Brother Leo, the Law is made so that the wise may break it at their need.

LEO. Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity—fidelity—fidelity.

ARIES. Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly—folly—folly.

LEO. The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come to-night.

ARIES. No pilgrims can come to-night.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice.

[SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS, and BESZ enter silently in procession. The light grows momentarily dimmer.]

ARIES. Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?

SATAN-TYPHON. We are come to sacrifice.

ARIES. What are the offerings?

BESZ. Dancing.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Music.

SATAN-TYPHON. Silence and Stillness.

[*He prostrates himself and remains motionless.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS bows to SOL and plays an adoration.*

[BESZ dances in adoration in three-time.

[SATAN-TYPHON rises and bows.

ARIES. Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. From the dwelling-place of the sun.

ARIES. Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the beloved of the sun.

* Romance: Max Bruch.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

ARIES. [*To BESZ.*] But who art thou, brother?

[*BESZ begins to stammer.*]

LEO. Who art thou?

[*They threaten him with their spears. BESZ crouches in terror and lurks toward West.*]

SATAN-TYPHON. I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES. It is well.

LEO. It is not well. There is danger herein to my Lord.

[*He bars the way.*]

ARIES. Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO. Brother, if thou be indeed our borther, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON. O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with thee? For I lay with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and darkness, or than life and death!

SOL. 22-I-I-22.

[*LEO gives way and returns to his throne, very sad.*]

[*SATAN-TYPHON advances to SOL and ARIES closes the veil on them.*]

[*BESZ jumps up and runs off crouchingly.*]

[*The lights go out.*]

[*SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her serpent melody.**]

[*LEO "recites."*]

Mortals never learn from stories
How catastrophe becomes;
How above the victor's glories
In the trumpets and the drums

* Andante Religioso: Thomé

THE RITE OF SOL

And the cry of millions "Master!"

Looms the shadow of disaster.

Every hour a man hath said:

"That at least is scotched and dead."

Some one circumstance: "At last

That, and its effects, are past."

Some one terror—subtle foe!

"I have laid that spectre low."

They know not, learn not, cannot calculate

How subtly Fate

Weaves its fine mesh, perceiving how to wait;

Or how accumulate

The trifles that shall make it master yet

Of the strong soul that bade itself forget.

[*A dim red light dawns. BESZ enters, leading four PROBATIONERS who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar.*]

ARIES. What is this offering?

BESZ. The eater of Flesh is my name.

ARIES. Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise in thy might, and let thine enemies be scattered!

[*ARIES and LEO draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon SOL has been crucified. Before him stands SATAN-TYPHON in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.*]

[*ARIES and LEO fall as if slain. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her murder melody.**]

[*Meanwhile the PROBATIONERS advance and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs SOL in the proper manner with the spear of SOL, take down SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it. BESZ does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin.*]

* Mort d'Adonis: Waddell.

THE RITE OF SOL

Shrined in exceeding glory, eremite.

The tortoise skies in sombre carapaces
Await the expression and the hour of birth
In silence through the adamantine girth.

I rose in glory, gathered of the foam.

The sea's flower folded, charioting me risen
Where dawns rose stole from its pearl-glimmering home,
And heaven laughed, and earth: and mine old prison,
The seas that lay beneath the mighty dome,
Shone with my splendour. Light did first bedizen
Earth with its clusters of fiery dew and spray,
When I looked forth and cried, "It is the day!"

The stars are dewdrops on my bosom's space;

The sun and moon are glances through my lashes,
Long, tender rays of night; my subtle face
Burns through the sky-dusk, lightens, fills, and flashes
With solemn joy and laughter of love; the grace
Of all my body swaying stoops and dashes
Swift to the daisy's dawn of love: and swiftest,
O spirit of man, when unto me thou liftest!

Dawn shakes the molten fire of my delight

From the fine flower and fragrance of my tresses!
Sunset bids darken all my body's light,
Mixing its music with the sad caresses
Of the whole world: I wheel in wingless flight
Through lampless space, the starless wildernesses!
Beyond the universal bounds that roll,
There is the shrine and image of my soul.

I am Nature and God: I reign, I am, alone.

None other may abide apart: they perish,
Drawn into me, into my being grown.
None other bosom is, to bear, to nourish,
To be: the heart of all beneath my zone
Of blue and gold is scarlet-bright to cherish
My own life's being, that is, and is not other;
For I am God and Nature and thy Mother.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I am the thousand-breasted milky spouse,
Virginal also: Tartarus and Gaia
Twinned in my womb, and Chaos from my brows
Shrank back abashed, my sister dark and dire,
Mother of Erebus and Night, that ploughs
With starry-sandalled feet the fields of fire;
My sister shrank and fell, the infernal gloom
Changed to the hot sweet shadow of my womb.

I am: that darkness strange and uterine
Is shot with dawn and scented with the rose;
The deep dim prison-house of corn and wine,
Flowers, children, stars, with flame far subtler glows
Formless, all-piercing, death-defying, divine,
A sweet frail lamp whose shadow gleams and shows
No darkness, is as light is where its rays
Cross, interweave, and marry with the day's!

I am: the heart that flames from central Me,
Seeks out all life, and takes again, to mingle
Its passion with my might and majesty,
Till the vast floods of the man's being tingle
And glow, self-lost within my soul and sea
Of love, the sun of utter light, and single
Keen many-veined heart: our lips and kisses
Marry and muse on our immortal blisses.

I am: the greatest and the least: the sole
And separate life of things. The mighty stresses
Of worlds are my nerves twitching. Branch and bole
Of forests waving in deep wildernesses
Are hairs upon my body. Rivers roll
To make one tear in my superb caresses,
When on myself myself begets a child,
A system of a thousand planets piled!

I am: the least, the greatest: the frail life
Of some small coral-insect still may tremble
With love for me, and call me queen and wife;
The shy plant of the water may dissemble

THE RITE OF SOL

Its love beneath the fronds; reply to strife
 With strife, and all its tiny being crumble
Under my rough and warrior husband-kiss,
 Whose pain shall burn, and alter, and be bliss!

I am: no word beside that solemn one
 Reigns in sound's kingdom to express my station,
Who, clothed and crowned with suns beyond the sun,
 Bear on the mighty breast of foam Thalassian,
Bear on my bosom, jutting plenilune,
 Maiden, the fadeless Rose of the Creation!
The whole flower-life of earth and sky and sea
From me was born, and shall return to me!

I am: for men and beings passionate,
 For mine own self calm as the river-cleaving
Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I create
 Or discreate, both in my bosom heaving:
My lightest look is mother of a Fate:
 My fingers sapphire-ringed with sky are weaving
Ever new flowers and lawns of life, designed
Nobler and newer in mine older mind.

I am: I am not, but all-changing move
 The worlds evolving in a golden ladder,
Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of love
 Filling one sphere from the last sphere grown gladder;
All gateways leading far to the above.
 Even as the bright coils of the emerald adder
Climb one by one in glory of sunlight, climb
My children to me up the steep of Time.

I am: before me all the years are dead,
 And all the fiery locks of sunrise woven
Into the gold and scarlet of my head:
 In me all skies and seas are shaken and cloven:
All life and light and love about me shed,
 Begotten in me, in my moving moven,
Are as my tears: all worlds that ever swam
As dew of kisses on my lips: I am.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

[*She draws LEO up to her. The others kneel in adoration.*

SCORPIO-AOPHIS *plays her soft voluptuous melody.**]

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. The evening star is arisen.

ARIES. The sacrifice is accomplished.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. Man.

LEO. Who is the priestess?

ARIES. Woman.

LEO. Unto what God?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

LEO. Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES. I-333-I-I.

LEO. I-333-I-I.

SCORPIO-

AOPHIS. I-I-333-I.

* Romance: Saint Saens.

THE RITE OF VENUS

THE OFFICERS

VENUS. *Blue Robe.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe.*

LIBRA. *Green Robe.*

PISCES. *Crimson Robe.*

LUNA IN TAURUS. *Silver Robe.*

SATURN IN LIBRA. *Black Robe.*

No officer has any weapon. Venus is throned, and on her right are Libra and Saturn in Libra, on her left Taurus and Luna in Taurus, while at her feet lies Pisces. Her throne is an oyster-shell, as in the picture by Botticelli. Before it a veil. Without, an altar; and without the temple, a further veil.

THE RITE OF VENUS

PRELUDE

Full light. VENUS, seated before altar, LIBRA and TAURUS
at its sides.

VENUS. 7777777.

LIBRA. 7777777.

TAURUS. 7777777.

VENUS. Brother Libra, I command thee to declare the
Secret of Venus.

LIBRA *recites Swinburne's "Hertha."* [*All present recline
and sleep.*]

VENUS. Having ears they hear not. Brothers Taurus and
Libra, let the veil be drawn. [*They do so.*]

PART I

[*Twilight.* VENUS is enthroned on high, swathed in masses
of red hair and roses. The altar is covered with roses;
there is a small flame thereon.]

TAURUS and LIBRA draw the inner veil apart. LIBRA
returns and kneels.

LIBRA.

Daughter of Glory, child
Of Earth's Dione mild
By the Father of all, the Ægis-bearing King!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Spouse, daughter, mother of God,
Queen of the blest abode
In Cyprus' splendour singly glittering.
Sweet sister unto me,
I cry aloud to thee!
I laugh upon thee laughing, O dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and dove,
And swan's wide plumes of love,
And all the swallow's swifter vehemence,
And, subtler than the Sphinx,
The ineffable iynx
Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smil'st toward earth, a miracle of flowers!

Down to the loveless sea
Where lay Persephone
Violate, where the shade of earth is black,
Crystalline out of space
Flames the immortal face!
The glory of the comet-tailed track
Blinds all black earth with tears.
Silence awakes and hears
The music of thy moving come over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green, and gold,
Blues many and manifold,
A cloud of incense hides thy splendour of light;
Hides from the prayer's distress
Thy loftier loveliness,
Till thy veil's glory shrouds the earth from night;
And silence speaks indeed,
Seeing the subtler speed
Of its own thought than speech of the Pandean reed!

[LIBRA *returns.*

THE RITE OF VENUS

VENUS. 7777777.

SATURN. Amen.

VENUS. 333-I-333.

LUNA. Amen.

VENUS. I-55555-I.

LIBRA *and* PISCES. Amen.

VENUS. Brother Saturn, what is the hour?

SATURN. Twilight.

VENUS. Sister Pisces, from whose house are we come out?

PISCES. From the House of Death.

VENUS. Brother Taurus, what is stronger than death?

TAURUS. Love.

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is the place?

LIBRA. The Mountain of Venus, that hangeth from the navel of the Universe over the Great Abyss.

VENUS. Let us celebrate the Rite of Venus.

[LUNA *plays a waltz tune. The PROBATIONERS dance together.*]

VENUS. Children of Love, what is the hour?

ALL. [*A confused murmur.*] It is the hour of love.

[ALL *sink down together. The lights go out. A long pause.*]

PART II

VENUS. (*Awakening.*) 333-1-333.

[*Venus is brilliantly illuminated; the rest remain dark.*

VENUS. Little brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. The dawn is at hand.

VENUS. Little brother, what is the place?

TAURUS. It is the holy mountain of our Lady Venus.

VENUS. Children, awake and rejoice.

LIBRA. Awake and rejoice.

PISCES. How shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. As our Lady hath appointed.

LIBRA. As you like it.

PISCES. Wherein shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. In our Lady Venus.

LIBRA. In what you will.

TAURUS. Thy will, our lady, and not ours be done!

PISCES. Mistress, let the adorations be performed!

VENUS. Children, array yourselves before me, and rejoice in the adorations of my beauty.

[*They form, each with his partner. LIBRA disappears behind veil. TAURUS recites invocation.*]

TAURUS.

Salutation to Hathor, holy cow in the pastures of Evening.

Salutation to Hathor, in the Mountain of the West; in the land of perfect Peace, Salutation.

THE RITE OF VENUS

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, the child of Isis and of Nephthys!

Salutation to Hathor, the bride of Apis, of Apis that hath the beetle upon his tongue!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, whose necklace is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Amennti.

Salutation to Hathor, whose girdle is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Seb!

Salutation to Hathor, whose sandals are of the Souls of the blessed ones of Nu!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

[*Returns to his throne.*

VENUS. Brother Libra, art thou silent? [A pause.
Brother Libra, where art thou?

LIBRA, *still hidden, recites from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove, etc.

... Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

[LIBRA *appears and confronts her.*

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare? etc.
... Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

VENUS. Nay, brother, thou art the chiefest of my chosen.

LIBRA. Alas.

VENUS. Yea, brother: in the end all turn to me, and all return to me.

Isis am I, and from my life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane;
All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I am the mother! I the speaking sea!
I am the earth and its fertility!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me—
To me!

Hathoor am I, and to my beauty drawn
All glories of the Universe bow down,
The blossom and the mountain and the dawn,
Fruit's blush, and woman, our creations's crown.
I am the priest, the sacrifice, the shrine,
I am the love and life of the divine!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness are surely mine—
Are mine!

Venus am I, the love and light of earth,
The wealth of kisses, the delight of tears,
The barren pleasure never come to birth,
The endless, infinite desire of years.
I am the shrine at which thy long desire
Devoured thee with intolerable fire.
I was song, music, passion, death, upon thy lyre—
Thy lyre!

I am the Grail and I the Glory now:
I am the flame and fuel of thy breast;
I am the star of God upon thy brow;
I am thy queen, enraptured and possessed.
Hide thee, sweet river; welcome to the sea,
Ocean of love that shall encompass thee!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me—
To me!

[PISCES *performs a sleepy sinuous dance by herself, and returns to Venus' throne lapsed into herself, and as if exhausted.*]

Rise, rise, my knight! My king! My love, arise!
See the grave avenues of Paradise,
The dewy larches bending at my breath,
Portentous cedars prophesying death!

THE RITE OF VENUS

[She is interrupted by the Violin of the throned LUNA, who plays her unutterable melody. PISCES manifests distress.*

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is this song?

LIBRA

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the Ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
The boat of my desire is guided;
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's Smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee

* Romance in D: Beethoven.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

[VENUS *manifests distress*. PISCES *slips away to the throne of LUNA*.]

[LUNA *plays her conquering melody*.*

VENUS. Oh! Oh!

LIBRA. Holier than pleasure is pain; nobler is abstinence than indulgence; from sloth and faith we turn to toil and science; from the tame victories of the body to the wild triumphs of the mind.

VENUS. It is the ruin of the temple.

LIBRA. For from thee cometh the Utterance of the Present; but of the Future no word.

VENUS. And thou wilt?

LIBRA. The Word.

[SATURN *comes out and dances his dance, and falls, clasping the hem of LIBRA'S robe*.]

VENUS. Who is this? These are not my dances; these footsteps tread not my measures; not me he worships by the paces and pauses of his feet!

[LUNA *plays a wild and horrible melody*.†

[SATURN *drags LIBRA backwards into the dusk*.

[*The PROBATIONERS group similarly; MARS with MARS and VENUS with VENUS. Some, too, stand isolated*.]

* Polonaise in D: Wieniawski.

† Witches' Dance: Paganini.

THE RITE OF VENUS

VENUS. Brother Taurus, art thou faithful, thou alone?

TAURUS. [*Seductively yet ironically.*] Knowest thou not me?

VENUS. Yea, my beloved, Lord of all my doves.

TAURUS. Venus, our Lady!

VENUS. Come unto me!

[*She half rises and draws him to her.*

TAURUS. Within the veil?

VENUS. There is no veil before my shrine!

[*She unfastens his robe. As it falls he leaps up with the Caduceus, as MERCURY, and tramples her beneath his feet.*]

TAURUS. In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God!

[*All come forward; SATURN with LIBRA linked; LUNA and PISCES linked; and bow to him.*]

LUNA. The Treason is accomplished.

PISCES. The mind is nobler than the body.

SATURN. Friendship is holier than love.

LIBRA. Nature is overcome by wit.

PISCES. How shall we adore thee?

TAURUS. As you like it.

SATURN. What shall we sacrifice?

TAURUS. Want you will.

[*LUNA plays a moto perpetuo,* ALL, bowing in adoration to MERCURY.*]

LIBRA. Brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. Dawn.

LIBRA. Let us depart unto the work of the day.

ALL. Amen.

* Moto perpetuo: Ries.

THE RITE OF MERCURY

OFFICERS

MERCURY. *Violet Robe.*

FR. and SOR. GEMINI. *White Dancing Robe and Black Robe.*

VIRGO. *Green Robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Mercury is throned between the Twins. At the west of the Altar is Virgo, and his four attendants.

THE RITE OF MERCURY

I

MERCURY. 22-333-333.

[*Full light.*

The Speech in the Silence.

The Words against the Son of Night.

The Voice of Mercury in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal Gods.

The Formulas of Knowledge.

The Wisdom of Breath.

The Radix of Vibration.

The Shaking of the Invisible.

The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.

The Becoming Visible of Matter.

The Piercing of the Coils of the Stooping Dragon.

The Breaking Forth of the Light.

[*All being seated, the FOUR PROBATIONERS rise from among the other PROBATIONERS and march to the altar.*]

FIRST PROBATIONER. 333-333-22. Brethren, let us kindle the holy perfumes in honour of the most divine God.

ALL FOUR PROBATIONERS. [*While he does so.*] Hail unto the most divine Lord Mercury!

FIRST PROBATIONER. [*To FR. GEMINI*] Our Brother, child

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

of the Voice, we ask Thee for thy help. Wilt thou purify the Temple, that we may proceed with the invocations?

FR. GEMINI. I am one with you, Brethren!

[He rises and performs the Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram. While he does so, the FOUR PROBATIONERS stand facing the assembly.]

FR. GEMINI. Let the rites of Mercury be celebrated.

[They turn round, facing the altar again.]

[MERCURY reads Gemini and Virgo sections from 963 at altar.]

[The big lights are put out; only a small purple light remains.]

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou Lord of Harmony! Master of the Right Will, Thou who hast brought unto us the divine seeds of self-knowledge—we, the humble Servants of the children of Thy voice, we call on Thee to lead us out of our Ignorance!

CHORUS OF THREE OTHER PROBATIONERS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, Divine Worker! Master of all that is Divine! Herald of all that is coming! Builder of our House! Holy art Thou, Thou that knowest the Supreme Mysteries!

CHORUS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, All Good, we call Thee!

VIRGO. I. *[Rising.]* Not Good alone, Brethren! But all complete in the perfect Equilibrium.

FR. GEMINI. Ay, The Balance must be kept even. Sister, let us invoke the Lord of Knowledge!

VIRGO. He gave unto you, children of His Voice, the

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Power of the making of fair things. Sing ye unto your Shepherd!

FR. GEMINI. [*Rises and stands before MERCURY.*] O Spirit, O Divine Messenger, Mighty One, most mighty circling and all comprehending Divine Bearer of the Wand, hail! Cœlestial, aethereal, inter-aethereal, water like, air like, fire like, earth like, like unto light, like unto darkness, shining as do the Stars, moist, hot, cold Spirit, hail to Thee, ever laughing Child-God, all-knowing. Through Thee alone can we hope to reach Light and Truth. [*Returns to his seat.*

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly.**

[*A short pause.*

MERCURY. At the Ending of the Light,
At the Limits of the Night,
Stood Mercury before the Unborn ones of Time.
Then was formulated the Universe;
Then came forth the Gods thereof,
The æons of the Bornless Beyond.
Then was the Voice vibrated;
Then was the Name declared.
At the Threshold of Entrance,
Between the Universe and the Infinite,
In the Sign of the Enterer
Stood Mercury, as before him
The æons were proclaimed.
In Symbols did he record them;
In Breath did he vibrate them;
For between the Light and the Darkness did he
stand.

* Hungarian Dance No. 2: Brahms.

II

The Temple in Darkness

MERCURY.

O Light in Light! O flashing wings of fire!
The swiftest of the moments of the sea
Is unto thee
Even as some slow-foot Eternity
With limbs that drag and wheels that tire.
O subtle-minded flame of amber gyre,
It seems a spark of gold
Grown purple, and behold!
A flame of gray!
Then the dark night-wings glow
With iridescent indigo,
Shot with some violet ray;
And all the vision flames across the horizon
The millionth of no time—and when we say:
Hail!—Thou art gone!

The Moon is dark beside thy crown; the Sun
Seems a pale image of thy body bare;
And for thine hair
Flash comets lustrous with the dewfall rare
Of tears of that most memorable One,
The radiant Queen, the veiled Paphian.
The wings of light divine
Beneath thy body shine;
The invisible
Rayed with some tangible flame,
Seeking to formulate a name,

THE RITE OF MERCURY

A citadel;
And the winged heels are fiery with enormous speed,
One spurning heaven; the other trampling hell;
And thou—recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of inmost thought!
Descend! Abide! Swift coursing in my veins
Shoot dazzling pains,
The Word of Selfhood integrate of Nought,
The ineffable Amen! the Wonder wrought.
Bring death if life exceed!
Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,
Yet life exude;
And Wisdom and the Word of Him
Drench the mute mind grown dim
With quietude!
Fix thy sharp lightnings in my night! My spirit free!
Mix with my breath and life and name thy mood
And self of Thee.

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*.*

[*A short pause.*

FR. GEMINI. Master, be it thy pleasure to perform the
Invocation of Mercury.

[*All PROBATIONERS rise and join the four others in front of
the altar.*]

MERCURY. [*Leaves throne.*] Majesty of the Godhead,
Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe:
Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis head: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power: Thee,
Thee we invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of
Light and life: Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou whose head is as an Emerald, and Thy Nemyss

* Sarabande: Bach.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

as the night sky-blue! Thou whose skin is of flaming orange,
as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am yesterday, to-day, and the brother of The
Morrow! I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force
from which the Gods are sprung; that giveth life unto the
dwellers in the watch-towers of the universe.

I am the charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and the
Future. I see by mine own inward light; Lord of Resurrection,
who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the
House of Death.

O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who keep
watch over the Universe! Ye who company the bier unto the
House of Rest. Ye who pilot the Ship of Ra, ever advancing
onwards unto the heights of Heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the
Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!

Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his
firmament.

I travel upon high.

I tread upon the firmament of Nu.

I raise a flashing flame with the lightning of mine eye, ever
rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra,
giving my life to the dwellers of Earth.

If I say "come up upon the mountains,"

The Celestial waters shall flow at my word;

For I am Ra incarnate,

Kephra created in the flesh!

THE RITE OF MERCURY

I am the image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

The God who commands is in my mouth;

The God of Wisdom is in my heart:

My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth:

And a God sitteth upon my lips!

My word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart realises itself, like that of Ptah when he creates his works.

I am Eternal; therefore everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words.

Therefore I say unto Thee: come forth unto me from thine abode in the Silence, unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power! Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still un-named and nameless to Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi! Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness. Rising, descending; changing ever, yet ever the same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom!

And Earth hath nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.

Come thou forth, I say, come Thou forth

And make all spirits subject unto me!

So that every spirit of the firmament,

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

And of the Ether,
Of the Earth,
And under the Earth,
On dry land,
And in the Water,
Of whirling Air,
And of rushing Fire,
And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient
unto Me!

[*A pause.*

[*MERCURY goes to his throne.*

FR. GEMINI. I. Brother Virgo, didst thou hear the Voice?

VIRGO. Ay, Brother.

FR. GEMINI. Tell me, Brother, is not Mercury a great God?

VIRGO. Indeed, Son of Maia, the greatest of all Gods that tread upon the Milky Way.

FR. GEMINI. It is so.

SOR. GEMINI. Yet, Brother, there is the Sun-God!

VIRGO. Is not Mercury the Sun-God, when hidden during the Night, among the souls of the dead? Hail unto Thee, Trismegistus, Hail unto thee!

SOR. GEMINI. Hail, O Sender of Dreams!

FR. GEMINI. Hail, O Supporter of Bacchus Infant!

MERCURY. Hail, Twins!

FIRST PROBATIONER. Thou art indeed the greatest of all Gods, O Mercury!

CHORUS. Hail, Mercury.

MERCURY. Yet, ye will betray me!

Bury me in a nameless grave!
I came from God the world to save,
I brought it wisdom from above,

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Worship, and liberty, and love.
So be my grave without a name
That earth may swallow up my shame!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays her saddest yet swiftest melody.**

[*A pause.*

VIRGO. O, who art Thou, most lovely form that killeth me
with the pleasure of Thy Vision?

MERCURY. I am thyself—that which is of thyself and
dependent upon thyself.

VIRGO. Sister and Brother Gemini, kneel ye before the
greatest of all Gods.

FR. GEMINI. Alas, Brother! Is the Speech greater than the
Silence?

VIRGO. I. Brethren, kneel ye before the greatest of all
Gods! [None obey.

MERCURY. I. Silence. . . . Thou hast no followers, Brother.

SOR. GEMINI. Behold thine handmaiden! Where thou
goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my
God! [She walks to the throne.

MERCURY. Peace upon thee, beloved! . . . But the
Brethren say sooth. Even Mercury liveth not for ever.

[He recites.

The light streams stronger through the lamps of sense.

Intelligence

Grows as we go. Alas: its icy glimmer

Shows dimmer, dimmer

The awful vaults we traverse. Were the sun

Himself the one

Glory of space, he would but illustrate

The night of Fate.

Are not the hosts of heaven in vain arrayed?

Their light dismayed

* Scherzo: Tschaikowski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Before the vast blind spaces of the sky?
 O galaxy
Of thousands upon thousands closely curled,
 Your golden world
Incalculably small, its closest cluster
 Mere milky lustre
Staining the infinite darkness! Base and blind
 Our minion mind
Seeks a great light, a light sufficient, light
 Insufferably bright,
Hence hidden for an hour: imagining
 This vast vain thing,
We call it God, and Father. Empty hand
 And prayer unplanned
Stretched fatuous to the void. Ah! men my friends
 What fury sends
This folly to intoxicate your hearts?
 Dread air disparts
Your vital ways from these unsavoury follies;
 Black melancholies
Sit straddled on your bended backs. The throne
 Of the unknown
Is fit for children. We are too well ware
 How vain is prayer,
How nought is great, since all is immanent
 The vast content
Of all the universe unalterable.
 We know too well
How no one thing abides awhile at all,
 How all things fall,
Fall from their seat, the lamentable place,
 Before their face,
Weary and pass and are no more. So we,
 Since hope must be,
Look to the future, to the chance minute
 That life may shoot
Some flower at least to blossom in the night,
 Since vital light
Is sure to fail us on the hideous way.
 What? Must we pray!

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Verily, O thou littlest babe, too weak
 To stir or speak,
Capable hardly of a thought, yet seed
 Of word and deed!
To thine assured fruition we may trust
 This weary dust.
We who are old, and palsied (and so wise!)
 Lift up our eyes
To little children, as the storm-tossed bark
 Hails in the dark
Some hardly visible harbour light; we hold
 The hours of gold
To our own breasts, whose hours are iron and brass:—
 So swift they pass
And grind us down:—we hold the wondrous light
 Our scattering sight
Yet sees, the one star in a night of woe.
 We trust, and so
Lift up our voices in the dying day
 Indeed to pray:
O little hands that are so soft and strong,
 Lead us along!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*.*

[*A pause.*

FR. GEMINI. Brother Virgo, wilt thou not join us who love not Speech?

VIRGO. Hail unto Mercury. He killeth Sol at the close of every Twilight, and hangeth up the sky of Night on the Tree of Heaven, fastened up with the Star-headed nails.

MERCURY. Brother Gemini, do Thou perform the dance of thy Virginal Sister. [FR. GEMINI *dances.*

[*At the end of his dance, he falls before the altar. SOROR GEMINI and all PROBATIONERS circumambulate round him, then stop, facing MERCURY.*]

* Berceuse: César Cui.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

MERCURY. Come, Sister, no Divine Being can be reached,
save through Me.

*[He descends, and joins the PROBATIONERS, leading SOROR
GEMINI by the hand.]*

*[VIRGO, left now alone before the empty shrine of MERCURY,
walks slowly in front of it.]*

VIRGO. Hail unto the Lord Mercury!

*[A pause, during which all PROBATIONERS bend their heads
low. MERCURY stands apart with SOR. GEMINI. VIRGO
stands still before the shrine, hooded.]*

MERCURY. And this word I speak unto ye:

[He is heard whispering.

StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS

[A pause.

MERCURY. *(loudly)*. Konx Om Pax!

[Purple light off, white light on.

*[He seats SOR. GEMINI upon his Throne. She plays her
babe-music.*]*

FR. GEMINI. The will of the Gods be accomplished!

[All depart.

* Nocturne: G. Boyle.

THE RITE OF LUNA

OFFICERS

LUNA. *Silver Robe and Veil. Violin. Artemis. The Lady of the Moon.*

CANCER. *Amber Robe. Cup. Warden of the Holy Graal.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe. Bow and Quiver. The Lord of the Bow.*

A NYMPH. *White robe. The Head of the Dragon.*

A SATYR. *Black Robe. The Tail of the Dragon.*

PAN. *Black Robe, Tom-tom.*

In the East Luna is throned, Cancer on her right, Taurus on her left. Beyond these the Satyr and the Nymph. At the apex of a descending Triangle, upon the earth, Pan.

THE RITE OF LUNA

*One reciteth "The Twel्वefold Certitude of God," from 963.
The veil is withdrawn.*

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 333-333-333.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS. Moonrise.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is the place?

TAURUS. The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my office?

TAURUS. Warden of the Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my robe?

TAURUS. Chastity.

CANCER. I. What is my weapon?

TAURUS. Vigilance.

CANCER. I. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS. The Lady Artemis.

CANCER. I. How many are her servants?

TAURUS. Nine.

CANCER. I. Who are they?

TAURUS. Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three
for the snow.

CANCER. I. Who are the great Officers?

THE EQUINOX

TAURUS. Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal.
Myself, the Lord of the Bow.

A nymph, a satyr ---

PAN. I. And Pan!

CANCER. Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our
Lady Artemis.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

[PAN *recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*]

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces . . .
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS. The Goddess stirs not.

CANCER. Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.

PAN. Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER. No man hath lifted her veil.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the
shrine.

TAURUS. Let us banish the spirits of the elements.

[*Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram
and returns.*]

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the
planets.

[*Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram
and returns.*]

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from
the One, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.

[*He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual.*]

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.

TAURUS. The shrine is perfectly guarded.

SATYR. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!

For thee I have worshipped ever
With stains and sorrows and scars,

With joyful, joyful endeavour.

Hear me, O lily-white goat!

O crisp as a thicket of Thorns,
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,
A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,

I build Thee a shrine of yew.

All green is the garland I wear,

But I feed it with blood for dew!

After the orange bars

That ribbed the green west dying

Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,

I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose

With breasts slow heaving in splendour

Drops wine from her infinite snows,

Ineffably, utterly, tender.

O moon! ambrosial moon!

Arise on my desert of sorrow,

That the magical eyes of me swoon

With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago

I stood on the bank of a river,

Holy and holy and holy, I know,

For ever and ever and ever!

THE EQUINOX

A priest in the mystical shrine,
I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's
Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever,
Brooding over the waste.
She hath stirred or spoken never.
She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness make me awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her poisonous body held?

By night I ravished a maid
From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade:
I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's
That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyrombs,
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
On the deep of that blissful bale.
My cold grey kisses awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her beautiful body held.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

But—God! I was not content
 With the blasphemous secret of years;
The veil is hardly rent
 While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
 As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievous graft
 By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
 By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,
 In the realm of a sexless Owl,
I am set apart from the rest
 By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
 The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star
 That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
 Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
 Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
 With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
 Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
 The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
 If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
 Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
 Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!
 Let the soul of his God flow out!

THE EQUINOX

Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns;
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead,
A foam of fire flowing over.
From the Lamb and his prison fare
And the Owl's blind stupor, arise!
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,
By the strong immemorial spell,
By the subtle veridical rune
That is mighty in heaven and hell!
Drip thy mystical dew
On the tongues of the tender fauns,
In the shade of initiate yews,
Remote from the desert dawns!

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.

Bring your beauty to man!

I am the mate for ye all;

I am the passionate Pan.

Come, O come to the dance,

Leaping with wonderful whips,

Life on the stroke of a glance,

Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond,

Shed in a secret sinew,

Smitten through by the fond

Folly of wisdom in you!

Come, while the moon (the moon!)

Sheds her ambrosial splendour,

Reels in the redeless rune

Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry

Of deadly hurt in the hollow:—

Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!

Smitten to death by Apollo.

Swift, O maiden moon,

Send thy ray-dews after;

Turn the dolorous tune

To soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!

Surely your comfort is over:

All we laugh at you lorn.

Ours are the poppies and clover!

O that mouth and eyes,

Mischievous, male, alluring!

O that twitch of the thighs,

Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now!

Where the sage and his doubt?

Surely the sweat of the brow

Hath driven the demon out.

THE EQUINOX

Surely the scented sleep
That crowns the equal war
Is wiser than only to weep—
To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,
The decadent days of October,
I come to thee, God, without fear;
Pious, chaste, and sober.
I solemnly sacrifice
This first-fruit flower of wine
For a vehicle of thy vice,
As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by
I pray thee give to me one;
A lover stronger than I,
A moon to swallow the sun!
May he be like a lily-white goat,
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for this throat,
A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER. May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS. May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

[NYMPH *comes forward and dances her virginal dance.*

PAN. Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER. Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

[*Recites.*

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music awake!

Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the Snake and the
Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure—Bring us the word of the Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of the Spirits of Fire;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the Hosts of the Sea,
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of the Spirits of Air,
In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;
By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of the Spirits of Earth
That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and Disk I constrain;
I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!
I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake and the Sword;
Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm of the air,
As the quake of the earth—let it soar for a boon, for a bane, for a snare,
For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a sword—
Bring us thy burden of bliss—Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS. In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of
Silence:

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333.

[*Recites.*

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds!
Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Sistrion is shaken and sounds!
Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death.
Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and flame of the breath!
Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall tremble and flee!
Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the Light of the Dawn is in me!
Light on the forehead and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast,
Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the Radiant Crest!
Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the Sun!
Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run!

THE EQUINOX

Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in thee!
Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight, and waken the sea!
Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the down-rushing Sword!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife!
Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!
Isis crowned!

CANCER. In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Must every star that saves the night
Gleam fearfully afar,
Give no man love, but only light,
Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time began
Through the ages until now,
But won the goal of his set soul,
A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as thou
Shine in my night forlorn,
Come, let me set thee on my brow,
And make its darkness morn!

PAN. [*Rises.*] Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

[SATYR *dances the dance of the scourge, driving the officers down the stage, where they crouch.*]

PAN. [*Goes to altar.*] Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

SATYR. And in thine honour!

[He dances the dance and falls prostrate in the midst.

PAN. *[Advancing to the Throne of Luna.]*

Uncharmable charmer
Of Bacchus and Mars,
In the sounding rebounding
Abyss of the stars!
O virgin in armour,
Thine arrows unslung
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion
Of love, when I broke
Through the shroud, through the cloud,
Through the storm, through the smoke,
To the mountain of passion
Volcanic that woke—
By the rage of the mage
I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness,
The lone-lying sea,
The swoon of the moon,
Your swoon into me;
The sentinel sadness
Of cliff-clinging pine,
That night of delight
You were mine, you were mine!

Your were mine, O my saint,
My maiden, my mate,
By the might of the right
Of the night of our fate.
Though I fall, though I faint,
Though I char, though I choke,
By the hour of our power
I invoke, I invoke!

THE EQUINOX

By the mystical union
Of fairy and faun,
Unspoken, unbroken—
The dusk to the dawn!—
A secret communion,
Unmeasured, unsung,
The listless, resistless,
Tumultuous tongue!—

O virgin in armour
Thine arrows unsling,
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!
No Godhead could charm her,
But manhood awoke—
O fiery Valkyrie,
I invoke, I invoke!

[He tears down the veil.
*[LUNA plays accordingly.**
[A long silence.

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 1. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER. Let us depart, it is accomplished.

* Chaconne: Bach.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

Some Press Opinions

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoolment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance. the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

OCCULTISM

To the readers of "The Equinox."—All who are interested in *curious old* Literature should write to FRANK HOLLINGS for his Catalogue of over 1000 items. Sent post free on receipt of name and address, and all future issues. A few selected items below.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC, including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. In Two Parts. I. An Analytical and Critical Account of the chief MAGICAL RITUALS extant. II. A Complete GRIMOIRE of Black Magic. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

The two chief sections are subdivided as follows: (a) Studies on the Antiquity of Magical Rituals; (b) The Rituals of Transcendental Magic, so-called; (c) Composite Rituals; (d) The Rituals of Black Magic; (e) The descending Hierarchy of Spirits; (f) The Lesser Key of Solomon the King; (g) The Mystery of the "Sanctum Regnum"; (h) The Rite of "Lucifuge"; (i) The Method of Honorius, etc., etc., etc.

The main objects of the work are: (1) To determine the connection, if any, between the literature of CEREMONIAL MAGIC AND THE SECRET TRADITION IN CHRISTIAN TIMES; (2) To show the fantastic nature of the distinction between White and Black Magic, so far, at least, as the texts are concerned.

The work is issued in crown 4to, and includes about 180 engravings, some of which are full-page plates.

Price 15s. net. Post free. Handsomely bound.

JUST PUBLISHED.

WAITE (A. E.). The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, and an Analysis of the Inter-Relation between the Craft and the High Degrees, in respect of their term of Research, expressed by the way of Symbolism. 2 vols. large 8vo, with 26 full-page Portraits, and other illustrations, cloth extra *t.e.g.* 42s.

Book I. Fundamental Relations of the Craft and the High Grades. II. Development of the High Grades in respect of the Ancient Alliance. III. Of the New Alliance in Freemasonry. IV. The Masonic Orders of Chivalry. V. Of Alchemy in Masonry. VI. Of Magical and Kabalistical Degrees. VII. Of the Mysteries on their Mystical Side, and of this Subject in its relation to Masonry.

THE KABBALAH UNVEILED, containing the following Books of the Zohar: (1) The Book of Concealed Mystery; (2) The Greater Holy Assembly; (3) The Lesser Holy Assembly; translated into English from the Latin Version of Knorr von Rosenroth, and collated with the original Chaldee and Hebrew text, by S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. New and cheaper edition, demy 8vo.

The Bible, which has been probably more misconstrued than any other book ever written, contains numberless obscure and mysterious passages which are utterly unintelligible without some key wherewith to unlock their meaning. That key is given in the Kabbalah.

ISIS UNVEILED: A Master Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology. By H. P. BLAVATSKY. In two volumes. Vol. I. Science, pp. xiv., 628. Vol. II. Theology, pp. iv., 640 and Index 52.

£1, 1s. net.

Vol. I.—Before the Veil—I. Old Things with New Names—II. Phenomena and Forces—III. Blind Leaders of the Blind—IV. Theories respecting Psychic Phenomena—V. The Ether, or "Astral Light"—VI. Psycho-Physical Phenomena—VII. The Elements, Elementals, and Elementaries—VIII. Some Mysteries of Nature—IX. Cyclic Phenomena—X. The Inner and Outer Man—XI. Psychological and Physical Marvels—XII. The "Impassible Chasm"—XIII. Realities and Illusion—XIV. Egyptian Wisdom—XV. India the Cradle of the Race.

Vol. II.—I. The Church; Where is it?—II. Christian Crimes and Heathen Virtues—III. Divisions amongst the Early Christians—IV. Oriental Cosmogonies and Bible-Records—V. Mysteries of the Kabala—VI. Esoteric Doctrines of Buddhism Parodied in Christianity—VII. Early Christian Heresies and Secret Societies—VIII. Jesuitry and Masonry—IX. The Vedas and the Bible—X. The Devil Myth—XI. Comparative Results of Buddhism and Christianity—XII. Conclusions and Illustrations.

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC: Its Doctrine and Ritual. By ELIPHAS LEVI (a complete Translation of "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie"), with a Biographical Preface by ARTHUR E. WAITE, author of "Devil Worship in France," etc., etc. *Portrait of the Author, and all the original engravings.* 8vo, 406 pp. cloth 1896. (Pub. 15s.). Postage Free. 10s. 6d.

The Pillars of the Temple, Triangle of Solomon, The Tetragram, The Pentagram, Magical Equilibrium, The Fiery Sword, Realsation, Initiation, The Kabbalah, The Magic Chain, Necromancy, Transmutations, Black Magic, Bewitchments, Astrology, Charms and Philtres, The Stone of the Philosophers, The Universal Medicine, Divination, The Triangle of Pantacles, The Conjunction of the Four, The Blazing Pentagram, Medium and Mediator, The Sepenary of Talismans, A Warning to the Imprudent, The Ceremonial of Initiates, The Key of Occultism, The Sabbath of the Sorcerers, Witch-craft and Spells, The Writing of the Stars, Philtres and Magnetism, The Mastery of the Sun, The Thaumaturge, The Science of the Prophets, The Book of Hermes, etc.

BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) OF ABRA-MELIN THE MAGE, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English. From a unique and valuable MS. in the "Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal" at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, black cloth, *Magical Square on side in gold.* 1900. (Pub. at 21s.). Postage free. 10s. 6d.

The original work, of which this is a translation, is unique, no other copy being known, although both Bulwer Lytton and Eliphas Levi were well aware of its existence; the former having based part of his description of the sage Rosicrucian Menjour on that of Abra-Melin, while the account of the so-called Observatory of Sir Philip Derval in the *Strange Story* was, to some extent, copied from that of the Magical Oratory and Terrace given in the present work. There are also other interesting points too numerous to be given here in detail. It is felt therefore that by its publication a service is rendered to lovers of rare and curious Books, and to Students of Occultism, by placing within their reach a magical work of so much importance, and one so interestingly associated with the respective authors of *Zanoni* and of the *Dogma and Ritual of Transcendental Magic*. The Magical Squares or combinations of letters, placed in a certain manner, are said to possess a peculiar species of automatic intelligent vitality, apart from any of the methods given for their use; and students are recommended to make no use of these whatever unless this higher Divine Knowledge is approached in a frame of mind worthy of it.

JENNINGS (Hargrave). The Rosicrucians: their Rites and mysteries, thick 8vo, fourth and last edition, revised, *half-morocco, i.e.g.*, N.D.

Portion of Contents:—Ever-burning Lamps; the Hermetic Philosophers; the Hermetic Brethren; Mystic History of the Fleur-de-lis; Sacred Fire; Fire-Theosophy of the Persians; Ideas of the Rosicrucians as to the Character of Fire; Monuments Raised to Fire—Worship in all Countries; Druidical Stones and their Worship; the Round Towers of Ireland; Cabalistic Interpretations by the Gnostics; Mystic Christian Figures and Talismans; the Rosy Cross in Indian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Mediaeval Monuments; the Great Pyramid; Myths of the Scorpion, or the Snake in its many Disguises; Rosicrucians Celestial and Terrestrial; Alchemy; Rosicrucians in Strange Symbols; Robert Flood; Indian Mystic Adoration of Form; etc., etc.

REAL HISTORY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS, founded on their own Manifestoes, and on Facts and Documents collected from the Writings of Initiated Brethren, by ARTHUR E. WAITE, *illustrated*, 8vo, *cloth, uncut*, 1887 (pub. 7s. 6d.) 5s.

Written from the historical standpoint, giving the chief documents *in extenso*, together with an elaborate summary and analysis of the various views which have prevailed from time to time about *The Virgin Fraternity of the Rose*.

MYSTERIES OF MAGIC: a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Levi, with Biographical and Critical Essay by ARTHUR E. WAITE, second edition, revised and enlarged, 8vo, *cloth*, 1897 (pub. 10s. 6d.). 6s.

This work fulfils a purpose quite distinct from that of *Transcendental Magic*, inasmuch as it is not simply translation, but presents in an abridged and digested form the entire writings of Eliphas Levi.

NOSTRODAMUS.—The True Prophecies and Prognostications of Michael Nostrodamus, Physician to Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX., Kings of France, and one of the best Astronomers that ever were; a Work full of Curiosity and Learning, Translated and commented by THEOPHILUS GARIENCERES, M.D. Folio, *fine portrait frontispiece by Dolle, orig. calf, fine sound copy, rare in this state*, 1672. 45s.

THE KEY OF SOLOMON THE KING (Clavicula Salomonis), translated and edited from Ancient MSS. in the British Museum, by S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR-MATHERS, author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Tarot," etc., *with plates, crown 4to, cloth*, 21s. net.

The Key of Solomon gives full, clear, and concise instructions for Talismanic and Ceremonial Magic, as well as for performing various Evocations; and it is therefore invaluable to any student who wishes to make himself acquainted with the practical part of Occultism.

Besides Seals, Sigils, and Magical Diagrams, nearly 50 Pantacles or Talismans are given in the plates.

Among other authors both Eliphas Levi and Christian mention the "Key of Solomon" as a work of high authority, and the former especially refers to it repeatedly.

WANTS SUPPLIED. NEW PUBLICATIONS SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

Out of Print Books sought for and reported.

Visitors to London who are interested should make a point of calling.

FRANK HOLLINGS, 7 GREAT TURNSTILE, HOLBORN, W.C.

Near to Chancery Lane, the Inns of Court, and First Avenue Hotels.

A GREEN GARLAND

BY

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. 2s. 6d. net.

"As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—but the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg's poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse."—*The Morning Post*.

"There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as 'The Dream' and 'the Recall,' and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"Here is a poet of promise."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

"It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book."—*The Morning Leader*.

"There is promise and some fine lines in these verses."—*The Times*.

To be obtained of

PROBSTHAIN & CO.

44 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And all Booksellers

THE NEW THOUGHT LIBRARY

Crown 8vo. Crimson cloth extra, gilt tops 3d. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net per volume.

The "New Thought Library" has been designed to include only the best works in this class of literature. No volume will find a place in this series unless it has already an established position in the popular favour. The first ten volumes are now ready.

HAVE YOU A STRONG WILL? How to Develop and Strengthen Will Power, Memory, or any other Faculty, or Attribute of the Mind by the Easy Process of Self- Hypnotism. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Third and enlarged Edition, containing the Celebrated Correspondence between Kant and Hufeland, and an additional Chapter on Paracelsus and his Teaching. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT. A Selection from the Essays of PRENTICE MULFORD. Reprinted from the "White Cross Library." With an Introduction by A. E. WAITE. Third Edition. 3s. 6d. net. "The Essays of Prentice Mulford embody a peculiar philosophy, and represent a peculiar phase of insight into the mystery which surrounds man. The essays were the work, as the insight was the gift of a man who owed nothing to books, perhaps not much to what is ordinarily meant by observation, and everything, or nearly everything, to reflection nourished by contact with nature."—A. E. WAITE, in the Introduction.

THE GIFT OF UNDERSTANDING. A Further Selection from the Works of PRENTICE MULFORD. Reprinted from the "White Cross Library." With an Introduction by A. E. WAITE. 3s. 6d. net.

ESSAYS OF PRENTICE MULFORD. Third Series. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ESSAYS OF PRENTICE MULFORD. Fourth Series. Completing the entire set of the Essays. published in America under the title of "Your Forces and How to Use Them." Price 3s. 6d. net.

These four volumes constitute by far the best edition of the Essays of Prentice Mulford published in the English language. Special care has been taken to eliminate the errors and mistakes with which the American edition abounds.

THE SCIENCE OF THE LARGER LIFE. A Selection from the Essays of URSULA N. GESTERFELD. Price 3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.—Preface. Part I.—*How we Master our Fate.* The Inventor and the Invention. The Ascension of Ideas. Living by Insight or by Outsight. Destiny and Fate. The Origin of Evil. What is within the "Heir"? Words as Storage Batteries. How to Care for the Body. The Way to Happiness. You Live in your Thought World. The Language of Suggestion. Constructive Imagination. The Power of Impression. How to Remove Impressions. Your Individualism. Making Things go Right. Utilising Energy. Master, or be Mastered. The Voice that is heard in Loneliness. The Infracted Word. The Law of Liberty. Part II.—*The Evolution of an Invalid.* The Invalid's Alter Ego. The Evolution of a Thief; The Honest Man. The Evolution of a liar; The Truthful Man. The Evolution of a miser; The Benefactor. The Evolution of an Egotist; The Self-Forgetful Man. The Evolution of a Drunkard; The Self-Possessed Man. The Evolution of a Libertine; The Strong Man. The Evolution of a Flirt; The Divine Womanly. Part III.—*Stilling the Tempest.* Live in the Eternal, not in Time. Affirmation of Being. Affirmation for the Morning. Affirmation for the Evening. Affirmation for Fear of Heredity. Affirmation for Fear of Death.

EVERY MAN A KING; or, Might in Mind Mastery. By ORISON SWETT MARDEN. Price 3s. 6d. net.

"Happily written, with knowledge and insight as well as gaiety and charm."—*Light.*

"Admirable! It is a long time since we read a book on the fascinating subject of mind's influence over matter, especially in the building of character, with as much pleasure as this has afforded. Characterised throughout by a cheery optimism, the perusal of it is as good as any tonic, and far better than most."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MENTAL MEDICINE: Some Practical Suggestions from a Spiritual Standpoint. By OLIVER HUCKEL, S.T.D. With an Introduction by LEWELLYS F. BARKER, M.D. Price 3s. 6d. net.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.—The New Outlook for Health. The Unique Powers of Mind. The Spiritual Mastery of the Body. Faith as a Vital Force. The Healing Value of Prayer. Glimpses of the Sub-conscious Self. The Training of the Hidden Energies. The Casting Out of Fear. The Cause and Cure of the Worry Habit. The Gospel of Relaxation. Work as a Factor in Health. Inspiration of the Mental Outlook. Best Books for Further Reading.

"Unusually bright and stimulating discourses."—*The Scotsman.*

"A book of common sense and reason, and its logic is unassailable in almost every chapter."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SELF-CONTROL, AND HOW TO SECURE IT (L'Education de Soi-meme). By Dr PAUL

DUBOIS, Professor of Neuropathology in the university of Berne; Author of "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," "The Influence of the Mind on the Body," etc. Authorised Translation. By HARRY HUTCHESON BOYD. 337 pp. Price 4s. 6d. net.

"Eighteen wise and lively essays on subjects relating to common life, all entirely deserving attention, for their bright wisdom, and easy to read because of their simple and happy style."—*Light.*

"A thoroughly wholesome and sound book."—*T.P.S. Book Notes.*

"This is a manual of self-culture . . . a series of brilliant essays, bold in conception, sympathetic in spirit, and eminently serviceable in substance."—*The Health Record.*

New Volume. Just Published

HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN. By ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Author of "Every Man a King." Price 3s. 6d. net.

To be had of THE EQUINOX, 3 Great James Street, W.C.
and through all Booksellers

PRICE ONE GUINEA NET

GOETIA_{vel Clavicula}

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective
treatise extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

To be obtained of

THE EQUINOX, 3 GREAT JAMES St. W.C.

=====
Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

Price 10s net.

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised to
one guinea net.

A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

=====
BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

“Despite its cumbersome sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author’s words, it represents ‘an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,’ and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of ‘Correspondences,’ and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author’s object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression ‘common denominator’ is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic ‘Tree of Life,’ as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

“The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in ‘Agrippa’ and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer’s bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The ‘Alphabet of Mysticism,’ as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, ‘an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.’ The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

“G.C.J.”

WILLIAM NORTHAM,

Robemaker,

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand

TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0.	PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1.	„ „ superior quality	7 0 0
	2.	NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3.	ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4.	PRACTICUS „ „ 3	1 0 0
	5.	PHILOSOPHUS „ „ 4	1 0 0
	6.	DOMINUS LIMINIS „ „ 5	1 0 0
	7.	ADEPTUS (without) „ „ 0 OR I	3 0 0
	8.	„ „ (within)	10 0 0
	9.	ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10.	ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11.	MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cop embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

George Raffalovich's forthcoming works.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL

Price 3s. 6. Edition strictly limited

THE DEUCE AND ALL

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

1s net.

READY.

Through **THE EQUINOX** and all booksellers

READY SHORTLY.

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

WITH A COVER SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY

E. J. WIELAND;

A DEDICATORY SONNET BY

VICTOR B. NEUBURG;

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Price One Shilling Net.

A. COLIN LUNN,

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 BRIDGE STREET; 19 KING'S PARADE, & 31 TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—“A CONNOISSEUR'S CIGARETTE.” These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

MESSRS. LOWE AND CO.,

8 Stafford Street, Bond Street,

beg to announce that they have been entrusted for twelve years past with the preparation of the

OILS,

PERFUMES,

UNGUENTS,

ESSENCES,

INCENSES,

and other chemical products useful to members of all the lesser grades
of the A.: A.:

Mr. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH'S charming volume of Essays and Sketches
entitled

ON THE LOOSE:

PLANETARY JOURNEYS AND EARTHLY SKETCHES.


A new popular edition. Price 1s. net

Crown 8vo, Pp. 164,

May be obtained through THE EQUINOX.

[Once again, I have omitted some pages of advertisements: the usual full-page attempt by Crowley to shift his back catalogue, and one on the back board for Crowley's *Hail Mary* (absent in the Weiser facsimile).

It appears that confusion arose in certain quarters from some extracts from the work of P.B. Shelley appearing uncredited in various of the Rites; specifically, I have seen "My soul is an enchanted boat" (in the Rite of Venus) from *Prometheus Unbound* erroneously attributed to Crowley in print (albeit in a work with generally low editorial standards). Similarly, "This is the day which down the void abysm" in the Rite of Mars is the finale from *Prometheus Unbound* and "The world's great age begins anew," also in the Rite of Mars, is the final chorus from *Hellas*. Not being particularly familiar with Shelley's work myself, I may have missed a few others.

The works of Algernon Charles Swinburne are now out of copyright and I am therefore including the Swinburne poems called for in the Rites of Eleusis in this electronic edition (since I long ago went through the agony of key-bashing them all in). Rather than work them back into the scripts and mess up the pagination, they appear on the following pages.—]

ILICET

(required for the Rite of Saturn)

THERE is an end of joy and sorrow;
Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
 But never a time to laugh or weep.

The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
 The end of all, the popped sleep.

No place for sound within their hearing,
No room to hope, no time for fearing,
 No lips to laugh, no lids for tears.
The old years have run out all their measure;
No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,
 No fragment of the broken years.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
 There where the slayer is clean of blood,
No end, no passage, no beginning,
There where the sinner leaves of sinning,
 There where the good man is not good.

There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
 My brother, I am one with thee:
They shall not strive nor cry for ever:
No man shall choose between them: never
 Shall this thing end and that thing be.

Wind wherein seas and stars are shaken
Shall shake them, and they shall not waken;
 None that has lain down shall arise;
The stones are sealed across their places;
One shadow is shed on all their faces,
 One blindness cast on all their eyes.

Sleep, is it sleep perchance that covers
Each face, as each face were his lover's?
 Farewell; as men that sleep fare well.
The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
Desire and dread and dream and vision,
 Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.

No soul shall tell nor lip shall number
The names and tribes of you that slumber;
No memory, no memorial.
“Thou knowest”—who shall say thou knowest?
There is none highest and none lowest:
An end, an end, an end of all.

Good night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow
To these that shall not have good morrow;
The gods be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, is there help in heaven? it may be
All things and lords of things shall cease.

The stooped urn, filling, dips and flashes;
The bronzed brims are deep in ashes;
The pale old lips of death are fed.
Shall this dust gather flesh hereafter?
Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter,
At sight of all these poor old dead?

Nay, as thou wilt; these know not of it;
Thine eyes' strong weeping shall not profit,
Thy laughter shall not give thee ease;
Cry aloud, spare not, cease not crying,
Sigh, till thou cleave thy sides with sighing,
Thou shalt not raise up one of these.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
The breathing flame's mouth curls and kisses
The small dried rows of frankincense;
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
Flowers coloured like the fire, but colder,
In sign of sweet things taken hence;

Yea, for their sake and in death's favour
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savour
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,
Whereof none knoweth how great the price is,
And fruit that comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips, reddening round the blood-red blossom,
 The slow delicious bright soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
 Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame has deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
 And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
 Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Why will ye weep? what do ye weeping?
For waking folk and people sleeping,
 And sands that fill and sands that fall,
The days rose-red, the popped hours,
Blood, wine, and spice and fire and flowers,
 There is one end of one and all.

Shall such an one lend love or borrow?
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?
 Shall these give thanks for words or breath?
Their hate is as the loving-kindness;
 The frontlet of their brows is blindness,
 The armlet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder
Shall these grave-clothes be rent in sunder;
 He that hath taken, shall he give?
He hath rent them: shall he bind together?
He hand bound them: shall he break the tether?
 He hath slain them: shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
 That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birth-day to the dying
 The likeness of our life is thus.

One girds himself to serve another,
Whose father was the dust, whose mother
 The little dead red worm therein;
They find no fruit of things they cherish;
The goodness of a man shall perish,
 It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
 They know not what fruits wane or grow;
Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
 The old years and flowers they used to know.

Ah, for their sakes, so trapped and taken,
For theirs, forgotten and forsaken,
 Watch, sleep not, gird thyself with prayer.
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,
 How shall thy crying enter there?

Though the iron sides of the old world falter,
The likeness of them shall not alter
 For all the rumour of periods,
The stars and seasons that come after,
The tears of latter men, the laughter
 Of the old unalterable gods.

Far up above the years and nations,
The high gods, clothed and crowned with patience,
 Endure through days of deathlike date;
They bear the witness of things hidden;
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,
 As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
 Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,
 The poppied sleep, the end of all.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

(required for the Rite of Saturn)

HERE, where the world is quiet;
Here where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours
Blown buds and barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
 In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
 Ill night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In heaven and hell unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
 Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
 He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
 Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
 In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
 Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
 With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
 From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
 She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
 The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die tomorrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

Chorus “Before the Beginning of Years” from *Atalanta*
(*Required for the Rite of Sol*)

Before the beginning of years,
 There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite,
 Love that endures for a breath:
Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire and the falling of tears
And a measure of shifting sand
 From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love
With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;

They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is cloaked with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

HERTHA

(Required for the Rite of Venus)

I am that which began;
 Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
 I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.
 Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was, and thy soul was in me.
 First life on my sources
 First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
 That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird; before God was, I am.
 Beside or above me
 Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken, and I am the blow.
 I the mark that is missed
 And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
 And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.
 I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate;
That which caresses
 With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the measure of fate.
 But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry
 'I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high'?

I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but the self, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the
skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night? have the winds taken counsel
with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from after
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have
prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give unto me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Always to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leave: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off; they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what staunches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights.

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's.
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-coloured hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my
fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?

For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,

God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown grey from his fear;

And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,

Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;

Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;

Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.

Chorus "We have seen thee, o Love" from *Atalanta*.
(*Required for the Rite of Venus*)

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the streams of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire.
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

For an evil blossom was born
 Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood.
 Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
 And the seed of it laughter and tears,
And the leaves of it madness and scorn;
 A bitter flower from the bud,
 Sprung of the sea without root,
 Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untorn
 That is woven of the day on the night,
 The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time overworn,
 When a wave, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;
 And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
 Fawning, rejoiced to bring forth
 A flashing blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
 To the cold white ends of the north.

And in air the clamorous birds,
 And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words,
 Sweetly divided apart,

And in shallow and channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
 Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.
For all they said upon earth,
 She is fair, she is white like a dove,
 And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
 For they knew thee for mother of love,
 And knew thee not mother of death.

What hadst thou to do being born,
 Mother, whose winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
 A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
 Aphrodite, mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
 A little respite from tears,
 A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
 But as one that waxeth in years
 Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
 Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
 What hadst thou to do among these,
 Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
 Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from the seed of the corn,
 As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
 For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?

Was there not evil enough,
 Mother, and anguish on earth
 Born with a man at his birth,
Waits underfoot, and above
 Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
 Wrecks from afar overseas

And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many, that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And a thunder of storms on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore;
And under thee newly arisen
Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
Firece air and violent light;
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness, and noises of night;
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamour of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolfish horde;
Fruits growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare?
In the uttermost ends of the sea
The light of thine eyelids and hair,
The light of thy bosom as fire

Between the wheel of the sun
And the flying flames of the air?
Wilt thou turn thee not yet nor have pity,
But abide with despair and desire
And the crying of armies undone,
Lamentation of one with another
And breaking of city by city;
The dividing of friend against friend,
The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

Chorus “When the hounds of spring” from *Atalanta*.

(Required for the Rite of Luna)

When the hounds of spring are on winter’s traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of water, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man’s heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The fait fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoof'd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the faun that hides.

DOLORES

(Not required in the Rites of Eleusis at all, included purely as an act of sado-masochism on my part: sadism in inflicting it on you, masochism in typing the whole bloody thing in)

(Notre-dame de sept douleurs)

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
 Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
 Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
 What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
 But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
 And then they would haunt thee in heaven:
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows.
 And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
 That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded,
 O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
 By hands that reach heaven from hell;
O mystical rose of the mire,
 O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
 Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,
 Curled snakes that are fed from my breast,
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
 And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the pressure,
 Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
 Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,
 Out of sight though they lie of to-day,
There have been and there yet shall be sorrows
 That smite not and bite not in play.
The life and the love thou despisest,
 These hurt us indeed, and in vain,
O wise among women, and wisest,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
 That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
 When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
 That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?
 What sins gave thee suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
 Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
 Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
 And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits fail and love dies and time ranges;
 Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
 And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of languors rekindled and rallied,
 Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
 And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
 Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
 For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
 These crown and caress thee and chain,
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,
 There are deeds it may be to delight.
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover,
 What new passions for daytime or night?
What spells that they know not a word of
 Whose lives are as leaves overblown?
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,
 Unwritten, unknown?

Ah beautiful passionate body
 That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,
 Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
 They hurt not the heart or the brain,
O bitter and tender Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,
 From the lips and the foam and the fangs
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,
 No dream of impossible pangs?
With the sweet of the sins of old ages
 Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore?
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,
 Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,
 And bared all thy beauties to one?
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
 If the worst that can be has been done?
But sweet as the rind was the core is;
 We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion
 By the thirst of unbearable things,
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
 By the pleasure that winces and stings,
The delight that consumes the desire,
 The desire that outruns the delight,
By the cruelty deaf as a fire
 And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
 Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
 Till the foam has a savour of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
 By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
 Our Lady of Pain

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdain
 The light fire in the veins of a boy?
But he comes to the end, without feigning,
 Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;
Less careful of labour and glory
 Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;
And young, but with fancies as hoary
 And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal
 To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;
What care though the service be mortal?
 O our Lady of Torture, what care?
All thine the last wine that I pour is,
 The last in the chalice we drain,
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,
 The fruit of four lips as they clung
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,
 The foam of a serpentine tongue,
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,
 More salt than the foam of the sea,
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure
 As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
 Marked cross from the womb and perverse!
They have found out the secrets to cozen
 The gods that constrain us and curse;
They alone, they are wise, and none other;
 Give me place, even me, in their train,
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,
 Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
 Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
 And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
 Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
 Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee,
 And satiate with comfortless hours;
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,
 And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;
The passion that slays and recovers,
 The pangs and the kisses that rain
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,
 Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces
 Is more than the wisdom of years,
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,
 Though the foliage be sodden with tears.
For the lords in whose keeping the door is
 That opens on all who draw breath
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,
 The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the measure
 And they mixed and made peace after strife;
Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;
 Death tingled with blood, and was life.
Like lovers they melted and tingled,
 In the dusk of thine innermost fane;
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,
 Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,
 In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,
To a tune that enthalls and entices,
 They were wed, and the twain were as one.
For the tune from thine altar hath sounded
 Since God bade the world's work begin,
And the fume of the incense abounded,
 To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,
 Through his curls as the crown on them slips,
Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,
 And laughs with insatiable lips.
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,
 With music that scares the profane;
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he wrestle,
 Thou shalt chain his light limbs though he strive;
In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,
 In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.
In the daytime thy voice shall go through him,
 In his dreams shall he feel thee and ache;
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him
 Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses
 With juice not of fruit nor of bud;
When the sense in the spirit reposes,
 Thou shalt quicken the soul through the blood.
Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,
 Who would live and not languish or feign,
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,
 In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
 When thy will stung the world into strife;
When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion
 Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,
 Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter;
 When the city lay red from thy rods,
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
 The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
 A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant,
 Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath;
There torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more is,
The old kingdoms of earth and the kings?
Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,
For these, in a world of new things?
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,
No hunger compel to complain
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was lighter,
Through thy garments the grace of thee glows,
The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise;
When all shall be gone that now lingers,
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless,
But the flame has not fallen from this;
Though obscure be the god, and though nameless
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by and forges
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and colour,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old.
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold,
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons and moister,
One god hath a wreath to his shrine;
Then love was the pearl of his oyster,
And Venus rose red out of wine.
We have all done amiss, choosing rather
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;
Intercede for us thou with thy father,
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,
 Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden
 When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus
 And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;
And ye said, 'We have seen, he hath seen us,
 A visible God.

What broke off the garlands that girt you?
 What sundered you spirit and clay?
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue
 To the strength of the sins of that day.
For dried is the blood of thy lover,
 Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;
Cry aloud, 'Will he rise and recover,
 Our Lady of Pain?'

Cry aloud; for the old word is broken:
 Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,
And rears not the bountiful token
 And spreads not the fatherly feast.
From the midmost of Ida, from shady
 Recesses that murmur at morn,
They have brought and baptized her, Our Lady,
 A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,
 And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
 And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,
 With such lips as he sang with, again?
Intercede for us all of thy pity,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Out of Dindymus heavily laden
 Her lions draw bound and unfed
A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
 A queen over death and the dead.
She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
 Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
 A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places,
She hath hidden and marred and made sad
The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces
Of gods that were goodly and glad.
She slays, and her hands are not bloody;
She moves as a moon in the wane,
White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,
Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,
The gods and the priests that are pure.
They shall pass, and shalt thou not be shaken?
They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?
Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses;
Thou shalt change and transmute as a god,
As the rod to a serpent that hisses,
As the serpent again to a rod.
Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;
Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
And good shall die first, said thy prophet,
Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,
Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,
Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,
Sin's child by incestuous Death?
Did he find out in fire at his waking,
Or discern as his eyelids lost light,
When the bands of the body were breaking
And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,
Or the tyrannous secrets of time?
Though we match not the dead men that bore us
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—
Though the heathen outface and outlive us,
And our lives and our longings are twain—
Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
 With spices and savours of song?
What is time, that his children should face thee?
 What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?
I could hurt thee—but pain would delight thee;
 Or caress thee—but love would repel;
And the lovers whose lips would excite thee
 Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,
 Thy lovers, when temples were built
And the hair of the sacrifice braided
 And the blood of the sacrifice split,
In Lampsacus fervent with faces,
 In Aphaca red from thy reign,
Who embraced thee with awful embraces,
 Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
 Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
 Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
 If these men are dead?

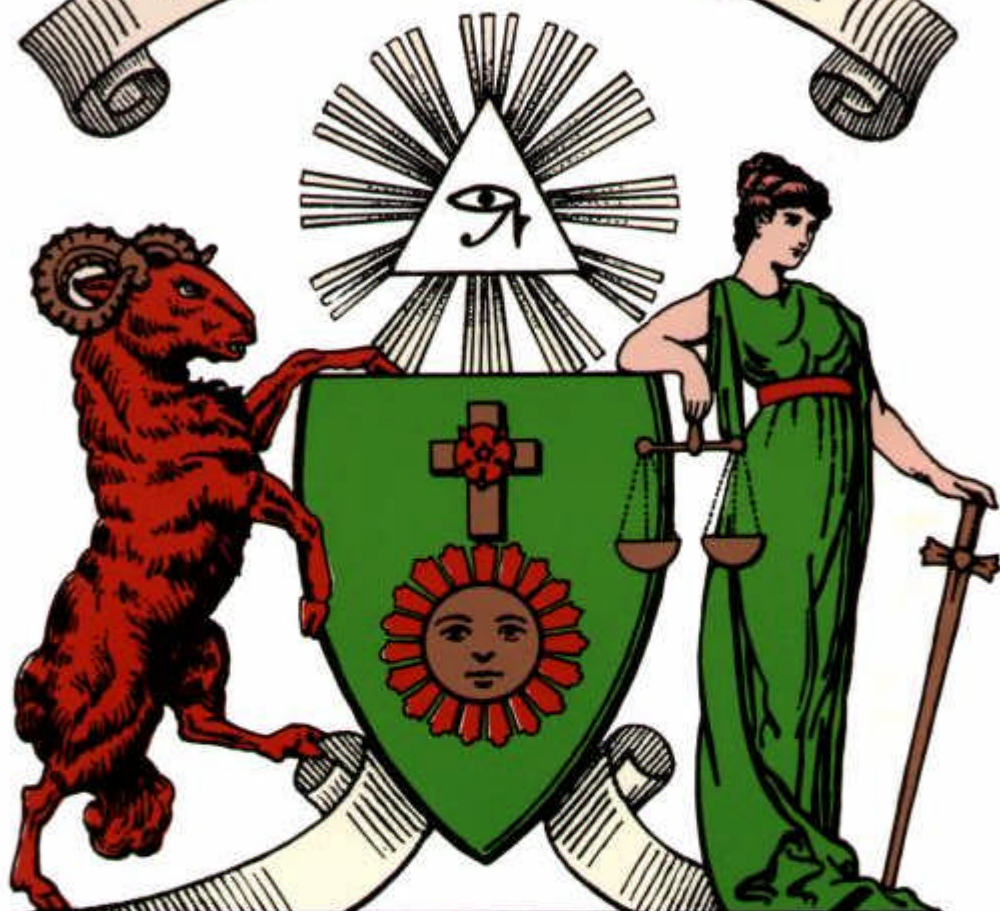
They were purple of raiment and golden,
 Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts un beholden,
 In marvellous chambers of thine.
They are fled, and their footprints escape us,
 Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,
O daughter of Death and Priapus,
 Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,
 To praise thee with timorous breath,
O mistress and mother of pleasure,
 The one thing as certain as death?
We shall change as the things that we cherish,
 Shall fade as they faded before,
As foam upon water shall perish,
 As sand upon shore.

We shall know what the darkness discovers
 If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,
 We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,
 Find out whether tares be not grain,
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,
 Our lady of Pain.

*** ***** ***

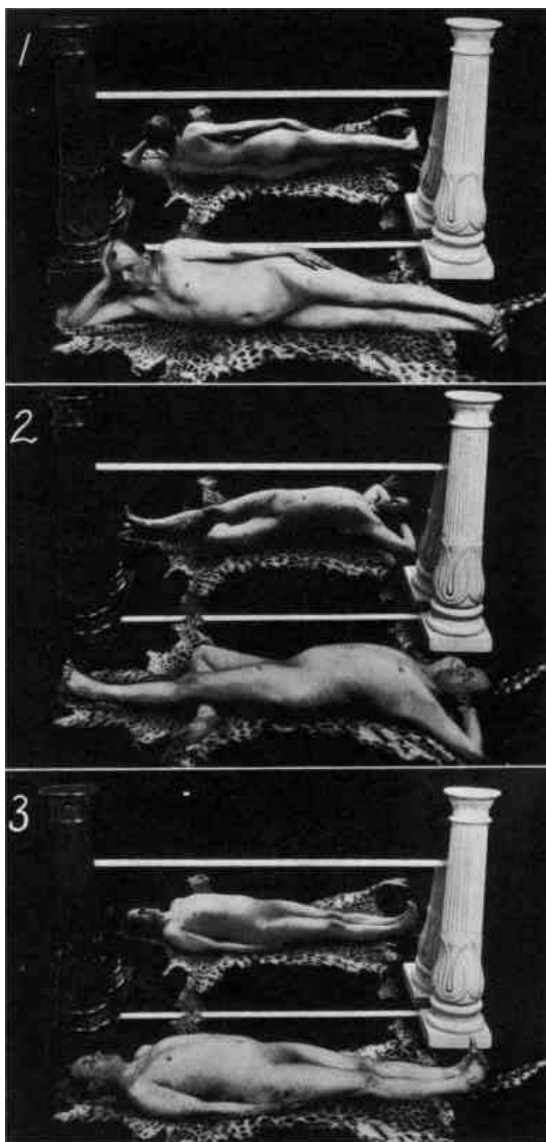
THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



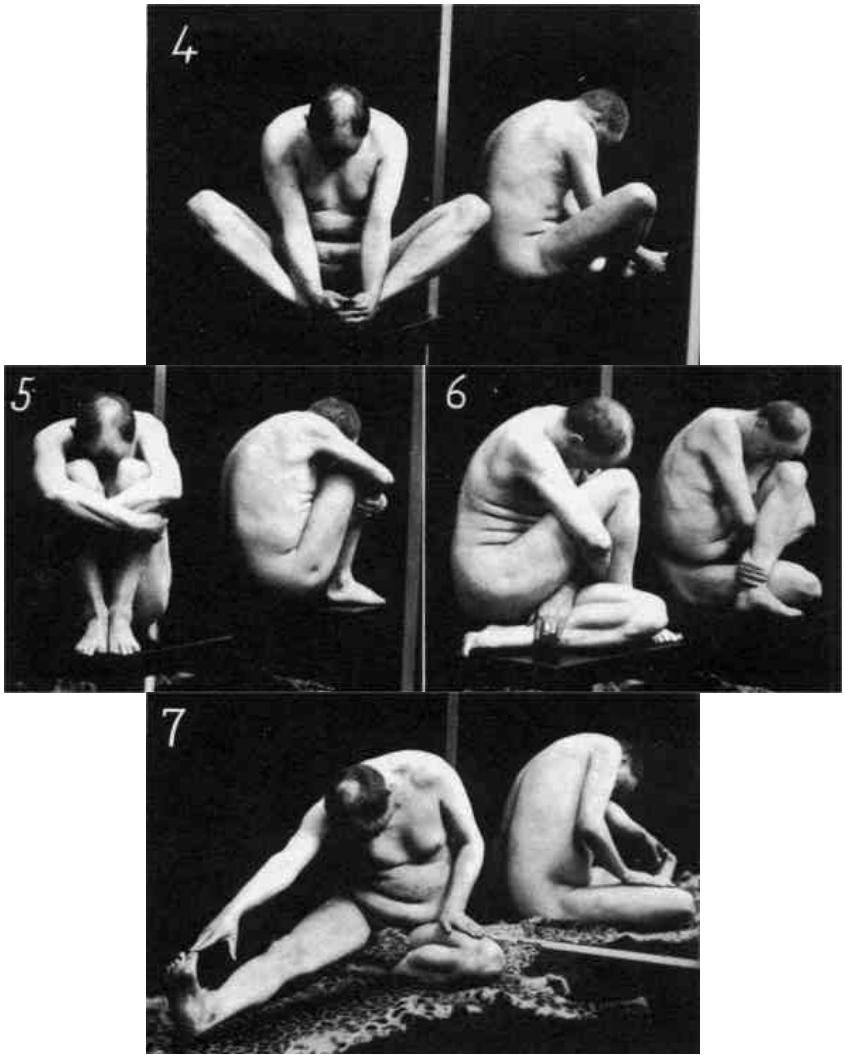
THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

LIBER E. SUPPLEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN ASANA



1. The Dying Buddha. } These three recumbent positions are
2. The Hanged Man. } more suitable for repose after medi-
3. The Corpse. } tations than for meditation itself.



- 4. The Arrowhead.
- 5. The Bear.
- 6. The Ivey.
- 7. The Parallelogram.

} These positions with bowed head are suitable for Asana and for meditation, but not for Pranayama.

This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.:A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

3 Great James Street,

W.C.

Telephone: CITY 8987,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

Some of the weaker brethren having found the postures in Liber E too difficult, the pitiful heart of the Præmonstrator of A.:A.: has been moved to authorise the publication of additional postures, which will be found facing this page. An elderly, corpulent gentleman of sedentary habit has been good enough to pose, so that none need feel debarred from devoting himself to the Great Work on the ground of physical infirmity.

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

He must possess the following books:—

1. The EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the present number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."
9. "Tannhäuser" by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.
[These last four items are to be found in his Collected Works.]
13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."

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

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM
EDITED BY MARY D'ESTE STURGES

SUB-EDITOR: VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

An VIII

VOL. I. No. VII.

⊙ in ∞

MARCH MCMXII

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & CO.
3 GREAT JAMES STREET, GRAY'S INN
LONDON, W.C.

*Preliminaries, pages 1-248, and
pages 355-400a of this Volume
printed by Turnbull & Spears,
Edinburgh; the remainder by the
Chiswick Press, London*

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
LIBER I	5
LIBER XI	11
LIBER LXIV	21
LIBER LXVI	29
LIBER CLXXV	37
LIBER CCVI	59
LIBER CCXXXI	69
LIBER CD	75
LIBER CDLXXIV	77
LIBER DLV	83
LIBER DCCCCXXXI	93
LIBER DCCCLXVIII	101
LIBER CMXIII	105
ADONIS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	117
THE GHOULS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	159
THE FOUR WINDS. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	179
INDEPENDENCE. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	181
SNOWSTORM. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	183
A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE THROUGH THE SKRYING OF SIR EDWARD KELLY. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	229
APOLLO BESTOWS THE VIOLIN. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	244
DIANA OF THE INLET. BY KATHERINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD	249
SILENCE. BY ETHEL ARCHER	290
MEMORY OF LOVE. BY MEREDITH STARR	291
ACROSS THE GULF. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	293
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (<i>Continued</i>)	355
MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES. No. V., THE BISMARCK OF BATTERSEA. BY A. QUILLER, JUN. (ALEISTER CROWLEY)	401
ARTHUR IN THE AREA AGAIN. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	407
THE BIG STICK. REVIEWS BY ALEISTER CROWLEY AND JOHN YARKER	411
A BIRTHDAY. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	419

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LIBER E (Two Plates)

ALEISTER CROWLEY. BY AUGUSTUS JOHN.

Frontispiece.

PRANAYAMA PROPERLY PERFORMED.

FACING PAGE

62

THE SIGILS OF THE XXII

70

LIBER TAV

76

THE HOLY TABLE

230

SIGILLUM DEI ÆMETH

232

THE FOUR GREAT WATCH-TOWERS WITHIN GENERAL VIEW

THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE EAST

” ” ” WEST

” ” ” NORTH

” ” ” SOUTH

234

THE BLACK CROSS, OR TABLE OF UNION

THE ENOCHIAN ALPHABET

238

THE SIGILS OF AIRES

242

THE STÉLÉ OF REVEALING (OBVERSE)

368

” ” (REVERSE)

369

LIBER LEGIS

386



ALEISTER CROWLEY. A LITHOGRAPH BY AUGUSTE CLOT
FROM THE SKETCH MADE BY AUGUSTUS JOHN

EDITORIAL

IT is with no light heart that I take the reins of the government of this magazine from the hand of our beloved Editor, Aleister Crowley, a reproduction of whose portrait by Augustus John faces this page.

For this Seventh Number of the EQUINOX is the most important that has hitherto appeared. It contains the Account of the Revelation made in Egypt to Frater P... at The Equinox of the Gods, with facsimiles of Liber Legis and of the Stele of Revealing, the base of all our Work.

Yet it behoves our Editor, our Brother, our Friend, and our Father, to enter upon that Magical Retirement which has been so wonderfully ushered in by our Seven Times Blessed Soror VIRAKAM.

And so let us leave Him, seated upon the Immortal Lily, his body fixed as the Earth, his Spirit freer and as boundless as the Air, his Soul a piercing Flame of Fire; what new wonder, what further Unveiling he may bring, let us not ask; let us await with that eager Scepticism which is his own unsullied sword.

* * * * *

Coincident with the retirement of Aleister Crowley, who always pays for everything, comes a rise in the price of this Magazine, to meet the great expense of the coloured plates and other illustrations, and the Great Hebrew Dictionary in No. VIII.

THE EQUINOX

* * * * *

The American market having absorbed nearly all unsold copies of back numbers, the price of all copies of Nos. I. and II. is advanced to one guinea, that of Nos. III.-VI. to half-a-guinea. There are still a few sets of the Edition de Luxe at ten guineas; single numbers, two guineas each. We shall be glad to buy saleably undamaged copies at a small discount on these prices.

* * * * *

FRATER PERDVRABO has now written a complete Illustrated Treatise on Mysticism and Magick at the request, and by the hand, of SOROR VIRAKAM. It is written to suit those who as yet know nothing of the subject. It will be published shortly at a popular price, under the title of BOOK FOUR.

MARY D'ESTE.

LIBER B

VEL

MAGI

SVB FIGVRÂ

I

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER B

VEL MAGI

SVB FIGVRÂ I

00. One is the Magus: twain His forces: four His weapons. These are the Seven Spirits of Unrighteousness; seven vultures of evil. Thus is the art and craft of the Magus but glamour. How shall He destroy Himself?

0. Yet the Magus hath power upon the Mother both directly and through Love. And the Magus is Love, and bindeth together That and This in His Conjunction.

1. In the beginning doth the Magus speak Truth, and send forth Illusion and Falsehood to enslave the soul. Yet therein is the Mystery of Redemption.

2. By His Wisdom made He the Worlds; the Word that is God is none other than He.

3. How then shall He end His speech with Silence? For He is Speech.

4. He is the First and the Last. How shall He cease to number Himself?

5. By a Magus is this writing made known through the mind of a Magister. The one uttereth clearly, and the other understandeth; yet the Word is falsehood, and the Understanding darkness. And this saying is Of All Truth.

THE EQUINOX

6. Nevertheless it is written; for there be times of darkness, and this is as a lamp therein.

7. With the Wand createth He.

8. With the Cup preserveth He.

9. With the Dagger destroyeth He.

10. With the Coin redeemeth He.

11. His weapons fulfill the wheel; and on What Axle that turneth is not known unto Him.

12. From all these actions must He cease before the curse of His Grade is uplifted from Him. Before He attain to That which existeth without Form.

13. And if at this time He be manifested upon earth as a Man, and therefore is this present writing, let this be His method, that the curse of His grade, and the burden of His attainment, be uplifted from Him.

14. Let Him beware of abstinence from Action. For the curse of His grade is that He must speak Truth, that the Falsehood thereof may enslave the souls of men. Let Him then utter that without Fear, that the Law may be fulfilled. And according to His Original Nature will that law be shapen, so that one may declare gentleness and quiteness, being an Hindu; and another fierceness and servility, being a Jew; and yet another ardour and manliness, being an Arab. Yet this matter toucheth the Mystery of Incarnation, and is not here to be declared.

15. Now the grade of a Magister teacheth the Mystery of Sorrow, and the grade of a Magus the Mystery of Change, and the grade of Ipsissimus the Mystery of Selflessness, which is called also the Mystery of Pan.

16. Let the Magus then contemplate each in turn, raising it

LIBER B

to the ultimate power of Infinity. Wherein Sorrow is Joy, and Change is Stability, and Selflessness is Self. For the interplay of the parts hath no action upon the whole. And this contemplation shall be performed not be simple meditation—how much less then by reason? but by the method which shall have been given unto Him in His initiation to the Grade.

17. Following which method, it shall be easy for Him to combine that trinity from its elements, and further to combine Sat-Chit-Ananda, and Light, Love, Life, three by three into nine that are one, in which meditation success shall be That which was first adumbrated unto Him in the grade of Practicus (which reflected Mercury into the lowest world) in Liber XXVII, “Here is Nothing under its three Forms.”

18. And this is the Opening of the Grade of Ipsissimus, and by the Buddhists it is called the trance Nerodha-Samapatti.

19. And woe, woe, woe, yea, woe, and again woe, woe, woe, unto seven times be His that preacheth not His law to men!

20. And woe also be unto Him that refuseth the curse of the grade of a Magus, and the burden of the Attainment thereof.

21. And in the word CHAOS let the Book be sealed; yea, let the Book be sealed.

LIBER NV

SVB FIGVRÂ

XI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class D.
(for Winners of the Ordeal X.)
Imprimatur:
777. . .
V.V.V.V.V. . . .
N. Fra. A.: A.:
O.M. 7°=4°

LIBER NV

SVB FIGVRÂ XI

000. This is the Book of the Cult of the Infinite Without.

00. The Aspirant is Hadit. Nuit is the infinite expansion of the Rose; Hadit the infinite contraction of the Rood. (*Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.*)

0. First let the Aspirant learn in his heart the First Chapter of the Book of the Law. (*Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.*)

1. Worship, *i.e.*, identify thyself with, the Khabs, the secret Light within the Heart. Within this, again, unextended is Hadit.

This is the first practice of Meditation (ccxxx. I. 6 and 21).

2. Adore and understand the Rim of the Stélé of Revealing.

“Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.”

This is the first practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. I. 14).

3. Avoid any act of choice or discrimination.

This is the first practice of Ethics (ccxxx. I. 22).

THE EQUINOX

4. Consider of six and fifty that $50 \div 6 = 0.12$.
0 the circumference, Nuit.
. the centre, Hadit.
1 the unity proceeding, Ra-Hoor-Khuit.
2 the world of illusion.

Nuit thus comprehends All in None.

Also $50 + 6 = 56 = 5 + 6 = 11$, the key of all Rituals.

And $50 \times 6 = 300$, the Spirit of the Child within.

(Note $N_{\text{F}15} = 72$, the Shemhamphorash and the Quinaries of the Zodiac, *etc.*)

This is the second practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. I. 25, 26).

5. The Result of this Practice is the Consciousness of the Continuity of Existence, the Omnipresence of the Body of Nuit.

In other words, the Aspirant is conscious only of the Infinite Universe as a single Being. (Note for this the importance of Paragraph 3. ED.)

This is the first Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxxx. I. 26).

6. Meditate upon Nuit as the Continuous One resolved into None and Two as the phases of her being.

[For the Universe being self-contained must be capable of expression by the formula $(n - n) = 0$. For if not, let it be expressed by the formula $n - m = p$. That is, the Infinite moves otherwise than in itself, which is absurd. ED.]

This is the second practice of Meditation (ccxxx. I. 27)

7. Meditate upon the facts of Samadhi on all planes, the liberation of heat in chemistry, joy in natural history, Ananda

LIBER NV

in religion, when two things join to lose themselves in a third.

This is the third practice of Meditation (ccxxx. I. 28, 29, 30).

8. Let the Aspirant pay utmost reverence to the Authority of the A.:A.: and follow Its instructions, and let him swear a great Oath of Devotion unto Nuit.

This is the second practice of Ethics (ccxxx. I. 32).

9. Let the Aspirant beware of the slightest exercise of his will against another being. Thus, lying is a better posture than sitting or standing, as it opposes less resistance to gravitation. Yet his first duty is to the force nearest and most potent; *e.g.* he may rise to greet a friend.

This is the third practice of Ethics (ccxxx. I. 41).

10. Let this Aspirant exercise his will without the least consideration for any other being. This direction cannot be understood, much less accomplished, until the previous practice has been perfected.

This is the fourth practice of Ethics (ccxxx. I. 42, 43, 44).

11. Let the Aspirant comprehend that these two practices are identical.

This is the third practice of Intelligence (ccxxx I. 45).

12. Let the Aspirant live the Life Beautiful and Pleasant. For this freedom hath he won. But let each act, especially of love, be devoted wholly to his true mistress, Nuit.

This is the fifth practice of Ethics (ccxxx I. 51, 52, 61, 63).

13. Let the Aspirant yearn toward Nuit under the stars of Night, with a love directed by his Magical Will, not merely proceeding from the heart.

This is the first practice of Magick Art (ccxxx. I. 57).

THE EQUINOX

14. The Result of this Practice in the subsequent life of the Aspirant is to fill him with unimaginable joys: to give him certainty concerning the nature of the phenomenon called death; to give him peace unutterable, rest, and ecstasy.

This is the second Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 58).

15. Let the Aspirant prepare a perfume of resinous woods and gums, according to his inspiration.

This is the second practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 59).

16. Let the Aspirant prepare a Pantacle, as follows.

Inscribe a circle within a Pentagram, upon a ground square or of such other convenient shape as he may choose. Let the circle be scarlet, the Pentagram black, the ground royal blue studded with golden stars.

Within the circle, at its centre, shall be painted a sigil that shall be revealed to the Aspirant by Nuit Herself.

And this Pantacle shall serve for a Telesmatic Image, or as an Eidolon, or as a Focus for the Mind..

This is the third practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 60).

17. Let the Aspirant find a lonely place, if possible a place in the Desert of Sand, or if not, a place unfrequented, and without objects to disturb the view. Such are moorlands, fens, the open sea, broad rivers, and open fields. Also, and especially, the summits of mountains.

There let him invoke the Goddess as he hath Wisdom and Understanding to do so. But let this Invocation be that of a pure heart, *i.e.* a heart wholly devoted to Her, and let him remember that it is Hadit Himself in the most secret place thereof that invoceth. Then let this serpent Hadit burst into flame.

LIBER NV

This is the fourth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 61).

18. Then shall the Aspirant come a little to lie in Her bosom.

This is the third Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 61).

19. Let the Aspirant stand upon the edge of a precipice in act or in imagination. And let him imagine and suffer the fear of falling.

Next let him imagine with this aid that the Earth is falling, and he with it, or he from it; and considering the infinity of space, let him excite the fear within him to the point of ecstasy, so that the most dreadful dream of falling he hath ever suffered be as nothing in comparison.

This is the fourth practice of Meditation. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

20. Thus having understood the nature of this Third Indication, let him in his Magick Rite fall from himself into Nuit, or expand into Her, as his imagination may compel him.

And at that moment, desiring earnestly the Kiss of Nuit, let him give one particle of dust, *i.e.* let Hadit give himself up utterly to Her.

This is the fifth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 61).

21. Then shall he lose all in that hour.

This is the fourth indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 61).

22. Let the Aspirant prepare a lovesong of rapture unto the Goddess, or let him be inspired by Her unto this.

This is the sixth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 63).

23. Let the Aspirant be clad in a single robe. An

THE EQUINOX

“abbai” of scarlet wrought with gold is most suitable. (The abbai is not unlike the Japanese kimono. It must fold simply over the breast without belt or other fastening. ED.)

This is the seventh practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 61).

24. Let the Aspirant wear a rich head-dress. A crown of gold adorned with sapphires or diamonds with a royal blue cap of maintenance, or nemmes, is most suitable.

This is the eighth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 61).

25. Let the Aspirant wear many jewels such as he may possess.

This is the ninth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 63).

26. Let the Aspirant prepare an Elixir or libation as he may have wit to do.

This is the tenth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 63).

27. Let the Aspirant invoke, lying supine, his robe spread out as it were a carpet.

This is the eleventh practice of Magick Art. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

28. Summary. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary possession.

1. The Crown or head-dress.
2. The Jewels.
3. The Pantacle.
4. The Robe.
5. The Song or Incantation.
6. The Place of Invocation.
7. The Perfume.
8. The Elixir.

LIBER NV

29. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary comprehensions.

1. The Natures of Nuit and Hadit, and their relation.
2. The Mystery of the Individual Will.

30. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the meditations necessary to be accomplished.

1. The discovery of Hadit in the Aspirant, and identification with Him.
2. The Continuous One.
3. The value of the Equation $n + (-n)$.
4. Cremnophobia.

31. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Ethical Practices to be accomplished.

1. Assertion of Kether-point-of-view.
2. Reverence to the Order.
3. Abolition of human will.
4. Exercise of true will.
5. Devotion to Nuit through a beautified life.

32. Summary continued. The Actual Rite.

1. Retire to desert with crown and other insignia and implements.
2. Burn perfume.
3. Chant incantation.
4. Drink unto Nuit of the Elixir.
5. Lying supine, with eyes fixed on the stars, practice the sensation of falling into nothingness.
6. Being actually within the bosom of Nuit, let Hadit surrender Himself.

THE EQUINOX

33. Summary concluded. The Results.
 1. Expansion of consciousness to that of the Infinite.
 2. "Loss of all" the highest mystical attainment.
 3. True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness.

LIBER ISRAFEL

SVB FIGVRÂ

LXIV

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER ISRAFEL

SVB FIGVRÂ LXIV

[This book was formerly called “Anubis” and is referred to the 20th key,
“The Angel”]

0. The Temple being in darkness, and the Speaker ascended into his place, let him begin by a ritual of the Enterer, as followeth.

1. ¶ Procul, O procul este profani.

2. Bahlasti! Ompehda!

3. In the name of the Mighty and Terrible One, I proclaim that I have banished the Shells unto their habitations.

4. I invoke Tahuti, the Lord of Wisdom and of Utterance, the God that cometh forth from the Veil.

5. O Thou! Majesty of Godhead! Wisdom-crowned Tahuti! Lord of the Gates of the Universe! Thee, Thee, I invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis Head! Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power! Thee, Thee I invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou, whose head is as an emerald, and Thy nemmes as the night-sky blue! Thee, Thee I invoke.

THE EQUINOX

Thou, whose skin is of flaming orange as though it burned in a furnace! Thee, Thee I invoke.

6. Behold! I am Yesterday, To-Day, and the Brother of To-Morrow!

I am born again and again.

Mine is the Unseen Force, whereof the gods are sprung! Which is as Life unto the Dwellers in the Watch-Towers of the Universe.

I am the Charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past of of the Future.

I see by mine own inward light: Lord of Resurrection; Who cometh forth from the Dusk, and my birth is from the House of Death.

7. O ye two Divine Hawks upon your Pinnacles!

Who keep watch over the Universe!

Ye who company the Bier to the House of Rest!

Who pilot the Ship of Ra advancing onwards to the heights of heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the Centre of the Earth!

8. Behold, He is in me, and I in Him!

Mine is the Radiance, wherein Ptah floateth over the firmament!

I travel upon high!

I tread upon the firmament of Nu!

I raise a flashing flame, with the lightning of Mine Eye!

Ever rushing on, in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra: giving my life to the Dwellers of Earth.

9. If I say "Come up upon the mountains!" the Celestial Waters shall flow at my Word.

LIBER ISRAFEL

For I am Ra incarnate!

Khephra created in the Flesh!

I am the Eidolon of my father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

10. The God who commands is in my mouth!

The God of Wisdom is in my Heart!

My tongue is the Sanctuary of Truth!

And a God sitteth upon my lips.

11. My Word is accomplished every day!

And the desire of my heart realises itself, as that of Ptah when He createth!

I am Eternal; therefore all things are as my designs; therefore do all things obey my Word.

12. Therefore do Thou come forth unto me from Thine abode in the Silence: Unutterable Wisdom! All-Light! All-Power!

Thoth! Hermes! Mercury! Odin!

By whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still nameless to Eternity: Come Thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this work of Art.

13. Thou, Star of the East, that didst conduct the Magi!

Thou art The Same all-present in Heaven and in Hell!

Thou that vibratest between the Light and the Darkness!

Rising, descending! Changing ever, yet ever The Same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

THE EQUINOX

The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom; and Earth hath ever nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth!

14. Come Thou forth, I say, come Thou forth!

And make all Spirits subject unto Me:

So that every Spirit of the Firmament

And of the Ether,

And of the Earth,

And under the Earth,

On dry land

And in the Water,

Of whirling Air

And of rushing Fire,

And every spell and Scourge of God the Vast One, may be obedient unto Me!

15. I invoke the Priestess of the Silver Star, Asi the Curved One, by the ritual of Silence.

16. I make open the gate of Bliss; I descend from the Palace of the Stars; I greet you, I embrace you, O children of earth, that are gathered together in the Hall of Darkness.

17. (A pause.)

18. The Speech in the Silence.

The Words against the Son of Night.

The Voice of Tahuti in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal.

The Formulas of Knowledge.

The Wisdom of Breath.

The Root of Vibration.

The Shaking of the Invisible.

The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.

The Becoming Visible of Matter.

LIBER ISRAFEL

The Piercing of the Scales of the Crocodile.

The Breaking Forth of the Light!

19. (Follows the Lection.)

20. There is an end of the speech; let the Silence of darkness be broken; let it return into the silence of light.

21. The speaker silently departs; the listeners disperse unto their homes; yea, they disperse unto their homes.

LIBER STELLÆ RUBEÆ

A secret ritual of Apep, the Heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use in a certain matter of Liber Legis, and written down under the figure

LXVI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER STELLÆ RUBEÆ

1. Apep deifieth Asar.
2. Let excellent virgins evoke rejoicing, son of Night!
3. This is the book of the most secret cult of the Ruby Star. It shall be given to none, save to the shameless in deed as in word.
 4. No man shall understand this writing—it is too subtle for the sons of men.
 5. If the Ruby Star have shed its blood upon thee; if in the season of the moon thou hast invoked by the Iod and the Pe, then mayest thou partake of this most secret sacrament.
 6. One shall instruct another, with no care for the matters of men's thought.
 7. There shall be a fair altar in the midst, extended upon a black stone.
 8. At the head of the altar gold, and twin images in green of the Master.
 9. In the midst a cup of green wine.
 10. At the foot the Star of Ruby.
 11. The altar shall be entirely bare.
 12. First, the ritual of the Flaming Star.
 13. Next, the ritual of the Seal.

THE EQUINOX

14. Next, the infernal adorations of OAI.

Mu pa telai
Tu wa melai
ā, ā, ā.
Tu fu tulu!
Tu fu tulu!
Pa, Sa, Ga.

Qwi Mu telai
Ya Pu melai
ū, ū, ū.
'Se gu malai;
Pe fu telai,
Fu tu lu.

O chi balae
Wa pa malae:—
Ūt! Ūt! Ūt!
Ge; fu latrai,
Le fu malai
Kūt! Hūt! Nūt!

Al ŌĀĪ
Rel moai
Ti—Ti—Ti!
Wa la pelai
Tu fu latai
Wi, Ni, Bi.

15. Also thou shalt excite the wheels with the five wounds and the five wounds.

16. Then thou shalt excite the wheels with the two and

LIBER STELLÆ RUBEÆ

the third in the midst; even ♃ and ♄, ☉ and ☽, ♂ and ♀, and ♁.

17. Then the five—and the sixth.

18. Also the altar shall fume before the master with incense that hath no smoke.

19. That which is to be denied shall be denied; that which is to be trampled shall be trampled; that which is to be spat upon shall be spat upon.

20. These things shall be burnt in the outer fire.

21. Then again the master shall speak as he will soft words, and with music and what else he will bring forward the Victim.

22. Also he shall slay a young child upon the altar, and the blood shall cover the altar with perfume as of roses.

23. Then shall the master appear as He should appear—in His glory.

24. He shall stretch himself upon the altar, and awake it into life, and into death.

25. (For so we conceal that life which is beyond.)

26. The temple shall be darkened, save for the fire and the lamp of the altar.

27. There he shall kindle a great fire and a devouring.

28. Also he shall smite the altar with his scourge, and blood shall flow therefrom.

29. Also he shall have made roses bloom thereon.

30. In the end he shall offer up the Vast Sacrifice, at the moment when the God licks up the flame upon the altar.

31. All these things shalt thou perform strictly, observing the time.

32. And the Beloved shall abide with Thee.

THE EQUINOX

33. Thou shalt not disclose the interior world of this rite unto any one: therefore have I written it in symbols that cannot be understood.

34. I who reveal the ritual am IAO and OAI; the Right and the Averse.

35. These are alike unto me.

36. Now the Veil of this operation is called Shame, and the Glory abideth within.

37. Thou shalt comfort the heart of the secret stone with the warm blood. Thou shalt make a subtle decoction of delight, and the Watchers shall drink thereof.

38. I, Apep the Serpent, am the heart of IAO. Isis shall await Asar, and I in the midst.

39. Also the Priestess shall seek another altar, and perform my ceremonies thereon.

40. There shall be no hymn nor dithyramb in my praise and the praise of the rite, seeing that it is utterly beyond.

41. Thou shalt assure thyself of the stability of the altar.

42. In this rite thou shalt be alone.

43. I will give thee another ceremony whereby many shall rejoice.

44. Before all let the Oath be taken firmly as thou rasiest up the altar from the black earth.

45. In the words that Thou knowest.

46. For I also swear unto thee by my body and soul that shall never be parted in sunder that I dwell within thee coiled and ready to spring.

47. I will give thee the kingdoms of the earth, O thou Who hast mastered the kingdoms of the East and of the West.

LIBER STELLÆ RUBEÆ

48. I am Apep, O thou slain One. Thou shalt slay thyself upon mine altar: I will have thy blood to drink.

49. For I am a mighty vampire, and my children shall suck up the wine of the earth which is blood.

50. Thou shalt replenish thy veins from the chalice of heaven.

51. Thou shalt be secret, a fear to the world.

52. Thou shalt be exalted, and none shall see thee; exalted, and none shall suspect thee.

53. For there are two glories diverse, and thou who hast won the first shalt enjoy the second.

54. I leap with joy within thee; my head is arisen to strike.

55. O the lust, the sheer rapture, of the life of the snake in the spine!

56. Mightier than God or man, I am in them, and pervade them.

57. Follow out these my words.

58. Fear nothing.

Fear nothing.

Fear nothing.

59. For I am nothing, and me thou shalt fear, O my virgin, my prophet within whose bowels I rejoice.

60. Thou shalt fear with the fear of love: I will overcome thee.

61. Thou shalt be very nigh to death.

62. But I will overcome thee; the New Life shall illumine thee with the Light that is beyond the Stars.

63. Thinkest thou? I, the force that have created all, am not to be despised.

64. And I will slay thee in my lust.

THE EQUINOX

65. Thou shalt scream with the joy and the pain and the fear and the love—so that the ΛΟΓΟΣ of a new God leaps out among the Stars.

66. There shall be no sound heard but this thy lion-roar of rapture; yea, this thy lion-roar of rapture.

ASTARTÉ

VEL

LIBER BERYLLI

SVB FIGVRÂ

CLXXV

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER ASTARTÉ

VEL BERYLLI

SVB FIGVRÂ CLXXV

o. This is the book of Uniting Himself to a particular Deity by devotion.

1. *Considerations before the Threshold.* First concerning the choice of a particular Deity. This matter is of no import, sobeit that thou choose one suited to thine own highest nature. Howsoever, this method is not so suitable for gods austere as Saturn, or intellectual as Thoth. But for such deities as in themselves partake in anywise of love it is a perfect mode.

2. *Concerning the prime method of this Magick Art.* Let the devotee consider well that although Christ and Osiris be one, yet the former is to be worshipped with Christian, and the latter with Egyptian rites. And this, although the rites themselves are ceremonially equivalent. There should, however, be *one* symbol declaring the transcending of such limitations; and with regard to the Deity also, there should be some *one* affirmation of his identity both with all other similar gods of all other nations, and with the Supreme of whom all are but partial reflections.

3. *Concerning the chief place of devotion.* This is the Heart of the devotee, and should be symbolically represented

THE EQUINOX

by that room or spot which he loves best. And the dearest spot therein shall be the shrine of his temple. It is most convenient if this shrine and altar should be sequestered in woods, or in a private grove, or garden. But let it be protected from the profane.

4. *Concerning the Image of the Deity.* Let there be an image of the Deity; first, because in meditation there is mindfulness induced thereby; and second, because a certain power enters and inhabits it by virtue of the ceremonies; or so it is said, and We deny it not. Let this image be the most beautiful and perfect which the devotee is able to procure; or if he be able to paint or to carve the same, it is all the better. As for Deities with whose nature no Image is compatible, let them be worshipped in an empty shrine. Such are Brahma, and Allah. Also some post-captivity conceptions of Jehovah.

5. *Further concerning the above.* Let this shrine be furnished appropriately as to its ornaments, according to the book 777. With ivy and pine-cones, that is to say, for Bacchus, and let lay before him both grapes and wine. So also for Ceres let there be corn, and cakes; or for Diana moon-wort and pale herbs, and pure water. Further, it is well to support the shrine with talismans of the planets, signs and elements appropriate. But these should be made according to the right Ingenium of the Philosophus by the light of the Book 777 during the course of his Devotions. It is also well, nevertheless, if a magick circle with the right signs and names be made beforehand.

6. *Concerning the ceremonies.* Let the Philosophus prepare a powerful Invocation of the particular Deity, according to his Ingenium. But let it consist of these several parts:—

LIBER ASTARTÉ

First, an Imprecation, as of a slave unto his Lord.

Second, an Oath, as of a vassal to his Liege.

Third, a Memorial, as of a child to his Parent.

Fourth, an Orison, as of a Priest unto his God.

Fifth, a Colloquy, as of a Brother with his Brother.

Sixth, a Conjuraton, as of a Friend with his Friend.

Seventh, a Madrigal, as of a Lover to his Mistress.

And mark well that the first should be of awe, the second of fealty, the third of dependence, the fourth of adoration, the fifth of confidence, the sixth of comradeship, the seventh of passion.

7. *Further concerning the ceremonies.* Let then this Invocation be the principal part of an ordered ceremony. And in this ceremony let the Philosophus in no wise neglect the service of a menial. Let him sweep and garnish the place, sprinkling it with water or with wine as is appropriate to the particular Deity, and consecrating it with oil, and with such ritual as may seem him best. And let all be done with intensity and minuteness.

8. *Concerning the period of devotion, and the hours thereof.* Let a fixed period be set for the worship; and it is said that the least time is nine days by seven, and the greatest seven years by nine. And concerning the hours, let the Ceremony be performed every day thrice, or at least once, and let the sleep of the Philosophus be broken for some purpose of devotion at least once in every night.

Now to some it may seem best to appoint fixed hours for the ceremony, to others it may seem that the ceremony should be performed as the spirit moves them so to do: for this there is no rule.

THE EQUINOX

9. *Concerning the Robes and the Instruments.* The Wand and Cup are to be chosen for this Art; never the Sword or Dagger, never the Pantacle, unless that Pantacle chance to be of a nature harmonious. But even so it is best to keep the Wand and Cup; and if one must choose, the Cup.

For the Robes, that of a Philosophus, or that of an Adept Within is most suitable; or, the robe best fitted for the service of the particular Deity, as a bassara for Bacchus, a white robe for Vesta. So also, for Vesta, one might use for instrument the Lamp; or the sickle, for Chronos.

10. *Concerning the Incense and Libations.* The incense should follow the nature of the particular Deity; as, mastic for Mercury, dittany for Persephone. Also the libations, as, a decoction of nightshade for Melancholia, or of Indian hemp for Uranus.

11. *Concerning the harmony of the ceremonies.* Let all these things be rightly considered, and at length, in language of the utmost beauty at the command of the Philosophus, accompanied, if he have skill, by music, and interwoven, if the particular Deity be jocund, with dancing. And all being carefully prepared and rehearsed, let it be practised daily until it be wholly rhythmical with his aspiration, and as it were, a part of his being.

12. *Concerning the variety of the ceremonies.* Now, seeing that every man differeth essentially from every other man, albeit in essence he is identical, let also these ceremonies assert their identity by their diversity. For this reason do We leave much herein to the right Ingenium of the Philosophus.

13. *Concerning the life of the devotee.* First, let his way of life be such as is pleasing to the particular Deity. Thus to

LIBER ASTARTÉ

invoke Neptune, let him go a-fishing; but if Hades, let him not approach the water that is hateful to Him.

14. *Further, concerning the life of the devotee.* Let him cut away from his life any act, word, or thought, that is hateful to the particular Deity; as, unchastity in the case of Artemis, evasions in the case of Ares. Besides this, he should avoid all harshness or unkindness of any kind in thought, word, or deed, seeing that above the particular Deity is One in whom all is One. Yet also may he deliberately practise cruelties, where the particular Deity manifests His love in that manner; as in the case of Kali, and of Pan. And therefore, before the beginning of his period of devotion, let him practise according to the rules of Liber Jugorum.

15. *Further concerning the life of the devotee.* Now, as many are fully occupied with their affairs, let it be known that this method is adaptable to the necessities of all.

And We bear witness that this which followeth is the Crux and Quintessence of the whole Method.

First, if he have no Image, let him take anything soever, and consecrate it as an Image of his God. Likewise with his robes and instruments, his suffumigations and libations: for his Robe hath he not a night-dress; for his instrument a walking-stick; for his suffumigations a burning match, for his libation a glass of water?

But let him consecrate each thing that he useth to the service of that particular Deity, and not profane the same to any other use.

16. *Continuation.* Next, concerning his time, if it be short. Let him labour mentally upon his Invocation, concentrating it, and let him perform this Invocation in his heart whenever

THE EQUINOX

he hath the leisure. And let him seize eagerly upon every opportunity for this.

17. *Continuation.* Third, even if he have leisure and preparation, let him seek ever to bring inward the symbols, so that even in his well-ordered shrine the whole ceremony revolve inwardly in his heart., that is to say in the temple of his body, of which the outer temple is but an image.

For in the brain is the shrine, and there is no Image therein; and the breath of man is the incense and the libation.

18. *Continuation.* Further concerning occupation. Let the devotee transmute within the alembic of his heart every thought, or word, or act into the spiritual gold of his devotion.

As thus: eating. Let him say: "I eat this food in gratitude to my Deity that hath sent it to me, in order to gain strength for my devotion to Him."

Or: sleeping. Let him say: "I lie down to sleep, giving thanks for this blessing from my Deity, in order that I may be refreshed for new devotion to Him."

Or: reading. Let him say: "I read this book that I may study the nature of my Deity, that further knowledge of Him may inspire me with deeper devotion to Him."

Or: working. Let him say: "I drive my spade into the earth that fresh flowers (fruit, or what not) may spring up to His glory, and that I, purified by toil, may give better devotion to Him."

Or, whatever it may be that he is doing, let him reason it out in his mind, drawing it through circumstance and circumstance to that one end and conclusion of the matter. And let him not perform the act until he hath done this.

LIBER ASTARTÉ

As it is written: *Liber VII. cap. v.*—

22. “Every breath, every word, every thought, is an act of love with thee.
23. “The beat of my heart is the pendulum of love.
24. “The songs of me are the soft sighs:
25. “The thoughts of me are very rapture:
26. “And my deeds are the myriads of Thy children, the stars and the atoms.”

And Remember Well, that if thou wert in truth a lover, all this wouldst thou do of thine own nature without the slightest flaw or failure in the minutest part thereof.

19. *Concerning the Lections.* Let the Philosophus read solely in his copies of the holy books of Thelema, during the whole period of his devotion. But, if he weary, let him read books which have no part whatever in love, as for recreation.

But let him copy out each verse of Thelema which bears upon this matter, and ponder them, and comment thereupon. For therein is a wisdom and a magic too deep to utter in any other wise.

20. *Concerning the Meditations.* Herein is the most potent method of attaining unto the End, for him who is thoroughly prepared, being purified by the practice of the Transmutation of deed into devotion, and consecrated by the right performance of the holy ceremonies. Yet herein is danger, for that the Mind is fluid as quicksilver, and bordereth upon the Abyss, and is beset by many direns and devils that seduce and attack it to destroy it. Therefore let the devotee beware, and precise accurately his meditations, even as a man should build a canal from sea to sea.

21. *Continuation.* Let then the Philosophus mediate upon

THE EQUINOX

all love that hath ever stirred him. There is the love of David and of Jonathan, and the love of Abraham and Isaac, and the love of Lear and Cordelia, and the love of Damon and Pythias, and the love of Sappho and Atthis, and the love of Romeo and Juliet, and the love of Dante and Beatrice, and the love of Paolo and Francesca, and the love of Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia, and the love of Aucassin and Nicolette, and the love of Daphnis and Chloe, the love of Cornelia and Caius Gracchus, and the love of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the love of Cupid and Psyche, and the love of Endymion and Artemis, and the love of Demeter and Persephone, and the love of Venus and Adonis, and the love of Lakshmi and Vishnu, and the love of Siva and Bhavani, and the love of Buddha and Ananda, and the love of Jesus and John, and many more.

Also there is the love of many saints for their particular deity, as of St Francis of Assisi for Christ, of Sri Sabhapaty Swami for Maheswara, of Abdullah Haju Shirazi for Allah, of St Ignatius Loyola for Mary, and many more.

Now do thou take one such story every night, and enact it in thy mind, grasping each identity with infinite care and zest, and do thou figure thyself as one of the lovers and thy Deity as the other. Thus do thou pass through all adventures of love, not omitting one; and to each do thou conclude: How pale a reflection is this of my love for this Deity!

Yet from each shalt thou draw some knowledge of love, some intimacy with love, that shall aid thee to perfect thy love. Thus learn the humility of love from one, its obedience from another, its intensity from a third, its purity from a fourth, its peace from yet a fifth.

LIBER ASTARTÉ

So then thy love being made perfect, it shall be worthy of that perfect love of His.

22. *Further concerning meditation.* Moreover, let the Philosophus imagine to himself that he hath indeed succeeded in his devotion, and that his Lord hath appeared to him, and that they converse as may be fitting.

23. *Concerning the Mysterious Triangle.* Now then as three cords separately may be broken by a child, while those same cords duly twisted may bind a giant, let the Philosophus learn to entwine these three methods of Magic into a Spell.

To this end let him understand that as they are One, because the end is One, so are they One because the method is One, even the method of turning the mind toward the particular Deity by love in every act.

And lest thy twine slip, here is a little cord that wrappeth tightly round and round all, even the Mantram or Continuous Prayer.

24. *Concerning the Mantram or Continuous Prayer.* Let the Philosophus weave the name of the Particular Deity into a sentence short and rhythmical; as, for Artemis: 'επελθον 'επελθον 'Αρτεμις, for Shiva: Nama Shivaya namaha Aum; or, for Mary, Ave Maria; or, for Pan, χαιρε Σωτηρ κοσμου 'Ιω Παν 'Ιω Παν; or, for Allah: Hua Allahu alazi lailaha illa hua.

Let him repeat this day and night without cessation mechanically in his brain, which is thus made ready for the Advent of that Lord, and armed against all other.

25. *Concerning the Active and the Passive.* Let the Philosophus change from the active love of his particular Deity to a state of passive awaiting, even almost a repulsion, the repulsion not of distaste, but of a sublime modesty.

THE EQUINOX

As it is written, *Liber LXV.* ii. 59. I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not. 60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.

Then let him change back to the Active, until a veritable rhythm is established between the states, as it were the swinging of a Pendulum. But let him reflect that a vast intelligence is required for this; for he must stand as it were almost without himself to watch those phases of himself. And to do this a high Art, and pertaineth not altogether to the grade of Philosophus. Neither is it of itself helpful, but rather the reverse, in this especial practice.

26. *Concerning Silence.* Now there may come a time in the course of this practice when the outward symbols of devotion cease, when the soul is as it were dumb in the presence of its God. Mark that this is not a cessation, but a transmutation of the barren seed of prayer into the green shoot of yearning. This yearning is spontaneous, and it shall be left to grow, whether it be sweet or bitter. For often times it is as the torment of hell in which the soul burns and writhes unceasingly. Yet it ends, and at its end continue openly thy Method.

27. *Concerning Dryness.* Another state wherein at times the soul may fall is this dark night. And this is indeed purifying in such depths that the soul cannot fathom it. It is less like pain than like death. But it is the necessary death that comes before the rising of a body glorified.

This state must be endured with fortitude; and no means of alleviating it may be employed. It may be broken up by the breaking up of the whole Method, and a return to the world without. This cowardice not only destroys the value

LIBER ASTARTÉ

of all that has gone before, but destroys the value of the Oath of Fealty that thou hast sworn, and makes thy Will a mockery to men and gods.

28. *Concerning the Deceptions of the Devil.* Note well that in this state of dryness a thousand seductions will lure thee away; also a thousand means of breaking thine oath in spirit without breaking it in letter. Against this thou mayst repeat the words of thine oath aloud again and again until the temptation be overcome.

Also the devil will represent to thee that it were much better for this operation that thou do thus and thus, and seek to affright thee by fears for thy health or thy reason.

Or he may send against thee visions worse than madness.

Against all this there is but one remedy, the Discipline of thine Oath. So then thou shalt go through ceremonies meaningless and hideous to thee, and blaspheme shalt thou against thy Deity and curse Him. And this mattereth little, for it is not thou, so be that thou adhere to the Letter of thine Obligation. For thy Spiritual Sight is closed, and to trust it is to be led unto the precipice, and hurled therefrom.

29. *Further of this matter.* Now also subtler than all these terrors are the Illusions of Success. For one instant's self-satisfaction or Expansion of the Spirit, especially in this state of dryness, and thou art lost. For thou mayst attain to the False Union with the Demon himself. Beware also of even the pride which rises from having resisted the temptations.

But so many and so subtle are the wiles of Choronzon that the whole world could not contain their enumeration.

The answer to one and all is the persistence in the literal fulfilment of the routine. Beware, then, last, of that devil who

THE EQUINOX

shall whisper in thine ear that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life, and answer: Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

Yet shalt thou also beware of disputation with the devil, and pride in the cleverness of thine answers to him. Therefore, if thou hast not lost the power of silence, let it be first and last employed against him.

30. *Concerning the Enflaming of the Heart.* Now learn that these methods are dry one and all. Intellectual exercises, moral exercises, they are not Love. Yet as a man, rubbing two dry sticks together for long, suddenly found a spark, so also from time to time will true love leap unasked into thy meditation. Yet this shall die and be reborn again and again. It may be that thou hast no tinder near.

In the end shall come suddenly a great flame and a devouring, and burn thee utterly.

Now of these sparks, and of these splutterings of flame, and of these beginnings of the Infinite Fire, thou shalt thus be aware. For the sparks thy heart shall leap up, and thy ceremony or meditation or toil shall seem of a sudden to go of its own will; and for the little flames this shall be increased in volume and intensity; and for the beginnings of the Infinite Fire thy ceremony shall be caught up unto ravishing song, and thy meditation shall be ecstasy, and thy toil shall be a delight exceeding all pleasure thou hast ever known.

And of the Great Flame that answereth thee it may not be spoken; for therein is the End of this Magick Art of Devotion.

31. *Considerations with regard to the use of symbols.* It is

LIBER ASTARTÉ

to be noted that persons of powerful imagination, will, and intelligence have no need of these material symbols. There have been certain saints who are capable of love for an idea as such without it being otherwise than degraded by *idolising* it, to use this word in its true sense. Thus one may be impassioned of beauty, without even the need of so small a concretion of it as “the beauty of Apollo,” “the beauty of roses,” “the beauty of Attis.” Such persons are rare; it may be doubted whether Plato himself attained to any vision of absolute beauty without attaching to it material objects in the first place. A second class is able to contemplate ideals through this veil; a third class needs a double veil, and cannot think of the beauty of a rose without a rose before them. For such is this Method of most use; yet let them know that there is this danger therein, that they may mistake the gross body of the symbol for the idea made concrete thereby.

32. *Considerations of further danger to those not purged of material thought.* Let it be remembered that in the nature of the love itself is danger. The lust of the satyr for the nymph is indeed of the same nature as the affinity of Quicklime for water on the one hand, and of the love of Ab for Ama on the other; so also is the triad Osiris, Isis, Horus like that of a horse, mare, foal, and of red, blue, purple. And this is the foundation of Correspondences.

But it were false to say “Horus is a foal” or “Horus is purple.” One may say “Horus resembles a foal in this respect, that he is the offspring of two complementary beings.”

33. *Further of this matter.* So also many have said truly that all is one, and falsely that since earth is That One, and

THE EQUINOX

ocean is That One, therefore earth is ocean. Unto Him good is illusion, and evil is illusion; therefore good is evil. By this fallacy of logic are many men destroyed.

Moreover, there are those who take the image for the God; as who should say, my heart is in Tiphareth, and an Adeptus is in Tiphereth; I am therefore an adept.

And in this practice the worst danger is this, that the love which is its weapon should fail in one of two ways.

First, if the love lack any quality of love, so long is it not ideal love. For it is written of the Perfected One: "There is no member of my body which is not the member of some god." Therefore let not the Philosophus despise any form of love, but harmonise all. As it is written: Liber LXI. 32: "For Perfection abideth not in the Pinnacles, or in the Foundations, but in the ordered Harmony of one with all."

Second, if any part of this love exceed, there is disease therein. As, in the love of Othello for Desdemona, love's jealousy overcame love's tenderness, so may it be in this love of a particular Deity. And this is more likely, since in this divine love no element may be omitted.

It is by virtue of this completeness that no human love may in any way attain to more than to forthshadow a little part thereof.

34. *Concerning Mortifications.* These are not necessary to this method. On the contrary, they may destroy the concentration, as counter-irritants to, and so alleviations of, the supreme mortification which is the Absence of the Deity invoked.

Yet as in mortal love arises a distaste for food, or a pleasure in things naturally painful, this perversion should be endured

LIBER ASTARTÉ

and allowed to take its course. Yet not to the interference with natural bodily health, whereby the instrument of the soul might be impaired.

And concerning sacrifices for love's sake, they are natural to this Method, and right.

But concerning voluntary privations and tortures, without use save as against the devotee, they are generally not natural to healthy natures, and wrong. For they are selfish. To scourge one's self serves not one's master; yet to deny one's self bread that one's child may have cake is the act of a true mother.

35. *Further concerning Mortifications.* If thy body, on which thou ridest, be so disobedient a beast that by no means will he travel in the desired direction, or if thy mind be baulkish and eloquent as Balaam's fabled Ass, then let the practice be abandoned. Let the shrine be covered in sackcloth, and do thou put on habits of lamentation and abide alone. And do thou return most austerly to the practice of Liber Jugorum, testing thyself by a standard higher than that hitherto accomplished, and punishing effractions with a heavier goad. Nor do thou return to thy devotion until that body and mind are tamed and trained to all manner of peaceable going.

36. *Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies.*

I. Rising on the planes. By this method mayst thou assist the imagination at the time of concluding thine Invocation. Act as taught in Liber O, by the light of Liber 777.

37. *Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies.*

II. Talismanic magic. Having made by thine Ingenium a talisman or pantacle to represent the particular Deity, and

THE EQUINOX

consecrated it with infinite love and care, do thou burn it ceremonially before the shrine, as if thereby giving up the shadow for the substance. But it is useless to do this unless thou do really in thine heart value the talisman beyond all else that thou hast.

38. *Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies.*

III. Rehearsal. It may assist if the traditional history of the particular Deity be rehearsed before him; perhaps this is best done in dramatic form. This method is the main one recommended in the “Exercitios Espirituales” of St Ignatius, whose work may be taken as a model. Let the Philosophus work out the legend of his own particular Deity, and apportioning days to events, live that life in imagination, exercising the five senses in turn, as occasion arises.

39. *Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies.*

IV. Duresse. This method consists in cursing a deity recalcitrant; as, threatening ceremonially “to burn the blood of Osiris, and to grind down his bones to powder.” This method is altogether contrary to the spirit of love, unless the particular Deity be himself savage and relentless; as, Jehovah or Kali. In such a case the desire to perform constraint and cursing may be the sign of the assimilation of the spirit of the devotee with that of his God, and so an advance to the Union with Him.

40. *Concerning the value of this particular form of Union or Samadhi.* All Samadhi is defined as the ecstatic union of subject and object in consciousness, with the result that a third thing arises which partakes in no way of the nature of the two.

It would seem at first sight that it is of no importance

LIBER ASTARTÉ

whatever to choose an object of meditation. For example, the Samadhi called Atmadarshana might arise from simple concentration of the thought on an imagined triangle, or on the heart.

But as the union of two bodies in chemistry may be endothermic or exothermic, the combination of Oxygen with Nitrogen is gentle, while that of Oxygen with Hydrogen is explosive; and as it is found that the most heat is disengaged as a rule by the union of bodies most opposite in character, and that the compound resulting from such is most stable, so it seems reasonable to suggest that the most important and enduring Samadhi results from the contemplation of the Object most opposite to the devotee. [On other planes, it has been suggested that the most opposed types make the best marriages and produce the healthiest children. The greatest pictures and operas are those in which violent extremes are blended, and so generally in any field of activity. Even in mathematics, the greatest parallelogram is formed if the lines composing it are set at right angles. ED]

41. *Conclusions from the foregoing.* It may then be suggested to the Philosophus, that although his work will be harder his reward will be greater if he choose a Deity most remote from his own nature. This method is harder and higher than that of Liber E. For a simple object as there suggested is of the same nature as the commonest things of life, while even the meanest Deity is beyond uninitiated human understanding. On the same plane, too, Venus is nearer to man than Aphrodite, Aphrodite than Isis, Isis than Babalon, Babalon than Nuit.

Let him decide therefore according to his discretion on the

THE EQUINOX

one hand and his aspiration on the other: and let not one outrun his fellow.

42. *Further concerning the value of this Method.* Certain objections arise. Firstly, in the nature of all human love is illusion, and a certain blindness. Nor is there any true love below the Veil of the Abyss. For this reason We give this Method to the Philosophus, as the reflection of the Exempt Adept, who reflects the Magister Templi and the Magus. Let then the Philosophus attain this method as a foundation of the higher Methods to be given to him when he attains those higher grades.

Another objection lies in the partiality of this Method. This is equally a defect characteristic of the Grade.

43. *Concerning a notable danger of Success.* It may occur that owing to the tremendous power of the *samadhi*, overcoming all other memories as it should and does do, that the mind of the devotee may be obsessed, so that he declare his particular Deity to be sole God and Lord. This error has been the foundation of all dogmatic religions, and so the cause of more misery than all other errors combined.

The Philosophus is peculiarly liable to this because from the nature of the Method he cannot remain sceptical; he must for the time believe in his particular Deity. But let him (1) consider that this belief is only a weapon in his hands, (2) affirm sufficiently that his Deity is but an emanation or reflection or eidolon of a Being beyond him, as was said in Paragraph 2. For if he fail herein, since man cannot remain permanently in Samadhi, the memorized Image in his mind will be degraded, and replaced by the corresponding Demon, to his utter ruin.

LIBER ASTARTÉ

Therefore, after Success, let him not delight overmuch in his Deity, but rather busy himself with his other work, not permitting that which is but a step to become a goal. As it is written also, Liber CLXXXV: “remember that . . . Philosophy is the Equilibrium of him that is in the House of . . . Love.”

44. *Concerning secrecy, and the rites of Blood.* During this practice it is most wise that the Philosophus utter no word concerning his working, as if it were a Forbidden Love that consumeth him. But let him answer fools according to their folly; for since he cannot conceal his love from his fellows, he must speak to them as they may understand.

And as many Deities demand sacrifice, one of men, another of cattle, a third of doves, let these sacrifices be replaced by the true sacrifices in thine own heart. Yet if thou must symbolize them outwardly for the hardness of thine heart, let thine own blood, and no other's, be spilt before that altar.¹

Nevertheless, forget not that this practice is dangerous, and may cause the manifestation of evil things, hostile and malicious, to thy great hurt.

45. *Concerning a further sacrifice.* Of this it shall be understood that nothing is to be spoken; nor need anything be spoken to him that hath wisdom to comprehend the number of the paragraph. And this sacrifice is fatal beyond all, unless it be a *sacrificium* indeed. Yet there are those who have dared and achieved thereby.

46. *Concerning yet a further sacrifice.* Here it is spoken of actual mutilation. Such acts are abominable; and while they

¹ The exceptions to this rule pertain neither to this practice, nor to this grade. N. Fra. A.:A.:

THE EQUINOX

may bring success in this Method, form an absolute bar to all further progress.

And they are in any case more likely to lead to madness than to Samadhi. He indeed who purposeth them is already mad.

47. *Concerning human affection.* During this practice thou shalt in no wise withdraw thyself from human relations, only figuring to thyself that thy father or thy brother or thy wife is as it were an image of thy particular Deity. Thus shall they gain, and not lose, by the working. Only in the case of thy wife this is difficult, since she is more to thee than all others, and in this case thou mayst act with temperance, lest her personality overcome and destroy that of the Deity.

48. *Concerning the Holy Guardian Angel.* Do thou in no wise confuse this invocation with that.

49. *The Benediction.* And so may the Love that passeth all Understanding keep your hearts and minds through IAΩ AΔΩNAI ΣABAΩ and through BABALON of the City of Pyramids, and through Astarté the Starry One green-girdled in the name ARARITA. AMN.

LIBER RV

VEL

SPIRITVS

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCVI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER RV

VEL SPIRITVS

SVB FIGVRÂ CCVI

2. Let the Zelator observe the current of his breath.
3. Let him investigate the following statements, and prepare a careful record of research.
 - (a) Certain actions induce the flow of the breath through the right nostril (Pingala); and, conversely, the flow of the breath through Pingala induces certain actions.
 - (b) Certain other actions induce the flow of the breath through the left nostril (Ida), and conversely.
 - (c) Yet a third class of actions induce the flow of the breath through both nostril at once (Sushumna), and conversely.
 - (d) The degree of mental and physical activity is interdependent with the distance from the nostrils at which the breath can be felt by the back of the hand.
4. *First practice.* Let him concentrate his mind upon the act of breathing, saying mentally “The breath flows in,” “The breath flows out,” and record the results. (This practice may resolve itself into Mahasatipatthana (*vide* Liber XXV. or

THE EQUINOX

induce Samadhi. Whichever occurs should be followed up as the right Ingenium of the Zelator, or the advice of his Practicus, may determine.)

5. *Second practice.* Pranayama. This is outlined in Liber E. Further, let the Zelator accomplished in these practices endeavour to master a cycle of 10. 20. 40 or even 16. 32. 64. But let this be done gradually and with due caution. And when he is steady and easy both in Asana and Pranayama, let him still further increase the period.

Thus let him investigate these statements which follow:

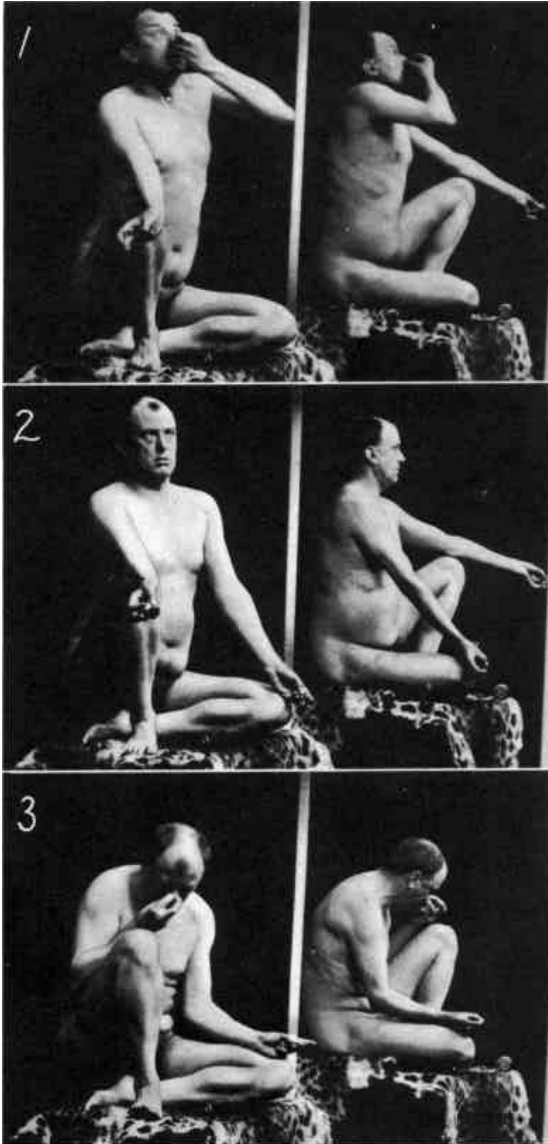
- (a) If Pranayama be properly performed, the body will first of all become covered with sweat. This sweat is different in character from that customarily induced by exertion. If the Practitioner rub this sweat thoroughly into his body, he will greatly strengthen it.
- (b) The tendency to perspiration will stop as the practice is continued, and the body become automatically rigid.

Describe this rigidity with minute accuracy.

- (c) The state of automatic rigidity will develop into a state characterised by violent spasmodic movements of which the Practitioner is unconscious, but of whose result he is aware. This result is that the body hops gently from place to place. After the first two or three occurrences of this experience Asana is not lost. The body appears (on another theory) to have lost its weight almost completely, and to be moved by an unknown force.

PRANAYAMA PROPERLY PERFORMED

[It has been found necessary to show this because students were trying to do it without exertion, and in other ways incorrectly.—E.D.]



1. The end of Purakam. The bad definition of the image is due to the spasmodic trembling which accompanies the action.
2. Kunbhakam.
3. The end of Rekakam.

LIBER RV

(d) As a development of this stage, the body rises into the air, and remains there for an appreciably long period, from a second to an hour or more.

Let him further investigate any mental results which occur.

6. *Third practice.* In order both to economize his time and to develop his powers, let the Zelator practise the deep full breathing which his preliminary exercises will have taught him during his walks. Let him repeat a sacred sentence (mantra) or let him count, in such a way that his footfall beats accurately with the rhythm thereof, as is done in dancing. Then let him practise Pranayama, at first without the Kumbhakham, and paying no attention to the nostrils otherwise than to keep them clear. Let him begin by an indrawing of the breath for 4 paces, and a breathing out for 4 paces. Let him increase this gradually to 6.6, 8.8, 12.12, 16.16, and 24.24, or more if he be able. Next let him practise in the proper proportion 4.8, 6.12, 8.16, 12.24 and so on. Then, if he choose, let him recommence the series, adding a gradually increasing period of Kumbhakham.

7. *Fourth practice.* Following on this third practice, let him quicken his mantra and his pace, until the walk develops into a dance. This may also be practised with the ordinary waltz step, using a mantra in three-time, such as *ἐπελθον, ἐπελθον, Ἄρτεμις*; or IAO; IAO SABAO; in such cases the practice may be combined with devotion to a particular deity; see Liber CLXXV. For the dance as such it is better to use a mantra of a non-committal character, such as *το εἶαι, το καλον, το ἴγαθον*, or the like.

THE EQUINOX

8. *Fifth practice.* Let him practice mental concentration during the dance, and investigate the following statement:

(a) The dance becomes independent of the will.

(b) Similar phenomena to those described in 5 (a) (b) (c) (d) occur.

(c) Certain important mental results occur.

9. A note concerning the depth and fullness of the breathing. In all proper expiration, the last possible portion of air should be expelled. In this the muscles of the throat, chest, ribs, and abdomen must be fully employed, and aided by pressing the upper arms into the flanks, and of the head into the thorax.

In all proper inspiration, the last possible portion of air must be drawn into the lungs.

In all proper holding of the breath, the body must remain absolutely still.

Ten minutes of such practice is ample to induce profuse sweating in any place of a temperature of 17° C. or over.

The progress of the Zelator in acquiring a depth and fulness of breath should be tested by the respirometer. The exercises should be carefully graduated to avoid overstrain and possible damage to the lungs. This depth and fulness of breath should be kept as much as possible, even in the rapid exercises, with the exception of the sixth practice following.

10. *Sixth practice.* Let the Zelator breathe as shallowly and rapidly as possible. He should assume the attitude of his moment of greatest expiration, and breathe only with the muscles of his throat. He may also practise lengthening the period between each shallow breathing.

LIBER RV

(This may be combined when acquired with concentration on the Visuddhi chakra, *i.e.* let him fix his mind unwaveringly upon a point in the spine opposite the larynx. ED)

11. *Seventh practice.* Let the Zelator breathe as deeply and rapidly as possible.

12. *Eighth practice.* Let the Zelator practice restraint of breathing in the following manner.

At any stage of breathing let him suddenly hold the breath, enduring the need to breathe until it passes, returns, and passes again, and so on until consciousness is lost, either rising into Samadhi or similar supernormal condition, or falling to oblivion.

13. *Ninth practice.* Let him practise the usual forms of Pranayama, but let Kumbhakham be used after instead of before expiration. Let him gradually increase the period of this Kumbhakham as in the case of the other.

14. A note concerning the conditions of these experiments.

The conditions favourable are dry and bracing air, a warm climate, absence of wind, absence of noise, insects, and all other disturbing influences,¹ a retired situation, simple food eaten in great moderation at the conclusion of the practices of morning and afternoon and on no account before practising. Bodily health is almost essential, and should be most carefully guarded. (See Liber CLXXXV, Task of a Neophyte.) A diligent and tractable disciple, or the Practicus of the Zelator, should aid him in his work. Such a disciple should be noiseless, patients, vigilant, prompt, cheerful, of gentle manner and reverent to his master, intelligent to anticipate

¹ Note that in the early stages of concentration of the mind, such annoyances become negligible.

THE EQUINOX

his wants, cleanly and gracious, not given to speech, devoted and unselfish. With all this he should be fierce and terrible to strangers and all hostile influences, determined and vigorous, unceasingly vigilant, the guardian of the threshold.

It is not desirable that the Zelator should employ any other creature than a man, save in cases of necessity. Yet for some of these purposes a dog will serve, for others a woman. There are also others appointed to serve, but these are not for the Zelator.

15. *Tenth practice.* Let the Zelator experiment if he will with inhalations of oxygen, nitrous oxide, carbon dioxide, and other gases mixed in small proportion with his air during his practices. These experiments are to be conducted with caution in the presence of a medical man of experience, and they are only useful as facilitating a simulacrum of the results of the proper practices, and thereby enheartening the Zelator.

16. *Eleventh practice.* Let the Zelator at any time during the practices, especially during periods of Kumbhakham, throw his will utterly to ward his Holy Guardian Angel, directing his eyes inward and upward, and turning back his tongue as if to swallow it.

(This latter operation is facilitated by severing the frænum linguæ, which, if done, should be done by a cometen surgeon. We do not advise this or any similar method of cheating difficulties. This is, however, harmless.)

In this manner the practice is to be raised from the physical to the spiritual plane, even as the words Ruh, Ruach, Pneuma, Spiritus, Geist, Ghost, and indeed words of almost all languages, have been raised from their physical meaning of wind, air, breath, or movement, to the spiritual plane.

LIBER RV

(RV is the old root meaning yoni, and hence Wheel (Fr. roue, Lat. rota, wheel), and the corresponding Semitic root means “to go” Similarly Spirit is connected with “spiral.”—ED.)

17. Let the Zelator attach no credit to any statements that may have been made throughout the course of this instruction, and reflect that even the counsel which We have given as suitable to the average case may be entirely unsuitable to his own.

LIBER

ARCANORVM τῶν

ATV τοῦ ΤΑΗΥΤΙ

QVAS VIDIT

ASAR IN

AMENNTI

SVB FIGVRÂ

CCXXXI

LIBER

CARCERORVM τῶν

QLIPHOTH

CVM SVIS

GENIIS

ADDENTVR SIGILLA ET

NOMINA EORVM

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER XXII DOMARUM MERCURII
CUM SUIS GENIIS

LIBER CCXXXI

(This book is true up to the grade of Adeptus Exemptus. V.V.V.V.V. 8°, 3^o)

0. A, the heart of IAO, dwelleth in ecstasy in the secret place of the thunders. Between Asar and Asi he abideth in joy.

1. The lightnings increased and the Lord Tahuti stood forth. The Voice came from the Silence. Then the One ran and returned.

2. Now hath Nuit veiled herself, that she may open the gate of her sister.

3. The Virgin of God is enthroned upon an oyster-shell; she is like a pearl, and seeketh Seventy to her Four. In her heart is Hadit the invisible glory.

4. Now riseth Ra-Hoor-Khuit, and dominion is established in the Star of the Flame.

5. Also is the Star of the Flame exalted, bringing benediction to the universe.

6. Her then beneath the winged Eros is youth, delighting in the one and the other.

He is Asar between Asi and Nepthi; he cometh forth from the veil.

7. He rideth upon the chariot of eternity; the white and the black are harnessed to his car. Therefore he reflecteth the Fool, and the sevenfold veil is revealed.

THE EQUINOX

8. Also cometh forth mother Earth with her lion, even Sekhet, the lady of Asi.

9. Also the Priest veiled himself, lest his glory be profaned, lest his word be lost in the multitude.

10. Now then the Father of all issued as a mighty wheel; the Sphinx, and the dog-headed god, and Typhon, were bound on his circumference.

11. Also the lady Maat with her feather and her sword abode to judge the righteous.

For Fate was already established.

12. Then the holy one appeared in the great water of the North; as a golden dawn did he appear. bringing benediction to the fallen universe.

13. Also Asar was hidden in Ameniti; and the Lords of Time swept over him with the sickle of death.

14. And a mighty angel appeared as a woman, pouring vials of woe upon the flames, lighting the pure stream with her brand of cursing. And the iniquity was very great.

15. Then the Lord Khem arose, He who is holy among the highest, and set up his crowned staff for to redeem the universe.

16. He smote the towers of wailing; he brake them in pieces in the fire of his anger, so that he alone did escape from the ruin thereof.

17. Transformed, the holy virgin appeared as a fluidic fire, making her beauty into a thunderbolt.

18. By her spells she invoked the Scarab, the Lord Kheph-Ra, so that the waters were cloven and the illusion of the powers was destroyed.

LIBER CCXXXI

19. Then the sun did appear unclouded, and the mouth of Asi was on the mouth of Asar.

20. Then also the Pyramid was builded so that the Initiation might be complete.

21. And in the heart of the Sphinx danced the Lord Adonai, in His garlands of roses and pearls making glad the concourse of things; yea, making glad the concourse of things.

THE GENII OF THE 22 SCALES OF THE SERPENT AND OF THE QLIPTHOTH

א	Aεu-iao-uεa [ε = υ].	Amprodias
ב	Beεθaoooabitom	Baratchial
ג	Gitωnosapφollois	Gargophias
ד	Dhnaζartarωθ [ζ = st]	Dagadgiel
ה	Hoo-oorω-iζ	Hemethterith
ו	Vuaretza—[a secret name follows]	Uriens
ז	Zooωasar	Zamradiel
ח	Chiva-abrahamadabra-cadaxviii	Characith
ט	Qalεζer-ā-dekerval.	Temphioth
י	Iehuvahaζanεθatan	Yamatu
יא	Kerugunaviel	Kurgasix
יב	Lusanaherandraton.	Lafcursix
יג	Malai	Malkunofat
יד	Nadimraphoroiozεθalai.	Niantiel
טו	Salaθlala-amrodnaqεiζ	Saksaksalim
טז	Ooaaaaoooε-iζ	A'ano'nin
יז	Puraθmetai-apηmetail	Parfaxitas
יח	Xanθαζeranεθ-iζ [εθ = sh, q]	Tzuflihu
יט	QaniΔnayx-ipamai	Qulielfi
כ	Ra-a-gioselahladnaimawa-iζ	Raflifu
כא	Shabnax-odobor	Shalicu
כב	Thath'th'thithεthuth-thiζ	Thantifaxath

THE EQUINOX

NOTES BY H. FRA. P. 4°=7° (1899) ON THE R.O.T.A. BY THE
QABALAH OF NINE CHAMBERS.

Units are divine—The upright Triangle.

Tens reflected—The averse Triangle.

Hundred equilibrated—The Hexagram their combination.

1. *Light*.—[Here can be no evil.] ⚡ The hidden light—the “wisdom of God
foolishness with men.
 • The Adept bearing Light.
 ⚡ The Light in darkness and illusion.
 [Khephra about to rise.]
2. *Action*.—⚡ Active and Passive—dual current, etc—the Alternating Forces
in Harmony.
 ⚡ The Contending Forces—fluctuation of earth-life.
 ⚡ The Twins embracing—eventual glory of harmonised life
under ☉.
3. *The Way*.—[Here also no evil.] ⚡ The Higher Self.
 ⚡ The severe disciple of the Path.
 ⚡ The judgement and resurrection
 [0°=0° and 5°=6° rituals]
4. *Life*.—⚡ The Mother of God. Aima.
 ⚡ The Son Slain.
 ⚡ The Bride.
5. *Force (Purification)*.—⚡ The Supernal Sulphur purifying by fire.
 ⚡ The Infernal Water ♁ purifying by putrefaction.
 This work is not complete; therefore is there
 no equilibrium.
6. *Harmony*.—⚡ The Reconciler [⚡ of יהוה] above.
 ⚡ The Reconciler below [lion and eagle, etc.]
 This work also unfinished.
7. *Birth*.—⚡ The Powers of Spiritual Regeneration.
 [The Z.A.M. as Osiris risen between Isis and Nephthys. The path
 of ⚡, Diana, above his head.]
 ⚡ The gross powers of generation.
8. *Rule*.—⚡ The Orderly Ruling of diverse forces.
 ⚡ The Ruin of the Unbalanced Forces.
9. *Stability*.—⚡ The Force that represses evil.
 ⚡ The Force that restores the world ruined by evil.

LIBER TAV

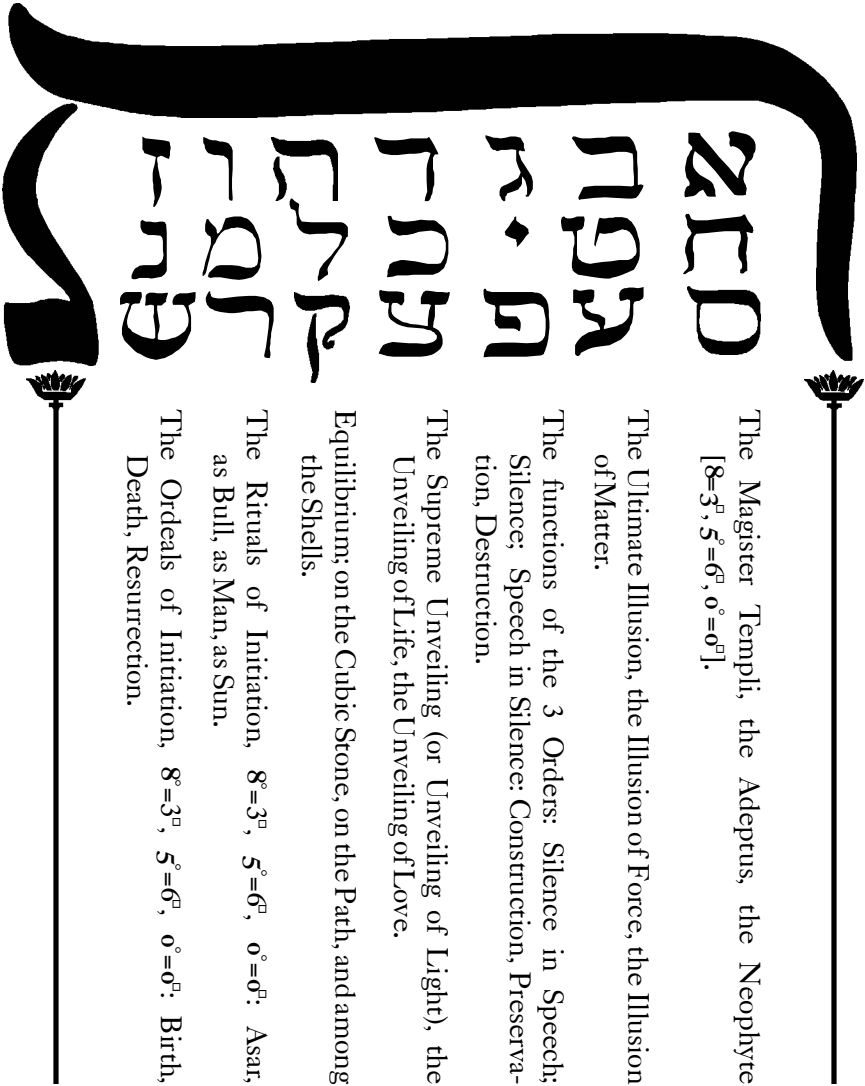
VEL

KABBALÆ TRIVM LITERARVM

SVB FIGVRÂ

CD

A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:



זצד	הגה	ר.ג	רנה	רנה	רנה	רנה
The Magister Templi, the Adeprus, the Neophyte [8=3 ² , 5 ² =6 ² , 0 ² =0 ²].	The Ultimate Illusion, the Illusion of Force, the Illusion of Matter.	The functions of the 3 Orders: Silence in Speech; Silence; Speech in Silence: Construction, Preserva- tion, Destruction.	The Supreme Unveiling (or Unveiling of Light), the Unveiling of Life, the Unveiling of Love.	Equilibrium; on the Cubic Stone, on the Path, and among the Shells.	The Rituals of Initiation, 8 ² =3 ² , 5 ² =6 ² , 0 ² =0 ² : Asar, as Bull, as Man, as Sun.	The Ordeals of Initiation, 8 ² =3 ² , 5 ² =6 ² , 0 ² =0 ² : Birth, Death, Resurrection.

[This analysis may be checked by adding the columns vertically, 69, 81, 93, 114, 135, 246, 357. Dividing by 3 we get 23, 27, 31, 38, 45, 82, 112, which in the Sepher Sephiroth mean respectively Life, Purity, Negation, “38 × 11 = 418,” Innocent, Formation, Prayer, Weeping. The analogies are obvious.]

LIBER OS ABYSMI

VEL

DAATH

SVB FIGVRÂ

CDLXXIV

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER OS ABYSMI

VEL DAATH

SVB FIGVRÂ CDLXXIV

1. This book is the Gate of the Secret of the Universe.
2. Let the Exempt Adept procure the Prolegomena of Kant, and study it, paying special attention to the Antinomies.
3. Also Hume's doctrine of causality in his "Enquiry."
4. Also Herbert Spencer's discussion of the three theories of the Universe in his "First Principles," Part I.
5. Also Huxley's Essays on Hume and Berkeley.
6. Also Crowley's Essays: Berashith, Time, The Soldier and the Hunchback, et cetera.
7. Also the "Logik" of Hegel.
8. Also the "Questions of King Milinda" and the Buddhist Suttas which bear on Metaphysic.
9. Let him also be accomplished in Logic. (Formal Logic, Keynes.) Further let him study any classical works to which his attention may be sufficiently directed in the course of his reading.
10. Now let him consider special problems, such as the Origin of the World, the Origin of Evil, Infinity, the Absolute, the Ego and the non-Ego, Freewill and Destiny, and such others as may attract him.

THE EQUINOX

11. Let him subtly and exactly demonstrate the fallacies of every known solution, and let him seek a true solution by his right Ingenium.

12. In all this let him be guided only by clear reason, and let him forcibly suppress all other qualities such as Intuition, Aspiration, Emotion, and the like.

13. During these practices all forms of Magick Art and Meditation are forbidden to him. It is forbidden to him to seek any refuge from his intellect.

14. Let then his reason hurl itself again and again against the blank wall of mystery which will confront him.

15. Thus also following is it said, and we deny it not:

At last automatically his reason will take up the practice, *suâ sponte*, and he shall have no rest therefrom.

16. Then will all phenomena which present themselves to him appear meaningless and disconnected, and his own Ego will break up into a series of impressions having no relation one with the other, or with any other thing.

17. Let this state then become so acute that it is in truth Insanity, and let this continue until exhaustion.

18. According to a certain deeper tendency of the individual will be the duration of this state.

19. It may end in real insanity, which concludes the activities of the Adept during this present life, or by his rebirth into his own body and mind with the simplicity of a little child.

20. And then shall he find all his faculties unimpaired, yet cleansed in a manner ineffable.

21. And he shall recall the simplicity of the Task of the Adeptus Minor, and apply himself thereto with fresh energy in a more direct manner.

LIBER OS ABYSMI

22. And in his great weakness it may be that for a while the new Will and Aspiration are not puissant, yet being undisturbed by those dead weeds of doubt and reason which he hath uprooted, they grow imperceptibly and easily like a flower.

23. And with the reappearance of the Holy Guardian Angel he may be granted the highest attainments, and be truly fitted for the full experience of the destruction of the Universe. And by the Universe We mean not that petty Universe which the mind of man can conceive, but that which is revealed to his soul in the Samadhi of Atmadarshana.

24. Thence may he enter into a real communion with those that are beyond, and he shall be competent to receive communication and instruction from Ourselves directly.

25. Thus shall We prepare him for the Confrontation of Choronzon and the Ordeal of the Abyss, when we have received him into the City of the Pyramids.

26. So, being of Us, let the Master of the Temple accomplish that Work which is appointed.

(In Liber CDXVIII is an adequate account of this Ordeal and Reception. See also Liber CLVI for the preparation.)

27. Also concerning the Reward thereof, of his entering into the Palace of the King's Daughter, and of that which shall thereafter befall, let it be understood of the Master of the Temple. Hath he not attained to Understanding? Yea, verily, hath he not attained to Understanding?

LIBER H A D

SVB FIGVRÂ

DLV

A.: A.:
Publication in Class D.
(for Winners of the Ordeal X.)
Imprimatur:
777. . .
V.V.V.V.V. . . .
N. Fra. A.: A.:
O.M. 7°=4°

LIBER H A D

SVB FIGVRÂ DLV

000. This is the Book of the Cult of the Infinite Within.

00. The Aspirant is Nuit. Nuit is the infinite expansion of the Rose; Hadit the infinite contraction of the Rood. (*Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.*)

0. First let the Aspirant learn in his heart the Second Chapter of the Book of the Law. (*Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.*)

1. Worship, *i.e.*, identify thyself with, Nuit, as a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, even as She is imaged in the Stélé of Revealing.

This is the first practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 26).

2. Let him further identify himself with the heart of Nuit, whose ecstasy is that of her children, and her joy to see their joy, who sayeth I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me! . . . Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you! I am the blue-lidded daughter of

THE EQUINOX

Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.
To me! To me!

This continues the first practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 13, 61, 63, 64, 65).

3. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as an unextended point clothed with a Light ineffable. And let him beware lest he be dazzled by that Light.

This is the first practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 2).

4. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the ubiquitous centre of every sphere conceivable.

This is the second practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 3).

5. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the soul of every man, and of every star, conjoining this in his Understanding with the Word (ccxx. I. 2). “Every man and every woman is a star.” Let this conception be that of Life, the giver of Life, and let him perceive that therefore the knowledge of Hadit is the knowledge of death.

This is the third practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 6).

6. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Magician or maker of Illusion, and the Exorcist of destroyer of Illusion, under the figure of the axle of the Wheel, and the cube in the circle. Also as the Universal Soul of Motion.

(This conception harmonises Thoth and Harpocrates in a very complete and miraculous manner. Thoth is both the Magus of Tarot (see Lib. 418) and the Universal Mercury; Harpocrates both the destroyer of Typhon and the Babe in the Lotus. Note that the “Ibis position” formulates this conception most exactly. ED.)

This is the fourth practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 7).

LIBER H A D

7. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the perfect, that is Not, and solve the mystery of the numbers of Hadit and his components by his right Ingenium.

This is the fifth practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. II. 15, 16).

8. Let the Aspirant, bearing him as a great King, root out and destroy without pity all things in himself and his surroundings which are weak, dirty, or diseased, or otherwise unworthy. And let him be exceeding proud and joyous.

This is the first practice of Ethics (ccxxx. II. 18, 19, 20, 21).

9. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright glory, who stirreth the hearts of men with drunkenness. This snake is blue and gold; its eyes are red, and its spangles green and ultra-violet.

(That is, as the most exalted form of the Serpent Kundalini.)

This is the sixth practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. II. 22, 50, 51)

10. Let him further identify himself with this Snake.

This is the second practice of Meditation (ccxxx. II. 22).

11. Let the Aspirant take wine and strange drugs, according to his knowledge and experience, and be drunk thereof.

(The Aspirant should be in so sensitive a condition that a single drop, perhaps even the smell, should suffice. ED.)

This is the first practice of Magick Art (ccxxx. II. 22).

12. Let the Aspirant concentrate his consciousness in the Rood Cross set up upon the Mountain, and identify himself with It. Let him be well aware of the difference between Its

THE EQUINOX

own soul, and that thought which it habitually awakens in his own mind.

This is the third practice of Meditation, and as it will be found, a comprehension and harmony and absorption of the practices of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 22).

13. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Unity which is the Negative. (Ain Elohim. ED)

This is the seventh practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. II. 23).

14. Let the Aspirant live the life of a strong and beautiful being, proud and exalted, contemptuous of and fierce toward all that is base and vile.

This is the second practice of Ethics (ccxxx. II. 24, 25, 45-49, 52, 56-60).

15. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit according to this 26th verse of the Second Chapter of the Book of the Law. And this shall be easy for him if he have well accomplished the Third Practice of Meditation.

This is the eighth practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. II. 26).

16. Let the Aspirant destroy Reason in himself according to the practice in Liber CDLXXIV.

This is the fourth practice of Meditation (ccxxx. II. 27-33).

17. Let the Aspirant observe duly the Feasts appointed by the A.:A.: and perform such rituals of the elements as he possesseth, invoking them duly in their season.

This is the second practice of Magick Art (ccxxx. II. 35-43).

18. Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as a babe in the egg of the Spirit (Akasha. ED.) that is invisible within the 4 elements.

This is the ninth practice of Intelligence (ccxxx. II. 49).

LIBER H A D

19. The Aspirant seated in his Asana will suddenly commence to breathe strangely, and this without the Operation of his will; the Inspiration will be associated with the thought of intense excitement and pleasure, even to exhaustion; and the Expiration very rapid and forceful, as if this excitement were suddenly released.

This is the first and last Indication of the Sign of the Beginning of this Result (ccxx. II. 63).

20. A light will appear to the Aspirant, unexpectedly. Hadit will arise within him, and Nuit concentrate Herself upon him from without. He will be overcome, and the Conjunction of the Infinite Without with the Infinite Within will take place in his soul, and the One be resolved into the None.

This is the first Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. II. 61, 62, 64).

21. Let the Aspirant strengthen his body by all means in his power, and let him with equal pace refine all that is in him to the true ideal of Royalty. Yet let his formula, as a King's ought, be Excess.

This is the third practice of Ethics (ccxx. II. 70, 71).

22. To the Aspirant who succeeds in this practice the result goes on increasing until its climax in his physical death in its due season. This practice should, however, prolong life.

This is the second Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. II. 66, 72-74).

23. Let the Adept aspire to the practice of Liber XI, and preach to mankind.

This is the fourth practice of Ethics (ccxx II. 76).

THE EQUINOX

24. Let the Adept worship the Name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, of the Beast, and the name of His house; and give blessing and worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

This is the fifth practice of Ethics (ccxxx II. 78, 79).

25. Let the Aspirant expand his consciousness to that of Nuit, and bring it rushing inward. It may be practised by imagining that the Heavens are falling, and then transferring the consciousness to them.

This is the fifth practice of Meditation. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

26. Summary. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary possessions.

1. Wine and strange drugs.

27. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary comprehensions.

1. The Nature of Hadit (and of Nuit, and the relations between them.)

28. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the meditations necessary to be accomplished.

1. Identification with Nuit, body and spirit.

2. Identification with Hadit as the Snake.

3. Identification with Hadit as the Rood Cross.

4. Destruction of Reason.

5. The Falling of the Heavens.

29. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Ethical Practices to be accomplished.

1. The destruction of all unworthiness in one's self and one's surroundings.

2. Fulness, almost violence, of life.

LIBER H A D

30. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Magick Arts to be practised.

1. During the preparation, perform the Invocation of the Elements.
2. Observe the Feasts appointed by the A.:A.:.

31. Summary continued. The Actual Practice.

1. Procure the suitable intoxication.
2. As Nuit, contract thyself with infinite force upon Hadit.

32. Summary continued. The Results.

1. Peculiar automatic breathing begins.
2. A light appears.
3. Samadhi of the two Infinities within aspirant.
4. Intensification of 3 on repetition.
5. Prolongation of life.
6. Death becomes the climax of the practice.

33. Summary concluded.

These are the practices to be performed in token of Thanksgiving for success.

1. Aspiration to Liber XI.
2. Preaching of *Θελημα* to mankind.
3. Blessing and Worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

LIBER TAV

SVB FIGVRÂ

DCCCXXI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER TAV

SVB FIGVRÂ DCCCXXXI

(This book was formerly called VESTA. It is referred to the path of Virgo and the letter Yod.)

I.

1. This is the Book of drawing all to a point.
2. Herein are described three methods whereby the consciousness of the Many may be melted to that of the One.

II

FIRST METHOD.

0. Let a magical circle be constructed, and within it an upright Tau drawn upon the ground. Let this Tau be divided into 10 squares (see Liber CMLXIII., Illustration 1).
 1. Let the Magician be armed with the Sword of Art.¹
 2. Let him wear the robe of a Neophyte.
 3. Let a single small flame of camphor burn at the top of the Tau, and let there be no other light or ornament.¹
 4. Let him “open” the Temple as in DCLXXI., or in any other convenient manner.

¹ This ritual is preferably performed by the Adept as an Hermit armed with wand and lamp, instead of as in text.—N.

THE EQUINOX

5. Standing at the appropriate quarters, at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 5 elements by the appropriate rituals.

6. Standing at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 7 planets by appropriate rituals. Let him face the actual position of each planet in the heavens at the time of his working.

7. Let him further banish the twelve signs of the Zodiac by the appropriate rituals, facing each sign in turn.

8. Let him at each of these 24 banishings make three circuits widdershins, with the signs of Horus and Harpocrates in the East as he passes it.

9. Let him advance to the square of Malkuth in the Tau, and perform a ritual of banishing Malkuth. But here let him not leave the square to circumambulate the circle, but use the formula and God-form of Harpocrates.

10. Let him advance in turn to the squares Jesod, Hod, Netzach, Tiphereth, Geburah, Chesed, and banish each by appropriate rituals.

11. And let him know that such rituals include the pronunciation of the appropriate names of God backwards, and also a curse against the Sephira in respect of all that which it is, for that it is that which distinguishes it and separates it from Kether.

12. Advancing to the squares of Binah and Chokmah in turn, let him banish these also. And for that by now an awe and trembling shall have taken hold upon him, let him banish these by a supreme ritual of inestimable puissance. And let him beware exceedingly lest his will falter, or his courage fail.

13. Finally, let him, advancing to the square of Kether,

LIBER TAV

banish that also by what means he may. At the end whereof let him set his foot upon the light, extinguishing it;¹ and, as he falleth, let him fall within the circle.

SECOND METHOD

1. Let the Hermit be seated in his Asana, robed, and let him meditate upon every several part of his body until that part is so unreal to him that he no longer includes it in his comprehension of himself. For example, if it be his right foot, let him touch that foot and be alarmed, thinking, "A foot! What is this foot? Surely I am not alone in the Hermitage!"

And this practice should be carried out not only at the time of meditation, but during the day's work.

2. This meditation is to be assisted by reasoning; as, "This foot is not I. If I should lose my foot, I should still be I. This foot is a mass of changing and decaying flesh, bone, skin, blood, lymph, etc., while I am the Unchanging and Immortal Spirit, uniform, not made, unbegotten, formless, left-luminous," etc.

3. This practice being perfect for each part of the body, let him combine his workings until the whole body is thus understood as the non-Ego and illusion.

4. Let then the Hermit, seated in his Asana, meditate upon the Muladhara cakkra and its correspondence as a power of the mind, and destroy it in the same manner as aforesaid. Also by reasoning: "This emotion (memory, imagination, intellect, will, as it may be) is not I. This emotion is

¹ If armed with wand and lamp, let him extinguish the light with his hand.—N.

THE EQUINOX

transient: I am immovable. This emotion is passion; I am peace." And so on.

Let the other Cakkrams in their turn be thus destroyed, each one with its mental or moral attribute.

5. In this let him be aided by his own psychological analysis, so that no part of his conscious being be thus left undestroyed. And on his thoroughness in this matter may turn his success.

6. Lastly, having drawn all his being into the highest Sahasrara Cakkra, let him remain eternally fixed in meditation thereupon.

7. Aum.

THIRD METHOD

1. Let the Hermit stimulate each of the senses in turn, concentrating upon each until it ceases to stimulate. [The senses of sight and touch are extremely difficult to conquer. In the end the Hermit must be utterly unable by any effort to see or feel the object of those senses. O.M.]

2. This being perfected, let him combine these two at a time. For example, let him chew ginger (taste and touch), and watch a waterfall (sight and hearing), and watch incense (sight and smell), and crunch sugar in his teeth (taste and hearing), and so on.

3. These twenty-five practices being accomplished, let him combine them three at a time, and then four at a time.

4. Lastly, let him combine all the senses in a single object. And herein may a sixth sense be included. He is then to withdraw himself entirely from all these stimulations, perinde ac cadavar, in spite of his own efforts to attach himself to them.

5. By this method it is said that the demons of the Ruach,

LIBER TAV

that is, thoughts and memories, are inhibited, and We deny it not. But if so be that they arise, let him build a wall between himself and them according to the method.

6. Thus having stilled the voices of the Six, may he sense the subtlety of the Seventh.

7. Aum.

[We add the following, contributed by a friend at that time without the A.:A.: and its dependent orders. He worked out the method himself, and we think it may prove useful to many. O. M.]

(1) The beginner must first practise breathing regularly through the nose, at the same time trying hard to imagine that the breath goes to the Ajna and not to the lungs.

The Prana yama exercises described in the EQUINOX, Vol. I., No. 4, p. 101, must next be practised, always with the idea that Ajna is breathing.

Try to realise that *power*, not air, is being drawn into the Ajna, is being concentrated there during Kumbhaka, and is vivifying the Ajna during expiration. Try rather to increase the force of concentration in Ajna than the increase excessively the length of Kumbhaka, as this is dangerous if rashly undertaken.

(2) Walk slowly in a quiet place; realise that the legs are moving, and study their movements. Understand thoroughly that these movements are due to nerve messages sent down from the brain, and that the controlling power lies in the Ajna. The legs are automatic, like those of a wooden monkey: the power in Ajna is that which does the work, is that which walks. This is not hard to realise, and should be grasped firmly, ignoring all other walking sensations.

Apply this method to every other muscular movement.

THE EQUINOX

(3) Lie flat on the back with the feet under a heavy piece of furniture. Keeping the spine straight and the arms in line with the body, rise slowly to a sitting posture, by means of the force residing in the Ajna (*i.e.* try to prevent the mind dwelling on any other exertion or sensation).

Then let the body slowly down to its original position. Repeat this two or three times every night and morning, and slowly increase the number of repetitions.

(4) Try to transfer all bodily sensations to the Ajna: *e.g.* “I am cold” should mean “I feel cold,” or better still, “I am aware of a sensation of cold”—transfer this to the Ajna, “The Ajna is aware,” etc.

(5) Pain if very slight may easily be transferred to the Ajna after a little practice. The best method for a beginner is to *imagine* he has a pain in the body and then imagine that it passes directly to the Ajna. It does not pass through the intervening structures, but goes direct. After continual practice even severe pain may be transferred to the Ajna.

(6) Fix the mind on the base of the spine and then gradually move the thoughts upwards to the Ajna. (In this meditation Ajna is the Holy of Holies, but it is dark and empty.)

Finally, strive hard to drive anger and other obsessing thoughts into the Ajna. Try to develop a tendency to think hard of Ajna when these thoughts attack the mind, and let Ajna conquer them.

Beware of thinking “*my* Ajna.” In these meditations and practices, Ajna does not belong to you; Ajna is the master and worker, you are the wooden monkey.

LIBER VIARVM VIÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ

DCCCLXVIII

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER VIARVM VIÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ DCCCLXVIII

- | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|-----|---|--|
| Nine locks of the Inferior Beard. | { | 21. | ☩ | The Formulation of the Body of Light. Liber O. |
| | | 20. | ☩ | The Passage of the King's Chamber. Liber H H H. |
| | | 19. | ☩ | The Illumination of the Sphere. Liber H H H. |
| | | 18. | ☩ | The Divining of Destiny. Liber Memorïæ Viæ CMXIII. |
| | | 17. | ☩ | The Adoration under the Starry Heaven. Liber XI, NV (from Liber CCXX). |
| | | 16. | ☩ | The Destruction of the House of God. Liber XVI. |
| | | 15. | ☩ | The Sabbath of the Adepts. Liber CCCLXX |
| | | 14. | ☩ | Skrying in the Spirit Vision: The Ladder of Jacob. Liber O. |
| | | 13. | ☩ | The Preparation of the Corpse for the Tomb. Liber XXV. |
| Nine paths below Adepts | | | | |
| Thirteen locks of the Superior Beard. | { | 12. | ☩ | The Sleep of Siloam. Liber CDLI. |
| | | 8. | ☩ | The Protection of the Sphere. Liber O. |
| | | 10. | ☩ | The Evocation of the Mighty Ones. Liber |
| | | 9. | ☩ | The Absorbition of the Emanations. Liber DCCCXXXI. |
| | | 11. | ☩ | The Passing of the Hall of the Balances. Liber XXX. |
| | | 7. | ☩ | The Ritual of the Holy Graal. Liber CLVI. |
| | | 6. | ☩ | The Utterance of the Pythoness. Liber MCXXXIX. |
| | | 5. | ☩ | The Forthcoming of the Hierophant. Liber VIII. (8th Æthyr in Liber 418). |
| | | 4. | ☩ | The Formulation of the Flaming Star. Liber V. |
| | | 3. | ☩ | The Incarnation of the Inmost Light. Liber DLV Had (from Liber CCXX) |
| | | 2. | ☩ | The Supreme Ecstasy of Purity. Liber LXXXIII. |
| | | 1. | ☩ | The Universal Affirmations and Denials. Liber B (I). |
| | | 0. | ☩ | The transcending of all these; yea, the transcending of all these. |
| Seven paths below M.T. | | | | |
| Three below M. | | | | |
| Three below I. | | | | |

Seven Inferiors: Seven Superiors: Seven above All:
and Seven Interpretations of every Word.

LIBER תישארב

SVB FIGVRÂ

CMXIII

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER תישארב

VIÆ MEMORIÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ CMXIII

000. May be.

[00. It has not been possible to construct this book on a basis of pure Scepticism. This matters less, as the practice leads to Scepticism, and it may be through it.]

0. This book is not intended to lead to the supreme attainment. On the contrary, its results define the separate being of the Exempt Adept from the rest of the Universe, and discover his relation to that Universe.

1. It is of such importance to the Exempt Adept that We cannot overrate it. Let him in no wise adventure the plunge into the Abyss until he have accomplished this to his most perfectest satisfaction.

2. For in the Abyss no effort is anywise possible. The Abyss is passed by virtue of the mass of the Adept and his Karma. Two forces impel him: (1) the attraction of Binah, (2) the impulse of his Karma; and the ease and even the safety of his passage depend on the strength and direction of the latter.

3. Should one rashly dare the passage, and take the irrevocable Oath of the Abyss, he might be lost therein through Æons of incalculable agony; he might even be thrown

THE EQUINOX

back upon Chesed, with the terrible Karma of failure added to his original imperfection.

4. It is even said that in certain circumstances it is possible to fall altogether from the Tree of Life, and to attain the Towers of the Black Brothers. But We hold that this is not possible for any adept who has truly attained his grade, or even for any man who has really sought to help humanity even for a single second,¹ and that although his aspiration have been impure through vanity or any similar imperfection.

5. Let the Adept who finds the result of these meditations unsatisfactory refuse the Oath of the Abyss, and live so that his Karma gains strength and direction suitable to the task at some future period.

6. Memory is essential to the individual consciousness; otherwise the mind were but a blank sheet on which shadows are cast. But we see that not only does the mind retain impressions, but that it is so constituted that its tendency is to retain some more excellently than others. Thus the great classical scholar, Sir Richard Jebb, was unable to learn even the schoolboy mathematics required for the preliminary examination at Cambridge University, and a special act of the authorities was required in order to admit him.

7. The first method to be described has been detailed in Bhikku Ananda Metteya's "Training of the Mind" (EQUINOX, I. 5, pp. 28-59, and especially pp. 48-56). We have little to alter or to add. Its most important result, as regards the Oath of the Abyss, is the freedom from all desire or clinging to everything which it gives. Its second result is to

¹ Those in possession of Liber CLXXXV. will note that in every grade but one the aspirant is pledged to serve his inferiors in the Order.

LIBER רישארב

aid the adept in the second method, by supplying him with further data for his investigation.

8. The stimulation of memory useful in both practices is also achieved by simple meditation (Liber E), in a certain stage of which old memories arise unbidden. The adept may then practice this, stopping at that stage, and encouraging instead of suppressing the flashes of memory.

9. Zoroaster has said, "Explore the River of the Soul, whence or in what order you have come; so that although you have become a servant to the body, you may again rise to that Order (the A.:A.:) from which you descended, joining Works (Kamma) to Sacred Reason (the Tao)"

10. The Result of the Second Method is to show the Adept to what end his powers are destined. When he has passed the Abyss and become NEMO, the return of the current causes him "to appear in the Heaven of Jupiter as a morning star or as an evening star."¹ In other words, he should discover what may be the nature of his work. Thus Mohammed was a Brother reflected in Netzach, Buddha a Brother reflected into Hod, or, as some say, Daath. The present manifestation of Frater P. to the outer is in Tiphareth, to the inner in the path of Leo.

11. First Method. Let the Exempt Adept first train himself to think backwards by external means, as set forth here following.

(a) Let him learn to write backwards, with either hand.

¹ The formula of the Great Work "Solve et Coagula," may be thus interpreted. Solve, the dissolution of the Self in the Infinite; Coagula, the presentation of the Infinite in a concrete form to the outer. Both are necessary to the Task of a Master of the Temple.

THE EQUINOX

- (*b*) Let him learn to walk backwards.
- (*c*) Let him constantly watch, if convenient, cinematograph films, and listen to phonograph records, reversed, and let him so accustom himself to these that they appear natural, and appreciable as a whole.
- (*d*) Let him practice speaking backwards; thus, for “I am He” let him say, “Eh ma I.”
- (*e*) Let him learn to read backwards. In this it is difficult to avoid cheating one’s self, as an expert reader sees a sentence at a glance. Let his disciple read aloud to him backwards, slowly at first, then more quickly.
- (*f*) Of his own ingenium let him devise other methods.

12. In this his brain will at first be overwhelmed by a sense of utter confusion; secondly, it will endeavour to avoid the difficulty by a trick. The brain will pretend to be working backwards when it is really normal. It is difficult to describe the nature of the trick, but it will be quite obvious to anyone who has done practices (*a*) or (*b*) for a day or two. They become quite easy, and he will think he is making progress, an illusion which close analysis will dispel.

13. Having begun to train his brain in this manner, and obtained some little success, let the Exempt Adept, seated in his Asana, think first of his present attitude, next of the act of being seated, next of his entering the room, next of his robing, et cetera, exactly as it happened. And let him most strenuously endeavour to think each act as happening backwards. It is not enough to think: “I am seated here, and before that I was standing, and before that I entered the room,” etc. That series is the trick detected in the preliminary practices.

LIBER רישארב

The series must not run “ghi-def-abc,” but “ihg fedcba”: not “horse a is this” but “esroh a si siht.” To obtain this thoroughly well, practice (*c*) is useful. The brain will be found to struggle constantly to right itself, soon accustoming itself to accept “esroh” as merely another glyph for “horse.” This tendency must be constantly combatted.

14. In the early stages of this practice the endeavour should be to meticulous minuteness of detail in remembering actions; for the brain’s habit of thinking forwards will at first be insuperable. Thinking of large and complex actions, then, will give a series which we may symbolically write “opqrstu-hijklmn-abcdefg.” If these be split into detail, we shall have “stu-prq-o—mn-kl-hij—fg-cde-ab,” which is much near to the ideal “utsrqponmlkjihg fedcba.”

15. Capacities differ widely, but the Exempt Adept need have no reason to be discouraged if anfter a month’s continuous labour he find that no and again for a few seconds his brain really works backwards.

16. The Exempt Adept should concentrate his efforts upon obtaining a perfect picture of five minutes backwards rather than upon extending the time covered by his meditation. For this preliminary training of the brain is the Pons Asinorum of the whole process.

17. This five minutes’ exercise being satisfactory, the Exempt Adept may extend the same at his discretion to cover an hour, a day, a week, and so on. Difficulties vanish before him as he advances; the extension from a day to the course of his whole life will not prove so difficult as the perfecting of the five minutes.

18. This practice should be repeated at least four times

THE EQUINOX

daily, and progress is shown firstly by the ever easier running of the brain, secondly by the added memories which arise.

19. It is useful to reflect during this practice, which in time becomes almost mechanical, upon the way in which effects spring from causes. This aids the mind to link its memories, and prepares the adept for the preliminary practice of the Second Method.

20. Having allowed the mind to return for some hundred times to the hour of birth, it should be encouraged to endeavour to penetrate beyond that period. If it be properly trained to run backwards, there will be little difficulty in doing this, although it is one of the distinct steps in the practice.

21. It may be then that the memory will persuade the adept of some previous existence. Where this is possible, let it be checked by an appeal to facts, as follows.

22. It often occurs to men that on visiting a place to which they have never been, it appears familiar. This may arise from a confusion of thought or a slipping of the memory, but it is conceivably a fact.

If, then, the adept “remember” that he was in a previous life in some city, say Cracow, which he has in this life never visited, let him describe from memory the appearance of Cracow, and of its inhabitants, setting down their names. Let him further enter into the details of the city and its customs. And having done this with great minuteness, let him confirm the same by consultation with historians and geographers, or by a personal visit, remembering (both to the credit of his memory and its discredit) that historians, geographers, and himself are alike fallible. But let him not trust his memory to

assert its conclusions as fact, and act thereupon, without most adequate confirmation.

23. This process of checking his memory should be practised with earlier memories of childhood and youth by reference to the memories and records of others, always reflecting upon the fallibility even of such safeguards.

24. All this being perfected, so that the memory reaches back into æons incalculably distant, let the Exempt Adept meditate upon the fruitlessness of all those years, and upon the fruit thereof, severing that which is transitory and worthless from that which is eternal. And it may be that he being but an Exempt Adept may hold all to be savourless and full of sorrow.

25. This being so, without reluctance will he swear the Oath of the Abyss.

26. Second Method. Let the Exempt Adept, fortified by the practice of the First Method, enter the preliminary practice of the Second Method.

27. Second Method. Preliminary Practices. Let him, seated in his Asana, consider any event, and trace it to its immediate causes. And let this be done very fully and minutely. Here, for example, is a body erect and motionless. Let the adept consider the many forces which maintain it; firstly, the attraction of the earth, of the sun, of the planets, of the farthest stars, nay, of every mote of dust in the room, one of which (could it be annihilated) would cause that body to move, although so imperceptibly. Also, the resistance of the floor, the pressure of the air, and all other external conditions. Secondly, the internal forces which sustain it, the vast and complex machinery of the skeleton, the muscles,

THE EQUINOX

the blood, the lymph, the marrow, all that makes up a man. Thirdly, the moral and intellectual forces involved, the mind, the will, the consciousness. Let him continue this with unremitting ardour, searching Nature, leaving nothing out.

28. Next let him take one of the immediate causes of his position, and trace out its equilibrium. For example, the will. What determines the will to aid in holding the body erect and motionless?

29. This being determined, let him choose one of the forces which determined his will, and trace out that in similar fashion; and let this process be continued for many days until the interdependence of all things is a truth assimilated in his inmost being.

30. This being accomplished, let him trace out his own history with special reference to the causes of each event. And in this practice he may neglect to some extent the universal forces which at all times act on all, as for example the attraction of masses, and let him concentrate his attention upon the principal and determining or effective causes.

For instance, he is seated, perhaps, in a country place in Spain. Why? Because Spain is warm and suitable for meditation, and because cities are noisy and crowded. Why is Spain warm? and why does he wish to meditate? Why choose warm Spain rather than warm India? To the last question: Because Spain is nearer to his home. Then why is his home near Spain? Because his parents were Germans. And why did they go to Germany? And so during the whole meditation.

31. On another day, let him begin with a question of another kind, and every day devise new questions, not only concerning his present situation, but also abstract questions.

Thus let him connect the prevalence of water upon the surface of the globe with its necessity to such life as we know, with the specific gravity and other physical properties of water, and let him perceive ultimately through all this the necessity and concord of things, not concord as the schoolmen of old believed, making all things for man's benefit or convenience, but the essential mechanical concord whose final law is *inertia*. And in these meditations let him avoid as if it were the plague any speculation sentimental or fantastic.

32. Second Method. The Practice Proper. Having then perfected in his mind these conceptions, let him apply them to his own career, forging the links of memory into the chain of necessity.

And let this be his final question: To what purpose am I fitted? Of what service can my being prove to the Brothers of the A.:A.: if I cross the Abyss, and am admitted to the City of the Pyramids?

33. Now that he may clearly understand the nature of this question, and the method of solution, let him study the reasoning of the anatomist who reconstructs an animal from a single bone. To take a simple example.

34. Suppose, having lived all my life among savages, a ship is cast upon the shore and wrecked. Undamaged among the cargo is a "Victoria." What is its use? The wheels speak of roads, their slimness of smooth roads, the brake of hilly roads. The shafts show that it was meant to be drawn by an animal, their height and length suggest an animal of the size of a horse. That the carriage is open suggests a climate tolerable at any rate for part of the year. The height of the box suggests crowded streets, or the spirited character of the

THE EQUINOX

animal employed to draw it. The cushions indicate its use to convey men rather than merchandise; its hood that rain sometimes falls, or that the sun is at times powerful. The springs would imply considerable skill in metals; the varnish much attainment in that craft.

35. Similarly, let the adept consider of his own case. Now that he is on the point of plunging into the Abyss, a giant Why? confronts him with uplifted club.

36. There is no minutest atom of his composition which can be withdrawn from him without making him some other than what he is, no useless moment in his past. Then what is his future? The "Victoria" is not a waggon; it is not intended for carting hay. It is not a sulky; it is useless in trotting races.

37. So the adept has military genius, or much knowledge of Greek: how do these attainments help his purpose, or the purpose of the Brothers? He was put to death by Calvin, or stone by Hezekiah; as a snake he was killed by a villager, or as an elephant slain in battle under Hamilcar. How do such memories help him? Until he have thoroughly mastered the reason for every incident in his past, and found a purpose for every item of his present equipment,¹ he cannot truly answer even those Three Questions that were first put to him, even the Three Questions of the Ritual of the Pyramid; he is not ready to swear the Oath of the Abyss.

38. But being thus enlightened, let him swear the Oath of the Abyss; year let him swear the Oath of the Abyss.

¹ A Brother known to me was repeatedly baffled in this meditation. But one day being thrown with his horse over a sheer cliff of forty feet, and escaping without a scratch or a bruise, he was reminded of his many narrow escapes from death. These proved to be the last factors in his problem, which, thus completed, solved itself in a moment.

ADONIS
AN ALLEGORY
BY
ALESITER CROWLEY

Inscribed to Adonis.

PERSONS OF THE ALLEGORY

THE KING OF BABYLON, *tributary to the King of Greece*

HERMES, *a Greek Physician*

THE LADY PSYCHE

THE COUNT ADONIS, *at first known as the Lord Esarhaddon*

THE LADY ASTARTE

The Warriors of the King of Babylon

HANUMAN, *Servant to Hermes*

CHARIS.

ELPIS. } *Attendants on Psyche.*

PISTIS.

Three Aged Women

Handmaidens and Slaves of Astarte

ADONIS

ACT I

SCENE I: *The hanging gardens of Babylon. R., the House of the Lady Astarte; L., a gateway; C., a broad lawn enriched with clustered flowers and sculptures. The sun is nigh his setting. On a couch under the wall of the city reposes the Lord Esarhaddon, fanned by two slaves, a negro boy and a fair Kabyle girl, clad in yellow and blue, the boy's robes being covered with a veil of silver, the girl's with a veil of gold.*

They are singing to him softly:

THE BOY. All crimson-veined is Tigris' flood;
The sun has stained his mouth with blood.

THE GIRL. Orange and green his standards sweep.

THE BOY. His minions keen.

THE GIRL. His maidens weep.

THE BOY. But thou, Lord, thou! The hour is nigh

When from the prow of luxury
Shall step the death of all men's hearts,
She whose live breath, a dagger's darts,
A viper's vice, an adder's grip,
A cockatrice 'twixt lip and lip,
She whose black eyes are suns to shower

THE EQUINOX

Love's litanies from hour to hour,
Whose limbs are scythes like Death's of whom
The body writhes, a lotus-bloom
Swayed by the wind of love, a crime
Too sweetly sinned, the queen of time,
The lady of heaven, to whom the stars,
Seven by seven, from their bars
Lean and do worship—even she
Who hath given all her sweet self to thee,
The Lady Astarte!

THE GIRL. Peace, O peace!

A swan, she sails through ecstasies
Of air and marble and flowers, she sways
As the full moon through midnight's haze
Of gauze—her body is like a dove
And a snake, and life, and death, and love!

THE BOY. Even as the twilight so is she,
Half seen, half subtly apprehended,
Ethereally and bodily.

The soul incarnate, the body transcended!

THE GIRL. Aching, aching passionately,
Insufferably, utterly splendid!

THE BOY. Her lips make pale the setting sun!

THE GIRL. Her body blackens Babylon!

THE BOY. Her eyes turn midnight's murk to grey!

THE GIRL. Her breasts make midnight of the day!

THE BOY. About her, suave and subtle, swims
The musk and madness of her limbs!

THE GIRL. Her mouth is magic like the moon's.

THE BOY. Her breath is bliss!

ADONIS

THE GIRL. Her steps are swoons!
[*Enter ASTARTE, with her five handmaidens.*

THE BOY. Away, away!

THE GIRL. With heart's accord,
To leave his lady to our lord. [*They go out.*

THE BOY. Let him forget our service done
Of palm-leaves waved, that never tires,
In his enchanted Babylon
Of infinite desires!

[*ASTARTE kneels at the foot of the couch, and taking the feet of Esarhaddon in her hands, covers them with kisses.*

ASTARTE. Nay, never wake! unless to catch my neck
And break me up with kisses—never sleep,
Unless to dream new pains impossible
To waking!

Girls! with more than dream's address,
Wake him with perfume till he smile, with strokes
Softer than moonbeams till he turn, and sigh,
With five slow drops of wine between his lips
Until his heart heave, with young thrills of song
Until his eyelids open, and the first
And fairest of ye greet him like a flower,
So that awakened he may break from you
And turn to me who am all these in one.

1ST MAIDEN. Here is the wealth
Of all amber and musk,
Secreted by stealth
In the domes of the dusk!

THE EQUINOX

2ND MAIDEN. Here the caress
Of a cheek—let it stir
The first liens of liesse
Not to me—but to her!

3RD MAIDEN. Here the quintessence
Of dream and delight,
Evoking the presence
Of savour to sight!

4TH MAIDEN. List to the trill
And the ripple and roll
Of a tune that may thrill
Thee through sense to the soul!

5TH MAIDEN. Look on the fairest,
The masterless maid!
Ere thine eye thou unbarest,
I flicker, I fade.

ALL. Wake! as her garland is tossed in the air
When the nymph meets Apollo, our forehead is bare.
We divide, we disperse, we dislimn, we dissever,
For we are but now, and our lady for ever!

[They go out.]

ESARHADDON. I dreamed of thee!
Dreams beyond form and name!
It was a chain of ages, and a flash
Of lightning—which thou wilt—since—Oh I see
Nothing, feel nothing, and am nothing—ash
Of the universe burnt through!

ADONIS

ASTARTE.

And I the flame!

ESARHADDON. Wreathing and roaring for an ageless æon,
Wrapping the world, spurning the empyrean,
Drowning with dark despotic imminence
All life and light, annihilating sense—
I have been sealed and silent in the womb
Of nothingness to burst, a babe's bold bloom,
Into the upper aethyr of thine eyes.
Oh! one grave glance enkindles Paradise,
One sparkle sets me on the throne above,
Mine orb the world.

ASTARTE. Nay, stir not yet. Let love

Breathe like the zephyr on the unmoved deep,
Sigh to awakening from its rosy sleep;
Let the stars fade, and all the east grow grey
And tender, ere the first faint rose of day
Flush it. Awhile! Awhile! There's crimson bars
Enough to blot the noblest of the stars,
And bow for adoration ere the rim
Start like God's spear to ware the world of Him!
Softly!

ESARHADDON. But kiss me!

ASTARTE.

With an eyelash first!

ESARHADDON. Treasure and torture!

ASTARTE.

Tantalising thirst

Makes the draught more delicious. Heaven were worth
Little without the purgatory, earth!

ESARHADDON. You make earth heaven.

ASTARTE.

And heaven hell. To choose thee

Is to interpret misery "To lose thee."

THE EQUINOX

ESARHADDON. Ay! death end all if it must end thy
kiss!

ASTARTE. And death be all if it confirm life's bliss!

ESARHADDON. And death come soon if death fill life's
endeavour!

ASTARTE. And if it spill life's vintage, death come never!

ESARHADDON. The sun sets. Bathe me in the rain of
gold!

ASTARTE. These pearls that decked it shimmering star-cold
Fall, and my hair falls, wreathes an aureole.

Even as thy love encompasses my soul!

ESARHADDON. I am blinded; I am bruised; I am stung.
Each thread

Hisses.

ASTARTE. There's life there for a thousand dead!

ESARHADDON. And death there for a million!

ASTARTE. Even so.

Life, death, new life, a web spun soft and slow

By love, the spider, in these palaces

That taketh hold.

ESARHADDON. Take hold.

ASTARTE. Keen joyaunces

Mix with the multitudinous murmurings,

And all the kisses sharpen into stings.

Nay! shall my mouth take hold? Beware! Once fain,

How shall it ever leave thy mouth again?

ESARHADDON. Why should it?

ASTARTE. Is not sleep our master yet?

ESARHADDON. Why must we think when wisdom would
forget?

ADONIS

ASTARTE. Lest we in turn forget to fill the hour.

ESARHADDON. The pensive bee leaves honey in the flower.

ASTARTE. Now the sun's rim is dipped. And thus I dip
My gold to the horizon of thy lip.

ESARHADDON. Ah! ...

ASTARTE. There's no liquor, none, within the cup.

ESARHADDON. Nay, draw not back; nay, then, but lift
me up.

I would the cup were molten too; I'd drain
Its blasting agony.

ASTARTE. In vain.

ESARHADDON. In vain?

Nay, let the drinker and the draught in one
Blaze up at last, and burn down Babylon!

ASTARTE. All but the garden, and our bed, and—see!
The false full moon that comes to rival me.

ESARHADDON. She comes to lamp our love.

[A chime of bells without.]

ASTARTE. I'll tire my hair.

The banquet waits. Girls, follow me.

[They go out, leaving ESARHADDON.]

ESARHADDON. How fair

And full she sweeps, the buoyant barge upon
The gilded curves of Tigris. She's the swan
That drew the gods to gaze, the fawn that called
Their passion to his glades of emerald,
The maid that maddened Mithras, the quick quiver
Of reeds that drew Oannes from the river! . . .
She is gone. The garden is a wilderness.
Oh for the banquet of the lioness,

THE EQUINOX

The rich astounding wines, the kindling meats,
The music and the dancers! Fiery seats
Of empire of the archangels, let your wings
Ramp through the empyrean! Lords and Kings
Of the Gods, descend and serve us, as we spurn
And trample life, fill death's sardonyx urn
With loves immortal—how shall I endure
This moment's patience? Ah, she comes, be sure!
Her foot flits on the marble. . . . Open, gate!

[*The gate, not of the house but of the garden, opens.
The Lady Psyche appears. She is clothed in deep
purple, as mourning, and her hair is bound with
a fillet of cypress and acacia. She is attended by three
maidens and three aged women.*

What tedious guest arrives?

PSYCHE.

White hour of fate!

I have found him!

ESARHADDON. Who is this? . . . Fair lady, pardon.

You seek the mistress of the garden?

PSYCHE. I thought I had found the lord I seek.

Your pardon, lord. These eyes are weary and weak
With tears and my vain search.

ESARHADDON. Whom seek you then?

PSYCHE. My husband—my sole miracle of men,
The Count Adonis.

[*ESARHADDON staggers and falls on the couch.*

PSYCHE. You know of him?

ESARHADDON.

No.

I cannot tell what struck me so.

I never heard the name.

ADONIS

PSYCHE. Indeed, your eyes
Are liker his than wedded dragon-flies!
Your brows are his, your mouth is his—
Yet all's awry!

ESARHADDON. May be it is!

PSYCHE. Oh, pardon. Mine is but a mad girl's glance
Adonis is this soul's inheritance.
All else is madness.

ESARHADDON. Mad! Mad! Mad! Mad! Mad!
Why say you this? Who are you? Sad? Glad?
Bad?
Bad! Bad! Speak, speak! Bleak peak of mystery?
Weak cheek of modesty?

PSYCHE. Oh, pardon me!
I did not mean to move you thus.

ESARHADDON. I am stirred
Too easily. You used a shameful word!

PSYCHE. Accept my sorrow. I am all alone
In this black night. My heart is stone,
My limbs are lead, mine eyes accurst,
My throat a hell of thirst. . . .
My husband—they suppose him dead. . . .
They made me wear these weeds. Could I
In my heart credit half they said,
Not these funereal robes should wrap me round,
But the white cerements of a corpse, and high
Upon a pyre of sandal and ebony,
Should dare through flame the inequitable profound!
But only these of all mine household come
In faith and hope and love so far from home,

THE EQUINOX

And these three others joined me—why, who knows?
But thou, lord, in whose face his likeness shows—
At the first glance—for now, i' faith, 'tis gone!—
Hast thou dwelt away here in Babylon?

ESARHADDON. Now must I laugh—forgive me in your
sorrow!

My life's not yesterday and not to-morrow.
I live; I know no more.

PSYCHE. How so?

ESARHADDON. I fear
I know but this, that I'm a stranger here.
The call me the Lord Esarhaddon—name
Borrowed or guessed, I cannot tell! I came
Whence I know not—some malady
Destroyed my memory.

PSYCHE. Oh, were you he! But yet I see you are not.
Had you no tokens from the life forgot?

ESARHADDON. Nay, I came naked into Babylon.
I live the starlight and sleep through the sun.
I am happy in love, I am rich, I eat and drink,
I gather goods, I laugh, I never think.
Know me the prince of perfect pleasure!

PSYCHE. Yet
Is there not something that you would forget?
Some fear that chills you? While you talk to me
I see you glance behind you fearfully.

ESARHADDON (*with furtive fear amounting to horror*)
You see the Shadow?

PSYCHE. No: slim shadows stretch
From yonder moon, and woo the world, and etch

ADONIS

With their fantastic melancholy grotesques
The earth—man's destiny in arabesques.
ESARHADDON. You are blind! You are mad! See where
he stands!

It is the King of Babylon,
Reeking daggers in his hands—
And black blood oozes, oozes, throbs and dips
From his eyes and nostrils to his lips
That he sucks, gnashing his fangs. Upon
His head is a crown of skulls, and monkeys new
And gibber and mop about him. Skew! Spew! Ugh!
Hu! Mow! Now! Mow! they go—cannot you
hear them?

What? have you courage to go near them?

PSYCHE. Nothing is there.

ESARHADDON. Oh, but he has the head
Of a boar, the black boar Night! All dead, dead,
dead,
The eyes of girls that once were beautiful
Hang round his neck. Whack! Crack! he slaps a skull
For a drum—Smack! Flack! Thwack! Back, I'll not
attack.

Quack! Quack! there's ducks and devils on his back.
Keep him away. You want a man, you say?
Well, there's a king for you to-day.
Go, kiss him! Slobber over him! His ribs
Should be readily tickled. Wah! Wah! Wah! she jibs.
Ugh! there he came too close. I'll bite the dust;
I'll lick the slime of Babylon. Great lust,
Great god, great devil, gar-gra-gra-gra! Spare me!

THE EQUINOX

Take this wench, though she were the womb that
bare me!

See! Did I tell you, he's the King, the King,
The King of Terrors. See me grovelling!

Yah! Ha!

PSYCHE. There's nothing there. Are you a man
To craze at naught?

ESARHADDON. Immitigable ban!

Immitigable, pitiful, profound—

Ban, can, fan, ran, and pan is underground,

Round, bound, sound—Oh have pity! . . .

Who art thou

Whose coming thus unmans me? Not till now

Saw I, or felt I, or heard I, the King

So mumbling near; black blood's on everything.

Boo! Scow! Be off! Out! Vanish! Fly! Begone!

Out! Off! Out! Off! I'm King of Babylon.

Oh no! Thy pardon. Spare me! 'Tis as a slip

O' th' lip. Now flip! rip! bawdy harlot, skip!

[He threatens her. She trembles, but holds her ground.]

Strip, yes, I'll strip you naked, strip your flesh

In strips with my lips, gnaw your bones like a dog.

Off, sow! Off, grumpet! Strumpet! Scum-pit! Flails
to thresh

Your body! Clubs to mash your face in! Knives

To cut away your cat's nine lives!

ASTARTE. *(Entering hastily.)* What's this? Who are
you? What right have you to come

And make this havoc in the home?

Can you not see what wreck your tempest makes?

THE EQUINOX

The wise—and thou art wise—let naught affect them.
Let us to feast!

ESARHADDON. Ah no! I tremble still,
Despite my reason and despite my will.
Let me lie with thee here awhile, and dream
Upon thine eyes beneath the moon,
Whose slanted beam
Lights up thy face, that sends its swoon
Of languour and hunger through
The infinite space that severs two
So long as they cannot rise above
Into the unity of love.
However close lock hands and feet,
Only one moment may they meet;
When in the one pang that runs level
With death and birth, the royal revel,
The lover and the loved adore
The thing that is, when they are not.

ASTARTE. No more!
Bury thy face between these hills that threat
The heaven, their rosy spears (the gods that fret)
Tipping thine ears, and with my hair I'll hide thee;
And these mine handmaidens shall stand beside thee,
And mix their nightingale with lion
Of the guard that chorus and clash iron,
While as a river laps its banks
My fingertips caress thy flanks!

(Chorus.)

MEN. Under the sun there is none, there is none
That hath heard such a word as our lord hath begun.

ADONIS

WOMEN. Under the moon such a tune, such a tune

As his thought hath half caught in this heaven of June.

MEN. Never hath night such a light, such a rite!

WOMEN. Never had day such a ray, such a sway!

MEN. Never had man, since began the earth's plan,

Such a bliss, such a kiss, such a woman as this!

WOMEN. Never had maid since God bade be arrayed

Earth's bowers with his flowers, such a man to her
powers!

MEN. Mix in the measure,

Black grape and white cherry!

A passion, a pleasure,

A torment, a treasure,

You to be mournful and we to be merry!

WOMEN. We shall be solemn

And grave and alluring,

You be the column

Upstanding, enduring.

We be the ivy and vine

To entwine—

My mouth on your mouth, and your mouth on
mine!

MEN. Burnish our blades

With your veils,

Merry maids!

WOMEN. Sever their cords

With the scales

Of your swords!

MEN. As a whirlwind that licks up a leaf

Let us bear

THE EQUINOX

You, an aureate sheaf
Adrift in the air!

WOMEN. As a butterfly hovers and flits,
Let us guide
To bewilder your wits
Bewitched by a bride!

MEN. Now, as the stars shall
Encircle the moon,
Our ranks let us marshal
In time and in tune!

WOMEN. Leading our lady and lord
To the feast,
Ere the night be abroad,
The black rose of the east!

MEN AND WOMEN. Arise! arise! the feast is spread,
The wine is poured; the singers wait
Eager to lure and lull; the dancers tread
Impatient to invoke the lords of Fate.
Arise, arise! the feast delayed delays
The radiant raptures that must crown its ways.

ASTARTE. Come now. Ah! still the pallor clings?
Wine will redeem the roses. Stretch the strings
Of thy slack heart! Still trembling? Lean on me!
This shoulder could hold up eternity.

[They go forth to the banquet.]

ADONIS

SCENE II. THE HALL OF THE PALACE OF ASTARTE. *Onyx, alabaster, porphyry and malachite are the pillars; and the floor of mosaic. In the high seat is ASTARTE, on her right HERMES, a Greek physician. He is a slight, old man, with piercing eyes and every mark of agility and vigour. His dress is that of a Babylonish physican.*

HERMES. And now, polite preliminaries past,
Tell me, dear lady, what the little trouble is!

ASTARTE. It was quite sudden.

HERMES. Good; not like to last.
It bursts, such malady a brittle bubble is!
How is the pulse? Allow me!

ASTARTE. Not for me
Your skill. My husband's lost his memory.

HERMES. Yet he remembers you?

ASTARTE. O quite, of course!

HERMES. Let it alone! Don't flog the willing horse!
Were I to cure him by my magic spells,
The odds are he'd remember someone else!

ASTARTE. Ah, but—a month ago—a woman came—

HERMES. Cool—warm—hot—now we're getting near
the flame!

ASTARTE. And what she said or did who knows?

HERMES. These men!

ASTARTE. Yes! But he's never been the same since then!
I've taken endless trouble not to fret him,
Done everything I could to please and pet him,
And now this wretched woman has upset him!

THE EQUINOX

HERMES. Was he distressed much at the time?

ASTARTE. Distressed?

Mad as an elephant in spring!

HERMES. I guessed

It. Think he took a fancy to the girl?

ASTARTE. Well, honestly, I don't. My mind's a whirl

With worry. She's a flimsy creature, rags
Of sentiment, and tears, and worn-out tags
Of wisdom.

HERMES. Yes, you've nothing much to fear

While you appear as . . . what you do appear.

ASTARTE. Well, there they stood, crying like butchered
swine,

She and her maids. It seems she's lost her man,
Can't get another, wanted to claim mine.

I put a stopper on the pretty plan.

But ever since—well, I can't say what's wrong,
But something's wrong.

HERMES. Yes; yes. Now is it long?

ASTARTE. About a month.

HERMES. What physic have you tried?

ASTARTE. The usual things; young vipers skinned and
dried

And chopped with rose-leaves; cow's hoof stewed in
dung,

One pilule four times daily, on the tongue;

Lark's brains in urine after every meal,

With just a touch of salt and orange-peel.

HERMES. And yet he is no better?

ASTARTE. Not a whit.

ADONIS

Oh yes, though, not I come to think of it,
Snails pounded up and taken after food
Did seem to do some temporary good.

Of course we kept him on a doubled diet.

HERMES. Have you tried change of air, and rest, and
quiet?

ASTARTE. No; what a strange idea!

HERMES. As strange as new.

Yet there seems somehow something in it too!
Still, here's where silence is worth seven speeches—
I might get strangled by my brother leeches.
Now, are you sure you want him cured?

ASTARTE. Why, yes,

Why should I call you in?

HERMES. But none the less

It might be awkward his remembering more.

ASTARTE. I simply want him as he was before.

HERMES. And if it should turn out, as I suspect,
He was this woman's husband.

ASTARTE. Then select

A—you know—something suitable—to put her
Where she won't worry me, or want a suitor.

HERMES. I understand you; but I'm old; your beauty
Might fail to make me careless of my duty.

ASTARTE. I'll take the risk.

HERMES. Then let me see the victim;
If bound, we'll loosen him; if loose, constrict him.
There, madam, in one phrase from heart to heart,
Lies the whole mystery of the healer's art!
Where is the pathic?

THE EQUINOX

ASTARTE. Hush! in Babylon
We say “the patient.”

HERMES. Yes?

ASTARTE. It’s often one.

For Babylonish is so quaint a tongue
One often goes too right by going wrong!
I’ll call him from the garden. *[Goes out.]*

HERMES. (*alone*). Is there need
To see the man? He’s simply off his feed.
A child could see the way to make him hearty:
More exercise, less food—and less Astarte!

[Enter ESARHADDON.]

I greet your lordship.

ESARHADDON. Greeting, sir!

HERMES. And so
We’re not as healthy as a month ago?
The pulse? Allow me! Ah! Tut! Tut! Not bad.
The tongue? Thanks! Kindly tell me what you had
For dinner.

ESARHADDON. Nothing; practically nothing.
I seem to look on food with utter loathing.

HERMES. Just so; but you contrived to peck a bit?

ESARHADDON. Only a dozen quails upon the spit,
A little sturgeon cooked with oysters, wine,
Mushrooms and crayfish. . . .

HERMES. That is not to dine.

ESARHADDON. Well, after that I toyed with pheasant
pasty,
Sliced—you know how—with pineapple.

HERMES. Eat hasty?

ADONIS

ESARHADDON. No, not at all. Well, then a sucking-pig
Stuffed with grape, olive, cucumber, peach, fig,
And lemon. Then I trifled with a curry—

HERMES. You're sure you didn't eat it in a hurry?

ESARHADDON. Quite sure. The curry was simplicity
Itself—plain prawns. Then there was—let me
see!—

A dish of fruit, then a kid roasted whole,
Some venison fried with goose-liver, a roll
Of very tender spicy well-cooked veal
Done up with honey, olive oil, and meal,
Some sweets, but only three or four, and those
I hardly touched.

HERMES. But why now?

ESARHADDON. I suppose
I wasn't hungry.

HERMES. Diagnosis right;
A simple case of loss of appetite!
Surely they tempted you with something else.

ESARHADDON. A few live lobsters broiled within their
shells.

I ate two only.

HERMES. That explains the tongue.
Now let me listen!

Sound in heart and lung.

(And I should think so!) 'Twas a sage that sung:

“Whom the Gods love, love lobsters; they die
young.”

And yet greater sage sublimely said:

“Look not upon the lobster when it's red!”

THE EQUINOX

ESARHADDON. A Babylonish bard has said the same
Of wine.

HERMES. Ah, wine now? Out with it! Die game!

ESARHADDON. By fin and tail of great Oannes, I
Am the mere model of sobriety.

HERMES. What did you drink for dinner?

ESARHADDON. Scarce a drop
At any time—four flagons, there I stop.
With just a flask of barley-wine to top.

HERMES. Just so becomes a nobleman of sense
Whose moderation errs toward abstinence.

ESARHADDON. Abstinence! That's the word I couldn't
think of!

I'm an abstainer. Everything I drink of
Is consecrated by a melancholic
Priest.

HERMES. Which prevents it being alcoholic!

ESARHADDON. Sir, you appear to understand my case
As no one else has done. Appalling face
These quacks have that crowd Babylon. Your
fee?

Though none can pay the service done to me.

HERMES. One moment. What about your memory?

Well, never mind, just follow my advice;
That will come back before you say "knife" twice.
First, fire your slaves, the rogues that thieve and
laze:

A slave's worse than two masters now-a-days.
Next, live on nothing but boiled beans and tripe,
With once a week a melon—when they're ripe.

ADONIS

Next, sent the Lady Astarte up the river;
She looks to me to have a touch of liver.
And you must teach your muscles how to harden,
So stay at home, and labour in the garden!

ESARHADDON. You damned insulting blackguard! Charlatan!

Quack! Trickster! Scoundrel! Cheating medicine-man!

You ordure-tasting privy-sniffing rogue,
You think because your humbug is the vogue
You can beard me?

HERMES. I'll tell you just one thing.
Disobey me, and—trouble with the King!

ESARHADDON. Ring-a-ling-ting! Ping! Spring!

HERMES. That's cooked his goose.
I'll tell Astarte, though it's not much use. [*He goes out.*]
It's only one more of life's little curses—
The best of women make the worst of nurses!

THE EQUINOX

SCENE III. THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF HERMES. *It has two parts, the first filled with stuffed crocodiles, snakes, astrolabes, skeletons, lamps of strange shape, vast rolls of papyri, vases containing such objects as a fœtus, a mummied child, a six-legged sheep. Hands (obviously those of criminals) have been painted with phosphorus, and give light. Sculptures of winged bulls and bricks inscribed with arrow-head characters are ranged about the walls. A chair of elephant's bones covered with its hide contains the doctor, who is dressed as before in a long black robe covered with mysterious characters. On his head is a high conical cap of black silk dotted with gold stars. In his right hand is a wand of human teeth strung together, in his left a "book" of square palm-leaves bound in silver. At the back of the room is a black curtain completely veiling its second portion. This curtain is covered with cabalistic characters and terrifying images in white.*

[*Enter the servant of HERMES, a negro uglier than an ape. He is immensely long and lean; his body hangs forward, so that his arms nearly touch the ground. He is clad in a tightly fitting suit of scarlet, and wears a scarlet skull-cap. he makes deep obeisance.*]

HERMES. Speak, Hanuman!

HANUMAN. A lady.

[*HERMES nods gravely. Exit HANUMAN.*]

HERMES. Abaoth!

Abraxas! Pur! Pur! Aeou! Thoth!

[*Enter the LADY PSYCHE with one attendant.*"]

ADONIS

Ee! Oo! Uu! Iao Sabaoth!

Dogs of Hell!

Mumble spell!

Up! Up! Up!

Sup! Sup! Sup!

U! Aoth!

Abaoth!

Abraoth!

Sabaoth!

Livid, loath,

Obey the oath!

Ah!

[He shuts the book with a snap.]

You have come to me because you are crossed

In love.

PSYCHE. Most true, sir!

HERMES. Ah! you're Greek!

PSYCHE. As you yourself, sir.

HERMES. Then I've lost

My pains. I need not fear to speak.

I took you for a fool. Ho! veil, divide!

[HANUMAN appears and lays his hand on a cord.]

Things are much pleasanter the other side.

[The doctor throws off his cloak and cap, his straggling white hair and long pointed beard, appearing as a youth dressed fashionably; at the same time the curtain pulled back shows a room furnished with the luxury of a man of the world. A low balcony of marble at the back gives a view of the city, and of the Tigris winding far into the distance, where dim blue mountains rim the horizon.]

THE EQUINOX

[The doctor conducts his client to a lounge, where they sit.]

HERMES. Bring the old Chian, Hanuman!

[The negro goes to obey.]

This joke

Is the accepted way of scaring folk;
And if they're scared, they may find confidence
Which is half cure. Most people have no sense.
If only they would sweat, and wash, eat slow,
Drink less, think more, the leech would starve or go.
But they prefer debauchery, disease,
Clysters, drugs, philtres, filth, and paying fees!
Now then, to business!

PSYCHE. Tell me how you guessed

It was my heart that found itself distressed!

HERMES. I always sing a woman just that song;

In twenty years I've never once been wrong.

Seeing me thus marvellously wise,

Veneration follows on surprise:

Sometime they will do what I advise!

PSYCHE. I see. You have real knowledge.

HERMES. Not to be learnt at college!

PSYCHE. Good; you're my man. I am come from Greece,

Where the Gods live and love us, sorrowing

For my lost husband. I have found him here,

But with his memory gone, his mind distraught,

Living in luxury with a courtesan

(I could forgive him that if he knew me),

Filled with a blind unreasoning fear of what

Who knows? He's haunted by a spectre king.

ADONIS

HERMES. Physicians must know everything:

Half the night burn learning's candle,

Half the day devote to scandal.

Here's the mischief of the matter

That I learn most from the latter!

Yesterday I paid a visit

To the fair . . . Astarte, is it?

Saw the kitchen and the closet,

Deduced diet from deposit,

Saw where silkworm joined with swan

To make a bed to sleep upon,

Saw the crowd of cringing knaves

That have made their masters slaves,

Saw Astarte—diagnosed

What had made him see a ghost!

PSYCHE. Can you cure him?

HERMES. In my hurry

(And a not unnatural worry

At the name of lobster curry)

I so far forgot my duty

As to mention to the beauty

What . . . well! here's the long and short
of it!

Just exactly what I thought of it.

Tempests, by Oannes' fin!

PSYCHE. Sorry that he'd called you in?

HERMES. So much so that I'd a doubt

If he wouldn't call me out!

PSYCHE. Then he will not hear your counsel?

HERMES. No; I bade him live on groundsel;

THE EQUINOX

But the little social friction
Interfered with the prescription.

PSYCHE. There's no hope, then?

HERMES. Lend an ear!

We may rule him by his fear!
Somehow we may yet contrive
That he see the King, and live!
Have you influence?

PSYCHE. At Court?

Plenty, in the last resort.
Letters from his suzerain!

HERMES. You are high in favour then?

PSYCHE. Ay, that needs not to be sworn;

I am his own daughter born.

HERMES. In thy blood the spark divine
Of Olympus?

PSYCHE. Even in mine!

HERMES. Hark, then! At the Hour of Fears

When the lordly Lion rears
In mid-heaven his bulk of bane
Violently vivid, shakes his mane
Majestical, and Snake and Bull
Lamp the horizon, and the full
Fire of the moon tops heaven, and spurs
The stars, while Mars ruddily burns,
And Venus glows, and Jupiter
Ramps through the sky astride of her,
Then, unattended, let the king
Press on the little secret spring
That guards the garden, and entering

THE EQUINOX

SCENE IV: THE ANTECHAMBER OF THE KING'S PALACE. *It is a vast hall of black marble. At the corners four fountains play in basins of coloured marble. At the back a narrow door pillared by vast man-bulls in white marble.*

In mid-stage the LADY PSYCHE, seated on the ground, her long hair unloosed, her robe of shining silver, mourns.

With her are the three handmaidens bowed and mourning at front of the stage R., C., and L. The aged women are grouped in front of stage C., on the steps which lead to the hall.

No light comes save through the robes of the LADY PSYCHE from the jewels that adorn her. Their glimmer is, however, such as to fill the hall with moony radiance, misty dim, and lost in the vastness of the building.

PSYCHE. Silence grows hateful; hollow is mine heart
Here in the fateful hall; I wait apart.
Dimmer, still dimmer darkness veils my sight;
There is no glimmer heralding the light.
I, the King's daughter, am but serf and thrall
Where Time hath wrought her cobweb in the hall.
This blood avails not; where's the signet ring
Whose pussiance fails not to arouse the King?
Heir of his heart, I am uncrowned; then, one
That hath no art or craft in Babylon.
I left my home and found a vassal's house—
This lampless dome of death, vertiginous!
O for the foam of billows that carouse
About the crag-set columns! for the breeze

ADONIS

That fans their flagging Caryatides!
For the gemmed vestibule, the porch of pearl,
The bowers of rest, the silences that furl
Their wings upon mine amethystine chamber
Whose lions shone with emerald and amber!
O for the throne whereon my father's awe,
Lofty and lone, lets liberty love law!
All justice wrought, its sword the healer's knife!
All mercy, not less logical than life!
Alas! I wait a widowed suppliant
Betrayed to fate, blind trampling elephant.
I wait and mourn. Will not the dust disclose
The Unicorn, the Unicorn that goes
About the gardens of these halls of Spring,
First of the wardens that defend the King?
First flower of Spring, first maiden of the morn,
Wilt thou not bring me to the Unicorn?

[The Unicorn passes over. He has the swiftness of the horse, the slimness of the deer, the whiteness of the swan, the horn of the narwhal. He couches upon the right side of the LADY PSYCHE.]

Hail! thou that holdest thine appointed station,
Lordliest and boldest of his habitation,
Silence that foldest over its creation!

[The Lion passes over. He is redder than the setting sun. He couches upon the left side of the LADY PSYCHE.]

Hail! thou that art his ward and warrior,
The brazen heart, the iron pulse of war!
Up start, up start! and set thyself to roar!

THE EQUINOX

[The Peacock passes over. This peacock is so great that his fan, as he spreads it on couching before the face of the LADY PSYCHE, fills the whole of the hall.]

Hail! glory and light his majesty that hideth,
Pride and delight whereon his image rideth,
While in thick night and darkness he abideth!

[The stage now darkens. Even the light shed by the jewels of the LADY PSYCHE is extinguished. Then, from the gate of the Palace between the man-bulls there issueth a golden hawk. In his beak is a jewel which he drops into the lamp that hangs from the height above the head of the LADY PSYCHE. This lamp remains dark. During this darkness the Unicorn, the Lion, and the Peacock disappear.]

Love me and lead me through the blind abysses!
Fill me and feed me on the crowning kisses,
Like flowers that flicker in the garden of glory,
Pools of pure liquor like pale flames and hoary
That lamp the lightless empyrean! Ah! love me!
All space be sightless, and thine eyes above me!
Thrice burnt and branded on this bleeding brow,
Stamp thou the candid stigma—even now!

[The lamp flashes forth into dazzling but momentary radiance. As it goes out a cone of white light is seen upon the head of THE LADY PSYCHE, and before her stands a figure of immense height cloaked and hooded in perfect blackness.]

THE KING. Come! for the throne is hollow. The eagle
hath cried:

Come away! The stars are numbered, and the tide

ADONIS

Turns. Follow! Follow! Thine Adonis slumbered.
As a bride

Adorned, come, follow! Fate alone is fallen and wried.
Follow me, follow! The unknown is satisfied.

[*The LADY PSYCHE is lifted to her feet. In silence she bows, and in silence follows him as he turns and advances to the gate while the curtain falls.*]

SCENE V: THE GARDEN OF THE LADY ASTARTE. THE LORD ESARHADDON *is lying on the couch with his mistress. Their arms are intertwined. They and their slaves and maidens are all fallen into the abysses of deep sleep. It is a cloudless night; and the full moon, approaching mid-heaven, casts but the shortest shadows.*

The Murmur of the Breeze

I am the Breeze to bless the bowers,
Sigh through the trees, caress the flowers;
Each folded bud to sway, to swoon,
With its green blood beneath the moon
Stirred softly by my kiss; I bear
The sort reply of amber air
To the exhaled sighs of the heat
That dreams and dies amid the wheat,
From the cool breasts of mountains far—
Their serried crests clasp each a star!
The earth's pulse throbs with mighty rivers;
With her low sobs God's heaven quivers;

THE EQUINOX

The dew stands on her brow; with love
She aches for all the abyss above,
Her rocks and chasms the lively strife
Of her sharp spasms of lust, of life.
Hark! to the whisper of my fan,
My sister kiss to maid and man.
Through all earth's wombs, through all sea's waves,
Gigantic glooms, forgotten graves,
I haunt the tombs of kings and slaves.
I hush the babe, I wake the bird,
I wander away beyond stars unstirred,
Soften the ripples of the tide,
Soothe the bruised nipples of the bride,
Help stars and clouds play hide-and-peek,
Wind seamen's shrouds, bid ruins speak,
Bring dreams to slumber, sleep to dream
Whose demons cumber night's extreme.
And softer sped than dream or death
Quiet as the dead, or slain love's breath,
I sigh for loves that swoon upon
The hanging groves of Babylon.
Each terrace adds a shower of scent
Where lass and lad seduce content;
Each vine that hangs confirms the stress
Of purer pangs of drunkenness;
Each marble wall and pillar swerves
Majestical my course to curves
Subtle as breasts and limbs and tresses
Of this caressed suave sorceress's
That raves and rests in wildernesses

ADONIS

Whose giant gifts are strength that scars
Her soul and lifts her to the stars,
Savage, and tenderness that tunes
Her spirit's splendour to the moon's,
And music of passion to outrun
The fiery fashion of the sun.
Hush! there's a stir not mine amid the groves,
A foot divine that yet is not like love's.
Hush! let me furl my forehead! I'll be gone
To flicker and curl above great Babylon.

[*The Gate of the Garden opens. THE LADY PSYCHE advances and makes way for THE KING OF BABYLON. He is attended by many companies of warriors in armour of burnished silver and gold, with swords, spears, and shields.*

These take up position at the back of the stage, in perfect silence of foot as of throat.]

[*THE LADY PSYCHE remains standing by the gate; THE KING OF BABYLON advances with infinite stealth, dignity, slowness, and power, toward the couch.*]

PSYCHE. Life? Is it life? What hour of fate is on the bell?

Of this supreme ordeal what issue? Heaven or hell?

I am stripped of all my power now when I need it most;

I am empty and unreal, a shadow or a ghost.

All the great stake is thrown, even now the dice are falling.

All deeds are locked in links, one to another calling

THE EQUINOX

Through time: from the dim throne the first rune that
was ree'd

By God, the supreme Sphinx, determined the last
deed.

[THE KING OF BABYLON *reaches forth his hand and arm. It is the hand and arm of a skeleton. He touches the forehead of the sleeping lord. Instantly, radiant and naked, a male figure is seen erect.*]

PSYCHE. Adonis!

ADONIS. Psyche!

[*They run together and embrace.*]

PSYCHE. Ah! long-lost!

ADONIS. My wife!

Light, O intolerable! Infinite love! O life
Beyond death!

PSYCHE. I have found thee!

ADONIS. I was thine.

PSYCHE. I thine

From all the ages!

ADONIS. To the ages!

PSYCHE. Mine!

[*The KING passes over and departs.*]

Chorus of Soldiers

Hail to the Lord!

Without a spear, without a sword

He hath smitten, he hath smitten, one stroke of his

Worth all our weaponed puissiances.

There is no helm, no hauberk, no cuirass,

No shield of sevenfold steel and sevenfold brass

ADONIS

Resists his touch; no sword, no spear but shivers
Before his glance. Eternally life quivers
And reels before him; death itself, the hound of God,
Slinks at his heel, and licks the dust that he hath trod.

[They follow their Lord, singing.]

PSYCHE. I am a dewdrop focussing the sun
That fires the forest to the horizon.
I am a cloud on whom the sun begets
The iris arch, a fountain in whose jets
Throbs inner fire of the earth's heart, a flower
Slain by the sweetness of the summer shower.

ADONIS. I am myself, knowing I am thou.
Forgetfulness forgotten now!
Truth, truth primeval, truth eternal,
Unconditioned, sempiternal,
Sets the God within the shrine
And my mouth on thine, on thine.

*[THE LADY ASTARTE wakes. In her arms is the corpse of the
LORD ESARHADDON.]*

ASTARTE. O fearful dreams! Awake and kiss me! Awake!
I thought I was crushed and strangled by a snake.

[She rises. The corpse falls.]

He is dead! He is dead! O lips of burning bloom,
You are ashen. *[The jaw falls.]*

The black laughter of the tomb!
Then let me kill myself! Bring death distilled
From nightshade, monkshood. Let no dawn regild
This night. Let me not see the damnèd light
Of day, but drown in this black-hearted night!
Ho, slaves! *[ADONIS and PSYCHE advance to her.]*

ADONIS

PSYCHE. Light's breaking!

ADONIS. Life's great globe of gold!

ASTARTE. Come! let us break our fast.

PSYCHE. My long fast's broken.

ADONIS. Let us talk of love.

PSYCHE. Love's first-last word is spoken.

ADONIS. Nay! but the tides of trouble are transcended.

The word's begun, but never shall be ended.

And through the sun forsake the maiden east,

Life be for us a never-fading feast.

[They go towards the house, singing.]

ALL. The Crown of our life is our love,

The crown of our love is the light

That rules all the region above

The night and the stars of the night;

That rules all the region aright,

The abyss to abysses above;

For the crown of our love is the light,

And the crown of our light is our love.

THE GHOULS
CROQUIS DE CROQUE-MITAINÉ
PAR
ALEISTER CROWLEY

To Gwendolen Otter

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

STANISLAS WASKA, *a virtuoso*

FENELLA LOVELL, *his pupil, a gipsy girl*

M'PHERSON, *the doctor at Foyers*

An Undertaker

THE M'ALISTER, *laird of Boleskine and heritor of the burying-ground*

GEORGE FOSTER, *Fenella's lover*

THE GHOULS

SCENE I: *A bedroom in the hotel at Foyers. A large open window gives on Loch Ness and Meallfavournie, ablaze in the sun. In the bed lies Waska, propped with pillows, his face a ghastly ochre. He is absolutely bald and hairless; all his teeth are gone but the unnaturally long fangs of his canines. By the bed are medicine-bottles on a small table, and on the bed close to his hands, which lie like claws upon the sheets, is his violin-case.*

Over him bends the doctor, a red, burly Scot. By the window stands Fenella, fantastically dressed in red, yellow, and blue, her black hair wreathed with flowers. She is slight, thin, with very short skirts, her spider legs encased in pale blue stockings. Her golden shoes with their exaggerated heels have paste buckles. In her pale face her round black eyes blaze. She is rouged and powdered; her thin lips are painted heavily. Her shoulder-bones stare from her low-necked dress, and a diamond dog-collar clasps her shining throat. She is about seventeen years old. She is standing by a pot of blue china containing a hydrangea, tearing at the blossoms in her nervousness.

THE DOCTOR [*rising and addressing her*]. There is very little likelihood of his regaining consciousness.

THE EQUINOX

FENELLA. He's done for, then?

M'PHERSON. Both lungs gone. I don't know how he's lived this last month.

FENELLA. Oh, he's a tough one. [*Lowering her voice.*] You know, they say he's sold his soul to the devil.

M'PHERSON. If he has, the bill's overdue.

FENELLA. When will he die?

M'PHERSON. One can't say exactly. Maybe an hour, maybe less. Or he might last till morning.

FENELLA. How can I tell?

M'PHERSON. You can't tell. I'll look in again in an hour. I'm off the the laird's; his leddy's near her time. I'll look in as I pass.

FENELLA. All right. I'll wire for the undertaker to come down from Inverness by the afternoon boat.

M'PHERSON. But, Good God! the man isn't dead.

FENELLA. But you say he will be by morning!

M'PHERSON. Anyhow you needn't trouble. He's in the hotel now; he came down this morning for old Mrs Fraser of Stratherrick.

FENELLA. All right. I'll talk to him. [*The doctor goes.*] In an hour's time, then. I hope you'll have something more definite to say—why can't I get into the sunshine? I haven't been out for three days.

M'PHERSON [*at the door*]. Well, you wouldn't have a nurse.

FENELLA. No, I wouldn't. He's my master: I'll never leave him till he's dead. How do I know what she'd do?

M'PHERSON. In an hour then. Good day.

[*He goes out and closes door.*]

THE GHOULS

FENELLA [*crying after him*]. Send that undertaker up if you see him! [*Alone, walking up and down the room nervously.*] I wish I dared touch the Strad! But he's not dead yet. I could finish him if I knew how.

FENELLA. [*Goes to window, and whistles. An answering whistle. FENELLA leans out.*] It's all right, George, I hope. The doctor says it will be over in an hour, or at latest, by morning. You shall lie in my arms all night. I'll drive you mad. I'll play on the Strad at last. You shall die, dear. Do you love me? . . . Yes, I know. O! I can see it in your eyes. Tonight, then. Or to-morrow and for ever! Will you take me to Paris? I should like to live on Montmartre, and set the city on fire while I played, as Nero did. What an orchestra, the roaring flames!

WASKA [*sitting up in bed*]. What the devil are you doing, Fenella? Who are you talking to?

FENELLA. I was talking to myself, master. You haven't been very good company, lately.

WASKA. Ah, you spiteful little beast! If you'd been kind to me I would never have been ill.

FENELLA. I've nursed you.

WASKA. You've stolen my life, damn you, you vampire!

FENELLA. Rubbish!

WASKA. Yes; but I've been with the devil.

FENELLA. What's that?

WASKA. He's given me back my youth and strength.

FENELLA. For what price? What have you to give?

WASKA. Ah yes! I sold my soul for my art. I am to play duets with Paganini in hell. But I've a new trick. I'm to

THE EQUINOX

have you for fifty years, and to find new ways to torture your soul for his pleasure.

FENELLA. You devil! But I'm Christ's; you can't touch me. I'm a virgin! I'm a virgin! He'll save me from you.

WASKA. U! Hu! Hu! you Christ's! I spit!

FENELLA. Yes; you shall roast; I can see your flesh burning and blackening, and smell the stink of it. For ever! For ever! Ha! Ha! Ha!

WASKA. Ah! I've my strength back. You shall come to my bed to-night, Fenella.

FENELLA. Faugh!

WASKA. I've the power at last. You ungrateful little wildcat! Didn't I pick you out of the gutter, and care for you like my own flesh and blood? Didn't I dress you fine, and teach you to dance and play?

FENELLA. You never let me touch the Strad.

WASKA. No; and you never shall. It's the devil's Strad; you shan't touch it. Now, dance for me!

FENELLA. I won't.

WASKA. You will. If you don't I'll put a curse on you! I'll twist your spider-legs with rheumatism!

FENELLA. All right: I'll dance.

[*She dances lightly and gracefully for him. He claps his hands for the time.*]

WASKA. Bravo! Bravo! But put passion into it. You've got to love me now.

FENELLA. Love you! Love a corpse! Love a wrinkled, haggard, toothless old wolf. Filth! Filth! If you had sense enough to know what your own bed was like—this last month.

THE GHOULS

WASKA. You'll sleep in it to-night. I'll get a child on you to-night! An imp! A monster! A thing with horns and hoofs!

FENELLA. You'll die to-night! Your pact's up. Die, stink, rot, you rag! And all the sulphur of hell will never fumigate your soul.

WASKA. I'll beat you for this. Bring me the whip!

FENELLA. Your dog-whip days are done. [*She finds the whip.*] Take that! [*She lashes him across the face. No blood follows the blow.*] See! you've no strength.

[*She gives him a little push. He falls back on the pillow, gasping.*]

WASKA. Now hear me curse you! [A knock at the door.]

FENELLA [*excitedly*]. Come in!

[*The undertaker, hat in hand, comes cringing in.*]

UNDERTAKER. Good evening, miss. I heard you were wanting to see me.

FENELLA. Yes, measure this corpse.

UNDERTAKER. Why, miss, the man's not dead.

FENELLA. He will be to-night.

UNDERTAKER. I'll come again, miss, when I hear from the doctor. [*He turns to go.*]

WASKA [*rising*]. Yes! it's true, you! But mark me, you can make no boards tough enough nor clamps of steel to hold me! There's no grave deep enough to bury me, no earth that will lie on me. I'm the devil's fiddler, Mr Undertaker! Now am I afraid, or are you?

UNDERTAKER. I see he's not in his right mind, miss. Consumptives is often like that at the last. [*He goes out.*]

WASKA. It's true, Fenella, I'm dying. I lied to you.

THE EQUINOX

Now come here! D'ye see, I'm tired of my bargain. I'm afraid of hell. Look you, here's my plan. You'll bury the Strad with me, and maybe, when the trumpet sounds, if I play the "Messiah," Christ'll hear me, and take me up to heaven. There's not many fiddlers like me either in heaven or on earth. Paganini's in hell; you can hear it in his music; he's writhing and roasting in hell, I say. Shouldn't that be enough for Master Satan?

FENELLA. I don't care where you are, so long as you're out of here. The Strad's mine, you promised it to me. You swore it on the holy cross!

WASKA. Only if you slept with me. I'm not to be cheated. I'm not the one to give something for nothing, damn you for a greedy, heartless wench.

FENELLA. Damn you! Before you're cold I'll play your dirge on it; and it shall sound like a wedding march.

WASKA. Oh no! you won't! Come closer! [*She obeys.*] Here, you've never seen this. [*He takes a little wooden cross from under the pillow.*] It's the wood of the True Cross! Now swear, or I'll curse you! Take it in your hand! Say it after me.

[*She takes the cross and repeats the oath after him.*]

I, Fenella Lovell, the gipsy, swear by my soul's salvation and by the blessed wood of the holy rood, to bury my master's violin with him—don't falter, damn you!—and if I don't, may Christ spit me out, Christ spit me out, and may I fall into hell and be roasted for ever by devils with pitchforks, Amen! And on earth may my hair fall out, and my eyes rot in my head, and the lupus eat my nose, and the cancer eat

THE GHOULS

my tongue, and my throat be twisted, and my lungs wither away, and my heart be torn out, and my liver be eaten by worms, and my bowels be thrown to the dogs. May my skin be white with the leprosy, and my blood corrupted with the plague, and my bones rotted with the pox; so hear me, blessed Christ, Amen! [FENELLA *falls fainting*.

She won't dare now!

[*A knock at the door. M'PHERSON follows it.*

Now, doctor, I'm your man!

[*He falls back on the pillows. The doctor rushes forward, and makes his examination.*]

M'PHERSON. Dead this time, and no error! Come, Miss Lovell, bear up! [*He lifts FENELLA.*

FENELLA. Dead, did you say?

M'PHERSON. I'm sorry to say so.

FENELLA. O, if it had only come ten minutes earlier! . . . Go! Leave me! Send the people to do what must be done!

M'PHERSON. I'm thinking you'd be the better for a doze of physic yourself.

FENELLA. Do you think the priest can take off dead men's curses?

M'PHERSON. I'm afraid that's hardly in my line. But I'll send for a priest from Fort Augustus. I suppose he was a Catholic?

FENELLA. He was a devil from hell. Oh go! Go! Leave me to horror and to fear. I could kiss death: it's life I shrink from. Go! Please go!

M'PHERSON. It's the kindest thing I can do. But I'll look in later.

FENELLA. Bury it with him! Oh, if I dared once touch it,

THE EQUINOX

I'd dare steal it. But I can't It's too horrible. They say there are folk who don't fear curses. If I could sell my soul as he did—but how shall I get the devil to hear me? There's a way. But I don't know it. Bury it with him? And—oh! blessed god! thou hast saved me—I see! I see!

[She runs to the window.

George! George! He's dead—come up! I've something to tell you. Quick!

[She dances to the door and impatiently flings it open.

GEORGE FOSTER *comes running up the stairs. He is a sturdy youth with a fat face, long blonde hair, and dull eyes. She throws her arms round him and covers him with kisses and bites.*]

GEORGE. Don't Fenella darling! You hurt!

FENELLA. The old devil's done for. I'm yours! And the Strad's mine, if you're brave! Oh! kiss me! kiss me! kiss me!

GEORGE. Ought we to make love when he's lying dead?

FENELLA. Oh, your oughts! Did your nurse never tell you that ought stands for nothing?

GEORGE. Anyhow, I don't like it

FENELLA. He's dead! Can a dead man see and hear? Look! I spit in the filthy face—does he whip me as he used, and curse me? Ah, but he cursed me! And that's where you must help.

GEORGE. I'll help you in anything.

FENELLA. It's a dreadful thing! But you can win me!

FENELLA. It's a dreadful thing! But you can win me!

GEORGE. I won you long ago.

FENELLA. Not that much! *[She flicks her fingers.]* But if you'll get the Strad for me, I'm yours for ever!

THE GHOULS

GEORGE. Then we'll take it.

FENELLA. O! but I've sworn to bury it with him.

GEORGE. Get the priest to absolve you. I suppose he forced you to swear.

FENELLA. Oh no! I swore it on the wood of the True Cross. But I didn't swear not to get it afterwards!

GEORGE. Get it afterwards?

FENELLA. Yes; dig him up and take it!

GEORGE. O! I couldn't. It's too horrible. You mustn't ask me to do a thing like that.

FENELLA. Well, then, I'll get someone else.

GEORGE. No! I'll do it.

FENELLA. Swear to me!

GEORGE. By the body of Christ, I'll do it.

FENELLA. Then kiss me! Come, where he can see us!

GEORGE. He can't see us. He's dead.

FENELLA. His soul can see.

GEORGE. Those filthy eyes of his glare like a devil's still.

FENELLA. Kiss me! Then we'll put pennies on them. [*She does so.*] That horrible dropped jaw looks as if he were laughing. He used always to laugh hollow, like curses ringing and echoing in the dome of hell.

GEORGE. Let's tie it up with a handkerchief! [*A knock.*

FENELLA. Come in! [*Enter the UNDERTAKER as before.*

UNDERTAKER. Pardon, miss, the doctor told me as how the angel'ad passed.

FENELLA. Yes: he's dead. Measure him. That violin has to be buried with him. He was always afraid of being buried alive; make a very thin shell, so that it can be opened easily.

THE EQUINOX

UNDERTAKER. Right, miss. I'll finish it with short nails. If he was to struggle, it'd come open easy.

FENELLA. Just what I want.

UNDERTAKER. Pardon, miss, but I hope he died easy.

FENELLA. It's never very difficult, is it? I think there are only three people in history who failed at it.

UNDERTAKER. O, miss, I meant right with his Maker.

FENELLA. He was a good Catholic, and believed in the resurrection of the body. So do I. Now we'll leave you to your work.

[She takes GEORGE'S arm, and runs off with him down stairs.]

UNDERTAKER. A precious old 'un, and by the looks of him a precious bad 'un.

CURTAIN.

THE GHOULS

SCENE II: *The Burying-ground at Boleskine. It is very ancient; the walls are lined with tombs whose tablets have been scarred by bullets. At the back, in mid-stage, is a little tower with a window, intended for a watcher in the days when body-snatching was common. There are many tombs and stones; bones lie here and there, for the digging of every fresh grave disinters several dead.*

It is entered by a wooden grate between square stone pillars on the left, near front of stage. It being the height of summer in the northern Highlands, it is fairly light, although cloudy and moonless.

Near the centre is the fresh tomb of Stanislas Waska, loose earth piled into a mound. The foot of the mound faces the footlights. The gate is opened by FENELLA, fearfully advancing, followed by GEORGE with a spade.

They tip-toe in silence to the new grave, then stop and listen.

FENELLA. All right. Get along. Every second increases the danger.

GEORGE. I'll work; you listen.

[He sets to work to shovel away the loose earth.]

FENELLA. I can hear half way to Foyers on the road.

GEORGE. Yes; you have perfect ears.

FENELLA. No nonsense now. Don't strike the spade in like that; you'll wake the country.

[The howl of a bull-dog, exactly like the crying of a child, is heard far off.]

GEORGE. All right. It's only that damned dog of M'Alister's. He does it every night.

FENELLA. He sees the ghost of old Lord Lovat.

THE EQUINOX

GEORGE. Old Lord Lovat?

FENELLA. Yes; they beheaded him after the '45. He rolls his head up and down the corridors.

GEORGE. Pleasant pastime!

FENELLA. What else is a man to do?

GEORGE. What's that tapping? *[He stops to listen.*

FENELLA. Go on! It's only the old woman.

GEORGE. What old woman?

FENELLA. Her son was a lunatic. They let him out cured, as they thought. His mother came up here with him to lay flowers on his father's grave; and he caught her legs and smashed her brains against the wall.

GEORGE. Oh damn it!

FENELLA. You baby! So ever since she comes from time to time to try and pick her brains off the wall.

GEORGE. I'm damned if I like this job. Here, hang the fiddle; let's get out.

FENELLA. The last you'll see of me if you do. There, you're nearly through with the first bit. Hullo! there's a cart.

GEORGE. By God, yes. It's coming this way.

FENELLA. They're bound to see us. Come along; we'll hide in the lookout.

[They go up stage and enter the narrow door of the tower.

The noise of the cart increases. By and by one distinguishes two drunken voices singing "We are na fou'." They grow very loud and die away again.

[Re-enter FENELLA and GEORGE.

GEORGE. That's better. I don't mind carts and Scotchmen. It's your ghosts I'm afraid of.

FENELLA. Get on, then! *[He sets to work again.*

THE GHOULS

FENELLA. [*sings in a low voice*]—

The ghost is chilly in his shroud:—
Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!
His bones are rattling in the wind;
His teeth are chattering with the cold;
For he is dead, and out of mind,
And oh! so cold!

He walks and walks and wraps his shroud
(Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!)
Around his bones. He shivers and glares,
For hell is in his heart stone-cold—
What is the use of spells and prayers
To one so cold?

The dogs howl when they scent his shroud.
Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!
The village lads and lasses feel
A breath of bitter wind and cold
Blow from those bones of ice and steel
So cold! So cold!

GEORGE. My God, Fenella, I think you want to drive me mad.

FENELLA. Not here, dear. Come, there's nobody about. You may kiss me, for there's the wood of the coffin.

GEORGE. O don't let us lose time!

FENELLA. No! I'll keep time.

[*She dances fantastically to the rhythm of his shovelling.*]

THE EQUINOX

GEORGE. Don't. You've got all my nerves on edge.
What's that? *[He starts violently.]*

FENELLA. A nerve, I suppose. Come now. I'll take this end.

[They lift out the coffin. She produces a chisel.]

And now to crack the nut! Good old undertaker! He's done his job beautifully.

[The lid of the coffin comes off; they set it aside.]

GEORGE. And there's the Strad for my darling!

[He gives her the violin, and kisses her.]

FENELLA. Ah! my beauty, my beauty! Mine at last. Don't kiss me, you fool! It's the Strad that I love, not you. Put the lid back quick! We'll be off!

GEORGE. So that's the thanks I get, curse you, it is? I've a jolly good mind to smash the beastly thing.

FENELLA. You dare! Don't be a fool, George! All my love when we're back safely. Take the lid!

[A whistle is heard, off.]

... Oh, my God! ...

[A cry off: "Heel, Shiva, heel!"]

GEORGE. It's the M'Alister with his cursed bloodhounds! What does he want at this time o'night?

FENELLA. Oh, he's mad as a March Hare!

GEORGE. He's the heritor of the graveyard. If he comes, we're done for! Oh God! Oh God! What shall we do?

FENELLA. Do? Why, tell him the whole story. He's a good chap and an artist. He'll understand that you can't bury the third best Strad in the world! And, besides, I'll make love to him.

GEORGE. You treacherous whore!

THE GHOULS

FENELLA. Always a gentleman! I tell you what, my friend. I'm my own mistress now, and tired of being yours.

GEORGE. I wish I'd cut my hand off rather than helped you.

FENELLA. Cut your stupidity off, and your talk. Here's the laird on the road now.

[THE M'ALISTER *appears leaning on the fence.*

THE M'ALISTER. Hullo! what are you doing in my graveyard, young lady?

FENELLA. Digging up a corpse. . . . Why, it's the M'Alister!

THE M'ALISTER. Yes. Isn't that Miss Lovell? Fine night, isn't it? I suppose you don't want any help? All right.

GEORGE. O thank you, sir. Thank you, sir.

FENELLA. Never mind my poor friend: he's not used to this sort of thing—shut up, will you, you fool! May I come up to tea to-morrow?

THE M'ALISTER. Oh, come to lunch, and we'll try for a rabbit afterwards. Good night! One o'clock. Er—this ghoulish act, you know! I should hurry over the meal; there may be all sorts of asses about.

FENELLA. Thanks so much. Good night. Get on, George.

[THE M'ALISTER *goes off.*

You idiot! You nearly spoil everything.

GEORGE. It's all right.

FENELLA. Yes, no thanks to you! Get on with the work.

[*Loud laughter, off, distant.*

Lord, there's fools abroad! Workmen from Foyers, I should think. [*Points off, L.*] And, yes, there's folk from

THE EQUINOX

Inverfarigaig, too. [*Points off, R.*] I can hear them talking—religion, of all things!

GEORGE. We're caught like rats in a trap! Let's get into the tower!

FENELLA. And leave the body there? We've no time. Blessed Saints of God! I have it. What a fool you are! They're not fond of the road just here, the best of times. Ill try the first kisses of my beauty [*She reaches for the violin*].—if that doesn't frighten them, I'm a Dutchman!

GEORGE. Oh how clever you are!

FENELLA. Even if they come and see us, they'll think we're devils.

GEORGE. So you are, Fenella!

[*She has taken the violin from its case and begins to play. In a few moments two bearded men enter R. and look over the wall.*]

THE MEN. Lord, save us!

[*They flee in terror.*]

FENELLA. Saved! The only thing now is the Foyers men: they may be too drunk to be afraid!

[*She plays again, a wilder melody. Both she and GEORGE lose themselves in the beauty of the music. STANISLAS WASKA suddenly sits up in his coffin, and tears off the wrappings. A horrible grin distorts his face, and with a choking roar he leaps at GEORGE, catching him by the throat.*]

WASKA. Go on, Fenella! You were worthy of the Strad, after all.

[*She shrieks and drops the fiddle. GEORGE goes limp, strangled.*]

I've killed your lover, my fine virgin. I heard every word

THE GHOULS

you said, I watched every filthy kiss till you put the pennies on my eyes. The devil told the truth after all.

[FENELLA, *breaking from her stupor, starts to flee, WASKA stumbles to his feet, roaring, and chases her among the tombs. She trips and falls. He catches her up and carries her to the tower. They disappear.*]

Stop your shrieking, harlot! You'll only drive the folk away! Ah! we'll have a fine new story of Boleskine graveyard.

Satan! Satan! Satan! I thank thee! Thou hast kept thy word and I'll keep mine!

Satan! Satan! Satan! Oh, the bliss! Fenella, mine, mine! Fenella!

[*He thrusts the corpse of FENELLA half through the window, where it hangs limp.*]

Mine she was, by God, though I'm dead this hour!

[*He comes out, staggering, falls over a mound, crawls on hands and knees to his grave.*"]

Satan! what a morsel! what a bonne bouche! What a savoury to wind up life's feast!

Well, here's my coffin. There's no place like home. I must play my own dirge. [*He seats himself in it.*]

[*He takes the violin, and plays a dirge.*]

This time it's the real thing. No play, no pay. I've had my fun, and here's the price of it. [*He plays again.*]

And now Good night.

[*Clasping the fiddle to his breast, he lies down in the coffin. Silence; then the death-rattle. WASKA half rises, and falls dead. A pause.*]

[*Enter THE M'ALISTER, at the gate.*]

THE EQUINOX

THE M'ALISTER. Too much shrieking and fiddling from my pretty little ghou. I wonder what's happened.

[He enters the graveyard, and approaches the grave.]

Nobody here! Who's that?

[Bends over the corpse of GEORGE, and examines it.]

Why, you're dead, my poor, putrid poopstick. Died of too much brains—I don't think. *[Goes up stage to tower.]*

Good God! Fenella! What are you doing there?

[He takes her hand.]

Dead, too. Died of too much—temperament, I'm betting.

Well, there's nothing alive here but the fiddle.

I'll follow my usual rule and obey the Scriptural injunction to let the dead bury their dead. But I'm heritor of this graveyard, and I think I'll inherit this fiddle.

[He packs it into its case, tucks it under his arm, and goes out.]

All right, Shiva! Nothing the matter! Home, boy!

[He starts to whistle a jig.]

CURTAIN.

THE FOUR WINDS

THE South wind said to the palms:
My lovers sing me psalms;
But are they as warm as those
That Laylah's lover knows?

The North wind said to the firs:
I have my worshippers;
But are they as keen as hers?

The East wind said to the cedars:
My friends are no seceders;
But is their faith to me
As firm as his faith must be?

The West wind said to the yews:
My children are pure as dews;
But what of her lover's muse?

So to spite the summer weather
The four winds howled together.
But a great Voice from above
Cried: What do you know of love?

Do you think all nature worth
The littlest life upon earth?

THE EQUINOX

I made the germ and the ant,
The tiger and elephant.

In the least of these there is more
Than your elemental war.

And the lovers whom ye slight
Are precious in my sight.

Peace to your mischief-brewing!
I love to watch their wooing.

Of all this Laylah heard.
Never a word.

She lay beneath the trees.
With her lover at her knees.

He sang of God above
And of love.

She lay at his side
Well satisfied,

And at set of sun.
They were one.

Before they slept her pure smile curled;
“God bless all lovers in the World!”

And so say I the self-same word;
Nor doubt God heard.

INDEPENDENCE

COME to my arms—is it eve? is it morn?
Is Apollo awake? Is Diana reborn?
Are the streams in full song? Do the woods whisper hush
Is it the nightingale? Is it the thrush?
Is it the smile of the autumn, the blush
Of the spring? Is the world full of peace or alarms?
Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

Come to my arms, though the hurricane blow.
Thunder and summer, or winter and snow,
It is one to us, one, while our spirits are curled
In the crimson caress: we are fond, we are furred
Like lilies away from the war of the world.
Are there spells beyond ours? Are there alien charms?
Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

Come to my arms! is it life? is it death?
Is not all immortality born of your breath?
Are not heaven and hell but as handmaids of yours
Who are all that enflames, who are all that allures,
Who are all that destroys, who are all that endures?
I am yours, do I care if it heals me or harms?
Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

SNOWSTORM

A TRAGEDY

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PROLOUGE.

HERMANN, *an Old Woodcutter*

GRIZEL, *his Wife*

DANIEL, *Groom in the stables of* ERIK, *Prince of Fiordland*

SNOWSTORM

PROLOGUE

The scene represents the cottage of the woodcutter. It is surrounded by an infinity of pine trees, giving an impression of great dreariness and monotony. The cottage, on the contrary, is extremely cheerful, almost gay. Loving care has been employed to decorate it and to keep it excellently tidy. There is only a very small clearing about the cottage, and a natural path through the wood.

The daylight is slowly fading throughout the scene.:

Enter by the path the woodcutter and his wife, whose names are HERMANN and GRIZEL. They carry heavy loads of wood.

HERMANN. Terrible hard times. The days and the ways get longer, and the wood harder to cut, and harder to sell.

GRIZEL. Ay, but the fowls do well. And they do say the Prince may come to the lodge again soon.

HERMANN. For a day or two. What's that?

GRIZEL. And then there's always George.

HERMANN. Yes; he's head waiter now.

GRIZEL. I mistrusted the lad's going to the big town. Terrible dangerous are those cities for an honest boy.

THE EQUINOX

HERMANN. Oh! he's a good lad. He's doing well.

GRIZEL. He will soon have a beer-house of his own.

HERMANN. Ah! that's as may be.

[They throw down their wood by the door of the cottage.]

GRIZEL. He's our own good lad.

[She goes in and busies herself with the fire, etc.]

HERMANN. What's for supper to-night, lass?

GRIZEL. Peas and bacon. And some of the beer George sent us.

HERMANN. Good! Good!

It's a hard life, lass, woodcutting. Do you mind the day we wed?

GRIZEL. Nigh thirty years ago. Ye were going to be the Prince's Forester, I mind.

HERMANN. Ah, youth! Life is harder than our dreams tell us.

GRIZEL. That's you men. You must always be dreaming. Cowards, I call you.

HERMANN. No, lass, I see the hardness of life just as much as you do. There's only one thing good enough to take us through it. And that's love.

GRIZEL. Ay, lad.

HERMANN. We've never fallen out, lass?

GRIZEL. I mind the first day ye laid the shaft of the big axe to my back.

HERMANN. Summer lightning, lass. I gave ye no more than ye deserved.

GRIZEL. Ah!

HERMANN. To dance with a low blacksmith! Damn ye, ye were aye a forward wench.

SNOWSTORM

GRIZEL. And what of the fair at Stormwald last month?

[She lights the lamp in the cottage.]

HERMANN. Ay, in Stormwald the girls are fine.

GRIZEL. If I did clout ye with the fire-shovel, ye deserved it.

HERMANN. No harm, lass, no harm if the girls of Stormwald know a proper man.

GRIZEL. Bah! ye white-headed old sinner. Do ye think I'm afraid of them? And you no better than *(she comes out of the cottage)* this old bundle of wood. Drybones!

HERMANN. We've been happy, lass.

[She sits on the bundle of wood by his side.]

GRIZEL. Ay, lad, love's all in life.

HERMANN. It's something to look back on, now that the twilight gathers.

GRIZEL. With you, lad, I don't fear the dark.

HERMANN. George is a fine boy.

GRIZEL. If only Gretel had not died.

HERMANN. God knows best, dear lass!

GRIZEL. Ay, God knows best. But I wish he wouldn't interfere.

HERMANN. Lass! Lass!

GRIZEL. Ye don't understand. A man's aye ready with his God. A wife cares naught for God or for her man, but only for her bairns.

[HERMANN is beginning to weep.]

It's good you can weep still. You had a true heart, a woman's heart. Ye old fool!

[She brushes away her own tears.]

HERMANN. Always my own goodwife! Hark! There's a horse in the forest.

THE EQUINOX

GRIZEL. Some fool of a forester.

HERMANN. A forester wouldn't come here at this time o'night.

GRIZEL. Here he is, whoever it is.

[*A voice off.* "Hillo—ho! Goodman woodcutter, do you live underground?"]

HERMANN (*calling*). Take the path to your left. Tie up your horse at the turning.

GRIZEL. What did I tell you? The prince is coming to the lodge and we shall sell all our wood!

HERMANN. I hope we may. . . . Here he comes. You're right, maybe. It's the prince's livery. [*Enter DANIEL.*

DANIEL. Tum-ti-um-ti-um-tum! Good day and be damned to you, goodman!

HERMANN. Fine day, sir. What d'ye want?

DANIEL. Logs, wooden-head! Great, fat, roaring pine-logs, oozing with sap! Logs, by God, and ho! for the bonny winter!

HERMANN. Ay! so the Prince is come hunting.

DANIEL. No, you old rascal. Mind your own business! Do you think I am the trusted confidant of His Highness through blabbing his affairs?

HERMANN. Beg pardon, Excellency! I mistook your Excellency for that damned, cheating groom, Daniel.

DANIEL. You old ruffian! Well, shut your head, and bring the logs up.

HERMANN. When?

DANIEL. Now.

HERMANN. All right. (*Calls.*) Wife, shoulder the biggest bundle of logs up to the lodge.

SNOWSTORM

GRIZEL (*within*). All right.

HERMANN. And what's the news of the court?

DANIEL. Nothing beyond the usual, goodman. The Princess is so-so—so-so. The Duke left last week. We've been dull, dull.

HERMANN. And what's the madcap Prince been up to?

DANIEL. Our good Prince is busied as ever with the high cares of the Fatherland.

GRIZEL. Nasty, tricky, little beast, I think I do! Always after the girls.

DANIEL. Insolent woman! His Highness is devoted as ever to the Princess Maud.

GRIZEL. None of your theatre girls, all legs, oh no!

HERMANN. Hold your scolding tongue, woman! Get the gentleman a glass of beer!

[She puts down the load and goes in.]

DANIEL. Thanks, good man. Well, between ourselves, man and man, I don't mind telling you, there's a fair old how-d'ye-do.

HERMANN. Ah! I thought that now.

DANIEL. A real jamboree! A good old buster!

HERMANN. Ha! Ha!

DANIEL. That's really what we're here for. I'm telling you. Oh yes, I'm telling you! Lord God Almighty! It's a rare old jinkytoodleray!

HERMANN. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

DANIEL. Three weeks ago we were on horseback.

HERMANN. Ay!

DANIEL. Outside the Opera.

HERMANN. Ho!

THE EQUINOX

DANIEL. In a dark little street off the Axelstrade.

HERMANN. Hillo-ho!

DANIEL. Masked.

HERMANN. Whew!

DANIEL. Jee! Armed.

HERMANN. Armed!

DANIEL. To the teeth.

HERMANN. Whew.

DANIEL. With a led horse.

HERMANN. He! He!

DANIEL. And we stopped the carriage of pretty Nerissa Waldstern, and kidnapped her—What d'ye think o' that?

HERMANN. Ye gay young devils! Well, I've done as much myself in my day.

DANIEL. So we dragged her off screaming, and have been keeping out of the way ever since. Oh! I tell you she was a tigress; but he made her love him, somehow. So we're coming back into society. A month's hunting at the Lodge here, for the first step.

[Enter GRIZEL with the beer. They all drink.]

HERMANN. And what does the Princess say to it?

DANIEL. Haven't heard. But I suppose she's about crazy mad.

GRIZEL. So she might be, with her waster of a husband.

HERMANN. Oh! he's a good Prince. But perhaps his wife's a Tartar like some I know!

DANIEL. Here, none of your insolence to their Highnesses! Thanks, goodman, I'll be off. Hurry up to the lodge with those logs! *[Goes off.]*

SNOWSTORM

HERMANN. Ay! I'll load the mule now!

GRIZEL. What mule d'ye mean?

HERMANN. The cross-tempered, two-legged beast!

[He picks up bundle and puts it on her back. She drops it, and, catching up a faggot, belabours him. He ultimately gets it from her, and returns her blows. During the fight they interchange compliments.]

HERMANN. Old scarecrow!

GRIZEL. Cross-eyed satyr!

HERMANN. Wizened witch!

GRIZEL. Pig-dog!

HERMANN. Humped old sow!

GRIZEL. I'll make ye grin the other side of your face, ye monkey!

HERMANN. Black-faced old scavenger!

GRIZEL. Pot-bellied beerswiller!

HERMANN. Ye blasted lying old whore! Take that!

GRIZEL. Dirty bastard! White-headed old crocodile!

[Both being out out of breath, they sit down and begin to cry.]

HERMANN. I meant no harm, wife, but you angered me.

GRIZEL. Ay! it's always my fault.

HERMANN. No, lass. It was that filthy fellow from the lodge that came between us.

GRIZEL. The breath of a Court is ruin to simple happiness.

HERMANN. Well, kiss, lass!

THE EQUINOX

GRIZEL. There, lad! *[They kiss.*

And now, we'd better get the wood up to the lodge.

[They each shoulder a bundle and move amicably off.]

And now, what was he telling you about the Prince?

HERMANN. Ah! that's a State secret!

[At the corner of path.]

GRIZEL. Well, you'll have to tell me! *[Exeunt.]*

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN ACT I

ERIK, *Prince of Fiordland*

MAUD, *his wife*

NERISSA, *a Violinist*

HEINDRIK, *a Captain of Infantry, attached to the person of the Princess*

FOUR OFFICERS, *junior to Heindrick*

GUSTAVE, *Confidential Servant to Erik*

DANIEL, *a Groom to Erik*

ACT I

WINTER

A northern country. A lodge in the forest. There is a glass outbuilding, luxuriously furnished and decorated. A dining-table with two chairs. Two lounge chairs and a smaller table.

PRINCE ERIC *and* NERISSA *have just finished dinner, and are chatting inaudibly, leaning across the table. He kisses her.*

The Steward GUSTAVE *enters with coffee and liqueurs which he places on the small table. He goes out.*

The PRINCE *takes NERISSA under his arm to the lounge chairs. On the way they pass the door, go into the garden, look up at the sky, and shiver.*

ERIK. Snow to-night, snow-maiden!

NERISSA. Yes.

THE EQUINOX

ERIK. But . . . [He points to the house.

NERISSA. Yes. [She laughs.

ERIK. Let us go in.

[He takes her to chairs, where they sit and drink coffee, etc.

Enter L., an officer in furs, HEINDRICK. He watches them for a while in silence, makes a sign of warning to someone in the background, and retires discreetly.]

[ERIK touches a bell. Enter GUSTAVE.

ERIK. Put out the big lights.

GUSTAVE. Yes, Highness.

[He goes out and does so. In the balcony is only the rosy glow of shaded lamps in the roof.]

[Enter HEINDRIK, L. This time he beckons to his companions.

[Enter PRINCESS MAUD. She is muffled in dark furs. Four officers follow. They are among the pines.]

HEINDRIK. Your Highness was perfectly right.

MAUD. I cannot see properly. I must see with my own eyes.

HEINDRIK. Your Highness should not venture nearer.

MAUD. I must see.

HEINDRIK. Then let us creep through the pines and watch from behind the fountain.

MAUD *with a gesture of haughty disgust*]. Ah-h! . . .
Lead on. [They go through the pines and stand watching.

MAUD. I cannot see yet. Let us go to the doorway.

HEINDRIK. It is dangerous, Highness.

MAUD. I am dangerous. [She goes stealthily forward and kneels at the door, looking through. HEINDRIK follows her. He has drawn his sword. ERIC and NERISSA are now in each

SNOWSTORM

other's arms. MAUD nods and rises; they retire to the fountain.]

MAUD. So! I have seen. Is everything prepared?

HEINDRIK. Your Highness will find everything in order.

[A baying of great hounds.]

HEINDRIK. Back, Highness!

[They disappear among the pines, and go off L.]

ERIK. The dogs are uneasy to-night. I am uneasy. I am going to finish my cigar in the forest. No; you must not come. My snow-maiden will take cold.

[He kisses her and goes into the house, presently reappearing C., with three immense grey boarhounds on leash. He looses them; they scamper about and return at his whistle.]

ERIK. Gustave!

[Enter GUSTAVE C. ERIK throws the leash to him.]

GUSTAVE leashes them and goes off C. ERIK goes to window, and watches NERISSA, who is lying back half asleep. Then he opens door, and calls.]

ERIK. Nerissa!

[She jumps up.]

NERISSA. Erik!

ERIK. Get your fiddle, dewdrop! I want you to play me the "Abendlied."
[She runs into house.]

ERIK *[sings]*:

'Twas I that found the icicle on the lip of the crevasse:

'Twas I that found the gentian on the mountain pass:

'Twas I that found the fire to melt the maiden of the
snow:

'Twas I that plucked the flower—and I wear it, so!

[Placing his hand on his heart.]

THE EQUINOX

Nerissa drew the crystal spring from the music wells that slumbered;

Nerissa drew my tears till the angels were outnumbered;
And I with trapper's forest-lore, and fisher's craft and wiles,
Hunted the shy bird of her soul, a secret spring of smiles.

[Snow begins to fall slowly in the garden.]

The April dawn of love awoke Nerissa's snowy mountain;
The sun of passion thawed at last the frozen fountain;
And I, who shared a sterile throne, share now a blissful bower—
Nerissa, oh Nerissa! God preserve this hour!

[He sees NERISSA has returned and is standing at the door.]

ERIK. Go in, child! It is cold. See, the snow is beginning to fall.

[He joins her. They enter. He locks and bolts the door. ERIK throws himself into a chair.]

ERIK. Now, sweetheart, the "Abendlied."

[NERISSA plays. During her performance HEINDRIK has again entered stealthily, and watches.]

ERIK. And now!

[He takes NERISSA into house, and switches off light. HEINDRIK gives a warning sign to his companions. The light goes up in the room above. Enter C., GUSTAVE, advances quietly to fountain, and stands waiting. HEINDRIK whistles softly.]

GUSTAVE. Advance. All is safe.

[HEINDRIK advances. They greet each other, but without shaking hands.]

GUSTAVE. Have you the money?

HEINDRIK. Here.

SNOWSTORM

GUSTAVE. Let me count it.

[*He presses the spring of an electric torch, and examines the bag which HEINDRIK hands to him.*]

GUSTAVE. A thousand, two, three, four—no, five, six, seven. Don't be so suspicious, Captain, I shall not run away. Ten. Right. And the gold? Ah, the jolly rouleaux. It is in order.

HEINDRIK. The key.

GUSTAVE. Here it is. [*Gives it.*] And the stuff for the dogs?

HEINDRIK. Poor Tiger, and Baresark, and Odin!

[*Gives a packet.*]

GUSTAVE. One doesn't make omelettes without breaking eggs. I will be ready for you in ten minutes.

HEINDRIK. There are two cars on the road. Yours is the small one. Your passage is taken. That and your passports are with the driver.

GUSTAVE. Right. I will see to Daniel and the dogs. Keep out of sight.

HEINDRIK. I will wait among the pines.

[*He retires. GUSTAVE returns to house.*]

[*Enter NERISSA in her nightdress at window above, with her violin.*]

ERIK. Well, snow-maiden, are you still angry with me for stealing you?

NERISSA. I loved myself. But now I love you.

ERIK [*sings*]:

O who on the mountain
Would tremble and shiver?
The spray's on the fountain;
The sun's on the river.

THE EQUINOX

The fields are ablush,
And the valley's alight.
Come! let us crush
Out the wine of delight!

The thaw sends the torrent
Its Bacchanal dance;
The snows that the thaw rent
Glitter and glance.
The garden's a wonder
Of colour impearled;
The spring draws asunder
Its woe from the world.

Come, O my maiden,
Into the woods!
The flowers, dew-laden,
Shake light from their hoods.
Dance to the measure
Of Bacchus and Pan
Primæval, the pleasure
Of maiden and man!

[NERISSA *plays a love-song on her violin, then turns from the window. The light goes out.*]

ERIK. Nerissa!

[*Enter GUSTAVE C. with DANIEL, who is leading a horse, saddled.*]

GUSTAVE. Take this order to the merchant at Stormwald. If you ride back at dawn you will be in plenty of time for your work.

SNOWSTORM

DANIEL. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

GUSTAVE. Ride fast, Daniel.

DANIEL. Oh! I shall have to pull the old fellow out of bed.

GUSTAVE. Pull his house down, if you like, as long as we have the champagne in time for breakfast.

[DANIEL *leaps on the horse and rides off* R. GUSTAVE *waits a minute, then advances to pines* L. HEINDRIK *meets him*.]

GUSTAVE. All well.

HEINDRIK. Be off with you, then. And don't make too much of a splash in Paris with all that money.

GUSTAVE. I am not such a fool. And don't you be such a fool as to get slack with that little monthly cheque, you know.

HEINDRIK. Don't you be frightened about money.

GUSTAVE. You're a bit white. What are *you* frightened of?

HEINDRIK. Only ghosts.

GUSTAVE. Ah, they walk in your forests.

HEINDRIK. We are doing a vile thing. Necessary, as I suppose most vile things are.

GUSTAVE. Oh, you have a conscience! Consciences walk in your forests.

HEINDRIK. I've a heart as well as a sense of duty.

GUSTAVE. Yes, she's a pretty girl.

HEINDRIK. And it was never her fault.

GUSTAVE. It's never the woman's fault in your forests. O race of sentimentalists!

HEINDRIK. He took her as a hound catches a hare.

GUSTAVE. In France "Jugged Hare" is a concoction of cat.

HEINDRIK. Well, this is not France. France is where you belong, you.

THE EQUINOX

GUSTAVE. Good luck to your hunting!

HEINDRIK. Good luck!

GUSTAVE. I have it quite safe in your little bag. Good-bye, Heindrik. I suppose you despise me. [HEINDRIK *is silent.*] Well, you know, you too must wait for histories to be written before you get much praise.

HEINDRIK. My duty is clear. I am not asking for praise.

GUSTAVE. All my little need is money.

HEINDRIK. You have earned thirty pieces of silver. Be off! It is time to act.

[*Exit GUSTAVE, L. In a moment HEINDRIK gives a sign, and MAUD and the four officers re-enter from among the pines.*]

MAUD. Now!

HEINDRIK. Highness, your waiting is over.

MAUD. At last. This snow!

HEINDRIK. It hides our footsteps, Highness. May God's mercy cover our deeds.

MAUD. Insolent! This is the second time you have reproached me. A third, and I break you.

HEINDRIK. Pardon, Highness! I know my duty, and I shall do it.

MAUD. It is I who am wronged, is it not?

HEINDRIK. Ah, Highness, forgive me! I am your Highness's faithful servant. But—do we wipe out one wrong by doing another?

MAUD. It is right, what we do, by the law of God and man.

HEINDRIK. Then why do I feel it to be wrong?

MAUD. You are a weak fool. Do your duty!

HEINDRIK. I obey, Highness.

SNOWSTORM

MAUD. Without another word.

HEINDRIK. I obey, Highness. To the death.

[HEINDRIK *and other officers go out* C. MAUD *paces the ground impatiently. The light go up, above; there is a sound of oaths and scuffling, and a scream.*]

MAUD. Ah! Ah! [*raising her voice*]. Is it done?

HEINDRIK [*opens the window wide*]. We have the prisoners, Highness.

MAUD. Bring the girl here to me.

HEINDRIK. Yes, Highness.

[*He reappears* C. *with* NERISSA, *who wears a cloak.*

MAUD. Did I tell you to cloak her?

HEINDRIK [*represses his speech*]. No, Highness.

MAUD. Take it off.

[HEINDRIK *hesitates. NERISSA advances, and flings her cloak upon the ground at MAUD'S feet. She is again in her nightdress.*]

MAUD. You wretched vagabond! You gutter creature! Off to the woods with you! Off, baggage.

[NERISSA *stands trembling.*

There are plenty of street-corners in Stormwald. Off, you harlot!

[*She raises her hand to strike her.*

[HEINDRIK *interposes between them, draws himself up, and salutes MAUD stiffly.*]

HEINDRIK. My duty to you, Madam!

[*He draws his revolver, and shoots himself, tumbling at her feet upon NERISSA'S cloak. NERISSA, terribly frightened, screams and runs off into the forest. MAUD spurns the body of HEINDRIK with her foot. The lights above go out. A pause, MAUD waiting in stern*

THE EQUINOX

silence. Enter the four officers with PRINCE ERIK bound and gagged.]

MAUD. Take that gag out! [*They obey.*] Now, Erik, you are coming back to the Palace.

ERIK. What have you done with Nerissa?

MAUD. Pah! The wench ran into the woods—to look for men, I suppose. There were none in the garden.

ERIK. You she-devil! Oh God! God, help me to avenge this night on you!

MAUD. Vengeance! You paltry creature; one new pretty face is enough. Next week you'll have forgotten all about your—fiddle-prostitute.

ERIK. God help me to avenge this night on you!

MAUD [*to the officers*]. Take him to the car! You can come back here and hide this fool's folly.

[She turns HEINDRIK over with her foot.

THE OFFICER. Yes, Highness!

[They go out. The four officers return, and lift the corpse of HEINDRIK, which they cover with NERISSA'S cloak. They go out. A pause. The snow ceases to fall. The moon rises C. through the pines. In the distance is heard the howling of a lonely wolf.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II

SCENE I: *The Capital of Fiordland. Two years and six months later.*

PRINCE ERIK

OLAF AND KARL, *two Nobles*
Officers of his Suite

THE PRINCESS MAUD. HELENA, *her companion*
Promenaders, Beer-drinkers. A Flower Girl

NERISSA

A number of people are enjoying the afternoon sunshine. Some walk and chat, others sit and drink.

A DRINKER. [*Sings.*] The North has a thousand beauties, and
the South has only one.

But we have borrowed a splinter from the spear of
Captain Sun.

We have trees as green as their trees;

We have apple trees and pear trees!

We have girls as sweet as their girls;

We have flaxen girls and fair girls—

And chestnut girls and auburn girls ---

And darker girls with raven curls!

We do not envy their monotony

Of a nigger for love and a palm-tree for botany!

[The guests of the beer-house stamp and beat the tables.]

THE EQUINOX

2 DRINKER. Bravo! Bravo!

4 DRINKER. Hullo! Here comes Prince Erik.

3 DRINKER. With Karl and Olaf; I was with them at Heidelberg.

4 DRINKER. Oh! we know you're the dear friend of everybody with a title. But how shortsighted your friends are!

[ERIK, OLAF, and KARL *pass over chatting.*

FLOWER GIRL. A pansy for your button-hole, my prince!

ERIK. [*Smiles and accepts it.*] Heart's-ease to you, my child.

[OLAF *hands her a florin.*

FLOWER GIRL [*curtseys*]. Thanks, noble prince. [*To OLAF.*] A thousand thanks, my lord.

[*She runs off, laughing, to other customers.*

2 DRINKER [*slaps 3 DRINKER on back*]. But you were really intimate with that Italian Count, Conte Alcesto—or was it Alcestissimo?—Rigo de Righi de Righissimo. Where is he now?

4 DRINKER. “Where are the snows of yester-year?”

2 DRINKER. “All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

3 DRINKER. I must be going to the Kurhaus. [*Exit.*

2 DRINKER. Mr Count cost him more florins than he could count!

1 DRINKER [*sings*]. A bumble-bee buzzed in my ear:

You cannot drink honey; drink beer!

Now the wise men of earth

Cannot measure the girth

Of the brain of that brilliant bee!

Bring a bock! bring a bock!

Hang sherry and hock!

Light Lager's the tippel for me!

SNOWSTORM

THE WAITER. Hush, sir. The Princess is coming down the street. The second verse won't do.

1 DRINKER. Oh, we'll keep the second verse for after dinner.

THE WAITER. And here's the blind fiddler, coming down yonder to the bridge. [Point off L.]

2 DRINKER. What, the girl?

THE WAITER. Yes, Snowstorm.

A GUEST [*speaking with a marked foreign accent*]. Why, she is quite a young girl. But her hair is as white as your skies.

THE WAITER. Yes, sir, that's why we call her Snowstorm. But it wasn't always white—it was gold, the pale gold of our Fiordland sun; and her blind eyes were pale and blue and sparkling as our Fiordland seas.

GUEST. And as treacherous, perhaps.

WAITER. No, sir. She was a good girl. These gentlemen will tell you there was never a word against her.

1 DRINKER. Why, who was she? I don't recognize her at all.

2 DRINKER. Nor I.

4 DRINKER. Nor I. I seem to know her walk.

WAITER. Ah, she only came here two days ago. But I know her story. No, sir, I had better not say all I know. But I'll tell you this. A jealous woman threw her into the forest at night in a snowstorm, with only a rag of a nightgown on her back. My father was a woodcutter. He found her in the morning, exhausted in the snow. And when she saw him she got up and ran, screaming. She took him for a wolf.

2 DRINKER. Good God!

WAITER. But he took her to the hut, and my mother tended

THE EQUINOX

her for over a year. I saw her last summer. When Father found her the hair was just as it is now; but it was the long illness that left her blind.

1 DRINKER. Good God! What a chilly story! Can she play the fiddle at all?

WAITER. You shall hear her and judge for yourself, sir.

2 DRINKER. There she comes, over the bridge.

[*Enter R., the PRINCESS MAUD and HELENA with two waiting-women and L., the PRINCE with KARL, OLAF, and his officers. They meet and chat amicably. MAUD nods, rather furtively, to HELENA, who slips away, and presently finds herself in front of stage with OLAF. They have their backs to the audience.*]

HELENA. I always love that old house [*pointing*].

OLAF. That one? [*pointing*].

[*Meanwhile she has passed a note from her right hand to his left behind their backs.*]

HELENA. Yes, that one.

OLAF. So do I.

[*MAUD has taken ERIK'S arm and walked off with him L., They follow.*]

2 DRINKER. Thank God! We can stretch our legs again.

[*They make themselves comfortable.*]

1 DRINKER. And here comes your fairy fiddler!

[*Enter NERISSA, L., groping her way. Reaching C., she takes her fiddle and begins to play a jig. All rise and dance round her, the drinkers with the peasant women and cocottes. The flower girl, in front of stage, does a pas seul. 2 and 4 DRINKERS join her, and a peasant girl makes the fourth in an eccentric and*]

SNOWSTORM

outrageous quartette. The music stops. All stop, laughing and joking.

1 DRINKER. Well played, little girl! A ripping dance!

2 DRINKER. Topping, by Jove.

4 DRINKER. Now, gentlemen, here's my hat. Florins for little what's-her-name?—little Snowstorm.

THE WAITER. Make it up to a thousand florins, gentlemen.

1 DRINKER. A thousand florins!

WAITER. She could earn that, once.

1 DRINKER. By Diogenes, you're as drunk as David's sow!

WAITER. Play us something else, Snowstorm. Play us your best.

2 DRINKER. Yes! Play another dance!

NERISSA. Life isn't all dancing, sir.

2 DRINKER. No, by Jove, I suppose your life isn't.

4 DRINKER. Thunder! Nobody's is!

NERISSA. I will play you from Bach.

[She plays. All are hushed in admiration. At the last few bars re-enter L., ERIK with KARL and two officers. They stand and listen. ERIK grips KARL'S shoulder and staggers. She ends. All applaud.]

KARL. What is it, sir.

ERIK. Nothing. Tell that girl to play again.

KARL [*advancing*]. Mademoiselle, you have the honour to be commanded to play before His Highness.

NERISSA. I will play—I will play for the Prince!

[She is seized with a storm of emotion. Mastering herself, she begins the "Serenade." But she trembles so violently that the music is marred. As she goes on she recovers herself, when suddenly her E string snaps.]

THE EQUINOX

NERISSA. I am so sorry, your Highness. My E string is broken.

[ERIK *is not very near her, or he might recognise her voice.*

ERIK. Never mind; another time. Give her a gold piece, Karl.
[KARL *gives her money. ERIK moves off with him.*

ERIK. She can't play at all, Karl! Funny; that first piece sounded so well in the distance. [They go off R.

NERISSA [*in a faint voice*]. Erik!

THE WAITER. Look out, gentlemen, she is going to faint.

[*He comes forward, just in time to catch her in his arms.*

He carries her into the beer-house as the CURTAIN falls.]

SCENE II: *The same afternoon.* THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE. *It is a formal garden, with box hedges. There are Japanese cypresses, and roses in bloom.*

Behind, a terrace with balustrade, and steps leading to garden. A summer-house in one corner. Statuary. In the background, the Palace walls.

PRINCE ERIK

KARL

OLAF

PRINCESS MAUD

HELENA, *waiting-woman to the Princess*

In the summer-house are MAUD and HELENA, smoking cigarettes.

HELENA. Is not this dangerous, madam?

MAUD. To see Olaf here? Pshaw! It is nothing. I do things a thousand times more dangerous.

SNOWSTORM

HELENA. But why do it at all?

MAUD. It is farewell. The man bores me. And he begins to give himself airs.

HELENA. He begins to expect.

MAUD. Which is the psychological moment to disappoint. Oh, Helena! if you knew my heart! It is impossible to understand me. It is Erik that I love. Erik is the only man I ever cared for—so much! [*She snaps her fingers.*] These boys! Damn them all, and their homage and their impudence. It is only Erik that I love.

HELENA. Yes, Madam.

MAUD. I know you think I am lying. I know you only understand flirtation. You do not understand revenge and despair.

HELENA. I have not a Queen's heart, madam.

MAUD. Do you understand? I never forget that my father is an emperor. Erik does not love me. In all his boyish follies I believe he had one love—that fiddling harlot that I threw to the wolves. Ah! that was my night of perfect passion.

HELENA. I understand love. I do not understand hate.

MAUD. Then you do not understand love. . . . Why is Olaf late?

HELENA. There is someone on the terrace, now.

[ERIK and KARL enter L. on terrace.]

MAUD. Look!

HELENA [*peeps through roof of summer-house, standing on the seat*]. It is the Prince and Count Karl.

MAUD. Hush then! Let us be smoking!

[*They light fresh cigarettes.*]

ERIK. I tell you, Karl, I am sick. I am sick of life.

THE EQUINOX

KARL. You were merry enough at tennis.

ERIK. And then I saw that blind girl. It was a memory. For half a second her playing reminded me of something—that—that—I have—forgotten. Karl! I am a prince. I have been treated like a dog; and I have never avenged myself—and the woman I loved.

KARL. Avenge yourself now!

ERIK. She is too strong for me. There is no weak point in her armour.

KARL. She?

ERIK. Can you not guess? It is the Princess.

KARL. Highness!

ERIK. I hate her—and I am a doll in her hands.

KARL [*dropping on one knee*]. Highness! I beg you to believe that I am your most devoted servant. . . .

ERIK. Why, yes! I never doubted it. What is it?

KARL. I dare not tell your Highness.

ERIK. Yes, speak! I command you to speak.

KARL. I am not sure—I have though—things have happened. . . .

ERIK. What things?

KARL. Oh, forgive me! It touches your Highness's honour.

ERIK. The more reason I should know.

KARL. It is . . . some of us think that her Highness forgets her duty. . . .

ERIK. Impossible! She is madly jealous of me.

KARL. I was sure I was wrong, your Highness. But—

ERIK. But!

KARL. The Lady Helena blabs.

SNOWSTORM

ERIK. A silly, gossiping fool.

KARL. Not in words, Highness. But she bears herself as if she held great secrets.

ERIK. So do all those in whom princes put their trust. Or—don't put their trust!

KARL. A lover of hers went very suddenly to the Embassy in Madrid.

ERIK. Well? Ah!— . . . Hush! There goes Olaf.

[OLAF *enters* R., *and descends steps, bowing formally to*
ERIK *as he passes.*]

I see. And then?

KARL. Watch, Highness. Murder will out.

ERIK. I spy on my wife? I have my honour to consider.

KARL. A two-edged sword.

ERIK. I can confide only in you. . . . If you should see or hear anything . . . tell me. Let me think. The Chancellor is a safe man: we must tell him . . . I will go now to his apartment; do you wait for me in the garden.

KARL. Yes, Highness. . . . I trust your Highness will forgive me.

ERIK. You have given me hope. [*He gives KARL his hand. KARL falls on one knee and kisses it. ERIK goes out, L. KARL waits moodily upon the terrace, sunk in thought. Meanwhile OLAF has made his way deviously to the summer-house. He bows and kisses the hand of MAUD.*]

MAUD. Keep guard, Helena! [*HELENA goes out and up the path.*] Come, Olaf! [*She draws him to her, and takes him in her arms. They kiss.*]

OLAF. Queen! Queen!

MAUD. This is farewell.

THE EQUINOX

OLAF. I was afraid it was dismissal.

MAUD. Only a holiday. But I love you too much, I am getting reckless. People are beginning to talk.

OLAF. It is my fault. I cannot control myself when I look at you.

MAUD. I have got you the best command in the South. You will come up on leave; we can meet sometimes.

OLAF. God help me. An hour's absence is torture.

MAUD. A week's absence will cure that.

OLAF. Don't think it. Don't think it!

MAUD. Kiss me! You must go now. This is dreadfully dangerous. Karl is there on the terrace.

OLAF. Is there no hope for . . .

MAUD. Not till you come back! Hush. Helena signals. [HELENA gives a hissing "St!" as KARL descends steps.] Kiss me. Again. Now go. One last kiss. Oh, go! Farewell, my own Olaf!

OLAF. God preserve your Highness—and keep her love for me.

MAUD. Always. Go now.

OLAF. Good-bye. [HELENA comes back. OLAF steals off.]

HELENA. Danger. Karl is coming down into the garden.

MAUD. Damn! . . . Oh! . . . What fun! Helena, hide yourself. Let him find me here.

HELENA. Oh! . . . Suppose the Prince comes back?

MAUD. Go round the summer-house. Knock if he comes out on the terrace.

[HELENA obeys. KARL comes slowly down the garden, deep in thought. He reaches the summer-house.]

SNOWSTORM

MAUD. Come in, Count! [KARL *starts violently.*

KARL. I crave your Highness's pardon. I had no idea. . . .

MAUD. Boys never have.

KARL. Have? [*He is still quite confused and embarrassed.*

MAUD. Any ideas. Come in and sit down.

[*He obeys, awkwardly enough.*

KARL. I am flattered, Highness, to think that I thought of coming into the summer-house, exactly as you Highness did.

MAUD. Count, you are paying compliments. One day you will be old enough to know that women like to be bullied.

KARL. Your Highness is laughing at me.

MAUD. Of course, but not as you think. That is the meaning of the Woman's Emancipation movement. Men left off beating their wives—and the germs of discontent were sown.

KARL. Your Highness is merry.

MAUD. I am quite serious. The women cannot get their husbands to beat them any more, or cannot get husbands at all. So they force the police to arrest them, and force the doctors to feed them in prison.

KARL. Your Highness is laughing at me.

MAUD. On my honour, I am serious.

KARL. Then you Highness insults my understanding!

MAUD. Exactly. I am trying to get you to slap my face.

KARL. I strike your Highness?

MAUD. Is it not a smooth cheek—and in your heart wouldn't you love to smack it?

KARL. I would kill the scoundrel who offered to lift. . . .

MAUD. Quite, quite. But it is I who am offering. Won't you box my ears? Just one little one?

THE EQUINOX

KARL. Highness! Highness! You don't know what you are saying.

MAUD. Just once! . . . You men have no courage.

KARL. I dare do all that a man should; if I dared to do more, I should be less.

MAUD. That is Shakespeare, and quite spoilt. Come! If you daren't touch my cheek with your hand, do you dare with your lips?

KARL. I trust I know my duty too well to insult your Highness.

MAUD. Poor Highness! What is a Queen to do who wants a silly boy to kiss her? You would be forward enough with a pretty flower girl. . . . I know you. I suppose I am not pretty enough.

KARL. Your Highness is God's rose.

MAUD. Then why not pick it? One little kiss—just there—you may.

KARL. Your Highness, I may not.

MAUD. Perhaps you don't care for women at all?

KARL. I will love my lady.

MAUD. But I am not your lady, my lord?

KARL. Before God and within my honour—and your Highness's honour—you are my lady and I your humble servant.

MAUD. You are short-sighted.

KARL. I cannot see beyond my duty.

MAUD. Your lady will find you a most dreadful prig! . . . We pay a heavy price for our crowns. Are you not ashamed of yourself? You entrap me into making love to you!

KARL. Before God, Madam. . . .

SNOWSTORM

MAUD. Hush! Hush! You mustn't swear. So you rob me of all my modesty . . . you make me kiss you. [*With a swift movement she draws his face to hers, and kisses him on the mouth. She lets him go, and laughs distractedly at his confusion.*]

KARL [*sobbing and stammering*]. Madam, it is high treason. [MAUD *continues to laugh.*

[HELENA *gives a series of sharp knocks on the woodwork.*

MAUD. So it is! And here's the Prince coming. Run for it!

KARL. I . . . I . . . [MAUD *pushes him out.*

MAUD. You fool! Do you want to ruin me?

[KARL *sees the danger, and glides away along the path.*

Helena! Come back quick.

[HELENA *darts into the summer-house.*

MAUD. Oh, what a fool! Did you ever see such a fool?

HELENA. I am terrified for your Highness. It is madness.

MAUD. No, it's only Maraschino.

HELENA. People have got drunk of Maraschino.

MAUD. I should love to see him drunk.

HELENA. I think you did.

MAUD. What? Do you really think so? Really?

HELENA. There isn't a man alive who wouldn't go mad—on the wine of your vintage. Only the flattery of it is enough, if he were an icicle.

MAUD. Yes, but if you melt an icicle, it only drips away. He's only a prig.

HELENA. And if you take away all his ideas of faith and honour—if you shatter his belief in the goodness of woman . . .

THE EQUINOX

MAUD. There's nothing left. You're wrong. He loves me no more than—than—than I love him!

HELENA. Oh, It's impossible. There aren't such men.

MAUD. We shall see . . . Are they gone?

HELENA. No. They've just met. They're going up the steps together. I think the Prince notices something.

MAUD. Keep still, then. I wish they'd go. It's cold here.

HELENA. As the mooncalf observed, you Highness is pleased to jest.

MAUD. How dare you? Hush!

[ERIK, *on terrace, turns and holds KARL by the shoulder and looks sharply in his face.*]

ERIK. What's the matter?

KARL. I daren't say. Oh. . . .

ERIK. Who is in the garden? Answer me.

KARL. Her Highness is in the garden.

ERIK. Yes? What has happened?

KARL. Oh, sir, she has made a jest of me!

ERIK. Tell me all, What did she do?

KARL. She pretended, your Highness. . . .

ERIK. Answer me, Sir! Pretended what?

KARL. She pretended to be . . .

ERIK. To be what?

KARL. To be in l . . . To be fond of me, Highness.

ERIK. Truth? What did she say?

KARL. Oh, just laughing at me. I do not understand what it all meant.

ERIK. Did she do anything?

KARL. Yes—oh!

SNOWSTORM

ERIK. What?

KARL. She kissed me.

ERIK. And you?

KARL. I told her it was high treason.

ERIK. She meant it! She meant it every word! You were right with your gossip. Please God, we'll have her. Look here, boy, run back. Tell her you thought she was testing you; tell her you're madly in love, and if you die for it, you must have another kiss. I'll be near—No! She'd hear me or see me. Test her. Get her to make an assignation. Then we'll trap her.

KARL. Oh, sir, my honour!

ERIK. Your honour is in my keeping—and by God! mine is in yours!

KARL. Sir.

ERIK. Go! I am your officer. It is an order. Carry it out as I would have you. It is the honour of Fiordland that is at stake!

KARL. I obey, Highness. [*He moves off.*]

ERIK. Nerissa! If your spirit still haunts this earth, come! Hover! Witness that your lover strikes at last. Revenge—revenge upon that tigress, that barren she-wolf . . . devil! devil! Nerissa! angel . . . angel whom I dragged from the empyrean, saint whom I tore from your niche, white dove whose wings I soiled . . . be near me! aid me! aid me to my vengeance!

[*Exit* L. KARL *has reached the summer-house. He falls on his knees. MAUD and HELENA exchange smiles.*]

KARL. Pardon, Highness.

THE EQUINOX

MAUD. This gentleman may have some private communication for me. Leave us, Helena!

[HELENA *goes out and keeps guard as before.*

KARL. Oh, your Highness, how can you pardon me? I thought you were testing me—perhaps you are testing me—but if I perish, I love you. I am mad. I love you madly, madly. Now kill me! Call the guards. I love you. Let me once touch the tips of your fingers and then. . . .

MAUD. Karl! my Karl! my own dove. I meant it. I love you. Come to me! Kiss me! I want to feel your strong arms round me.

[*She embraces him. They kiss. He almost faints, for he must allow and return the caress.*]

I cannot bear it! You are killing me. Be quiet; Helena will hear. Go now; leave me; I am faint.

KARL. And when shall I . . .

MAUD. At midnight, at the vestry door of St Hildebrand's.

KARL. I will be there. My Princess!

MAUD. Karl! Karl! Go quickly. The last kiss—till midnight. Send Helena to me. [*He kisses her, and goes up terrace and off L.*

[HELENA *returns.*

MAUD. Well?

HELENA. Tara-diddle-iddle-doodle-oodle-ay!

MAUD. I smell a rat; I see him brewing in the air; come, let us nip him in the bud. Just the sort of foolish trick Erik would try on me—to send a boy like that who can no more lie than fly. I soiled him, though!

HELENA. So you Highness will not patronise St Hildebrand!

MAUD. Indeed, we shall be two pilgrims. The fool will

SNOWSTORM

hatch some foolish plot—and I shall vindicate my innocence. And I think I can go one better than that! Come; we must dress for dinner.

HELENA. Our appetites are whetted.

MAUD. Yours, I suppose, for love; mine, for some sharper sweetmeat!

[They go out, through garden, and up steps, and off R. A pause. Re-enter KARL and ERIK, L., arm in arm, and walk up and down.]

ERIK. Very good, boy. Excellent. And now just one touch to the masterpiece! We are much of a size ... I think I will see how I look in a lieutenant's uniform.

KARL. Oh yes, Highness, that will be much better.

ERIK. So I shall be master of the situation, however things turn out.

KARL. Your Highness is a Bismarck! Always master of the situation!

[They go off L., laughing, as the CURTAIN falls.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED

PRINCE ERIK

KARL

PRINCESS MAUD

HELENA

THE FOUR DRINKERS, *with Women, Elsie, Carlotta, and two others*
An old gigantic Priest

THE CHANCELLOR

A Corporal's File

NERISSA

A Neighbour to NERISSA

ACT III

The same day—11.30 p.m.

At the back of the Stage is the Palace. The Prince's apartment is in brilliant light. The other windows are dark. R. is the church of St Hildebrand, the vestry door being well up stage; parallel with the wall runs an avenue of yews. L. a row of houses, and a similar avenue. The whole character of the scene is one of Gothic Gloom.

Enter the Priest L. with two acolytes and enters church. Various townspeople, going home, cross stage. Hymn from within church.

All ye tottering crags that thrust
Tortured foreheads from the dust,
Palaces of fear wherein
Lurk the sacraments of sin,

SNOWSTORM

Be abased before the nod
Of our one Almighty God!
Crag and pinnacle and spire
Hear our hymn!
Disrupt, dislimn!
God is a consuming fire.

Dwellers of the darkness, flee!
Leave the night to grace and gree!
Whether sleep dissolves the soul
Or vigil gains the godly goal,
Be the Lord a puissant aid
To his children undismayed!
Crag and pinnacle, etc.

[*Enter NERISSA and a neighbour R.*

NEIGHBOUR. That's the Palace, on the right, dearie. There's a light in Prince Erik's room. He's just going to bed, I suppose. Now you're coming along to have a bit of supper with me, lamb, and then you shall go to bed, too.

NERISSA. I don't think I shall sleep much to-night. I think I shall wander about a little, and play tunes to the breezes and the nightingales.

NEIGHBOUR. The owls are the only birds abroad. And there are burglars, lamb. It's very late now.

[*Enter 1st and 3rd DRINKERS L., with three companions, and a group of women of the town, noisily.*]

I DRINKER. Hullo! Here's our little blind fiddler girl. Come along, dear. I'll mend your fiddle for you.

NEIGHBOUR. Go away; you're drunk.

THE EQUINOX

ELSIE. So sorry, dear, we won't interfere with you. We're only going home. [NERISSA *and neighbour go off* L.]

1 DRINKER. We're not going home. I swear it. I call to witness yon bright star. [*Apostrophizes Castle window.*]

3 DRINKER. You fool, it isn't a star. It's the moon. It's the beautiful moon.

ELSIE. It's the window of the Castle.

1 DRINKER. I tell you it's a star. It isn't the right colour for the moon.

3 DRINKER. It's too big to be a star.

A COMPANION. Boys, it's the sun. The rising sun. It's not the right shape for a window.

1 DRINKER. So it is. Well, didn't I say so! The rising sun—the star of day!

CARLOTTA. Oh come along and sleep it off!

1 DRINKER. Sleep in the beautiful sunshine? Oh, Carlotta, how wicked you must be! This is the time when respectable people get up, and enjoy the cool air of the morning. Let us go into the fields and pick buttercups!

3 DRINKER. Buttercups and daisies!

1 DRINKER. Let's sing a hymn of gladness on this bright and beautiful morning!

3 DRINKER. I tell you it's the moon. Elsie, it's the moon, isn't it? You may kiss me. Now that's the moon. What a plump, pretty face you've got. I'm going to be the man in the moon.

[*He kisses her several times. The others are reeling about the square, except one man who is leaning, in despair, against a tree.*]

CARLOTTA. Come along, dear!

SNOWSTORM

I DRINKER. Why should I come along?

CARLOTTA. You're drunk.

I DRINKER. You're a liar. I'm not too drunk to stand. I'm not too drunk to sing (*sings*):

There's nothing like beer
One's courage to cheer,
A soldier is certain to tell you;
And the militant one
With his sword and his gun
Is always a jolly good fellow!

3 DRINKER. Oh, that's a rotten song. Strike me! I do believe there's the man in the moon!

[PRINCE ERIK *is seen for a moment at the lighted window.*
He is in the uniform of a lieutenant.]

I DRINKER. You're as drunk as it's humanly possible for a gentleman to be. It's the sun, you owl; there never was a man in the sun. There couldn't be; it's against human nature.

3 DRINKER. Well, let's dance, Elsie, turn the band on again!

I DRINKER. No, it's absurd. Respectable people don't dance at four o'clock in the morning! But I'll sing. I'll wake the birds. I'll make the cock crow, like poor old Peter did. Poor old Peter.

3 DRINKER. I leave all that to Elsie. Elsie, my dear, I want a lark. Just make up one for me, will you?

ELSIE. I'm so tired. I want to go home to bed.

I DRINKER (*sings*):

Give rum to the sailor!
It's always a failure;

THE EQUINOX

He tosses about on the breast of the ocean.

He is clumsy and stout,

And a booby, a lout,

For his life's a perpet—a perpetual motion!

[All chorus 3 last lines of each verse.]

The Temperance crank

Gets his booze from the tank,

A liquor less fit for a man than a frog.

His mind is a fog,

And he lives in the bog—

You may bet you can always find him in the bog!

[Chorus]

But the soldier's a chap

That can laugh at mishap;

He finds room in Dame Fortune's and Marian's lap.

And why, do you think?

It's a question of drink.

He knows what is good when his stomach might sink!

[Chorus]

Now this is the reason

His foe he can freeze on,

And defend his good monarch from malice or treason.

His heart's full of cheer

And his belly of beer,

And he never—he never runs off to the rear!

Chorus.

It may sound very queer,

But the truth is quite clear.

He never—He never runs off to the rear.

SNOWSTORM

[*During this song all are marching about the Square, some arm-in-arm, some embracing. The light in the Palace goes out.*]

2 DRINKER. Oh my goodness! The sun's gone out.

1 DRINKER. It's only an eclipse, you fool

3 DRINKER. Elsie wants me to come home. Now what I say is. . . .

1 DRINKER. It's very dangerous to be out of doors in an eclipse. I'm going home. Come along, Carlotta; I want you to teach me cat's cradle.

CARLOTTA. Not at this time of the night, stupid. I'm going to tie your nose to the knocker, and run away!

[*They all reel off, R. A short pause. As their voices die away—one breaks out, off, into the last chorus—other voices are heard, off, L. They approach. Enter ERIK as a Lieutenant, with an old man, the Chancellor.*]

ERIK. Come over here, Chancellor. You will not be seen behind these trees. I need not ask you to watch closely, and report truthfully, what may occur.

CHANCELLOR. I cannot believe that your Highness is justified.

ERIK. Your eyes must be your judge. If I drop this handkerchief, you will come forward and make the arrest. The men will be concealed in these doorways.

[*The organ plays a voluntary. ERIK and CHANCELLOR uncover and keep silence.*]

CHANCELLOR. It is a dangerous game, your Highness.

ERIK. I have picked devoted men. The succession is at stake.

CHANCELLOR. Highness, I am an old man, and I know much of successions! It is always best to be dumb, and very nearly always best to be blind.

THE EQUINOX

ERIK. You have wandered too much among the tombs.

CHANCELLOR. I wished to see if ghosts walked

ERIK. And do they?

CHANCELLOR. Only when madmen call them up! Let the dead alone.

ERIK. On every wind one ghost calls to me.

CHANCELLOR. Ah! There is more in this than the honour of Fiordland. I was sure I knew all about successions!

ERIK. Yes, silence serves their turn. But what if the Blood of Abel crieth from the ground?

CHANCELLOR. Sir, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. But not by vengeance upon the murderers.

ERIK. Chancellor, it is useless to dissuade me. I have not slept well for a long while.

CHANCELLOR. And so your judgment is clouded.

ERIK. My judgment shall be the forked flash of heaven!

CHANCELLOR. Beware whom it may strike!

ERIK. You always bode.

CHANCELLOR. I have lived long enough to fear calamity. My daughter caught the chill that killed her on the fairest day of summer.

ERIK. Yes, it is your age that speaks. Is it not just as true that storm purifies the air? . . . But enough. Here comes Karl with his men.

[*Enter KARL with corporal's file. CHANCELLOR conceals himself.*]

ERIK. Get your men into the doorways. [*He consults his watch, with great difficulty; for it is now very dark.*] It is nearly time. Enough now. Not a sound.

SNOWSTORM

[KARL *has concealed himself and the soldiers in the doorways of the houses.* ERIK *in centre of stage, listening.* *After a long pause he seems to catch a sound; for he smiles, raises his finger as a sign, and goes into the shadow of the vestry porch.* *Another pause.* *Footsteps are heard, and low voices.* *The footsteps stop.* *Then HELENA enters, behind Church, with great discretion.* *She looks and listens keenly.*]

HELENA. It is all right.

MAUD [*off*]. Then stay under the trees. They are there?

[HELENA *nods, with a little laugh, and goes back among the trees.* MAUD *enters quietly, and slips round by the vestry.*]

ERIK [*imitating the voice of KARL*]. We are alone, my beautiful. Come; the car is at the back of the houses.

[MAUD *and* ERIK *come out into the square.*

ERIK. My darling! [*He puts his arms about her neck.*

MAUD. What does this mean? How dare you insult your Princess? Do you think I should come here, and not know how to defend myself?

[*With a little dagger she strikes him in the throat. He falls dead.*]

CHANCELLOR [*rushing out*]. By God, Madam, you have killed the Prince!

MAUD. The Prince! Erik! I have killed Love itself! Death! What have I done? Madman! Oh then, what is left for me to do? Erik! Why do you look at me like that? Come home to the Palace!

[*She is now up by Exit R.*

HELENA. Madam, I pray you . . .

THE EQUINOX

MAUD. Silence, you fool! I will show you how a queen can die. [*She thrusts the dagger into her side, and falls, off.*] Erik!

[*All are now grouped round the corpse of the Prince. The vestry door pens suddenly. A gigantic priest, with a terrible beard, long and snow-white, brandishing a huge cross of rough wood, rushes out.*]

PRIEST. Begone revellers! Disturb not the sacred night with your cries! Children of the devil, I am at my prayers, my prayers for your lost souls! Accursèd are ye, accursèd of God! Begone!

[*He retires into the vestry, and slams the heavy door.*]

A SOLDIER. He is right! We are accursèd. The place is accursèd.

[*Panic seizes them all, and they rush off R., spurning the corpse of the Princess, and crying "Accursèd! The curse of God is upon us! We are accursèd!"*]

[*The cries die away. Absolute silence reigns. After a long pause NERISSA is seen among the trees, L. She feels her way from tree to tree.*]

NERISSA. This is the square. I wonder if his window is still lighted. He will come to me if he is awake.

[*She is now near centre of stage, almost touching the corpse of PRINCE ERIK.*]

[*She takes her violin and plays "Abide with me" (or, as an alternative, the Serenade). At the end she waits, then gives a sigh.*]

I suppose he has gone to sleep. I will go back. Perhaps tomorrow!

[*She turns back and goes out.*]

CURTAIN.

A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE
SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION
OF THE
UNIVERSE

DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE
THROUGH THE SKRYING OF

SIR EDWARD KELLY

[PREFATORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR

We omit in this preliminary sketch any account of the Tables of Soya, the Heptarchia Mystica, the Book of Enoch, or Liber Logaeth. We hope to be able to deal with these adequately in a subsequent article.]

The Skryer obtained from certain Angels a series of seven talismans. These, grouped around the Holy Twelfefold Table, similarly obtained, were part of the furniture of the Holy Table, as shown in Plate I., opposite.

Other appurtenances of this table will be described hereafter.

II

Other Pantacles were obtained in a similar manner. Here (Plate II.) is the principal one, which, carved in wax, was placed upon the top of the table. On four others stood the feet of the table.

Note first the Holy Sevenfold Table containing seven Names of God which not even the Angels are able to pronounce.

S	A	A	$I^{\frac{21}{8}}$	E	M	E^8
B	T	Z	K	A	S	E^{30}
H	E	I	D	E	N	E
D	E	I	M	O^{30}	A	
I^{26}	M	E	G	C	B	E
I	L	A	$O^{\frac{21}{8}}$	U	N	
I	H	R	L	A	$A^{\frac{21}{8}}$	

These names are seen written without the heptagram within the heptagon.

THE EQUINOX

By reading these obliquely are obtained names of Angels called—

(1) *Filiæ Bonitatis* or *Filiolæ Lucis*.

E

Me

Ese

Iana

Akele

Azdobn

Stimcul

(2) *Filiæ Lucis*.

I

Ih

Ilr

Dmal

Hecoa

Beigia

Stimcul

[These are given attributions to the Metals of the Planets in this order: Sol, Luna, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Saturn.]

(3) *Filiæ Filiarum Lucis*.

S

Ab

Ath

Ized

Ekiei

Madimi

Esemeli

KELLY'S UNIVERSE

(4) Filii Filiorum Lucis.

L (El)

Aw

Ave

Liba

Rocle

Hagone(1)

Ilemese

See all these names in the heptagram of the great seal.

So also there are Seven Great Angels formed thus: take the corner letter S, then the diagonal next to it AB, then the next diagonal ATH, then the fourth diagonal, where is I with $\frac{21}{8}$ (which indicates EL), and we have the name—

SABATHIEL

Continuing the process, we get

ZEDEKIEL

MADIMIEL

SEMELIEL

NOGAHEL

CORABIEL

LEVANAEL

These names will be found in the Pentagram and about it.

These angels are the angels of the Seven Circles of Heaven.

These are but a few of the mysteries of this great seal

SIGILLVM DEI ÆMETH

III

The Shew-stone, a crystal which Dee alleged to have been brought to him by angels, was then placed upon this

THE EQUINOX

table, and the principal result of the ceremonial skrying of Sir Edward Kelly is the obtaining of the following diagrams, Plates III.-VIII.

He symbolized the Four-Dimensional Universe in two dimensions as a square surrounded by 30 concentric circles (the 30 Æthyrs or Aires) whose radii increase in a geometrical proportion.

The sides of the square are the four great watch-towers (Plates IV.-VII.) which are attributed to the elements. There is also a “black cross” (or “central tablet” according to the arrangement shewn—compare the black cross bordering the tablets in Plate III. with Plate VIII.).

Plate III gives the general view.

[The reversed letters which form the word PAROAN are written in Enochian for convenience, as our A and O are not distinguishable reverse from forward.]

Plate IV. gives the complete attribution of the tablet of Air.

The 6th file is called Linea Patris.

The 7th file is called Linea Filii.

The 7th line is called Linea Spiritus Sancti.

This great cross divides the Tablet into four lesser (sub-elemental) Tablets, the left-hand top corner being Air of Air, the right-hand top corner Water of Air, the left-hand bottom corner Earth of Air, the remaining corner Fire of Air.

Each of these lesser Tablets contains a Calvary Cross of ten squares, which governs it.

Plates V., VI., and VII. are similar for the other elements.

This is the way in which the names are drawn from the great Tablets. [Examples taken from Water Tablet.]

THE FOUR GREAT WATCH-TOWERS AND THE BLACK CROSS
WITHIN GENERAL VIEW.

r	Z	i	l	a	f	A	y	t	l	p	a	e	T	a	O	A	d	v	p	t	D	n	i	m
a	r	d	Z	a	i	d	p	a	L	a	m		a	a	l	c	o	o	r	o	m	e	b	b
c	z	o	n	s	a	r	o	Y	a	u	b	x	T	o	g	c	o	n	z	i	n	l	G	m
T	o	i	T	t	x	o	P	a	c	o	C	a	n	h	o	d	D	i	a	l	a	a	o	c
S	i	g	a	s	o	m	r	b	z	n	h	r	p	a	t	A	x	i	o	V	s	p	s	☩
f	m	o	n	d	a	T	d	i	a	r	i	p	S	a	a	I	z	a	a	r	V	r	o	I
o	r	o	i	b	A	h	a	o	z	p	i		m	p	h	a	r	s	l	g	a	i	o	l
c	N	a	b	a	V	i	x	g	a	z	d	h	M	a	m	g	l	o	i	n	L	i	r	x
☩	i	i	i	t	T	p	a	l	O	a	i		o	l	a	a	D	a	g	a	T	a	p	a
☩	b	a	m	o	o	o	a	C	u	c	a	C	p	a	L	c	o	i	d	x	P	a	c	n
N	a	o	c	O	T	t	n	p	r	a	t	o	n	d	a	z	N	z	i	U	a	a	s	a
o	c	a	n	m	a	g	o	t	r	o	i	m	i	i	d	P	o	n	s	d	A	s	p	I
S	h	i	a	l	r	a	p	m	z	o	x	a	x	r	i	n	h	t	a	r	n	d	i	☩
m o t i b a T n a n												n a n T a b i t o m												
b	o	a	Z	a	R	o	p	h	a	R	a	a	d	o	n	p	a	T	d	a	n	V	a	a
u	N	n	a	x	o	P	S	o	n	d	n		o	l	o	a	G	e	o	o	b	a	v	a
a	i	g	r	a	n	o	o	m	a	g	g	m	O	P	a	m	n	o	O	G	m	d	n	m
o	r	p	m	n	i	n	g	b	e	a	l	o	a	b	l	s	T	e	d	e	c	a	o	p
r	s	O	n	i	z	i	r	l	e	m	u	C	s	c	m	i	a	o	n	A	m	l	o	x
I	z	i	n	r	C	z	i	a	M	h	l	h	V	a	r	s	G	d	L	b	r	i	a	p
M	O	r	d	i	a	l	h	C	t	G	a		o	i	P	t	e	a	a	p	D	o	c	e
☩	O	a	n	c	c	h	i	a	s	o	m	p	p	s	u	a	c	n	r	Z	i	r	Z	a
☩	r	b	i	z	m	i	i	l	p	i	z		S	i	o	d	a	o	i	n	r	z	f	m
O	p	a	n	a	B	a	m	S	m	a	L	r	d	a	l	t	T	d	n	a	d	i	r	e
d	O	l	o	P	i	n	i	a	n	b	a	a	d	i	x	o	m	o	n	s	i	o	s	p
r	x	p	a	o	c	s	i	z	i	x	p	x	O	o	d	p	z	i	A	p	a	n	l	I
a	x	t	i	r	V	a	s	t	r	i	m	e	r	g	o	a	n	n	☩	C	r	a	r	

PLATE III.

THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE EAST, ATTRIBUTED TO AIR.

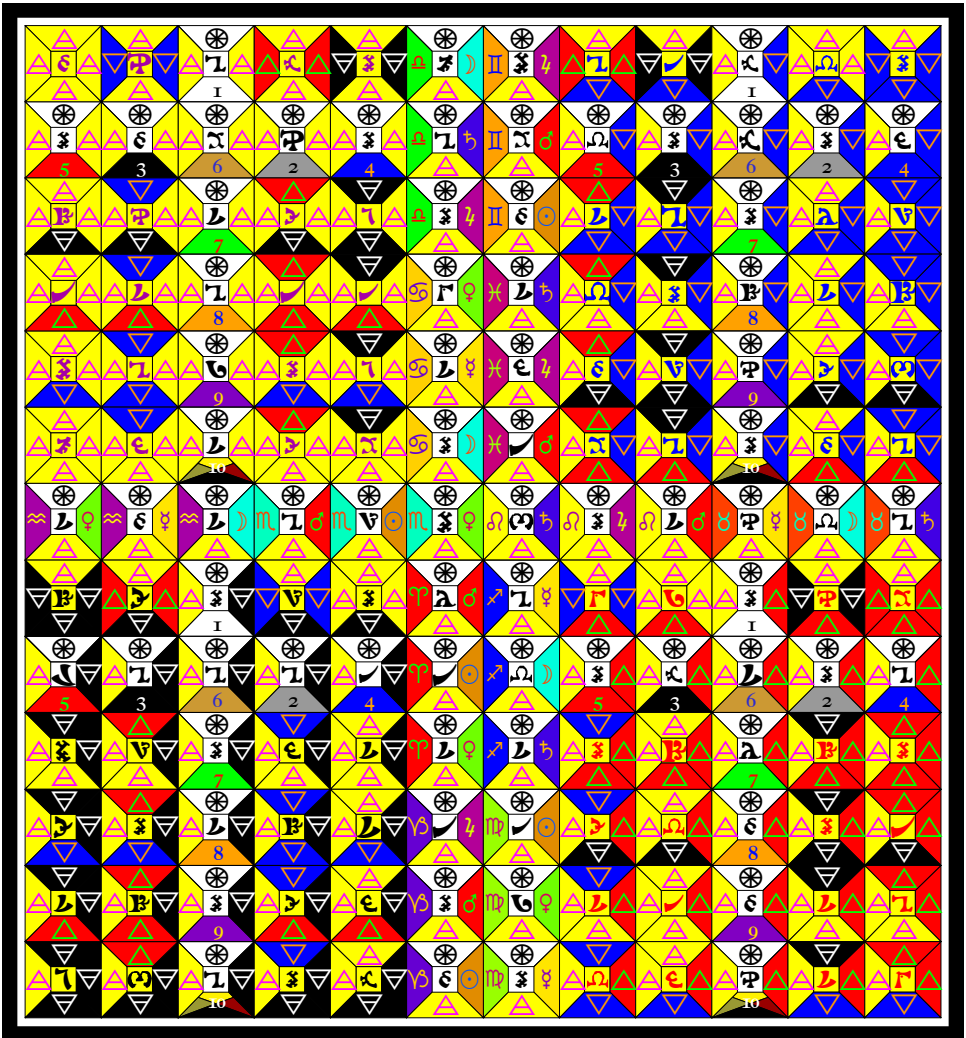


PLATE IV.

THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE WEST, ATTRIBUTED TO WATER.

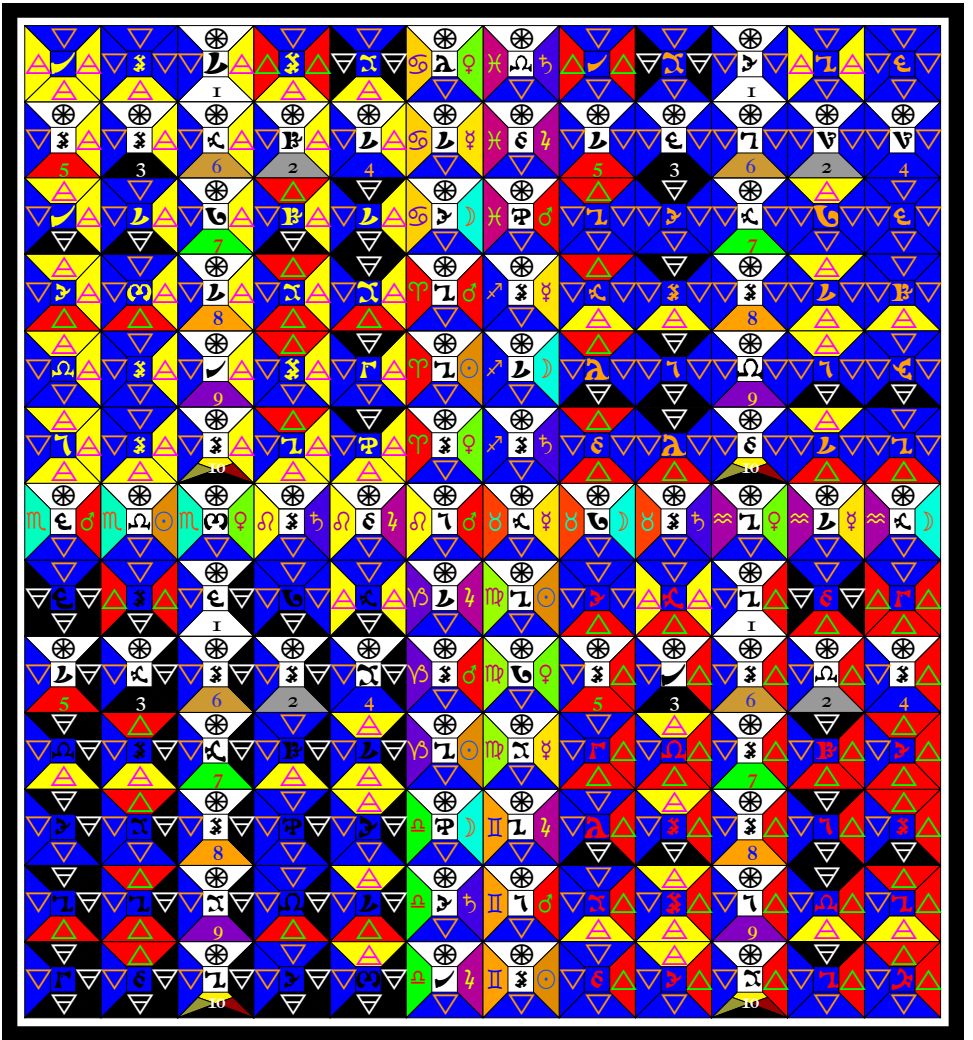


PLATE V.

THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE SOUTH, ATTRIBUTED TO FIRE.

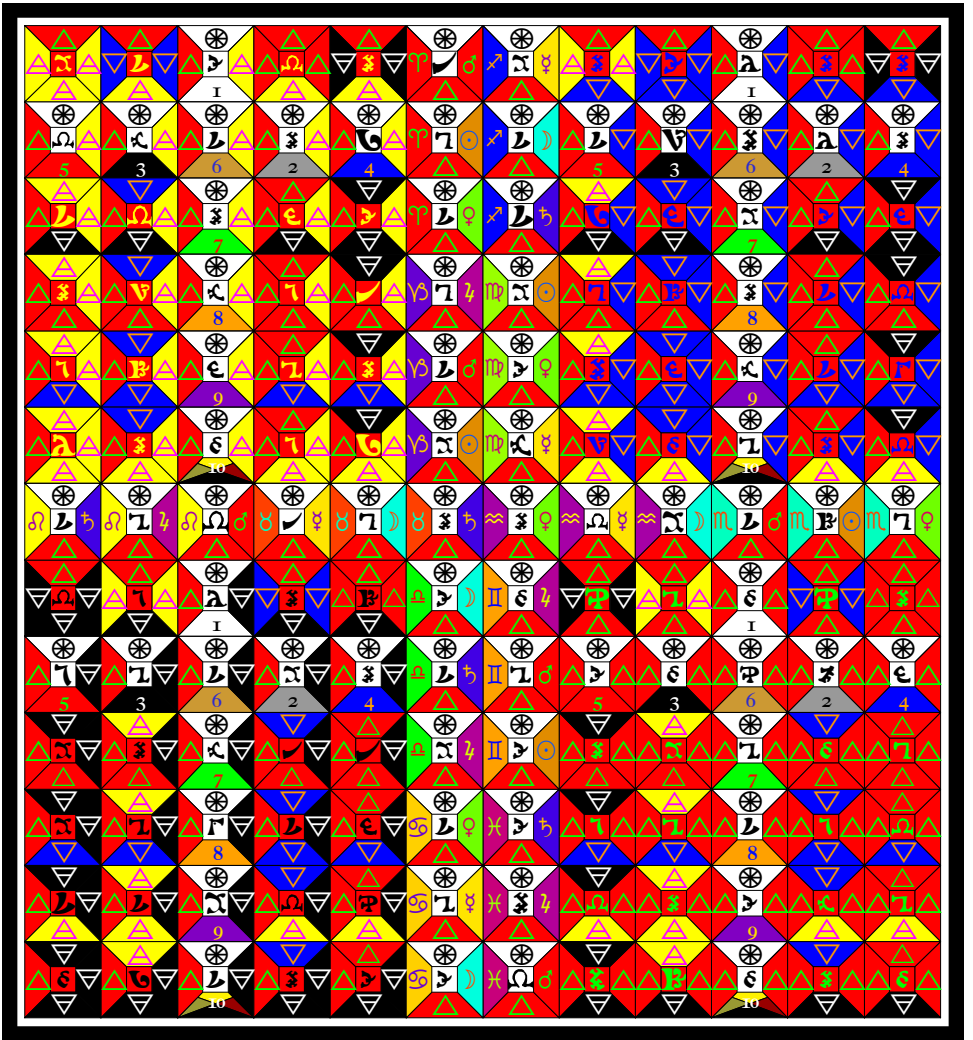


PLATE VII.

KELLY'S UNIVERSE

1. Linea Spiritus Sancti gives the Three Holy Names of God of 3, 4 and 5 letters respectively.

MPH. ARSL. GAIOL

2. A whorl around the centre of the Tablet gives the name of the Great Elemental King, RAAGIOSL [similarly for Air BATAIVAH, for Earth ICZHHCAL, for Fire EDLPRNAA].

3. The 3 lines of the central cross of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost give the names of 6 seniors. [Thus the 4 tablets hold 24 "elders," as stated in the Apocalypse.] They are drawn of seven letters, each from the centre to the sides of the tablet.

SAIINOV	}	Linea Patris
SOAIZNT		
LAOAZRP	}	Linea Filii
LIGDISA		
SLGAIOL	}	Linea S.S.
LSRAHP		

These three sets of names rule the whole tablet, and must be invoked before specializing in the lesser angles of the sub-elements.

4. The Calvary Crosses.

The name upon the cross read vertically is the name which calls forth the powers of the lesser angle.

NELAPR (water of water)
OLGOTA (air of water)
MALADI (earth of water)
IAAASD (fire of water)

THE EQUINOX

The name read horizontally on the cross is that which compels the evoked force to obedience.

OMEBB (water of water)

AALCO (air of water)

OCAAD (earth of water)

ATAPA (fire of water)

5. Above the bar of the Calvary Cross remain in each case four squares. These are allotted to the Kerubim, who must next be invoked.

They are TDIM

DIMT

IMTD

MTDI, being metatheses of there four letters.

The initial determines the file governed; *e.g.* TDIM governs the file which reads T(o)ILVR. These angels are most mighty and benevolent. They are ruled by names of God formed by prefixing the appropriate letter from the “black-cross” to their own names.

6. Beneath the bar of the Calvary Cross remain 16 squares not yet accounted for. Here, beneath the presidency of the Kerubim, rule four mighty and benevolent angels—

INGM

LAOC

VSSN

RVOI

7. Trilateral names of demons or elementals are to be formed from these 16 squares, using the two letters on either side of the upright of the cross with a letter chosen from

KELLY'S UNIVERSE

the Central Tablet or black cross in accordance with rules which will be given in their due place. Thus GM

IN

OC

LA

et cetera, form bases for these trilateral names.

The following rules explain how the sides of the pyramids of which the squares are formed are attributed to the Sephiroth, Planets, Elements and Zodiacal signs.

1. Great Central Cross. This has 36 squares, for the decantes of the Zodiac.

On the left side of the Pyramid, Linea Patris has the Cardinal signs, the sign of the Element itself at the top, in the order of Tetragrammaton (Fire, Water, Air, Earth) going upwards.

Linea Filii has the Common signs in the same order.

Linea S.S. has the Cherubic signs, that of the element on the left, in the same order, right to left.

But the order of the decans in each sign is reverse, and thus the planets which fill the right-hand side of the Pyramids go in the first two cases downwards, and in the third from left to right.

The upper sides of the Pyramids are all attributed to the Element of Spirit, the lower sides to the Element of the Tablet.

Each square is also referred to the small card of the Tarot which corresponds to the Decan (see 777).

2. Calvary Crosses.

Each has 10 squares.

The upper sides of the Pyramids are uniformly given to

THE EQUINOX

Spirit, the lower sides to the Sephiroth, in the order shewn. The left-hand sides are attributed to the element of the Tablet, the right-hand sides to the sub-element of the lesser angle.

3. Kerubic Squares.

The upper sides pertain to the element of the Tablet, the lower sides to the sub-element. Right- and left-hand sides in this case correspond, according to a somewhat complex rule which it is unnecessary to give here. The attributions to the Court Cards of the Tarot naturally follow.

4. Lesser Squares.

The upper side of each pyramid is governed by the Kerub standing on the file above it. The lower side is governed by the Kerub also, but in order descending as the are from right to left above. [See angle of Air of Water; the Kerubs go Earth, Fire, Water, Air (from the square marked D, the fifth from the left in the top rank of the Tablet), and downward the lower sides of the squares marked O, D, E, Z go Earth, Fire, Water, Air.]

The left-hand side refers to the element of the Tablet, the right-hand side to the sub-element of the lesser angle.

5. The Black Cross or Central Tablet.

The upper and lower sides are equally attributed to Spirit.

The left-hand sides to the element of the file, in this order from left to right: Spirit, Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

The right-hand sides to the element of the rank in this order: Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

IV

Follows Plate IX., the Alphabet in which all this is written. It is the Alphabet of the Angelic Language. The invocations









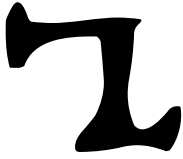








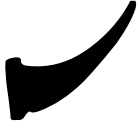



ENOCHIAN			ALPHABET		
					
		A			
					
B	C, K	D	E	F	
					
G	H	I, Y	L	M	
					
N	O	P	Q	R	
					
S	T	U, V, W	X	Z	

PLATE IX.

KELLY'S UNIVERSE

which we possess in that tongue follow in their due place.

[It is called also Enochian, as these angels claimed to be those which conversed with the “patriarch Enoch” of Jewish fable.]

V

The Thirty Æthyrs or Aires and their divisions and angels are as follows [We omit for the present consideration of the parts of the earth to which they are stated to correspond, and the question of the attributions to the cardinal points and the Tribes of Israel. These are duly tabulated in Dee's “Liber Scientiæ, Auxilii, et Victoriæ Terrestris.”]:—

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
1. LIL.	1. OCCODON	7209	} 14,931
	2. PASCOMB	2360	
	3. VALGARS	5362	
2. ARN.	4. DOAGNIS	3636	} 15,960
	5. PACASNA	2362	
	6. DIALIVA	8962	
3. ZOM.	7. SAMAPHA	4440	} 17,296
	8. VIROOLI	3660	
	9. ANDISPI	9236	
4. PAZ.	10. THOTANP	2360	} 11,660
	11. AXZIARG	3000	
	12. POTHNIR	6300	
5. LIT.	13. LAZDIXI	8630	} 16,738
	14. NOCAMAL	2306	
	15. TIARPAX	5802	

THE EQUINOX

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
6. MAZ.	16. SXTOMP	3620	} 20,040
	17. VAVAAMP	9200	
	18. ZIRZIRD	7220	
7. DEO.	19. OPMACAS	6363	} 20,389
	20. GENADOL	7706	
	21. ASPIAON	6320	
8. ZID.	22. ZAMFRES	4362	} 13,900
	23. TODNAON. . . .	7236	
	24. PRISTAC	2302	
9. ZIP.	25. ODDIORG	9996	} 17,846
	26. CRALPIR	3620	
	27. DOANZIN	4230	
10. ZAX.	28. LEXARPH	8880	} 11,727
	29. COMANAN. . . .	1230	
	30. TABITOM	1617	

[Note that these 3 names come from the black cross, with the addition of an L. This L is one of the 8 reversed letters in the four watchtowers, the other seven forming the word PARAOAN, *q.v. infra.*]

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
11. ICH.	31. MOLPAND. . . .	3636	} 15,960
	32. VSNARDA	2362	
	33. PONODOL	8962	
12. LOE.	34. TAPAMAL	3472	} 15,942
	35. GEDOONS	7236	
	36. AMBRIOL	5234	

SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
13. ZIM.	37. GECAOND	8111	}
	38. LAPARIN	3360	
	39. DOCEPAX	4213	
14. VTA.	40. TEDOOND. . . .	2673	}
	41. VIVIPOS. . . .	9236	
	42. OOANAMB. . . .	8230	
15. OXO.	43. TAHAMDO. . . .	1367	}
	44. NOCIABI	1367	
	45. TASTOXO	1886	
16. LEA.	46. CUCARPT	9920	}
	47. LAVACON	9230	
	48. SOCHIAL	9240	
17. TAN.	49. SIGMORF	7623	}
	50. AYDROPT	7132	
	51. TOCARZI	2634	
18. ZEN.	52. NABAOMI	2346	}
	53. ZAFASAI	7689	
	54. YALPAMB	2634	
19. POP.	55. TORZOXI	9996	}
	56. ABAIOND	3620	
	57. OMAGRAP	4230	
20. CHR.	58. ZILDRON	8880	}
	59. PARZIBA	1230	
	60. TOTOCAN	1617	
21. ASP	61. CHIRZPA	5536	}
	62. TOANTOM. . . .	5635	
	63. VIXPALG	5658	

THE EQUINOX

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
22. LIN.	64. OZIDAIA	2232	} 6,925
	65. PAROAN	2326	
	66. CALZIRG	2237	
23. TOR.	67. RONOOMB. . . .	7320	} 21,915
	68. ONIZIMP	7262	
	69. ZAXANIN	7333	
24. NIA.	70. ORCANIR	8200	} 24,796
	71. CHIALPS	8360	
	72. SOAGEEL	8236	
25. VTI.	73. MIRZIND	5632	} 18,201
	74. OBUAORS	6333	
	75. RANGLAM	6236	
26. DES.	76. POPHAND	9232	} 18,489
	77. NIGRANA	3620	
	78. BAZCHIM	5637	
27. ZAA.	79. SAZIAMI	7220	} 22,043
	80. MATHVLA	7560	
	81. ORPANIB	7263	
28. BAG.	82. LABNIXP	2630	} 18,066
	83. POCISNI	7236	
	84. OXLOPAR	8200	
29. RII.	85. VASTRIM	9632	} 21,503
	86. ODRAXTI	4236	
	87. GOMZIAM	7635	

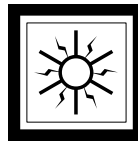
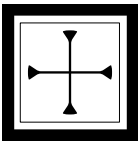
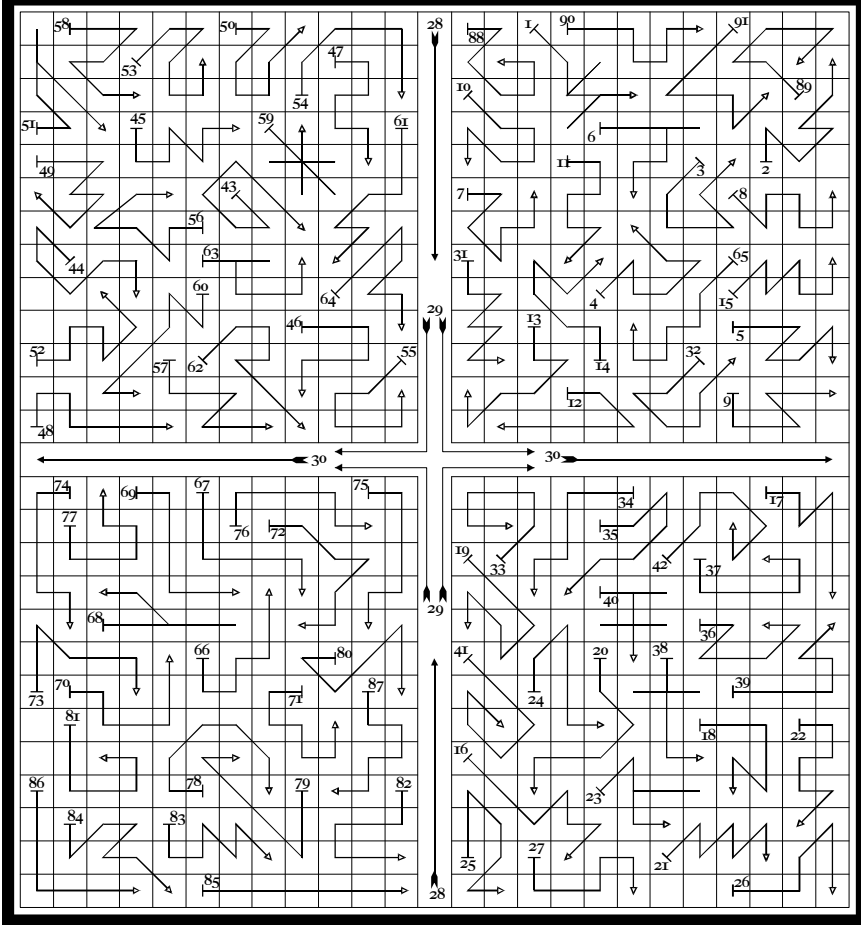
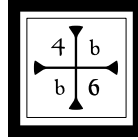


PLATE X.

SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS	NUMBERS OF SERVITORS	IN ALL
30. TEX.	88. TAOAGLA	4632	}
	89. GEMNIMB	9636	
	90. ADVORPT	7632	
	91. DOZINAL	5632	
			27,532

Plate X shows us the names of these governors in the, four Watch-Towers. Compare with Plate III.

Note that the sigil of each Governor is unique; the four sigils at the corners of Plate X. without the great square are those of the four great Elemental Kings:—

Air	Tahaoeloj.
Water	Thahebyobeatan.
Earth	Thahaaotahe.
Fire	Ohoohaatan.

APOLLO BESTOWS THE VIOLIN

A STORY FOR THE STAGE

I

THE pastureland reached from the border of the olives and figs that garlanded the village to the upper slopes of the mountain, whose tumbled rocks, fire-scarred, frowned the menace of eternal sterility, the Universe against struggling man.

It was not often the Daphnis led his goats too far toward the crags, for the plain was green and gracious. Only in one spot was the sward broken. There did mosses and flowers, yellow, blue, and white, cover a mound as soft and firm as a maiden's breast.

Daphnis, true child, loved to make believe that this mound was sacred to some nymph. He would never invade the circle, or allow his goats to wander on it. But he would take his flute and invoke the nymph, or express the faint stirrings of manhood in his boyish breast by some such simple song as this:—

“Goats of mine, give ear, give ear!
Shun this mound for food or frolic!
Heaven is open; gods are near
To my musings melancholic.
Spring upon the earth begets
Daffodils and violets.

Here it was maybe that Zeus
With his favourite took his pleasure;
Here maybe the Satyrs use
With the nymphs tread a measure.
Let no wanton foot distress
This encircled loveliness!

APOLLO BESTOWS THE VIOLIN

Oh, some destined nymph may deign
Through the lilies to come gliding,
Snatch from earth the choral swain,
Hold him in her breast in hiding!
See, they stir. It is the wind:
Of my case they have no mind.”

Thus lamenting and complaining the days found him, a monotony pastoral whose cycle was but peace.

But on the day of the summer solstice, as he plained with the old refrain, the lilies stirred more violently; and the day was windless. Also it seemed to him as if a faint mist inhabited their midst. And he sang:—

“Mist, is this the fairy veil
Of the bright one that’s for me?
Too phantastic, false and frail,
See, it melts to vanity!”

Yet was he eagerly afoot with curiosity, for now the mist rose in fiercer puffs, and little jets of flame spurted and sparkled amid the lilies:—

“Is the earth herself (he sang) that breathes
In the bosom of the flowers?
Is it fatal fire that seethes
From the heart of hateful powers?”

And the tumult of the mound increasing ever, he went forward a step toward the circle; yet again his self-set fear caught him, and he drew back—yet again his eagerness lured him. In the end, reality conquered imagination; he advanced delicately up the knoll.

Like the nipple of a breast, earth protruded, red, puckered, fissured. This Daphnis saw as he broke through the tall lilies. From its centre jetted the dusky, rose-red mist. As he thrust forward his arms to divide the flowers, the breeze caught a curl of smoke and mixed it with his breath.

His head went back: he half choked. Then a strangled cry broke from him, turning to wild laughter. His limbs

THE EQUINOX

caught the craze. He leapt and twirled and pirouetted like one stung by a tarantula: and all the while meaningless cries issued from his throat.

The nearer he approached the nipple the more fantastic were his antics, the more strident his laughter.

Now at the foot of the mound appeared a company of merchants and slaves journeying in caravan. All these, attracted from their path by the unwonted sounds, beheld him thus dancing. The whisper went round: "He is possessed of the spirit of some God," and they all fell upon their faces and worshipped.

Then followed the wonder of all; for at high noon was the sun wrapped in blackness of eclipse. In the gathering darkness and the strange shadows Daphnis still leapt and laughed; but as the sun was wholly swallowed by the dragon, he gave one supreme shriek, and fell exhausted.

II

That which had been a mound of flowers was hidden deep beneath a floor of marble, translucent as mother-of-pearl. Along each side four elephants of obsidian, crouching, did homage to the central object of the hall, a slim tripod of silver, and on their backs eight pillars of porphyry were swathed with pythons of gold and black. These supported the dome, which glittered with lapis-lazuli. The shape of the temple was that of a fish or vesica, and nowhere was there any cross or tau to be seen.

Beneath the tripod a circular hole in the marble admitted the dusky vapours which two centuries before had filled Daphnis with enthusiasm.

Beyond and between each elephant stood five priestesses in white robes, their faces wrapped closely even to the eyes, lest the fumes should cause them to fall into trance. Each of these held in her hand a torch filled with oil pressed from

APOLLO BESTOWS THE VIOLIN

the sacred olives that grew in the groves of the temple, and each was blind and deaf from too long continuance in the shrine whose glory was so dazzling and whose music so intense. Each might have been a statue of snow at some antique revery of a Tsar.

Beyond the last of these, where the temple narrowed, was a shrine hidden, for from the roof hung a veil of purple, on which were written in golden letters the names and titles of Apollo.

It was the hour of worship; with uplifted hands a bearded priest in a voluminous robe of azure and gold cried aloud the invocations. He stood beyond the tripod, his face toward the shrine.

“Hail to the Lord of the Sun!
Mystic, magnificent one!
Who shall contend with him? None.
Hail to the Lord of the Sun!
Hail to the Lord of the Bow!
He hath chosen an arrow, and lo!
Shall any avail with him? No!
Hail to the Lord of the Bow!”

And then turning towards the tripod:—

“Hail to the Lord of the Lyre!
Diviner of death and desire,
Prophetic of favour and fire,
Hail to the Lord of the Lyre!”

With this he turned again and went up to the veil, prostrating himself seven times. Then again he turned and came to the tripod and sang:—

“Prophetess, pythoress, hear!
Child of Apollo, descend!
Smooth from the soul of the sphere
Of the sun, be upon us, befriend!
In the soothsaying smoke of the hollow
Do thou and thine oracle follow
The word and the will of Apollo!”

So saying, he cast incense upon the opening beneath the tripod, and retired into the shrine. As the smoke cleared, there was found seated upon the tripod a maiden in a close

THE EQUINOX

fitting dress of crimson silk broidered with gold. Her masses of black hair, caught at the crown with a fillet of crimson and gold, fell heavily around her. She bore a lyre in her hands. Her eyes were wild and fierce, and she sniffed up the vapours of the cavern with awesome ardour. Feebly at first, afterwards frenetically, she plucked at the strings.

Hardly a minute—a string snapped; the whole music jarred; and the priest ran from the shrine, shrieking “Apollo! Apollo! Veil your faces! Apollo hath descended.” Himself he flung upon the marble before the tripod. There was a noise as of thunder; the veil was swept open as by a whirlwind, and Apollo, one flame of gold, entered the temple. As he passed, the priestesses fell dead and their torches were extinct. But a ray of glory from above, a monstrance to the God, followed him. Slowly and majestically he moved to the tripod. In his hands he bore an instrument of wood, of unfamiliar shape. Music of triumph and of glory answered his paces.

To the pythoness he advanced, thus dancing. He took the lyre from her hands and broke it. She stared, entranced. He put the strange instrument into her hands and, drawing down her head, pressed his lips to her forehead. Then he breathed lightly on her hands. Darkness fell, and lightnings rent it; thunders answered them. Apollo was gone. After the thunder the temple was filled with rosy radiance. The old priest, still prone, raised and let fall his hands, in mechanical imitation of the signs of invocation. Obedient, the pythoness began to play upon the instrument given of the God, and the temple shuddered at sounds so ethereal, so soul shaking, so divine. A greater music had been given to the world.

She ended. The old priest rose unsteadily to his feet, crying: “Apollo! Apollo!” staggered, and fell dead before the tripod.

The light went out.

DIANA OF THE INLET

BY

KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

Fair already thy wild eyes
Unlock my heart-strings as some crystal shaft
Reveals by some chance blaze its parent fount
After long time, so thou reveal'st my soul.

BROWNING.

DIANA OF THE INLET

CHAPTER I

IT was said that the man who lived alone on the Inlet shore was mad. He lived like a hermit—fished and snared wild-fowl for food, sometimes bartering a wild bees' hive, a platypus skin, or a lyre-bird's tail with the islanders or Inlet folk, for a bag of flour or some sail-cloth.

His hut, built of bark and saplings, was on an arm of earth thrown between the Inlet and the roaring Pacific. Wild waters besieged its bold outer shore, but within its embrace the Inlet lay calm as in a basin, sometimes azure, sometimes silver.

Old Mary Mahill knew his story. Moth'r Mary, all the Inlet people called her, for she mothered every ill-used creature, forlorn child or sick cow, in the country-side.

A barque had been blown on the bar in a gale some years before. The Inlet fishermen had rescued one gaunt, white-skinned man from the wreck. He was unconscious, almost lifeless, when they snatched him from the sea. They tended him with kindly sympathy. Moth'r Mary, herself, nursed him through long months of illness—weeks when he lay tossing

THE EQUINOX

in high fever, wearying night and day with delirious ravings—the cries of a soul in its agony.

“God! God! If there be a god—. . . Where art Thou—God? . . . There is no god.” Always came the same deep, final groan.

Ceaselessly that plaint arose. Its anguish, smiting the starless night, startled the fishermen and the sleeping sea-birds on the midnight sea. It greeted the dawn—a monotonous wailing, vague and clamorous. For long he suffered, and the old woman watched and tended. The feverish energy subsided, deep lethargy seized his exhausted body. Not till the spring, till the awakening merriment of birds and earthy life sent a responsive thrill through sentient nature, did it move. Great-limbed and pallid, with nerveless skeleton body and cavernous eyes, he gazed upon the sunlit young earth and sun-blue sea, uncomprehending.

He grew like a strong animal. In the clear airs, the open life, his limbs filled and became firm. Knowledge of the wild life, the wild creatures of the forest and sea, came to him intuitively. In strength and stature he was before long the finest man on the Inlet shores. But his mind had sustained a shock, and the past was a great blank to him. He went to live alone in an isolated cove of the Inlet. The country-folk thought he was mad, because of the strange and silent life he chose to lead. All that they knew of him was a name; and that was engraved on a ring which had fallen from his finger while he was ill.

Michael Greig!

I recognized it with amazement. I had heard it sounded in the world of thoughtful men as that of a genius—radiant

DIANA OF THE INLET

as the morning star—a man who had leapt into the arena of thought, and stood as it were on a dais, an orator with the flush of youth on his high brows.

His had been an enthusiastic war of words. His argument dredged modern science of the essences of superstition, and yet he used the spiritual hypothesis, the ancient faith, with the reverential simplicity that early association had imbued. The beautiful myth was a halo bound round the brows of his dead mother. The patriarchs of Learning, the magi of knowledge, with incredulity and amaze paid him homage. Wonderment gave place to admiration and applause. The laurels of scholarship were pressed upon him. For awhile the gate to an immortal fame was ajar. “A youthful daring spirit of invention, stimulated by the discoveries of science to take its flight to new and hitherto inaccessible regions,” had been written of him.

A recluse, Michael Greig immured himself from the world, that wolfish hunger after knowledge quenching all impulses but one to push beyond. His soul struggled in the solitude of a lonely life, thought its wings moved in the serene atmosphere of pure philosophy. Lost in a maze of speculations, in lofty abstractions, his brain grew dizzy. “The consciousness of the limitations of man, that sense of an open Secret—which he cannot penetrate—in which is the essence of religion,” probed his faculties, dragging them earthwards. He was impressed with the futility of toiling thought—the inscrutability of the Infinite to the Finite. In a chaos of thought, frenzied with doubt and despair, he cried to the world—that lay with ears a-gape to hear him,

“I know nothing—nothing!”

THE EQUINOX

And the world with resentful censure proclaimed him a charlatan.

Meteor-like, had Michael Greig flashed through the scientific sphere and fallen in to obscurity. Abuse engulfed him, and in an overwhelming wave of antagonism the man was lost.

But here I had found him.

He had found a sanctuary in the South, the south beyond the most southerly mountains of Australia; over the ranges of heavily-timbered mountains, which the driving winds shroud in clouds.

There in the Spring is an El Dorado of vegetable gold.

Lavish outspread beauty, wild and rare stretches everywhere, gold, gold, the gold of wattle and gorse. Gold is on the horizon, the dusty road just edging through it. A cloth of gold covers the green-swarded plains. The spirit of tranquility broods over it. Fecund and vernal it is as the "unfooted plains of Arcady," where roamed the herds of Pan.

From the blue spurs of the Hills the plains stretch: long, irriguous, flower-lapped plains, verging on the margin of the sea. On the West the Inlet water creeps into a hollow of the land. The bold outline of the Promontory extends to the outer ocean along its Western side.

The forests are dense. The outskirts of hazelwood make the air redolent of its musky fragrance. The wayside is bright with flowers—heaths, white and scarlet, thrusting speary points through the sombre-tinted bracken. Red fuchsias droop in the bending green; purple sarsaparilla and yellow wild-pea cast vines along the ground encircling the fallen timber. Every variety of acacia makes the shadowy recesses lambent

DIANA OF THE INLET

with blossom. Over a stony creek the light woods are laden with a down of creamy flowers. The creek, swollen with plentiful rain, mirrors their drooping shades and the blue patch of sky with its flying scud of clouds. Thin wreaths of smoke curl from smouldering fires in the timber.

CHAPTER II

NEXT day on the Inlet shores I sought and found my fugitive from the world of thought—the man whom the country folk called the madman of the Inlet.

He was a strange being, with splendid barbarian strength of hairy breast and half naked limb. His was the figure of a noble savage, and I realized that he was mad only in that he had gone back several decades in his way of life, and that his memory had suffered an eclipse. He had reverted almost wholly to the being of primitive senses. He was again the sensitized clay, in the place of that electric dust which is our modern composition. His soul gazed through the sightless orbs of reason, on a primitive earth. That great lonely mind, thrown out upon the world, “saw God in clouds, and heard him in the winds.”

We fraternized.

One day I tried to stir his memory. We sprawled on a spit of sand. The blue waters of the Inlet spat petulantly on the sea edge.

“Much learning hath made thee mad,” I quoted softly.

“I remember an altitude,” he answered me, gravely, after some pause, “where my blood froze. Here life glows within me. There is no cold where the sun is.”

I drew his memory gently across the path of the past. It

DIANA OF THE INLET

was strewn with thorns whose sharp points pricked faint recollection with darting thoughts.

“There was a lark,” he said, “that lost his song among the clouds, and broke his wings against the sky. There was a man who strode among the stars. He fell. Maimed, he spent the rest of his days in the fields of idle wandering. He was a madman.”

“And now, my Hermit?” I asked quietly. “Would he return?”

“Why should I leave this place?” he demanded impetuously, “leave the wild heavens and the sea, the mountains and the forestry? Their life ebbs and flows with the tide of the soul. I love the wild things, the clouds, the winds, and the sea-birds. In the morning the wild swans rise. You hear them drag the water as they move, see the flash of silver spray. They stretch their long necks as they fly, and the white tips of their outstretched wings shine against the pure morning sky. At night under the shadow of the moon they drift with shrill melancholy piping. All night they wail from their breeding beds on the sheltered shore. The mists creep in from the mainland. The moonlight shines on the water, the waves break in liquid silver. The gulls and gannets with wild unrest startle their mates, and the wind, leaving the sea hushed, sighs up among the landward trees.”

His voice fell into silence. The golden sand at our feet was fretted with foam. The tussocky grass about us hissed in the wind.

“Paugh!” spake the Hermit with a strong man’s contempt. “Do I want the cities of the world? They are plague spots—filthy and reeking of men’s vices. Men and women? Content

THE EQUINOX

among the muck-heaps, they are born and die, calling the space between, Life.

“What do I want with men?” he added, fiercely. “They are loathsome. With women? They are emptiness, ephemera of false light. They live and die like gnats in the glare of a day.”

The Hermit laughed harshly.

“The whole world is mad! mad! mad!” he continued, “grinding and toiling, seeking and soiling, with its scanty breath, giving birth and dying futilely, because it has lost the way of Life. Here in the solitude is serenity. I live. Leave me this world of sunlight, the sea, the golden sands and clouded skies. The mistress of it all I adore. Her breath it is that sways the sea and the tree-tops, and scatters the stars. Her spirit possesses me. It has murmured to me through space and time.”

“Ah, I called the moon Diane,” he whispered to me, “and worshipped her. My love for her is like the wind beating along the sea-shore. But it never reaches her. I long the more infinitely.”

“Diane!” he called softly, with tenderly love-lit eyes, and outstretched arms. The mellow voice dropped. The throbbing rhythm of it had palpitated with a profound emotion.

“I will tell you!” he said again, with a rush of worlds. “No one has ever known before. One night she came to me. Clouds were tossed about the moon. Sea-breakers broke with a moaning roar on the Inlet bar. The foam sprang high. Sea-weeds and drift-wood swirled about the edge of the sea. The heavy waves boomed dully along the sands of the Ninety Mile Beach. I heard her cry in the wind. It was fainter and

DIANA OF THE INLET

wilder than a wild swan's winging homeward in the twilight. The waves threw her high on the shelly strand. She was cold, almost lifeless. I gathered her into my arms. Her limbs were white, like the gleaming breast of a gull, her hair black as a cloud, dripping with sea-water. Chaste she was in her stillness, and holy. Moaning, I held her body against my breast. All night long, chill and motionless, she lay in my arms. In the dawning her eyelids quivered. She cried. I murmured words of tenderness, that the wind and the sea had taught me to woo her with, in the days when I dreamed and waited her coming.

“ ‘Diane! Diane!’ I called her softly, the wild love throbbing in my throat.

“She trembled. Fear shrouded her eyes.

“ ‘Diane!’ I prayed. Then sweet contentment filled those beautiful eyes. She was no longer afraid. She clung to me, and slept against my breast.

“We lived here joyously, with laughter, and tears that were the dew of happiness, lived as the birds and flowers do. We chased the rills to their springs in the mountains.

“A creek came down from the hills. We loved him. His life was a merry one in the early year. From a recess in the blue depths of the hills, he sprang. A lucid pool in the green moss-bosom of his mother earth, he lay. The deep shadows of a fern dell sequestered his birth. The latticed roof of his fragrant cradle was myrtle and dog-wood and hazel, tall tree-ferns, blue-tinted sapling gums, and mimosa. Lulled by the low-dropping note of the bell-birds, the whispering winds in the high mountain crags and ravines awakened him. He began to wander. Stray sunlight lit golden upon him. Through

THE EQUINOX

bowering trees he caught a glimpse of the blue sky above, and a tossed cloudlet. He began to sing as he wound through the shadows. He murmured against his sides. Radiant and green they were, with meadow fringes of tasselled grass, and yellow-eyed daisies. He mirrored mid-heaven, azure blue. The witchery of wattles encompassed him. Golden-haired like naiads, in the cool recesses, they flung seductive arms about him. Their fragrant presence perfumed the breeze that fanned him. Laughing sleepily, he lay in their caress, wrapt in golden sunshine. The birds in the cool of the bank whistled and warbled, merrily love-making. Silver-bellied minnows, darting on sandy shallows, blew strings of airy pearls. A platypus moved his solitary way in the shadow.

“For miles the creek ran through arcades of waving woodland, with lulling charm of soft, low singing, and she and I went with him. At night-fall we all three came to the sea. The ascending star radiantly lit the sky. The great hungry heart of the sea yearned for the river. And I—I yearned for the lips of my love.” The voice went out of him throbbled with a great emotion.

“So passed a time of perfect happiness—so we lived in Eden. But one day she ran to me with sobbing cries.

“ ‘I must leave you, Tenderness!’ she cried piteously; ‘must leave you. Remembrance has come, and with it a voice of duty. I thought I had passed the portal of life when the gods sent me to you, but it is not so. I live—and must go to my people.’

“ ‘I held her fast in my arms, and vowed that the gods should not part us.’

“ ‘My gods will part us,’ she told me with pitiful eyes.

DIANA OF THE INLET

‘They would make thee kempt and shaven, Tenderness,’ she cried.

.

“She is gone! she is gone!” moaned the Hermit.

“Sh!” He started. A wild swan wailed from a distant cove.

“Is she calling me, or is it only memory repeating her tones, ‘Tenderness! Tenderness!’ Diane—my soul!”

He stretched his arms to the silver moon, as she swam over the hummocks into the pale sky.

CHAPTER III

I IDLED the long summer away with my Hermit.

There was love of men between us. He held my heart with the philosophy and poetry of his madness. Our communion of soul and mind was thought itself speaking.

“There was a fire at the end of the summer,” he told me. “The blue haze of smoke touched the far-out sea. The heart of the forest was still when we, she and I, walked there in the heat of the day. The blue breath had crept to its inmost recesses. The air was sultry with fire. The life of the forest was under its spell—the leaves listless, insects sleepily chirring, the birds unheard. In the silence the presaging moan of the fire, hungry for the green world that lay before it, came. It had ravished the ridges. The billowing black smoke swept over the forest. Wreaths of flame leapt higher than the tree-tops. A terrible head beat against our bodies. She caught at my hand.

“ ‘Let us go to the boat, Tenderness,’ she cried. Her beautiful wide eyes were filled with apprehension. She clung to me in fear.”

The man’s throat throbbed with the slow music of his voice, for remembrance had with it a troubled sweetness.

“ ‘Come! Come!’ she urged. I could not move, for the passion of love in me, as I held her, swallowed up fear. She

DIANA OF THE INLET

drew me with gentle hands. The flames were breaking into our thicket of ferns and mimosa. We came to the beach. Our boat was heavy and flat-bottomed—an old fisherman's craft. Diane drove the white goats into it, at one end. The wind filled its brown sail, and we moved out into the silver breast of the Inlet. There we watched the fire—billows of flame that leapt in a glory from the leafage—fire clinging and swaying—loose fragments that flashed and melted mysteriously, in the heavy dusk of smoke, with showering sparks. I was Parsee and worshipping. She was afraid.

“ ‘Is it that the Gods are angry with us? Is it a messenger they send to take me away from you?’ she cried. Her beautiful wondering eyes kept my face prayerfully.

“ ‘No!’ I told her. ‘Fire is the All-mighty, the men of old called it life. Does it not speak to you of power infinite and god-like, Beloved?’ ”

The massive frame trembled with the intensity of his mood.

“Like children, close breathing together with worship and wonder, we watched. The smoke crept out to us, bearing its harsh smell of burning leaves.

“Birds dropped in the boat. Diane loved the birds. They were her musicians of the woodland. Burnt and bruised, with tremulous beating wings, they died in her hands. She smoothed their ruffled wings, holding them to her face with sorrowing love-words. I had been looking towards the shore, and found her with her lap filled with soft dead bodies. Her tears were falling over them.

“ ‘They sang and were happy!’ she said. She was aching with the cruel horror of the fire to her beautiful innocents of earth.

THE EQUINOX

“ ‘Who told me a God careth for his creatures?’ she lamented. ‘See, they are panting and hurt, Tenderness!’

“I comforted her.

“ ‘Look at its beauty! Watch with me!’ I said, pointing to the fire. She pressed the feathered bodies to her breast in love and grief.

“The fire displayed itself against a pall of smoke, excrescent green leaves of the young gums, burning silver and phosphorescent. Javelins of flame quivered and chased. The incense of burning filled the air. Ah! the majesty and mystery of Fire. All night we watched, making no sound. Only the waves lapping under the boat, and the drift of the wind in the sails, spake. Once Diane whispered low, and quick, and soft, that our hut would burn. Our eyes searched the distant shore. The glare of the fire enwrapped us. We could discern nothing in it. High up, the ranges dark with smoke, the red columns of smouldering trees, struck against the sky. The sea smell, and the cool of the Inlet tides moving gently, refreshed us. Towards dawn she slept, with her head on her arms at my feet.”

“Diane!”

The word went out of the man with a deep unfathomable intonation.

“My soul dreaming,” he continued, “I kept hand to the helm, and day came. Distant and hazy shores hung on the sea. Smoke, shiftless and blue, drifted along the horizon of the sea and sky. Dim and still the mystic line, like a pencilled veto, stretched. In its desolation the forest faced us, charred and smouldering, all the slender-limbed youth of the greenwood. The giants and patriarchs of yesterday were

DIANA OF THE INLET

blackened and fallen. Here and there a warrior scathed but alive outstood, his embattling arms stripped of greenery, of tangled ferns and sweet-scented bushes that had clung about his trunk. Not a flower, not a sound of a living creature. In its clearing our hut remained, the sentinel trees dead about it. It seemed to have won through much suffering, and stood with an air of mute homeness for us. Our hearts went out to it, the bark dwelling of our love. She saw, and the joy of her learning lit my soul. I caught her to my breast.

“‘The Gods do love us!’ she exclaimed in gladness.

“The creek was crying plaintively. At noon the wind dropped. Afterwards, the noise of thunder rattled and echoed among the hills. It wailed away, with a moaning sob; then awoke again in shattering crashes—a wild beast’s angry fury, sounding long, and dull, and dead, as it sank muttering among the valleys. Far over the plains the storm swept. The thunderbolts, snapping, shook the foundations of the hills. The earth trembled. The voices of earth were mute. The thunder broke again and again from its remote rest, muttering, than breaking in impotent clashing, making forests and hills and valleys quake.

“The rain came, shrouding the purple and heavy blue of the hills in mist. At evening the mists lifted. Sunshine gleamed on the rain-wet world. A cloud curled and gathered and hung in the western sky, a white radiant cumulus, with long shaded lines and drifting gulfs of shadow, corrymbi, and fields of snow. The sun lit golden on its spotless edges. In the night-darkness, heavy and thunderous still, in huge shapeless masses this cloud lay. The lightning played against it, revealing mountainous shadows. Spasms of brilliance lit the

THE EQUINOX

dark hills, limning each tree and leaflet. The flashes circled the plains and lay out on the cold still sea. Gaps of glory they made among the silent trees, splashes of radiance in the barren blackness. Daggers of light touched forest and sea in a flash. Through the shallow pools of fresh rain-water, mirroring scattered stars, they darted. Then all was ended, of storm and fire. The globe of a silver moon swung serene in a cloudless sky.”

There is a marsh near the Inlet where the stillness of death reigns. A stream winds somnolently into it, and drifts to sleep among the water-weeds. The reflection of the blue sky lies in it. We went there together, the Hermit and I. He was in rough, sombre mood.

“She said a nymph slept down there,” he told me, his voice vibrant. “A nymph asleep as women are without love. She used to stoop over those damp edges, staining her white skin with the stagnant waters, to sing and whisper mysterious things of the man-god who would come and catch up the dreamer from her trance, and bear her away. In the summer, at the end of the year, the marsh was dry, the nymph gone. Diane said that she had gone away with her lover. The nymph returns with Autumn. She sleeps all the winters, and springs, and in the summer she leaves with her lover again. The seasons return, but my Love comes not back.”

His deep melancholy voice ceased; and he strode hurriedly away.

Peering into the green, slimy depths, I saw in fancy the dreaming nymph, the shadow of her eyes, the ripple of her mouth. She lies with white arms up-thrown. Her drifting hair waves with the sleepy river movement. Sun jewels

DIANA OF THE INLET

sparkle in it. The edges of her blue garments crinkle over the marsh. Meadow-weeds broider her robes, green and golden, as she sleeps all the autumns and winters and springs. The fringes of it glisten with workmanship of water-flowers. There is a sheen of green-spun foam motionless upon it. Seed-mosses have woven her a light veiling. Yellow marsh-marigolds with their daisy eyes a-stare stretch in a girdle to the water's edge. They have twined in her dusky hair, with the white star-flowers that shine there. Sometimes she sings in her sleep, dreamy lilting murmurs that drop and flow faintly. The sighing weeds echo the tremulous strain. Over the brilliance of the waste sometimes a sea bird wings. Sky and stream are vivid with the glory of the flowers, and the golden sunlight.

CHAPTER IV

FRAGMENTARY threads of gossip were rife about this Diane of the Inlet. No one knew whence she came—whither she disappeared. Moth'r Mary constantly affirmed that she was a witch! I laughed to think that serious belief in the black arts was not dead, but found that several old people in this beautiful wilderness of the world clung to ancient superstitions and remnants of folk-lore.

Some fishermen, driven by a fresh breeze to a far corner of the Inlet, had seen a shadowy figure beside the man's on the distant beach. They had heard weird laughter, and the notes of a siren-song softly borne on the wind. Their sails had flapped helplessly in the wind as they tried to turn. They had tacked in the treacherous shallows on the further shore. Until night-fall they struggled vainly. Presently the singing ceased, and behold! the wind at once filled the sails and the smacks crept quietly into the broader swell. The fishermen told their story in the township, and the crones decided that witchery had been used.

A settler's boy, driving home his straying cattle through the marshes in mid-summer, had seen the white reflection of a woman's form in a dark pool of water. Voices came through the trees. It was a mangrove and ti-tree scrub, wreathed with the climbing and trailing vies of creepers. Over the reedy,

DIANA OF THE INLET

cross-grown, deep-shadowed, still waters, gauzy-winged insects spawned. The air was thick with them. The sun shone in shafted light on their iridescent wings. Only the wind and the sunlight and these light-winged creatures of air had ever pierced its depths of vaporous shadow. But the boy had seen the tall figure of the Inlet madman among the trees, seen also a reflection of whiteness and floating hair, in the dark pool beside him. He had heard flute-like laughter, its echoing melody in the leafy stillness, and a deep-throated answer. On the outskirts of the marsh, by the beaten narrow track, the half-scared youngster lay in ambush. He had heard the tinkling cattle-bells grow faint in the distance. Then, escaping from the hidden lair, he ran away with the tale.

In the evening, old men foregathered on the verandah of the "Ship Inn." Heads nodded. Tongues wagged wisely. Mysterious tales of sorcery and the like went round. They conjectured that the madman had dealings with the Evil One. This was the reason of his misfortunes. The witch-woman was, therefore, an emissary of the Devil, they concluded.

An old wood-cutter told me his version of the mystery, with professed dissent from the popular notion. He and some mates had been marking trees in a distant part of the forest and saw a strange spectacle.

A woman all wreathed in flowers, bare-armed and bare-footed, was enthroned on the stump of a tree. In her tangled dusky hair showery clematis was woven. The Hermit lay at her feet, a trailing garland in his hands, his eyes upraised. In the silence a branch of hazel-wood snapped. Like a startled wild creature the woman fled. With swift, naked feet, her flower draperies trailing, she vanished down the long forest

THE EQUINOX

aisle. The man sprang to his feet, face to face with the surprised intruders. He stood, wild, fierce-eyed, like a lion at bay. His powerful limbs were quivering with passionate strength. Mute and sheepish, the wood-cutter and his mates slunk away down the hill-side.

Wandering high up the range, I sought the scene of this idyll. The mountains rose like a wall from the green of the bush tree-tops. There were depths and depths in their blue recesses. The slope of a timbered spur stood on the verge of a great forest. Through dim arcades of the forest I passed. The primeval majesty, the immensity, of the silent tree-world worked within me. There were patriarchal monarchs of the green-wood, giants of strength and lusty leafage, young trees in their slim, vigorous youth. Maenads, with rugged bark flying from glistening naked limbs, tossed their fragrant foliage. Dead trees with up-raised ghostly arms dolorously wailed a miserere to the blue sky.

The hill-path grew steeper, the trees taller. The mountain gums were like columns of living marble, shining white in the green forest depths. Sometimes their whiteness was splashed with ochre, seamed with coral, stained steely blue. Through a track that was an alley of sweet-smelling flowering shrubs I went.

Restless torrents tossed between the hills, cascading silvery in blue depths of mist. I crept through the dewy fern groves—moist and heated, smelling of life in the fertile mould, through damp ferny coverts of flowers. In the long forest aisles tall waving fern-fans shut away the light. I passed like a pilgrim, worshipping each fresh phase of the way, and found the shrine.

DIANA OF THE INLET

Giant Eucalypts ranged about a grassy glade were the columns of this woodland temple. A high vaulted pavilion of leaves lifted and drifted in the winds, showing the blue of mid-heaven. Musks and hazel-woods thronged. Mimosas entirely golden with massy down of blossoms, and acacias in every hue of yellow, hedged about it.

Fern-fans waved against the light. Uncurling fronds of ferny undergrowth, golden-brown and chrysoprase, spread among the grasses. Clematis lay like snow among the threes, drooping in pendulous masses, casting starry trails to weave and twine over the bushes. The vines of the purple sarsaparilla ran in festoons, and wound about the stately columns of the gums. At their bases delicate shoots sprang in a thicket of pale blue foliage. Near one end of the screening leafage was the natural altar, a gray, hewn tree-stump. Shafted sunlight played over the grassy lawn. Flights of butterflies fluttered from the shrubs.

I flung myself into the deep fragrant grasses and pondered. There is a mysterious spell in the lonely stillness and beauty of the forest hills. The air, with its mingled musky aroma of trees, its wild, heavy fragrance of flowers, is narcotic. One drifts into a hazy dreamland of imagination. The bird-music swells, the singing and sighing of sweet notes, merry roulades, the long, quivering, tender breaths of sound. Throbbing exultant tremolos, warbling, whispering, and lonely sobbing notes, bouts of gusty merriment, rise and fall distantly on the enchanted air. A shrike's rippled call comes gaily from the misty gullies. White wings sail across the tree-spaces. From under a dewy fern the bell-bird's mellow, liquid note drops falteringly.

THE EQUINOX

With half-closed eye I looked up at the gray tree stump, the woodland altar. And I saw, in fancy, a flower-wreathed woman, with shadowy hair, garlanded with starry clematis, serving as priestess before it, and the figure of a strong man who worshipped.

In this wilderness of deep green forest and sapphire Inlet, Spring made sanctuary. What an Eden it was in its exquisite loveliness and solitude! Two renegade souls of our modern time had made Eden of it. He was the Adam, purged of memory, she the Eve, "new-waked" to woman's primitive innocence and purity.

But the day of their happiness was ended.

"Happiness is the mirage of Life's Desert," I told myself.

Twilight was creeping along the vistas of the forest.

Moth'r Mary told me a story as she clattered backwards and forwards from the well in the gloaming. The old woman, with her stooping figure, short rough skirts, folded shawl and sun-bonnet, had an old-world simplicity. The spring water splashed over her pails. The clanking and jarring of her industrious occupation, the clomping of her hob-nailed boots, accompanied the vigorous recitative. Her tongue ever wagged lustily as she worked.

I hardly heeded the story as I watched the workings of the sunset. The great wall of the forest overhung us. Impenetrable, the green depths faced me, and climbed up the range. Slim white trunks stemmed the darkness. The sun had set in an abandon of gold behind the tree-tops. The afterglow gilded the river meads, where great-horned cattle roamed knee-deep in herbage. Beyond were the glinting fields

DIANA OF THE INLET

of yellowed summer grass, the sapphire blue of the Inlet on their far edge.

After the old woman had gone, the story emerged from a cell of my sub-conscious brain. Night came. The wall of the hills was dark, lit with the red stars of far-off fires. I mused over this last development of the Inlet Idyll.

The first lambs of spring were crying like children in the chill winds of the morning, Moth'r Mary had said, when the madman of the Inlet strode into the township. The winter shadow of the hills lay on them still. The gorse was gleaming golden by the roadsides. Flocks of snowy geese meandering along the way-side scattered in terror as he passed. He carried something in his arms. The townsfolk—women, bare-legged children, and a few surly men, gathered curiously. He went to Moth'r Mary's humpy at the far end of the road. She crossed herself, and muttered a prayer against witchcraft, when she saw his stalwart, unkempt figure. All the countryside feared him since the rumours of that strange companion of his solitude had spread.

He was gentle and tender as a woman, as he unfolded his arms. Wrapped in the hare-skins, he carried a child—a dark-skinned baby that wailed fretfully. The man's face was agonized at its cry.

"He is sick," he said, giving the child to Moth'r Mary, with piteous eyes.

Half compassionately, half fearfully, the old woman took the infant. He left it with her, but came often again to the township bringing her fish and sea-fowl. She lost fear at the sight of him; scolded him garrulously, ranted, and interrogated.

THE EQUINOX

But to no purpose. He said the child belonged to him and would say no more.

She protested that the Hermit was “soft,” not mad. With serious, tender eyes he watched the child grow, always bringing it some bright feathers or sea-shells to play with.

My first impulse was to attribute the man’s action to a compassionate instinct for some woodman’s sick child. Scattered through the forests were the bark huts of log-men and road-menders. It found no answering sympathy. The solution to the rustic’s mind was the witch woman’s existence. I found myself agreeing with them, apart from all fanciful interpretation.

He grew up a slight, wild, merry creature, this boy, and became the scourge of his old foster-mother’s life, with his mischievous ways. He was always coming back to her, with a will-o’-the-wisp affection. The neighbours called him “The Devil’s Brat,” with odd superstition that powers of evil had been agents of his birth. He was a lonely child. The man at the Inlet missed him for weeks sometimes. And at night an elfish face peering in at her window would give Moth’r Mary such a shock that she muttered prayers and charms to herself half the night. Then at dawn her maternal heart would melt when she found a bare, brown body asleep on her doorstep, and saw the pathos of the child face in the weariness and peace of sleep. She crooned a rare wealth of love and pity over him. On winter nights she left the door unlatched, and by the dead leaves round the hearth she knew who had sheltered there. Gifts of wild honey, wattle gum, wild cherries, and such like childish things, he lavished upon her.

He kept the good country-folk in a tremor with his antics.

DIANA OF THE INLET

He stole their fruit, and chased their cattle away till they were lost beyond trace in the hills. He loved to dash into their kitchens, like a wild thing out of the night. He would laugh and blink at the fires. The farmers' wives called him "Devil's Brat," and, with superstitious fear of contamination, chased him away from their own sonsy and blithe children.

CHAPTER V

THOUGHT is the music of consciousness. It is the singing voice of the soul. From a world of intense thinking this man had passed. With clouded brain, as from sleep awakened, he went into the morning of a new life; from the darkness of pessimism into the daylight, with eyes dazzled, and the faith of a child. To him the stars were angels' eyes. Earth was a garden—the garden of God. The winds and the sun and the sea had voices, and breathed in his soul. Tutelary nature bred sense anew, with wild untrammelled strength. The poetry of an intense mind throve. A woman's presence had won him from taciturn savagery.

Was he mad, or was that solitary existence a phase of the eccentricity to which great minds are akin? I asked myself.

What of the woman? Was she some vagabond gipsy creature or perhaps the baggage of a distant islander?

Their mutual love had imparadised life. That was all I knew.

We became close companions, this lonely Man of the Inlet and I. And we would lie together for hours on the sands in the sunlight. In my company his strange restlessness was abated, and although there was a frontier over which his memory of personal things could not pass, his mind in the impersonal realm was vigorous and untrammelled.

DIANA OF THE INLET

It was one day just after he had left me that I made a discovery. The point of a sapling with which I carelessly disturbed the sand suddenly brought to light a wreath of red berries tied with a woman's dark hair.

Gently and carefully I searched the sand with my hands, and found two shell-strung armlets and a necklace of gray sea-pearls. A woman's ornaments, surely!

Then a piece of newspaper, yellow with sea-water and scarcely legible, hidden among some shells, came to light. But I read on this scrap of paper a paragraph which intimated that a search party was setting out with a view of discovering traces of a young lady who had been lost overboard from a craft called the "Maiai." The vessel had encountered heavy weather rounding the Promontory. A welcome lull occurring after sunset put the passengers and crew off their guard. Suddenly without the slightest warning an immense sea rose. "Big as a mountain," the captain said. It thundered with terrific crash upon the decks, sweeping the vessel from end to end. In a few minutes the sea was again tranquil. Some seamen had observed a woman's figure standing aft before the sea came. That lady, it was feared, had been swept off in the receding swirl of the wave. Some hope was entertained of her being picked up by stray fishermen and being still alive on some desolate Straits Island.

The paper was torn where a name had been written.

With the guilty sensations of a peeping Tom, I peered further into the mystery. According to the ship's reading, the wave had arisen in lat. 38° 5', and long. 146° 4' 5' west. That would therefore be due east of the Promontory about thirty miles—the place where my hermit found his Diane.

THE EQUINOX

The Powers who in the British churl “chancelled the sense misused” here blinded me. I threw my imagination into the balance with that madman’s. The poesy of circumstance, the contemplation of a “soul set free,” filled me. A very revelry it was, in the upheaval of those “laws by which the flesh bars in the spirit.” Love lies above ourselves. It is that pure inspiration of the great spirit which made idyll in Eden.

This, then, was the haven the immaculate woman of my conception had found. I wondered why she had left her Eden solitudes. Was it fear for the man,—fear of his passion and savage strength if force separated her from him? Did she think he was mad? Would they have fettered those splendid limbs, heaped insult and ignominy on the dignity of that great, simple mind? I seemed to hear a voice pleading with me, the echo of a cry.

“They would make thee kempt and shaven, Tenderness!”
And again the hopeful “I will come again!”

This scrap of paper must have come in the drift of fishermen’s “debris.” She had seen it and fled to stave off discovery.

I thought deeply on the tangled skein of our instincts and conventions. The tide was low. The channels, between the green mud-banks, were blue as the cloudless sky. Sea-birds were feeding on their edge. Gulls and gannets, gathering along the beach and wading in the silver-laved sand, softly whistled among themselves.

The waves rushed murmuringly. Wild swans sailed over the broad bosom of the Inlet. Sea-snipe wheeled with a flash of silvery wings. Great brown gulls hovered over my head. The wing of a white gull cut the blue sky. The wet sands

DIANA OF THE INLET

swarmed with crabs. They peered at me, in reverie, inveighing against the artificialities of life. Pertinently, I read them a sermon.

“Dearly beloved Brethren!” said I. “The night is gathering out in the west. The tide is coming. Surely it will creep over you, and sweep your shells of being into the ocean of the Unknown. Put not your trust, your foolish, fish-like confidence, in sea-fowl, little Brothers. Your opal backs, your yellow, freckled legs and golden claws, are vanity. Behold the gull how he sails the ether, touches the mountain clouds of heaven, pierces the veil of the distance, fathoms the green depths of the sea. He lives, inspiring ozone on the limitless horizon, the incense breath of earth, fed from the foams of summer-lapper islands, and lo! is a Solomon king-crab in all his glory like unto him?”

“Crabs! O Crabs! ye are dead in the shells of your conventionalities. You emerald-legged fellow sitting athwart a cockle-bed, mud-grubber, solemn and silent, leave worms and other sweetmeats, mistress, thy prying into massy sea-weeds and tawdry gew-gaws. Regard the sun. Hear the wind—the voice of the world, for it is written, ‘ye shall lie on the sea-shore, among the calcareous fragments of shell-fish and amphitrite, till the tempests of time annihilate the record of your existence.’”

“One thing is certain that life flies. One thing is certain, and the rest is lies!” I chanted, and said “Amen.”

The soiled piece of newspaper was crushed in my hand.

“Good-bye,” I called softly to the solitary figure of the Hermit, standing alone in the sunlight. He was looking seawards and did not answer me.

THE EQUINOX

“Good-bye, my friend,” I called again. “I am going on embassy to the Moon; shall I tell the woman you want her?” For I wanted to find her—Diana of the Inlet.

I had been wandering at dawn one day. Coming back to my humpy, the sun at the zenith, the hunger of man—human and healthy—gnawed at my vitals. Sounds of disturbance greeted me, a clacking of fowls, and barking of dogs—my household gods in anger. A harsh voice and shrill impish laughter mingled.

Through the trees I could see Moth’r Mary chasing a half-naked youngster with a heavy stick. Her short skirts were flying.

The boy was darting among the apple trees, his bronze limbs brushing the greenery, his mocking and teasing laughter vexing the old woman to tempests of rage. He had apples in his hands, red-russet, striped yellow and scarlet beauties that were the pride and joy of her life. She loved to hoard and gaze at them when the south-wester blew up in sleety rain from the sea, and the snow lay heavily on the gray hills.

She stood still when she saw me, shaking her knotted fists at the recreant. Her gray-green eyes were awful. She spluttered and spat in her haste to tell me of the ragged imp.

He was a handsome, fearless child, and chewed his red apples with wicked eyes that were alive with merry mischief and alert for flight if need be.

“Och! Masther!” cried the old woman, “th’ Devil’s brat is after thievin’ yer apples, surre! Th’ ceows ’e ’ve let into the latment ’f turnips. I wus carryin’ pim-kins ’nd marrers from the paddicks, ’n I heart un shoutin’. I thogt that I was dune wid un, I do!”

DIANA OF THE INLET

She turned in rage upon the boy. He skipped behind the apple tree.

“Och thin! I’ll be after yees!” she yelled. But she trundled away into the house to get me something to eat.

“It’s him!” she whispered mysteriously to me, preparing the meal, “th’ Devil’s brat! Shur-re he do be sassy;” she clasped her old hands, the yellow bony hands of toil. Through the dark thin lashes I saw her eyes gleam tenderly. “Poor baby, whisher, whisher, God bless ’im! I tuk bard in th’ winter mesilf, and T’rasa me darter, surre, she cum ’nd say to me, ‘ye’re dyin’, shurre, y’are,’ she ses, ‘it’s no good feedin’ yer, ’n’ doin’ fer yer; ye’ll die,’ she ses. ‘It’d be waste givin’ ye what there’s many hungering for.’

“But Devil’s brat cum ’n’ did fer me, he do.”

She raised her hands and sighed happily. “Och! thin,” she went on, the withered old face bright with its simple gladness. “I didn’t die.”

The boy leapt out of the sunshine. He flung a heap of blossom on to the flags of Moth’r Mary’s kitchen. Instantly the hum of scores of locusts arose. A merry wild thing, he sped off again with peals of impish laughter.

The old woman clattered after him, inveighing and scolding indefatigably.

CHAPTER VI

AUSTRALIA is the happy hunting ground of my wayward Ego. Elsewhere, the wearied limbs are carried in incessant pilgrimage. Here inebriate, with senses beauty-filled, it droops and dreams like a Lotus-eater, deep asleep yet deep awake.

“Oh! rest ye, brother Mariners! Rest ye!” here in the clear air, dewy plains, the blue hills and heavily shaded valleys. Among the trees the shadows lie. Radiant sunlight falls over the fields. The dead grasses glow golden. Shafts of purest light cross the shadows the trees cast.

A symphony of bird-singing, opening with the first flush of dawn in the mellow plains and forest aisles, fills the air with outbursts at first; and then rapturous melodies, flute-like cadenzas of joy, proclaim, “Beloved, it is morn!” Descanting on the joy of life, the purity of Nature, the arisen sun, the bird-world sings.

Pæans of irresistible joyous praise fill the sunny morning hours. The hoarse bass of crows, kah, kah, kah-ing, away on the plains, the wind’s leafy murmur in the trees, and the merry derisive cackle of laughing jackasses, mingle. Wandering bands of magpies in wild vain-glorious minstrelsy warble their lays of romance and daring. Some songster, prolonging the theme with fine conceit in his tuning and turns, out-carols his choir. The soft throaty chatter of parroquets, the chuckle

DIANA OF THE INLET

of a gray myna in the bole of a tree, and the buoyant communion of her mate, the long piping call of mud-larks across the flats, the laughing echo of jackasses among the blue depths of distant hills, fuse in the intermezzo of gladness.

Small birds lift their faint, sweet roundelay. They chirp and chatter to each other among the thickets, litanies of love and happiness, little thrilling snatches of song, vibrating, irresponsive ecstasies. The soft chirring of the insect-peopled grasses flourishes sweet accompaniment. All the bright hours the soft singing continues. Large amber-winged grasshoppers idly hum about dandelions in the dry, dead grass. Renegade cicadas sing lustily. Butterflies toss in the light air. The efflorescent trees and sweet shrubs breathe wild warm fragrance.

I was revelling in my pure joy of life in this golden south, when I became conscious that I was not there alone.

A woman was there as well as I, a woman of star-like eyes and chill beauty. She flashed past me in the forest, running like a startled hare. The wild scarlet had leapt to her cheeks. In her loosened hair, briars caught. The vines of a gay, wild weed were twined in it. The heath of the dunes was in sight before her feet lagged.

The sand of the hummocks, the golden gleam of the Ninety-mile sands, caught her eye. She climbed the crest of a hillock. It swept steeply down and another sister hillock rose from its base. Her nostrils caught the sea-smell. Silver meshes of the Inlet were just visible between the hills.

She laughed wildly and sweetly. The roseate heath crept like a flush over the hill-side. The purple mists drifted

THE EQUINOX

between the trees in the valley. The full gleam of the distant sunlit Inlet revealed itself.

“Tenderness!” she called with ringing voice.

Sometime falling in the red heath she ran on, calling often again with quick sweet laughter. She struggled for breath, her limbs trembling and flesh torn.

“Man! Tenderness!” she cried.

Once she waited as she called. Far over the fells the wind had seemed to breathe “Diane!” as it touched her. Merry wanton laughter was wafted away with it. She ran calling along the Inlet beach, calling, calling. No windy murmur answered. Only the echoes rang—echoes of a name.

“Tenderness! Tenderness!” drifted over the Inlet, mingling with the whirr of winds and the cries of the startled sea-birds.

“Man! Tenderness!” she cried, sobbing now, “Where are you? Where are you?”

The wind on the heaving sea snatched at the sound.

“Where are you?—are you?” it wailed.

The clear sandy beach was silent. The bark hut in the sheltered cove was empty, its doors ajar. Along the boisterous little creek was no sign of living creature. Only a water-rat splashed out of sight as the woman lifted the green boughs of the trees. She turned seawards again. Her tremulous lips framed soundlessly the yearning cry. Her eyes were grown dark and distended with the agony of that aloneness.

From out a tussocky hole in the banked-up sand, a dark-skinned, scantily clothed thing, with trowsled head and bright, shy eyes crept. It was more like some small wild beast than a child.

DIANA OF THE INLET

The woman caught at him.

“Where is he? Where is he?” she asked fiercely. The boy whimpered.

“Where is he?” the hoarse whispered voice implored. This strange woman with her torn clothing insisted roughly.

“Him?” queried the child, fearing, and pointed in the direction of the bark hut.

“Yes! Yes!” panted the woman.

The child cried softly.

“We were getting birds’ eggs in the tussocks,” he said presently.

“Some one was calling. He put up his arms and ran to the sand-bank, calling to it. He walked right out calling. He was mad. I was feart,” wailed the child. “I could see him awhile, his head bobbing about among the breakers, out there.”

A brown finger pointed to where the ocean breakers tossed white foam on the Inlet bar.

“Then the sea went over him.” The child sobbed as the woman hung over him. “The waves came in bigger’n bigger. I was feart. The calling came nearer’n nearer. I thought it was witches.”

Lifting wild, frightened eyes, he continued, “Moth’r Mary tellt me of th’ witch of th’ Inlet. I hid in th’ grass. It must have been your calling,” he added. “I heart you meself, but I thought it was witches—or—dead men coming out of the sea to catch me.”

The woman laughed harshly. The child broke away from her detaining clasp.

She ran to the outer beach. For ninety miles the sea

THE EQUINOX

thundered, thundered and crashed on its wind-swept sands. With muffled boom and roar, waves broke on the bar. The waves rushed shorewards, dark-shadowed, foaming-lipped, with dripping jaws agape—the hungry pack of the *loups de mer*. With hollow growl of baffled rage, they crashed in foam and seethed back, shrieking their terror and spite to the far-off sea.

The wild, fleet figure of a woman sped over the sands, calling her prayers and a name to the pitiless winds, in an agony that was madness. Overcome at last, she sank on the sand. The spray sprang over her desolate figure. The wind lashed her wet hair, her face, with its deathly pallor. Her eyes were wide with the unearthly light of infinite pain. She lay on the lonely shore, shrieking a frenzied lamentation.

Night was glooming in. A child stole across the sand. Silently he watched beside the solitary figure. The woman's clothing was soaked, the rime of the sea-spray lay in her tangled hair. The child crept against the dank form. His serious eyes, wet with distress, covered her. He pressed a bare brown hand against her face in mute sympathy. The woman pushed him roughly away. He touched her stiff hands with compassionate sorrow. The woman moved. She drew back and looked at him. Her face stern and sunken, deathly pallid, with eyes distended, and vacant, tense lips, she confronted the child.

“Who are you?” she gasped hoarsely, straining her eyes on the wistful small face.

“Don't know,” he whispered awefully, “Moth'r Mary said I b'longed to him,” glancing over towards where the hut was hidden in the cove.

DIANA OF THE INLET

“She had me, when I was a baby, but I b’longed to him,” he reiterated plaintively.

The woman’s gaze was steady. She devoured the upturned face with eager eyes. It was wan in the twilight, a child’s face, tanned with sun and sea, bearing nobility of feature and luminous eyes.

“What is your name?” she demanded softly.

“Moth’r Mary said, he at the Inlet had sold himself to the Devil. She said that no mortal woman was my moth’r like th’ children of th’ Dara. She said that I came from a fire in th’ earth. They called me the Devil’s brat. He said, the gods gave me, and my mother was the moon.”

The hoarse chuckle of insane laughter gurgled in the woman’s throat. She screamed, clutching at her sea-wet hair, with fearful eyes.

The child began to cry softly.

Then a melting tenderness filled those staring eyes. A smile moved her lips. A low sad sobbing welled sweetly in her throat. She turned to the child with tremulous lips and bosom, and tearful eyes. She called softly to him with infinite love and opened arms. Radiant expectancy was in her shining eyes. He crept into her arms. She cried and sang over him, with voice tuned to a lay of passionate soothing love.

On the lonely sea-shore the breaking waves tossed spectral foam. The sea moaned and wept along its length. A solitary star sprang in the twilight sky.

I found them together, the lonely boy and that wild witch-woman of Inlet superstition; her beautiful face, the haunting sorrow of her eyes, are with me still.

THE EQUINOX

She talked to me with a tender calm. There was deep sadness in the note of her voice. A fearless dignity and expression of chill nobility enwrapped her.

“My mind is clouded with the dream of a distant time,” she said, “a pungent memory, phantom-like, has haunted me. In my life and the world beyond, my senses swooned on the memory of the Inlet. Then came a thrill of keener recollection.”

She spoke on, with dreaming eyes. The pressure of strong feeling assuaged throbbed in her soft, low voice.

“I recognize in myself that primitive Woman who arises to mock at civilization and creeds,” she said. “The blood of Mother Eve beats against my brain.”

“I want the man! my man—Adam of the Inlet shores!” her arms moved outwards tremulously. “Here is the I, the woman soaring over the immolation of Life, the detestable, heartless hopelessness of existence. I am come back to the Inlet!” she said.

His words voiced with a throbbing passion fell softly into silence. Then she spoke again, with the slow speech of a mind far away.

“The moon is rising on the Inlet,” she said, “a pale, silver moon in a dim sky; can’t you see it, breaking on the dim waters. The wailing of the swans, the cries of the gulls, the moan of the struggling sea, don’t you hear them?”

“It was the moon he loved as did Endymion. And when I came—a mortal woman, self-sent from a barren and desolate life, he loved and called me after her.”

“Diane! Diane!” Was it the faint wailing note of a wild swan that beat the still air?

DIANA OF THE INLET

“Coming! Coming!” she cried with low harmonious voice of joyful promise.

She lifted the dark-skinned boy and laid him against her breast.

“Our two selves gave thee Soul, Beloved,” she murmured passionately, cradling the soft dark head in her arms.

Round all the Inlet islands the dawn came stealing, outlining the coves and headlands with a silver thread. All the sea-birds awoke in clamorous choir, with whirring wings. Wild swans took their arrowy flight across the shining surface of the Inlet. Speckled snipe, and red-bills, and oyster-catchers were feeding at the silver brim of the sea. A pelican arose from a sandy cove, and with slow flapping flight winged seawards.

On an upland that gave on the Inlet panorama, a woman stood. Her eyes, and the sorrowful thought stirring in their depths, bade farewell to the beautiful scene, the sapphire blue, locked on the west by bold distant mountains. Purple they were, transfused with pink glow of the morning sky. The broad expanse of the Pacific lay beyond the Inlet. Sea-breakers rose against the sky. Curlews were rising in clouds, with shining wings, and shrilled distantly their soft melancholy calls.

Her tears were falling. They moved slowly from sight of the Inlet shores—the woman and the child, with clinging hands.

A great moon is rising on the Inlet now, as I have often seen it rise, red-gold. The reflection falling, red-gold like a

THE EQUINOX

wedding-ring, clasps earth and sky. Under the moon a line of wild swans drifts with shrill melancholy piping. The moonlight touches the coves. The water waves from gold to silver. Sea and earth are still, as in an enthrallment.

The vision of the woman floats to my memory—Diane of the Inlet. Her voice clear and thrilling echoes its own fateful story. Beside her comes a man with splendid strength of limb and primitive mind. I hear his deep, tender calling to the rising moon.

“Diane! Diane!”

All the changing scene and colour of the Inlet rises again before me, and the idyll of the madman of the Inlet and the Diane of his imagination.

FINIS

SILENCE

AMID the thunder of the rolling spheres,
Herself unchanged despite the changing years,
She stands supreme, alone.
With trembling hands tight pressed to rigid ears,
Deaf to all prayers, and hopes, and human tears,
One voiceless Horror—louder than all fears,
Filling the great Unknown.

ETHEL ARCHER.

MEMORY OF LOVE

O DREAD Desire of Love! O lips and eyes!
O image of the love that never dies,
But, fed by furtive fire, rages most
When Hope and Faith have been for ever lost!
O oft-kissed lips and soul-remembered eyes,
O stricken heart -- the old love never dies!

O Passion of dead lips that used to cling
To warm red living ones that breathed no pain!
O Passion of dead hours that daily bring
To life some phantom pale that died in vain! . . .
Some echo tuned to Memory's dying strain,
Some witness of the immemorial spring!

MEREDITH STARR.

ACROSS THE GULF

ACROSS THE GULF

CHAPTER I

AT last the matter comes back into my mind.

It is now five years since I discovered my stelé at Bulak, but not until I obtained certain initiation in the city of Benares last year did the memory of my life in the Twenty-Sixth Dynasty when I was prince and priest in Thebai begin to return. Even now much is obscure; but I am commanded to write, so that in writing the full memory may be recovered. For without the perfect knowledge and understanding of that strange life by Nilus I cannot fully know and understand this later life, or find that Tomb which I am appointed to find, and do that therein which must be done.

Therefore with faith and confidence do I who was—in a certain mystical sense—the Priest of the Princes, Ankh-f-nakhonsu, child of Ta-nech, the holy and mighty one, and of Bes-na-Maut, priestess of the Starry One, set myself to tell myself the strange things that befell me in that life.

Thus.

At my birth Aphruimis in the sign of the Lion was ascending, and in it that strange hidden planet that presides over darkness and magic and forbidden love. The sun was united with the planet of Amoun, but in the Abyss, as showing

THE EQUINOX

that my power and glory should be secret, and in Aterechinis the second decanate of the House of Maat, so that my passion and pleasure should likewise be unprofance. In the House of Travel in the Sign of the Ram was the Moon my sweet lady. And the wise men interpreted this as a token that I should travel afar; it might be to the great temple at the source of mother Nile; it might be . . .

Foolishness! I have scarce stirred from Thebai.

Yet have I explored strange countries that they knew not of: and of this also will I tell in due course.

I remember -- as I never could while I lived in Khemi-land -- all the minute care of my birth. For my mother was of the oldest house in Thebes, her blood not only royal, but mixed with the divine. Fifty virgins in their silver tissue stood about her shaking their sistrons, as if the laughter of the Gods echoed the cries of the woman. By the bed stood the Priest of Horus with his heavy staff, the Phoenix for its head, the prong for its foot. Watchful he stood lest Sebek should rise from the abyss.

On the roof of the palace watched the three chief astrologers of Pharaoh with their instruments, and four armed men from the corners of the tower announced each god as it rose. So these three men ached and sweated at their task; for they had become most anxious. All day my birth had been expected; but as Toum drew to His setting their faces grew paler than the sky; for there was one dread moment in the night which all their art had failed to judge. The gods that watched over it were veiled.

But it seemed unlikely that Fate would so decide; yet so they feared that they sent down to the priest of Thoth to say

ACROSS THE GULF

that he must at all costs avoid the threatening moment, even if the lives of mother and child should pay for it; and still the watchmen cried the hour. Now, now! cried the oldest of the astrologers as the moment grew near—now! Below in answer the priest of Thoth summoned all his skill.

When lo! a rumbling of the abyss. The palace reeled and fell; Typhon rose mighty in destruction, striding across the skies. The world rocked with earthquake; every star broke from its fastening and trembled.

And in the midst lo! Bes-na-Maut my mother; and in her arms myself, laughing in the midst of all that ruin. Yet not one living creature took the slightest hurt! But the astrologers rent their robes and beat their faces on the ground; for the dread moment, the Unknown Terror, had gone by; and with it I had come to light.

In their terror, indeed, as I learnt long after, they sent messengers to the oldest and wisest of the priests; the High-priest of Nuit, who lived at the bottom of a very deep well, so that his eyes, even by day, should remain fixed upon the stars.

But he answered them that since they had done all that they could, and Fate had reversed their design, it was evident that the matter was in the hands of Fate, and that the less they meddled the better it would be for them. For he was a brusque old man—how afterwards I met him shall be written in its place.

So then I was to be brought up as befitted one in my station, half-prince, half-priest. I was to follow my father, hold his wand and ankh, assume his throne.

And now I begin to recall some details of my preparation for that high and holy task.

THE EQUINOX

Memory is strangely fragmentary and strangely vivid. I remember how, when I had completed my fourth month, the priests took me and wrapped me in a panther's skin, whose flaming gold and jet-black spots were like the sun. They carried me to the river bank where the holy crocodiles were basking; and there they laid me. But when they left me they refrained from the usual enchantment against the evil spirit of the crocodile; and so for three days I lay without protection. Only at certain hours did my mother descend to feed me; and she too was silent, being dressed as a princess only, without the sacred badges of her office.

Also in the sixth month they exposed me to the Sun in the desert where was no shade or clothing; and in the seventh month they laid me in a bed with a sorceress, that fed on the blood of young children, and, having been in prison for a long time, was bitterly an-hungered; and in the eighth month they gave me the asp of Nile, and the royal Uraeus serpent, and the deadly snake of the south country, for playmates; but I passed scatheless through all these trials.

And in the ninth month I was weaned, and my mother bade me farewell, for never again might she look upon my face, save in the secret rites of the Gods, when we should meet otherwise than as babe and mother, in the garment of that Second Birth which we of Khemi knew.

The next six years of my life have utterly faded. All that I can recall is the vision of the greatness of our city of Thebai, and the severity of my life. For I lived on the back of a horse, even eating and drinking as I rode; for so it becometh a prince. Also I was trained to lay about me with a sword, and in the use of the bow and the spear. For it was said that

ACROSS THE GULF

Horus—or Men Tu, as we called him in Thebai—was my Father and my God. I shall speak later of that strange story of my begetting.

At the end of seven years, however, so great and strong had I waxen that my father took me to the old astrologer that dwelt in the well to consult him. This I remember as if it were but yesterday. The journey down the great river with its slow days! The creaking benches and the sweat of the slaves are still in my ears and my nostrils. Then swift moments of flying foam in some rapid or cataract. The great temples that we passed; the solitary Ibis of Thoth that meditated on the shore; the crimson flights of birds;—but nothing that we saw upon the journey was like unto the end thereof. For in a desolate place was the Well, with but a small temple beside it, where the servants—they too most holy! of that holy ancient man might dwell.

And my father brought me to the mouth of the well and called thrice upon the name of Nuit. Then came a voice climbing and coiling up the walls like a serpent, “Let this child become priestess of the Veiled One!”

Now my father was wise enough to know that the old man never made a mistake; it was only a question of a right interpretation of the oracle. Yet he was sorely puzzled and distressed, for that I was a boy child. So at the risk of his life—for the old man was brusque!—he called again and said “Behold my son!”

But as he spoke a shaft of sunlight smote him on the nape of the neck as he bent over the well; and his face blackened, and his blood gushed forth from his mouth. And the old man lapped up the blood of my father with his tongue, and cried

THE EQUINOX

gleefully to his servants to carry me to a house of the Veiled One, there to be trained in my new life.

So there came forth from the little house an eunuch and a young woman exceeding fair; and the eunuch saddled two horses, and we rode into the desert alone.

Now though I could ride like a man, they suffered me not; but the young priestess bore me in her arms. And though I ate meat like a warrior, they suffered me not, but the young priestess fed me at her breast.

And they took from me the armour of gilded bronze that my father had made for me, scales like a crocodile's sewn upon crocodile skin that cunning men had cured with salt and spices; but they wrapped me in soft green silk.

So strangely we came to a little house in the desert, and that which befell me there is not given me of the gods at this time to tell; but I will sleep; and in the morning by their favour the memory thereof shall arise in me, even in me across these thousands of years of the whirling of the earth in her course.

CHAPTER II

So for many years I grew sleek and subtle in my woman's attire. And the old eunuch (who was very wise) instructed me in the Art of Magic and in the worship of the Veiled One, whose priestess was I destined.

I remember now many things concerning those strange rituals, things too sacred to write. But I will tell of an adventure that I had when I was nine years of age.

In one of the sacred books it is written that the secret of that subtle draught which giveth vision of the star-abodes of Duant, whose sight is life eternal in freedom and pleasure among the living, lieth in the use of a certain little secret bone that is in the Bear of Syria. Yet how should I a child slay such an one? For they had taken all weapons from me.

But in a garden of the city (for we had now returned unto a house in the suburbs of Thebai) was a colony of bears kept by a great lord for his pleasure. And I by my cunning enticed a young bear-cub from its dam, and slew it with a great stone. Then I tore off its skin and hid myself therein, taking also its jaw and sharpening the same upon my stone. Then at last the old she-bear came searching me, and as she put down her nose to smell at me, taking me for her cub, I drove my sharpened bone into her throat.

I struck with great fortune; for she coughed once, and died.

THE EQUINOX

Then I took her skin with great labour; and (for it was now night) began to return to my house. But I was utterly weary and I could no longer climb the wall. Yet I stayed awake all that night, sharpening again upon my stone the jaw-bone of that bear-cub; and this time I bound it to a bough that I tore off from a certain tree that grew in the garden.

Now towards the morning I fell asleep, wrapped in the skin of the old she-bear. And the great bear himself, the lord of the garden, saw me, and took me for his mate, and came to take his pleasure of me. Then I being roused out of sleep struck at his heart with all my strength as he rose over me, and quitting my shelter ran among the trees. For I struck not home, or struck aslant. And the old bear, sore wounded, tore up the skin of his mate; and then, discovering the cheat, came after me.

But by good fortune I found and wedged myself into a narrow pylon, too deep for him to reach me, though I could not go through, for the door was closed upon me. And in the angle of the door was an old sword disused. This was too heavy for me to wield with ease; yet I lifted it, and struck feebly at the claws of the bear. So much I wounded him that in his pain he dropped and withdrew and began to lick his paws. Thus he forgot about me; and I, growing bolder, ran out upon him. He opened his mouth; but before he could rise, I thrust the sword down it. He tossed his head; and I, clinging to the sword-hilt, was thrown into the air, and fell heavily upon my shoulder. My head too struck the ground; and I lay stunned.

When I came to myself it was that a party of men and

ACROSS THE GULF

women had thrown water in my face and uttered the spells that revive from swoon. Beside me, close beside me, lay mine enemy dead; and I, not forgetful of my quest, took the blade of the sword (for it was snapt) and cut off the secret parts of the bear and took the little bone thereof; and would have gone forth with my prize. But the great lord of the house spake with me; and all his friends made as if to mock at me. But the women would not have it; they came round me and petted and caressed me; so that angry words were spoken.

But even as they quarrelled among themselves, my guardian, the old eunuch, appeared among them; for he had traced me to the garden.

And when they beheld the ring of the holy ancient man the astrologer they trembled; and the lord of the house threw a chain of gold around my neck, while his lady gave me her own silken scarf, broidered with the loves of Isis and Nephthys, and of Apis and Hathor. Nor did any dare to take from me the little bone that I had won so dearly; and with it I made the spell of the Elixir, and beheld the starry abodes of Duant, even as it was written in the old wise book.

But my guardians were ashamed and perplexed; for though I was so sleek and subtle, yet my manhood already glowed in such deeds as this—how should I truly become the priestess of the Veiled One?

Therefore they kept me closer and nursed me with luxury and flattery. I had two negro slave-boys that fanned me and that fed me; I had an harp-player from the great city of Memphis, that played languorous tunes. But in my mischief I would constantly excite him to thoughts of war and of love; and his music would grow violent and loud, so

THE EQUINOX

that the old eunuch, rushing in, would belabour him with his staff.

How well I recall that room! Large was it and lofty; and there were sculptured pillars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and of porphyry and yellow marble. The floor was of black granite; the roof of white marble. On the Southern side was my couch, a softness of exotic furs. To roll in them was to gasp for pleasure. In the centre was a tiny fountain of pure gold. The sunlight came through the space between the walls and the roof, while on the other sides I could look through and up into the infinite blue.

There was a great python that inhabited the hall; but he was very old, and too wise to stir. But—so I then believed—he watched me and conveyed intelligence to the old magus of the well.

Now then the folly of my guardians appeared in this; that while all day I slept and languished and played idly, at night while they supposed I slept, I slept not. But I rose and gave myself to the most violent exercises. First, I would go into my bathing-pool and hold my breath beneath the water while I invoked the goddess Auramoth one hundred times. Next, I would walk on my hands around the room; I even succeeded in hopping on one hand. Next, I would climb each of the twenty-four smooth pillars. Next, I would practise the seventy-two athletic postures. Also in many other ways I would strive to make my strength exceeding great; and all this I kept most secret from my guardians.

At last on one night I resolved to try my strength; so, pushing aside the curtain, I passed into the corridor. Springing upon the soldier that guarded me, I brought him to the

ACROSS THE GULF

ground; and with my right hand under his chin, my left on his right shoulder, and my knee at the nape of his neck, I tore his head from his body before he could utter a cry.

I was now in my fifteenth year; but the deed was marvelous. None suspected me; it was thought a miracle.

The old eunuch, distressed, went to consult the magus of the well; whose answer was; “Let the vows of the priestess be taken!”

Now I thought this old man most foolish-obstinate; for I myself was obstinate and foolish. Not yet did I at all understand his wisdom or his purpose.

It often happens thus. Of old, men sent their priests to rebuke Nile for rising—until it was known that his rising was the cause of the fertility of their fields.

Now of the vows which I took upon me and of my service as priestess of the Veiled One it shall next be related.

CHAPTER III

IT was the Equinox of Spring, and all my life stirred in me. They led me down cool colonnades of mighty stone clad in robes of white broided with silver, and veiled with a veil of fine gold web fastened with rubies. They gave me not the Uraeus crown, nor any nemyss, nor the Ateph crown, but bound my forehead with a simple fillet of green leaves—vervain and mandrake and certain deadly herbs of which it is not fitting to speak.

Now the priests of the Veiled One were sore perplexed, for that never before had any boy been chosen priestess. For before the vows may be administered, the proofs of virginity are sought; and, as it seemed, this part of the ritual must be suppressed or glossed over. Then said the High Priest: "Let it be that we examine the first woman that he shall touch with his hand, and she shall suffice." Now when I heard this, I thought to test the God; and, spying in the crowd, I beheld in loose robes with flushed face and wanton eyes, a certain courtesan well-known in the city, and I touched her. Then those of the priests that hated me were glad, for they wished to reject me; and taking aside into the hall of trial that woman, made the enquiry.

Then with robes rent they came running forth, crying out against the Veiled One; for they found her perfect in virginity, and so was she even unto her death, as latter appeared.

ACROSS THE GULF

But the Veiled One was wroth with them because of this, and appeared in her glittering veil upon the steps of her temple. There she stood, and called them one by one; and she lifted but the eye-piece of her veil and looked into their eyes; and dead they fell before her as if smitten of the lightning.

But those priests who were friendly to me and loyal to the goddess took that virgin courtesan, and led her in triumph through the city, veiled and crowned as is befitting. Now after some days he that guarded the sacred goat of Khem died, and they appointed her in his place. And she was the first woman that was thus honoured since the days of the Evil Queen in the Eighteenth Dynasty, of her that wearied of men at an age when other women have not known them, that gave herself to gods and beasts.

But now they took me to the pool of liquid silver—or so they called it; I suppose it was quicksilver; for I remember that it was very difficult to immerse me—which is beneath the feet of the Veiled One. For this is the secret of the Oracle. Standing afar off the priest beholds the reflection of her in the mirror, seeing her lips that move under the veil; and this he interprets to the seeker after truth.

Thus the priest reads wrongly the silence of the Goddess, and the seeker understands ill the speech of the priest. Then come forth fools, saying “The Goddess hath lied”—and in their folly they die.

While, therefore, they held me beneath the surface of the pool, the High Priestess took the vows on my behalf saying:

I swear by the orb of the Moon;

I swear by the circuit of the Stars;

THE EQUINOX

I swear by the Veil, and by the Face behind the Veil;
I swear by the Light Invisible, and by the Visible
Darkness; On behalf of this Virgin that is buried in thy water;
To live in purity and service;
To love in beauty and truth;
To guard the Veil from the profane;
To die before the Veil; . . .
—and then came the awful penalty of failure.

I dare not recall half of it; yet in it were these words: Let her be torn by the Phallus of Set, and let her bowels be devoured by Apep; let her be prostituted to the lust of Besz, and let her face be eaten by the god —.

It is not good to write His name.

Then they loosed me, and I lay smiling in the pool. They lifted me up and brought me to the feet of the goddess, so that I might kiss them. And as I kissed them such a thrill ran through me that I thought myself rapt away into the heaven of Amoun, or even as Asi when Hoor and Hoor-pa-kraat, cleaving her womb, sprang armed to life. Then they stripped me of my robes, and lashed me with fine twigs of virgin hazel, until my blood ran from me into the pool. But the surface of the silver swallowed up the blood by some mysterious energy; and they took this to be a sign of acceptance. So then they clothed me in the right robes of a priestess of the Veiled One; and they put a silver sistrion in my hand, and bade me perform the ceremony of adoration. This I did, and the veil of the goddess glittered in the darkness—for night had fallen by this—with a strange starry light.

Thereby it was known that I was indeed chosen aright.

So last of all they took me to the banqueting-house and

ACROSS THE GULF

set me on the high throne. One by one the priests came by and kissed my lips: one by one the priestesses came by, and gave me the secret clasp of hands that hath hidden virtue. And the banquet waxed merry; for all the food was magically prepared. Every beast that they slew was virgin; every plant that they plucked had been grown and tended by virgins in the gardens of the temple. Also the wine was spring water only, but so consecrated by the holy priestesses that one glass was more intoxicating than a whole skin of common wine. Yet this intoxication was a pure delight, an enthusiasm wholly divine; and it gave strength, and did away with sleep, and left no sorrow.

Last, as the first gray glow of Hormakhu paled the deep indigo of the night, they crowned and clothed me with white lotus flowers, and took me joyously back into the temple, there to celebrate the matin ritual of awakening the Veiled One.

Thus, and not otherwise, I became priestess of that holy goddess, and for a little while my life passed calm as the unruffled mirror itself.

It was from the Veiled One herself that came the Breath of Change.

On this wise.

In the Seventh Equinox after my initiation into her mystery the High Priestess was found to fail; at her invocation the Veil no longer glittered as was its wont. For this they deemed her impure, and resorted to many ceremonies, but without avail. At last in despair she went to the temple of Set, and gave herself as a victim to that dreadful god. Now all men were much disturbed at this, and it was not known at all of them what they should do.

THE EQUINOX

Now it must be remembered that the ceremonies are always performed by a single priestess alone before the goddess, save only at the Initiations.

The others also had found themselves rejected of her; and when they learnt of the terrible end of the High Priestess, they became fearful. Some few, indeed, concealed their failure from the priests; but always within a day and a night they were found torn asunder in the outer courts; so that it seemed the lesser evil to speak truth.

Moreover, the affair had become a public scandal; for the goddess plagued the people with famine and with a terrible and foul disease.

But as for me, I wot not what to do; for to me always the Veil glittered, and that brighter than the ordinary. Yet I said nothing, but went about drooping and sorrowful, as if I were as unfortunate as they. For I would not seem to boast of the favour of the goddess.

Then they sent to the old Magus in the well; and he laughed outright at their beards, and would say no word. Also they sent to the sacred goat of Khem, and his priestess would but answer, "I, and such as I, may be favoured of Her," which they took for ribaldry and mocking. A third time they sent to the temple of Thoth the Ibis god of wisdom. And Thoth answered them by this riddle: "On how many legs doth mine Ibis stand?"

And they understood him not.

But the old High priest determined to solve the mystery, though he paid forfeit with his life. So concealing himself in the temple, he watched in the pool for the reflection of the glittering of the Veil, while one by one we performed the

ACROSS THE GULF

adorations. And behind him and without stood the priests, watching for him to make a sign. This we knew not; but when it fell to me (the last) to adore that Veiled One, behold! the Veil glittered, and the old Priest threw up his arms to signal that which had occurred. And the flash of the eye pierced the Veil, and he fell from his place dead upon the priests without.

They buried him with much honour, for that he had given his life for the people and for the temple, to bring back the favour of the Veiled One.

Then came they all very humbly unto me the child, and besought me to interpret the will of the Goddess. And her will was that I alone should serve her day and night.

Then they gave me to drink of the Cup of the torment; and this is its virtue, that if one should speak falsely, invoking the name of the goddess, he shall burn in hell visibly before all men for a thousand years; and that flame shall never be put out. There is such an one in her temple in Memphis, for I saw it with these eyes. There he burns and writhes and shrieks on the cold marble floor; and there he shall burn till his time expire, and he sink to that more dreadful hell below the West. But I drank thereof, and the celestial dew stood shining on my skin, and a coolness ineffable thrilled through me; whereat they all rejoiced, and obeyed the voice of the Goddess that I had declared unto them.

Now then was I alway alone with that Veiled One, and I must enter most fully into that secret period of my life. For, despite its ending, which hath put many wise men to shame, it was to me even as an eternity of rapture, of striving and of attainment beyond that which most mortals—and they initiates even!—call divine.

THE EQUINOX

Now first let it be understood what is the ritual of adoration of our Lady the Veiled One.

First, the priestess performs a mystical dance, by which all beings whatsoever, be they dogs or demons, are banished, so that the place may be pure. Next, in another dance, even more secret and sublime, the presence of the goddess is invoked into her Image. Next, the priestess goes a certain journey, passing the shrines of many great and terrible of the Lords of Khem, and saluting them. Last, she assumes the very self of the Goddess; and if this be duly done, the Veil glittereth responsive.

Therefore, if the Veil glittereth not, one may know that in some way the priestess hath failed to identify herself with Her. Thus an impurity in the thought of the priestess must cause her to fail; for the goddess is utterly pure.

Yet the task is alway difficult; for with the other gods one knoweth the appearance of their images; and steadily contemplating these one can easily attain to their imitation, and so to their comprehension, and to unity of consciousness with them. But with Our Veiled One, none who hath seen her face hath lived long enough to say one word, or call one cry.

So then it was of vital urgency to me to keep in perfect sympathy with that pure soul, so calm, so strong. With what terror then did I regard myself when, looking into my own soul, I saw no longer that perfect stillness. Strange was it, even as if one should see a lake stirred by a wind that one did not feel upon the cheeks and brow!

Trembling and ashamed, I went to the vesper adoration. I knew myself troubled, irritated, by I knew not what. And in

ACROSS THE GULF

spite of all my efforts, this persisted even to the supreme moment of my assumption of her godhead.

And then? Oh but the Veil glittered as never yet; yea more! it shot out sparks of scintillant fire, silvery rose, a shower of flame and of perfume.

Then was I exceedingly amazed because of this, and made a Vigil before her all the night, seeking a Word. And that word came not.

Now of what further befell I will write anon.

CHAPTER IV

SO it came to pass that I no longer went out at all from the presence of the goddess, save only to eat and to sleep. And the favour of her was restored to the people, so that all men were glad thereof.

For if any man murmured, he was slain incontinent, the people being mindful of the famine and the disease, and being minded to have no more of such, if it could by any means be avoided. They were therefore exceeding punctual with their gifts.

But I was daily more afraid, being in a great sweat of passion, of which I dared to speak to no man. Nor did I dare to speak even privily in mine own heart thereof, lest I should discover its nature. But I sent my favourite, the virgin Istarah (slim, pallid, and trembling as a young lotus in the West Wind), with my ring of office, to enquire of the old Magus of the well.

And he answered her by pointing upward to the sky and then downward to the earth. And I read this Oracle as if it were spoken "As above, so beneath." This came to me as I had flung myself in despair at the feet of my Lady, covering them with my tears; for by a certain manifest token I now knew that I had done a thing that was so dreadful that even now—these many thousand years hence—I dare hardly write it.

I loved the Veiled One.

ACROSS THE GULF

Yea, with the fierce passion of a beast, of a man, of a god, with my whole soul I loved her.

Even as I knew this by the manifest token the Veil burst into a devouring flame; it ate up the robes of my office, lapping them with its tongues of fire like a tigress lapping blood; yet withal it burnt me not, nor singed one hair.

Thus naked I fled away in fear, and in my madness slipped and fell into the pool of liquid silver, splashing it all over the hall; and even as I fled that rosy cataract of flame that wrapt me (from the Veil as it jetted) went out—went out—

The Veil was a dull web of gold, no more.

Then I crept fearfully to the feet of the goddess, and with my tears and kisses sought to wake her into life once more. But the Veil flamed not again; only a mist gathered about it and filled the temple, and hid all things from my eyes.

Now then came Istarah my favourite back with the ring and the message; and thinking that she brought bad news, I slit her lamb's-throat with the magic sickle, and her asp's-tongue I tore out with my hands, and threw it to the dogs and jackals.

Herein I erred sorely, for her news was good. Having reflected thereon, I perceived its import.

For since the Veil flamed always at my assumption, it was sure that I was in sympathy with that holy Veiled One.

If I were troubled, and knew not why; if my long peace were stirred—why then, so She!

"As above, so beneath!" For even as I, being man, sought to grasp godhead and crush it in my arms, so She, the pure essence, sought to manifest in form by love.

Yet I dared not repeat the ceremony at midnight.

THE EQUINOX

Instead I lay prone, my arms outstretched in shame and pain, on the steps at her feet.

And lo! the Veil flamed. Then I knew that She too blamed Herself alike for her ardour and for her abstinence. Thus seven days I lay, never stirring; and all that time the Veil flamed subtly and softly, a steady bluish glow changing to green as my thought changed from melancholy to desire.

Then on the eight day I rose and left the shrine and clad myself in new robes, in robes of scarlet and gold, with a crown of vine and bay and laurel and cypress. Also I purified myself and proclaimed a banquet. And I made the priests and the citizens, exceeding drunken. Then I called the guard, and purged thoroughly the whole temple of all of them, charging the captain on his life to let no man pass within. So that I should be absolutely alone in the whole precincts of the temple.

Then like an old gray wolf I wandered round the outer court, lifting up my voice in a mournful howl. And an ululation as of one hundred thousand wolves answered me, yet deep and muffled, as though it came from the very bowels of the earth.

Then at the hour of midnight I entered again the shrine and performed the ritual.

As I went on I became inflamed with an infinite lust for the Infinite; and now I let it leap unchecked, a very lion. Even so the Veil glowed red as with some infernal fire. Now then I am come to the moment of the Assumption; but instead of sitting calm and cold, remote, aloof, I gather myself together, and spring madly at the Veil, catching it in my two hands. Now the Veil was of woven gold, three thousand

ACROSS THE GULF

twisted wires; a span thick! Yet I put out my whole force to tear it across; and (for she also put out her force) it rent with a roar as of earthquake. Blinded I was with the glory of her face; I should have fallen; but she caught me to her, and fixed her divine mouth on mine, eating me up with the light of her eyes. Her mouth moaned, her throat sobbed with love; her tongue thrust itself into me as a shaft of sunlight smites into the palm-groves; my robes fell shrivelled, and flesh to flesh we clung. Then in some strange way she gripped me body and soul, twining herself about me and within me even as Death that devoureth mortal man.

Still, still my being increased; my consciousness expanded until I was all Nature seen as one, felt as one, apprehended as one, formed by me, part of me, apart from me—all these things at one moment—and at the same time the ecstasy of love grew colossal, a tower to scale the stars, a sea to drown the sun . . .

I cannot write of this . . . but in the streets people gathered apples of gold that dropped from invisible boughs, and invisible porters poured out wine for all, strange wine that healed disease and old age, wine that, poured between the teeth of the dead (so long as the embalmer had not begun his work), brought them back from the dark kingdom to perfect health and youth.

As for me, I lay as one dead in the arms of the holy Veiled One—Veiled no more!—while she took her pleasure of me ten times, a thousand times. In that whirlwind of passion all my strength was as a straw in the simoom.

Yet I grew not weaker but stronger. Though my ribs

THE EQUINOX

cracked, I held firm. Presently indeed I stirred; it seemed as if her strength had come to me. Thus I forced back her head and thrust myself upon and into her even as a comet that impales the sun upon its horn! And my breath came fast between my lips and hers; her moan now faint, like a dying child, no more like a wild beast in torment.

Even so, wild with the lust of conquest, I urged myself upon her and fought against her. I stretched out her arms and forced them to the ground; then I crossed them on her breast, so that she was powerless. And I became like a mighty serpent of flame, and wrapt her, crushed her in my coils.

I was the master! . . .

Then grew a vast sound about me as of shouting: I grew conscious of the petty universe, the thing that seems apart from oneself, so long as one is oneself apart from it.

Men cried "The temple is on fire! The temple of Asi the Veiled One is burning! The mighty temple that gave its glory to Thebai is aflame!"

Then I loosed my coils and gathered myself together into the form of a mighty hawk of gold and spake one last word to her, a word to raise her from the dead!

But lo! not Asi, but Asar!

White was his garment, starred with red and blue and yellow. Green was his Countenance, and in his hands he bore the crook and scourge. Thus he rose, even as the temple fell about us in ruins, and we were left standing there.

And I wist not what to say.

Now then the people of the city crowded in upon us, and for the most part would have slain me.

But Thoth the mighty God, the wise one, with his Ibis-

ACROSS THE GULF

head, and his nemyss of indigo, with his Ateph crown and his Phoenix wand and with his Ankh of emerald, with his magic apron in the Three colours; yea, Thoth, the God of Wisdom, whose skin is of tawny orange as though it burned in a furnace, appeared visibly to all of us. And the old Magus of the Well, whom no man had seen outside his well for nigh threescore years, was found in the midst: and he cried with a loud voice, saying:

“The Equinox of the Gods!”

And he went on to explain how it was that Nature should no longer be the centre of man’s worship, but Man himself, man in his suffering and death, man in his purification and perfection. And he recited the Formula of the Osiris as follows, even as it hath been transmitted unto us by the Brethren of the Cross and Rose unto this day:

“For Asar Un-nefer hath said:

He that is found perfect before the Gods hath said:

These are the elements of my body, perfected through suffering, glorified through trial.

For the Scent of the dying rose is the repressed sigh of my suffering;

The Flame-Red fire is the energy of my undaunted Will;

The Cup of Wine is the outpouring of the blood of my heart, sacrificed to regeneration;

And the Bread and Salt are the Foundations of my Body

Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.

For I am Asar triumphant, even Asar Un-nefer the Justified One!

I am He who is clothed with the body of flesh,

Yet in Whom is the Spirit of the mighty Gods.

I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death; he who partaketh with me shall arise with me.

I am the manifestor in Matter of those whose abode is in the Invisible.

I am purified: I stand upon the Universe: I am its Reconciler with the eternal Gods: I am the Perfectioner of Matter; and without me the Universe is not!”

THE EQUINOX

All this he said, and displayed the sacraments of Osiris before them all; and in a certain mystical manner did we all symbolically partake of them. But for me! in the Scent of the dying Rose I beheld rather the perfection of the love of my lady the Veiled One, whom I had won, and slain in the winning!

Now, however, the old Magus clad me (for I was yet naked) in the dress of a Priest of Osiris. He gave me the robes of white Linen, and the leopard's skin, and the wand and ankh. Also he gave me the crook and scourge, and girt me with the royal girdle. On my head he set the holy Uraeus serpent for a crown; and then, turning to the people, cried aloud:

“Behold the Priest of Asar in Thebai!

“He shall proclaim unto ye the worship of Asar; see that ye follow him!”

Then, ere one could cry “Hold!” he had vanished from our sight.

I dismissed the people; I was alone with the dead God; with Osiris, the Lord of Amennti, the slain of Typhon, the devoured of Apophis . . .

Yea, verily, I was alone!

CHAPTER V

NOW then the great exhaustion took hold upon me, and I fell at the feet of the Osiris as one dead. All knowledge of terrestrial things was gone from me; I entered the kingdom of the dead by the gate of the West. For the worship of Osiris is to join the earth to the West; it is the cultus of the Setting Sun. Through Isis man obtains strength of nature; through Osiris he obtains the strength of suffering and ordeal, and as the trained athlete is superior to the savage, so is the magic of Osiris stronger than the magic of Isis. So by my secret practices at night, while my guardians strove to smooth my spirit to a girl's, had I found the power to bring about that tremendous event, an Equinox of the Gods.

Just as thousands of years later was my secret revolt against Osiris—for the world had suffered long enough!—destined to bring about another Equinox in which Horus was to replace the Slain One with his youth and vigour and victory.

I passed therefore into these glowing abodes of Amennti, clad in thick darkness, while my body lay entranced at the feet of the Osiris in the ruined temple.

Now the god Osiris sent forth his strange gloom to cover us, lest the people should perceive or disturb; Therefore I lay peacefully entranced, and abode in Amennti. There I confronted the devouring god, and there was my heart weighed

THE EQUINOX

and found perfect; there the two-and-forty Judges bade me pass through the pylons they guarded; there I spoke with the Seven, and with the Nine, and with the Thirty-Three; and at the end I came out into the abode of the Holy Hathor, unto her mystical mountain, and being there crowned and garlanded I rejoiced exceedingly, coming out through the gate of the East, the Beautiful gate, unto the Land of Khemi, and the city of Thebai, and the temple that had been the temple of the Veiled One. There I rejoined my body, making the magical links in the prescribed manner, and rose up and did adoration to the Osiris by the fourfold sign. Therefore the Light of Osiris began to dawn; it went about the city whirling forth, abounding, crying aloud; whereat the people worshipped, being abased with exceeding fear. Moreover, they hearkened unto their wise men and brought gifts of gold, so that the temple floor was heaped high; and gifts of oxen, so that the courts of the temple could not contain them: and gifts of slaves, as it were a mighty army.

Then I withdrew myself; and taking counsel with the wisest of the priests and of the architects and of the sculptors, I gave out my orders so that the temple might duly be builded. By the favour of the god all things went smoothly enough; yet was I conscious of some error in the working; or if you will, some weakness in myself and my desire. Look you, I could not forget the Veiled One, my days of silence and solitude with Her, the slow dawn of our splendid passion, the climax of all that wonder in her ruin!

So as the day approached for the consecration of the temple I began to dread some great catastrophe. Yet all went well—perhaps too well.

ACROSS THE GULF

The priests and the people knew nothing of this, however. For the god manifested exceptional favour; as a new god must do, or how shall he establish his position? The harvest were fourfold, the cattle eightfold; the women were all fertile—yea! barren women of sixty years bore twins!—there was no disease or sorrow in the city.

Mighty was the concourse of the citizens on the great day of the consecration.

Splendid rose the temple, a fortress of black granite. The columns were carved with wonderful images of all the gods adoring Osiris; marvels of painting glittered on the walls; they told the story of Osiris, of his birth, his life, his death at the hands of Typhon, the search after his scattered members, the birth of Horus and Harpocrates, the vengeance upon Typhon Seth, the resurrection of Osiris.

The god himself was seated in a throne set back unto the wall. It was of lapis-lazuli and amber, it was inlaid with emerald and ruby. Mirrors of polished gold, of gold burnished with dried poison of asps, so that the slaves who worked upon it might die. For, it being unlawful for those mirrors to have ever reflected any mortal countenance, the slaves were both blinded and veiled; yet even so, it were best that they should die.

At last the ceremony began. With splendid words, with words that shone like flames, did I consecrate all that were there present, even the whole city of Thebai.

And I made the salutation unto the attendant gods, very forcibly, so that they responded with echoes of my adoration. And Osiris accepted mine adoration with gladness as I journeyed about at the four quarters of the temple.

THE EQUINOX

Now cometh the mysterious ceremony of Assumption. I took upon myself the form of the god: I strove to put my heart in harmony with his.

Alas! alas! I was in tune with the dead soul of Isis; my heart was as a flame of elemental lust and beauty; I could not—I could not. Then the heavens lowered and black clouds gathered upon the Firmament of Nu. Dark flames of lightning rent the clouds, giving no light. The thunder roared; the people were afraid. In his dark shrine the Osiris gloomed, displeasure on his forehead, insulted majesty in his eyes. Then a pillar of dust whirled down from the vault of heaven, even unto me as I stood alone, half-defiant, in the midst of the temple while the priests and the people cowered and wailed afar off. It rent the massy roof as it had been a thatch of straw, whirling the blocks of granite far away into the Nile. It descended, roaring and twisting, like a wounded serpent demon-king in his death-agony; it struck me and lifted me from the temple; it bore me through leagues of air into the desert; then it dissolved and flung me contemptuously on a hill of sand. Breathless and dazed I lay, anger and anguish tearing at my heart.

I rose to swear a mighty curse; exhaustion took me, and I fell in a swoon to the earth.

When I came to myself it was nigh dawn. I went to the top of the hillock and looked about me. Nothing but sand, sand all ways. Just so was it within my heart!

The only guide for my steps (as the sun rose) was a greener glimpse in the East, which I thought might be the valley of the Nile reflected. Thither I bent my steps: all day I struggled with the scorching heat, the shifting sand. At night I tried to sleep, for sheer fatigue impelled me. But as often as I lay

ACROSS THE GULF

down, so often restlessness impelled me forward. I would stagger on awhile, then stumble and fall. Only at dawn I slept perhaps for an hour, and woke chilled to death by my own sweat. I was so weak that I could hardly raise a hand; my tongue was swollen, so that I could not greet the sun-disk with the accustomed adoration. My brain had slipped control; I could no longer even think of the proper spells that might have brought me aid. Instead, dreadful shapes drew near; one, a hideous camel-demon, an obscene brute of filth; another, a black ape with a blue muzzle and crimson buttocks, all his skin hairless and scabby, with his mass of mane oiled and trimmed like a beautiful courtesan's. This fellow mocked me with the alluring gestures of such an one, and anon voided his excrement upon me. Moreover there were others, menacing and terrible, vast cloudy demon-shapes. . . .

I could not think of the words of power that control them.

Now the sun that warmed my chill bones yet scorched me further. My tongue so swelled that I could hardly breathe; my face blackened; my eyes bulged out. The fiends came closer; drew strength from my weakness, made themselves material bodies, twitched me and spiked me and bit me. I turned on them and struck feebly again and again; but they evaded me easily and their yelling laughter rang like hell's in my ears. Howbeit I saw that they attacked me only on one side, as if to force me to one path. But I was wise enough to keep my shadow steadily behind me: and they, seeing this, were all the more enraged: I therefore the more obstinate in my course. Then they changed their tactics; and made as if to keep me in the course I had chosen; and seeing this, I was confirmed therein.

THE EQUINOX

Truly with the gods I went! for in a little while I came to a pool of water and a tall palm standing by.

I plunged in that cool wave; my strength came back, albeit slowly; yet with one wave of my hand in the due gesture the fiends all vanished; and in an hour I was sufficiently restored to call forth my friends from the pool—the little fishes my playmates—and the nymph of the pool came forth and bowed herself before me and cooked me the fishes with that fire that renders water luminous and sparkling. Also she plucked me dates from the tree, and I ate thereof. Thus was I much comforted; and when I had eaten, she took my head upon her lap, and sang me to sleep; for her voice was like the ripple of the lakes under the wind of spring and like the bubbling of a well and like the tinkling of a fountain through a bed of moss. Also she had deep notes like the sea that booms upon a rocky shore.

So long, long, long I slept.

Now when I awoke the nymph had gone; but I took from my bosom a little casket of certain sacred herbs; and casting a few grains into the pool, repaid her for her courtesy. And I blessed her in the name of our dead lady Isis, and went on in the strength of that delicious meal for a great way. Yet I wist not what to do; for I was as it were a dead man, although my age was barely two and twenty years.

What indeed should befall me?

Yet I went on; and, climbing a ridge, beheld at last the broad Nile, and a shining city that I knew not.

There on the ridge I stood and gave thanks to the great gods of Heaven, the Aeons of infinite years, that I had come thus far. For at the sight of Nilus new life began to dawn in me.

CHAPTER VI

WITHOUT any long delay I descended the slopes and entered the city. Not knowing what might have taken place in Thebai and what news might have come thither, I did not dare declare myself; but seeking out the High Priest of Horus I showed him a certain sign, telling him that I was come from Memphis on a journey, and intended to visit Thebai to pay homage at the shrine of Isis. But he, full of the news, told me that the ancient priestess of Isis, who had become priest of Osiris, had been taken up to heaven as a sign of the signal favour of the God. Whereat I could hardly hold myself from laughter; yet I controlled myself and answered that I was not prepared to return to Memphis, for that I was vowed to Isis, and Osiris could not serve my turn.

At this he begged me to stay as his guest, and to go worship at the temple of Isis in this city. I agreed thereto, and the good man gave me new robes and jewels from the treasury of his own temple. There too I rested sweetly on soft cushions fanned by young boys with broad leaves of palm. Also he sent me the dancing girl of Sleep. It was the art of this girl to weave such subtle movements that the sense, watching her, swooned; and as she swayed she sang, ever lower and lower as she moved slower and slower, until the looker-listener was dissolved in bliss of sleep and delicate dream.

THE EQUINOX

Then as he slept she would bend over him even as Nuit the Lady of the Stars that bendeth over the black earth, and in his ears she would whisper strange rhythms, secret utterances, whereby his spirit would be rapt into the realms of Hathor or some other golden goddess, there in one night to reap an harvest of refreshment such as the fields of mortal sleep yield never.

So then I woke at dawn, to find her still watching, still looking into my eyes with a tender smile on her mouth that cooed whispers infinitely soothing. Indeed with a soft kiss she waked me, for in this Art there is a right moment to sleep, and another to waken: which she was well skilled to divine.

I rose then—she flitted away like a bird—and robed myself; and, seeking my host, went forth with him to the Temple of Isis.

Now their ritual (it appeared) differed in one point from that to which I was accustomed. Thus, it was not death to intrude upon the ceremony save only for the profane. Priests of a certain rank of initiation might if they pleased behold it. I, therefore, wishing to see again that marvellous glowing of the Veil, disclosed a sufficient sign to the High Priest. Thereat was he mightily amazed; and, from the foot judging Hercules, began to think that I might be some sacred envoy or inspector from the Gods themselves. This I allowed him to think; meanwhile we went forward into the shrines and stood behind the pillars, unseen, in the prescribed position.

Now it chanced that the High Priestess herself had this day chosen to perform the rite.

This was a woman tall and black, most majestic, with

ACROSS THE GULF

limbs strong as a man's. Her gaze was hawk-keen, and her brow commanding. But at the Assumption of the God-form she went close and whispered into the Veil, so low that we could not hear it; but as it seemed with fierce intensity, with some passion that knotted up her muscles, so that her arms writhed like wounded snakes. Also the veins of her forehead swelled, and foam came to her lips. We thought that she had died; her body swelled and shuddered; last of all a terrible cry burst from her throat, inarticulate, awful.

Yet all this while the Veil glittered, though something sombrely. Also the air was filled with a wild sweeping music, which rent our very ears with its uncouth magic. For it was like no music that I had ever heard before. At last the Priestess tore herself away from the Veil and reeled—as one drunken—down the temple. Sighs and sobs tore her breast; and her nails made bloody grooves in her wet flanks.

On a sudden she espied me and my companion; with one buffet she smote him to earth—it is unlawful to resist the Priestess when she is in the Ecstasy of Union—and falling upon me, like a wild beast she buried her teeth in my neck, bearing me to the ground. Then, loosing me, while the blood streamed from me, she fixed her glittering eyes upon it with strange joy, and with her hands she shook me as a lion shakes a buck. Sinewy were her hands, with big knuckles, and the strength of her was as cords of iron. Yet her might was but a mortal's; in a little she gave one gasp like a drowning man's; her body slackened, and fell with its dead weight on mine, her mouth glued to mine in one dreadful kiss. Dreadful; for as my mouth returned it, almost mechanically, the blood gushed from her nostrils and blinded me. I too, then, more

THE EQUINOX

dead than alive, swooned into bliss, into trance. I was awakened by the High Priest of Horus. "Come," he said; "she is dead." I disengaged myself from all that weight of madness—and the body writhed convulsively as I turned it over—I kissed those frothy lips, for in death she was beautiful beyond belief, joyous beyond description—thence I staggered to the Veil, and saluted with all my strength, so that it glittered under the force of my sheer will. Then I turned me again, and with the High Priest sought his house.

Strange indeed was I as I went through the city, my new robes dark with blood of that most holy sorceress.

But no one of the people dared so much as lift his eyes; nor spoke we together at all. But when we were come into the house of the High Priest, sternly did he confront me.

"What is this, my son?"

And I weary of the folly of the world and of the uselessness of things answered him:

"Father, I go back to Memphis. I am the Magus of the Well."

Now he knew the Magus, and answered me:

"Why liest thou?"

And I said "I am come into the world where all speech is false, and all speech is true."

Then he did me reverence, abasing himself unto the ground even unto nine-and-ninety times.

And I spurned him and said, "Bring forth the dancing girl of Sleep; for in the morning I will away to Memphis."

And she came forth, and I cursed her and cried: "Be thou the dancing girl of Love!"

And it was so. And I went in unto her, and knew her;

ACROSS THE GULF

and in the morning I girded myself, and boarded the state barge of the High Priest, and pillowed myself upon gold and purple, and disported myself with lutes and with lyres and with parrots, and with black slaves, and with wine and with delicious fruits, until I came even unto the holy city of Memphis.

And there I called soldiers of Pharaoh, and put cruelly to death all them that had accompanied me; and I burnt the barge, adrift upon the Nile at sunset, so that the flames alarmed the foolish citizens. All this I did, and danced naked in my madness through the city, until I came to the Old Magus of the Well.

And laughing, I threw a stone upon him, crying: "Ree me the riddle of my life!"

And he answered naught.

Then I threw a great rock upon him, and I heard his bones crunch, and I cried in mockery: "Ree me the riddle of *thy* life!"

But he answered naught.

Then I threw down the wall of the well; and I burned the house with fire that stood thereby, with the men-servants and the maid-servants.

And none dared stay me; for I laughed and exulted in my madness. Yea, verily, I laughed, and laughed—and laughed——

CHAPTER VII

THEN being healed of my madness I took all the treasure of that old Magus which he had laid up for many years—and none gainsaid me. Great and splendid was it of gold more than twelve bullocks could draw, of balassius rubies, and sardonyx, and beryl, and chrysoprase; of diamond and starry sapphire, of emerald much, very much, of topaz and of amethyst great and wonderful gems. Also he had a figure of Nuit greater than a woman, which was made of lapis lazuli specked with gold, carved with marvellous excellence. And he had the secret gem of Hadit that is not found on earth, for that it is invisible save when all else is no more seen.

Then went I into the market and bought slaves. I bought me in particular a giant, a Nubian blacker than polished granite seen by starlight, tall as a young palm and straight, yet more hideous than the Ape of Thoth. Also I bought a young pale stripling from the North, a silly boy with idle languishing ways. But his mouth burned like sunset when the dust-storms blow. So pale and weak was he that all despised him and mocked him for a girl. Then he took a white-hot iron from the fire and wrote with it my name in hieroglyphics on his breast; nor did his smile once alter while the flesh hissed and smoked.

Thus we went out a great caravan to a rocky islet in the

ACROSS THE GULF

Nile, difficult of access for that the waters foamed and swirled dangerously about it. There we builded a little temple shaped like a beehive; but there was no altar and no shrine therein; for in that temple should the god be sacrificed unto himself.

Myself I made the god thereof; I powdered my hair with gold, and inwound it with flowers. I gilded my eyelids, and I stained my lips with vermilion. I gilded my breasts and my nails, and as God and Victim in one was I daily sacrificed unto that strange thing that was none other than myself. I made my giant Nubian high priest; and I endowed his wand with magic power, so that he might properly perform my rites. This he did to such purpose that many men from Memphis and even from more distant towns, leaving their gods, came thither, and did sacrifice. Then I appointed also the pale boy warder of the Sanctuary: and he swore unto me to be faithful unto death.

Now there arose a great strife in Memphis, and many foolish and lewd women cried out against us. So fierce was the uproar that a great company of women issued forth from the city and came into the island. They slew my pale boy at the gate, though sword in hand he fought against them. Then they frothed on, and I confronted them in my glory. They hesitated, and in that moment I smote them with a deadly itching, so that running forth they tore off their clothes and set themselves to scratching, while my people laughed until they ached.

At the term, indeed, with exhaustion and with loss of blood they died all; four hundred and two women perished in that great day's slaughter. So that the people of Memphis had peace for awhile.

THE EQUINOX

But as for me, I mourned the loss of that young slave. I had his body embalmed as is not fitting for other than a king. And at the door of the temple I placed his sarcophagus beneath a hedge of knives and spears, so that there was no other access to my glory.

Like honour hath no slave had ever.

Thus then I abode three cycles of the season; and at the end of that time the high Priest died.

For mine was a strange and dreadful rite to do; none other, and none unfortified by magic power, could have done this thing.

Yet I too sickened of that everlasting sacrifice. I was become worn and wan; there was no blood but ice in my veins. I had indeed become all but a god . . .

Therefore I took the body of my Nubian, and slew four young girls, and filled all the hollow spaces of his body with their blood. Then too I sealed up his body with eight seals; and the ninth seal was mine own, the centre of my godhead.

Then he rose slowly and staggeringly as I uttered the dreadful words:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi aa chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

Then I touched him with my wand and he rose into full power of his being; and we entered in, and for the last time did he preform (though silent) the ceremony. At whose end he lay shrivelled and collapsed, shrunken like an old wineskin; yet his blood availed me nothing. I was icier than before. Yet now indeed was I Osiris, for I sent out flames

ACROSS THE GULF

of cold gray glory from my skin, and mine eyes were rigid with ecstasy.

Yea, by Osiris himself, I swear it! Even as the eyes of all living men revolve ceaselessly, so were mine fixed!

Then I shook myself and went forth into the city of Memphis, my face being veiled and my steps led by slaves.

And there I went into the temples one by one; and I twitched aside my veil, whereat all men fell dead on the instant, and the gods tumbled from their places, and broke in pieces upon the floor.

And I veiled myself, and went into the market-place and lifted up my voice in a chant and cried:

Death, and desolation, and despair!
I lift up my voice, and all the gods are dumb.
I unveil my face, and all that liveth is no more,
I sniff up life, and breathe forth destruction.
I hear the music of the world, and its echo is Silence.

Death, and desolation, and despair!
The parting of the ways is come: the Equinox of the Gods is past.
Another day: another way.
Let them that hear me be abased before me!
Death, and desolation, and despair!

Then I pulled away my veil, and the cold lightnings of death shot forth, and the people of the city fell dead where they stood.

Save only one, a young boy, a flute-player, that was blind, and, seeing not those eyes of mine, died not.

Then to him I spake, saying:

“Arise, summon the priests and the people, all that remain. And let them build a temple unto Osiris the God of the dead, and let the dead be worshipped for ever and ever.”

THE EQUINOX

This I said, and went out from the city with the two slaves that I had left in the gate, and we went unto Nile, unto a cave by the bank of the river; and there I abode for many months, weeping for Isis my Lady. For though I had avenged her in many dreadful deeds, yet I brought her not back unto life. Moreover the love of her was as it were dead in me, so that my heart stirred not at the thought of her. Say that my love wandered like a ghost unburied, frozen, adrift upon the winds!

Now of my deeds at this period it is almost too horrible to tell. For I performed great penance, in the hope of vitalizing that dead principle in me which men call the soul.

I starved myself shamefully, in this manner. First surrounding myself with all possible luxuries of food, brought in steaming and savoury from hour to hour, I yet condemned myself to subsist upon a little garlic and a little salt, with a little water in which oats had been bruised.

Then if any wish arose in me to eat of the dainties around me I gashed myself with a sharp stone.

Moreover I kindled a great fire in the cave so that the slaves stumbled and fainted as they approached. And the smoke choked me so that I constantly vomited a black and ill-smelling mucus from my lungs, stained here and there with frothing blood.

Again, I suffered my hair to grow exceeding long, and therein I harboured vermin. Also, when I lay down to sleep, though this I did not till with swollen tongue and blackened throat I could no longer howl the name of my dead Lady, then (I say) did I smear my limbs with honey, that the rats of the cave might gnaw them as I slept. Moreover, I pillowed

ACROSS THE GULF

mine head upon a corpse dead of leprosy, and whenever that dead soul of mine stirred at all with love toward my Lady, then I caressed and kissed that corpse, and sang soft songs to it, playing with gracious words and gestures. All this spoke loudly to my soul, rebuking it for its weakness and corruption. So too the bitterness and foulness of my life would often overleap the limit of sensibility; and then for hours together would I be lost in a raging whirlwind of laughter. At this time my slaves would be afraid to come anigh me, and then darting out of the cave I would catch one by the hair and dragging him within put him to exquisite torture. This indeed was of great use to me; for I would devise atrocious things, and if they served to excite his utmost anguish I would then try them on myself. Thus I would run needles steeped in Nile mud beneath my finger-vails, so that the sores festering might produce a sickening agony. Or again I would cut strips of skin and tear them off; but this failed, though it acted well enough upon the slave, for my own skin had become too brittle. Then I would take a piece of hard wood, and hammer it with a stone against the bones, hurting the membrane that covers them, and causing it to swell. This too I had to abandon, for the limb of the slave died, and he swelled up and rotted and turned green, and in shocking agony he died.

So then I was compelled to cure myself magically, and this was a great loss of force.

Yet was I "Far from the Happy Ones," although my lips hung on my fleshless face like bean-pods withered and blackened, and although there was not one inch of skin upon all my body that was not scarred.

THE EQUINOX

Yet my trial was nigh its end. For the people of Memphis, wondering at the frequent purchases of dead lepers made always by the same slave, began, as is the wont of the ignorant, to spread foolish rumours. At last they said openly “there is an holy hermit in the old cave by Nile.” Then the barren women of the city came out stealthily to me in the hope that by my sanctity their dry sticks might blossom.

But I showed them my dead leper, and said “Let me first beget children upon this, and after I will do your business.” This liked them not; yet they left me not alone, for they went home and cried out that I was an horror, a ghoul, a vampire. . . . And at that all the young and beautiful women of the city, leaving their lovers and their husbands, flocked to me, bringing gifts. But I took them to the dead leper and said, “When you are beautiful as that is beautiful, and when I am weary of its beauty and its delight, then will I do your pleasure.”

Then they all raged vehemently against me, and stirred up the men of the city to destroy me. And I, not being minded to display my magic force, went by night (so soon as I heard of this) and took sanctuary in the shrine of Osiris that I had caused them to build. And there I attained felicity; for uniting my consciousness with the god’s, I obtained the expansion of that consciousness. Is not the kingdom of the dead a mighty kingdom?

So I perceived the universe as it were a single point of infinite nothingness yet of infinite extension; and becoming this universe, I became dissolved utterly therein. Moreover, my body lifted itself up and rose in the air to a great height beyond the shadow of the earth, and the earth rolled beneath

ACROSS THE GULF

me; yet of all this I knew nothing, for that I was all these things and none of them. Moreover I was united with Isis the Mother of Osiris, being yet her brother and her lord.

Woe, woe to me! for all this was but partial and imperfect; nor did I truly understand that which occurred.

Only this I knew, that I should return to my city of Thebai, and rule therein as High Priest of Osiris, no longer striving to some end unheard-of or impossible, but quietly and patiently living in the enjoyment of my dignities and wealth, even as a man.

Yet one thing I saw also, that as Isis is the Lady of all Nature, the living; and as Osiris is the Lord of the Dead, so should Horus come, the Hawk-headed Lord, as a young child, the image of all Nature and all Man raised above Life and Death, under the supreme rule of Hadit that is Force and of Nuit that is Matter—though they are a Matter and a Force that transcend all our human conceptions of these things.

But of this more anon, in its due place

CHAPTER VIII

BEHOLD me then returned to Thebai! So scarred and altered was I, though not yet thirty years of age, that they knew me not. So I offered myself as a serving-man in the temple of Osiris, and I pleased the priests mightily, for by my magic power—though they thought it to be natural—I sang songs unto the god, and made hymns. Therefore in less than a year they began to speak of initiating me into the priesthood. Now the High Priest at this time was a young and vigorous man, black-bearded in the fashion of Osiris, with a single square tuft beneath the chin. Him had they chosen after my departure in the whirlwind. And the High Priestess was a woman of forty and two years old, both dark and beautiful, with flashing eyes and stern lips. Yet her body was slim and lithe like that of a young girl. Now, as it chanced, it was my turn to serve her with the funeral offerings; flesh of oxen and of geese, bread, and wine. And as she ate she spake with me; for she could see by her art that I was not a common serving-man. Then I took out the consecrated Wand of Khem that I had from my father; and I placed it in her hand. At that she wondered, for that Wand is the sign of a great and holy initiation: so rare that (as they say) no woman but one has ever attained unto it. Then she blessed herself that she had been permitted to look upon it, and prayed me to keep silence

ACROSS THE GULF

for a little while, for she had somewhat in her mind to do. And I lifted up the wand upon her in the nine-and-forty-fold benediction, and she received illumination thereof, and rejoiced. Then I fell at her feet—for she was the High Priestess—and kissed them reverently, and withdrew.

Then three days afterwards, as I learnt, she sent for a priestess who was skilled in certain deadly crafts and asked of her a poison. And she gave it, saying: “Let the High Priest of the God of the dead go down to the dead!” Then that wicked High Priestess conveyed unto him subtly the poison in the sacraments themselves, and he died thereof. Then by her subtlety she caused a certain youth to be made high priest who was slovenly and stupid, thinking in herself “Surely the god will reject him.” But at his word the Image of the god glowed as was its wont. And at that she knew—and we all knew—that the glory was departed; for that the priests had supplanted the right ceremony by some trick of deceit and craft.

Thereat was she mightily cast down, for though wicked and ambitious, she had yet much power and knowledge.

But instead of using that power and that knowledge she sought to oppose craft with craft. And suspecting (aright) whose cunning had done this thing she bribed him to reverse the machinery, so that the High Priest might be shamed. But shamed he was not; for he lied, saying that the God glowed brighter than the Sun; and he lied securely, for Maat the Lady of Truth had no place in that temple. To such foulness was all fallen by my first failure to assume the god-form, and their priestly falsehood that my sanctity had rapt me into heaven. Nor had the wealth they lied to obtain availed them

THE EQUINOX

ought; for Pharaoh had descended upon Thebai, and laid heavy hand upon the coffers of the temple, so that they were poor. Even, they sold good auguries for gold; and these were a very destruction to them that bought. Then they sold curses, and sowed discord in the city. Wherefore the people grew poorer still, and their gifts to the temple waxed even less.

For there is no foolishness like the hunger after gain.

Of old the gods had given blessing, and the people offered freely of their plenty.

Now the priests sowed chaff, and reaped but barrenness.

So I waited patiently in silence to see what might befall. And this foolish priestess could think of no better expedient than formerly. But this young stupid man had guessed how his predecessor was dead, and he touched not the sacraments; but feigned.

Then she called for me—and I was now ordained priest—to take counsel of me; for she was minded to put me in his place.

Thus she made a great banquet for me; and when we were well drunken she laid her head upon my breast and said marvellous things to me of love, to me, who had loved the Veiled One! But I feigned all the madness of passion and made her drunk thereon, so that she talked great words, frothing forth like dead fishes swollen in the sun, of how we should rule Thebai and (it might be) displace Pharaoh and take his throne and sceptre. Yet, foolish woman! she could not think how she might remove this stupid high priest, her own nominee! So I answered her “Assume the Form of Osiris, and all will be well in the Temple of Osiris.” Mocking her, for I knew

ACROSS THE GULF

that she could not. Yet so drunken was she upon love and wine that there and then she performed the ritual of Adoration and Assumption.

Then I in merry mood put out my power, and caused her in truth to become Osiris, so that she went icy stark, and her eyes fixed. . . .

Then she tried to shriek with fear, and could not; for I had put upon her the silence of the tomb.

But all the while I feigned wonder and applause, so that she was utterly deceived. And being tired of mocking her, I bade her return. This she did, and knew not what to say. At first she pretended to have received a great secret; then, knowing how much higher was my grade of initiation, dared not. Then, at last, being frightened, she flung herself at my feet and confessed all, pleading that at least her love for me was true. This may well have been; in any case I would have had compassion upon her, for in sooth her body was like a flower, white and pure, though her mouth was heavy and strong, her eyes wrinkled with lust, and her cheeks flaccid with deceit.

So I comforted her, pressing her soft body in mine arms, drinking the wine of her eyes, feeding upon the honey of her mouth.

Then at last I counselled her that she should bid him to a secret banquet, and that I should serve them, disguised in my old dress as a serving-man.

On the next night after this he came, and I served them, and she made open love (though feigned) to him. Yet subtly, so that he thought her the deer and himself the lion. Then at last he went clean mad, and said: "I will give thee what thou

THE EQUINOX

wilt for one kiss of that thy marvellous mouth.” Then she made him swear the oath by Pharaoh—the which if he broke Pharaoh would have his head—and she kissed him once, as if her passion were like the passion of Nile in flood for the sandy bars that it devoureth, and then leaping up, answered him, “give me thine office of High Priest for this my lover!” With that she took and fondled me. He gaped, aghast; then he took off the ring of office and flung it at her feet; he spat one word in her face; he slunk away.

But I, picking up the ring of office, cried after him: “What shall be done to who insulteth the High Priestess?”

And he turned and answered sullenly: “I was the High Priest.” “Thou hadst no longer the ring!” she raged at him, her face white with fury, her mouth dripping the foam of her anger—for the word was a vile word! . . .

Then she smote upon the bell, and the guard appeared. At her order they brought the instruments of death, and summoned the executioner, and left us there. Then the executioner bound him to the wheel of iron by his ankles and his waist and his throat; and he cut off his eyelids, that he might look upon his death. Then with his shears he cut off the lips from him, saying, “With these lips didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then one by one he wrenched out the teeth of him, saying every time: “With this tooth didst thou frame a blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then he pulled out the tongue with his pincers, saying: “With this tongue didst thou speak blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then took he a strong corrosive acid and blistered his throat therewith, saying: “From this throat didst thou blaspheme the Holy One,

ACROSS THE GULF

the Bride of Osiris.” Then he took a rod of steel, white-hot, and burnt away his secret parts, saying: “Be thou put to shame, who hast blasphemed the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” After that, he took a young jackal and gave it to eat at his liver, saying: “Let the beasts that devour carrion devour the liver that lifted itself up to blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris!” With that the wretch died, and they exposed his body in the ditch of the city, and the dogs devoured it.

Now all this while had my lady dallied amorously with me, making such sweet moan of love as never was, yet her face fixed upon his eyes who loved her, and there glared in hell’s torment, the body ever striving against the soul which should exceed.

And, as I judge, by the favour of Set the soul gat mastery therein.

Also, though I write it now, coldly, these many thousand years afterward, never had I such joy of love of any woman as with her, and at that hour, so that as I write it I remember well across the mist of time every honey word she spoke, every witching kiss (our mouths strained sideways) that she sucked from my fainting lips, every shudder of her soft strong body. I remember the jewelled coils of hair, how they stung like adders as they touched me; the sharp rapture of her pointed nails pressing me, now velvet-soft, now capricious-cruel, now (love-maddened) thrust deep to draw blood, as they played up and down my spine. But I saw nothing; by Osiris I swear it! I saw nothing, save only the glare in the eyes of that lost soul that writhed upon the wheel.

Indeed, as the hangman took out the corpse, we fell back

THE EQUINOX

and lay there among the waste of the banquet, the flagons overturned, the napery awry, the lamps extinct or spilt, the golden cups, chased with obscene images, thrown here and there, the meats hanging over the edge of their bejewelled dishes, their juice staining the white luxury of the linen; and in the midst ourselves, our limbs as careless as the wind, motionless.

One would have said: the end of the world is come. But through all that fiery abyss of sleep wherein I was plunged so deep, still stirred the cool delight of the knowledge that I had won the hand for which I played, that I was High Priest of Osiris in Thebai.

But in the morning we rose and loathed each other, our mouths awry, our tongues hanging loose from their corners like thirsty dogs, our eyes blinking in agony from the torture of daylight, our limbs sticky with stale sweat.

Therefore we rose and saluted each other in the dignity of our high offices; and we departed one from the other, and purified ourselves.

Then I went unto the Ceremony of Osiris, and for the last time the shameful farce was played.

But in my heart I vowed secretly to cleanse the temple of its chicanery and folly. Therefore at the end of the ceremony did I perform a mighty banishing, a banishing of all things mortal and immortal, even from Nuit that circleth infinite Space unto Hadit the Core of Things; from Amoun that ruleth before all the Gods unto Python the terrible Serpent that abideth at the end of things, from Ptah the god of the pure soul of aethyr unto Besz the brute force of that which is grosser than earth, which hath no name, which is denser than

ACROSS THE GULF

lead and more rigid than steel; which is blacker than the thick darkness of the abyss, yet is within all and about all.

Amen!

Then during the day I took counsel with myself, and devised a cunning to match the cunning of them that had blasphemed Osiris, who had at last become my God.

Yea! bitterly would I avenge him on the morrow.

CHAPTER IX

NOW this was the manner of my working, that I inspired the High Priestess to an Oracle, so that she prophesied, saying that Osiris should never be content with his servants unless they had passed the four ordeals of the elements. Now of old these rituals had been reserved for a special grade of initiation. The chapter was therefore not a little alarmed, until they remembered how shamefully all the true magic was imitated, so that the rumour went that this was but a device of the High Priestess to increase the reputation of the temple for sanctity. And, their folly confirming them in this, they agreed cheerfully and boasted themselves. Now then did I swathe them one by one in the grave-clothes of Osiris, binding upon the breast and image, truly consecrated, of the god, with a talisman against the four elements.

Then I set them one by one upon a narrow and lofty tower, balanced, so that the least breath of wind would blow them off into destruction.

Those whom the air spared I next threw into Nile where most it foams and races. Only a few the water gave back again. These, however, did I bury for three days in the earth without sepulchre or coffin, so that the element of earth might combat them. And the rare ones whom earth spared I cast upon a fire of charcoal.

ACROSS THE GULF

Now who is prepared for these ordeals (being firstly attuned to the elements) findeth them easy. He remains still, though the tempest rage upon the tower; in the water he floats easily and lightly; buried, he but throws himself into trance; and, lastly, his wrappings protect him against the fire, though all Thebai went to feed the blaze.

But it was not so with this bastard priesthood of Osiris. For of the three hundred only nine were found worthy. The High Priestess, however, I brought through by my magic, for she had amused me mightily, and I took great pleasure in her love, that was wilder than the rage of all the elements in one.

So I called together the nine who had survived, all being men, and gave them instruction and counsel, that they should form a secret brotherhood to learn and to teach the formula of the Osiris in its supreme function of initiating the human soul. That they should keep discipline in the temple only for the sake of the people, permitting every corruption yet withdrawing themselves from it. Is not the body perishable, and the skin most pure? So also the ancient practice of embalming should fall into desuetude, and that soon; for the world was past under the rule of Osiris, who loveth the charnel and the tomb.

All being sworn duly into this secret brotherhood I appointed them, one to preside over each grade, and him of the lowest grade to select the candidates and to govern the temple.

Then did I perform the invoking Ceremony of Osiris, having destroyed the blasphemous machinery; and now at last did the God answer me, glittering with infinite brilliance.

THE EQUINOX

Then I disclosed myself to the Priests, and they rejoiced exceedingly that after all those years the old lie was abolished, and the master come back to his own.

But the god uttered an Oracle, saying: "This last time shall I glitter with brilliance in My temple; for I am the god of Life in Death, concealed. Therefore shall your magic henceforth be a magic most secret in the heart; and whoso shall perform openly any miracle, him shall ye know for a liar and a pretender to the sacred Wisdom.

"For this cause am I wrapped ever in a shroud of white starred with the three active colours; these things conceal Me, so that he who knoweth Me hath passed beyond them."

Then did the god call us each separately to him, and in each ear did he whisper a secret formula and a word of power, pertaining to the grade to which I had appointed him.

But to me he gave the supreme formula and the supreme word, the word that hath eight-and-seventy letters, the formula that hath five-and-sixty limbs.

So then I devoted myself there and then to a completer understanding of Osiris my God, so that I might discover his function in the whole course of the Cosmos.

For he that is born in the years of the power of a God thinketh that God to be eternal, one, alone. But he that is born in the hour of the weakness of the God, at the death of one and the birth of the other, seeth something (though it be little) of the course of things. And for him it is necessary to understand fully that change of office (for the gods neither die nor are re-born, but now one initiates and the other guards, and now one heralds and the other sanctifies) its purpose and meaning in the whole scheme of things.

ACROSS THE GULF

So I, in this year V of the Equinox of the Gods (1908) wherein Horus took the place of Osiris, will by the light of this my magical memory seek to understand fully the formula of Horus—Ra Hoor Khuit—my god, that ruleth the world under Nuit and Hadit. Then as Ankh-f-na-khonsu left unto me the *stelé*" 666 with the keys to that knowledge, so also may I write down in hieroglyph the formula of the Lady of the Forked Wand and of the Feather, that shall assume his throne and place when the strength of Horus is exhausted.

So now the service of the Gods was to be secret and their magic concealed from men. They were to fall before the eyes of men from their place, and little sewer-rats were to come and mock at them, no man avenging them, and they utterly careless, not striking for themselves. Yet was there knowledge of them which an initiate might gain, though so much more difficult, immeasurably higher and more intimate.

My life from this moment became highly concentrated upon itself. I had no time either for ascetic practices or for any pleasures; nor would I take any active part in the service of the temple which, purified and regenerated, had become both subtly perfect and perfectly subtle.

It was not all of the people who did at all comprehend the change that had occurred; but the others obeyed and made believe to understand, lest their fellows should despise them. So it happened that the more ignorant and stupid any person was the more he feigned understanding; so that the least devout appeared the most devout—as it is unto this day.

But for me all these things were as nothing; for I studied ever the nature of Osiris, concentrating myself into mysterious pure symbols. I understood why it was said that Isis had

THE EQUINOX

failed to discover the Phallus of Osiris, and thus perceived the necessity of Horus to follow him in the great succession of the Equinoxes. Moreover I fashioned talismans of pure light concerning Osiris, and I performed in light all the ceremonies of initiation into his mysteries.

These were interpreted by wise men and translated into the language of the twilight and graven on stone and in the memories of men.

Yet was I even more intrigued in that great struggle to apprehend the course of things, as it is seen from the standpoint of Destiny. So that I might leave true and intelligible images to enlighten the mind of him (whether myself or another) that should come after me to celebrate the Equinox of the Gods at the end of the period of Osiris.

As now hath come to pass.

Thus then three-and-thirty years I lived in the temple of Osiris a High Priest; and I subdued all men under me. Also I abolished the office of priestess, for had not Isis failed to find that venerable Phallus without which Osiris must be so melancholy a god? Therefore was Khemi to fall, and the world to be dark and sorrowful for many years.

Therefore I made mine High Priestess into a serving-maid, and with veiled face she served me all those many years, never speaking.

Yet they being accomplished, I thought fit to reward her. So magically I renewed about her the body of a young girl, and for a year she served me, unveiled and speaking at her pleasure.

And her time being come, she died.

Then I looked again into my destiny, and perceived that

ACROSS THE GULF

all my work was duly accomplished. Nor could any use or worth be found in my body.

So therefore I determined to accept my great reward, that was granted unto me as the faithful minister of the god F.I.A.T. that is behind all manifestation of Will and of Intelligence, of whom Isis and Osiris and Horus are but the ministers.

Of this, and of my death, I will speak on another occasion.

But first I will discourse of the inhabitants of the kingdom that encircleth the world, so that they who *fear* may be comforted.

CHAPTER X

BUT of these matters I am warned that I shall not now become aware, for that there be great mysteries therein contained, pertaining to a degree of initiation of which I am as yet unworthy.

(Thus the record comes abruptly to an end.)

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING (*Continued*)

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING (*Continued*)

THE PRIEST

IN opening this the most important section of Frater P.'s career, we may be met by the unthinking with the criticism that since it deals with his relation to others than with his personal attainment, it has no place in this volume.

Such criticism is indeed shallow. True, the incidents which we are about to record took place on planes material or contiguous thereto; true, so obscure is the light by which we walk that much must be left in doubt; true, we have not as yet the supreme mystical attainment to record; but on the other hand it is our view that the Seal set upon Attainment may be itself fittingly recorded in the story of that Attainment, and that no step in progress is more important than that when it is said to the aspirant: "Now that you are able to walk alone, let it be your first care to use that strength to help others!" And so this great even twhich we are about to describe, an event which will lead, as time will show, to the establishment of a New Heaven and a New Earth for all men, wore the simplest and humblest guise. So often the gods come clad as peasants or as children; nay, I have listened to their voices in stones and trees.

THE EQUINOX

However, we must not forget that there are persons so sensitive and so credulous that they are convinced by anything. I suppose that there are nearly as many beds in the world as there are men; yet for the Evangelical every bed conceals its Jesuit. We get "Milton composing baby rhymes," and "Locke reasoning in gibberish," divine revelations which would shock the intelligence of a sheep or a Saxon; and we find these upheld and defended with skill and courage.

Therefore since we are to announce the divine revelation made to Fra. P., it is of the last importance that we should study his mind as it was at the time of the Unveiling. If we find it to be the mind of a neurotic, of a mystic, of a person predisposed, we shall slight the revelation; if it be that of a sane man of the world, we shall attach more importance to it.

If some dingy Alchemist emerges from his laboratory, and proclaims to all Tooting that he has made gold, men doubt; but the conversion to spiritualism of Professor Lombroso made a great deal of impression on those who did not understand that his criminology was but the heaped delusion of a diseased brain.

So we shall find that the A.: A.: subtly prepared Fra. P. by over two years' training in rationalism and indifferentism for Their message. And we shall find that so well did They do Their work that he refused the message for five years more, in spite of many strange proofs of its truth. We shall find even that Fra. P. had to be stripped naked of himself before he could effectively deliver the message.

The battle was between all that mighty will of his and

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the Voice of a Brother who spoke once, and entered again into His silence; and it was not Fra. P. who had the victory.

* * * * *

We left Fra. P. in the autumn of 1901, having made considerable progress in Yoga. We noted that in 1902 he did little or nothing either in Magic or Mysticism. The interpretation of the occult phenomena which he had observed occupied him exclusively, and his mind was more and more attracted to materialism.

What are phenomena! he asked. Of noumena I know and can know nothing. All I know is, as far as I know, a mere modification of the mind, a phase of consciousness. And thought is a secretion of the brain. Consciousness is a function of the brain.

If this thought was contradicted by the obvious, "And what is the brain? A phenomenon in mind!" it weighed less with him. It seemed to his mind as yet unbalanced (as all minds are unbalanced until they have crossed the Abyss), that it was more important to insist on matter than on mind. Idealism wrought such misery, was the father of all illusion, never led to research. And yet what odds? Every act or thought is determined by an infinity of causes, is the resultant of an infinity of forces. He analysed free will, found it illusion. He analysed God, saw that every man had made God in his own images, saw the savage and cannibal Jews devoted to a savage and cannibal God, who commanded the rape of virgins and the murder of little children. He saw the timid inhabitants of India, races continually the prey of every robber tribe, inventing the effeminate Vishnu, while

THE EQUINOX

under the same name their conquerors worshipped a warrior, the conqueror of demon Swans. He saw the flower of the earth throughout all time, the gracious Greeks, what gracious gods they had invented. He saw Rome, in its strength devoted to Jupiter and Hercules, in its decay turning to emasculate Attis, slain Adonis, murdered Osiris, crucified Christ. He could even trace in his own life every aspiration, every devotion, as a reflection of his physical and intellectual needs. He saw, too, the folly of all this supernaturalism. He heard the Boers and the British pray to the same Protestant God, and it occurred to him that the early successes of the former might be due rather to superior valour than to superior praying power, and their eventual defeat to the circumstance that they could only bring 60,000 men against a quarter of a million. He saw, too, the face of humanity mired in its own blood that dripped from the leeches of religion fastened to its temples.

In all this he saw man as the only thing worth holding to; the one thing that needed to be "saved," but also the one thing that could save it.

All that he had attained, then, he abandoned. The intuitions of the Qabalah were cast behind him with a smile at his youthful folly; magic, if true, led nowhere; Yoga had become psychology. For the solution of his original problems of the universe he looked to metaphysics; he devoted his intellect to the cult of absolute reason. He took up once more with Kant, Hume, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Maudsley, Mansel, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and many another; while as for his life, was he not a man? He had a wife; he knew his duty to the race, and to his own ancient graft thereof. He was a traveller and a sportsman; very well, then, live it! So we

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

find that from November 1901 he did no practices of any kind until the Spring Equinox of 1904, with the exception of a casual week in the summer of 1903, and an exhibition game of magic in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid in November 1903, when by his invocations he filled that chamber with a brightness as of full moonlight,¹ only to conclude, "There, you see it? What's the good of it?"

We find him climbing mountains, skating, fishing, hunting big game, fulfilling the duties of a husband; we find him with the antipathy to all forms of spiritual thought and work which marks disappointment.

If one goes up the wrong mountain by mistake, as may happen, no beauties of that mountain can compensate for the disillusionment when the error is laid bare. Leah may have been a very nice girl indeed, but Jacob never cared for her after that terrible awakening to find her face on the pillow when, after seven years toil, he wanted the expected Rachel.

So Fra. P., after five years barking up the wrong tree, had lost interest in trees altogether as far as climbing them was concerned. He might indulge in a little human pride: "See, Jack, that's the branch I cut my name on when I was a boy"; but even had he seen in the forest the Tree of Life itself with the golden fruit of Eternity in its branches, he would have done no more than lift his gun and shoot pigeon that flitted through its foliage.

Of this "withdrawal from the vision" the proof is not merely deducible from the absence of all occult documents in his dossier, and from the full occupation of his life in external and

¹ This was no subjective illusion. The light was sufficient for him to read the ritual by.

THE EQUINOX

mundane duties and pleasures, but is made irrefragible and emphatic by the positive evidence of his writings. Of these we have several examples. Two are dramatisations of Greek mythology, a subject offering every opportunity to the occultist. Both are markedly free from any such allusions. We have also a slim booklet in which the joys of pure human love are pictured without the faintest tinge of mystic emotion. Further, we have a play in which the Origin of Religion, as conceived by Spencer or Frazer, is dramatically shown forth; and lastly we have a satire, hard, cynical, and brutal in its estimate of society, but careless of any remedy for its ills.

It is as if the whole past of the man with all its aspiration and attainment was blotted out. He saw life (for the first time, perhaps) with commonplace human eyes. Cynicism he could understand, romance he could understand; all beyond was dark. Happiness was the bedfellow of contempt.

As to miracles and prophecies, he was as sceptical as the famous Pope of Rome who "didn't believe in them; he had seen too many." If an angel had appeared to him, he would have explained him away as cheerily as the late Frank Podmore. He was as ready to acquiesce in the unhistoricity of Gotama as in that of Jesus. If he called himself a Buddhist, it was the agnostic and atheistic philosophy and the acentric nominalist psychology that attracted him. The precepts and practices of Buddhism earned only his dislike and contempt.

We learn that, late in 1903, he was proposing to visit China on a sporting expedition when a certain very commonplace communication made to him by his wife caused him to postpone it. "Let's go and kill something for a month or two," said he, "and if you're right, we'll get back to nurses and doctors."

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

So we find them in Hambantota, the south-eastern province of Ceylon, occupied solely with buffalo, elephant, leopard, sambhur, and the hundred other objects of the chase.

We here insert extracts from the diary, indeed a meagre production—after what we have seen of his previous record in Ceylon.

Whole weeks pass without a word; the great man was playing bridge, poker, or golf!

The entry of February 19th reads as if it were going to be interesting, but it is followed by that of February 20th. It is, however, certain that about the 14th of March he took possession of a flat in Cairo—in the Season!

Can bathos go further?

So that the entry of March 16th is dated from Chiro.

[Our notes given in round brackets.]

FRATER P.'S DIARY

(This diary is extremely incomplete and fragmentary. Many entries, too, are evidently irrelevant or “blinds.” We omit much of the latter two types.)

“This eventful year 1903 finds me at a nameless camp in the jungle of Southern Province of Ceylon; my thoughts, otherwise divided between Yoga and sport, are diverted by the fact of a wife . . .”

(This reference to Yoga is the subconscious Magical Will of the Vowed Initiate. He was not doing anything; but, on questioning himself, as was his custom at certain seasons, he felt obliged to affirm his Aspiration.)

Jan. 1. . . . (Much blotted out) . . . missed deer and hare. So annoyed. Yet the omen is that the year is well for works of Love and Union; ill for those of Hate. Be mine of Love! (Note that he does not add “and Union”).

Jan. 28. Embark of Suez.

Feb. 7. Suez.

Feb. 8. Landed at Port Said.

Feb. 9. To Cairo.

Feb. 11. Saw b. f. g.

b. f. b.

(This entry is quite unintelligible to us.)

THE EQUINOX

Feb. 19. To Helwan as Oriental Despot.

(Apparently P. had assumed some disguise, probably with the intention of trying to study Islam from within as he had done with Hinduism.)

Feb. 20. Began golf.

March 16. Began INV. (invocation). IAΩ.

March 17. Θωωθ appeared.

March 18. Told to INV. (invoke) θωωθ as ⊙ by new way.

March 19. Did this badly at noon 30.

March 20. At 10 p.m. did well—Equinox of Gods—οὐ μὴ Nev (? new) C.R.C. (Christian Rosy Cross, we conjecture.) Hoori now Hpnt (obviously “Hierophant”).

March 21. ⊙ in ☿. I.A.M. (? one o'clock.)

March 22. X.P.B. ۛۛۛ

(May this and the entry March 24 refer to the Brother of the A.: A.: who found him?)

E.P.D. in 84 m.

(Unintelligible to us: possibly a blind.)

March 23. Y.K. done (" His work in the Yi King.)

March 24. Met ۛۛۛ again.

March 25.

8	2	3
4	6	1
2	1	8

 Thus
 ,, ,, = p f l y 2 b z

(Blot) wch trouble with ds.

(Blot) P.B. (All unintelligible; possibly a blind.)

April 6. Go off again to H, taking A's p.

(This probably a blind.)

Before we go further into the history of this period we must premise as follows.

Fra. P. never made a thorough record of this period. He seems to have wavered between absolute scepticism in the bad sense, a dislike of the revelation, on the one hand, and real enthusiasm on the other. And the first of these moods would induce him to do things to spoil the effect of the latter. Hence the blinds and stupid meaningless cyphers which deface the diary.

And, as if the Gods themselves wished to darken the

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Pylon, we find that later, when P.'s proud will had been broken, and he wished to make straight the way of the historian, his memory (one of the finest memories in the world) was utterly incompetent to make everything certain.

However, nothing of which he was not certain will be entered in this place.

We have one quite unspoiled and authoritative document "The Book of Results," written in one of the small Japanese vellum note-books which he used to carry. Unfortunately, it seems to have been abandoned after five days. What happened between March 23rd and April 8th?

THE BOOK OF RESULTS

March 16th. Die ☿, I invoke IAΩ.

(Fra. P. tells us that this was done by the ritual of the "Bornless One,"¹ merely to amuse his wife by showing her the sylphs. She refused or was unable to see any sylphs, but became "inspired," and kept on saying: "They're waiting for you!")

W. says "they" are "waiting for me."

17. ♃.

It is "all about the child." Also "all Osiris."

(Note the cynic and sceptic tone of this entry. How different it appears in the light of Liber 418!)

Thoth, invoked with great success, indwells us.

(Yes; but what happened? Fra. P. has no sort of idea.)

18. ♀. Revealed that the waiter was Horus, whom I had offered and ought to invoke. The ritual revealed in skeleton. Promise of success ☽ or ☉ and of Samadhi.

¹ This is identical with the "Preliminary Invocation" in the "Goetia."

THE EQUINOX

(Is this “waiter” another seer? We are uncertain.) The revealing of the ritual (by W. the seer) consisted chiefly in a prohibition of all formulae hitherto used, as will be seen from the text printed below.

It was probably on this day that P. cross-examined W. about Horus. Only the striking character of her identification of the God, surely, would have made him trouble to obey her. He remembers that he only agreed to obey her in order to show her how silly she was, and he taunted her that “nothing could happen if you broke all the rules.”

Here therefore we insert a short note of Fra. P.

How W. knew R.H.K. (Ra Hoor Khuit).

1. Force and Fire (I asked her to describe his moral qualities).

2. Deep blue light. (I asked her to describe the condition caused by him. This light is quite unmistakable and unique; but of course her words, though a fair description of it, might equally apply to some other.)

3. Horus. (I asked her to pick out his name from a list of ten dashed off at haphazard.)

4. Recognised his figure when shown. (This refers to the striking scene at the Boulak Museum, which will be dealt with in detail.)

5. Knew my past relations with the God. (This means, I think, that she knew I had taken his place in temple, etc., and that I had never once invoked him.)

6. Knew his enemy. (I asked, “Who is his enemy?” Reply, “Forces of the waters—of the Nile.” W. knew no Egyptology—or anything else.)

7. Knew his lineal figure and its colour. (A $\frac{1}{84}$ chance.)

THE EQUINOX

correspondences of the Qabalah¹ as well as Fra. P., and had knowledge of his own secret relations with the Unseen, we must strain telepathy to explain test 12.

But we know that she was perfectly ignorant of the subtle correspondences, which were only existing at that time in Fr. P.'s own brain.

And even if it were so, how are we to explain what followed—the discovery of the Stélé of Revealing?

To apply test 4, Fra. P. took her to the museum at Boulak, which they had not previously visited. She passed by (as P. noted with silent glee) several images of Horus. They went upstairs. A glass case stood in the distance, too far off for its contents to be recognized. But W. recognised it! “There,” she cried, “There he is!”

Fra. P. advanced to the case. There was the image of Horus in the form of Ra Hoor Khuit painted upon a wooden stélé of the 26th dynasty—*and the exhibit bore the number 666!*

(And after that it was five years before Fra. P. was forced to obedience.)

This incident must have occurred before the 23rd of March, as the entry on that date refers to Ankh-f-n-khonsu.

Here is P.'s description of the stele.

“In the museum at Cairo, No. 666 is the stele of the Priest Ankh-f-n- khonsu.

Horus has a red Disk and green Uraeus.

¹ We may add, too, that Fra. P. thinks, but is not quite certain, that he also tested her with the Hebrew Alphabet and the Tarot trumps, in which case the long odds must be still further multiplied by 484, bringing them over the billion mark!



A PARAPHRASE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS UPON
THE OBVERSE OF THE STÉLÉ OF REVELLING

Above, the gemmèd azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The wingèd globe, the starry blue
Are mine, o Ankh-f-n-Khonsu.

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, o Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Unity uttermost showed!
I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,
Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee:—
I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it kill me!

The Light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, o Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

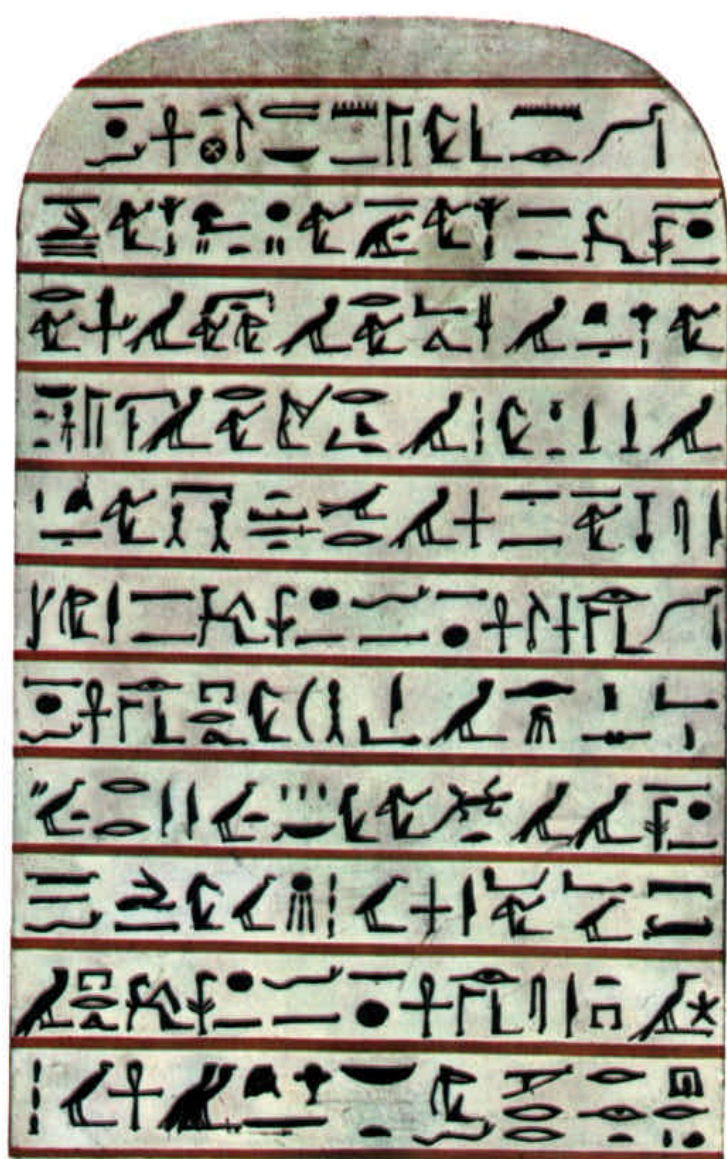
By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O wingèd snake of light, Hadith!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

A PARAPHRASE OF THE HIEROGLYPHS OF THE
II LINES UPON THE REVERSE OF THE STÉLE

Saith of Mentu the truth-telling brother
Who was master of Thebes from his birth:
O heart of me, heart of my mother!
O heart which I had upon earth!
Stand not thou up against a witness!
Oppose me not, judge, in my quest!
Accuse me not now of unfitness
Before the Great God, the dread Lord of the West!
For I fastened the one to the other
With a spell for their mystical girth,
The earth and the wonderful West,
When I flourished, o earth, on thy breast!

The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Hath parted from the darkling crowds,
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star-abodes,
Their keys receiving.
The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.



THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

His face is green, his skin indigo.

His necklace, anklets, and bracelets are gold.

His nemyss nearly black from blue.

His tunic is the Leopard's skin, and his apron green and gold.

Green is the wand of double Power; his r.h. is empty.

His throne is indigo the gnomon, red the square.

The light is gamboge.

Above his are the Winged Globe and the bent figure of the heavenly Isis, her hands and feet touching earth.

[We print the most recent translation of the Stélé, by Messrs Alan Gardiner, Litt.D., and Battiscombe Gunn. It differs slightly from that used by Fra.: P., which was due to the assistant-curator of the Museum at Bulak.]

STÉLÉ OF ANKH-F-NA-KHONSU.

OBVERSE.

Topmost Register (under Winged Disk).

Behdet (? Hadit ?), the Great God, the Lord of Heaven.

Middle Register.

Two vertical lines to left:—

Ra-Harakhti, Master of the Gods.

Five vertical lines to right:—

Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, Opener of the doors of Nut in Karnak, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified.

THE EQUINOX

Below Altar:—

Oxen, Geese, Wine, (?) Bread.

Behind the god is the hieroglyph of Amenti.

Lowest Register.

(1) Saith Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, the Opener of the Doors of Nut in Karnak, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, (2) the Justified:—"Hail, Thou whose praise is high (the highly praised), thou great-willed, O Soul (*ba*) very awful (*lit.* mighty of awe) that giveth the terror of him (3) among the Gods, shining in glory upon his great throne, making ways for the Soul (*ba*), for the Spirit (*yekh*) and for the Shadow (*khabt*). I am prepared, and I shine forth as one that is prepared. (4) I have made way to the place in which are Ra, Tôm, Khepri and Hathor." Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, (5) Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified; son of MNBSNMT¹; born of the Sistrum-bearer of Amon, the Lady Atne-sheer.

REVERSE.

Eleven lines of writing.

(1) Saith Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, Ankh-f-(2)na-Khonsu, the Justified:—"My heart from my mother, my heart from my mother, my heart² of my existence (3) upon earth, stand not forth against me as a witness, drive me not back (4) among the

¹ The father's name. The method of spelling shows he was a foreigner. There is no clue to the vocalisation.

² Different word, apparently synonymous, but probably not so at all.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Sovereign Judges,¹ neither incline against me in the presence of the Great God, the Lord of the West.² (5) Now that I am united with Earth in the Great West, and endure no longer upon Earth. (6) Saith Osiris, he who is in Thebes, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified:—"O Only-(7)One, shining like (*or* in) the Moon; Osiris Ankh-f-(8)na-Khonsu has come forth upon high among these thy multitudes. (9) He that gathereth together those that are in the Light, the Underworld (*duat*) is [also] (10) opened to him; lo, Osiris Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, cometh forth by (11) day to do all that he wisheth upon earth among the living."

There is one other object to complete the secret of Wisdom—or,³ it is in the hieroglyphs.

(This last paragraph is, we suppose, dictated by W.)

We now return to the "Book of Results."

19. ♪ The ritual written out and the invocation done --- little success.

20. ☉ Revealed⁴ that the Equinox of the Gods is come. Horus taking the Throne of the East and all rituals, etc., being abrogated.

(To explain this we append the G.D. ritual of the Equinox, which was celebrated in the spring and autumn

¹ Quite an arbitrary and conventional translation of the original word.

² Osiris, of course.

³ P. notes "perhaps a Thoth."

⁴ We cannot make out if this revelation comes from W. or is a result of the ritual. But almost certainly the former, as it precedes the "Great Success" entry.

THE EQUINOX

within 48 hours of the actual dates of Sol entering Aries and Libra.)

FESTIVAL OF THE EQUINOX

(Temple arranged as for 0 = 0)

Ht. (knocks). Fratres and Sorores of all grades of the Golden Dawn in the Outer, let us celebrate the Festival of the { Vernal }
Autumnal } Equinox.!

All rise.

Ht. Frater Kerux, proclaim the fact, and announce the abrogation of the present Pass Word.

K. (going to Ht.'s right, saluting, and facing West). In the Name of the Lord of the Universe, and by command to the V.H.Ht., I proclaim the { Vernal }
Autumnal } Equinox, and declare that the Pass Word — is abrogated.

Ht. Let us, according to ancient custom, consecrate the return of the { Vernal }
Autumnal } Equinox.

Light.

Hs. Darkness.

Ht. East.

Hs. West.

Ht. Air.

Hs. Water.

Hg. (knocks). I am the Reconciler between them.

All give signs.

D. Heat.

S. Cold.

D. South.

S. North.

D. Fire.

S. Earth.

Hg. (knocks). I am the Reconciler between them.

All give signs.

Ht. (knocks). One Creator.

D. One Preserver.

Hs. (knocks). One Destroyer.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

S. One Redeemer.

Hg. (*knocks*). One Reconciler between them.

All *give signs*.

Each retiring Officer in turn, beginning with Ht., quits his post by the left hand and goes to foot of Throne. He there disrobes, placing robe and lamen at foot of Throne or Dais. He then proceeds with the Sun's course to the Altar, and lays thereon his special insignia, viz.:—Ht., Sceptre: Hs., Sword: Hg., Sceptre: K., Lamp and Wand: S., Cup: D., Censer: repeating out-going Password as he does so.

Ht., taking from the Altar the Rose, returns with the Sun to his post:

Hs. takes Cup of Wine:

Hg. waits for the Kerux and takes his Red Lamp from him:

K. takes nothing:

S. takes platter of Salt:

D. takes emblem of Elemental Fire:

Returning each to his place.

All Officers except K. now keep their places.

The remaining members form a column in the North and, led by Kerux, proceed to the East; when all are in column along East side each turns to left and faces Hierophant.

Ht. Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Air, who hast created the Firmament.

(Making with the Rose the Sign of the Cross in the Air towards the East.)

All give signs. Procession moves on to the South, halts, and all face South.

D. (facing South). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Fire, wherein Thou hast shown forth the Throne of Thy Glory.

(Making with the Fire the sign of the Cross toward the South.)

All give signs. Procession moves on to the West, halts, and faces West.

Hs. (facing West). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Waters, whereon Thy Spirit moved at the Beginning.

(Making with the Cup the sign of the Cross in the Air before him.)

All give signs. Procession passes on to the North. All halt and face North."

S. (facing North). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Earth, which Thou hast made Thy footstool.

(Making with the platter of Salt the sign of the Cross toward the North.)

All give signs.

All resume their places and face the usual way.

THE EQUINOX

Hg. Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.
Holy art Thou, Who art in all things, in Whom are all things;
If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there;
If I go down into Hell, Thou art there also;
If I take the Wings of the Morning and remain in the uttermost
parts of the Sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right
hand shall hold me;
If I say "Peradventure the Darkness shall cover me," even the
Night shall be Light unto Thee;
Thine is the Air with its Movement,
Thine is the Fire with its flashing Flame,
Thine is the Water with its Flux and Reflux,
Thine is the Earth with its Eternal Stability.
(*Makes the sign of the Cross with Red Lamp.*)

All give signs.

Ht. goes to Altar and deposits the rose.

Imperator meanwhile assumes the Throne.

Ht. returns to a seat on immediate left as Past Hierophant.

Each old Officer now proceeds in turn to the Altar and places upon it the ensign he had taken therefrom, returning to places of their grade, not their Thrones, with nothing in their hands: they sit as common members, leaving all offices vacant."

Imperator. By the Power and Authority in me vested, I confer upon you the new Password. It is —

The Officers of this Temple for the ensuing half-year are as follows:—

(*Reads list of new Officers.*)

New Officers come up in turn and are robed by the Imperator.

Each new Officer in turn passes to the Altar and takes his insignia therefrom, repeating aloud:—

By the Password — I claim my —

S., after claiming his Cup, purifies the Hall and the Members by Water, without a word spoken by the Ht. unless he fails in this duty.

D., after claiming his Censer, consecrates the Hall and the Members by Fire, without unnecessary word from the Ht.

THE MYSTIC CIRCUMAMBULATION

This should take place in Silence, but if the Members be unprovided with Rituals, the Ht. may order it as follows:—

All form in North, K., Hg., Members, Hs., S., D.

Each member as he passes the Throne repeats the Password aloud.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Ht. Let us invoke the Lord of the Universe.

Lord of the Universe, Blessed by Thy Name unto the Eternal Ages.

Look with favour upon this Order, and grant that its members may at

length attain to the true Summum Bonum, the Stone of the Wise,
the Perfect Wisdom and the Eternal Light,

To the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, AMEN.

All salute.

Ht. Frater Kerux, in the Name of the Lord of the Universe, I command you to declare that the { Vernal
Autumnal } Equinox has returned, and that — is the Password for the next six months.

K. In the Name of the Lord of the Universe and by command of the

V.H.Ht. I declare that the Sun has entered { Ari es
Libra }, the Sign of the { Vernal
Autumnal } Equinox, and that the Password for the ensuing half-year will be —.

<i>Ht.</i>	Khabs.	Pax.	In.
<i>Hs.</i>	Am.	Konx.	Extension.
<i>Hg.</i>	Pekht.	Om.	Light.

20. (*contd.*)—Great success in midnight invocation.

(The other diary says 10 P.M. “Midnight” is perhaps a loose phrase, or perhaps marks the climax of the ritual.)

I am to formulate a new link of an order with the solar force.

(It is not clear what happened in this invocation; but it is evident from another note of certainly later date, that “great success” does not mean “Samadhi.” For P. writes: “I make it an absolute condition that I should attain Samadhi, in the god’s own interest.” His memory concurs in this. It was the Samadhi attained in October 1906 that set him again in the path of obedience to this revelation.

But that “great success” means something very important

THE EQUINOX

is clear enough. The sneering sceptic of the 17th of March must have had a shock before he wrote those words.)

21. ♃. ☉ enters ♃,

22. ♂. The day of rest, on which nothing whatever of magic is to be done at all. ♀ is to be the great day of invocation.

(This note is due to W.'s prompting, or to his own rationalising imagination.)

23. ♀. The Secret of Wisdom.

(We omit the record of a long and futile Tarot divination.)

At this point we may insert the Ritual which was so successful on the 20th.

INVOCATION OF HORUS ACCORDING TO THE DIVINE VISION OF W. THE SEER

To be performed before a window open to the E. or N. without incense. The room to be filled with jewels, but only diamonds to be worn. A sword, unconsecrated. 44 pearl beads to be told. Stand. Bright daylight at 12.30 noon. Lock doors. White robes. Bare feet. Be very loud. Saturday. Use the Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

The above is W.'s answer to various questions posed by P.

* * * * *

Preliminary. Banish. L.B.R. Pentagram. L.B.R. Hexagram. Flaming Sword. Abrahadabra. Invoke. As before.

[These are P.'s ideas for the ritual. W. replied, "Omit."]

The MS. of this Ritual bears many internal marks of having been written at white heat and left unrevised, save perhaps for one glance. There are mistakes in grammar and spelling unique in all MSS. of Fra. P.; the use of capitals is irregular, and the punctuation almost wanting.]

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

CONFESSION

Unprepared and uninvoking Thee, I, *οὐ μὴ*, Fra. R. R. et A. C., am here in Thy Presence—for Thou art Everywhere, O Lord Horus!—to confess humbly before Thee my neglect and scorn of Thee.

How shall I humble myself enough before Thee? Thou art the mighty and unconquered Lord of the Universe: I am a spark of Thine unutterable Radiance.

How should I approach Thee?—but Thou art Everywhere.

But Thou hast graciously deigned to call me unto Thee, to this Exorcism of Art, that I may be Thy Servant, Thine Adept, O Bright One, O Sun of Glory! Thou hast called me—should I not then hasten to Thy Presence?

With unwashed hands therefore I come unto Thee, and I lament my wandering from Thee—but Thou knowest!

Yea, I have done evil!

If one¹ blasphemed Thee, why should I therefore forsake Thee? But thou art the Avenger; all is with Thee.

I bow my neck before Thee; and as once Thy sword was upon it,² so am I in Thy hands. Strike if Thou wilt: spare if Thou wilt: but accept me as I am.

My trust is in Thee: shall I be confounded? This Ritual of Art; this Forty and Fourfold Invocation; this Sacrifice of Blood³—these I do not comprehend.

¹ Doubtless a reference to S.R.M.D., who was much obsessed by Mars. P. saw Horus at first as Gerurah; later as an aspect of Tiphereth, including Chesed and Geburah (the red Triangle inverted), an aspect opposite to Osiris.

² See G.: D.: Ceremony of Neophyte, the Obligation.

³ Merely, we suppose, that 44 = DM, blood. Possibly a bowl of blood was used. P. thinks it was in some of the workings at this time, but is not sure if it was this one.

THE EQUINOX

It is enough if I obey Thy decree; did thy fiat go forth for my eternal misery, were it not my joy to execute Thy Sentence on myself?

For why? For that All is in Thee and of Thee; it is enough if I burn up in the intolerable glory of Thy presence.

Enough! I turn toward Thy Promise.

Doubtful are the Words: Dark are the Ways: but in Thy Words and Ways is Light. Thus then now as ever, I enter the Path of Darkness, if haply so I may attain the Light.

Hail!

a I s

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

1. O Thou of the Head of the Hawk! Thee, Thee, I invoke! [*At every "Thee I invoke," throughout whole ritual, give the Sign of Apophis.*]

A. Thou only-begotten-child of Osiris Thy Father, and Isis Thy Mother. He that was slain; She that bore Thee in Her womb, flying from the Terror of the Water.

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

2. O Thou whose Apron is of flashing white, whiter than the Forehead of the Morning!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

B. O Thou who hast formulated Thy Father and made fertile Thy Mother!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

3. O Thou whose garment is of Golden glory, with the azure bars of sky!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

C. Thou who didst avenge the Horror of Death; Thou the slayer of Typhon! Thou who didst lift Thine arms, and the Dragons of Death were as dust; Thou who didst raise Thine Head, and the Crocodile of Nile was abased before Thee!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

4. O Thou whose Nemyss hideth the Universe with night, the impermeable Blue!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

D. Thou who travellest in the Boat of Ra, abiding at the Helm of the Aftet boat and of the Sektet boat!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

5. Thou who bearest the Wand of Double Power!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

E. Thou about whose presence is shed the darkness of Blue Light, the unfathomable glory of the outmost Ether, the untravelled, the unthinkable immensity of Space. Thou who concentrest all the Thirty Ethers in one darkling sphere of Fire!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

6. O Thou who bearest the Rose and Cross of Life and Light!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

The Voice of the Five.

The Voice of the Six.

Eleven are the Voices.

Abrahadabra!

THE EQUINOX

β I 2

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

1. By thy name of Ra I invoke Thee, Hawk of the Sun, the glorious one!

2. By thy name Harmachis, youth of the Brilliant Morning, I invoke Thee!

3. By thy name Mau, I invoke Thee, Lion of the Midday Sun.

4. By thy name Tum, Hawk of the Even, crimson splendour of the Sunset, I invoke Thee!

5. By thy name Khep-Ra I invoke Thee, O Beetle of the hidden Mastery of Midnight!

A. By thy name Heru-pa-Kraat, Lord of Silence, Beautiful Child that standest on the Dragons of the Deep, I invoke Thee!

B. By thy name of Apollo, I invoke Thee, O man of strength and splendour, O poet, O father!

C. By thy name of Phoebus, that drivest thy chariot through the Heaven of Zeus, I invoke Thee!

D. By thy name of Odin I invoke Thee, O warrior of the North, O Renown of the Sagas!

E. By thy name of Jeheshua, O child of the Flaming Star, I invoke Thee!

F. By Thine own, Thy secret name Hoori, Thee I invoke!

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Names are Five.
The Names are Six.
Eleven are the Names!
Abrahadabra!

Behold! I stand in the midst. Mine is the symbol of Osiris; to Thee are mine eyes ever turned. Unto the splendour of Geburah, the Magnificence of Chesed, the mystery of Daath, thither I lift up mine eyes. This have I sought, and I have sought the Unity: hear Thou me!

γ III :

1. Mine is the Head of the Man, and my insight is keen as the Hawk's.

By my Head I invoke Thee!

A. I am the only-begotten child of my Father and Mother.

By my Body I invoke Thee!

2. About me shine the Diamonds of Radiance white and pure.

By their brightness I invoke Thee!

B. Mine is the Red Triangle Reversed, the Sign¹ given of none, save it be of Thee, O Lord!

By the Lamén I invoke Thee!

3. Mine is the garment of white sewn with gold, the flashing abbai that I wear.

By my robe I invoke Thee!

C. Mine is the sign of Apophis and Typhon!

By the sign I invoke Thee!

4. Mine is the turban of white and gold, and mine the blue vigour of the intimate air!

¹ This sign had been previously communicated by W. It was entirely new to P.

THE EQUINOX

By my crown I invoke Thee!

D. My fingers travel on the Beads of Pearl: so run I after Thee in thy car of glory.

By my fingers I invoke Thee!

[On the Saturday the string of pearls broke: so I changed the invocation to “My mystic sigils travel in the Bark of the Akasa, etc. By the spells I invoke Thee!—P.]

5. I bear the Word of Double Power in the Voice of the Master—Abrahamadabra!

By the Word I invoke Thee!

E. Mine are the dark-blue waves of music in the song that I made of old to invoke thee—

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

By the Song I invoke Thee!

6. In my hand is thy Sword of Revenge; let it strike at Thy Bidding!

By the Sword I invoke Thee!

The Voice of the Five.
The Voice of the Six.
Eleven are the Voices.
Abrahamadabra!

∂ IV 7

[This section merely repeats *α I 8* in the first person. Thus it begins:

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

1. "Mine is the Head of the Hawk! Abrahadabra!", and ends:

6. "I bear the Rose and Cross of Life and Light! Abrahadabra!" giving the Sign at each Abrahadabra. Remaining in the Sign, the invocation concludes:]

Therefore I say unto Thee: Come Thou forth and dwell in me; so that every my Spirit, whether of the Firmament, or of the Ether, of the Earth or under the Earth; on dry land or in the Water, or Whirling Air or of rushing fire; and every spell and scourge of God the Vast One may be THOU. Abrahadabra!

The Adoration—impromptu.

Close by banishing. [I think this was omitted at W.'s order.—P.]

* * * * *

During the period March 23rd—April 8th, whatever else may have happened, it is at least certain that work was continued to some extent, that the inscriptions of the stélé were translated for Fra. P., and that he paraphrased the latter in verse. For we find him using, or prepared to use, the same in the text of *Liber Legis*.

Perhaps then, perhaps later, he made out the "name-coincidences of the Qabalah" to which we must now direct the reader's attention.

The MS. is a mere fragmentary sketch.

Ch = 8 = Ch I Th = 418 = Abrahadabra = RA-HVVR (Ra-Hoor).

Also 8 is the great symbol I adore.

(This may be because of its likeness to ∞ or because of its (old G.: D.:) attribution to Daath, P. being then a rationalist; or for some other reason.)

THE EQUINOX

So is o.

o = A in the Book of Thoth (The Tarot).

A = III with all its great meanings, ☉ = 6.

Now 666 = My name.

= the number of the stele.

= the number of the Beast. (See Apocalypse.)

= the number of the Sun.

The Beast A Ch I H A = 666 in full. (The usual spelling is ChIVA.)

(A = III Ch = 4I8 I = 20 H = 6 A = III.)

HRV-RA-HA.

2II + 20I + 6 = 4I8.

(This name occurs only in L. Legis, and is a test of that book rather than of the stélé.)

ANKH-P-N-KHONS/V-T = 666.

(We trust the addition of the termination T will be found justified.)

Bes-n-maut B I Sh-NA-MAVT } = 888

Ta-Nich TA-NICH. } = Ch x A.

Nuteru NVThIRV = 666.

Montu MVNTV = III.

Aiwass AIVAS = 78, the influence or messenger, or the Book T.

Ta-Nich TA-NICH = 78. Alternatively, Sh for Ch gives 370, O Sh, Creation.

So much we extract from volumes filled with minute calculations, of which the bulk is no longer intelligible even to Fra. P.

His memory, however, assures us that the coincidences were much more numerous and striking than those we have been able to reproduce here; but his attitude is, we understand, that after all “It’s all in Liber Legis. ‘Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch!’ ” And indeed in the Comment to that Book will be found sufficient for the most wary of inquirers.

Now who, it may be asked, was Aiwass? It is the name given by W. to P. as that of her informant. Also it is the name given as that of the revealer of Liber Legis. But whether

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Aiwass is a spiritual being, or a man known to Fra. P., is a matter of the merest conjecture. His number is 78, that of Mezla, the Channel through which Macroprosopus reveals Himself to, or showers His influence upon, Microprosopus. So we find Fra. P. speaking of him at one time as of another, but more advanced, man; at another time as if it were the name of his own superior in the Spiritual Hierarchy. And to all questions Fra. P. finds a reply, either pointing out "the subtle metaphysical distinction between curiosity and hard work," or indicating that among the Brethren "names are only lies," or in some other way defeating the very plain purpose of the historian.

The same remark applies to all queries with regard to V.V.V.V.V.; with this addition, that in this case he condescends to argue and to instruct. "If I tell you," he once said to the present writer, "that V.V.V.V.V. is a Mr Smith and lives at Clapham, you will at once go round and tell everybody that V.V.V.V.V. is a Mr Smith of Clapham, which is not true. V.V.V.V.V. is the Light of the World itself, the sole Mediator between God and Man; and in your present frame of mind (that of a poopstick) you cannot see that the two statements may be identical for the Brothers of the A.: A.:! Did not your great-grandfather argue that no good thing could come out of Nazareth? "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him."

Similarly, with regard to the writing of Liber Legis, Fra. P. will only say that it is in no way "automatic writing," that he

THE EQUINOX

heard clearly and distinctly the human articulate accents of a man. Once, on page 6, he is told to edit a sentence; and once, on page 19, W. supplies a sentence which he had failed to hear.

To this writing we now turn.

It must have been on the 7th of April that W. commanded P. (now somewhat cowed) to enter the “temple” exactly at 12 o’clock noon on three successive days, and to write down what he should hear, rising exactly at 1 o’clock.

This he did. Immediately on his taking his seat the Voice began its Utterance, and ended exactly at the expiration of the hour.

These are the three chapters of Liber Legis, and we have nothing to add to the comment prepared by Fra. P. himself while the sun was in the sign of the Virgin, Anno V from this first revelation.

Note, however, the 65 pages of MS., and the 220 verses.

The reproduction of Liber Legis has been done thus minutely in order to prevent the casual reader from wasting his valuable time over it.

The full title of the book is

LIBER L vel LEGIS

svb figvrâ CCXX

as delivered by LXXVIII to DCLXVI

and it is the First and Greatest of those Class A publications of A.: A.: of which is not to be altered so much as the style of a letter.

LIBER LEGIS

THE COMMENT¹

I

1. Compare II. 1, the complement of this verse.

In Nu is Had concealed; by Had is Nu manifested.

Nu being 56 and Had 9, their conjunction results in 65, Adonai, the Holy Guardian Angel.

See the Sepher Sephiroth and “The Wake-World” in “Konx Om Pax” for further details on 65.

Note, however, the sixty-five pages of the MS. of Liber Legis.

Or counting NV 56 HAD 10, we get 66, which is $\Sigma (1 - 11)$.

Had is further the centre of the Key-Word *Abrahamadabra*.

2. This book is a new revelation, or unveiling of the holy ones.

3. This should not be understood in the spiritualistic sense. It means that in each person is the sublime starry nature, a consciousness to be attained by the prescribed methods.

[Yet it may mean some real connection between a given person and a given star. Why not? Still, this is not in my knowledge. See Lib. 418.]

4. The limited is a mere mask; the illimitable is the only truth.

5. Nu, to unveil herself, needs a mortal intermediary, in the first instance.

It is to be supposed that Ankh-f-n-khonsu, the warrior lord of Thebes, priest of Men Tu, is in some subtle manner identical with either Aiwass or the Beast.

6. The recipient of this knowledge is to identify himself with Hadit, and thus fully express the thoughts of her heart in her very language.

7. Aiwass—see Introduction. He is 78, Mezla the “influence” from the Highest Crown, and the number of cards in the Tarot, Rota, the all-embracing Wheel.

Hoor-paar-Kraat. See II. 8.

Aiwass is called the minister of Hoor-paar-Kraat, the God of Silence; for his word is the speech in the Silence.

¹ Dates in brackets, giving solar position (An 0. ☉ in ♉ being March 21, 1904, ψ - χ), refer to the time of writing particular parts of this comment.

THE EQUINOX

8. Here begins the text.

Khabs is the secret Light or L.V.X.; the Khu is the magical entity of a man.

I find later (☉ in ♂, An VII.) that Khabs means star. In which case
cf. v. 3.

The doctrine here taught is that the Light is innermost, essential man.
Intra (not Extra) Nobis Regnum Dei.

9. That Khabs is declared to be the light of Nu. It being worshipped in the centre, the light also fills the circumference, so that all is light.

10. This is the rule of Thelema, that its adepts shall be invisible rulers.

This, it may be remarked, has always been the case.

11. "The many and the known," both among Gods and men, are revered; this is folly.

12. The Key of the worship of Nu. The uniting of consciousness with infinite space by the exercise of love, pastoral or pagan love. But *vide infra*.

13. This doctrine implies some mystic bond which I imagine is only to be understood by experience; this human ecstasy and that divine ecstasy interact.

A similar doctrine is to be found in the Bhagavad Gita.

14. This verse is a direct translation of the first section of the stele. It conceals a certain secret ritual, of the highest rank, connected with the two previous verses.

15. The authority of the Beast rests upon this verse; but it is to be taken in conjunction with certain later verses which I shall leave to the research of students to interpret. I am inclined, however, to believe that "the Beast" and "the Scarlet Woman" do not denote persons, but are titles of office, that of Hierophant and High Priestess (♁ and ♀), else it would be difficult to understand the next verse.

16. In II. 16 we find that Had is to be taken as 11 (see II. 16, comment). Then Hadit = 421, Nuit = 466.

$421 - 3$ (the moon) = 418.

$466 + 200$ (the sun) = 666.

These are the two great numbers of the Qabalistic system that enabled me to interpret the signs leading to this revelation.

The winged secret flame is Hadit; the stooping starlight is Nuit; these are their true natures, and their functions in the supreme ritual referred to above.

17. "Ye" refers to the other worshippers of Nuit, who must seek out their own election.

18. The serpent is the symbol of divinity and royalty. It is also a symbol of Hadit, invoked upon them.

19. Nuit herself will overshadow them.

LIBER LEGIS

20. This word is perhaps Abrahadabra, the sacred word of 11 letters.

21. Refers to the actual picture on the stele. Nuit is a conception immeasurably beyond all men have ever thought of the Divine. Thus she is not the mere star-goddess, but a far higher thing, dimly veiled by the unutterable glory.

This knowledge is only to be attained by adepts; the outer cannot reach to it.

22. A promise—not yet fulfilled. [Since (⊙ in ⚡, An V.) fulfilled.]

A charge to destroy the faculty of discriminating between illusions.

23. The chief, then, is he who has destroyed this sense of duality.

24. Nu 𐤎 = 6 + 50 = 56.

25. Dividing $\frac{6}{50} = 0.12$.

0 the circumference, Nuit.

. the centre, Hadit.

1 the Unity proceeding, Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

2 = the Coptic H, whose shape closely resembles the Arabic figure 2, the Breath of Life, inspired and expired. Human consciousness. Thoth.

Adding $50 + 6 = 56$, Nu, and concentrating $5 + 6 = 11$, Abrahadabra, etc.

Multiplying $50 \times 6 = 300$, 𐤎 and Ruach Elohim, the Holy Spirit.

I am inclined to believe that there is a further mystery concealed in this verse; possibly those of 418 and 666 again.

26. The prophet demanding a sign of his mission, it is promised: a Samadhi upon the Infinite.

This promise was later fulfilled—see “The Temple of Solomon the King,” which proposes to deal with the matter in its due season.

27-31. Here is a profound philosophical dogma, in a sense possibly an explanation and illumination of the propositions in “Berashith.”

The dyad (or universe) is created with little pain in order to make the bliss of dissolution possible. Thus the pain of life may be atoned for by the bliss of death.

This delight is, however, only for the chosen servants of Nu. Outsiders may be looked on much as the Cartesians looked on animals.

32. The rule and purpose of the Order: the promise of Nuit to her chosen.

33. The prophet then demanded instruction: ordeals, rituals, law.

34. The first demand is refused, or, it may be, is to be communicated by another means than writing.

[It has since been communicated.]

The second is partially granted; or, if fully granted, is not to be made wholly public.

The third is granted unconditionally.

THE EQUINOX

35. Definition of this book.

36. The first strict charge not to tamper with a single letter of this book.

The comment is to be written “by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khuit,” *i.e.* by open, not by initiated wisdom.

37. An entirely new system of magic is to be learnt and taught, as is now being done.

38. The usual charge in a work of this kind.

Every man has a right to attain; but it is equally the duty of the adept to see that he duly earns his reward, and to test and train his capacity and strength.

39. Compare Rabelais. Also it may be translated, “Let Will and Action be in harmony.”

But *θελγημα* also means Will in the higher sense of Magical One-pointedness, and in the sense used by Schopenhauer and Fichte.

I suggest—

The the essential **⌘**, Azoth, etc., = *θε*.

Word Chokmah, Thoth, the Logos, the Second Emanation.

of the Partitive, Binah the Great Mother.

the Chesed, the paternal power, reflection of the “The” above.

Law Geburah, the stern restriction.

is Tiphereth, visible existence, the balanced harmony of the worlds.

θελγημα The idea embracing all this sentence in a word.

Or—

θ the = **⌘** the Lion, “Thou shalt unite all these symbols into the form of a Lion.”

ε Word = **⌘** the letter of Breath, the Logos.

λ of = **⌘** **⌘** the Equilibrium.

η the = **⌘** 418, Abrahadabra.

μ Law = **⌘** the Hanged Man, or Redeemer.

α is = **⌘** the 0 (zero, Nuit, which is Existence).

θελγημα the sum of all.

40. *θε*, the Hermit, * invisible, yet illuminating. The A.: A.:

λη, the Lover, † visible as is the lightning flash. The College of

Adepts.

μα, the Man of Earth, **⌘** the Blasted Tower. The 3 Keys add up to 31 **⌘**

Not and **⌘** God. Thus is the whole of *θελγημα* equivalent to Nuit, the all-embracing.

LIBER LEGIS

See the Tarot Trumps for further study of these grades.

$\theta\epsilon = 14$, the Pentagram, rule of Spirit over ordered Matter. Strength and Authority (⚔ and ⚔) and secretly $1 + 4 = 5$, the Hierophant ⚔ . V. Also: Leo Aries, the Lion and the Ram. "Cf. "Isaiah. It is a "millennial" state.

$\lambda\epsilon = 38$, the Key-word Abrahadabra, 418 , divided by the number of its letter, 11 . Justice or Balance and the Charioteer or Mastery. A state of progress; the church militant.

$\mu\omega = 41$, the Inverted Pentagram, matter dominating spirit. The Hanged Man and the Fool. The condition of those who are not adepts.

"Do what thou wilt" need not only be interpreted as licence or even as liberty. It may for example be taken to mean Do what thou (Ateh) wilt; and Ateh is $406 = \text{⚔} = T$, the sign of the cross. The passage might then be read as a charge to self-sacrifice or equilibrium.

I only put forward this suggestion to exhibit the profundity of thought required to deal even with so plain a passage.

All the meanings are true, if only the interpreter be illuminated; but if not, they are all false, even as he is false.

41, 42. Interference with the will of another is the great sin, for it predicates the existence of another. In this duality sorrow consists. I think that possibly the higher meaning is still attributed to "will."

43. *No other* shall say *nay* may mean—

No-other (= Nuit) shall pronounce the word No, uniting the aspirant with Herself by denying and so destroying that which he is.

44. Recommends "non-attachment." Students will understand how in meditation the mind which attaches itself to hope of success is just as bound as if it were to attach itself to some base material idea. It is a bond; and the aim is freedom.

I recommend serious study of the word "unassuaged" which appears not very intelligible.

45. Perhaps means that adding perfection to perfection results in the unity and ultimately the Negativity.

But I think there is much more than this.

46. $61 = \text{⚔}$. But the True Nothing of Nuit is 8, 80, 418. Now 8 is ⚔ , which spelt fully, ⚔⚔ , is 418. And 418 is Abrahadabra, the word of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Now 80 is ⚔ , the letter of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. [Qy. this.]

47. Let us, however, add the Jewish half 61.

$8 + 80 + 418 = 506$. Cf. verses 24, 25.

$506 + 61 = 567 = 27 \times 21 = ?$

But writing 506 qabalistically backwards we get

605, and $605 + 61 = 666$.

THE EQUINOX

666 = 6 x III, and III = **8** = 0 in Taro
= 1 + 2 + . . . + 36, the sum of the numbers in the Magic Square of Sol.
= the Number of the Beast

Or, taking the keys of 8, 80, 418, we get vii., xvi., vii., adding to 30.

30 + 61 = 91 = **788**, Amen.

This may unite Nuit with Amon the negative and concealed. Yet to my mind she is the greater conception, that of which Amoun is but a reflection.

48. See above for III.

“My prophet is a fool,” *i.e.* my prophet has the highest of all grades, since the Fool is **8**.

I note later (An V., Sun. in Aquarius) that *v.* 48 means that all disappears when 61 + 8, 80, 418 are reduced to 1. And this may indicate some practical mystic method of annihilation. I am sure (Sun in ♃, An VII.) that this is by no means the perfect solution of these marvellous verses.

49. Declares a New System of Magic and initiation.

Asar—Isa—is now the Candidate, not the Hierophant.

Hoor—see Cap. III.—is the Initiator.

50. Our system of initiation is to be triune.

For the outer, tests of labour, pain, etc.

For the inner, intellectual tests.

For the elect of the A.: A.:, spiritual tests.

Further, the Order is not to hold lodges, but to have a chain-system.

51. The candidate will be brought through his ordeals in divers ways.

The Order is to be of freemen and nobles.

52. But distinctions must not be made before Nuit, either intellectually, morally, or personally.

Metaphysics, too, is intellectual bondage; avoid it!

Otherwise one falls back to the Law of Hoor from the perfect emancipation of Nuit. This is a great mystery, only to be understood by those who have fully attained Nuit and her secret Initiation.

53. The prophet is retained as the link with the lower.

Again the word “assuage” used in a sense unintelligible to me.

54, 55, 56 to the word “child.”

A prophecy, not yet (May 1909 O.S.) fulfilled, so far as I know. I take it in its obvious sense.

56 from the word “Aum.”

All religions have some truth.

We possess all intellectual truth, and some, not all, mystic truth.

57. Invoke me,—etc.—I take literally. See Liber NV for this ritual.

LIBER LEGIS

Love under will—no casual pagan love; nor love under fear, as the Christians do. But love magically directed, and used as a spiritual formula.

The fools (not here implying **♁** fools, for III., 57 says, All fools despise) may mistake.

This love, then, should be the serpent love, the awakening of the Kundalini. The further mystery is of **♁** and unsuited to the grade in which this comment is written.

The last paragraph confirms the Tarot attributions as given in 777. With one secret exception.

58. The Grace of our Lady of the Stars.

59. “Because,” etc. This mystical phrase doubtless refers to some definite spiritual experience connected with the knowledge of Nuit.

60. Nu = 56 and 5 + 6 = 11.

The Circle in the Pentagram? See Liber NV.

The uninitiated perceive only darkness in Night: the wise perceive the golden stars in the vault of azure.

Concerning that Secret Glory it is not here fitting to discourse.

61. Practical and literal, yet it may be doubted whether **♁** to lose all in that hour **♁** may not refer to the supreme attainment, and that therefore to give one particle of dust (perhaps the Ego, or the central atom Hadit her complement) is the act to achieve.

62, 63. Again practical and literal. Yet the “Secret Temple” refers also to a knowledge incommunicable—save by experience.

64. The supreme affirmation.

65. The supreme adjuration.

66. The end.

II

1. *Cf.* I. 1. As Had, the root of Hadit, is the manifestation of Nuit, so Nu, the root of Nuit, is the hiding of Hadit.

2. Nuit is Infinite Extension; Hadit Infinite Contraction. Khabs is the House of Hadit, even as Nuit is the house of the Khu, and the Khabs is in the Khu (I, 8). These theologies reflect mystic experiences of Infinite Contraction and Expansion, while philosophically they are the two opposing Infinities whose interplay gives Finitude.

3. A further development of higher meaning. In phrasing this verse suggests an old mystical definition of God: “He Whose centre is everywhere and Whose circumference nowhere.”

4. The circumference of Nuit touches Ra-Hoor-Khuit, Kether; but her centre Hadit is for ever concealed above Kether. Is not Nu the *Hiding* of Hadit,

THE EQUINOX

and Had the *Manifestation* of Nuit? [I later, ☉ in ♁, An VII., dislike this note; and refer the student to Liber XI. and Liber DLV.]

5. A reference to certain magical formulae known to the scribe of this book.

The purification of said rituals is in progress at this time, An V.

6. Hadit is the Ego or Atman in everything, but of course a loftier and more secret thing than anything understood by the Hindus. And of course the distinction between Ego and Ego is illusion. Hence Hadit, who is the life of all that is, if known, becomes the death of that individuality.

7. Hadit is both the Maker of Illusion and its destroyer. For though His interplay with Nuit results in the production of the Finite, yet His withdrawing into Himself is the destruction thereof.

“The axle of the wheel,” another way of saying that He is the Core of Things.

“The cube in the Circle.” Cf. Liber 418, “The Vision and the Voice,” 30th Æthyr.

“Come unto me” is a foolish word; for it is I that go.

That is, Hadit is everywhere; yet, being sought, he flies. The Ego cannot be found, as meditation will show.

8. He is symbolised by Harpocrates, crowned child upon the lotus, whose shadow is called Silence.

Yet His Silence is the Act of Adoration; not the dumb callousness of heaven toward man, but the supreme ritual, the Silence of the supreme Orgasm, the stilling of all Voices in the perfect rapture.

9. Hence we pass naturally and easily to the sublime optimism of Verse 9. The lie is given to pessimism, not by sophistry, but by a direct knowledge.

10. The prophet who wrote this was at this point angrily unwilling to proceed.

11. He was compelled to do so,

12. For the God was in him, albeit he knew it not.

13. For so long as any knower remains, there is no thing known. Knowledge is the loss of the Knower in the Known.

“And me” (not “and I”), Hadit was the passive, which could not arise because of the existence of the Knower; “and” implying further the duality—which is Ignorance.

14. Enough has been said of the Nature of Hadit, now let a riddle of L.V.X. be propounded.

15. I am perfect, being Not (3I ♀ or 6I ♀).

My number is Nine by the fools (IX. the Hermit of ♃ and ♄).

With the just I am Eight. VIII., Justice ♃ Maat ♀, and One in Eight, ♁.

Which is Vital, for I am None indeed, ♁.

The Empress ♁ III., the King ♁ IV., are not of me. III. + IV. = VII.

LIBER LEGIS

16. I am the Empress and the Hierophant († V.) III. + V. = VIII., and VIII. is XI., both because of the 11 letters in Abrahadabra (= 418 = חחח = ח = 8), the Key Word of all this ritual, and because VIII. is not Leo, Strength, but Libra, Justice, in the Tarot (see Tarot Lecture and 777).

17-21. This passage was again very painful to the prophet, who took it in its literal sense.

But “the poor and the outcast” are the petty thoughts and the qliphothic thoughts and the sad thoughts. These must be rooted out, or the ecstasy of Hadit is not in us. They are the weeds in the Garden that starve the Flower.

22. Hadit now identifies himself with the Kundalini, the central magical force in man.

This privilege of using wine and strange drugs has been confirmed; the drugs were indeed revealed.

Follows a curse against the cringing altruism of Christianity, the yielding of the self to external impressions, the smothering of the Babe of Bliss beneath the flabby old nurse Convention.

23. The Atheism of God.

“Allah’s the Atheist! He owns

No Allah.” Bagh-i-Muattar.

To admit God is to look up to God, and so not to be God. The curse of duality.

24. Hermits—see *v.* 15.

Our ascetics enjoy, govern, conquer, love, and are not to quarrel (but see vv. 59, 60—Even their combats are glorious).

25. The cant of democracy condemned. It is useless to pretend that men are equal; the facts are against it. And we are not going to stay, dull and contented as oxen, in the ruck of humanity.

26. The Kundalini again. The mystic Union is to be practised both with Spirit and with Matter.

27. The importance of failing to interpret these verses. Unspirituality leads us to the bird-lime of Intellect. The Hawk must not perch on any earthly bough, but remain poised in the ether.

28-31. The great Curse pronounced by the Supernals against the Inferiors who arise against them.

Our reasoning faculties are the toils of the labyrinth within which we are all caught. *Cf.* Lib. LXV. V. 59.

32. We have insufficient data on which to reason.

This passage only applies to “rational” criticism of the Things Beyond.

33. We pass from the wandering in the jungle of Reason to

THE EQUINOX

34. The Awakening.

35. Let us be practical persons, not babblers of gossip and platitude.

36-43. A crescendo of ecstasy in the mere thought of performing these rituals; which are in preparation under the great guidance of V.V.V.V.V.

44. Without fear rejoice; death is only a dissolution, a uniting of Hadit with Nu, the Ego with the All, ' with **⌘**. (Note ' 10 + **⌘** 1 = 11, Abrahadabra, the Word of Uniting the 5 and the 6.)

45. Those without our circle of ecstasy do indeed die. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

46. The prophet was again perplexed and troubled; for in his soul was Compassion for all beings.

But though this Compassion is a feeling perhaps admirable and necessary for mortals, yet it pertains to the planes of Illusion.

47. Hadit knows nothing of these things; He is pure ecstasy.

48. Hadit has never defiled His purity with the Illusions of Sorrow, etc. Even love and pity for the fallen is an identification with it (sympathy, from *συν παθειν*), and therefore a contamination.

49. Continues the curse against the slave-soul.

“Amen.” This is of the 4, *i.e.* should be spelt with 4 letters (the elements), **⌘⌘⌘⌘** not **⌘⌘⌘**. The fifth, who is invisible, is **⌘**, 70, the Eye. Now **⌘⌘⌘⌘** = 741 + 70 = 811 = IAO in Greek, and IAO is the Greek form of יהוה, the synthesis of the 4 elements HB: **⌘⌘⌘⌘**.

(This **⌘** is perhaps the O. in N.O.X., Liber VII. I. 40.)

50 *Cf.* I. 60.

51. Purple—the ultra-violet (*v.* 51), the most positive of the colours.

Green—the most negative of the colours, half-way in the spectrum.

The Magical Image of Hadit is therefore an Eye within a coiled serpent, gleaming red—the spiritual red of **⌘** and not mere Δ —at the apex of the Triangle in the half circle of Nuit’s Body, and shedding spangles as of the spectrum of eight colours, including the ultra-violet but not the ultra-red; and

52. Set above a black Veil.

This verse is very difficult for anyone, either with or without morality. For what men nowadays call “Vice” is really virtue—virtus, manliness—and “Virtue” —cowardice, hypocrisy, prudery, chastity, and so on are really vices—vitia, flaws.

53. But the prophet again disliked the writing. The God comforted him.

Also he prophesied of his immediate future, which was fulfilled, and is still being fulfilled at the time (An V., \odot in 20° \ominus) of this writing. Even more marked now (An VII., \odot in \ominus), especially these words, “I lift thee up.”

54. The triumph over the rationalists predicted.

LIBER LEGIS

The punctuation of this book was done after its writing; at the time it was mere hurried scribble from dictation.

See the MS. facsimile.

55. Done. See Liber Trigrammaton, Comment.

56. The God again identifies himself with essential ecstasy. He wants no reverence, but identity.

57. A quotation from the Apocalypse. This God is not a Redeemer: He is Himself. You cannot worship Him, or seek Him—He is He. And if thou be He, well.

58. Yet it does not follow that He (and His) must appear joyous. They may assume the disguise of sorrow.

59. Yet, being indeed invulnerable, one need not fear for them.

60. Hit out indiscriminately therefore. The fittest will survive.

This doctrine is therefore contrary to that of Gallio, or of Buddha.

61. At the ecstasy of this thought the prophet was rapt away by the God. First came a new strange light, His herald.

62. Next, as Hadit himself, did he know the athletic rapture of Nuit's embrace.

63. Each breath, as he drew it in, was an orgasm; each breath, as it went out, was a new dissolution into death.

Note that throughout these books death is always spoken of as a definite experience, a delightful event in one's career.

64. The prophet is now completely swallowed up in the ecstasy. Then he is hailed by the Gods, and bidden to write on.

65, 66. The division of consciousness having re-arisen, and been asserted the God continues, and prophesies—of that which I cannot comment.

The ecstasy rekindles,

67, 68. So violently that the body of the prophet is nigh death.

69. The prophet's own consciousness re-awakens. He no longer knows anything at all—then grows the memory of the inspiration past; he asks if it is all.

[It is evidently his own interpolation in the dictation.]

70. Also he has the human feeling of failure. It seems that he must fortify his nature in many other ways, in order that he may endure the ecstasy unbearable of mortals.

There is also a charge that other than physical considerations obtain.

71. Yet excess is the secret of success.

72. There is no end to the Path --- death itself crowns all.

73, 74. Yet death is forbidden: work, I suppose, must be done before it is earned; its splendour will increase with the years that it is longed for. {397}

THE EQUINOX

75, 76. A final revelation. The revealer to come is perhaps the one mentioned in I. 55 and III. 47. The verse goes on to urge the prophet to identify himself with Hadit, to practise the Union with Nu, and to proclaim this joyful revelation unto men.

77, 78. Though the prophet had in a way at this time identified himself with the number 666, he considered the magic square drawn therefrom rather silly and artificial, if indeed it had yet been devised, on which point he is uncertain.

The true Square is as follows:

[It follows when it is discovered!]

The House of the Prophet, not named by him, was chosen by him before he attached any meaning to the number 418; nor had he thought of attaching any importance to the name of the House. He supposed this passage to be mystical, or to refer to some future house.

Yet on trial we obtain at once

$$\text{בולשכין} = 418$$

79. So mote it be!

III

1. Abrahadabra—the Reward of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. We have already seen that Abrahadabra is the glyph of the blending of the 5 and the 6, the Rose and the Cross. So also the Great Work, the equilibration of the 5 and the 6, is shown in this God; fivefold as a Warrior Horus, sixfold as the solar Ra. Khuit is a name of Khem the Ram-Phallus-two-plume god Amon; so that the whole god represents in qabalistic symbolism the Second Triad (“whom all nations of men call the first”).

It is the Red descending Triangle—the sole thing visible. For Hadit and Nuit are far beyond.

Note that Ra-Hoor $\text{ראהוור} = 418$.

2. Suggested by a doubt arising in the mind of the prophet as to the unusual spelling. But the “I” makes a difference in the qabalistic interpretation of the name.

3—end. This whole books seems intended to be interpreted literally. It was so taken by the scribe at the time.

Yet a mystical meaning is easy to find. *Exempli gratia*; vv. 4-9.

4. An Island = one of the Cakkrams or nerve-centres in the spine.

5. Fortify it! = Concentrate the mind upon it.

6. = Prevent any impressions reaching it.

7. = I will describe a new method of meditation by which

8. Ye shall easily suppress invading thoughts.

LIBER LEGIS

9. May mystically describe this method [*e.g.*, Liber HHH, Section 3].

But the course of history will determine the sense of the passage.

10. The stele of revealing—see illustration.

That temple; it was arranged as an octagon; its length double its breadth; entrances on all four quarters of temple; enormous mirrors covering six of the eight walls (there were no mirrors in the East and West or in the western halves of the South and North sides).

There were an altar and two obelisks in the temple; a lamp above the altar; and other furniture.

Kiblah—any point to which one turns to pray, as Mecca is the Kiblah of the Mahometan.

“It shall not fade,” etc. It has not hitherto been practicable to carry out this command.

11. “Abstraction.” It was thought that this meant to combine abstraction and construction, *i.e.*, the preparation of a replica, which was done.

Of course the original is in “locked glass.”

12-15. This, ill-understood at the time, is now too terribly clear. The 15th verse, apparently an impossible sequel, has justified itself.

16. Courage and modesty of thought are necessary to the study of this book. Alas! we know so very little of the meaning.

17. The infinite unity is our refuge, since if our consciousness be in that unity, we shall care nothing for the friction of its component parts. And our light is the inmost point of illuminated consciousness.

And the great Red Triangle is as a shield, and its rays are far-darting arrows!

18. An end to the humanitarian mawkishness which is destroying the human race by the deliberate artificial protection of the unfit.

19. 718 is *ἵπομονη*, the abstract noun equivalent to *Perdurabo*. (☉ in 3° ♄, An. VII.)

20. In answer to some mental “Why” of the prophet the God gives this sneering answer. Yet perhaps therein is contained some key to enable me one day to unlock the secret of verse 19, at present (☉ in 20° ♀, An. V.) obscure. [Now (☉ in ♃, An VII.) clear.]

21. This was remarkably fulfilled.

22. This first charge was accomplished; but nothing resulted of a sufficiently striking nature to record.

The Ordeal “X” will be dealt with in private.

23-25. This incense was made; and the prediction most marvellously fulfilled.

26, 27, 28, 29. These experiments, however, were not made.

THE EQUINOX

30. Not yet accomplished (☉ in 20° ♀, An. V.)

31. Not yet accomplished (☉ in 20° ♀, An. V.)

32, 33. Certainly, when the time comes.

34. This prophecy, relating to centuries to come, does not concern the present writer at the moment.

Yet he must expound it.

The Hierarchy of the Egyptians gives us this genealogy: Isis, Osiris, Horus.

Now the “pagan” period is that of Isis; a pastoral, natural period of simple magic. Next with Buddha, Christ, and others there came in the Equinox of Osiris; when sorrow and death are the principal objects of man’s thought, and his magical formula is that of sacrifice.

Now, with Mohammed perhaps as its forerunner, comes in the Equinox of Horus, the young child who rises strong and conquering (with his twin Harpocrates) to avenge Osiris, and bring on the age of strength and splendour.

His formula is not yet fully understood.

Following him will arise the Equinox of Ma, the Goddess of Justice, it may be a hundred or ten thousand years from now; for the Computation of Time is not here as There.

35. Note Heru-ra-ha = 418.

36-38. Mostly translations from the stele.

39. This is being done; but quickly? No. I have slaved at the riddles in this book for nigh on seven years; and all is not yet clear (☉ in ♀ 20°, An. V.). Nor yet (☉ in ♁, An VII.).

40. I do not think it easy. Though the pen has been swift enough, once it was taken in hand. May it be that Hadit hath indeed made it secure! [I am still (An VII., ☉ in ♁), entirely dissatisfied.]

41. This shall be done as soon as possible.

42. This shall be attended to.

43-45. The two latter verses have become useless, so far as regards the person first indicated to fill the office of “Scarlet Woman.” In her case the prophecy of v. 43 has been most terribly fulfilled, to the letter; except the last paragraph. Perhaps before the publication of this comment the final catastrophe will have occurred (☉ in 20° ♀, An. V.). It or an even more terrible equivalent is now in progress (☉ in ♁, An VII.). [P.S.—I sealed up the MSS. of this comment and posted it to the printer on my way to the Golf Club at Hoylake. On my arrival at the Club, I found a letter awaiting me which stated that the catastrophe had occurred.]

Let the next upon whom the cloak may fall beware!

46. I do not understand the first paragraph.

47. These mysteries are inscrutable to me, as stated in the text. Later

LIBER LEGIS

(© in \mathfrak{V} , An V.) I note that the letters of the Book are the letters of the Book of Enoch; and are stars, or totems of stars. (See 15th Aire in Lib. 418.) So that he that shall divine it shall be a Magus, 9 = 2.

48-62. Appears to be a plain instruction in theology and ethics. I do not understand “Din.” Bahlasti = 358, and Ompehda perhaps 210.

63. A fact.

64-67. This too shall be proven to him who will and can.

68. A fact.

69. I take this as a promise that the Law shall duly be established.

70-72. A final pronouncement of His attributes. I do not know the exact meaning of v. 71. [Later, © in \mathfrak{A} , An VII. Yes: I do.]

Coph Nia. I cannot trace this anywhere; but KOPhNIA adds to 231. Nia is Ain backwards; Coph suggests Qoph. All very unsatisfactory.

73. Done. See illustration. (See Comment on III. 47.)

74. Perhaps refers to the addition of the name to 418. But Khephra is the “Sun” at midnight in the North. Now in the North is Taurus, the Bull, Apis the Redeemer, the “Son.”

75. The ending of the words is the ending of the Work—Abrahamadabra The Book is written, as we see; and concealed—from our weak understanding.

Aum-Ha, \mathfrak{AUM} = 111, \mathfrak{H} = 6, $111 \times 6 = 666$, the Seal of the Beast. Note well that \mathfrak{AUM} with a \mathfrak{H} final adds to 671, Throa, the Gate, Adonai spelt in full, etc. etc. Using the Keys of Aum Ha, we get XII. + XV. + 0, and IV. + 0, their sum, 31 = \mathfrak{L} , Not.

We defer consideration of the sequel to this revelation, and our account of Fra. P’s further progress, until the next chapter. This appointment to the Priesthood constituted him—even had he no other claim—a member of the grade of Exempt Adept; it was a long and terrible journey of death thence to rebirth as a Babe of the Abyss, and to the final chapter of our work, which must describe his attainment of the Grade of Master of the Temple.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. V

THE BISMARCK OF BATTERSEA

THE BISMARCK OF BATTERSEA

DANTE perhaps thought when he descended the fifth round of Hell that there was some consolation in the fact that he was getting near the bottom. To us, as we explore the glories of Edwardian literature, such consolation is denied. Abyss after abyss yawns beneath our feet; deep into the gloom we peer and our ears are poisoned with the fetid vapours of the ineffable slime—with the callow crapuloseities of a Corelli, the slobbering senilities of a Sims, the unctuous snivellings of a Caine.

But we do not propose to descend so far—there is a limit. But stay! what is that glimmer on yonder ledge? That ledge where the Brown Dog of the Faddist fights its eternal battle with the Yellow Dog of Socialism. The ledge labelled “Battersea,” supreme word of malignity in the tongue of the pit? Our laurelled guide quickly lowers us thither.

What is that bloated and beery buffoon who stands upon his head to attract attention! we ask. Bismarck, it appears, is his name. Blood and iron is his motto. 'S death! but I suspect a paradox. Maybe that by blood he means beer, by iron ink.

“Maybe this Nonconformist plum-pudding has been dipped in whale oil—and why have they stuffed it with onions?” How shall I find the key to this mystery! So portentous a sentence—and its meaning? “Christianity is only tenable through Literalism and Ritualism.” Not so I read it—and my own

THE EQUINOX

secret interpretation sends a guffaw through the black shining sides of the prison. With that I awoke; 'twas all a dream; I must begin again—that opening will never do.

Here, therefore, beginneth the third lesson. How shall we catch the great gray water-rat “That strikes the stars (*sublimi vertice*) on Campden Hill?”

Quoth the famous consort of a famous judge, on being advised to abate the rat nuisance by plugging their holes with a mixture of tallow, arsenic, and brown paper: “Yes, but you’ve got to catch them first.” So we, accepting her wisdom, shall not attempt to suppress the News (plain or illustrated)—we shall rather cope with the stench at its source.

This pot-bellied Publicola must be not only scotched, but killed. This megalomaniac Menenius must be put through the medicinal mangle of criticism—a thing which he has hitherto escaped, for as from the porpoise hides of the portly Monitor the round shot of the Merrimac rebounded, so has the oily evasiveness of this literary porpoise served to protect him from his foes, and now he clumsily gambols through the sea, unaware of the pursuing sword-fish. But a greater than the sword-fish (or shall I say the Sword- of-Song-fish) is here.

Just as a balloon is difficult to crush but easy to prick, so shall it be in these days.

This fellow is simply a trimmer. This seeming porpoise is only a jelly-fish; and the great black curves we saw were but the inkiness of the creature.

We draw out this leviathan with an hook, and he goes conveniently into a beer-mug. We calculate the mass of this brilliant comet, and we find it is not to exceed that of a barrel of butter.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

We are appalled by the bellowing of this Bull of Phalaris, and find that it is but an ingenious mechanism worked by the gaspings of an emasculate oyster.

Surely never in all the history of thought—and its imitations—has such a widow's curse supplied the world with such a deluge of oil. Croton oil.

As a man who orders roast beef and gets hash, so do we look for literature and get mixed dictionary. How do we do it? We stifle the groans of our armchair by continued session and open the Encyclopedia at random. Hulloo! what's this? "Schopenhauer, famous pessimist philosopher." (To the stenographer): "The splendid optimism of Schopenhauer—" (Sotto voce) "Let's see what a philosopher is!" (turns it up after a vain search through letter F) "philosopher—lover of wisdom," etc.

(To stenographer) "manifests itself in a positive loathing of all wisdom." (Another turn.)

"Reprehensible—to be condemned."

(Dictating) "and is therefore to be condemned—no! no! please, miss—*not* to be condemned." (Another turn.)

"Catamaran"—a surf-boat used in Madras, hm!—(to stenographer)—"by all Hindoo speculative mystics."

(Speculative mystics—one of our best stock lines.)

We are now fairly started on our weekly causerie, the subject being probably Home Rule.

You see, nobody can get hurt. The invertebrate cannot maul the vertebrate—so we are safe from the chance of their fury. They pay us to defend the doctrine of original sin—so we escape by defending it upon the ground that it is "Jolly." They pay us to attack Free Thought, so we label it "narrow

THE EQUINOX

sectarianism,” and please the Hard-Shell Baptists—with the purses—without annoying the Freethinker, who is naturally not hit.

The Romans crucified St. Peter head downwards; but it was reserved for this oleaginous clown to offer that last indignity to his Master. We are paid to shore up the rotting buttresses of Christianity, and we begin our article, “A causal carpenter”—

But, let us change the subject!

There was a man—a great man—who some years ago wrote a magnificent philosophical story called the “Napoleon of Notting Hill.”

More lucid and a thousand times more entertaining than Bunyan, deeper than Berkeley, as full of ecstasy of laughter as Rabelais, and of mystic ecstasy as Malory, a book of the Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz with Voltaire.

I think those summits are not unattainable by the subject of our essay—for God’s sake, man, forswear sack and live cleanly, and give us something like that!

A. QUILLER, JR.

ARTHUR IN THE AREA AGAIN!

Oh, Allah be obeyed!
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the Waites.

W. S. Gilbert.

MR. WAITE is at the area door again! It is not altogether unphilosophical to judge a man by the company he keeps, and I have reluctantly decided to dismiss Mr. Waite. He must consider himself no longer my disciple. It has been a painful step, more painful even than when I was obliged to expel him in 1900 from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. For he shows himself this last time in a quite impossible avatar—that of a Satanic colporteur eating rabbit pie in the kitchens of South Ealing.

I have before me a “Special Catalogue of Occult Books” published by a gentleman giving the name of Foulsham, which I hope shortly to see in “Punch” under the heading “MORE COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.”

Item No. 1 is a “talisman.” “The key to unlock the mysteries of the Universe.” We hear that “charms and talismans ensure success.” “This talisman is worn to bring Health, Happiness, and Success,” a combination which I regard as remarkably cheap at 4s. 3d. post free.

But if you haven’t got 4s. 3d., or are less ambitious, you

THE EQUINOX

may still get a Parchment Talisman for wearing on the breast, from the Great Book by Rabbi Solomon with silk bag and cord for 1s. 3d. There are several; one for honour and riches, one for health, one for "Success in Hazard (betting—cards—games of chance)" which looks to me like cheating, one for Success in Trade, and then a set of three to which I call the particular attention of Professor von Kraft-Ebbing and Sir Charles Mathews. They are:

For Man's Love.

For Woman's Love.

For Love of Opposite Sex.

At the other end the catalogue turns from the psychopath to the servant-girl. All about the mystic meaning of moles, "love signs," and birthmarks, together with works on obstetrics (home-made), cure of Epilepsy, Worms, falling hair, and consumption, Old Moore's gazing Crystals, "Ye Witches Fortune-Telling Cards," and the rest of the rag-bag.

The ham of this exquisite sandwich is Mr. Waite's "Book of Black Magic and of Pacts" as was, "Book of Ceremonial Magic" as is. But for this *clientèle* of Mr. Foulsham the title is simply "The Book of Magic, including Black magic, the rites and mysteries of Goethic (*sic!*) Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy." Rather tempting for the people who wear talismans "for agricultural prosperity"!

I say fearlessly that this advertisement is a crude appeal to the vilest passions of the most wretched of humanity, to the people who would really love to bewitch their neighbour's cow. It is no reply to this charge to point out that the book is absolutely harmless. It is sold on the pretext that it is

ARTHUR IN THE AREA AGAIN!

poison: if Locusta cheats her clients she is no less infamous: rather more.

If Mr. Waite thought to escape my eagle eye by omitting his name, this note will undeceive him; I repeat that I can no longer consider him as one of my disciples; and if he continues to adopt my ideas and phrases, and to republish them as his own, I shall really be obliged to do something hardly distinguishable from taking public notice of the fact.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BIG STICK

REVIEWS

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREEMASONRY. By A. E. WAITE. London. 2 vols, 4to. 1911. 42s.

This is a work of over 900 pages, with twenty-eight plates, and numerous interesting head and tail pieces, sumptuously issued by the publishers. The author may be masonically justified in issuing *ex cathedra*, from his study chair, a new and mystic version of our old rites, but such, to be of value, must be grounded upon historic facts, and not upon the nonsense of garbled masonic histories. In the first volume the author shows an extraordinary lack of knowledge, and hence is unable to fix his theory of an Inner and Secret Tradition upon any solid basis, and the volume, with its inflated diction, and troubled reasoning, is very unsatisfactory. The second volume is much better, and is really an interesting study. In both however he does not seek to hide his contempt, often expressed in uncourteous language, against all who are opposed to his views, or otherwise against those degrees from which nothing could be extracted to support his theorizing, and the writer of this review comes in, with many better men, for a slating.

In September 1910 my attention was called to a Review of my ARCANES SCHOOLS in the London "Equinox," in which I find the following: "It is true he occasionally refers to people like Hargreave Jennings, A. E. Waite, and H. P. Blavatsky as if they were authorities, but whoso fishes with a net of so wide a sweep as brother Yarker's must expect to pull in some worthless fish. This accounts for Waite's contempt of him. Imagine Walford Brodie reviewing a medical book which referred to him as an authority on paralysis!" In spite of this mild castigation he still refers to me with some contempt, and as he has so little regard for the feelings of others, generally, I may be pardoned for following suit. I fancy, to say the least, that I am quite as able to judge evidence as Bro. Waite is; and I may say that for about sixty-five years I have made a constant study of Freemasonry, in my leisure hours, and I conceive that I have forgotten more of real Masonry than Waite ever knew, or is ever likely to know.

In the first place, he seems to be utterly ignorant of the Jacobite Ecosaisism of the Chapter of Clermont, yet it is only in their Pre-grand Lodge Harodim that

THE EQUINOX

he could find foundation for his theorizing. My views on this subject occupy about eighty pages, now appearing in "The American Freemason," Salt Lake, Iowa, and to which I must refer my readers.

He cannot find what he seeks in the Hanoverian G. L. of London,—1717; or if he finds anything in the ritual of that body it will be trifling, following the religious training of the two clergymen, Anderson and Desaguliers, who founded it. On the Craft system he ought to have directed his attention to the old York ritual, and that of the Ancient Masons, which in that of York may date from 1726 (see my "Guild Charges").

The Royal Arch degree, when it had the "Three Veils" must have been the work, even if by instruction, of a Kabalistic Jew about 1740, and from this time we may expect to find a Secret tradition, grafted upon Anderson's system; the Arch degree was, undoubtedly, developed out the the Knight of the Sword, or Red Cross, by the Harodim Templars of Clermont, and that out of the operative Harodim.

Any stupid assertion, however historically untenable, but which is supported by a large majority, is a safe stock in trade for all such writers as Bro. Waite; it pays to tickle the palate of the crowd. It would take up too much space to carry this further, but I will ask to point out, firsthand, some matters of general interest.

(I, p. 4). The A. and A.S. Rite *was not* invented in America, it was known in Geneva several years before 1802, when Charleston found out that it was of 33 Degree, and began to trade upon it. They had, however, some years before, the *Morinite Rite of 25 Degree* founded at Jamaica in 1767, and not 1761-2, hence anything referring to that date is false.

(P. 10). *Heredom* is a French modification of *Harodim*; even Barruel knew this. It is a term used by the Comicini builders of London, and is still in use with operative Lodges hailing from Durham. It was known to the operative Lodges of the Co. of Durham in 1735, when two of them went under the G.L. of Lodon, and may be ages older than that, and identical with the "Quarter Masters" of Kelwinning, etc., under the Schau Statutes of 1598 and with the "Warden Courts" of Scotland and France, existing in 1622, as Laurie points out. I can provide first-hand light as to the transliteration of the word into Heredomus, or Holy House. Many years ago, or about 1870, I was in correspondence with Mr. J. W. Papworth on the subject, and he put the question to a very learned friend whom he knew at the British Museum, and who suggested to him the above derivation. As he requested that his name should not appear I sent it to the "Freemason's Magazine," under the signature of Δ , and it was at once adopted by Pike; hence the term "Holy House" is about forty years old. I may mention that the Duke of Leinster's "Prince Mason" of Ireland,

REVIEWS

which is an amplified version of the London Rosecroix of 1770, but very much older than that, uses the following words in presenting the Jewel of a Pelican, "You are still a Harodim, or Master of the workmen of the Temple,"—a Clermont echo. It seems to be everywhere kept out of sight that the Pelican feeding its young with its blood was the war banner of James III when England was invaded by him in 1715.

(P. 40). Ramsay did no more in 1737, than put his own gloss on what he learned in the Chapter of Clermont. It is true that in 1754 a change was made in the "Illustrious Knight" (Templar and Sepulchre), and an additional degree then added by an unknown de Bonneville, which may be a Jesuit pseudonym, which in 1758 became the 25th degree, by adding the system of the Knights of the East, etc., and later the 32 Degree, and to which some of Ramsay's views were added; he could not have been a member of the English G.L., but was a Jacobite Scotch Mason, and according to his own statement, made to his friend Gensau in 1741, was born in 1680-1681, and not in 1668 as given by Waite; such of these members as were voted Scotch rank by their Lodges, received the Harodim rank of Clermont. Thory says that these Scotch Masons in 1736 had four Lodges, and in ten years received 5,600 members. Personally, I think it likely that the Clermont claims from the Templars (Albigensian) may be just from their own operative Lodges. Fludd, rather than Ashmole, may have indoctrinated the London Masons, and I have given my reasons for this view in my American papers.

(P. 295). Waite is mistaken in supposing that the *Ordre du Temple* was not established in England. There was a Convent in 1838 at Liverpool, and its members' names are preserved. The same at London, and Sussex's consent was necessary for Reception; Dr. Robert Bigsby was a member of it, as also of Burnes' revival of Deuchar's Masonic Knight Templar, which forms the basis of our 1851 ritual, which is not that of Dunckerley who worked the Clermont Templar Kadosh. There was also a Convent under the Duke of Sussex in India.

(P. 312). In reference to Clermont Waite is floating on his own imaginary sea. Between 1688 and 1753, Clermont had three well-known degrees of Harodim, and in 1754 a fourth was added. He quotes a garbled extract from Fratre Kristner, who is reliable, and adds a sneer against me. The Swedish Rite has knowledge that Count Scheffer was received by Derwentwater; Graf von Schmittau; Count Posse, were Received 1737, 1743, 1747. But Waite claims to be the infallible Pope, who is to judge evidence!!!

(P. 322). *Prince Adept* was added to Knight of the Sun at Kingston in 1767, in order that Morin might put in its place, the Prussian *Noachite* to give countenance to his frauds.

THE EQUINOX

(P. 409). My view of HRDM-RSYCS. is that, as it now stands, it is the French Lectures of Clermont's three grades. I give my reasons for this in the "American Freemasons" papers.

(II. p. 1). This volume, referring as it does, to more recent times, has fewer errors. It might even be extended, and earlier Hermetic details added.

(P. 36). We here read in Waite's words of "*The thing called Co-Masonry.*" I am not a Co-Mason myself, but I occasionally send things to the independent private quarterly termed "Co-Mason," they are usually articles unsuited to the taste of mentally deficient Masons, or things that better informed Masons desire to hide. Again the system comes in for sarcasm owing to a supposed affinity with the Count St. Germain. We may not like Co-Masonry, for one thing, it affords less opportunity for the convivial Mason, who has no room for the intellectual part; but the system has come to stay, and we may as well treat it with civility.

(P. 92). The reduced Rite of Memphis has never been so numerous as to receive respect, and Freemasons are too ignorant to understand it, and to attack it—as in Co-Masonry—may prove profitable. As a matter of fact, some mistake was made in America as to the alleged reduction, but Egypt always held to the revised system of 1862-1866; at this time the Gd. Orient and the Chief of the Rite revised the whole system, mainly on an Hermetic basis, and gave to thirty-three leading ceremonies the power to confer, at intervals, the remaining sixty-two degrees which are generally added verbally in their relative places, and recently I furnished to America the necessary changes in a MS. of 200 pages. America had the Chapter degrees, 11°-18°, carefully edited, but the higher section was somewhat chaotic, and in 1872 I did not feel justified in making any great change. Bro. Waite thrice gives plates of its 90-95 Degree Jewel—the winged egg—but without identification.

(P. 230). *Rite of Swedenborg.* Of this Kenneth Mackenzie was Grand Secretary from its introduction till his own death. Bro. Waite is quite mistaken in supposing that he had any hand in compiling the ritual; that and the Charter are in my hands as they came from Canada; the Charter is in the engrossment of Colonel Moore, and carries the following names: Colonel W.J.B. McLeod Moore, Gd. Master of Templars, and 33°; T.D.Harrington, Pt.G.M. of the G.L. of Canada, and 33°; George Canning Longley, 33°; The two first names were 33° Masons of the S.G.C. of Canada, then little esteemed, but founded by the Golden Square body of London; but Longley and myself were of the *Martin-Cerneau* body, though I have several 33° Patents of the *Morinite* Sect. Founded, as the Rite is, on a version of Ancient Masonry, carried back to a Feast of the Tabernacles, 5873 B.C., it is most interesting, but too lengthy for general use; under these circumstances I might feel inclined to print it for

REVIEWS

Master Masons, if Freemasonry was an intellectual body, but the needs of English Freemasonry, that in the best and most elaborate of works it is only working for the printer. The Rite was carried from London to the Americas, by Samuel Beswick, a Swedenborgian Minister, who wrote a book on the subject, and he informed me that they had rejected the matter added by Chastannier, and that what was left was the work of Swedenborg. Hence Bro. Waite's description of two secret and unnamed degrees, are of interest at this point.

(P. 368). Knight or *Priest of Eleusis*. I have this skeleton ritual of the Early Grand; and suppose it may be the old 1838 work of Memphis, of which Dr. Morison de Greenfield was an early member. As I look upon it the degree is intended to teach that early christianity absorbed the mysteries of Eleusis, and I mention this because I hear from New York that an eminent scholar, learned in Hermetic Greek, is making a translation in which he will prove that the Gospels and Epistles are pure Greek of the Eleusinian cult, and that the Jewish references are added to give a Semitic colouring. But I must conclude: I could make a decent sized volume in criticising and contesting Bro. Waite's book.

JOHN YARKER, 33°, 90°, 97°

WEST DIDSBURY,
12/12/11.

SHE BUILDETH HER HOUSE. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. J. B. Lippincott Co.

HEALTH FOR YOUNG AND OLD. By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. Rider and Son.
3s. 6d. net.

KABALA OF NUMBERS. By SEPHARIAL. Rider and Son. 2s. net.

BYWAYS OF GHOSTLAND. By ELLIOT O'DONNELL. Rider and Son.
3s. 6d. net.

IN THE GRIP OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADER. M. A. P. 6d. net.

CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM. By BRAM STOKER. Rider and Son. 6s.

A BED OF ROSES.

THE SECRET TRADITION OF FREEMASONRY. By A. E. WAITE.

My previous remark calls for no modification.

MARECHAL DE CAMBRONNE.

A BIRTHDAY

Aug. 10, 1911.

FULL moon tonight; and six and twenty years
Since my full moon first broke from angel spheres!
A year of infinite love unwearying—
No circling seasons, but perennial spring!
A year of triumph trampling through defeat,
The first made holy and the last made sweet
By this same love; a year of wealth and woe,
Joy, poverty, health, sickness—all one glow
In the pure light that filled our firmament
Of supreme silence and unbarred extent,
Wherein one sacrament was ours, one Lord,
One resurrection, one recurrent chord,
One incarnation, one descending dove,
All these being one, and that one being Love!

You sent your spirit into tunes; my soul
Yearned in a thousand melodies to enscroll
Its happiness: I left no flower unplucked
That might have graced your garland. I induct
Tragedy, comedy, farce, fable, song,
Each longing a little, each a little long,
But each aspiring only to express
Your excellence and my unworthiness—

THE EQUINOX

Nay! but my worthiness, since I was sense
And spirit too of that same excellence.

So thus we solved the earth's revolving riddle:
I could write verse, and you could play the fiddle,
While, as for love, the sun went through the signs,
And not a star but told him how love twines
A wreath for every decanate, degree,
Minute and second, linked eternally
In chains of flowers that never fading are,
Each one as sempiternal as a star.

Let me go back to your last birthday. Then
I was already your one man of men
Appointed to complete you, and fulfil
From everlasting the eternal will.
We lay within the flood of crimson light
In my own balcony that August night,
And conjuring the aright and the averse
Created yet another universe.

We worked together; dance and rite and spell
Arousing heaven and constraining hell.
We lived together; every hour of rest
Was honied from your tiger-lily breast.
We—oh what lingering doubt or fear betrayed
My life to fate!—we parted. Was I afraid?
I was afraid, afraid to live my love,
Afraid you played the serpent, I the dove,
Afraid of what I know not. I am glad

A BIRTHDAY

Of all the shame and wretchedness I had,
Since those six weeks have taught me not to doubt you,
And also that I cannot live without you.

Then I came back to you; black treasons rear
Their heads, blind hates, deaf agonies of fear,
Cruelty, cowardice, falsehood, broken pledges,
The temple soiled with senseless sacrileges,
Sickness and poverty, a thousand evils,
Concerted malice of a million devils;—
You never swerved; your high-pooped galleon
Went marvellously, majestically on
Full-sailed, while every other braver bark
Drove on the rocks, or foundered in the dark.

Then Easter, and the days of all delight!
God's sun lit noontide and his moon midnight,
While above all, true centre of our world,
True source of light, our great love passion-pearled
Gave all its life and splendour to the sea
Above whose tides stood our stability.

Then sudden and fierce, no monitory moan,
Smote the mad mischief of the great cyclone.
How far below us all its fury rolled!
How vainly sulphur tries to tarnish gold!
We lived together: all its malice meant
Nothing but freedom of a continent!

It was the forest and the river that knew
The fact that one and one do not make two.

THE EQUINOX

We worked, we walked, we slept, we were at ease,
We cried, we quarrelled; all the rocks and trees
For twenty miles could tell how lovers played,
And we could count a kiss for every glade.
Worry, starvation, illness and distress?
Each moment was a mine of happiness.

Then we grew tired of being country mice,
Came up to Paris, lived our sacrifice
There, giving holy berries to the moon,
July's thanksgiving for the joys of June.

And you are gone away—and how shall I
Make August sing the raptures of July?
And you are gone away—what evil star
Makes you so competent and popular?
How have I raised this harpy-hag of Hell's
Malice—that you are wanted somewhere else?
I wish you were like me a man forbid,
Banned, outcast, nice society well rid
Of the pair of us—then who would interfere
With us?—my darling, you would now be here!

But no! we must fight on, win through, succeed,
Earn the grudged praise that never comes to meed,
Lash dogs to kennel, trample snakes, put bit
In the mule-mouths that have such need of it,
Until the world there's so much to forgive in
Becomes a little possible to live in.

God alone knows if battle or surrender
Be the true courage; either has its splendour.

A BIRTHDAY

But since we chose the first, God aid the right,
And damn me if I fail you in the fight!
God join again the ways that lie apart,
And bless the love of loyal heart to heart!
God keep us every hour in every thought,
And bring the vessel of our love to port!

These are my birthday wishes. Dawn's at hand,
And you're an exile in a lonely land.
But what were magic if it could not give
My thought enough vitality to live?
Do not then dream this night has been a loss!
All night I have hung, a god, upon the cross;
All night I have offered incense at the shrine;
All night you have been unutterably mine,
Miner in the memory of the first wild hour
When my rough grasp tore the unwilling flower
From your closed garden, mine in every mood,
In every tense, in every attitude,
In every possibility, still mine
While the sun's pomp and pageant, sign to sign,
Stately proceeded, mine not only so
In the glamour of memory and austral glow
Of ardour, but by image of my brow
Stronger than sense, you are even here and now
Miner, utterly mine, my sister and my wife,
Mother of my children, mistress of my life!

O wild swan winging through the morning mist!
The thousand thousand kisses that we kissed,

THE EQUINOX

The infinite device our love devised
If by some chance its truth might be surprised,
Are these all past? Are these to come? Believe me,
There is no parting; they can never leave me.
I have built you up into my heart and brain
So fast that we can never part again.
Why should I sing you these fantastic psalms
When all the time I have you in my arms?
Why? 'tis the murmur of our love that swells
Earth's dithyrambs and ocean's oracles.


But this is dawn; my soul shall make its nest
Where your sighs swing from rapture into rest
Love's thurible, your tiger-lily breast.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[For once the shortage of advertisements in this electronic edition is not due to my inability to be arsed to do the setup, but because, according to the information available to me, the print edition only bore one advertisement – for Crowley’s play *Mortadello*, on the front endpapers – which in any case was omitted in the Weiser facsimile.

I have redrawn the plates for “A Brief Abstract of the Symbolic Representation of the Universe” (a.k.a. *Liber Chanokh*) and coloured the Watchtower diagrams according to the scheme in the Golden Dawn instructions (I used the planetary and zodiacal rather than elemental colours for Great Cross squares largely for aesthetic reasons). The version of the Enochian Alphabet in Plate IX does not follow that originally printed but is rather based closely on scans of the corrected final forms of the letters from a facsimile of the Dee diaries (it is available as a TrueType font, along with the Alphabet of Daggers from *The Vision and the Voice*, and other magical scripts, at http://www.geocities.com/nu_isis/fonts.html). In the Table of Æthyrs I have added index numbers for the column “Names of Governors” (the 91 “Parts of the Earth as imposed by God) which numbers match the numbers of the sigils on Plate X. For a discussion of further issues around this text please consult the edition online at http://www.geocities.com/nu_isis/liber084.pdf

The plate of *Liber Legis* in *The Temple of Solomon The King* has been reconstructed following the description of the first edition in the online version. In the Weiser facsimile the single foldout plate was replaced with a reproduction of the MS reduced with four pages of the MS to each printed page (each chapter beginning a new page). In any case, the original printing was even less legible than that in the Weiser reprint, and probably not much more so than the scans in this electronic edition.

On the next pages there follows a transcription of the MS, noting apparent changes, based on one prepared (I believe) by Bill Heidrick who did the key-entry for most of the online *Equinox*. This differs from the usual typesets of *Liber Legis* in that it notes apparent alterations to the MS. Some additional alterations and doubtful readings have been noted by myself.—

1

Had! The manifestation of Nuit
The unveiling of the company of heaven
Every man and every woman is a star
Every number is infinite; there is no difference
Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my
unveiling before the Children of men
Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my
heart & my tongue!
Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the
minister of Hoor-paar-kraat
The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu
in the Khabs
Worship then the Khabs, and behold my
light shed over you.

2

Let my servants be few & secret: they shall
rule the many & the known.
These are fools that men adore; both their
Gods & their men are fools.
Come forth, o children, under the stars
& take your fill of love. I am above you
and in you. My ecstasy is in yours My
joy is to see your joy

V. 1. of Spell called the Song
Now ye{?} shall know that the chosen
priest & apostle of infinite space is
the prince-priest the Beast; and in

3

his woman; called the Scarlet Woman, is
all power given. They shall gather my
children into their fold: they shall bring the
glory of the stars into the hearts of men.
For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But
to him is the winged secret flame and to
her the stooping starlight.
But ye are not so chosen
Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
The key of the rituals is in the secret word
which I have given unto him.

4

With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they
do not see me. They are as upon the earth
I am Heaven, and there is no other God
than me, and my lord Hadit.
Now therefore I am known to ye by my
name Nuit, and to him by a secret name
which I will give him when at last he
knoweth me

woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.
Then the priest fell into a deep trance or

swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven Write unto us the ordeals write unto us the rituals write unto us the law. But she said: the ordeals I write not the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.
My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu the {The "k" of "khonsu" looks re-touched.} priest of the princes shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.

Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword: these he shall learn and teach. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.
The word of the Law is *Θελημα*.
Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close in to the word. For there are therein Three {"therein" looks retouched} Grades, the Hermit and the Lover and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt

shall be the whole of the Law. {Unclear if 's' in "shall" is meant to be a capital or not}
The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will. O lover, if thou wilt, depart. There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed! be it to the aeons. Hell. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all

thou hast no right but to do thy will
Do that and no other shall say nay.
For pure will, unassuaged of purpose,

12

delivered from the lust of result, is
every way perfect

The Perfect and the Perfect are one
Perfect and not two; nay, are none!
Nothing is a secret key of this law
Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it
eight, eighty, fourhundred & eighteen.
But they have the half: unite by thine
art so that all disappear.

{"have" is retouched.}

My prophet is a fool with his one one
one; are not they the Ox, and none
by the Book.

13

Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all

{"are" is above line, and a
carat between and below
"Abrogate" and "all".}

words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath
taken his seat in the East at the Equinox
of the Gods and let Asar be with Isa
who also are one. But they are not of
me Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the
sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and
splendour is the Lord initiating.

{"at" is retraced.}

There is a word to say about the Hierophantic
task. Behold! there are three ordeals in
one, and it may be given in three ways.
The gross must pass through fire; let the

14

fine be tried in intellect, and the
lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus
ye have star & star system & system
let not one know well the other!
There are four gates to one palace;
the floor of that palace is of silver and
gold, lapis lazuli & jasper are there, and
all rare scents jasmine & rose, and the
emblems of death. Let him enter in turn
or atonce the fourgates; let him stand
on the floor of the palace. Will he
not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy
servant sink? But there are means

{"Amn" is underlined.}

and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye
all in fine apparel eat rich foods and
drink sweet wines and wines that foam.
Also, take your fill and will of

{Word crossed out at head of line,
possibly "last".}

love as ye will, when, where and with
whom ye will. But always unto me.
If this be not aright; if ye confound
the space-marks, saying: They are one
or saying They are many; if the ritual
be not ever unto me: then expect
the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!
This shall regenerate the world, the little

world my sister, my heart & my tongue,

{"world" has been rewritten over
a different word, not clear.}

unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o
scribe and prophet though thou be of the
princes it shall not assuage thee nor
absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and
joy of earth: ever To me To me
Change not as much as the style
of a letter; for behold thou, o prophet
shalt not behold all these mysteries
hidden therein.

The child of thy bowels, he shall behold
them.

{"he" is underlined.}

Expect him not from the East nor from

the West, for from no expected house
cometh that child. Aum! All words are
sacred and all prophets true; save only that
they understand a little; solve the first
half of the equation, leave the second
unattacked But thou hast all in the
clear light, and some though not all in the
dark.

Invoke me under my stars. Love is the
law, love under will. Nor let the fools
mistake love; for there are love and love.
There is the dove and there is the serpent.
Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath

chosen, knowing the law of the fortress
and the great mystery of the House of God
All these old letters of my Book are
aright; but * is not the Star. This

{Where "*" has been placed in
this line, the MS has a much
retouched mark, commonly taken
to be the Hebrew letter **ש**}

also is secret: my prophet shall reveal
it to the wise.

I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty,
not faith, while in life, upon death; peace
unutterable, rest, ecstasy: nor do I demand
ought in sacrifice.

My incense is of resinous woods & gums
and there is no blood therein: because of
my hair the trees of Eternity.

19

My number is 11, as all their numbers

who are of us. My colour is black to the {Between and above "us." and
"My" is a parentheses holding
"Lost
1 phrase"
Below this is a carat and under
that in a thin pen "The shape
of my star is -". This is
followed in a very different
pen by:
"The Five Pointed Star, with a
Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red"}

blind, but the blue & gold are seen of
the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for
them that love me.

But to love me is better than all things: if
under the night-stars in the desert thou
presently burnest mine incense before me
invoking me with a pure heart and the
Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come
a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss
wilt thou then be willing to give all;

20

but whoso gives one particle of dust
shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall
gather goods and store of women and
spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye
shall exceed the nations of the earth
in splendour & pride; but always in the
love of me, and so shall ye come to
my joy. I charge you earnestly to come
before me in a single robe and covered
with a rich headdress. I love you I yearn to
you. Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous
I who am all pleasure and purple

21

and drunkenness of the innermost sense
desire you. Put on the wings and arouse
the coiled splendour within you: come unto me
At all my meetings with you shall the

priestess say - and her eyes shall burn
with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing
in my secret temple - To me! To me!

flame of the
calling forth the ^ hearts of all in her
love-chant.

Sing the rapturous love-song unto me!
Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels!
Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

22

I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am {"lidded" is retouched.}
the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night
sky.

To me! To me!

The Manifestation of Nuit is at an
end.

1 {"all verses in this chapter are numbered
in a lighter writing}

- 1 Nu! the hiding of Hadit.
- 2 Come! all ye, and learn the secret that
hath not yet been revealed. I Hadit am
the complement of Nu my bride. I am not
extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.
- 3 In the sphere I am everywhere, the centre, as
she, the circumference, is nowhere found.
- 4 Yet she shall be known & I never.
- 5 Behold! the rituals of the old time are black.
Let the evil ones be cast away; let the
good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall
this Knowledge go aright.
- 6 I am the flame that burns in every heart of
man, and in the core of every star. I am

2

- Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is
the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.
- 7 I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am
the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle.
"Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that
go.
- 8 Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have
worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.
- 9 Remember all ye that existence is pure joy;
that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they
pass & are done; but there is that which
remains.
10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this
writing.
11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am

stronger.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not
 13. for why? Because thou wast the knower,
 and me.
 14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now
 let the light devour men and eat them
 up with blindness!
 15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number
 is nine by the fools; but with the just I am
 eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for
 I am none indeed. The Empress and the King
 are not of me; for there is a further secret.
 16 I am the Empress & the Hierophant. Thus
 eleven, as my bride is eleven.

- 17 Hear me, ye people of sighing!
 The sorrows of pain and regret
 Are left to the dead and the dying,
 The folk that not know me as yet.
 18 These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We
 are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the
 earth are our kinsfolk.
 19 Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the
 highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen:
 who sorroweth is not of us.
 20 Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and
 delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

- 21 We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit:
 let them die in their misery.: For they feel
 not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp
 down the wretched & the weak: this is the
 law of the strong: this is our law and the
 joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that
 lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt
 not die, but live! Now let it be understood
 If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain
 in pure ecstasy for ever Nuit Hadit Ra-Hoor
 Khuit. The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light these
 are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

- 22 I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight
 and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men
 with drunkenness. To worship me take wine
 and strange drugs whereof I will tell my
 prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not

harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly
against self. The exposure of innocence
is a lie. Be strong, o man, lust, enjoy
all things of sense and rapture: fear not
that any God shall deny thee for this.

- 23 I am alone: there is no God where I am.
24 Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there
are also of my friends who be hermits. Now

7

think not to find them in the forest or on the
mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by
magnificent beasts of women with large limbs,
and fire and light in their eyes, and masses
of flaming hair about them; there shall ye
find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at
victorious armies, at all the joy; and there
shall be in them a joy a million times
greater than this. Beware lest any
force another, King against King! Love one
another with burning hearts; on the low men
trample in the fierce lust of your pride

8

in the day of your wrath.

- 25 Ye are against the people, O my chosen!
26 I am the secret Serpent coiled about to
spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I
lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one.
If I droop down mine head, and shoot
forth venom, then is rapture of the earth,
and I and the earth are one.
27 There is great danger in me; for who doth
not understand these runes shall make
a great miss. He shall fall down into
the pit called Because, and there he shall

9

perish with the dogs of Reason.

- 28 Now a curse upon Because and his kin!
29 May Because be accursed for ever!
30 If Will stops and cries Why, invoking
Because, then Will stops & does nought.
31 If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.
32 Also reason is a lie; for there is a
factor infinite & unknown; & all their
words are skew-wise.
33 Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!
34 But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!
35 Let the rituals be rightly performed with
joy & beauty!

- 36 There are rituals of the elements and feasts
of the times.
- 37 A feast for the first night of the Prophet
and his Bride!
- 38 A feast for the three days of the writing of
the Book of the Law.
- 39 A feast for Tahuti and the child of the
Prophet - secret, O Prophet!
- 40 A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a
feast for the Equinox of the Gods.
- 41 A feast for fire and a feast for water; a
feast for life and a greater feast for death!

- 42 A feast every day in your hearts in the
joy of my rapture.
- 43 A feast every night unto Nu, and the
pleasure of uttermost delight!
- 44 Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread
hereafter. There is the dissolution, and
eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.
- 45 There is death for the dogs.
- 46 Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear
in thine heart?
- 47 Where I am these are not.

- 48 Pity not the fallen! I never knew them.
I am not for them. I console not: I hate
the consoled & the consoler.
- 49 I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the
slaves that perish. Be they damned &
dead! Amen. [This is of the 4: there is
a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I
as a babe in an egg.]
- 50 Blue am I and gold in the light of my
bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes
& my spangles are purple & green.
- 51 Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher

- than eyesight.
- 52 There is a veil: that veil is black. It is
the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil
of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none
of me. Tear down that lying spectre of
the centuries: veil not your vices in
virtuous words: these vices are my service;
ye do well, & I will reward you here and
hereafter.
- 53 Fear not, o prophet, when these words are
said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art
emphatically my chosen; and blessed are

the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.

54 Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters change them not in style or value!

55 Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find

new symbols to attribute them unto.

56 Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

57 He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58 Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever

as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59 Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

60 Therefore strike hard & low and to hell with them, master!

61 There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet a light undesired, most desirable.

62 I am uplifted in thine heart and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

63 Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

64 Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail! prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

65 I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.
 66 Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, &
 be our bed in working! Thrill with the
 joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall
 be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy
 death shall be the seal of the promise of
 our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart
 & rejoice! We are one; we are none.
 67 Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture;
 fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!
 68 Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head!

breathe not so deep - die!
 69 Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word
 exhausted?
 70 There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom
 says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more
 joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture!
 If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety
 rules of art: if thou love, exceed by
 delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let
 there be subtlety therein!
 71 But exceed! exceed!
 72 Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly

mine - and doubt it not, an if thou art
 ever joyous! - death is the crown of all
 73 Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for
 death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.
 74 The length of thy longing shall be the strength
 of its glory. He that lives long & desires
 death much is ever the King among the Kings.
 75 Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:
 76 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y
 X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What

{In this line, 24 and 89 each
 are embraced above and below
 by two curved lines, convex
 to the outside.}

meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest
 not; nor shalt thou know ever. There
 cometh one to follow thee: he shall

expound it. But remember, o chosen
 one, to be me; to follow the love of
 Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth
 upon men, to tell them this glad word.
 77 O be thou proud and mighty among men!
 78 Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto
 thee among men or among Gods! Lift up

thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of

22

thy house 418.

- 79 The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

1 {all verses in this chapter are numbered in a lighter writing}

- 1 Abrahadabra! the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.
2 There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
3 Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.
4 Choose ye an island!
5 Fortify it!
6 Dung it about with enginery of war!
7 I will give you a war-engine.
8 With it ye shall smite the peoples; and

2

- none shall stand before you.
9 Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.
10 Get the stele of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple - and that temple is already aright disposed - & it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a {"after" is retraced.} proof to the world.
11 This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy

3

to you the abstruction from the ill-ordered {"a" and "u" of "abstruction" are double underlined, possibly as a check on the exact word at a later date.}

house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have

danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!

12 Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

4

13 But not now.

14 Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

15 Ye shall be sad thereof.

16 Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

17 Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your

5

light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.

18 Mercy let be off: damn them who pity.

Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

19 That stele they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.

20 Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.

21 Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial,

{MS has two l's in "especial", last one crossed out.}

not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

6

22 The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.

{"x" is strangely shaped, like the letter "a" or Hebrew **ס**.}

23 For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth

down with rich fresh blood!

- 24 The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then
the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the

7

host of heaven: then of enemies; then

of

of the priest or ^ the worshippers: last of { "or of" has been altered.
"of" was written first,
"or" written over it and
a second "of" entered
above; carat below to
show where it goes. }

some beast, no matter what.

- 25 This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto { "unto" looks like "with" }
me. This hath also another use; let it be
laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes
of your orison: it shall become full of beetles
as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

- 26 These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall
fall before you.

- 27 Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in
you at the eating thereof.

- 28 Also ye shall be strong in war.

8

- 29 Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for
they swell with my force. All before me.

- 30 My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon
in silver or gold!

- 31 There cometh a rich man from the West who
shall pour his gold upon thee.

- 32 From gold forge steel!

- 33 Be ready to fly or to smite.

- 34 But your holy place shall be untouched
throughout the centuries: though with fire and
sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet
an invisible house there standeth and
shall stand until the fall of the Great

9

Equinox, when Hrumachis shall arise and
the double-wanded one assume my throne and
place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring
fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall
awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another
soul of God and beast shall mingle in the
globed priest; another sacrifice shall stain
the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing
no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed
mystical Lord!

- 35 The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called
Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36 Then said the prophet unto the God:

37 I adore thee in the song

"I am the Lord of Thebes" &c from Vellum book

Continuing to

{"Continuing" doubtful}

----- "fill me"

38 So that thy light is in me & its red flame
is as a sword in my hand to push thy
order. There is a secret door that I shall
make to establish thy way in all the quarters
(these are the adorations, as thou hast written)
as it is said:

"The light is mine" &c

from vellum book to "Ra-Hoor-Khuit"

39 All this and a book to say how thou
didst come hither and a reproduction of
this ink and paper for ever - for in it is
the word secret & not only in the English -
and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law {"thy comment" lightly
underlined.}

shall be printed beautifully in red ink and
black upon beautiful paper made by hand;
and to each man and woman that thou
meetest, were it but to dine or to drink
at them, it is the Law to give. Then they
shall chance to abide in this bliss or no;
it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40 But the work of the comment? That is easy; and

Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift
and secure thy pen.

-house

41 Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk~~ship~~:
all must be done well and with business
way.

42 The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only
the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou
shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am
Ra - Hoor - Khuit; and I am powerful to protect
my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not;
convert not; talk not overmuch! Them
that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them
attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them
utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn.

and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he!

Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh {There is a scratched
out "4" at the head of
this line. Probably an
aborted verse mark.}

at their fear: spit upon them!

- 43 Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and
compassion and tenderness visit her heart
if she leave my work to toy with old
sweetnesses then shall my vengeance be
known. I will slay me her child: I will
alienate her heart: I will cast her out
from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot

{There is a smudge like
a false start before the
word "harlot".}

=

shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and
die cold and an-hungered.

{The "o" of "through"
has a double line-over.}

44. But let her raise herself in pride. Let
her follow me in my way. Let her
work the work of wickedness! Let her kill
her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous;
let her be covered with jewels, and rich
garments, and let her be shameless before
all men!

- 45 Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power:
then will I breed from her a child mightier
than all the kings of the earth I will fill
her with joy: with my force shall she see
& strike at the worship of Nu: she shall
achieve Hadit.

- 46 I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the
Eighties cower before me, & are abased.
I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be
at your arms in battle & ye shall
delight to slay. Success is your proof;
courage is your armour; go on, go on, in
my strength; & ye shall turn not back for
any!
- 47 This book shall be translated into all
tongues: but always with the original in
the writing of the Beast; for in the

- 48 Now this mystery of the letters is done, and
I want to go on to the holier place.
- 49 I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against
all gods of men.
- 50 Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!
- 51 With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of
Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.
- 52 I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed &
blind him.
- 53 With my claws I tear out the flesh of the
Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and
Din.
- 54 Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your

- crapulous creeds.
- 55 Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels:
for her sake let all chaste women be
utterly despised among you.
- 56 Also for beauty's sake and love's!
57 Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers
who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise!
- 58 But the keen and the proud, the royal and
the lofty; ye are brothers!
- 59 As brothers fight ye!
- 60 There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.
- 61 There is an end of the word of the God

- enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders
of the soul.
- 62 To Me do ye reverence; to me come ye
through tribulation of ordeal, which is
bliss.
- 63 The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and
its comment & he understandeth it not.
- 64 Let him come through the first ordeal, &
it will be to him as silver
- 65 Through the second, gold
- 66 Through the third, stones of precious water.
- 67 Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the
intimate fire.

- 68 Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its
enemies who say not so, are mere liars.
- 69 There is success.
- 70 I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence
& of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the
night-blue sky.

71 Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of
the world! for your time is nigh at hand.

72 I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power
the wand of the

{Above the break in the
line: "Force of Coph Nia-"
in a different hand/
At the break "Cophni" crossed
out and underlined with a
wavy mark, followed by "I"
underlined.}

but my
left hand is empty, for I have crushed

21

an Universe; & nought remains.

73 Paste the sheets from right to left and
from top to bottom: then behold!

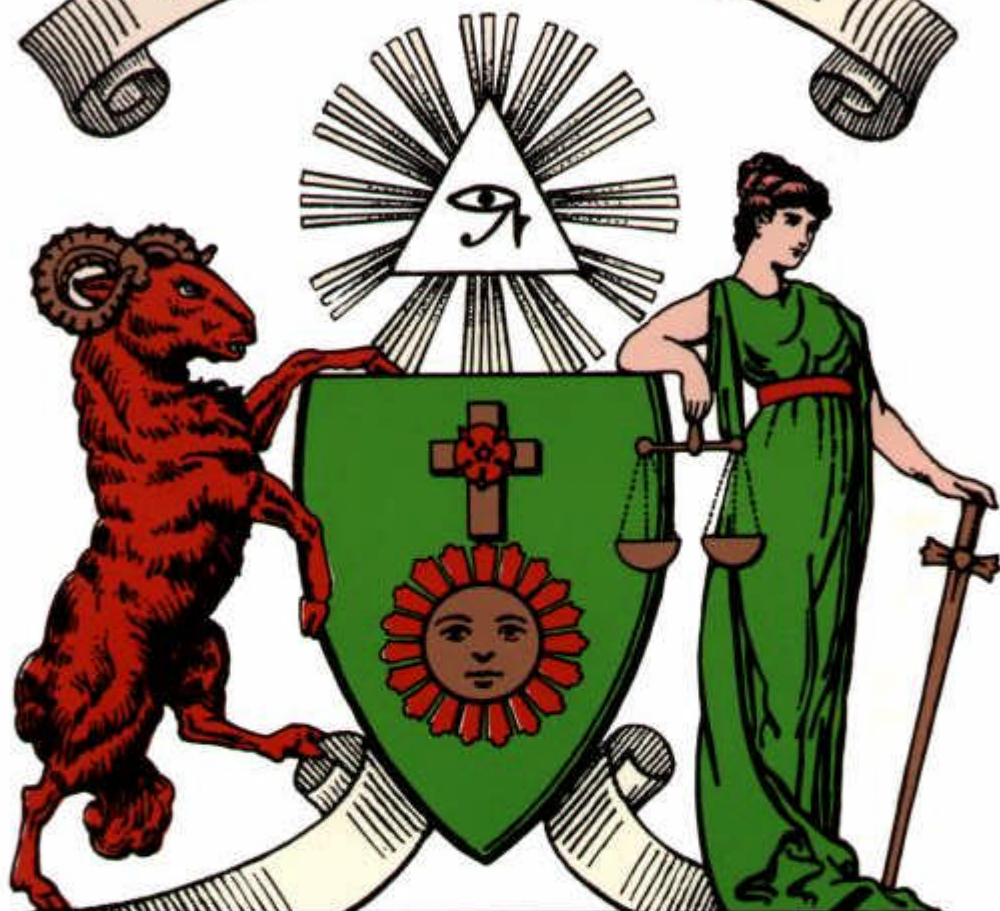
74 There is a splendour in my name hidden
and glorious, as the sun of midnight is
ever the son.

75 The ending of the words is the Word
Abrahamadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed.

Aum. Ha.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.:A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

3 Great James Street,

W.C.

Telephone: CITY 8987,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows—

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . .	£200 p.a.
Publications	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc. . .	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements . . .	£200 p.a.
	<u>£800 p.a.</u>

As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A.: A.:

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A.: A.: a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

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

He must possess the following books:—

1. The EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the present number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."
9. "Tannhäuser" by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.
[These last four items are to be found in his
Collected Works.]
13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."
14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu
(Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL)

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

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

I. N. R. I.
BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS
O.T.O.

M.: M.: M.:

[The Premonstrator of the A.:A.: permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A.:A.: and the O. T. O. and M.: M.: M.:, and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to

THE EQUINOX

the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern—

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood

THE EQUINOX

will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says—

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

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and

THE EQUINOX

sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection.

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Registrar, M.:M.:M.:., c/o THE EQUINOX, 3 Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE

(Translated from the original French)

*Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where
PRINCE is GRAND MASTER
of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son.*

“I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

“These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in

THE EQUINOX

the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

“You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

“This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

“Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours,

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

“View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

“Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: ‘In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.’

“If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day’s labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M.”

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS

33 Avenue Studios

South Kensington

London, S.W.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM

SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

An VIII

VOL. I. No. VIII.

© in ∞

SEPTEMBER MCMXII

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & CO.
3 GREAT JAMES STREET, GRAY'S INN
LONDON, W.C.

*Pages 49-96 of this Volume printed by
the Atheneum Press; the remainder by
Richard Clay & Sons, Limited,
London and Bungay*

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	xxiii
ΘΕΛΗΜΑ. A TONE-TESTAMENT. BY LEILA WADDELL	xxvii
THREE POEMS. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG	xxxvii
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (<i>Continued</i>)	5
HIS SECRET SIN	49
LONG ODDS	61
DOCTOR BOB. A SKETCH BY MARY D'ESTE AND ALEISTER CROWLEY	63
THE WOODCUTTER	79
LA FOIRE. BY BARBEY DE ROCHECHOUART.	89
PROFESSOR ZIRCON	91
A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE THROUGH THE SKRYING OF SIR EDWARD KELLY. PART II. THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS.	99
STEPNEY	129
THE TELL-TALE HEART. ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF E. A. POE. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.	131
SORITES	142
A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT, WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTIONS; INCLUDING A METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THEIR USE	143
ON—ON—"POET"	211
ELDER EEL	215
THE SPADGER	230
TO PERSIS	231
WAITE'S WET OR THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN	233
MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES. NO. VI. AN OBITUARY	243
THE NEW EVELYN HOPE	250
REVIEWS	253

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
THE SPHINX (PORTRAIT OF MISS WADDELL).	xxxiii
A VISION OF GOLGOTHA (THE CRUCIFIXION OF FRA. P.)	32
THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE TAROT	145

EDITORIAL

LOVE! Dear Readers, have you ever thought what a wonderful thing love is? What would life be without love? A desert! There would be no *true* happiness without love.

And yet we must admit that love is in some ways a great danger. We must remember that many great teachers have forbidden it. What did the great Buddha say to Ananda? “Beware of women, Ananda!” “But Lord, they are subtle of speech!” “Don’t speak to them, Ananda!” “But, Lord, suppose they speak to us?” “Keep wide awake, Ananda!”

Think of Paul’s contemptuous permission, “It is better to marry than to burn”—it is easy to see that Paul had never been married!—and of his Master’s plain prohibition of anything of the sort.

If our own Beloved Lord and Teacher does not join the band, it is (may I suggest with all humility?) because He wants us to be strong enough to manage our own affairs without resorting to the extreme of prohibition.

But it is hard upon the weak. Think of A, who left the noblest and the most exalted pursuits for a baser love, a love in a boarding-house in Hoxton, a love with spectacles and elastic-sided boots; think of B, who married (on her holiday as a maid-of-all-work in Bayswater) a forty-pfenning fly-by-night from Hamburg, who cockolded him openly in

THE EQUINOX

the streets of Venice, and nearly sobbed the station into the lagoon as she was torn shrieking from her favourite gondolier by the girls she was supposed to be chaperoning; think of C, who forgot the heavenly choir for the earthly, and of D, who was last seen in Naples being sick out of a window on the second floor; think of E, who married a girl named Ethel Maud, reaping in himself that recompense of his error which was meet; think of F, who might have performed the Operation of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage, and has taken up Goat Golf instead; think of G, who went ashore once too often, and was caught by a girl named Alphonsina Nectarine Stubbs; think of H, who had to shave off the loveliest red beard to show what a strong chin he really had; think of I—no! that isn't grammar—think of Me!

My catalogue need not stop there, but it shall. Against all this what have we to urge but the awful example of J, who wanted to store up Ojas, and went off his K — nut?

No, dear readers, love is not all that it's cracked up to be. It's a good boy to have to answer the bell, but it's a bad packing-house when you're the pig!

Love is like champagne. You must drink it quickly; and if you keep it corked up too long, you find it has gone flat. It is a fine pick-me-up; but champagne all day is nastier than skilly.

FRATER PERDURABO is a wise man. He never says "Keep off the drink!" If you cannot drink soberly and decently you are not fit. If you can be your own master in the matter of love, you may perhaps master The Great Magician in the end. But if your Great Work means so little to you that the first *frou-frou* unsettles you, and the

EDITORIAL

Perfume and the Vision mean no more than a whiff of patchouli and a glimpse of an open-work silk stocking—well, you're not the sort that was ever likely to do much good for the next few billion incarnations!

I could write on love for hours; but will conclude with only one other bit of advice—Don't marry a nigger!

By inadvertence two of the Official A.: A.: publications in No. VII were called *Liber Tau*. The Book DCCCXXXI, formerly called *Vesta*, will therefore be called *Liber Iod* instead of *Tau*.

The lady who stole Mr. Crowley's Aldine Catullus is hereby warned that she is known, and had better return it before trouble arises. *Mæcha putida, redde codicillos.*

It is also hoped to secure at the mystic term in respect of known dedications sacramentally in fine a mystery-poem by our friend and co-disciple, restored and redeemed, Arthur Edward Waite. It is intituled, *Epopt Istrarsis*—Part I, "St. Leger's Eve"; Part II, "Moral Certainty"; Part III, "The Great Oath"; Part IV, "First Paces on the Path"; Part V, "Three spheres of Gold"; Part VI, "The Initiate's Pledge"; Part VII, "Beneath the Seat"; Part VIII, "The Maker of the Book"; Part IX, "Some Sixty-fold"; Part X, "The Bier"; Part XI, "The Bier" (*continued*); Part XII, "The Bier" (*continued*); Part XIII, "Blue Robes"; Part XIV, "The Dark Night"; Part XV, "Before the Accusers"; Part XVI, "The Assessor"; Part XVII, "Forte bobor tendas"; Part XVIII, "Aum sweet Aum!" Part XIX, "Welcome! The Allocution of Maria."

THE EQUINOX

We must record our thanks to the noble generosity of many of our readers, which has enabled us to carry on the work of making known this clear description of The Path, given to us by the A.: A.:, which has so helped us all to enter and pursue that Path.

At Christmas we shall move to new premises. Notice will be sent by post to subscribers in due course.

ΘΕΛΗΜΑ

A TONE-TESTAMENT
BY
LEILA WADDELL

HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

LIFE that is lost in dullard
 Dream of the senses, go!
Life, by the soul fair-coloured,
 Thy valiant trumpets blow!

Far from the world where love is lust,
And work is pain, and wealth is dust,
Rise on the wings of love, and soar
To the sun's self, the eternal shore
Where flaming streamers soar and roll,
Angels to guard its secret soul,
The Garden where my love and I
May walk to all eternity.
Who dares to force the fiery gate
May win our world inviolate.
Children whose hearts are passionate;
Maidens whose flesh is fair and fain,
And men whose souls no senses stain,
Come! These mad miles of flame of ours
Are cool as springs and fresh as flowers.

THE EQUINOX

And thou, sole star in my black firmament!

Thou, night that wraps me close, thou, moon that
glimmers

Chaste, yet embraced, serenest element

Lapping my life as the sea laps a swimmer's;

Thou, by whose strength and purity and love

I leave this land, attain to the above,

Come thou rose-red, break on my soul like dawn

And gild my peaks, and bid their fountains flow;

For in thine absence all their life withdrawn

Congealed my being to a sterile snow,

Snow fallen from some accursèd star to ban

All the high hope and heritage of man.

Come thou, a gleaming goddess of pure pearl,

Price of mine homage to the great glad god!

Come, saint and satyr praise alike the girl

Who to my whole life put the period

Of all fulfilment, whose prophetic breath

Girds me with life, and garlands me with death.

Come, be thy magic in the rime and rhythm,

Until the sea sways to the tender tune,

And the winds whisper, and the leaves wave with them,

The leaves wherethrough we look upon the moon,

So that men hear me of the world within

Secure from sorrow, sanctified from sin.

HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

The world of stranger deities and loves
Than haunted Ida, or were hidden in
The Cretan bowers, the Eleusinian groves,
A world that trembles on thy violin,
Eager to be—and then the curtain drops
Just as the music, with my heart's pulse, stops.

Nay! To this world of ours they shall not reach.
My rimes are shadows dancing in the breeze
By moonlight; there is no delight in speech
Such as the silence of our own heart's ease;
But even thy shadow is itself a sun
To the bleak universe of Everyone.

Then open sesame! The fairy cavern
Of gold and gems, strange land of misty truth
As witches' eyes in a polluted tavern
Glow with the vampire vanity of youth
Stolen from maids, so let thine own eyes shine
In this fantastic mystery of thine!

Thine eyes are love and truth and loyalty;
Thine eyes are mystery unveiled to one.
Let them ray forth incarnate deity
Fit to assoil the eclipse-attainted sun!
Let them point still my weather-beaten soul
Infallibly the pathway of the pole!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



Andante con moto.

mp

cres.

f

tr

dim. e rit.

a tempo.

mp

f *mp* *f* *f*

Detailed description: The score consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo marking is 'Andante con moto.' and the dynamic is 'mp'. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The second staff continues with quarter notes C4, B3, A3, and G3, followed by a half note G3-F#3, and quarter notes E3, D3, and C3. The third staff features a 'cres.' marking and includes a trill on G4. The fourth staff has a 'f' marking and contains a trill on G4. The fifth staff continues with a trill on G4. The sixth staff includes a 'tr' marking with a wavy line above it, followed by a 'dim. e rit.' marking, and ends with a 'a tempo.' marking and a 'mp' dynamic. The seventh staff features a 'f' marking, followed by 'mp', 'f', and 'f' markings.

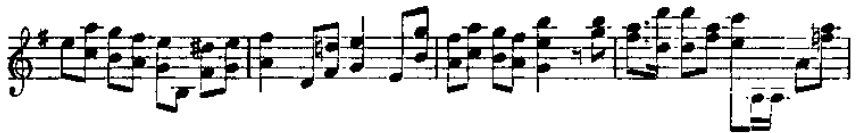
tr tr tr tr *Allegro.*
accél.

tr tr tr tr
sempre f

poco piu moderato.

rit.

f *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *ff*



Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The staff contains a series of chords and melodic fragments, including a prominent eighth-note pattern.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece with various chordal textures and melodic lines.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece with various chordal textures and melodic lines.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece, ending with a double bar line. The text *2nd time.* is written above the staff.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece, featuring a section marked *ff più mosso.* (fortissimo, more slowly).

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece with various chordal textures and melodic lines.

Musical staff 7: Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Continuation of the musical piece, ending with a double bar line. The text *rit.* (ritardando) is written below the staff, followed by a series of dots. The word **FINE** is written at the end of the staff.

THREE POEMS

By VICTOR B. NEUBURG

THE WAY

PALE yellow moon, and pale green grass,
Oh, have ye seen Diana pass?
And are ye pale for longing or love,
Palest green grass, pale moon above?

Pale yellow moon, before the dawn,
 Palest green grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Soft-noted nightingales I love,
With the earth below, and the moon above,
And the rippling river singing slowly
Under the stars serene and holy.

Great staring moon before the dawn,
 Shining young grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, dimpling river, murmuring slowly
Under the starlight pale, and holy,
Oh, little green grasshoppers chirring, chirring,
What have ye seen in the bright night stirring?

THE EQUINOX

Young moon chaste before the dawn,
 Softest young grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, little green grasshoppers sleepily chirring,
Have ye seen aught in the bright night stirring?
Palest moon, and pale green grass,
Have ye heard, have ye heard Diana pass?

Bright moon, virgin before the dawn,
 Listening grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

A PICTURE

THE slim brown fingers kiss the viol-strings,
 Dark, narrow eyes pierce to the soul within;
What slow enchanted joy reverie brings
 To him, the lover of the violin;
 Sorrow or joy: or saintliness or sin
 To him are one, if only he may win
Unto the heart, the hidden heart that sings
What grave old histories, what mysterious things!

So there he squats to find the hidden flaw
 In the dark doorway. God! I see him yet
With aweless face that yet reflects the awe
 Of something greater than the music's fret;
 On the dark soul within his thoughts are set;
 No hope, no fear, no anguish, no regret,
But only wonder at some secret Law
That holds the sounds; he squats upon the straw.

Under that grave, blue sky no thing he sees:
 The swift chameleon market-place; the white
 Stern pillars of the churches; murmuries

THE EQUINOX

That float on the summer air; the hot delight,
Awaken no response; only the might
Of the shy poesie that enchants the night
He cares to love; the eerie palaces
Where the soul finds forbidden harmonies.

Oh! Now his eyes dance up to meet the sun;
Curious, he peers into the hurtling air:
Oh! all his spirit follows, slim and fair;
The spears of light attract him: it is done;
The flaw is found; he bends again, to shun
The summer-heat: see! the swift fingers run
Like spiders o'er the strings: Look! it is bare,
The flaw: and he has found what godhead there!

A VALLEY SONG

OVER the hills the shadows creep,
 Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their golden, satiate sleep,
 Singing, the skylark hovers.

His lyric gold the skylark spills
 As over the bare, green hills he hovers;
The space betwixt love's breasts he fills
 With songs from the hearts of lovers.

The shadows move across the green,
 Slowly, over the grass and clover,
As gentle as the kiss between
 Love's breasts from the lips of her lover.

The hills lie bare and green and steep,
 And the skylark rises over,
Like the breath of love in the satiate sleep
 Of the lover with her lover.

Oh, the hills of the scorching south,
 Whereover the dim, poised skylark hovers!
Oh, why is the song of the skylark's mouth
 Such pain to the weary lovers?

THE EQUINOX

Over the hills the shadows creep
 Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their satiate, golden sleep
 The shrilling skylark hovers.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

THE BABE

IT was about a fortnight after the writing of *Liber Legis* that Fra. P. left Egypt for the grey skies of the Scottish Highlands, where, with the Seer, he began to put into practice the experiments suggested in the Book of the Law.

The astounding success of these experiments would have convinced any other man of the reality of his experiences, and induced him to devote his life absolutely to the work enjoined; but Fra. P. was not made of common clay. He issued a careless manifesto, calling upon the Universe to adore, and nothing particular coming of this, he lost interest. It's what he calls "The way of the Tao" to do everything by doing nothing. Take no trouble or care about a matter; it will come to pass. It seems to us a sort of happy fatalism; to him it is the highest of magical formulæ.

The upshot of all was that on the birth of a child he had completely put everything aside. He played at Yoga for about a week during the summer, and he took some little trouble to disperse the wreckage of the "Rosicrucians," which constituted a danger to navigation, the wretch Mathers having by now abandoned all pretence at magic, and mingled stupid sorceries with his bouts of intoxication, ever more frequent

THE EQUINOX

and prolonged. This service to humanity he successfully performed; the "Rump" of the London Temple was dispersed, and its chief, his occupation gone, left to the more diverting pastime of trying to dodge the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

With autumn we find Fra. P. still less occupied with magic; he spent the winter skating at St. Moritz, where his only occult exploit seems to have been parson-baiting, and though he returned to Scotland in the spring, it was only for a few days. For on April 27, 1905, one of the old comrades of his journeys in Central Asia sought him out, and proposed a new Expedition. Fra. P. gleefully accepted, and on May 6, having got together his kit, left his home, and sailed for India on the 12th.

His diary is henceforth barren of all interest to us. We learn only that the success of his plans was spoilt by a mutiny, which resulted in the death of four innocent people, and a good deal of damage to the mutineers, and that in consequence he went off to visit his old friend the Maharaja of Moharbhanj, and shoot big game. After spending a few days with this amiable despot, he went off alone into the jungle, and his thoughts immediately reverted to magic, to the performance of the Great Work, though not as yet to the Egyptian revelations. His antipathy to these, with their irrational instructions, grew and grew. It was only with the shattering of his reason that he could possibly accept them, and act on them.

Yet even in this month's wandering in the jungle we find little in the diary but the record of exercise of strange magic powers. We read three or four times that a certain adept

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

joined him by night in the magical body. And on one night—

“Had long colloquy with Golden Hawk; invited——(the Adept) and learnt that the Great Work was to create a new Universe. Whence severe self-criticism.”

This at the end of his journey. Yet during this journey we find that he had written down the secrets of the Mystic Path in a mysterious MS., which few indeed have been privileged to see.

In Calcutta he was very busy. He had been attacked by armed robbers, and, slaying two of them, was, in the then political condition of Bengal, likely to be offered up as a scapegoat. Further, his wife and child joined him, and it seemed most desirable that he should pursue his travels, which he did.

But of this week one illuminating sentence is preserved. Fra. P. was driving through Calcutta with Mr. E—— T——, and complaining to him that the analysis of impressions showed no connection between them. There was no coherence in the non-Ego, and so no sanity in the Universe.

His companion pointed out that the same criticism applied with equal force to the Ego.

This fell on Fra. P. with the force of a thunderbolt. He had always known this in an intellectual way; now it stabbed him to the heart. Through the rest of the drive he sat silent, and in the bustle of the succeeding days of “Bandobast” for his newly projected walk through China, this awakening stood behind his mind, alert and operative.

From Calcutta he proceeded to Rangoon (Nov. 3-6), where

THE EQUINOX

he found his old comrade, I. A., now a member of the Buddhist Sangha, under the name of Bhikku Ananda Metteya.

It was from him that he received the instructions which were to help him to reach the great and terrible pinnacle of the mind whence the Adept must plunge into the Abyss, to emerge naked, a babe—the Babe of the Abyss.

“Explore the River of the Soul,” said Ananda Metteya, “whence and in what order you have come.”

For three days—the longest period allowed by the Buddhist law—he remained in the Choung, meditating on this matter; but nothing seems to have come of it. He set his teeth and settled down doggedly to this consideration of the eternal why. Here is a being in Rangoon. Why? Because he wanted to see Bhikku A. M. Why? Because . . . and so on to the half-forgotten past, dark seas that phosphoresced as the clean keel of his thought divided them.

But, as appears, he was even more absorbed in the question of the consecution of impressions. Is there any connection between any two things?

We hear that he left Rangoon for Bhamo by the Irrawaddy steamer *Java* on the 15th. We can almost see him—lean, brown, stern and immobile, watching the wavelets of the great river, and the flying-fish, and the one thought: Why?

He shut off his reflective faculties, for he saw that there was nothing to reason about. Phenomena were consecutive, but not causally connected.¹

On the 18th he writes: “About now I may count my

¹ This should be studied with chapter VIII of *The Star in the West*, and Hume’s “Essay on the Human Understanding” which he again read on the 17th.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Speculative Criticism of the Reason as not only proved and understood, but realized"; and on the 19th: "The misery of this is simply sickening—I can write no more."

There is, however, an entry of this date in his little MS. book of vellum: "I realize in myself the perfect impossibility of reason; suffering great misery. I am as one who should have plumed himself for years upon the speed and strength of a favourite horse, only to find not only that its speed and strength were illusory, but that it was not a real horse at all, but a clothes-horse. There being no way—no conceivable way—out of this awful trouble gives that hideous despair which is only tolerable because in the past it has ever been the Darkness of the Threshold. But this is far worse than ever before; for it is not a despair of the Substance, but of the Form. I wish to go from A to B; and I am not only a cripple, but there is no such thing as space. I have to keep an appointment at midnight; and not only is my watch stopped, but there is no such thing as time. I wish to make a cannon; and not only have I no cue, but there is no such thing as causality.

"This I explain to my wife" (! ! !—Ed.), "and she, apparently inspired, says, 'Shoot it!' (I suppose she means the reason, but, of course, she did not understand a word of what I had been saying. I only told her for the sake of formulating my thought clearly in words.) I reply, 'If I only had a gun.' This makes me think of Siegfried and the Forging of the Sword. Can I heat my broken Meditation-Sword in the furnace of this despair? Is Discipline the Hammer? At present I am more like Mime than Siegfried; a gibbering

THE EQUINOX

ape-like creature, though without his cunning and his purpose.

“Only, no water’s left to feed its play.”

“Up with it on the tripod! It’s extinct.”

But surely I am not a dead man at thirty!”

The entry is followed by an undated entry earlier than the 25th, suggesting a method of “discipline.” But nothing else.

Indeed, there is absolute silence on all mystic matters until December 20, over a month later. On that day, jumping on to his Burmese pony, a few yards after fording the stream which marks the Chinese frontier, the animal backed before he was in the saddle, and fell with him over a cliff of some forty feet in height. “Neither hurt,” he remarks. “Later, kicked on the thigh by a mule.”

It is of no purpose here to deal with Fra. P.’s private affairs; but one must mention that all this time of interior insanity he was “playing the man” very vigorously. His moral force no doubt saved the Europeans of Tengyueh from a panic which might easily have resulted in massacre. After the death, perhaps by poison, of the Consul, the admirable and undervalued Litton, he was the only person who kept his head, and knew how to assert the authority of the white man.

So that we must understand that this “black insanity” of which Fra. P. speaks was a private little insanity of his own; it in no way interfered with the normal working of his magnificent and heroic brain.

Not to be turned aside from any purpose, however trivial, once he had formulated it, we find him leaving Tengyueh-Ting for the wildest mountains and deserts of Western China.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

But before this, the Light had begun to break into the ruins of his mind. On February 9 he writes: "About this full moon consciousness began to break through Ruach into Neschamah"; and two days later: "Pu Peng to Ying Wa Kuan. I 'shoot the Reason' by going back, though on a higher plane, to Augoeides (*i.e.* the Holy Guardian Angel). Resolve to accomplish a Great Retirement on lines closely resembling Abra-melin. The 'note-book and stop-watch method' is too much like criticism. Doubt whether I should actually do Op. or confine myself to Augoeides. Latter easy to prepare, of course." And so on, making a plan.

Now, how did this come about? Not from the meditation on the Reason, which ended once for all in the Destruction of that Reason, but by the "Sammāsati" meditation on his Kamma. Baffled again and again, the fall with his horse supplied the one factor missing in his calculations. He had repeatedly escaped from death in manners almost miraculous. "Then I am some use after all!" was his conclusion. "I am indeed SENT to do something." For whom? For the Universe; no partial good could possibly satisfy his equation. "I am, then, the 'chosen Priest and Apostle of Infinite Space.' Very good: and what is the message? What shall I teach men?" And like the lightning from heaven fell upon him these words: "THE KNOWLEDGE AND CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL."

Just that. No metaphysical stuff about the "higher self"; a thing that the very villagers of Pu Peng could understand. Avoid refinements; leave dialectic to the slaves of reason.

His work must, then, be to preach that one method and

THE EQUINOX

result. And first must he achieve that for himself; for if the blind lead the blind——

So again we read (in the Diary, this time) on February 11. “Made many resolutions of G. R. (Great Retirement). In dream flew to me an Angel, bearing an Ankh, to comfort me.”

We may now transcribe the Diary. We find the great mind, the complex man, purged through and through of thought, stripped of all things human and divine, centred upon one single Aspiration, as simple as the love of a child for its father.

Feb. 12. Continuing these Resolutions.

„ 13. Continuing these Resolutions. Read through Goetia, etc., etc.

„ 14. Thoughts of the Augoeides.

„ 15. Again thoughts of Augoeides. Knowing the Invocation (Preliminary Invocation in the Goetia) by heart, will repeat same daily.

„ 16. A.: (This cipher means “Invoked Augoeides.”)

„ 17. A.: though unwell.

„ 18. A.: though ill.

„ 19. A.: some vision with Invocation.

„ 20. A.: in a.m. disturbed.

A.: in p.m. rather good.

(Henceforward he did it twice daily.)

„ 21. A.: in a.m. with M.: C.: good (Is M.: C.: Mystic Circumambulation or Magical Ceremony or——?) in p.m. disturbed by drugs and diarrhoea. A weird effect.

„ 22. A.: in p.m. poor (ill).

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Feb. 22. A.: in p.m. poor (sleepy).

„ 23. A.: in a.m. poor.

A.: in p.m. rather good.

„ 24. A.: in a.m. pretty good.

A.: in p.m. just on the point of being good.

„ 25. A.: in a.m. mediocre.

Qy. Are all these troubles in Yunnan-Fu due to Abra-melin devils? I ask the Augoeides for “a sufficient measure of protection.” Like an instant answer comes Wilkinson’s letter setting up things.

„ 26. A.: sleepy (Baby ill). (He had been watching the child for two days and nights without sleep.)

„ 27. A.: in a.m. rather good.

A.: in p.m. disturbed.

„ 28. A.: omitted in a.m. through forgetful folly.

A.: in p.m. penitent but sleepy.

March 1. A.: penitent and fair.

Good, but should do new Pentagram ritual before and after to make a Magick Circle.

„ 2. New A.: very difficult (walking on cobbles).

„ 3. A.: difficult (walking).

„ 4. A.: difficult walking and very tired.

(It should be explained that this powerful magical ceremony had usually to be done under the most awkward circumstances. He averaged about ten hours’ walking daily, and had all the business of camp life to attend to when he got in. People who complain that they have to go to the City every day please note.)

THE EQUINOX

- March 5. A.: better but not good.
- „ 6. A.: better.
- „ 7. A.: still better.
- „ 8. A.: really very good.
Ditto in p.m.
(Smooth sandy road perhaps helped.)
- „ 9. A.: very poor (horseback, slippery wet sand, and cobbles).
- „ 10. A.: good considering (horseback).
- „ 11. A.: poor (evil thoughts).
- „ 12. A.: unconcentrated.
- „ 13. A.: literally against my own will. Beneath contempt. Qy. Effect of ease, etc.
(On the 10th he had arrived at Mengtzu, where the Collector of Customs kindly received him, and gave him the first meal and bed he had had since leaving Tengyueh.)
- „ 14. A.: still very bad—a shade better.
- „ 15. A.: still poor. (Rain, wind, horse, mud, cobbles).
- „ 16. A.: a shade better (in chair) (*i.e.* his wife's Sedan chair).
- „ 17. A.: slowly improving (boat). (By this time they had got to Manhao, and embarked on the dangerous rapids of the Red River. He was nearly drowned, the dug-out twice hitting rocks.)
- „ 18. Arrived at Ho K'ow.
A.: at night nearly forgotten. Did it in the open late at night. Rather good.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

March 19. A.: mediocre (train).

„ 20. A.: a bit better. (He arrived at Hai-Phong.)

„ 21. A.: about the same.

„ 22. A.: bad (sleepy—sea-sick). He was now on a tramp steamer packed three-deep with pigs.)

„ 23. A.: better. (Magnificent Fata Morgana. Shipping, etc., upside down in air above itself. Qy. A sign for me?) (This question suggests that he is getting through the Abyss to that great obligation of a Master of the Temple, “I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul.”) (A night of shocking and terrible nightmare.)

„ 24. A.: again a shade better.

„ 25. A.: good. Vision more convincing.

„ 26. A.: still good.

„ 27. A poor (heavy sea). (Off Hoi-How.)

„ 28. A.: again poor (heavy sea).

„ 29. (At Hongkong). A.: poor (indigestion).

„ 30. A.: good: very good.

„ 31. A.: fairly good.

April 1. A.: poor—sleepy.

„ 2. A.: again poor, in spite of two attempts.

„ 3. A.: mediocre (left Hongkong per ss. *Nippon Maru*). (He had sent his wife and child directly by steamer to England.)

„ 4. I foolishly and wickedly put off A.: work all day; now it is 1 a.m. of the 5th. By foolish, I mean contrary to my interest and hope in A.:

By wicked I mean contrary to my will.

THE EQUINOX

A.: goodish: lengthy and reverie-like. Yet my heart is well. I spake it audibly.

- April 5. A.: vocalized: goodish. (Knocked sideways by malaria; a sharp attack of shivering.)
- „ 6. At Shanghai. A.: very ethereal.
- „ 7. Bowled clean over by fever; spent p.m. in bed drunk with Dover's Powder. Quite sufficiently ill to excuse slackness: *e.g.* I could not even read a light novel.
- „ 8. Feeble but convalescent.

A.: nevertheless pretty good for concentration and sincerity; not notable for result.

I think I had better begin to renounce idle things, save where politeness calls, and calls loud.

If I take life too easy, the Great Retirement will be harder: on the other hand an asceticism to no instant purpose may exhaust me for the struggle when it comes. One of those rare cases where a “golden mean” looks well.

- „ 9. A.: at night good: considerable strain in ether.
(It is here fitting to mention Fra. P.'s idea of performing this “Preliminary Invocation” of the Goetia.)

The preamble: he makes a general concentration of all his magical forces, and a declaration of his will.

The Ar Thiao section. He travels to the infinite East among the hosts of angels summoned by the words. A sort of “Rising on the Planes,” but in a horizontal direction.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The same remarks apply to the next three sections in the other quarters.

At the great invocation following he extends the Shivalingam to infinite height, each letter of each word representing an exaltation of it by geometrical progression.

Having seen this satisfactorily, he prostrates himself in adoration.

When consciousness begins to return, he uses the final formula to raise that consciousness in the Shivalingam, springing to his feet at the moment of uniting himself with it, and lastly uttering that supreme song of the Initiate beginning: "I am He, the Borneless Spirit, having light in the feet; strong, and the Immortal Fire!"

(Thus performed, the Invocation means about half an hour of the most intense magical work imaginable—a minute of it would represent the equivalent of about twelve hours of Asana.)

- April 10. A.: no good (rather tired, especially at night).
,, 11. A.: very bad indeed: worried.
,, 12. A.: better, but sleepy. Not by any means good, but more impersonal.
,, 13. A.: sleepy: in fact dropped off. (He had been doing a magic for a Soror of the Great Order, and exhausted himself.)
,, 14. (Easter Eve). A.: mediocre.

The Op. of Abramelin being due to commence on Easter Sunday, methinks it would be well to make a certain profound conjuration of A.: on

THE EQUINOX

that day with a view to acquiring a proper knowledge of the Method of the G.: R.: The A.: should be definitely invoked for this purpose with all possible ceremony. Is it not written: “Unto whomsoever shall draw nigh unto Me will I draw nigh”? And, as I have proved, the help of A.: is already given as if the Op. were successfully brought to an end. Only can this right be forfeited by slackness toward the obligation. From this, then, O Holy Exalted One, preserve me! (The invocation had to wait till to 20th.)

April 15. A.: rather better.

„ 16. A.: above average; but little convincing.

„ 17. A.: about the same: very tired.

„ 18. Studying *Liber Legis*.

A.: much better; will go to sleep in vision. (The result curious: I woke up several times, and though I cannot at all remember, I know it was thinking of A.: in some way.)

„ 19. A.: fair. After-results again vaguely magnificent—memory seems quite in vain.

„ 20. A.: in the presence of my Soror F.

(The results of this and the next invocation were most brilliant and important. They revealed the Brother of A.: A.: who communicated in Egypt as the Controller of all this work. Their importance belongs therefore rather to the history of those relations than of this simple invocation-method, and will be dealt with in

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

another place. P. was entirely sceptical of these results at the time.)

April 21. A.: with Soror F. Left Shanghai.

„ 22. Ill. No regular A.: but much concentrated thought. Decided to reject results of 20th and 21st, and go on as if they had never happened.

„ 23. Fair to good. Asked A.: for sufficient health on voyage to perform invocations properly. (PS. This was granted.)

„ 24. At Kobe. A.: fair only; though I invoked all these powers of mine. Yet after, by a strong effort of will, I banished my sore throat and my surroundings, and went up in my Body of Light. Reached a room in which a cruciform table was spread, a naked man being nailed thereto. Many venerable men sat around, feasting on his living flesh and quaffing his hot Blood. These (I was told) were the Adepts, whom I might one day join. This I understood to mean that I should get the power of taking only spiritual nourishment—but probably it means much more than this.

Next I came into an apparently empty hall, of white ivory worked in filigree. A square slim altar was in the midst. I was questioned as to what I would sacrifice on that altar. I offered all save my will to know A.: which I would only change for its own realization. I now became conscious of god-forms of Egypt sitting,

THE EQUINOX

so vast that I could only see to their knees. "Would not knowledge of the gods suffice?" "No!" said I. It was then pointed out to me that I was being critical, even rationalistic, and made to see that A.: was not necessarily fashioned in my image. I asked pardon for my blindness, and knelt at the altar, placing my hands upon it, right over left. Then one, human, white, self-shining (my idea after all!), came forth and put his hands over mine, saying: "I receive thee into the Order of the —."

I sank back to earth in a cradle of flame.

April 25. Yesterday's vision a real illumination, since it showed me an obvious mistake which I had utterly failed to see. The word in my Kamma-work (in Burma) was *Augoeides*, and the method *Invoking Often*. Therefore a self-glittering One, whether my conscience approves or not, whether my desires fit or not, is to be my guide. I am to *invoke often*, not to criticize. Am I to lose my grade of Babe of the Abyss? I cannot go wrong, for I am the chosen one; that is the very postulate of the whole work. This boat carries Caesar and his fortunes.

A.: fair to good; but attention wandered toward close.

„ 26. A.: fair. Am convinced I did not go to sleep: yet the end is completely veiled from memory.

(Neighbourhood-concentration attained—ED.)

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

A.: rather poor; yet a certain clarity of vision of a white one like him of the 25th.

April 28. A.: poor; bodily health imperfect still, yet great clarity of vision in the matter of the four quarters.

„ 29. A.:

The same thing happens every time: the mechanical part is kept easily, but I fall instantly into a dull reverie or even slumber. This has nothing pleasant or alluring; is curiously impersonal and bewildering.

„ 30. A.: exactly the same as yesterday. Will repeat.

(It has struck me—in connection with reading Blake—that Aiwass, etc., “Force and Fire” is the very thing I lack. My “conscience” is really an obstacle and a delusion, being a survival of heredity and education.

Certainly to rely on it as an abiding principle in itself is wrong. The one really important thing is the fundamental hypothesis: I am the Chosen One. All methods will do, if I only *invoke often* and stick to it.)

A.: repeated. Very good and lucid.

(It will be noticed that Fra. P., during this period, seems to have been constantly struggling with his “conscience.” He had completely destroyed his intellect; now he was up against the last bulwark of the Ego, the moral self, the tendencies. Notice that in speaking of destruction of the intellect, nothing more is meant than recognition of the vanity of the intellect in

THE EQUINOX

relation to the absolute; so also for conscience. Twice two still make four, and killing is still murder: but all this is relative, and relates to the individual in his limitations, not to the absolute).

This very simple truth, that the planes are separate, is the greatest of all the discoveries of Fra. P. It is a complete key to life.

May 1. A.: fair. No tendency to sleep.

(The O ∴ (operation) is a great test of faith and will; not at all of wit. Just what I have always lacked!)

Yesterday's attribution of the hexagram given in vision clearly right. The descending triangle is the divine drawing down to man, the wedge of blue splitting matter; the upright triangle is the human flame aspiring.

(Compare the doctrine of the two arrows in *Liber 418*.)

„ 2. Worked hard at day at Comment on *Liber Legis*: lamentably little result.

A.: good, considering excessive fatigue.

„ *2bis*. (the extra day gained on crossing the 180 °.)

A.: good—vision like the Milky Way in texture.

„ 3. A.: mediocre.

„ 4. A.: very energetic on my part, intently so, better perhaps than ever before.

However (or perhaps because) there was little vision.

Indeed, this work of A.: requires the Adept

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

to assume the woman's part: to long for the bridegroom, maybe, and to be ever ready to receive his kiss; but not to pursue openly and to use force.

Yet "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." May it not be, though, that such violence should be used against oneself in order to attain that passive state? And, of course, to shut out all rivals? Help me, thou Holy One, even in this; for all my strength is weak as water, and I am but a dog. Help me, O self-glittering one! draw nigh to me in sleep and in waking, and let me ever be as a wise virgin, and expect thy coming with a lamp of oil of holiness and beauty! Hail, beautiful and strong one! I desire thy kisses more than life or death.

- May 5. A.: medium.
- „ 6. A.: tired and excited, yet with great resolution.
Vision good. Aimed at passive attitude.
- „ 7. A.: good; starry effect concentrating into a brilliant moonlight in my body.
- „ 8. A.: same effect as yesterday.
- „ 9. A.: poor. (This begins the railway journey from Vancouver.)
- „ 10. A.: poor. Am really worn out.
- „ 11. A.: better—much reverie; vision not acute.
- „ 12. A.: not bad.
- „ 13. A.: purposely done more rapidly than usual. But restful.

THE EQUINOX

May 14. A.: sleepy. Am by no means recovered from the fatigues of this journey.

„ 15. A.: mediocre and unwilling.

„ 16. (Arrived New York) A.: better but sleepy. I must really buck up.

„ 17. A.: better, but “business” is a nuisance, and prevents the mind concentrating.

„ 18. A.: The usual thing. I forget about it till late, or at least put it off. A man cannot serve two masters.

I began A.:; then deliberately stopped, as it was a farce. I appoint Sunday from waking to sleeping as a day of fast and penance.

Unable, or unwilling, to sleep, recommenced A.:

Elaborate and really not bad.

„ 19. A.: most oppressive day—96°—heat-exhaustion, nearly prostration. A.: gabbled. My throat *ached*, and I was just out of a sodden sleep.

„ 20. A.: a shade better; am still pretty ill.

„ 21. A.: very tired, very determined, not altogether bad subjectively, but no voice or vision.

„ 22. A.: at first disturbed --- with resolution, better vision somewhat, but confused and distorted.

(Imagination had been excited by reading Ludlow’s “Hasheesh-Eater.”)

„ 23. A.: in afternoon tired and sleepy.

„ 24. A.: not so bad, though most frightfully tired.

„ 25. A.: poor in vision. There has been no good work for a long while. Why?

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- May 26. A.: same as yesterday. Must meditate on cause.
(Sailed for Liverpool.)
- „ 27. A.: Got through after incredible struggle of
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
- „ 28. A.: just a shade better. But my cabin is a little
Hell.
- „ 29. A.: shade better; but still very poor.
- „ 30. A.: very good indeed. Renewed the terrible vows
of this initiation, and was rewarded by the
Divine Kiss. O self-glittering one, be ever with
me! Amen.
- „ 31. A.: better than ever yet. Vision quite perfect; I
tasted the sweet kiss and gazed in the clear
eyes of that Radiant One. My own face became
luminous.
- June 1. A.: good but interfered with by fatigue. Used
much resolution.
(And now Fra. P. was to be struck down by
an overwhelming blow. It seems almost as if
the experiences of May 30 and 31 were to
prepare him to meet it.)
- „ 2. Arrived Liverpool. Heard of Baby's death by
letter from — and —. Arrived London,
perfectly stunned.
(He travelled to London with the friends he
had made on the voyage, refusing to allow them
to suspect that anything was wrong.)
- A.: appropriate in tone, though of course
mechanical. I solemnly reaffirmed the oath of
mine obligation to perform the operation,

THE EQUINOX

offering under these terrible circumstances all that yet remains.

Fortunately I am quite unable to think of the thing in detail or as a reality.

(He adds a note to this on December 31. "Not 'fortunately' at all. One never gets able to do so. Stupor and pangs get to the limit, and that limit is easily reached by very partial conceptions of one's loss.")

June 3. . . . I have lived through the day.

A.: a sad mechanic exercise.

„ 4. A.: no good.

„ 5. Practically broke down playing billiards. Have drugged myself. (He was playing with a surgical friend, who insisted on his taking Veronal.) Will do A.: and sleep.

„ 6. Went to *Tristan und Isolde*. Slept right through from overture to Act II; my neighbour then ejected me for snoring.

Did A.: feebly, in streets.

„ 7. Went to Plymouth to meet wife. Did A.: in train. A shade better, and more acquiescence or survival or transcendence—whichever name you prefer.

„ 8. Really too ill to do a regular A.: but struggled through, and repeated vows.

„ 9. Still breaking down at intervals and staggering from nervous weakness. Dropping off to sleep at odd times and places.

A.: practically nil.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- June 10. Vain attempts, interrupted by invincible sleep, to do A.:
- „ 11. Still frightfully ill—sleep and nightmares. A.: again conquered by these, though I did my very utmost.
- „ 12. A shade better. A.: in Turkish bath not bad considering.
- „ 13. A.: futile.
- „ 14. A.: a shade better.
- „ 15. A.: and a further renewal of the Vow.
- „ 16. Went to sleep doing A.: Am still very ill with throat.
- „ 17. A.: better. Throat better.
- „ 18. A.: mediocre.
- „ 19. A.: I went to sleep, I fancy.
- „ 20. A.: a shade better.
- „ 21. A.: poor again. There seems little intention; perhaps owing to my bad health and the general uncertainty of things.
- „ 22. A.: sleepy but a shade better.
- „ 23. Saw Fra. D.D.S. A.: much better.
- „ 24. A.: fair.
- „ 25. Went to sleep trying to do A.:
- „ 26. A.: —————?
- „ 27. Still very bad—my head aches all over, and my throat.
- „ 28. Still very bad.

(There is no further entry till July 4. Fra. P. was evidently utterly broken down. Yet the A.:, though not recorded, was not interrupted.)

THE EQUINOX

- July 4. Doctors insist on immediate operation.
- „ 6. My throat and head still utterly bad—no work for these days—only the pretence of it. Before I had got to the end of the preamble I was almost delirious every time.
- „ 7. Had a Turker and did A.: in it, though with great discomfort.
- „ 8. To Nursing Home.
- Unto thee, Adon-ai, do I commit my way.
Unto thee, the Augoeides, unto thee the Self-Glittering ne!
I put my trust in the power that hath devised me as I am or the achieving of a purpose, the Next Step.
- A.: rather bad, but done. Being in bed has cured the eternal headache, and the throat is much better.
- (The doctors were not sure whether Fra. P. was suffering from cancer or tubercle—pleasing alternative! Probably the real trouble was due to the fall with his horse months before. The microscope failed to reveal its real nature; but it was evidently nothing serious.)
- „ 9. Operation performed with little pain. My display of cowardice (he asked for a drink of water during the operation, which was done with only local anaesthetics. But he had made up his mind not to speak during the operation, unless to make a joke) may partly excused by my general nervous break-down, I hope.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

A.: at night, a shade better. Some slight vision.

July 10. A.: at night fair only.

„ 11. A.: rather reveresque.

„ 12. Throat very bad. A.: futile.

„ 13. A.: better (in A. M.)

(Twenty-second week of A.: ends. There ought to be a new current to-morrow.) (The idea was 22 weeks for the 22 letters of the Hebrew Alphabet. So he seeks a new method.)

„ 14. Avoided invoking A.: that He might instruct me in Vision. I am in serious trouble. Place, Method, Means, Time, etc. A wakeful night, followed by profound and dreamless sleep (Had spend much thought on A.:).

„ 15. Thought a deal of A.:

„ 16. Will think, again, not do the formal invocation.

„ 17. This thinking seems little or no good: but the fault is that the real P. is actually not thinking of A.:. When he is, the invocation is unnecessary; when he isn't it's feeble. What *am* I to do?

(Should suggest sticking to it. D.D.S., whom I consulted agrees.)

„ 18. The new method appears to be a mere dumb aspiration—a Prayer of Silence continued throughout the twenty-four hours.

„ 19. Worried all day, but aspired.

„ 20. Stitches out. Aspiration to A.: very strong.

„ 21. Some thought of A.:

THE EQUINOX

July 22. Thoughts of A.:

- „ 23. Turning to A.: was turning to sleep, as too often happens.
- „ 24. A day off, apparently. (This means that there is no entry in the original diary. It does not imply that nothing was done, only that nothing was worthy of record, or that such record was omitted. Note the “apparently,” as of surprise.
- „ 25. A bad day. (Going out of Nursing Home.)
- „ 26. Went down to stay with D.D.S.
- „ 27. Here we have a most extraordinary entry, which needs explanation and illustration.

Fra. P. was crucified by Fra. D. D. S., and on that cross was made to repeat this oath: “I, P——, a member of the Body of Christ, do hereby solemnly obligate myself, etc., to lead a pure and unselfish life, and will entirely devote myself so to raise, etc., myself to the Knowledge of my higher and Divine Genius that I shall be He.

“In witness of which I invoke the great Angel Hua to give me a proof of his existence.”

P. transcribes this, and continues: “Complete and perfect visualization of . . .” here are hieroglyphics which may mean “Christ as P—— on cross.” He goes on: “ ‘The low dark hill, the storm, the star.’ But the Pylon of the Camel (*i.e.* the path of Gimel) open, and a ray .therein: withal a certain vision of A.: remembered only as a glory now attainable.



THE CRUCIFIXION OF FRA. P.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

“Humility, Purity, Confidence.

“INRI Instar Noli Revelare Ineffabile.”

But Fra. P. made also a sketch of the vision,
which we here copy and reproduce

July 28. Twenty-fifth week of A.: begins.

„ 29. (A.: continued evidently, for P. writes.)

Perfect the lightning-conductor and the flash
will come.

„ 30. (The diary of P. from this date is now full of hieroglyphics, which are and must ever remain indecipherable. We may gather a certain amount from those passages which are intelligible. He apparently tried repeating the new formula given by D.D.S., conceived perhaps as a mental operation on the lines of that given in *Equinox* IV concerning an egg between pillars.)

Aug. 4. About to try the experiment of daily Aspiration in the Sign of Osiris Slain.

Did this twenty-two minutes, with
Invocation as of old.

Cut cross on breast and circle on head.

(SCIRE) The vow of Poverty is to esteem nothing save A.:

(AUDERE) The vow of Chastity is to use the Magical Force only to invoke A.:

(VELLE) The vow of Obedience is to concentrate the Will on A.: alone.

(TACERE) The vow of Silence: so to regulate the whole organism that so vast a miracle as the Completion of the Great Work excites therein no commotion.

THE EQUINOX

N.B.—To look expectantly always, as if He would instantly appear.

Aug. 10. In Sign of Osiris Slain; cut cross and circle as before, renewing vows. Twenty-eight mins.

Got the Threshold—the awful doubt whether one shouldn't walk away and throw up the whole thing—presented first as a temptation, than as a doubt. Wherefore the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." But got no further—save from a sense of dew distilling from the Eye in the Triangle by the Ray.

„ 14. Am still very much below par. Not that I feel bad; but I sleep absurdly after massage.

(As a matter of fact, he suffered intensely from neuralgia and eye trouble all this summer, with hardly any intermission.)

„ 18. Reobligated, though ill.

(Through the obstruction of a duct in the eye several extremely painful operations were needed, and he was in practically unintermittent pain.)

„ 25. Reobligated, though ill.

Sept. 1. Reobligated, though ill.

„ 8. Pain too great to record vows, even if I made any.

(His practice was evidently to take the vows afresh every week: he seems to have recorded no practices, though he evidently did them daily. The diary is all this time blank of any records of any sort.)

„ 16. Renewed vows as usual.

„ 17. Went to A — P — H —, C.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

(The change of air cured his neuralgia instantly. Henceforth he may be considered well again. He speaks of himself on the 20th as “an absurd but athletic ass,” after a night spent wandering about London talking to policemen and night watchmen.)

- Sept. 21. Did a little Invocation. Inquiring how to invoke A.: got the instant reply “Often!”—and only saw later that this was the same old order as before. Which confirms it: discard methods, rituals, etc. (and their contradictions), but do it Often!
- „ 22. D.D.S. visits me. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- „ 23. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- 24-30. (During this period Fra. P. was preparing, under the guidance of D.D.S., a certain ritual of initiation. This was to combine the Eastern and the Western methods.

The mind, exalted, fortified, initiated by the Holy Magick, was then in that very state of divine tension to concentrate itself on that Self-glittering One.)

It is time to break off for a moment from the Diary to ask the reader to remark how extraordinarily full is this passage of P.'s life. The scene opens on the slopes of Kangchenjanga with the death of five men. It continues with a jungle inhabited by savages, naked, armed with bows and arrows, ignorant even of any language containing so many as three

THE EQUINOX

hundred words, and by wild beasts. The next scene is of attempted robbery and murder, and P.'s successful defence. Then comes one of the wildest journeys possible to take on this planet, packed with every kind of adventure and privation. After this, practically continuous ill-health, only interrupted by the most shocking domestic tragedies.

Through all this, Fra. P. remains in perfect literal simplicity with his devotion to the Augoeides and his "invoking often."

He never flags, never falters, never faints, never fails. Impassive and inexorable as that Nature whom he had defied, he went steadily on with his work. Wealth and health had been torn from him; he was like Job, but even worse tormented; greater than Job, he resisted all without a murmur, and conquered all without a glimmer of self-satisfaction.

When the Books are opened and the deeds of men are known, who dare say that there shall be found aught to surpass these marvellous months which Fra. P. set to the Operation of the Sacred Magic, to obtaining of the Knowledge and Conversation of the holy Guardian Angel?

We return to the Diary—

Oct. 2. (Fra. P. has now retired into the Adytum of God-nourished Silence to some purpose! We transcribe this day's entry; it is probably most important to us. The rest of the year's entries are nearly all of the same kind.)

The Stooping Dragon—the Floor of the . . .
vide *Alexandra*.

The Critical Converse.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Before this is merely the Concealed At Home with its distinction of gift and graft, and very vagueness, where Apollo and Diana took the place of Mercury.

Scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visumst,
Non sane inlepidum neque invenustum.
Huc ut venimus incidere nobis.
Sermones varii.

(This means something! For example, the Stooeping Dragon was painted on the Floor of the *Vault*. In *Alexandra* occur the words “vault on Vera.” Hence in the diary the letters S.D. (for Stooeping Dragon) will refer to somebody named Vera, or possibly “the true woman,” or “true things.”

As I am ninety-four years old come Martinmas, and have much more of this “Temple” anyhow, I feel justified in leaving the rest of this ingenious cipher to any lunatics who get tired of the Bacon-Shakespeare folly.

Anybody who understands this entry of October 6—

Brassies and Billiards.

Council of War.

The King’s letter to the Queen:
“*Pussy* the Prince is ill”

Paedicabo ego vos et inrumabo

XVI.

Called on Rev. J. A. Hervey—
is welcome to a copy of the diary.)

THE EQUINOX

Oct. 9. Tested new ritual and behold it was very good!
Thanked gods and sacrificed for——

In the “thanksgiving and sacrifice for . . .” I *did* get rid of everything but the Holy Exalted One, and must have held Him for a minute or two. I did. I am sure I did.

Such is the fragmentary account of what was then the greatest event in Fra. P.’s career. Yet this is an account of the highest of the trances—of Shivadarshana itself, as we know from other sources. The “vision,” to use still the name become totally inadequate, appears to have had three main points in its Atmadarshana stage—

1. The Universal Peacock.

2. The Universe as Ego. “I who am all and made it all abide its separate Lord,” *i.e.* the Universe becomes a single and simple being, without quantity, quality, or conditions. In this the “I” is immanent, yet the “I” made it, and the “I” is entirely apart from it. (This is the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, or something very like it.)

3. This Trinity is transcended by an impersonal Unity.

This is then annihilated by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva. It is absolutely futile to discuss this: it has been tried and failed again and again. Even those with experience of the earlier part of the “vision” in its fullness must find it totally impossible to imagine anything so subversive of the whole base, not only of the Ego, but of the Absolute behind the Ego.

There are, however, many suggestive poetical descriptions which we advise our readers to study. Notable are “Aha!” (passage quoted below) and many portions of Liber LXV,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Liber VII, and Liber CCXX. It must be clearly understood that the Bhagavad-Gita, Anna Kingsford, St. John, and all other writers with the possible exception of Lao Tze, describe nothing higher than Atmadarshana. For the first time in the known history of the world there had arisen the combination of the utmost attainment with the intelligence and literary ability to make it comparatively articulate. It is no wonder, then, that we hail Fra. P. as the greatest of all Teachers.

This entire experience from the Passing of the Abyss to the Shivadarshana has been so wonder fully described in “Aha!” by Mr. Aleister Crowley, who was privileged to get his material first-hand from Fra. P. himself, that we make no apology for quoting the passage in full.

MARSYAS. Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil,
The Second Veil! . . . O spare me this
Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS. Master, I bend me at thy feet—
Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS. Blind horror catches at my breath.
The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dismaller than death!
Courage and will! What boots their force?
The mind rears like a frightened horse.
There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things too dreadful to recount!

THE EQUINOX

There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its course
By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.
Destroy them, and destroy the mind!
O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to thee!
This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!
For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down come the house—a hail of bricks!
The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,
Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory-chain
Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
The Self disrupted! Blank, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,
The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's inquiry:
"Summa scientia nihil scire."

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

MARSYAS. Ay, but that reasoned thesis lacks
The impact of reality.
This vision is a battle axe
Splitting the skull. O pardon me!
But my soul faints, my stomach sinks.
Let me pass on!

OLYMPAS. My being drinks
The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.
This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS. Black snare that I was taken in!
How one may pass I hardly know.
Maybe time never blots the track.
Black, black, intolerably black!
Go, spectre of the ages, go!
Suffice it that I passed beyond.
I found the secret of the bond
Of thought to thought through countless years
Through many lives, in many spheres,
Brought to a point the dark design
Of this existence that is mine.
I knew my secret. *All I was*
I brought into the burning-glass,
And all its focussed light and heat
Charred *all I am*. The rune's complete
When *all I shall be* flashes by
Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning,
Vacant and accursèd thing!

THE EQUINOX

By my Will I swept away
The web of metaphysic, smiled
At the blind labyrinth, where the grey
Old snake of madness wove his wild
Curse! As I trod the trackless way
Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
I became a little child.

By nameless rivers, swirling through
Chasms, a fantastic blue,
Month by month, on barren hills,
In burning heat, in bitter chills,
Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
Smaragdine archipelago,
See me—led by some wise hand
That I did not understand.

Morn and noon and eve and night
I, the forlorn eremite,
Called on Him with mild devotion,
As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love
I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the intolerable light
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love
Blazed in me. Then some giant will,
Mine or another's thrust a thrill

THE EQUINOX

Oct. 10. I am still drunk with Samadhi all day.

Discovered . . .

(We need not write his words. Enough if we say that the one person left for him to love was lost, stricken by hereditary vice, a beastliness taught her at the age of 16 by her mother, a clergyman's wife, which, after having lain dormant all these years, was now become rampant and incurable. He had nothing to look forward to but life with one who was in all essential ways a maniac, with no hope of any termination but the asylum or the grave.)

- „ 11. To bed with thoughts of A.: Persistent vision. . . . But oh! the constant rapture. . . .
- „ 12. . . . But oh! . . . as before. Did some prayer and fasting, but not enough.
- „ 13. . . . Things have *really* lost their value—I get what Blavatsky describes in the Voice of the Silence as “not quite disgust.”
- „ 14. . . . certain Samadhic effects linger—the unreality of things and one's own sense of success, etc.
- „ 16. Samadhi not yet worn off.
- „ 17. But oh! etc., only more so.
- „ 18. Ditto. Note lack of impatience, perfect satisfaction with existing state. . . .
- „ 21. I am still “polarized” a good deal; my “indifference” is pronounced.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Oct. 31. This account is almost unintelligible as it stands; so I edit it. He appears to have made the old “Preliminary Invocation.” Result rather like Yoga; he gets at once into Pratyahara and then makes Samyama on the Augoeides.

“Invoked twice—terrible agony.” And then this note. “Barbarous names. Supreme test (*i.e.* to use words which he does not understand), for a man who is *really* praying cannot bring himself to say a ridiculous thing to his God, even on the latter’s mandate.”

(From this it appears as if the Augoeides had told Fra. P. the real meaning of Zoroaster’s injunction: “Change not barbarous names of evocation; for they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable.”)

“I shall go,” continues Fra. P., “and recite ‘From Greenland’s Icy Mountains’ (the most ridiculous thing that occurred to his mind)—if with faith, Samadhi! . . .

“No faith, I suppose. Time after time I feel the sickening pangs of dissolution; physically I nearly faint; but I don’t get over the bar. . . . I am sick, sick!

“I retire in disorder pursued by dog-faced demons of all kinds.

“Once again I nearly got there—all went brilliance—but not quite.”

Again, “There is nothing but dog-faced demons after I get to bed; but there is always

THE EQUINOX

the consciousness behind thoughts. Thus, when the consciousness realizes that 'I am apart from my thoughts,' that thought itself is pictorially shown as a thought." This seems to mean that he again got Atmadarshana; his complaint was the inability to pass beyond.

He adds "to this consciousness all thoughts are alike; it would never trouble to command them." *Id est*, it is the Peace of the Universe, the Impersonal Absolute. He was That.

Note that he got this without any Ritual to speak of; an enormous advance in power of meditation.

- Nov. 4. Descent into Hell. In the power of the Dweller—obsession by a devil left by F—— and J—— called "?" (This devil is described in "Sir Palamede the Saracen," Sections XXXVI and XXXVIII. It asks "Is there any Path at all?" and "Are not you a fraud?") Return with great difficulty—awful pangs—Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!

N.B.—I got back to very near Samadhi in the end.

(This appears to have been a "natural" meditation arising out of the conversation of F—— the Buzite and J—— the Shuhite!)

- „ 14. Again got into the Samadhi-proximity-state; as it were, without trouble.

(Now follows a period of two more months of ill-health of the severest kind, and apparently

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

no work is done. There was, however, much question of his position in the mystic hierarchy. He had the highest attainment known—and what did it amount to? In the meantime Fra. D. D. S. himself must have attained Samadhi—presumably Atmadarshana—for we find this entry.)

Dec. 7. D. D. S. writes from Samadhi-Dhatu.

(Dhatu—literally “element”—is a word chosen to avoid such implications as would be conveyed by “place,” “state,” and such words.)

„ 8. D. D. S. still in Samadhi.

„ 10. D. D. S. dined with me. He thinks my attainment makes me a Master of the Temple. He goes even further and says that I am *the* Master—the Logos—the next Buddha.

. . . This (apparently some ceremony of Rose Croix) purifies and consecrates me, so that I feel “I am the Master” quite genuinely—without scruple or diffidence. No personality.

„ 11. Back to B——. D. D. S.’s amazing third letter.

(This letter is too long and personal to publish in full; but it contains these words: “How long have you been in the Great Order, and why did I not know? Is the invisibility of the A.: A.: to lower grades so complete?”)

In spite of his illness he managed to do some most formidable work during this December. There is, however, nothing further in the diary of interest to our present purpose.

THE EQUINOX

But it is most important to remark that although acclaimed as a Master of the Temple, as one who has passed utterly through the Abyss, as a Brother of the A.: A.: itself, he steadfastly refused to accept the hard-won grade for three years more.

(To be continued)

HIS SECRET
SIN

INSCRIBED ADMIRINGLY
TO
ALEXANDER COOTE

HIS SECRET SIN

Inscribed admiringly to Alexander Cootie.

THEODORE BUGG had made England what she is. The last forty-two years had elevated him from errand-boy to biggest retail grocer in the Midlands. Twenty-eight years of wedded happiness had left him with a clear conscience, a five-year old grave to keep in order "To the memory of my beloved relict," as he had written until the clerk suggested a trifling alteration, and a strapping daughter just turned twenty.

I wish I could stop here. But there is a rough side to every canvas, and Theodore Bugg had forgotten all about England, and what she is, and how he had made her. Or if the good work was going on, it was subconscious. He was standing by the gilded statue of Jeanne d'Arc, his mouth wide open, his Baedeker limp in his perspiring hand. "She's riding astride!" The molten madness throbbled in his brain. "She's got man's clothes on!"

The shocking truth must out: Theodore Bugg had come to Paris for Pleasure!

He had only been able to spare two days, the Sunday and Monday of Whitsuntide. He had travelled by the night boat on Saturday, arriving in Paris on Sunday morning—the first step downward! The air of Paris intoxicated him; the Grands Boulevards ate into his moral fibre like a dragon chewing butter; and though he had not actually 'been in' anywhere, he felt the atmosphere of the music-halls as Ulysses

THE EQUINOX

heard the Sirens. He was fortunately tied to the mast of his ignorance of French and his fear of asking anybody such a very peculiar question, or he would certainly have discovered and visited the Moulin Rouge.

As it was, Joan of Arc was very much more than was good for him. He stared, fascinated as by a basilisk, his eyes starting further and further from his head as his moral sense dragged his body backwards along the Rue de Rivoli. By this means he cannoned into a worthy Frenchman (who refused to take him seriously) and so was shocked into himself.

He pulled out his watch. Only an hour and a half to catch his train. Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, too. What a shame! He couldn't even send a telegram without letting somebody know where he was—and at home they supposed him to be visiting a business acquaintance in Shropshire.

I'll have a memento, thought he, if I die for it. I'll—I don't care. I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—I'll go the whole hog. I know there's shops about here.

So, turning, in his excitement and determination, he saw—when you invoke the devil he is usually half-way to you—a shop window full of photographs of the pictures and sculptures of the Louvre. He looked up and down the street—the sight of a top hat might have saved him even at the eleventh hour. But no! nothing that looked in the least like an Englishman, even to his overheated fear of discovery. He peered and dodged about for a little like a man stalking dangerous game,

HIS SECRET SIN

and then, with sudden stealth, his back to the door, pushed down the lever and slid into the shop.

“Avvy-voo photographiay?” he said hurriedly, with averted face.

“Certainly, sir,” replied the shopkeeper in perfect English. “What does Monsieur require? Photographs of Paris, of Fontainebleau, of the Louvre, of Versailles?”

But English would not serve the turn of Theodore Bugg. He nearly bolted from the shop. An English voice—it was almost Discovery!

“Kerker shows,” he muttered doggedly enough, though his head hung lower than ever. “Kelker shows tray sho. Voo savvy?—tray tray sho—par propre!”

The shopman, not yet old enough to master his disgust at the familiar incident, brought forward several books of photographs.

“Perhaps Monsieur will find there what he requires,” he said coldly.

Furtively and hurriedly, his glance divided between the forbidden book and the shop-door, his only safeguard from intrusion the thought that nobody who entered would be in a position to throw stones at a fellow-culprit, Theodore Bugg turned over the pages.

The book began mildly enough with the winged Victory and only entered the rapids with La Gioconda. Thence, Niagra-like, one plunge to the abyss—the Venus de Milo.

The blood flame to his face; his breath came hot and quick.

THE EQUINOX

With fumbling fingers that trembled with excitement he withdrew the photograph from its leaf and half showed it to the proprietor with a whispered "Comby-ang?"

"Trente sous," said the shopman in his most rapid French. And in English, "We take English money here, sir; ten shillings, if you please. May I wrap it up for you?" But Bugg had thrust it into his inner pocket, and, pressing a sovereign into the man's hand, dashed without looking behind him from the shop, eager to put time and space between himself and his compromising position.

He hurried to his hotel, not without many a suspicious glance over his shoulder, and packed his bag. He had ten minutes to spare. He locked the door carefully, sat down with his back to the light, and pulling the photograph from his pocket, indulged in a long voluptuous gloat.

Then the boots knocked with the news of his cab, and Bugg, nobler than Lord Howard of Effingham, thrust his treasure into his pocket, unlocked the door and cried "Venny!"

II.

Theodore Bugg, a year later, was paying the price of his fall. He had allowed Gertrude to attend Art Classes, although he knew it to be wrong. But he had grown to fear his daughter, and—on such a point especially—he was incapable of fighting her.

For there were times when he tried to persuade himself that there was "nothing wrong in it." A brother churchwarden had looked a little askance when the news of Gertrude's "advanced ideas" had come; but Theodore had

HIS SECRET SIN

stoutly and even a little sternly rebuked him with the original remark: "To the pure all things are pure." It was knowing when to be bold that had made Theodore the fine business man he was.

And very bold it was, for conscience makes cowards of us all. The secret shame of his orgies! Every week-night—once even on a Sunday!—after everyone had gone to bed, he opened the little safe in the wall at the head of his bed, and drew forth the obscene picture from its envelope marked "In case of my death or disability THIS PACKET is to be DESTROYED UNOPENED. T. Bugg." Then he would sit, and hold it in his hot hands, and gloat upon the evil thing, lifting it now and again to his mouth to cover it with greedy, slobbering kisses. And afterwards, when it was safely locked up again, he would undress with a certain unction. Once even he attempted—with the aid of a bath towel—to take the pose before the mirror. And he saw nothing ridiculous in that, just as he saw nothing beautiful in the photograph. Nakedness is lust: so ran his simple gospel of aesthetics.

Shame quickened him, too, to measures of expiation or precaution. He read family prayers twice a day instead of once, and he took the chair at the Annual Meeting of a Society for Sending Out Trousers to Converted Hindoos.

As everybody in the Midlands knows, "Hindoos" are Naked Savages.

And he discharged a groom for whistling on Sunday.

But if these expedients salved his conscience, they did nothing to quell Gertrude's incipient tendency to independence

THE EQUINOX

of thought and action. There had been a very unpleasant scene when he threw into the fire a book from Mudie's (I thought one could have trusted Mudie's!) called 'The Stolen Bacillus,' which he understood to be of a grossly immoral tendency. (Nasty filth about free love or something, isn't it?)

Theodore Bugg was not a sensitive man; excess of intuitive sympathy had not made his life a hell; but he felt that his domestic relations were strained. Especially since "that Mrs. Grahame" had evinced a liking for Gertrude. Her husband's coloneley was the gilding of the pill; but the pill was a bitter one, for Mrs. Grahame went motoring and even golfing on Sunday instead of going to Church, and once or twice had taken Gertrude with her, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. Colonel Grahame, too, rather got on Bugg's nerves, in spite of the "honour of his acquaintance."

Such thoughts went dully through his mind as he waited in the garden for his daughter to come in to tea from the "Art Class." But when she arrived, portfolio in hand, her beauty and the splendour of her long easy swing determined him to be gracious.

Under such circumstances conversation is apt to be artificial; but Gertrude was gay and garrulous, and the tea went very pleasantly until her father's eye unluckily fell on the portfolio. "And what has my little fairy been doing lately?" he asked with elephantine lightness.

"Oh, sketches mostly, father. This week we're copying from old Greek masterpieces, though. Let me show you, father, dear." She opened the portfolio and turned over the

HIS SECRET SIN

leaves. "I'm getting on splendidly. Mr., Davis thinks I ought to go to Paris and study properly. Do let me."

"How can you think of such a thing, Gertrude? A daughter of mine! Study properly!!! No indeed! A little sketching is a nice accomplishment for a young lady, but—"

His jaw dropped. A thin, graceful pencil sketch it was that he clutched in frenzied fingers; but he could not mistake the subject.

"Wretched girl," he shouted, "where did you get the—the—the—Damn it all, what d'ye call it?—the—ay! that's it!—the model for this vile, filthy, lewd, obscene, lustful thing? Damn it! you're as bad as Cousin Jenny! (Cousin Jenny was a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Buggs). You're a harlot, miss!" And then, with an awful change as the truth came home to him: "O my God! O my God! Damn it!" he screamed, "how did you get the keys of my little safe?"

The girl had frozen colder than the stone, but there was a new light in her eye, and if the curl of a lip could tread a worm into the dust, that lip was hers and that worm the author of her being. She had withdrawn as one who comes suddenly upon a toad, and the first flaming of her face had died instantly to deadlier ice.

Bugg saw his mistake, his masses of mistakes. There being but one more to make, he made it; and, finding himself in the frying-pan of discovery, leapt into the fire of things irrevocable and not to be forgotten. His fat, heavy-jowled, coarse face all twitching, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands together. "So you found me out? Don't, don't give away your poor old father, Gertie! My little Gertie!"

THE EQUINOX

There was a silence. "Excuse me, father," said the girl at last, "but I've just had a glimpse of you for the first time in my life, and it's a bit of a shock. I must think."

And she stood motionless until her hapless father attracted her attention by backing into his wicker chair. "Don't touch holy things," she snapped suddenly, taking the sketch from his nerveless hand, and replacing it reverently in the portfolio.

The action seemed to decide her.

"I'll give you an address to send my things to," she said, and walked out of the garden.

Theodore Bugg sat stunned. "Holy things," she had said. She called that lustful French photograph holy! Was this Original Sin; or was it that strange new thing people were talking about—what was it? Ah! heredity. Heredity? His secret sin become her open infamy? Truly the sins of the fathers were visited on the children!

By this time he was upstairs and in his bedroom. He must destroy the accursed thing; he must destroy—Ah! yes. He had contaminated Gertrude by having such a thing in his house. He must be the Roman father, and—what would a Roman father do?

He had the match alight, but he could not put it to the edge of the packet. Then the silence of the house hit him; he knew that his daughter would never return, and in a fit of rage he trampled on the envelope like a wild beast mauling a corpse.

HIS SECRET SIN

He thrust it into the empty grate, lit the paper frills, watched all blaze up. Then, gulping down a sob, he went to the drawer of a cabinet and pulled out the revolver which he had bought (and loaded, under the shopman's guidance) against burglars.

Yes, he must kill himself. He drew back the hammer. Cold sweat beaded his flabby face. He could not; and anyhow, how did one? He thought of many stories of people who had shot themselves ineffectively. He felt for his heart and failed to find it, wondered if it had stopped and he were dying, had a fit of fear paralysing all his will. He thought of himself lying dead.

“No, by God! I can't do it!” he cried, and flung the pistol back into the drawer. As luck would have it, the weapon exploded. The bullet broke his jaw, tore away four molars, smashed the cheek-bone, pulped the right eye, and, glancing from the frontal bone, found its billet in the ceiling. He lost consciousness and fell. His head struck the grate where yet smouldered the ashes of the photograph.

It was three months before he recovered, and then with only half a face to face the world with. He still thinks that Gertrude gave him away, for the street-boys have taken to calling him “old Venus.” But he is wrong; the boys have their aesthetic reasons for the name.

Gertrude in any case is much too busy to bother her head about him; for, after a year in the Latin Quarter, if she has failed to surpass Degas and Manet and O'Connor, she has at least conquered the great pianist Wlodywewsky, and it

THE EQUINOX

takes her all her time to manage him and keep the baby out of mischief.

Theodore Bugg needs no help of hers in his moral sculpture of the destinies of England.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LONG ODDS

HOW many million galaxies there are
Who knows? and each has countless stars in it,
And each rolls through eternities afar
Beneath the threshold of the Infinite.

How is it that will all that space to roam
I should have found this mote that spins and leaps
In what unutterable sunlight, foam
Of what unfathomable starry deeps

Who knows!?! And how this thousand million souls
And half a thousand million souls of earth
That swarm, all bound for unimagined goals,
All pioneers of death enrolled at birth,

How were they swept away before my sight,
That I might stand upon the single prick
Of infinite space and time as infinite,
Who knows? Yet here I stand, climacteric,

Having found you. Was it by fall of chance?
Then what a stake against what odds I have won!
Was it determined in God's ordinance?
Then wondrous love and pity for His son!

Or was it part of an eternal law?
Then how ineffably beneficent!
Each thought excites an ecstasy of awe,
A rapture rending the mind's firmament.

THE EQUINOX

Infinity—yet you and I have met.

Eternity—yet hand in hand we run.

All odds that I should lose you or forget,

But, soul and spirit and body, we are one.

Is this the child of Chance, or Law, or Will?

Is None or All or One to thank for this?

It will not matter if thanksgiving fill

The endless empyrean with a kiss.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

DOCTOR BOB

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

DOCTOR ROBERTS (*"Doctor Bob"*)

MRS. ROBERTS, *His wife.*

DOCTOR FIELDING

JANE SKIRING

WILL STANLEY } *Patients.*

TWO GENTLEMEN

A MANSERVANT

DOCTOR BOB

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY

[The Scene represents the waiting-room of DR. ROBERTS' house. Doors L., R., and C. Door L. leads to dining-room; door R. to entrance-hall; door C. to consulting-room. This is a wide double door, which when open shows the doctor's bureau, chairs, and other usual furniture." "Curtain may be used instead of door if more convenient."]

The waiting-room has a large table, with illustrated journals, &c. There are easy chairs, but no other furniture. On the table lie the hat and stick of a patient who is closeted with DR. BOB.

Time 2.30 p.m. A bright winter afternoon.

Enter the SERVANT, preceding DR. FIELDING, who is wearing his motor coat and cap.

The SERVANT goes through to Door L., and returns with MRS. BOB, who goes to greet DR. FIELDING warmly, while the SERVANT goes out R. and closes door."]

Mrs. B. How good of you to come so promptly!

Dr. F. I could never respond quickly enough to a call from you. I should have been here ten minutes earlier, but the Daimler doesn't like so much snow in the streets.

THE EQUINOX

Mrs. B. How perfectly sweet of you!

Dr. F. I hope this is not professional; at least, I'm sure there's nothing the matter with you.

Mrs. B. Heavens, no! I have health enough for six.

Dr. F. And there's nothing wrong with Dr. Bob?

Mrs. B. Nothing serious; he has had a bit of a cough this month back.

Dr. F. Heaven help him if he has to make his own diagnosis—you know we call him Doctor Doom'em!

Mrs. B. It's just that I want to talk to you about.

Dr. F. You don't mean to say you mind?

Mrs. B. Mind! It's driving me mad.

Dr. F. But he's the greatest consultant we have; nobody ever comes to him while there's a chance anywhere else.

Mrs. B. Yes; but whatever other drug he gives them, he never gives them hope.

Dr. F. But they come for his opinion.

Mrs. B. And don't want to know it.

Dr. F. Perhaps it would be better if they didn't.

Mrs. B. That's it; that's what's driving me mad. I see them come there one after another, some cheerful, others desperate; some looking healthy, some looking half dead already; some hoping, some doubting; all fearing. But one and all go away hopeless, utterly hopeless. I could bear it better if his were not so great a name. But he's right—he's always right. That's what's so terrible—he's always right!

Dr. F. Come, come! Don't break down, Mrs. Bob!

Mrs. B. Wouldn't it be better to let them go on blindly to the end? Think of them watching and waiting! Think

DOCTOR BOB

of the drawn faces, and the ghastly stare into the eyes of Death! Think of their ears strained if perhaps they may hear his stealthy tread! Their tongues licking their parched lips—oh, is there no hope? Then, at least, is there no mercy?

Dr. F. I should be inclined to deceive them nearly always. I'm sending him a girl this afternoon. Hang it! I must have his opinion, and yet I hesitated—long—over the wisdom of the course I was taking. She hasn't any idea of how seriously ill she is; the shock might kill her. I begged him in my note to spare her the full knowledge.

Mrs. B. Poor child!

Dr. F. Well, if he says there's no hope You know her, I think—Jane Skiring?

Mrs. B. The little school teacher. Oh! I'd no idea she was so ill. I *am* sorry.

[The consulting-room door opens, and an elderly man, whose hat and stick are on the table, comes out. His face is drawn and his eyes haggard. He takes no notice of the people present, or of his hat and stick, but goes straight out, R. The banging of a door is heard. Enter the " Servant, running; picks up the hat and stick, and runs out after him. Dr. Fielding and Mrs. Bob "exchange glances significant of shocked pain.

The consulting-room doors being now wide open, the audience can see Dr. Bob sitting at his bureau. He rises, and comes down stage, heartily, cheerfully, masterfully.]

Dr. B. Hullo, Fielding! Glad to see you. Just got your note before lunch; I'll find out for sure what's up. Pretty girl—pity! See that old boy just went out? A typical Brightic; fellow who devilled his own kidneys. Ha! ha! ha!

THE EQUINOX

I wonder if he'll see that Christmas turkey—ha! ha! ha! Hullo, dear! Didn't see you, little white mouse! Let's have coffee, dear, and the brown brandy. No more patients for a bit. Come along, Fielding, eh?

[*He leads FIELDING to the consulting-room, while MRS. BOB goes out L.*]

Dr. F. This is an exceptional case, old man. I do hope you won't frighten her.

Dr. B. Great God! always the same old story. They never come to me until the rest of you have finished them, and then it's my candid opinion you want. Then you get it, by Heaven! and instead of blaming yourselves, or the patient, or the disease, you blame me. Why don't you give me a chance? Why don't you bring them while there *is* hope? You all look upon me as the undertaker—Doctor Doom'em, isn't it?—because you are afraid to tell the patient what nine times out of ten you know as well as I do. Doctor Doom'em!

Dr. F. Now, old man, don't get excited.

Dr. B. Excited! Why my life would be one long hell if I hadn't chosen a very simple method. Tell the truth. I'm not a lawyer, paid to tell lies. Tell the truth. Then I've done my part; my conscience is clear; I eat hearty and sleep sound.

Dr. F. But is it always best to tell the truth? May you not sometimes overlook a grain of hope, and kill it by your diagnosis? [Enter MRS. BOB *with coffee.*

Mrs. B. I can't believe it is right to send away people smashed.

Dr. F. Yes; you're a hanging judge.

DOCTOR BOB

Dr. B. I only record the effect of the verdict of the jury—twelve good symptoms and true.

Mrs. B. I can never forget seeing young Joe Whitney when he came from you. He had the face of a lost soul. And the next day the papers had the news that he had shot himself.

Dr. B. Well, what of that? He saved himself about four months of the most persistent and horrible torture that the mind of a devil could imagine..... People wonder why doctors are nearly always Atheists!

Mrs. B. Oh, Bob!

Dr. B. In his place I should have done as he did.

Dr. F. No, you wouldn't. You'd sit in a corner with your teeth clenched, waiting and watching and recording, killing each hope as it was born, yet wishing to God that you dared hope—even though you knew it to be vain.

Dr. B. There's where you are wrong. What's the use of lying and cheating? I never saw any good come of it. You tell a man he may get well this year—next year—sometime—never—like a silly girl blowing a puff-ball. Pah!

Mrs. B. If you only had sympathy, Bob dear, if you only had imagination! If you only could realize what these people really feel when you condemn them!

Dr. F. And hope is the best medicine; at least it helps the man to live out the little life that remains to him. An artist might finish his creation.

Dr. B. Oh, artists! Another set of liars!

Dr. F. A doctor will go on with his work better if his brain is not clouded with his own mortal fear.

Dr. B. Rot! if he's finished, he'd better finish. And besides, despair can often do more than hope. Put the

THE EQUINOX

biggest coward in the world in a tight enough corner, and he'll show his teeth, and very likely win out. (*He coughs.*) By the way, have a look at this throat, will you? There's a little chronic irritation somewhere.

Dr. F. Why, of course. [*The bell rings.*

Dr. B. A patient, hang it all! I must leave you to talk to Nan. Send 'em along!

[*He goes into consulting-room and closes the door.*

Mrs. B. He's set on this telling the truth.

Dr. F. Oh, it's wrong; I know it's wrong. There's always a chance in the most hopeless cases.

Mrs. B. Can't we—can't we make him see it?

Dr. F. But how?

[*Enter SERVANT, showing in WILL STANLEY.*

W.S. (*surprised*) How do you do, Dr. Fielding?

Dr. F. I didn't expect to see you here; I thought you were better months ago.

W.S. So I was—in fact I am—only the mother insisted on my seeing Dr. Bob. I guess he won't find much wrong with me!

Mrs. B. Oh, you mustn't mind even if he does. Doctors live on people's fears.

Dr. F. (*laughing*) Oh, Mrs. Bob, come now!

W.S. They can't frighten me; but they do mother. She wants to coddle me all the time.

Dr. F. You're a No. 1 size pet.

W.S. Rather; I'm the strongest man in college. If this silly old heart hadn't started to play the goat.

[DR. BOB'S *bell rings.* SERVANT *enters, shows WILL STANLEY into consulting-room, closes doors, returns, and goes out.*]

DOCTOR BOB

Dr. F. Poor devil! I've known for months that it was all over with him.

Mrs. B. Oh, how dreadful! He's not twenty yet.

Dr. F. He never will be.

MRS. B. In my mind I can see him coming out; I can feel and understand. Oh, why won't Bob let him take hope to his mother?

Dr. F. It's a shame. It's silly, useless cruelty. I'd like to punch Bob's head.....oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bob—if he breaks down that fine boy's courage.

Mrs. B. Oh, I quite agree with you.

Dr. F. Then I say that he'd be all the better for a dose of his own medicine.

[*Silence. Then MRS BOB clasps her hands, gives a little laugh, and cries out.*]

Mrs. B. Oh, I've got such a good idea.

[*The bell rings. Enter JANE, ushered by SERVANT.*]

Dr. F. Well, here you are, Jane. How splendid you're looking to-day. Fit as fit, eh?

Jane. It's this weather. I do love the snow. I'm as happy as happy; every fibre of my being quivers with joy. How do you do, Mrs. Roberts?

Mrs. B. I'm so glad to see you. I'm so sorry to see you.

Jane. Oh, it's nothing. Dr. Fielding tells me it's sure to be all right. Dr. Bob—oh, I mean Dr. Roberts—will say the very worst he can, and then we've got to hope for the best.

Dr. F. Yes. I always get his opinion; and then we're sure to err on the safe side. Eh?

Mrs. B. Yes; but he's so anxious to make people take proper care, and follow his instructions absolutely.

THE EQUINOX

Jane. Yes, of course. I know I've been careless.

Dr. F. Yes, yes. A bit of a fright is the very thing to do one good.

[*Enter Will Stanley, his hair dishevelled, a wild look in his eyes. He does not see Mrs. Bob and Jane, who are up L. at back of stage, but addresses Dr. Fielding, who is at table.*]

W.S. I say, doc., it's all up.

Dr. F. Nonsense. Cheer up, old son. It's never as bad as Dr. Bob makes out.

W.S. Yes; I'm finished. God! but this will break up the mother.

Dr. F. Then you mustn't tell her.

W.S. I'm not going to. But she'll guess. Mothers seem to feel things. Look here, doc., I'm on for a night with the Indians. I'll have forgotten about it myself by to-morrow. That's the best way.

Dr. F. I'm with you. And in the meantime, remember we doctors know very little.

Mrs. B. (*coming forward*) I wouldn't believe the whole lot of them if they said I had to die to-morrow.

Dr. F. Quite right.

[*DR. BOB'S bell. SERVANT enters and shows JANE into consulting-room.*]

Dr. F. I'll be with you in a moment, Jane (*Jane nods and smiles and goes in.*) Take my word for it, Will, there's always hope. I'll see you at the Club at 8 o'clock.

W.S. Right you are! (*Seriously and pathetically*) And thank you so much for—lying to me!

DOCTOR BOB

[*He bows to MRS BOB, shakes hands with DR. FIELDING, and goes out R.*

Mrs. B. Another victim!

Dr. F. It's a shame!

Mrs. B. Will you stand by me?

Dr. F. You know I will. What is it?

Mrs. B. Let's teach him a lesson. I've got a splendid idea. It isn't hardness of heart; but he doesn't see clearly. I want to make him feel and understand what it is that he's doing.

Dr. F. And how do you propose to do it?

Mrs. B. Well, you know he asked you to look at his throat. Tell him it's something terrible, that he's got to die! Can you think of anything?

Dr. F. Why, of course, cancer!

Mrs. B. (*shocked*) Oh!

Dr. F. Cancer of the throat has just such slight symptoms. Nobody can tell without examination.

Mrs. B. Oh, you don't think it really might be that?

Dr. F. Not one chance in a thousand. But he'll believe me if I tell him that that is what it is..... Do you really wish me to do it?

[MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING look at each other steadily. *From within the consulting-room comes the sound of a cry, a fall, and overturned furniture.*]

MRS. B. Yes, I do.

[*The consulting-room door bursts open.*

Dr. B. (*in doorway*) Here, Fielding!

[FIELDING goes in. JANE is lying on floor in utter collapse. *Both doctors work hard on her with heart massage and*

THE EQUINOX

injections, at last recovering her sufficiently to bring her out.]

Dr. B. Here, Nan, tell them to light the fire in the spare bedroom!

[MRS. BOB *goes out*. DR. BOB'S *telephone on bureau rings*. DR. BOB *goes to it*.]

Dr. B. Half a minute, Fielding. Look after her.

[JANE *gasps and opens here eyes*.

Jane. You've been lying to me. Father of Heaven! I don't want to die. I cannot be so ill as he says!

Dr. F. No, dear child, no. The fact is—er—er—well, we've just discovered he's a bit mad, do you see? Listen to me, Jane.

Jane. Oh, I'm trying to.

Dr. F. He says the same thing to everybody—it's his mania. Don't believe a word of it.

Jane. No, no.

{*She collapses again*. DR. BOB *replaces telephone receiver, and comes forward*. He and DR. FIELDING *carry JANE out L. Outer bell*. SERVANT *ushers in a patient*. Enter L. MRS. BOB *in a state of violent excitement*.]

Mrs. B. Go! go! Why will you stay in this house of death? (*The Patient manifests surprise*.)

Go! go! I say. My husband can see no more patients to-day.

[*She shows him out, returns to centre of stage, breaks out crying, and goes off L. as DR. BOB and DR. FIELDING return. Their loud voices are heard arguing without*.]

Dr. F. It might have killed her; and it very nearly did.

Dr. B. Look here, Fielding, this is too bad. Hang it, if you'd brought me the girl a year ago I might have cured her.

DOCTOR BOB

Dr. F. And now you've killed her.

Dr. B. I killed her? Well, let me tell you, you killed her yourself. You let her think that she was not as bad as she was; that led her to neglect herself, and now you bring her to me with about a cubic inch of lung left to breathe with, and expect me to tell her that she'll live to be ninety. It's this infernal system of lying that's at the bottom of all the trouble.

Dr. F. Well, she'll die now, for sure. (*They are now in the consulting-room*). By the way, shall I look a that throat of yours?

Dr. B. Yes, I wish you would. It's very slight, but it's been hanging about for a month.

[*He sits and throws his head back for the examination, which DR. FIELDING begins. MRS. BOB comes in L., sees the two men, and draws back, facing audience, with a pleased expectant smile.*]

Dr. F. Whew!.....My God!

[*He draws himself up with a gesture of utter agony.**]

Dr. B. What's the matter?

Dr. F. My God! Pull yourself together, old man. I've bad news for you.

Dr. B. (*gone white*) It's you that need to pull yourself together. Come, out with it! It isn't it isn't

Dr. F. Yes, it is.

Dr. B. Cancer?

Dr. F. Cancer. Oesophagus involved, too; it's no use operating even. You haven't a month.

* This is genuine. Dr. Bob has really cancer; this is the tragedy of the joke. Dr. F. must indicate this by his manner. But he daren't break it to Mrs. Bob, who thinks throughout that he is acting.

THE EQUINOX

Mrs. B. (*aside*) What splendid acting!

Dr. B. Oh, my God! (*He falls back in his chair, sick and limp.*)

Dr. F. I'm sorry --- I'm awfully sorry --- but it's true.

Dr. B. Oh, my poor wife. Here! Think! Think! How shall we ever break it to her? (*He rises and staggers out of the consulting-room. Seeing MRS. BOB he stops.*)

Mrs. B. (*pretending not to notice his agitation*) Well, dear, and what does Dr. Fielding say?

Dr. B. (*hoarsely*) Nan, I hardly like to tell you. Oh, Nan, it's the very worst. It's the most malignant form of cancer. I haven't a month to live. (*Wildly*) Ha! ha! ha! Dr. Doom'em doomed at last! (*Breaking down*) Oh, Nan, Nan, what am I to say to you? And what am I to do about my work?

Mrs. B. You've been working too much, dear. I dare-say it's not really very bad; and the rest will do you good.

Dr. B. A pretty long rest. From now to the Day of Judgment. And you have nothing better to tell me than the same old lies! Lies! Lies! Here, I've work to do. Good God! —I've work to do.

[*He rushes into the consulting-room and bangs the door.* MRS.

BOB, *hiding her face in her hands to cover her laughter, rushes off L., followed by FIELDING, his face white and sad. He hesitates a moment, stops, and says (aside)*

I can't tell her—I daren't tell her. I must keep up the farce.

[*The door banged by DR. BOB swings open on the rebound, and he is seen at his bureau arranging papers. He completes this work methodically; then goes to a drawer, picks out a hypodermic syringe, and fills it, injects his arm. He*

DOCTOR BOB

then comes to the table, opens a box of cigars, and selects one, then puts it back with a little laugh and takes and lights a cigarette.]

Dr. B. Ten minutes!

[He seats himself comfortably, and puffs at the cigarette. A long pause. MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING return.]

Mrs. B. I must tell him—I must tell him! He's suffering too much. *(Runs in.)* Bob!..... What is it?

Dr. B. I have about seven minutes of life left, Nan. I could not bear to let you see me suffer for a month.

Mrs. B. What do you mean? Oh, don't you see it was all a joke? We wanted you to understand how the people felt when you condemned them. There's nothing the matter with you.

Dr. B. More of your lies. You've killed me with your lies now. I've injected cobra venom, and nothing can save me. Good-bye, Nan!

[She is dazed, staggers, and falls into his arms, fainting.]

A pleasant joke, Fielding. Well, you never had much sense.

[He falls. FIELDING, distracted, walks about, waving his arms in despair. DR. BOB dies. MRS. BOB recovers, and kisses and embraces the corpse, sobbing.]

Mrs. B. I've killed my husband! I've killed my husband!

Dr. F. Mrs. Bob, I can spare you one sorrow. It was no joke. Your husband really had cancer.

Mrs. B. Oh, you can't lie to me!

CURTAIN.

IN LIMINE

(IGNOTLUM PER IGNOTIUS)

O Rose of Death, open thy petals wide!
Aching with infinite sweetnesses within
To crush the wavering insect, and to win
From the deep crimson heart of thee a tide
Of wondrous Life; as when the Crucified,
Hanging in shame to expiate all sin.
Found in the dying thief a soul akin
To His own soul. Is not all Truth allied?

O miracle of miracles sublime,
That all created things should sink to climb!
O mystery incarnate of the soul,
That dies but to be born anew! The whole
One monstrous effigy of Life, that Time
Scrawls with fantastic hands from pole to pole.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE
WOODCUTTER

THE WOODCUTTER

PLACIDE GERVEZ was a woodcutter, like his father and grandfather before him. It is to be supposed that Nature was weary of the procession, for Placide had never married, but lived alone in his hut in the forest of Fontainebleau, just too far from the borders for it ever to be worth his while to go into a village for a drink except on very special occasions. He had even been overlooked for military service; and the Prussians had come and gone without interfering with his chopping. He could not read or write, and his language had many less than half a thousand words.

In such conditions he deserved his Christian name. In the forest even an hour calms the most turbulent spirit; a day will cure most worries; and a week with an axe may be recommended to neurasthenics as more than the equivalent of the most expensive Weir-Mitchell treatment and rest-cures. If fashionable doctors could afford to be honest, they would order work-cures for nine-tenths of their patients.

Forty-eight years with an axe in the forest had turned Placide Gervez into a mixture of Stoic, Cynic, and Epicurean; he boasted the simplicity and fortitude of each in respect of pain, propriety, and pleasure.

The droning hum of the forest, broken rarely by the birds—magpie, crow, cuckoo, and nightingale—meant nothing to him in the summer; nor did the monotonous drip depress him in the winter. The ringing thud of his axe and the crash of the

THE EQUINOX

murdered tree were neither history nor tragedy to him; the comic and the pastoral were equally sealed books, for the forest has neither satyrs nor shepherds. He had no sport, since in his boyhood his father had thrashed him for throwing his axe at a stag; and no society, for the nearest forester thought him a boor. He chopped to live, and lived to chop.

It was the philosopher of the Rue de Chevreuse who cast the grain of sand into the wheels of this approximation to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion. The philosopher was really a painter, but so bad a painter that he was only known as a theorist in the cafe which supplied his *crème de menthe*. There he would hold forth interminably on God and man.

Blessed with such means as a mediocre father's devotion to cutlery and an only son had supplied, it was his habit on occasion to descend into the country. Picture him, if you please, as very short and moderately fat, middle-aged at thirty-two, clad in a bourgeois suit and an artist's tie, a red handkerchief under a black felt hat upon a bushy head garnished with a little beard and moustache, perspiring in a sandy and interminable bridle-path leading from the Long Rocher to nowhere in particular.

These walks he would undertake (a) for his health, (b) to absorb the beauties of nature—as he would often demonstrate. Yet the greatest of philosophers are not always logical, and he would have been compelled to discover other reasons for his choice of company. This consisted of a lady whose age was rendered only more uncertain by her efforts to nail conjecture to the number 25. Her hair paled visibly from

THE WOODCUTTER

the scalp, and her neck darkened visibly from the chin. She had made the fortune of India in rice powder, and of China in vermilion. The extravagance of her person and attire, exaggerated even for the Café d'Harcourt, the fortress whence her sallies, was in Fontainebleau a thing to make earth's guardian angels throw up the sponge.

This was a summer's afternoon; and the strange pair, encountering Placide Gervez as he chopped, accosted him. The philosopher, whose irrelevant name was Théophraste Goulet, drew out a cigarette and offered it to his intended victim. It is impossible in a polite nation to leave a man until you have finished the cigarette he gives you—a man, if he was a man, once gave me an Irish cigarette, but that story is a separate cheque—and Placide could not have cut that knot save with his axe. However, in the first pause of the voluble ass for breath, he pointed to his work, uttered the adjective “Hard,” and continued to chop.

However, the purport of the discourse—in a highly condensed form—was as follows.

God is good, was the First Postulate of Theophrastus. Hence, all God does is good. Hence, since God made man, He meant man to do good. Hence, man should do good. Agreed. Then, what is good? The necessities of life are good, for otherwise no other good were possible without them. Food is good, shelter is good, all that tends to the health of the individual and the reproduction of the species is good. For if not, let food be bad, let art be good. Then, since artists need food, good is based on bad, which is absurd. Agreed, then, that necessary things are good. Yes; but are

THE EQUINOX

these the only good? No; for these benefits absorb only part of the time and energy of man. Is it good to chop wood? Yes, undoubtedly; but it is also good to render woodcutting in art. Then why should not the woodcutter be an artist? Why should he not chop miracles of carving? The Michael Angelo of Fontainebleau? Why not? What does Browning say? "I want to know the butcher paints, the baker rhymes for his pursuit," and so on. Very well; then what do you do that is truly good? That is, unnecessarily, supererogatively, and therefore superlatively good? You, my friend! You chop wood. Good. You cherish a fair wife; you have strong children to defend the fatherland. Good again. You eat, you drink, you make merry: all good. But do you achieve fame? No. Glory? No. Are you a great saint? No. A great artist? No. A great sinner? No. Nothing great? No. Very well, then: not good. Rise up, man! (the peroration) Be not slothful, be ambitious! Be statesman, artist, divine, strategist, inventor; nay, thief or murderer, if you will! But do not be content to chop wood!

During this quarter of an hour of eloquence his was not the only discourse. The fair friend of the philosopher, eager to impress men in her way as he in his, and equally omnivorous, was busy with Placide Gervez. First a sidelong glance struck armour quite impenetrable to such assault, quickly followed by smiles first secret and then open, gestures at first subtle and at last unmistakable, finally by the unspeakable grimace of the tongue which she had learnt in her time at the red-shuttered convent in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Her triumph was that once the woodcutter struck aslant, and swore.

THE WOODCUTTER

Théophraste ended his discourse, and, pleasantly parting, sauntered off with his mistress, arm-in-arm. Neither of them give their victim another thought. Out of the wood they went, and (thank God!) out of the story.

But Placide leant upon his axe and stared after them. In his brain one thought only remained, which Théophraste might have formulated logically as “Some men do not chop wood.” And in his heart and eye was a dull animal lust. Two strangers had come to his soul’s Inn. There being only one room, he put them to bed together, in this form of something like it: “Chop—chop—chop—chop; I’m sick of it. Even if I had a fine girl from Paris like that, what could I do but chop—chop—chop—chop?”

For the first time in his life he went home half an hour earlier than his custom, to the accompaniment of a terrific thunderstorm that rolled up from the valley of the Loing and fell like night upon the forest, like a dark winter’s night that afternoon of May.

He was wet to the skin before he reached his hut. Opening the door, he glowered with dull surprise. Equally wet, standing in one corner and wringing out a blouse, was a girl of about twenty years old, an Amazon maid. He could see that she was a lady—that is, that she was not a villager; but he had no means of knowing that she was the Honourable Diana Villiers-Jernyngham-Ketteringham.

Placide spoke a patois that a Parisian might have surmised to be Cherokee, and Diana’s boarding-school French would have been given up by that Parisian as no earthly language at all.

THE EQUINOX

She told him that she was staying at the Savoy Hotel at Fontainebleau, and had gone for a walk and lost her way in the forest; and she asked him how far was it to the nearest village, and would he please take her there, and she would give him money.

All this while Placide lit his fire, and proceeded to cook beans. He did not understand her, or try to understand her. There was a strange animal in his hut, possibly a human animal; it might like beans; he would offer it beans. It was not his affair; his affair was to chop—chop—chop—chop.

Diana was a little afraid of this silent beast at first. But the offer of food seemed kindly, and she ate some beans lest he should take offence, found them surprisingly good, nodded satisfaction, and even asked for more.

This part concluded, she went to the door. The rain poured unceasingly; the forest stood in pools; and it was too dark to tell one tree from another. The woodcutter joined her, shook his head, said “far” and “to-morrow,” and pointed to a heap of straw.

This strong-minded young lady knew when to bow to the inevitable; she took an armful of the straw, and retiring with it to the other end of the hut, made the sleep sign which every savage understands, and lay down.

Placide Gervez grunted assent, and lying down with a surly “Bon soir” dropped instantly to sleep. How was he to know what dreams would echo his quarter of an hour with the two philosophers of Paris?

About eleven o'clock the next morning some the well-horsed search-party from Fontainebleau reached the hut.

THE WOODCUTTER

At the door, as carefully stacked as the rest, they found the severed limbs of the Honourable Diana. And in the forest the cheery, ringing thud of his axe led them to Placide Gervez, quietly, manfully chopping.

They told him of a Widow Lady in Paris who could beat him at his own game.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LA FOIRE

I

La Géante.

Ah! je suis fou d'amour pour la grasse géante,
Du rire sardonique et des regards hautains,
Démangeaisons de l'âme et cançère des reins!
Les nichons sanglantes, la crevasse béante
M'attirent, me collent à la noire et la puante
Peau qui sent d'Afrique tout le velours malsain,
De cruauté, de mort, d'eunuque, de putain,
La nuit tragique, affreuse—et oh! mais enivrante!

Sale et salé, ton corps! Ton âme crapuleuse
Vaut bien l'amphisboene des mares vénéneuses:—
Que je m'y noye, sucer de tes impurs crachats
L'immondice d'enfer, d'où démon, tu sortis
Y perdre les enfants d'un Dieu anéanti
Par sortilège noir de tes poilus sabbats!

II

La Naine

Monstre effrayant, plus vil que tout autre animal,
Corps comique—écrasé d'un ventre de catin!—
Chef d'œuvre de blasphême, enfanté du Malin,
Insecte infecte, honteux et quand meme banal,
J'ajoute ton portrait au cortège infernal
De mes amours pourris. Ton glabre et libertin
Caresse vaut l'ivresse—oh! verse-moi le vin!
Un tel carême fait oublier le carnaval.

C'est l'amour? le dégoût? le luxure? la haine?
Je n'en sais rien: le Dieu qui t'a difformé, naine,
Me jette dans ton lit, me soumet, corps et âme,
A tes pieds, à l'amour brutal et hystérique.
Ce baiser à la fois ridicule et lubrique
Evoque de Satan l'image—et le dictame!

BARBEY DE ROCHECHOUART.

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

MURIEL MADDOX was a blonde frail piquant thing, a fluffy baby of nineteen easy summers. But she was a hard-working orphan, too, with no relations but a semi-mythical brother on the Yukon who had not found enough gold to send her any; and she earned her living—two pounds a week—as violinist to the splendid tea-parties of the Hotel Escoffier. Her liking for Professor Zircon was little more than a child's, though the shaggy-headed old analyst told another story to his brother experts at the War Office. And indeed, though her nature was incapable of great passion, what she had she gave, and to the innocence of a child added a dog's fidelity and trust. Professor Zircon was a happy old man; he called her his Chloride of Gold. Muriel means salt, you know, he would explain to the fellows at the club, and salt is a compound of hydrochloric or muriatic acid—I wonder if we shall produce a little Zirconium Chloride! At this jest thus elaborated he was wont to laugh seven time a week; and trot happily back to his house in Kensington for dinner. Seven times a week he would let himself in through the laboratory and pretend surprise when he found Muriel reading a novelette in his own armchair.

“What, what! and how the deuce did you get in?” or “Tut! tut! my dear madam, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?” or “I beg a thousand pardons, madam, I really thought this was my house,” and Muriel, genuinely pleased and amused, would enter into the little comedy,

THE EQUINOX

always ending up with kisses in the old armchair, and a dainty dinner.

This had continued for nearly three years with no interruption but once when the Professor's wife, from whom he had long been separated, succeeded in getting into the house on some pretence, and creating a very considerable uproar before the professor and his butler could master her rage. She was a big muscular woman from Australia with the body of a tiger and the temper of a snake. She would have made a winning fight of it but for Zircon's adroit sortie to the laboratory and timely return with a bottle of chloroform.

The professor dined alone that night; at the very outset of the battle Muriel had fled in tears to the little room in Walham Green where she lived under the alleged guardianship of a most paunchy ex-dresser.

No other incident disturbed the ripples of their harmless, petty liaison. Even the earlier rumours of the brother in Alaska had died down to folk-lore. The Professor had never got away from his work in time to hear her play the fiddle; anyhow, he hated music. Nor had Muriel ever stayed too late to alarm her landlady, who thought she played at supper as well as at tea. The illness of the Secretary of War alarmed only the German Ambassador, who could not be positive that in case of his death an accident might not happen and a capable person be appointed to the post. The annoyance of his death—telephoned to the Office at three o'clock one afternoon—was concentrated on Professor Zircon, torn away from a compound with half the Greek Alphabet dotted about its name by a white-haired little Colonel who

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

assured him that it really wasn't decent. "We won't go to the Club, dear man. We'll just drop in at the Escoffier for tea." The Professor grunted an assent; but he was more than half pleased. He wondered what his fairy looked like in her butterfly wings.

The lounge of the Escoffier was full of people; but right across the room Professor Zircon could see Muriel with cornflowers in her yellow-ashen hair and her simple muslin dress. But she wore the diamonds he had given her, a string of starlight at her neck. How well he remembered that evening! He had taken her into the laboratory and heated up some sugar with sulphuric acid, loving her amazement as it swelled and blackened. "That is carbon now," he had said, "if we could only crystalize it, what splendid diamonds we could have! But we can't—not to any effect. Diamonds are always found in a kind of blue mud—I suppose there can't be any here?" leading her to a box full of modelling clay which he used in some of his experiments. And he made her dive and dirty her dear little fingers ever so, before she ran against the necklace. And when they retrieved it quite, and washed it, and he put it round her neck for her very own!

She played in her demure, modest way; not very good, but pleasing enough to people who only wanted an excuse for not having to think sufficiently to talk while they wolfed *foie gras* and watercress, muffins and eclairs, cheesecakes and hot buttered toast. And she seemed to care as little for them as they for her.

The Professor and the Colonel had risen to go.

THE EQUINOX

“That’s my little Muriel—I call her the Spirit of Salt—ha! ha! ho!” “A damn nice little bit of fluff—damn lucky boy!” growled the Colonel, winking at a chorus girl (in two thousand pounds worth of furs) whose salary was thirty shillings a week.

Suddenly the Professor paled. A last glance over his shoulder showed him that a bearded man had risen and was handing a flower to Muriel. And Muriel was blushing and trembling with some emotion too profound to estimate, but clear enough to the analyst.

When a man has detected a thousandth of a grain of atropine in the carcass of a barmaid, he does not hesitate to read the heart of a girl. And as a Government expert he was clothed with official infallibility—a triple buckler.

He went on casually talking to the Colonel for a few minutes before politeness allowed him to throw himself into a moving taxicab and roar his address at the astonished driver. It was the first time he had come home to an empty house since he had picked up Muriel on an omnibus and carried her off to a discreet Italian restaurant near Sloane Square where a flask of Chianti emptied to the bottom had left not a dreg of discretion.

The arm-chair shocked him. This was the last time that she would sit in it, the false little harlot! The eternal emptiness of things, the unbreakable solitude of life, struck a chill to his marrow. How was he to know that only by uttermost surrender of the self to the Beloved can that curse be broken?

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

Then a gleam of sanity crossed the bigoted scientific mind of the man. She might be able to explain. But he brushed away the idea. How can a fact ever be upset?

Credulity itself is reason compared to the mind of the logician who has once allowed emotion to infect his brain, who has missed the factor of the personal equation.

The idea returned. So long she had sat there in her childish purity that the conservatism of his hard old brain reacted. It could not be. Things could not change. Yet? In the upshot he was English enough to try her before condemning her, German enough to lay a trap for her in the very nature of that trial.

His consideration passed from judgment to execution, and his face set like a mask. Ultimately he went to a small safe in the wall, took out a half-hoop diamond ring, and dropped it into the coal-scuttle. Reward or punishment! Either the old trick—or a new one! He turned on his heel and went softly into the laboratory.

Meanwhile Muriel Madox tripped along from the Escoffier in the bright February air. Her heart was very light and very anxious. The incident of the afternoon—should she tell the Professor? Concealment was foreign to her nature; for the first time in her life she hesitated. How would it affect their relations?

It would be better to think it over, to sleep on it. It never occurred to her for a moment that the Professor might already know. In the end she decided to say nothing; but so absorbed had been her tiny brain in its little problem that

THE EQUINOX

she forgot the obvious corollary of removing the flower from her dress.

She was nestled in the arm-chair when the old analyst tiptoed into the room and clapped his hands over her eyes. "Who is it?" said he gaily.

"Why, you're Jack from Alaska, of course," she answered, laughing. "Guess again?" And the child guessed the German Emperor, and Lewis Waller, and everyone else she could think of. "Wrong." "Wrong." "Wrong." "Why," she cried, jumping up and facing him, "it's Professor Zircon! The last person in the world I should have expected to find here!"

She threw her arms round his neck and called him a "dear silly."

"Well, what's the news, child?"

"No news. I'm so sorry the chief's dead."

"Doesn't matter to me. What a pretty flower in your dress!"

She had an instinct of sudden and terrible danger; and lied instantly. "I bought it for your buttonhole." And she fastened it there.

Professor Zircon called her a sweet, thoughtful fairy, and gave her a kiss. Such a shudder ran through him as rarely stirred his veins. He had some flash of memory, of Judas, perhaps, signalled across the forty years since he had heard the legend of the Gospels at his mother's knee.

"But there is news!" he added gaily. "I'm going to show you my great discovery. I've found out how to make

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

diamonds. Just crystallizing coal, you see; so simple when you know how to do it. Wait a minute! And he fetched a small electric machine from the laboratory and solemnly made it spark in the coal-scuttle. There! he announced triumphantly. Now we'll see if we've managed to crystallize any coal!"

So the child began to hunt in the scuttle, and in a few minutes found the ring glittering in its dusty setting, like the eyes of a snake in the jungle.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Oh, you old fraud! You said nothing about making gold!"

"Ah! that's a little accident," replied the Professor. "Discoveries never come singly."

"And is it really for me? All my very own?"

"Who else should it be for, darling?"

"You're a darling sweet boy."

"Run away and wash your hands! I've warmed up your own element for you, you dear little Spirit of Salt!"

She ran gleefully into the laboratory. On the bench stood the basin she had used so often, with the soap and towels neatly at its side. She seized the soap, and plunged both hands into the nearly boiling hydrochloric acid. Then she turned her head to him, her mouth a tragic square, incapable even of uttering even a shriek.

"How will you play the fiddle," screamed Zircon, "with no fingers? How will you play the harlot? I saw you and your lover. There's his flower!" He flung it at her. "But I'm even with you—Oh! I'm even with you!" And he foamed into a spate of the filthiest abuse.

It broke the spell. Scream after scream broke from her

THE EQUINOX

mouth until, choking with their very volume, her voice broke to a strangled yell, and the agony of the acid bit into her soul. She fell on the floor fainting.

“Vile thing!” screamed Zircon, spurning her with his foot. He choked: his brain fell suddenly clear with the lucidity of intellect. He walked into the dining-room, and whistled as he walked. There he sat down. The next move in his infernal revenge was the waking of Muriel, and that might be soon or late. He had not calculated the effect of waiting; his nerves cried out. For the first time he had a glimpse of the doctrine of eternal punishment—perceived that the resurrection of the body was no necessary condition. Tortured, he gazed upon the second hand of his watch. He could have sworn it stopped, when it shook and staggered on with the importance of Big Ben, and he realized that his own time-sense was radically upset. He wondered if it was the same with her—the devil in him gloated.

“A gentleman to see you, sir!” said he butler, opening the door. “He wouldn’t give his name!”

“I’ll see him,” said Zircon, as blithe as a lark. “Show him in!”

In strode the bearded stranger of the afternoon.

“You damned scoundrel!” he addressed the smiling Professor. “So this is where my sister spends her evenings! Be good enough to explain——” He broke off, for the Professor had thrust both hands deep into his trouser pockets and leant back against the bookcase, laughing, laughing, laughing.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE
SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION
OF THE
UNIVERSE

DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE
THROUGH THE SKRYING OF

SIR EDWARD KELLY

PART II
THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

These are Most Solemn Invocations. Use these only after other invocations. Key tablet hath 6 calls, 1 above other 5.

1: Governs generally as a whole the tablet of Union. Use it *first* in all invocations of Angels of that tablet, but not at all with other 4 tables.

2: Used as an invocation of Angels E H N B representing governance of Spirit in the Tablet of Union: also precedes, *in the second place*, all invocations of Key tablet Angels. Not used in invocations of 4 other tables.

3, 4, 5, 6: Used in invocations of Angels of Tablet of Union, *also* of angels of 4 terrestrial tablets, thus—

3: Used to invoke Angels of the letters of the line
e x a r p

For those of Tablet ORO as a whole and for the lesser angle of this tablet, which is that of the element itself, *viz.* i d o i g o. So for others—

The remaining 12 Keys refer to the remaining lesser angles of the tables, the order of the elements being Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

Pronounce Elemental language (also called Angelic or Enochian) by inserting the next following Hebrew vowel between consonants, *e.g.* e after b (bEth), i after g (gImel), a after d, etc.

THE EQUINOX

THE OPENING OF THE PORTAL OF THE VAULT OF THE ADEPTS

ה . כ . ר . פ . PAROKETH, the Veil of the Sanctuary.
The Sign of the Rending of the Veil.
The Sign of the Closing of the Veil.
[Give these.]

Make the Invoking Pentagrams of Spirit.

In the number 21, in the grand word אלה;

In the Name יהשה, in the Pass Word I.N.R.I.,

O Spirits of the Tablet of Spirit,
Ye, ye I invoke!
The sign of Osiris slain!
The sign of the mourning of Isis!
The sign of Apophis and Typhon!
The sign of Osiris Risen!
L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.
[Give these.]

In the name of I H V H A L V H V D O Th. I declare
that the Spirits of Spirit have been duly invoked

[The Knock 1—4444]

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE FIRST KEY¹

OL sonuf vaoresaji, gohu IAD Balata, elanusaha caelazod: sopra zod-ol Roray i ta nazodapesad, Giraa ta maelpereji, das hoel-qo qaa notahoa zodimezod, od comemahe ta nobeloha zodien; soba tahil ginonupe pereje aladi, das vaurebes obolehe giresam. Casarem ohorela caba Pire: das zodonurenusagi cab: erem Iadanahe. Pilahe farezodem zodenurezoda adana gono Iadpiel das home-tohe soba ipame lu ipamis: das sobolo vepé zodomeda poamal, od bogipa aai ta piape Piamoel od Vaoan!² Zodacare, eca, od zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa; zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, Hoathahe I A I D A !

86 words in this Enochian Call.

[Invokes the whole Tablet of Spirit]

THE FIRST KEY

I REIGN over ye, saith the God of Justice, in power exalted above the Firmament of Wrath, in whose hands the Sun is as a sword, and the Moon as a through thrusting Fire: who measureth your Garments in the midst of my Vestures, and trussed you together as the palms of my hands. Whose seats I garnished with the Fire of Gathering, and beautified your garments with admiration. To whom I made a law to govern the Holy Ones, and delivered ye a Rod, with the Ark of Knowledge. Moreover you lifted up your voices and sware obedience and faith to Him that liveth and triumpheth:

¹ Collation of the various MSS. of these calls has not done away with Various Readings; and there is not enough of the language extant to enable a settlement on general principles.—ED.

² Read here Vooan in invocations of the Fallen Spirits.

THE EQUINOX

whose beginning is not, nor end cannot be : which shineth as a flame in the midst of your palaces, and reigneth amongst you as the balance of righteousness and truth!

Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

169 words in this English Call.

THE SECOND KEY

ADAGITA vau-pa-ahe zodonugonu fa-a-ipe salada! Vi-i-vau el! Sobame ial-pereji i-zoda-zodazod pi-adapehe casarema aberameji ta ta-labo paracaleda qo-ta lores-el-qo turebesa ooge balatohe! Giui cahisa lusada oreri od micalapape cahisa bia ozodonugonu! lape noanu tarofe coresa tage o-quo maninu IA-I-DON. Torezodu! gohe-el, zodacare eca ca-no-quoda! zodameranu micalazodo od ozodazodame vaurelape; lape zodir IOIAD!

THE SECOND KEY

CAN the Wings of the Winds understand your voices of Wonder? O you! the second of the First! whom the burning flames have framed in the depths of my Jaws! Whom I have prepared as cups for a wedding, or as the flowers in their beauty for the chamber of Righteousness! Stronger are your feet than the barren stone, and mightier are your voices than the manifold winds! For you are become a building such as is not, save in the Mind of the All-Powerful.

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

Arise, saith the First: Move thereofre unto his servants!
Shew yourselves in power, and make me a strong Seer-of-
things: for I am of Him that liveth for ever!

[Invokes: The File of Spirit in the Tablet of Spirit.

E—The Root of the Powers of Air.

H—The Root of the Powers of Water.

N—The Root of the Powers of Earth.

B—The Root of the Powers of Fire.

The Four Aces.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF 2°=9□

GIVE the Sign of Shu.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Air!

Shaddai El Chai! Almighty and ever-living One, be Thy
Name ever magnified in the Life of All. (Sign of Shu.)
Amen!

[Make the Invoking Penta-
gram of Spirit Active
in these names: } AHIH.
AGLA.
EXARP.]

[Make the Invoking Penta-
gram of Air in these
names: } IHVH.
ShDI AL ChI.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Adam in our own image,
after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fowls
of the air.

In the Names of IHVH and of ShDI AL ChI, Spirits of
Air, adore your Creator!

THE EQUINOX

[With air-dagger (or other suitable weapon) make the sign of Aquarius.] In the name of RPAL and in the Sign of the Man, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Eastern Quadrangle, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Hold dagger aloft.] In the Three great Secret Names of God, ORO IBAH AOZPI that are borne upon the Banners of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Again elevate dagger.] In the Name of BATAIVAH, great King of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Shaddai AL Chai, I declare that the Spirits of Air have been duly invoked.

[The Knock 333—333—333.]

THE THIRD KEY

MICAMA! goho Pe-IAD! zodir com-selahe azodien biabe os-lon-dohe. Norezodacahisa otahila Gigipahe; vaunud-el-cahisa ta-pu-ime qo-mos-pelehe telocahe; qui-i-inu toltoregi cahisa i cahisji em ozodien; dasata beregida od torezodul! Ili e-Ol balazodareji, od aala tahilanu-os netaabe: daluga vaomesareji elonusa cape-mi-ali vaoresa *cala* homila cocasabe fafenu izodizodope, od miinoagi de ginetaabe: vaunu na-na-e-el panupire malpireji caosaji. Pilada noanu vaunalahe balata od-vaoan. Do-o-i-a-pe mada: goholore, gohus, amiranu! Micama! Yehusozod ca-ca-com, od do-o-a-inu noari mica-olazoda a-ai-om. Casarameji gohia: Zodacare! Vaunigilaji! od im-ua-mar pugo pelapel Ananael Qo-a-an.

80 words in this Enochian Call.

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE THIRD KEY

BEHOLD! saith your God! I am a circle on whose hands stand Twelve Kingdoms. Six are the seats of living breath: the rest are as sharp sickles or the Horns of Death. Wherein the creatures of Earth are and are not, except (in) mine own hands; which sleep and shall rise!

In the First I made ye stewards and placed ye in twelve seats of government: giving unto every one of you power successively over the 456 true ages of time: to the intent that from the highest vessels and the corners of your governments you might work my Power, pouring down the fires of life and increase continually on the earth. Thus you are become the skirts of Justice and Truth.

In the name of the same your God, lift up, I say, yourselves!

Behold! his mercies flourish and (His) Name is become mighty among us. In whom we say: Move! Descend! and apply yourselves unto us as unto the partakers of His Secret Wisdom in your Creation.

167 words in this English Call.

[Invokes: Exarp; the whole Tablet of Air.

The angle of Δ of Δ .

The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds.]

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

[Elevate cup.] In the Name of RAAGIOSEL, great King of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Elohim Tzabaoth, I declare that the Spirits of Water have been duly invoked.

[The Knock 1—333—1—333.]

THE FOURTH KEY

OTAHIL elasadi babaje, od dorepaha gohol: gi-cahisaje auauago coremepe *peda*, dasonuf vi-vau-di-vau? Casaremi oeli *meapeme* sobame agi corempo carep-el: casaremeji caro-odazodi cahisa od vaugeji; dasata ca-pi-mali cahisa ca-pi-ma-on: od elonusahinu cahisa ta el-o *calaa*. Torezodu nor-quasahi od fe-caosaga: Bagile zodir e-na-IAD: das iod apila! Do-o-a-ipe quo-A-AL, zodacare! Zodameranu obelisonugi resat-el aaf nor-mo-lapi!

THE FOURTH KEY

I HAVE set my feet in the South, and have looked about me, saying: are not the thunders of increase numbered 33, which reign in the second Angle?

Under whom I have placed 9639: whom none hath yet numbered, but One; in whom the Second Beginnings of Things are and wax strong, which also successively are the Numbers of Time: and their powers are as the first 456.

Arise! you sons of Pleasure! and visit the earth: for I am the Lord your God; which is and liveth (for ever)! In the name of the Creator, move! and shew yourselves as

THE EQUINOX

pleasant deliverers, that you may praise him among the sons of men!

[Invokes: hcoma; the whole Tablet of Water.

The angle of ∇ of ∇ .

The Queen of the Thrones of Water.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF $\Gamma^{\circ}=\Gamma^{\circ}$

GIVE the Sign of the God SET fighting.

Purify with Fire and Water, and announce “The Temple is cleansed.”

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Earth!

Adonai ha Aretz, Adonai Melekh, unto Thee be the Kingdom, the Sceptre, and the Splendour: Malkuth, Geburah, Gedulah, The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, Amen!

[Sprinkle Salt before Earth tablet.] Let the Earth adore Adonai!

[Make the Invoking Hexagram of Saturn.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of Spirit Passive and pronounce these names: } AHIH.
AGLA
NANTA.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of Earth, and pronounce this Name: } ADNI MLK.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Man in Our own image; and let them have dominion over the Fish of the Sea and over the Fowl of the Air; and over every creeping thing that

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

creepeth upon the Earth. And the Elohim created ATh-h-ADAM: in the image of the Elohim created They them; male and female created They them. In the Name of ADNI MLK and of the Bride and Queen of the Kingdom; Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Sign of Taurus.] In the name of AVRIAL, great archangel of Earth, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Northern Quadrangle, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Sprinkle water before Earth Tablet.] In the three great secret Names of God, MOR, DIAL, HCTGA, that are borne upon the Banners of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Cense the Tablet.] In the name of IC-ZOD-HEH-CAL, great King of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Adonai Ha-Aretz, I declare that the Spirits of Earth have been duly invoked.

The Knock 4444—333—22—I.

THE FIFTH KEY

SAPAHE zodimii du-i-be, od noasa ta qu-a-nis, adarocahe dorepehal caosagi od faonutas peripesol ta-be-liore. Casareme A-me-ipezodi na-zodarethe *afa*; od dalugare zodizodope zodelida caosaji tol-toregi; od zod-cahisa esiasacahe. El ta-vi-vau; od iao-d tahlilada das hubare *pe-o-al*; soba coremeffa cahisa ta Ela Vaulasa od Quo-Co-Casabe. Eca niisa od darebesa quoa-asa: fetahe-ar-ezodi od beliora: ia-ial eda-nasa cicales; bagile Ge-iad I-el!

THE EQUINOX

THE FIFTH KEY

The mighty sounds have entered into the third angle, and are become as olives in the Olive Mount; looking with gladness upon the earth, and dwelling in the brightness of the Heavens as continual Comforters.

Unto whom I fastened 19 Pillars of Gladness, and gave them vessels to water the earth with her creatures; and they are the brothers of the First and Second, and the beginning of their own seats, which are garnished with 69,636 ever-burning lamps: whose numbers are as the First, the Ends, and the Contents of Time.

Therefore come ye and obey your creation: visit us in peace and comfort: conclude us receivers of your mysteries: for why? Our Lord and Master is the All-One!

[Invokes: Nanta; the whole Tablet of Earth.

The angle of ∇ of ∇ .

The Princess of the Echoing Hills, the Rose of the Palace of Earth.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF $4^{\circ}=7^{\square}$

GIVE the Sign of Thoum-aesh-neith.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Fire!

Tetragrammaton Tzabaoth! Blessed be Thou! The Leader of Armies is Thy Name! AMEN!

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of Spirit Active and pronounce these names: } AHIH.
AGLA.
BITOM.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of Fire, and pronounce: } ALHIM.
IHVH TzBAVTh.]

[Make the sign of Leo with censer (or other suitable weapon).] In the name of MIKAL, archangel of Fire, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Southern Quadrangle, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Elevate censer.] In the three Secret Names of God, OIP TEAA PDOCE, that are borne upon the banners of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Lower and lift censer.] In the Name of EDELPERNA, great King of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

In the Name of IHVH TzBAVTh, I declare that the Spirits of Fire have been duly invoked.

The Knock 333—1—333.

THE SIXTH KEY

GAHE sa-div cahisa *em*, micalazoda Pil-zodinu, sobam El haraji babalonu od obeloce samevelaji, dalagare malapereji ar-caosaji od *acame* canale, sobola zodare fa-beliareda caosaji od cahisa aneta-na miame ta Viv od Da. Daresare Sol-petahe-bienu. Be-ri-ta od zodacame ji-mi-calazodo: sob-hatahe tariana luia-he od ecarinu MADA Qu-a-a-on!

THE EQUINOX

THE SIXTH KEY

THE Spirits of the fourth angle are Nine, Mighty in the Firmament of Waters: whom the First hath planted, a torment to the wicked and a garland to the righteous: giving unto them fiery darts to vanne the earth, and 7699 continual workmen, whose courses visit with comfort the earth; and are in government and continuance as the Second and the Third—

Therefore hearken unto my voice! I have talked of you, and I move you in power and in presence, and the praise of your God in your Creation!

[Invokes: bitom; the whole Tablet of Fire.

The angle of Δ of Δ .

The Lord of the Flame and the Lightning,
the King of the Spirits of Fire.]

THE SEVENTH KEY

RA-ASA isalamanu para-di-zoda oe-cari-mi aao iala-pire-gahe Qui-inu. Enai butamonu od inoasa *ni* pa-ra-diala. Casa-remeji ujeare cahirelanu, od zodonace lucifatianu, caresa ta vavale-zodirenu tol-hami. Soba lonudohe od nuame cahisa ta Da o Desa vo-ma-dea od pi-beliare itahile rita od miame ca-ni-quola rita! Zodacare! Zodameranu! Iecarimi Quo-a-dahe od I-mica-ol-zododa aaiome. Bajirele papenore idalugama elonusahi—od umapelifa vau-ge-ji Bijil-IAD!

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE SEVENTH KEY

THE East is a house of Virgins singing praises among the flames of first glory wherein the Lord hath opened his mouth; and they are become as 28 living dwellings in whom the strength of man rejoiceth; and they are appalled with ornaments of brightness, such as work wonders on all creatures. Whose kingdoms and continuance are as the Third and Fourth strong towers and places of comfort, the Seats of Mercy and Continuance. O ye Servants of Mercy, Move! Appear! Sing praises unto the Creator; and be mighty among us. For that to this remembrance is given power, and our strength waxeth strong in our Comforter!

[Invokes the Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle
The Queen of the Thrones of Air.]

THE EIGHTH KEY

BAZODEMELO i ta pi-ripesonu olanu Na-zodavabebe ox. Casaremeji varanu cahisa vaugeji asa berameji balatoha: goho IAD. Soba miame tarianu ta lolacis Abaivoninu od azodiajere riore. Irejila cahisa da das pa-aox busada Caosago, das cahisa od ipuranu telocahe cacureji o-isalamahe lonucaho od Vovina carebafe? NIISO! bagile avagao gohon. NIISO! bagile momao siaionu, od mabezoda IAD oi asa-momare poilape. NIIASA! Zodameranu ciasi caosago od belioerasa od coresi ta a beramiji.

THE EQUINOX

THE EIGHTH KEY

The Midday, the first is as the third Heaven made of 26 Hyacinthine Pillars, in whom the Elders are become strong, which I have prepared for mine own Righteousness, saith the Lord: whose long continuance shall be as bucklers to the Stooping Dragon, and like unto the harvest of a Widow. How many are there which remain in the Glory of the Earth, which are, and shall not see Death until the House fall and the Dragon sink? Come away! for the Thunders (of increase) have spoken. Come away! for the Crowns of the Temple and the Robe of Him that is, was, and shall be crowned are divided! Come forth! Appear! to the terror of the Earth, and to our comfort, and to the comfort of such as are prepared.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .

The Princess of the Rushing Winds, the Lotus of the
Palace of Air.

THE NINTH KEY

MICAOLI beranusaji perejela napeta ialapore, das barinu efafaje *Pe* vaunupeho olani od obezoda, soba-ca upaahe cahisa tatanu od taranano balie, alare busada so-bolunu od cahisa hoel-qo ca-no-quodi *cial*. Vaunesa aladonu mom caosago ta iasa olalore ginai limelala. Amema cahisa sobra madarida zod cahisa! Ooa moanu cahisa avini darilapi caosajinu: od butamoni pareme zodumebi canilu. Dazodisa etahamezoda cahisa dao, od mireka ozodola cahisa pidiai Colalala. Ul ci

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

ninu a sobame ucime. Bajile? IAD BALATOHE cahirelanu pare! NIISO! od upe ofafafe; bajile a-cocasahe icoresaka a uniji beliore.

THE NINTH KEY

A MIGHTY guard of Fire with two-edged swords flaming (which have eight Vials of wrath for two times and a half, whose wings are of wormwood and the marrow of salt) have set their feet in the West, and are measured with their 9996 ministers. These gather up the moss of the Earth as the rich man doth his Treasure. Cursed are they whose iniquities they are! In their eyes are mill-stones greater than the earth, and from their mouths run seas of blood. Their heads are covered with diamonds, and upon their heads are marble stones.¹ Happy is he on whom they frown not. For why? The Lord of Righteousness rejoiceth in them! Come away, and not your Vials: for the time is such as requireth Comfort.

The Angle of \triangle of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Lord of the Winds and Breezes, the King of the
Spirits of Air.

THE TENTH KEY

CORAXO cahisi coremepe, od belanusa Lucala azodiazodore paebe Soba iisononu cahisa uirequo *ope* copehanu od racalire maasi bajile caosagi; das yalaponu dosiji od basajime; od ox

¹ v.l. "Upon their hands are marble sleeves."

THE EQUINOX

ex dazodisa od salaberoxa cynuxire faboanu. Vaunala cahisa conusata das *daox* cocasa ol Oanio yore vohima ol jizodyazoda od eoresa cocasaji pelosi molui das pajeipe, laraji same darolanu matorebe cocasaji emena. El pataralaxa yolaci matabe nomiji mononusa olora junayo anujelareda. Ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! noibe Ohyo! caosagonu! Bajile madarida i zodiropo cahiso darisapa! NIISO! caripe ipe nidali!

THE TENTH KEY

THE Thunders of Judgement and Wrath are numbered and are harboured in the North, in the likeness of an Oak whose branches are 22 nests of lamentation and weeping laid up for the earth: which burn night and day, and vomit out the heads of scorpions, and live sulphur mingled with poison. These be the thunders that, 5678 times in the twenty-fourth part of a moment, roar with a hundred mighty earthquakes and a thousand times as many surges, which rest not, neither know any¹ time here. One rock bringeth forth a thousand, even as the heart of man doth his thoughts. Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Yea, Woe be to the Earth, for her iniquity is, was, and shall be great. Come away! but not your mighty sounds!

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters.

¹ v.l. "Any echoing time between."

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE ELEVENTH KEY

OXIAYALA holado, od zodirome *O* coraxo das zodiladare raasyo. Od vabezodire cameliaxa od bahala: NIISO! salamanu telocahe! Casaremanu hoel-qo, od ti ta zod cahisa soba coremefa i ga. NIISA! bagile aberameji nonuçape. Zodacare eca od Zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A!

THE ELEVENTH KEY

THE mighty Seat ground, and there were five Thunders that flew into the East. And the Eagle spake and cried aloud: Come away from the House of Death! And they gathered themselves together and became (those) of whom it is measured, and it is as They are, whose number is 31. Come away! For I have prepared (a place) for you. Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .

The Princess of the Waters, the Lotus of the Palace of the Floods.

THE TWELFTH KEY

NONUCI dasonuf Babaje od cahisa *ob* habaio tibibipe: alalare ataraahe od ef! Dirix fafenu *mianu* ar Enayo ovoj! Soba dooainu aai i VONUPEHE. Zodacare, gohusa, od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A!

THE EQUINOX

THE TWELFTH KEY

O YE that range in the South and are as the 28 Lanterns of Sorrow, bind up your girdles and visit us! bring down your train 3663 (servitors), that the Lord may be magnified, whose name amongst ye is Wrath. Move! I say, and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .

The Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the Hosts of the Sea.

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

NAPEAI Babajehe das berinu *vax* ooaona larinuji vonupehe doalime: conisa olalogi oresaha das cahisa afefa. Micama isaro Mada od Lonu-sahi-toxa, das ivaumeda aai Jirosabe. Zodacare od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

O YE Swords of the South, which have 42 eyes to stir up the wrath of Sin: making men drunken which are empty: Behold the Promise of God, and His Power, which is called amongst ye a bitter sting! Move and Appear! unveil the mysteries of your Creation; for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .

The Prince of the Chariot of Earth.

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

NORONI bajihie pasahasa Oiada! das tarinuta mireca *ol* tahila dodasa tolahame caosago *homida*: das berinu orocahe *quare*: Micama! Bial' Oiad; aisaro toxa das ivame aai Balatima. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

O YE Sons of Fury, the Daughters of the Just One! that sit upon 24 seats, vexing all creatures of the Earth with age, that have 1636 under ye. Behold! The voice of God; the promise of Him who is called amongst ye Fury or Extreme Justice. Move and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Queen of the Thrones of Earth.

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

ILASA! tabaanu li-El pereta, casaremanu upaahi cahisa *dareji*; das oado caosaji oresacore: das omaxa monasaçi Baeouibe od emetajisa Iaiadix. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE EQUINOX

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

O THOU, the Governer of the first Flame, under whose wings are 6739; that weave the Earth with dryness: that knowest the Great Name “Righteousness,” and the Seal of Honour. Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

The Angle of Δ of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .

The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land, the King of the Spirits of Earth.

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

ILASA viviala pereta! Salamanu balata, das acaró odazodi busada, od belioraxa balita: das inusi caosaji lusadanu *emoda*: das ome od taliobe: darilape iehe ilasa Mada Zódilodarepe. Zódacare od Zódameranu. Odo cicale Qaa: zódoreje, lape zódiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

O THOU second Flame, the House of Justice, which hast the beginning in glory and shall comfort the Just: which walkest upon the Earth with 8763 feet, which understand and separate creatures! Great art thou in the God of Stretch forth and Conquer. Move and appear! Unveil the mysteries

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Prince of the Chariot of Fire.

THE SEVENTEENTH KEY

ILASA dial pereta! soba vaupaaha cahisa nanuba zodixalayo dodasihe od berinuta *faxisa* hubaro tasatax yolasa: soba Iad *i* Vonupehe o Uonupehe: aladonu dax ila od toatare! Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE SEVENTEENTH KEY

O THOU third Flame! whose wings are thorns to stir up vexation, and who hast 7336 living lamps going before Thee: whose God is “Wrath in Anger”: Gird up thy loins and hearken! Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Queen of the Thrones of Flame.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

ILASA micalazoda olapireta ialpereji belioresa: das odo Busadire Oiad ouoaresa caosago: casaremeji Laiada *eranu*

THE EQUINOX

berinutasa cafafame das ivemeda aqoso adoho Moz, od maof-
fasa. Bolape como belioeta pamebata. Zodacare od Zoda-
meranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada,
hoathahe I A I D A.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

O THOU mighty Light and burning Flame of Comfort!
that unveilest the Glory of God to the centre of the Earth, in
whom the 6332 secrets of Truth have their abiding, that is
called in thy kingdom “Joy” and not to be measured. Be thou
a window of comfort unto me! Move and Appear! Unveil the
mysteries of your Creation, be friendly unto me, for I am the
servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the
highest.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Princess of the Shining Flame, the Rose of the
Palace of Fire.

MARK WELL!

THESE first 18 calls are in reality 19; that is, 19 in the
Celestial Orders; but with us the first table hath no call, and
can have no call, seeing that it is of the Godhead. Thus, then,
with us hath it the number 0, though with them that of 1.
(Even as the first key of the ROTA hath the number 0.)

After this follow the calls or keys of the Thirty Aires of
Æthyrs: which are in substance similar, though, in the name of
the Æthyrs, diversified.

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

The titles of the Thirty Æthyrs whose dominion extendeth in
ever-widening circles without and beyond the Watch
Towers of the Universe

[The first is Outermost]

1	LIL	16	LEA
2	ARN	17	TAN
3	ZOM	18	ZEN
4	PAZ	19	POP
5	LIT	20	KHR
6	MAZ	21	ASP
7	DEO	22	LIN
8	ZID	23	TOR
9	ZIP	24	NIA
10	ZAX	25	VTI
11	ICH	26	DES
12	LOE	27	ZAA
13	ZIM	28	BAG
14	UTA	29	RII
15	OXO	30	TEX

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY ÆTHYRS

MADARIATZA das perifa LIL¹ cahisa micaolazoda saanire
caosago od fifisa balzodizodarasa Iaida. Nonuça gohulime:
Micama adoianu MADA iaoda beliorebe, soba ooaona cahisa
luciftias peripesol, das aberaasasa nonuçafe netaaibe caosaji
od tilabe adapehaheta damepelozoda, tooata nonuçafe jimi-
calazodoma larasada tofejilo marebe yareryo IDOIGO;² od

¹ Or other Aire as may be willed.

² This name may be appropriate varied with the Aire.

THE EQUINOX

torezodulape yaodafe gohola, Caosaga, tabaoreda saanire, od caharisateosa yorepoila tiobela busadire, tilable noalanu paida oresaba, od dodaremeni zodayolana. Elazodape tilabe paremeji peripesatza, od ta qurelesata booapisa. Lanibame oucaho sayomepe, od caharisateosa ajitoltorenu, mireca qo tiobela lela. Tonu paombeda dizodalamo asa pianu, od caharisateosa aji-la-tore-torenu paracahe a sayomepe. Coredazodizoda dodapala od fifalazoda, lasa manada, od faregita bamesa omaoasa. Conisabera od auauotza tonuji oresa; catabela noasami tabejesa leuitahemonuji. Vanucahi ome-petilabe oresa! Bagile? Mooahe OL coredazodizoda. El capimao itzomatzipe, od cacocasabe gosaa. Bajilenu pii tianuta a babalonuda, od faoregita teloca uo uime.

Madariiatza, torezodu! ! ! Oadariatza orocaha aboaperi! Tabaori periazoda aretabasa! Adarepanu coresata dobitza! Yolacame periazodi arecoazodiore, od quasabe qotinuji! Ripire paaotzata sagacore! Umela od peredazodare cacareji Aoiveae coremepeta! Torezodu! Zodacare od Zodameranu, asapeta sibesi butamona das surezodasa Tia balatanu. Odo cicale Qaa, od Ozodazodama pelapeli IADANAMADA!

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY ÆTHYRS

O YE heavens which dwell in the first Aire, ye are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the Judgement of the Highest! Unto you it is said: Behold the Face of your God, the beginning of Comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the Heavens, which provided you for the Government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding to dispose all things according to

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

the Providence of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the Beginning, saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts, and let there be Division in her, that the glory of her may be always drunken, and vexed in itself. Her course, let in run with the Heavens; and as an handmaid let her serve them. One season, let it confound another, and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All her members, let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one Creature equal with another. The reasonable Creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them vex and weed out one another; and their dwelling-places, let them forget their Names. The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. His buildings, let them become Caves for the beasts of the Field! Confound her understanding with darkness! For why? it repenteth me that I have made Man. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger: because she is the bed of an Harlot, and the dwelling-place of him that is fallen.

O ye Heavens, arise! The lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those that govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth with those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place let it remain in one number. Add and diminish until the stars be numbers. Arise! Move! and appear before the Covenant of His mouth, which He hath sworn unto us in His Justice. Open the Mysteries of your Creation, and make us partakers of THE UNDEFILED KNOWLEDGE.

Finished are the Calls or Keys

THE EQUINOX

The Three Mighty Names of God Almighty coming forth from The Thirty Æthyrs

THE First Name—

L A Z o d a P e L a M e D a Z o d a Z o d a Z o d I L a-
Z o d U O L a T a Z o d a- P e K A L a T a N u V a D a Z-
o d a B e R e T a.

The Second Name—

I R O A I A E I I A K O I T a X E A E O H e S I O I-
T E A A I E.

The Third Name—

L a N u N u Z o d a T a Z o d O D a P e X a H E M-
A O A N u N u P e R e P e N u R A I S A G I X a.

Ended are the Forty-eight Calls or Keys.

STEPNEY

(Audi alteram partem)

LEONIDAS had hundreds to hold Thermopylæ;
So had good Sir Richard Grenville, the tiger of the sea
Horatius had two comrades, and Rome and all its gods.
We are worth the three together, if you come to talk of odds!
For a day we held up London, and the cursed robber crew,
Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

All day we fought the cowards, that dared not break the door.
They had soldiers and policemen, all the tools of modern war,
With their field-gun and their Maxim and the rifle and the
shell;

But they skulked with Winston Churchill, or we'd sent a few
to hell!

They hid themselves and volleyed, did the braves of
Waterloo,

They were only fifteen hundred, and Fritz and I were two.

All day we fought the cowards, the Saxon and the Scot;
We gave them Hell and Tommy, as we answered shot for shot,
Till a bullet found its billet, and poor Fritz lay dead at last.
Then I lit the pile of shavings, nailed our colours to the mast.
Ay! we left the red flag flying, the red flag of fire that flew,
Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

THE EQUINOX

And beneath that glorious banner, in its folds of gold and red,
I fought on (the lonely battle!) by the body of my dead.
And the cowards still hung trembling, and the smoke poured
hot and high,
The brave black flag of Anarchy, a portent in the sky!
Ay! we left the black flag flying, as behoves a man to do,
For they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

And the banner of destruction wraps me round with glory and
awe—
Here's a last clip of brave bullets for the bastard hounds of
law!
And here's a health to Freedom, and may man defend the
right!
And the red flag golds me closer—I have fought the last good
fight.
We died, we died unconquered—'tis the triumph of the true:
Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

THE TELL-TALE HEART
ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF E. A. POE
BY
ALEISTER CROWLEY

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JACK ADAMS, *a youth (of some 30 years)*

MARTIN MEYER, *an old man (of some 60 years)*

CLARK, *a neighbour (of some 45 years)*

A POLICE SERGEANT *and* TWO CONSTABLES

COSTUMES: *Twenty years ago—the persons being just above
working men in social condition*

PROPERTIES REQUIRED

Old-fashioned safe

Coppers for Jack

Bags of “treasure,” objects d’art, etc., for safe and cache

Shutters and bars for windows

Glasses, etc., and drinks (in Cupboard)

Lantern, practicable dark

Grocers’ Calendars and other suitable decorations

THE TELL-TALE HEART

The SCENE represents the interior of a cottage of some pretensions, though poorly furnished.

[*The CURTAIN rises—MARTIN knocks the ashes from his long churchwarden pipe on table J.—JACK sitting on table.*]

MARTIN. I think I'll go round to the Blue Cow, Jack, for my night-cap. [*Going, turns: hand on JACK'S shoulder.*] I've been thinking, lad, we must all die, and them as is old thinks a mort about it, Jack!—never fear. I've been thinking, lad, Jack Adams has been a son to me, and more than a son.

JACK. Why, no! Father, it's me that is glad you bid me call you so.

MARTIN. More than a son, and a kind, kind son, lad! Thinks I, I'll see Lawyer Brown to-morrow, and tie up my little bit so that no one shall touch it after me but my dear lad, Jack Adams.

JACK. No, no, Father! we'll talk o' that this twenty years hence. Will you take the lantern, Father? the nights are main dark.

MARTIN. Ay, lad, I will; [*turns away: JACK'S whole manner changes, and HE follows MARTIN with a furtive look of hate. MARTIN gets and lights lantern; when HE turns, JACK is again all smiles*]—and do you see to the shutters. I hear a-many

tales o' robbers; 'twere not so when I were young, lad. The world gets worse as we get older, Jack.

JACK. Nonsense, Father, they won't attack us. Don't the village know how I half-choked the life [HE *makes a murderous gesture, so violent that the OLD MAN shrinks*] out of Bagstock, that was torturing the stray dog?

MARTIN. Ay, lad, and well it served the brute. I'm off now, Jack, you're a strong lad and a brave, but these nasty robbers have weapons, we must be careful, main careful.

JACK. Only one night-cap, Father!

MARTIN. Ay, lad—I'm thinking a drop 'ud do ye good now, Jack. A week and more ye've not been yourself altogether—though this I will say, never a kinder lad breathed than my dear lad, Jack Adams, this last week. Affliction purifies, ay, it purifies; if ye're out o' sorts yourself, why, you're kinder to others, makes ye lean on them, like—there's a blessing to everything, lad, depend on it, a blessing hidden in every mortal thing.

JACK. Never fear, Daddy Martin. I've slept ill lately, but I know I'll sleep sound to-night.

MARTIN. Ay, Jack.

[*Exits L.*

JACK. [*Makes quite sure that the door is shut, then comes to footlights. Sits on floor and laughs silently—then listens intently as if HE heard something—his surprise grows almost into fear—then he starts laughing again—HE produces furtively a razor and runs his thumb cautiously along the edge—looks at the door and gnashes his teeth—then his manner changes and he laughs openly and struts proudly about.*] What do I want with his money? I'm rich, rich, incalculably rich. Why, I've only to say the word and all the

people would bow down to me. The richest man in the world! Think of it! I'll do wonderful things. I'll buy the Tower of London for poor old Martin, dear old boy. On my soul, I love him like a father. [*A pause.*] What was it now? I've forgotten—I knew a minute ago. However did the idea strike me? Such a beautiful idea. Aha! Aha! [*Manner again changes to intensely furtive hate inspired by horror.*] It is his eye—that pale blue filmy eye. It is like the eye of a vulture. My blood runs cold. I will cut it out; the blood will run warm all over me. I shall bathe in it. I shall never shiver again. Oh no! the blood of the old is bitter chill. But it shall not look at me, glazing over till it almost dies—I hate you, hate you, hate you! [*HE walks about.*] Seven nights—seven long nights! have I waited for my chance to 'stinguish its glare—in his blood—in his blood—in his blood! [*Stumbling over a shutter, HE recovers normal manner.*] Ah! the robbers, we must keep out the robbers. [*HE bars and shutters the windows, quite normally.*] Dear old Daddy, to rob him they'd have to walk across me. [*Feels his muscle—business.*] And now I'll get to bed.

[*Exits R.*

[*Re-enter MARTIN., L., who locks and bolts the door most carefully after him.*]

MARTIN. Is it all right, lad? Are you gone to bed?

JACK. [*Off.*] Ay, ay, Father, all's well. Call if you need me.

MARTIN. Good-night, lad; God bless ye, Jack!

JACK. [*Off.*] Good-night, Father! and pleasant dreams.

[*MARTIN goes and tests all the fastenings of the shutters, bars and so on. Then goes to safe and brings out*

various precious pieces of silver and gold, china and the like—HE fondles and admires these, puts them back, locks up, crosses to cache with utmost furtiveness, opens same, pulls out sacks of gold coin, plays with them.]

MARTIN. They'll never discover old Martin Meyer's cache, I warrant. Oh, the beautiful gold! When I was a young man I was fond of the kisses of beautiful women; did ever a pair of lips touch me as softly as the soft bright gold? [*Laughs softly and gladly.*] How it trickles over my hands! Sweetest caresses ever I knew, and not a pennyweight rubbed off the beautiful minted money for it all. Ah! [*HE listens.*] Nothing! Nothing! But I mustn't be caught like this: old Martin Meyer must be very careful.

[HE replaces the sacks, and closes the cache. Then goes to bed, undresses, gets in, adjusts a large night-cap, and puts out the lights.]

[*Loudly.*] Good-night, Jack! the door's always open: if you hear robbers, run in, my lad, and serve 'em as you serve that brute of a Bagstock.

JACK. [*Off—very sleepy.*] Good-night. All right, Father, never fear.

MARTIN. Good-night.

JACK. [*Off—fainter.*] Goo'-nigh'!

[MARTIN composes himself to sleep. A pause. Then the door slowly, slowly opens. Audience can see JACK crouching behind and pushing in with infinite caution HE carries a dark lantern. This goes on for a long while; at last he warily puts his head in, withdraws it, and again puts it in slightly advanced, with

lantern forward. He is seen to be smiling grimly to himself. HE is half round the corner of the half-open door, and very warily puts out his right hand to open the ray of the lantern. HE stops repeatedly to listen during all this time. His thumb slips on the fastening of the lantern, and the latter swings against the door, making a startling clatter. MARTIN springs up in bed, crying loudly]—

MARTIN. Who's there?

[*A long pause; presently MARTIN gives a slight groan of abject terror. BOTH remain absolutely still. Another long pause. Then JACK again tries to open the lantern with infinite stealth; at last a single tiny dim ray shoots out and throws Martin's eye into startling brilliance. Another long pause, but JACK should endeavour without the slightest movement to let the audience guess that he hears something. At length, with a wild yell, he throws open the lantern—full light on stage—and darts into the room. MARTIN shrieks once only and very loudly. JACK drags MARTIN to the floor, and pulls the heavy mattress over him, pressing it down with hideous laughter, though all the time he listens, as if to hear the beating of MARTIN'S heart. HE puts his ear to the mattress. At last, with a laugh of satisfaction, he removes the mattress and examines the corpse, ear to heart.*]

JACK. Dead. Stone dead. Stone dead. Stone dead.

[*HE looks around—in France, MARTIN will have disappeared from under the bedding by a trap door and left a*

dummy. JACK will cut out the eyes of this dummy with his razor; they will bleed horribly. HE will make appropriate remarks—but in England he simply looks round, then]—

JACK. Now to conceal the body; aha! I have it. [*With a chisel HE lifts up the three planks and puts the body under the floor, replacing the planks. He smooths over the place, looks for and collects dust, and sprinkles it evenly over; re-makes bed, etc.*] Safe! safe for ever from that vulture eye of blue. Safe! [*A distant church clock strikes eleven.*] To bed! No more long watches to distract me. No more waiting to catch that evil, filmy eye, casting its vulture curses on me. How I shall sleep! shall sleep!

[*A loud knocking outside, L.—JACK startled—then with a look of infinite cunning HE smiles*]—Safe! safe! [*Goes to door, L.*]

A VOICE: [*Off—muffled—several half audible words ending “Meyer.”*]

JACK. Old Meyer’s gone into the country. [*With sudden alarm.*] Isn’t he at the Blue Cow?

VOICE. [*Angrily and loudly.*] Open the door at once, or we must break it down. I don’t wish to disturb you, Mr. Adams, but I think it’s only right to say—

[*Confused voices interrupt. JACK undoes the bolts.*]

JACK. Certainly, certainly, neighbour, glad to see you. I was half asleep when you knocked, and woke up main cross, as the saying is. [*THEY file in.*] Why, sergeant, come in! What’s happened now? Robbery? Not here, while I’m guardian. Remember Bagstock, sergeant? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Come in, Warren; come in, Anderson; a cold night; we'll have a drop of something to warm us by and by.

[More and more at his ease.]

SERGEANT. Why, the fact is, Mr. Adams, neighbour Clark here heard a dreadful cry in the cottage, and——

JACK. Ha! Ha! Clark, you're a funny fellow. It's no joke to me, though, for the fact is I had the most awful dream——

SERGEANT. And so you shrieked, of course. Strikes me, neighbour Clark, you've found a pretty mare's nest.

CLARK. But where's old Meyer? I swear I saw him come in less than half an hour ago.

JACK. I tell you he's not here. Why don't you look for him, you dear old muddlehead?

SERGEANT. Why, yes, Mr. Adams, that seems the simplest way.

JACK. Just take a note first of all of what the burglars have done, Sergeant. Three large patent safes carried bodily away—shutters broken—*[Goes and rattles them]*—Room in disorder—*[Pulls the bedclothes on to the floor]*—Part of the swag lying on the floor—shows the burglars were disturbed in their nefarious occupation. *[HE scatters some coppers about.]* Murdered body of Meyer up the chimney—go and look, Clark, don't be scared, they did the job thoroughly—he won't bite you! My murdered body—where shall I hide my murdered body, eh? *[The POLICE roar with laughter, louder and louder, and CLARK looks more and more sheepish.]* Oh! you'll find that in my room, I should think: run along. *[HE pushes THEM through door, R.]* Sorry I can't help you look for it—I must get that ale.

[Goes to cupboard and brings ale and glasses. Seeing himself alone, he whispers, *Safe! Safe!* dropping into the furtive, gleeful manner. Then suddenly HE seems to listen intently. All this time the others are heard off, talking and laughing. HE goes R, shuts door, goes to place where corpse is, listens with ear to floor. With great terror, rising to his knees.]

JACK. It is—it is—low, slow, and solemn, but it is—again—again! God! Great God! they will hear! [*Voices louder, returning.* JACK resumes his jolly manner and shuffles about, pouring out the ale.] [Re-enter OTHERS.]

JACK. Well, did you find it all as I said?

SERGEANT. Neighbour Clark, you'll not hear the last o' this for many a long year. [*Goes to table. Drinking bus.*]

1ST CONSTABLE. Burglars! ho! ho! ho!

2ND CONSTABLE. Murder! ha! ha! ha

SERGEANT. Here's to your health, Mr. Adams!

JACK. Yours, neighbour Clark; no offence, man, no offence. [*Aside*] Louder, louder! they will hear it.

CLARK. Well, I'm sure——

SERGEANT. Never be sure! The first great rule of a good officer.

JACK. What? What? I say no—[*louder*]—I say no! Know your own mind and stick to it. Let's have a song—ah, what do you say? “A policeman's life is not a happy one?”

SERGEANT. Why, it's no trouble; it's well worth coming across to talk to such a good fellow, and drink a glass of ale like this.

JACK. Have some more! Sing, somebody—Clark, you sing.

CLARK. Why, it's main late.

SERGEANT. Cheer up, neighbour Clark, we all make our mistakes.

JACK. [*Louder.*] I say no! I never make a mistake. I never—sing, I say!

SERGEANT. You sing, Mr. Adams, a lovely voice you've got. Give us the Harvest Song.

JACK. [*Still louder.*] There isn't a song. There isn't a harvest. It rained—rained—rained—tap—tap—[*shouts.*] You're a liar. The sun shone, there wasn't a sound, not a sound.

[THEY *begin to look surprised.*

CLARK. [*Aside to Sergeant.*] He's been a bit excited-like these last few days—and the ale's main good. Don't seem to notice him!

SERGEANT. [*Aside to CLARK.*] Right, very right, neighbour Clark.

[JACK *starts to sing, cannot remember the words, sings anything—very loud—shuffles the chair about, knocks it at last on floor with ever-increasing din. The OTHERS go on chatting and laughing. JACK at last exhausts himself. HE assumes his furtive suspicious manner—they take no notice, but laugh even louder. JACK observes them keenly—throws up his arms, rushes to SERGEANT and grips his shoulder, dragging him to G.—shrieks.*]

JACK. Villains! dissemble no more! I admit the deed! tear up the planks! here! here! [*By G.*] It is the beating of his hideous heart!

CURTAIN.

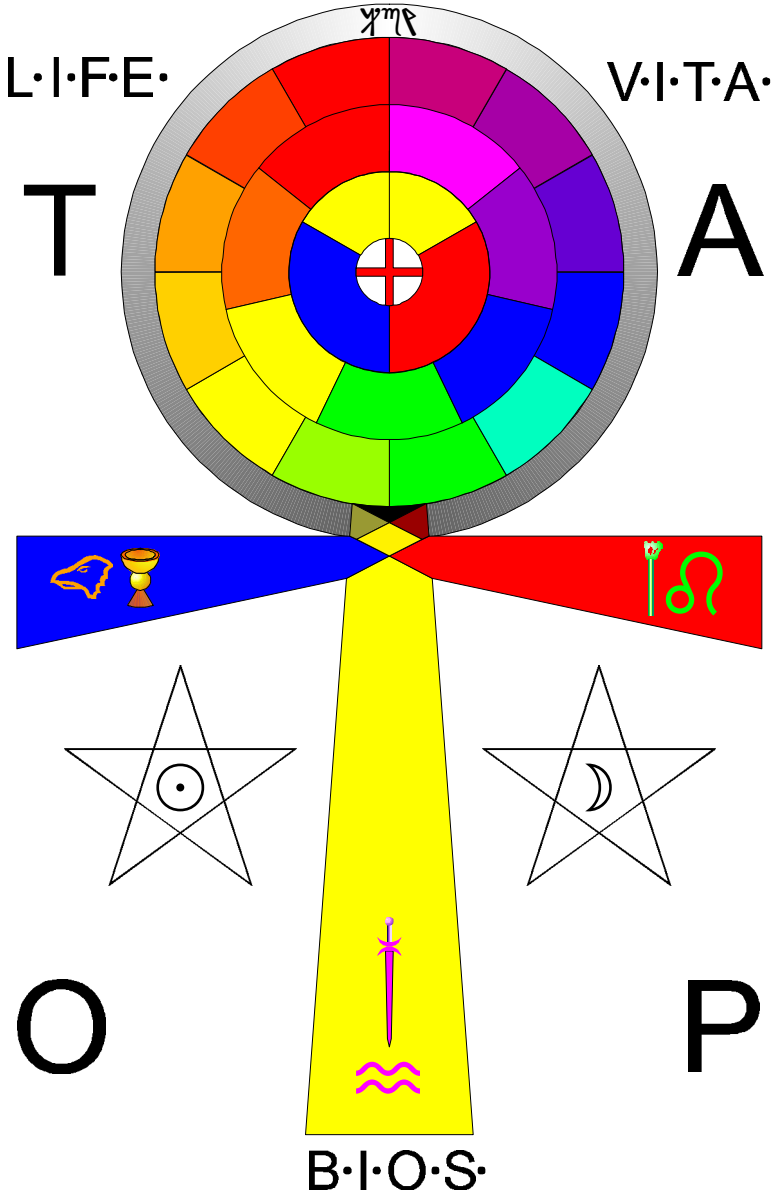
SORITES

MY finger-nails grow on my fingers, and
My fingers are fixed firmly to my hand.
It is my hand that terminates my arm,
And that sticks to my shoulder like a charm.
My shoulder is a portion of my trunk.
I hope no prostitute, however drunk,
Would end the shocking sequence. Yet we find,
Even in England, men of evil mind,
Pornographers who love obscene details,
Shameless enough to mention finger-nails.

A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CARDS OF THE TAROT
WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTIONS; INCLUDING A
METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THEIR USE

“All divination resembled an attempt by a man born blind to obtain sight by getting blind drunk.”

FRA. P.



THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE TAROT

A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

H R U
THE GREAT ANGEL

is

set over the operations of the Secret Wisdom

A *kai* **Ω**

The First and the Last

“WHAT thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the Seven Abodes which be in Aushiah.”

“And I saw in the Right Hand of Him that Sate upon the Throne a Book, sealed with Seven Seals.”

“Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the Seals thereof?”

S.Y.M.B.O.L.A.

‡

THE FRONTISPIECE

CONSISTS of a Crux Ansata, which is a form of the Rosy Cross. One arm is scarlet, with the symbols of Leo and the Wand in emerald green.

Another is blue with Eagle and Cup in orange.

THE EQUINOX

A third is yellow, with Aquarius and Dagger in violet.

The last is in the four colours of Malkuth, with Pentacle and Taurus in black.

Ring is white, having at the top the Name of the Great Angel $\aleph \ \eta \ \& \ H \ U \ A$; below cross-bar are Pentagrams, one enclosing Sol and the other enclosing Luna.

The whole space in the ring contains the Rose of 22 Petals bearing the Names of the 22 Keys. In the centre a white circle, and a red cross of four equal arms.

About the whole symbol are the words

L.I.F.E.

B.I.O.S.

V.I.T.A.,

and the letters—

T. A. P. O., Tarot.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

THE TITLES OF THE SYMBOLS

1. The Ace of Wands is called the Root of the Powers of Fire.
2. The Ace of Cups is called the Root of the Powers of Water.
3. The Ace of Swords is called the Root of the Powers of Air.
4. The Ace of Pentacles is called the Root of the Powers of Earth.
5. The Knight of Wands is “The Lord of the Flame and Lighting: the King of the Spirits of Fire.”
6. The Queen of Wands is “The Queen of the Thrones of Flame.”
7. The King of Wands is “The Prince of the Chariot of Fire.”
8. The Knave of Wands is “The Princess of the Shining Flame: the Rose of the Palace of Fire.”
9. The Knight of Cups is “The Lord of the Waves and the Waters: the King of the Hosts of the Sea.”
10. The Queen of Cups is “The Queen of the Thrones of the Waters.”
11. The King of Cups is “The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters.”
12. The Knave of Cups is “The Princess of the Waters: the Lotus of the Palace of the Floods.”

THE EQUINOX

13. The Knight of Swords is “The Lord of the Wind and the Breezes: the King of the Spirits of Air.”

14. The Queen of Swords is “The Queen of the Thrones of Air.”

15. The King of Swords is “The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds.”

16. The Knave of Swords is “The Princess of the Rushing Winds: the Lotus of the Palace of Air.”

17. The Knight of Pentacles is “The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land: the King of the Spirits of Earth.”

18. The Queen of Pentacles is “The Queen of the Thrones of Earth.”

19. The King of Pentacles is “The Prince of the Chariot of Earth.”

20. The Knave of Pentacles is “The Princess of the Echoing Hills: the Rose of the Palace of Earth.”

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN
21.	5 of Wands	. Strife	♄	♈
22.	6 „ „	. Victory	♃	♈
23.	7 „ „	. Valour.	♂	♈
24.	8 „ Pentacles	. Prudence.	☉	♏
25.	9 „ „	. Material Gain . . .	♀	♏
26.	10 „ „	. Wealth	♆	♏
27.	2 „ Swords	. Peace Restored . . .	♃	♏
28.	3 „ „	. Sorrow	♄	♏
29.	4 „ „	. Rest from Strife. . .	♃	♏
30.	5 „ Cups	. Loss in Pleasure. . .	♂	♏

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN
31.	6 „ „ . .	Pleasure	☉	♌
32.	7 „ „ . .	Illusionary Success . .	♀	♌
33.	8 of Wands . .	Swiftness.	♀	♊
34.	9 „ „ . .	Great Strength	☽	♊
35.	10 „ „ . .	Oppression	♄	♊
36.	2 „ Pentacles . .	Harmonious Change . .	♃	♋
37.	3 „ „ . .	Material Works	♂	♋
38.	4 „ „ . .	Earthly Power	☉	♋
39.	5 „ Swords . .	Defeat	♀	♌
40.	6 „ „ . .	Earned Success	♀	♌
41.	7 „ „ . .	Unstable Effort	☽	♌
42.	8 „ Cups . .	Abandoned Success . .	♄	♌
43.	9 „ „ . .	Material Happiness. . .	♃	♌
44.	10 „ „ . .	Perfected Success . . .	♂	♌
45.	2 of Wands . .	Dominion	♂	♍
46.	3 „ „ . .	Established Strength . .	☉	♍
47.	4 „ „ . .	Perfected Work	♀	♍
48.	5 „ Pentacles . .	Material Trouble	♀	♎
49.	6 „ „ . .	Material Success	☽	♎
50.	7 „ „ . .	Success Unfulfilled. . .	♄	♎
51.	8 „ Swords . .	Shortened Force	♃	♏
52.	9 „ „ . .	Despair and Cruelty . .	♂	♏
53.	10 „ „ . .	Ruin	☉	♏
54.	2 „ Cups . .	Love	♀	♏
55.	3 „ „ . .	Abundance	♀	♏
56.	4 „ „ . .	Blended Pleasure	☽	♏

THE EQUINOX

		THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK	LETTER	ATTRI- BUTION
57.	0.	The Foolish Man . . . The Spirit of Αἰθήρ	⚡	△
58.	1.	The Magi- cian . . . The Magus of Power. . . .	♁	♀
59.	2.	The High Priestess . . . The Priestess of the Silver Star .	♁	♃
60.	3.	The Em- press . . . The Daughter of the Mighty Ones. .	♁	♀
61.	4.	The Em- peror . . . Son of the Morn- ing, chief among the Mighty . .	♁	♃
62.	5.	The Hiero- phant . . . The Magus of the Eternal . . .	♁	♃
63.	6.	The Lovers . . . The Children of the Voice; the Oracles of the Mighty Gods. .	♁	II
64.	7.	The Chariot . . . The Child of the Powers of the Waters; the Lord of the Triumph of Light . . .	♁	♃
65.	11.	Fortitude . . . The Daughter of the Flaming Sword. . . .	♁	♃

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

	THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK		LETTER	ATTRI- BUTION
66.	9. The Hermit.	The Magus of the Voice of Power, the Prophet of the Eternal . .	י	⌘
67.	10. The Wheel of Fate. .	The Lord of the Forces of Life .	כ	ז
68.	8. Justice . .	The Daughter of the Lords of Truth: the Ruler of the Balance . .	ל	⚖
69.	12. The Hanged Man . .	The Spirit of the Mighty Waters . . .	מ	▽
70.	13. Death . .	The Child of the Great Trans- formers: the Lord of the Gates of Death. . . .	נ	♄
71.	14. Temperance	The Daughter of the Reconcilers: the Bringer- Forth of life . .	ס	♃
72.	15. The Devil .	The Lord of the Gates of Matter: The Child of the Forces of Time.	ע	♁

THE EQUINOX

	THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK	LETTER	ATTRI- BUTION
73.	16. The Blasted Tower . . .	The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty . . .	פ ♂
74.	17. The Star . . .	The Daughter of the Firmament, the dweller between the Waters	צ ≈
75.	18. The Moon . . .	The Ruler of Flux and Reflux: the Child of the Sons of the Mighty . . .	ק ♀
76.	19. The Sun . . .	The Lord of the Fire of the World	ר ☉
77.	20. The Judgment . . .	The Spirit of the Primal Fire . . .	ש ⊗ and △
78.	21. The Uni-verse . . .	The Great One of the Night of Time	ת ▽ and ח

Such are the Titles of the
Abodes or Atouts of Thooth;
of the
Mansions of the House of
my
FATHER

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

The Descriptions of the Seventy-eight Symbols
of this Book (⊕); together with
their meanings

OF THE ACES

FIRST in order and importance are the Four Aces, representing the Force of the Spirit, acting in, and binding together, the Four Scales of each Element: and answering to the Dominion of the Letters of the Name in the Kether of each. They represent the Radical Forces.

The Four Aces are said to be placed on the North Pole of the Universe wherein they revolve, governing its revolution; and ruling as the connecting link between Yetzirah and the Material Plane or Universe.

I

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF FIRE

Ace of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping a heavy club, which has three branches in the colours, and with the sigils, of the scales. The Right-and Left-hand branches end respectively in three Flames, and the Centre one in four Flames: thus yielding Ten: the Number of the Sephiroth. Two-and-twenty leaping Flames, or Yodh,

THE EQUINOX

surround it, answering to the Paths; of these, three fall below the Right branch for Aleph, Men, and Shin, seven above the Central branch for the double letters; and between it and that of the Right twelve: six above and six below about the Left-hand branch. The whole is a great and flaming Torch. It symbolizes Force—strength, rush, vigour, energy, and it governs, according to its nature, various works and questions.

It implies Natural, as opposed to Invoked, Force.

II

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE WATERS

Ace of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and supporting on the palm thereof a cup, resembling that of the Stolistes.

From it rises a fountain of clear and glistening water: and sprays falling on all sides into clear calm water below, in which grow Lotuses and Water-lilies. The great Letter of the Supernal Mother is traced in the spray of the Fountain.

It symbolizes Fertility—productiveness, beauty, pleasure, happiness, etc.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

III

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE AIR

Ace of Swords

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping the hilt of a sword, which supports a White Radiant Celestial Crown; from which depend, on the right, the olive branch of Peace; and on the left, the palm branch of suffering.

Six Vaus fall from its point. It symbolizes *Invoked*, as contrasted with Natural Force: for it is the Invocation of the Sword. Raised upward, it invokes the Divine crown of Spiritual Brightness, but reversed it is the Invocation of Demonic Force; and becomes a fearfully evil symbol. It represents, therefore, very great power for good or evil, but invoked; and it also represents whirling Force, and strength through trouble. It is the affirmation of Justice upholding Divine Authority; and it may become the Sword of Wrath, Punishment, and Affliction.

IV

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE EARTH

Ace of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, holding a branch of a Rose Tree, whereon is a large Pentacle, formed of Five concentric circles. The Innermost Circle is white, charged with a

THE EQUINOX

red Greek Cross. From this White Centre, Twelve Rays, also white, issue: these terminate at the circumference, making the whole something like an Astrological figure of the Heavens.

It is surmounted by a small circle, above which is a large white Maltese Cross, and with two white wings.

Four Crosses and two buds are shewn. The Hand issueth from the Clouds as in the other three cases.

It represents materiality in all senses, good and evil: and is, therefore, in a sense, illusionary: it shows material gain, labour, power, wealth, etc.

THE SIXTEEN COURT, OR ROYAL CARDS

The Four Kings

THE Four Kings, or “Figures mounted on steeds,” represent the Yodh forces of the Name in each Suit: the Radix, Father and commencement of Material Forces, a force in which all the others are implied, and of which they form the development and completion. A force swift and violent in its action, but whose effect soon passes away, and therefore symbolized by a Figure on a Steed riding swiftly, and clothed in complete Armour.

Therefore is the knowledge of the scale of the King so necessary for the commencement of all magical working.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

The Four Queens

are seated upon Thrones; representing the Forces of the Hé of the Name in each suit; the Mother and bringer-forth of Material Forces: a force which develops and realizes that of the King: a force steady and unshaken, but not rapid, though enduring. It is therefore symbolized by a Figure seated upon a Throne: but also clothed in Armour.

The Four Princes

These Princes are Figures seated in Chariots, and thus borne forward. They represent the Vau Forces of the Name in each suit: the Mighty Son of the King and Queen, who realizes the influence of both scales of Force. A Prince, the son of a King and Queen, yet a Prince of Princes, and a King of Kings: an Emperor whose effect is at once rapid (though not so swift as that of the Queen) and enduring. It is, therefore, symbolized by a Figure borne in a Chariot, and clothed in Armour. Yet is his power vain and illusionary, unless set in Motion by his Father and Mother.

The Four Princesses

are the Knaves of the Tarot Pack; The Four Princesses or figures of Amazons, standing firmly of themselves: neither riding upon Horses, nor seated upon Thrones, nor borne in

THE EQUINOX

Chariots. They represent the forces of the Hé final of the Name in each suit, completing the Influences of the other scales: The mighty and potent daughter of a King and Queen: a Princess powerful and terrible: a Queen of Queens—an Empress—whose effect combines those of the King, Queen, and Prince, at once violent and permanent; therefore symbolized by a Figure standing firmly by itself, only partially draped, and having but little Armour; yet her power existeth not, save by reason of the others: and then indeed it is mighty and terrible materially, and is the Throne of the Forces of the Spirit.

Woe unto whomsoever shall make war upon her, when thus established!

THE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE OF THE COURT CARDS OF THE TAROT PACK

THE Princesses rule the Four Parts of the Celestial Heavens which lie around the north Pole, and above the respective Cherubic Signs of the Zodiac, and they form the Thrones of the Powers of the Four Aces.

The twelve cards, the Four Kings, Queens and Princes rule the dominion of the Celestial Heavens, between the realm of the Four Princesses and the Zodiac, as is hereafter shewn. And they, as it were, link together the signs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

V

THE LORD OF THE FLAME AND THE LIGHT- NING; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF FIRE

Knight¹ of Wands

A WINGED Warrior riding upon a black horse with flaming mane and tail: the horse itself is not winged. The rider wears a winged helmet (like the old Scandinavian and Gaulish helmet) with a Rayed Crown, a corslet of scale-mail and buskins of the same, and a flowing scarlet mantle. Above his helmet, upon his curass, and on the shoulder-pieces and buskins, he wears as a crest a winged black horse's head. He grasps a club with flaming ends, somewhat similar to that in the symbol of the Ace of Wands, but not so heavy, and also the sigil of his scale is shown; beneath the rushing feet of his steed are waving flames and fire. He is active—generous—fierce—sudden—impetuous.

If ill dignified, he is evil-minded—cruel—bigoted—brutal. He rules the celestial heavens from above the Twentieth Degree of ♀ to the First Two Decans of ♂: and this includes a part of the Constellation Hercules. (Hercules is always represented with a Club.)

△ of △

King of the Salamanders.

¹ Note that the Kings are now called Knights, and the Princes are now called Kings. This is unfortunate, and leads to confusion; the Princes may be called Emperors without harm. Remember only that the horsed figures refer to the Yod of Tetragrammaton, the charioted figures to the Vau.

THE EQUINOX

VI

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF FLAME

Queen of Wands

A CROWNED Queen with long red-golden hair, seated upon a Throne, with steady flames beneath. She wears a corslet and buskins of scale-mail, which latter her robe discloses. Her arms are almost bare. On cuirass and buskins are leopard's heads winged, and the same symbol surmounteth her crown. At her side is a couchant leopard on which her hands rest. She bears a long wand with a very heavy conical head. The face is beautiful and resolute.

Adaptability, steady force applied to an object, steady rule, great attractive power, power of command, yet liked notwithstanding. Kind and generous when not opposed.

If ill dignified, obstinate, revengeful, domineering, tyrannical, and apt to turn against another without a cause.

She rules the heavens from above the last Decan of ♃ to above the 20° of ♃: including thus a part of Andromeda.

▽ of △

Queen of the Salamanders.

VII

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF FIRE

King of Wands

A KINGLY Figure with a golden, winged crown, seated on a chariot. He has large white wings. One wheel of his chariot

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

is shewn. He wears corslet and buskins of scale armour decorated with a winged lion's head, which symbol also surmounts his crown. His chariot is drawn by a lion. His arms are bare, save for the shoulder-pieces of the corslet, and he bears a torch or fire-wand, somewhat similar to that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor. Beneath the chariot are flames, some waved, some salient.

Swift, strong, hasty; rather violent, yet just and generous; noble and scorning meanness.

If ill dignified—cruel, intolerant, prejudiced and ill natured.

He rules the heavens from above the last Decan of ϱ to the second Decan of δ ; hence he includes most of Leo Minor.

\triangle of \triangle

Prince and Emperor of Salamanders.

VIII

THE PRINCESS OF THE SHINING FLAME; THE ROSE OF THE PALACE OF FIRE

Knave of Wands

A VERY strong and beautiful woman with flowing red-gold hair, attired like an Amazon. Her shoulders, arms, bosom and knees are bare. She wears a short kilt reaching to the knee. Round her waist is a broad belt of scale-mail; narrow at the sides; broader in front and back; and having a winged tiger's head in front. She wears a Corinthian-shaped helmet and crown with a long plume. It also is surmounted by a

THE EQUINOX

tiger's head, and the same symbol forms the buckle of her scale-mail buskins. A mantle lined with tiger's skin falls back from her shoulders. Her right hand rests on a small golden or brazen altar ornamented with ram's heads and with Flames of Fire leaping from it. Her left hand leans on a long and heavy club, swelling at the lower end, where the sigil is placed; and it has flames of fire leaping from it the whole way down; but the flames are ascending. This club or torch is much longer than that carried by the King or Queen. Beneath her firmly placed feet are leaping Flames of Fire.

Brilliance, courage, beauty, force, sudden in anger or love, desire of power, enthusiasm, revenge.

If ill dignified, she is superficial, theatrical, cruel, unstable, domineering.

She rules the heavens over one quadrant of the portion around the North Pole.

▽ of △

Princess and Empress of the Salamanders.

Throne of the Ace of Wands.

IX

THE LORD OF THE WAVES AND THE WATERS;
THE KING OF THE HOSTS OF THE SEA

Knight of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL, winged, youthful Warrior with flying hair, riding upon a white horse, which latter is not winged. His general equipment is similar to that of the Knight of Wands,

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

but upon his helmet, cuirass and buskins is a peacock with opened wings. He holds a cup in his hand, bearing the sigil of the scale. Beneath his horse's feet is the sea. From the cup issues a crab.

Graceful, poetic, Venusian, indolent, but enthusiastic if roused.

Ill dignified, he is sensual, idle and untruthful.

He rules the heavens from above 20° of \approx to 20° of X , thus including the greater part of Pegasus.

Δ of ∇

King of Undines and Nymphs.

X

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF THE WATERS

Queen of Cups

A VERY beautiful fair woman like a crowned Queen, seated upon a throne, beneath which is flowing water wherein Lotuses are seen. Her general dress is similar to that of the Queen of Wands, but upon her crown, cuirass and buskins is seen an Ibis with opened wings, and beside her is the same bird, whereon her hand rests. She holds a cup, wherefrom a crayfish issues. Her face is dreamy. She holds a lotus in the hand upon the Ibis.

She is imaginative, poetic, kind, yet not willing to take much trouble for another. Coquettish, good-natured and underneath a dreamy appearance. Imagination stronger than

THE EQUINOX

feeling. Very much affected by other influences, and therefore more dependent upon dignity than most symbols.

She rules from 20° ♀ to 20° ☿.

▽ of ▽

Queen of Nymphs or Undines.

XI

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WATERS

King of Cups

A WINGED Kingly Figure with winged crown seated in a chariot drawn by an eagle. On the wheel is the symbol of a scorpion. The eagle is borne as a crest on his crown, cuirass and buskins. General attire like King of Wands. Beneath his chariot is the calm and stagnant water of a lake. His armour resembles feathers more than scales. He holds in one hand a lotus, and in the other a cup, charged with the sigil of his scale. A serpent issues from the cup, and has its head tending down to the waters of the lake. He is subtle, violent, crafty and artistic; a fierce nature with calm exterior. Powerful for good or evil but more attracted by the evil if allied with apparent Power or Wisdom.

If ill dignified, he is intensely evil and merciless.

He rules from 20° ♁ to 20° ♃.

△ of ▽

Prince and Emperor of Nymphs or Undines.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XII

THE PRINCESS OF THE WATERS; THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF THE FLOODS

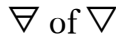
Knave of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL Amazon-like figure, softer in nature than the Princess of Wands. Her attire is similar. She stands on a sea with foaming spray. Away to her right a Dolphin. She wears as a crest a swan with opening wings. She bears in one hand a lotus, and in the other an open cup from which a turtle issues. Her mantle is lined with swansdown, and is of thin floating material.

Sweetness, poetry, gentleness and kindness. Imaginative, dreamy, at times indolent, yet courageous if roused.

When ill dignified she is selfish and luxurious.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.



Princess and Empress of the Nymphs or Undines
Throne of the Ace of Cups.

XIII

THE LORD OF THE WINDS AND THE BREEZES: THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF AIR

Knight of Swords

A WINGED Warrior with crowned Winged Helmet, mounted upon a brown steed. His general equipment is

THE EQUINOX

as that of the Knight of Wands, but he wears as a crest a winged six-pointed star, similar to those represented on the heads of Castor and Pollux the Dioscuri, the twins Gemini (a part of which constellation is included in his rule). He holds a drawn sword with the sigil of his scale upon its pommel. Beneath his horse's feet are dark-driving stratus clouds.

He is active, clever, subtle, fierce, delicate, courageous, skilful, but inclined to domineer. Also to overvalue small things, unless well dignified.

If ill dignified, deceitful, tyrannical and crafty.

Rules from 20° ♂ to 20° ♀.

△ of △

King of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XIV

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF AIR

Queen of Swords

A GRACEFUL woman with wavy, curling hair, like a Queen seated upon a Throne and crowned. Beneath the Throne are grey cumulus clouds. Her general attire is as that of the Queen of Wands, but she wears as a crest a winged child's head. A drawn sword in one hand, and in the other a large, bearded, newly severed head of a man.

Intensely perceptive, keen observation, subtle, quick and confident: often persevering, accurate in superficial things, graceful, fond of dancing and balancing.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

If ill dignified, cruel, sly, deceitful, unreliable, though with a good exterior.

Rules from 20°♃ to 20°♎ .

▽ of △

Queen of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XV

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WINDS

King of Swords

A WINGED King with Winged Crown, seated in a chariot drawn by Arch Fays, represented as winged youths very slightly dressed, with butterfly wings: heads encircled by a fillet with a pentagram thereon: and holding wands surmounted by pentagrams, the same butterfly wings on their feet and fillets. General equipment as the King of Wands: but he bears as a crest a winged angelic head with a pentagram on the brows. Beneath the chariot are grey nimbus clouds. His hair long and waving in serpentine whirls, and whorl figures compose the scales of his armour. A drawn sword in one hand; a sickle in the other. With the sword he rules, with the sickle he slays.

Full of ideas and thoughts and designs, distrustful, suspicious, firm in friendship and enmity; careful, observant, slow, over-cautious, symbolizes A and Ω; he slays as fast as he creates.

THE EQUINOX

If ill dignified: harsh, malicious, plotting; obstinate, yet hesitating; unreliable.

Rules from 20° ♃ to 20° ♋.

△ of △

Prince and Emperor of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XVI

THE PRINCESS OF THE RUSHING WINDS: THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF AIR

Knave of Swords

AN AMAZON figure with waving hair, slighter than the Rose of the Palace of Fire. Her attire is similar. The Feet seem springy, giving the idea of swiftness. Weight changing from one foot to another and body swinging around. She is a mixture of Minerva and Diana: her mantle resembles the Ægis of Minerva. She wears as a crest the head of the Medusa with serpent hair. She holds a sword in one hand; and the other rests upon a small silver altar with grey smoke (no fire) ascending from it. Beneath her feet are white clouds.

Wisdom, strength, acuteness; subtlety in material things: grace and dexterity.

If ill dignified, she is frivolous and cunning.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

▽ of △

Princess and Empress of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

Throne of the Ace of Wands.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XVII

THE LORD OF THE WIDE AND FERTILE LAND; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF EARTH

Knight of Pentacles

A DARK Winged Warrior with winged and crowned helmet: mounted on a light brown horse. Equipment as the Knight of Wands.

The winged head of a stag or antelope as a crest. Beneath the horse's feet is fertile land with ripened corn. In one hand he bears a sceptre surmounted by a hexagram: in the other a Pentacle like that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Unless very well dignified he is heavy, dull, and material. Laborious, clever, and patient in material matters.

If ill dignified, he is avaricious, grasping, dull, jealous; not very courageous, unless assisted by other symbols.

Rules from above 20° of ♂ to 20° of ♀.

△ of ▽

King of Gnomes.

XVIII

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF EARTH

Queen of Pentacles

A WOMAN of beautiful face with dark hair; seated upon a throne, beneath which is dark sandy earth. One side of her face is light, the other dark; and her symbolism is best

THE EQUINOX

represented in profile. Her attire is similar to that of the Queen of Wands: but she bears a winged goat's head as a crest. A goat is by her side. In one hand she bears a sceptre surmounted by a cube, and in the other an orb of gold.

She is impetuous, kind; timid, rather charming; great-hearted; intelligent, melancholy; truthful, yet of many moods.

If ill dignified she is undecided, capricious, changeable, foolish.

She rules from 20°♁ to 20°♃ .

C of E

The Queen of Gnomes.

XIX

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF EARTH

King of Pentacles

A WINGED Kingly Figure seated in a chariot drawn by a bull. He bears as a crest the symbol of the head of the winged bull. Beneath the chariot is land, with many flowers. In one hand he bears an orb of gold held downwards, and in the other a sceptre surmounted by an orb and cross.

Increase of matter. Increases good or evil, solidifies; practically applies things. Steady; reliable.

If ill dignified he is selfish, animal and material: stupid. In either case slow to anger, but furious if roused.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

Rules from 20° ♃ to 20° ♆.

△ of ▽

Prince and Emperor of the Gnomes.

XX

PRINCESS OF THE ECHOING HILLS: ROSE OF THE PALACE OF EARTH

Knave of Pentacles

A STRONG and beautiful Amazon figure with rich brown hair, standing on grass or flowers. A grove of trees near her. Her form suggests Hebe, Ceres, and Proserpine. She bears a winged ram's head as a crest: and wears a mantle of sheepskin. In one hand she carries a sceptre with a circular disk: in the other a Pentacle similar to that of the Ace of Pentacles.

She is generous, kind, diligent, benevolent, careful, courageous, persevering, pitiful.

If ill dignified she is wasteful and prodigal. She rules over one quadrant of the heavens around the North Pole of the Ecliptic.

▽ of ▽

Princess and Empress of the Gnomes.
Throne of the Ace of Pentacles.

HEREIN ARE RESUMED THE ESPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR COURT CARDS
OF THE SUITS

SUITS	CARDS	CRESTS	SYMBOLS	HAIR	EYES
WANDS	King	Winged black horse's head	Black horse, waving flames, club, scarlet cloak	Red-gold	Grey or hazel
	Queen	Leopard's head, winged	Leopard, steady flames, wand with heavy head or end	Red-gold	Blue or borwn
	Prince	Lion's head, winged	Waved and salient flames, fire wand of Zelor Adept.	Yellow	Blue-grey
	Princess	Tiger's head	Tiger, leaping flames, gold altar, long club, largest at bottom.	Red-gold	Blue
CUPS	King	Peacock with opened fan	White horse, crab issuing from cup, sea	Fair	Blue
	Queen	Ibis	Ibis, crayfish issuing from cup, river	Gold-brown	Blue
	Prince	Eagle	Scorpion, eagle; serpent issuing from cup, largest at bottom	Gold-brown	Grey or brown
	Princess	Swan	Dolphin lotus, sea with spray, turtle from cup	Brown	Blue or brown
SWORDS	King	Winged hexagram	Winged brown horse, driving clouds, drawn sword	Dark-brown	Dark
	Queen	Winged child's head	Head of man severed cumulus clouds, drawn sword	Light-brown	Grey
	Prince	Winged Angel's head	Arch fairies winged, whirling hair, nimbi, drawn sword and sickle	Dark	Dark
	Princess	Medusa's head	Silver altar, smoke, clouds, drawn sword	Light-brown	Blue
PENTACLES	King	Winged stag's head	Light-brown horse, ripe cornland, sceptre with hexagram, pentacle as Zelor Adept	Dark	Dark
	Queen	Winged goat's head	Barren land, fan, light one side only, sceptre with cube, orb of gold	Dark	Dark
	Prince	Winged bull's head	Flowerly land, bull, sceptre with orb and cross, orb held downward	Dark-brown	Dark
	Princess	Winged ram's head	Grass, flowers, grove of trees, sceptre with disk, pentacle like that in ace	Rich-brown	Dark

THE EQUINOX

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

OF THE THIRTY-SIX DECANS

HERE follow the descriptions of the smaller cards of the four suits, thirty-six in number, answering unto the thirty-six Decans of the Zodiac.

Commencing from the sign Aries, the Central Decans of each sign follow the order of the Days of the Week. Thus—

CARD	CENTRAL DECAN OF	MEANING	DAY
3 of Wands	♋	Established Strength	☉
6 „ P.	♌	Material Success	☽
9 „ S.	♍	Despair and Cruelty	♂
3 „ C.	♎	Abundance	♀
6 „ W.	♏	Victory	♃
9 „ P.	♐	Material Gain	♀
3 „ S.	♑	Sorrow	♃
6 „ C.	♒	Pleasure	☉
9 „ W.	♓	Great Strength	☽
3 „ P.	♈	Material Words	♂
6 „ S.	♉	Earned Success	♀
9 „ C.	♊	Material Happiness	♃

Being thus the Four Threes, Sixes, and Nines.

The first and third Decans follow the same order: Sunday beginning in the First Decan of ♐ and in the Third Decans of ♈ and ♎.

THE EQUINOX

The planets govern respectively Decans with the following Titles—

	♃	
1.	♈	Strife 5 of Wands.
2.	♎	Sorrow 3 „ Swords.
3.	♊	Oppression 10 „ Wands.
4.	♋	Abundant Success 8 „ Cups.
5.	♏	Success Unfulfilled 7 „ Pentacles.

Or in ♃ ♈ ♎ ♊ ♋ two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

	♄	
1.	♈	Victory 6 of Wands.
2.	♎	Rest from Strife 4 „ Swords.
3.	♏	Harmonious Change 2 „ Pentacles.
4.	♋	Material Happiness 9 „ Cups.
5.	♀	Shortened Force 8 „ Swords.

Or in ♀ ♈ ♎ ♏ ♋ two swords: 1 each of the other suits.

	♁	
1.	♈	Valour 7 of Wands.
2.	♍	Loss in Pleasure 5 „ Cups.
3.	♊	Material Works 3 „ Pentacles.
4.	♋	Perfected Success 10 „ Cups.
5.	♏	Dominion 2 „ Wands
6.	♀	Despair and Cruelty. 9 „ Swords

Or in ♏ ♀ ♈ ♍ ♏ ♋ 2 W. 2 C.: 1 each of the others.

One more Decan than the others.

	♁	
1.	♏	Prudence 8 of Pentacles.
2.	♍	Pleasure 6 „ Cups.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

- | | | |
|------|----------------------|-----------------|
| 3. ♃ | Earthly Power | 4 ,, Pentacles. |
| 4. ♁ | Established Strength | 3 ,, Wands. |
| 5. ♀ | Ruin | 10 ,, Swords. |

Or in ♁ ♀ ♁ ♃ ♃ two pentacles: 1 each of others.

♀

- | | | |
|------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. ♁ | Material Gain | 9 of Pentacles. |
| 2. ♃ | Illusionary Success | 7 ,, Cups. |
| 3. ≈ | Defeat | 5 ,, Swords. |
| 4. ♁ | Perfected Work | 4 ,, Wands. |
| 5. ♀ | Love | 2 ,, Cups. |

Or in ♁ ♃ ≈ ♁ ♀ two Cups: 1 each of others.

♃

- | | | |
|------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. ♁ | Wealth | 10 of Pentacles. |
| 2. ⚡ | Swiftness | 8 ,, Wands. |
| 3. ≈ | Earned Success | 6 ,, Swords. |
| 4. ♃ | Material Trouble | 5 ,, Pentacles. |
| 5. ♀ | Abundance | 3 ,, Cups. |

Or in ♁ ⚡ ♃ ♃ ♀ two Pentacles: 1 each of the others.

♃

- | | | |
|------|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. ♁ | Peace Restored | 2 of Swords. |
| 2. ⚡ | Great Strength | 9 ,, Wands. |
| 3. ≈ | Unstable Effort | 7 ,, Swords. |
| 4. ♃ | Material Success | 6 ,, Pentacles. |
| 5. ♀ | Blended Pleasure | 4 ,, Cups. |

Or in ♁ ⚡ ≈ ♃ ♀ two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

There being thirty-six Decans and seven Planets, it follows that one of the latter must rule over one more Decan than

THE EQUINOX

the others. This is the Planet Mars, to which are allotted the last Decan of ♃, and the first of ♄, because the long cold of the winter requires a great energy to overcome it, and initiate spring.

And the beginning of the Decantes is from the royal Star of Leo, the great Star Cor Leonis: and therefore is the first Decan that of ♃ in ♌.

Here follow the general meanings of the small cards of the suits, as classified under the nine Sephiroth below Kether.

הכמה The Four Twos symbolize the Powers of the King and Queen just uniting and initiating the Force; but before the Prince and Princess are thoroughly brought into action. Therefore do they generally imply the initiation and fecundation of a thing.

בינה Realization of action owing to the Prince being produced. The central symbol on each card. Action definitely commenced for good or evil.

הסר Perfection, realization, completion: making a matter settled and fixed.

גבורה Opposition, strife and struggle: war; obstacle to the thing in hand. Ultimate success or failure is otherwise shewn.

הפאתה Definite accomplishment. Thing carried out.

נצה Generally shew a force transcending the Material Plane: and is like unto a Crown; which, indeed, is powerful, but requireth one capable of wearing it. The Sevens then shew a possible result: which is dependent on the action then taken. They depend much on the symbols that accompany them.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

הוד Solitary success: *i.e.* success in the matter for the time being: but not leading to much result apart from the thing itself.

יסוד Very great fundamental force. Executive power, because they restore a firm basis. Powerful for good or evil.

מלכות Fixed, culminated, complete Force, whether good or evil. The matter thoroughly and definitely determined. Ultimating Force.

Follow the particular descriptions of each of the thirty-six cards: with full meanings.

Decan-cards are always modified by the other symbols with which they are in contact.

XXI

THE LORD OF STRIFE

Five of Wands

TWO White Radiant Angelic Hands issuant per nubes dexter and sinister. They are clasped together in the grip of the First Order, *i.e.* the four fingers of each right hand crooked into each other, the thumbs meeting above; and they hold, at the same time, by their centres, five wands or torches which are similar unto the wands of a Zelator Adeptus Minor. One wand is upright in the middle; the others cross each other. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above the middle wand is the sign ♃, and below is that of ♁: thus representing the Decante. Violent strife and boldness, rashness, cruelty, violence, lust, desire, prodigality and generosity; depending on whether the card is well or ill dignified.

THE EQUINOX

Geburah of ♃ (Quarrelling and fighting).

This Decan hath its beginning from the Royal Star of Leo: and unto it are allotted the two great Angels of the Schemhamphorash יהויה and יליאל.

[The proper meaning of the small cards is to be found by making thorough meditation and harmony between these four symbols of each card. It will be seen that this is how the meanings have been done; but the advanced student can go beyond this rude working.]

XXII

THE LORD OF VICTORY

Six of Wands

TWO hands in grip as the last, holding six wands crossed three and three. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are short wands with flames issuing, surmounted respectively by the symbols of ♃ and ♁, representing the Decan.

Victory after strife: Love: pleasure gained by labour: carefulness, sociability and avoiding of strife, yet victory therein: also insolence, and pride of riches and success, etc. The whole dependent on the dignity.

Tiphareth of ♃ (Gain).

Hereunto are allotted the great Angels סיטאל and עלמיה of the Schemhamphorash.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XXIII

THE LORD OF VALOUR

Seven of Wands

TWO hands holding by grip six wands, three crossed. A third hand issuing from a cloud at the lower part of the card, holding an upright wand which passes between the others. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above and below the central wand are the symbols of ♂ and ♀, representing the Decan.

Possible victory, depending on the energy and courage exercised; valour; opposition, obstacles and difficulties, yet courage to meet them; quarrelling, ignorance, pretence, and wrangling, and threatening; also victory in small and unimportant things: and influence upon subordinates.

Netzach of ♀ (Opposition, yet courage).

Therein rule the two great Angels **מהשיה** and **ללהאל** of the Schemhamphorash.

XXIV

THE LORD OF PRUDENCE

Eight of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud, and grasping a branch of a rose tree, with four white roses thereon, which touch only the four lowermost Pentacles. No rosebuds even, but only leaves, touch the four uppermost

THE EQUINOX

disks. All the Pentacles are similar to that of the Ace, but without the Maltese cross and wings. They are arranged like the geomantic figure Populus. Above and below them are the symbols ☉ and ♃ for the Decan.

Over-careful in small things at the expense of great: “Penny wise and pound foolish”: gain of ready money in small sums; mean; avaricious; industrious; cultivation of land; hoarding, lacking in enterprise.

Hod of ♃ (Skill: prudence: cunning).

Therein rule those mighty Angels אכאיה and כהתאל.

XXV

THE LORD OF MATERIAL GAIN

Nine of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a rose branch with nine white roses, each of which touches a Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged thus ☉☉☉☉☉☉☉☉☉: and there are rosebuds on the branches as well as flowers. ♀ and ♃ above and below.

Complete realization of material gain, good, riches; inheritance; covetous; treasuring of goods; and sometimes theft and knavery. The whole according to dignity.

Yesod of ♃ (Inheritance, much increase of goods).

Herein those mighty Angels הויאל and אלריה have rule and dominion.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XXVI

THE LORD OF WEALTH

Ten of Pentacles

AN Angelic Hand, holding by the lower extremity a branch whose roses touch all the Pentacles. No buds, however, are shewn. The symbols of ♃ and ♄ are above and below.

The Pentacles are thus arranged ☼.

Completion of material gain and fortune; but nothing beyond: as it were, at the very pinnacle of success. Old age, slothfulness; great wealth, yet sometimes loss in part; heaviness; dullness of mind, yet clever and prosperous in money transactions.

Malkuth of ה (Riches and wealth).

Herein are לְאִיִּיה and הַהַעִיָּה set over this Decan as Angel Rulers.

XXVII

THE LORD OF PEACE RESTORED

Two of Swords or Pikes

Two crossed swords, like the air dagger of a Z.A.M., each held by a White Radiant Angelic Hand. Upon the point where the two cross is a rose of five petals, emitting white rays. At the top and bottom of the card are two small daggers, supporting respectively the symbol ☽ thus, and ♁ representing the Decanate.

THE EQUINOX

Contradictory characters in the same nature, strength through suffering; pleasure after pain. Sacrifice and trouble, yet strength arising therefrom, symbolized by the position of the rose, as though the pain itself had brought forth beauty. Arrangement, peace restored; truce; truth and untruth; sorrow and sympathy. Aid to the weak; arrangement; justice, unselfishness; also a tendency to repetition of affronts on being pardoned; injury when meaning well; given to petitions; also a want of tact, and asking question of little moment; talkative.

Chokmah of ך. Quarrel made up, yet still some tension in relations: actions sometimes selfish, sometimes unselfish.

Herein rule the Great Angels ילאל and מכהאל.

XXVIII

THE LORD OF SORROW

Three of Swords or Spears

THREE White Radiating Angelic Hands, issuing from clouds, and holding three swords upright (as though the central sword had struck apart the two others, which were crossed in the preceding symbol): the central sword cuts asunder the rose of five petals, which in the previous symbol grew at the junction of the swords; its petals are falling, and no white rays issue from it.

Above and below the central sword are the symbols of ח and ו.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

Disruption, interruption, separation, quarrelling; sowing of discord and strife, mischief-making, sorrow and tears; yet mirth in Platonic pleasures; singing, faithfulness in promises, honesty in money transactions, selfish and dissipated, yet sometimes generous: deceitful in words and repetitions; the whole according to dignity.

Binah of ו (Unhappiness, sorrow, and tears).

Herein rule the Great Angels הריאל and הקמיה as Lords of the Decan.

XXIX

THE LORD OF REST FROM STRIFE

Four of Swords

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, each holding two swords; which four cross in the centre. The rose of five petals with white radiations is reinstated on the point of their intersection. Above and below, on the points of two small daggers, are ♃ and ♄, representing the Decanate.

Rest from sorrow; yet after and through it. Peace from and after war. Relaxation of anxiety. Quietness, rest, ease and plenty, yet after struggle. Goods of this life; abundance; modified by dignity as is usual.

Chesed of ו (Convalescence, recovery from sickness; change for the better).

Herein do לאריה and בליאל bear rule.

THE EQUINOX

XXX

THE LORD OF LOSS IN PLEASURE

Five of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding lotuses or water-lilies, of which the flowers are falling right and left. Leaves only, and no buds, surmount them. These lotus stems ascend between the cups in the manner of a fountain, but no water flows therefrom; neither is there water in any of the cups, which are somewhat of the shape of the magical instrument of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Above and below are the symbols of ♂ and ♀ for the Decan.

Death, or end of pleasure: disappointment, sorrow and loss in those things from which pleasure is expected. Sadness, treachery, deceit; ill-will, detraction; charity and kindness ill requited; all kinds of anxieties and troubles from unsuspected and unexpected sources.

Geburah of ה (Disappointment in love, marriage broken off, unkindness of a friend; loss of friendship).

Herein rule פהליה and לויה.

XXXI

THE LORD OF PLEASURE

Six of Chalices

AN Angelic Hand, as before, holds a group of stems of water-lilies or lotuses, from which six flowers bend, one over

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

each cup. From these flowers a white glistening water flows into the cups as from a fountain, but they are not yet full. Above and below are ☉ and ♃ referring to the Decan.

Commencement of steady increase, gain and pleasure; but commencement only. Also affront, detection, knowledge, and in some instances contention and strife arising from unwarranted self-assertion and vanity. Sometimes thankless and presumptuous; sometimes amiable and patient. According to dignity as usual.

Tiphareth of ה (Beginning of wish, happiness, success, or enjoyment).

Therein rule נלכאל and אל״ל.

XXXII

THE LORD OF ILLUSIONARY SUCCESS

Seven of Chalices

THE seven cups are arranged as two descending triangles above a point: a hand, as usual, holds lotus stems which arise from the central lower cup. The hand is above this cup and below the middle one. With the exception of the central lower cup, each is overhung by a lotus flower, but no water falls from these into any of the cups, which are all quite empty. Above and below are the symbols of the Decanate ♀ and ♃.

Possible victory, but neutralized by the supineness of the person: illusionary success, deception in the moment of apparent victory. Lying, error, promises unfulfilled. Drunkenness, wrath, vanity. Lust, fornication, violence against women,

THE EQUINOX

selfish dissipation, deception in love and friendship. Often success gained, but not followed up. Modified as usual by dignity.

Netzach of ה (Lying, promises unfulfilled; illusion, deception, error; slight success at outset, not retained).

Herein the Angels מלחאל and הוהא rule.

XXXIII

THE LORD OF SWIFTNESS

Eight of Wands or Torches

FOUR White Radiating Angelic Hands (two proceeding from each side) issuant from clouds; clasped in two pairs in the centre with the grip of the First Order. They hold eight wands, crossed four with four. Flames issue from the point of junction. Surmounting the small wands with flames issuing down them, and placed in the centre at the top and bottom of the card respectively, are the symbols of ♃ and ♏ for the Decan.

Too much force applied too suddenly. Very rapid rush, but quickly passed and expended. Violent, but not lasting. Swiftmess, rapidity, courage, boldness, confidence, freedom, warfare, violence; love of open air, field-sports, gardens and meadows. Generous, subtle, eloquent, yet somewhat untrustworthy; rapacious, insolent, oppressive. Theft and robbery. According to dignity.

Hod of י (Hasty communications and messages; swiftmess).

Therein rule the Angels הוהא and הוהא.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XXXIV

THE LORD OF GREAT STRENGTH

Nine of Wands or Torches

FOUR hands, as in the previous symbol, holding eight wands crossed four and four; but a fifth hand at the foot of the card holds another wand upright, which traverses the point of junction with the others: flames leap herefrom. Above and below are the symbols ☽ and ⚡.

Tremendous and steady force that cannot be shaken. Herculean strength, yet sometimes scientifically applied. Great success, but with strife and energy. Victory, preceded by apprehension and fear. Health good, and recovery not in doubt. Generous, questioning and curious; fond of external appearances: intractable, obstinate.

Yesod of י (Strength, power, health, recovery from sickness).

Herein rule the Angels ירתאל and שאהיה.

XXXV

THE LORD OF OPPRESSION

Ten of Wands

FOUR hands holding eight wands crossed as before. A fifth hand holding two wands upright, which traverses the junction of the others. Flames issuant. ☽ and ⚡.

Cruel and overbearing force and energy, but applied only

THE EQUINOX

to material and selfish ends. Sometimes shows failure in a matter, and the opposition too strong to be controlled; arising from the person's too great selfishness at the beginning. Ill-will, levity, lying, malice, slander, envy, obstinacy; swiftness in evil and deceit, if ill dignified. Also generosity, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, when well dignified.

Malkuth of ו (Cruelty, malice, revenge, injustice).

Therein rule אומאל and ריאל.

XXXVI

THE LORD OF HARMONIOUS CHANGE

Two of Disks or Pentacles

TWO wheels, disks or pentacles, similar to that of the Ace. They are united by a green-and-gold serpent, bound about them like a figure of 8. It holds its tail in its mouth. A White Radiant Angelic Hand holds the centre of the whole. No roses enter into this card. Above and below are the symbols of ♃ and ♄. It is a revolving symbol.

The harmony of change, alternation of gain and loss; weakness and strength; everchanging occupation; wandering, discontented with any fixed condition of things; now elated, then melancholy; industrious, yet unreliable; fortunate through prudence of management, yet sometimes unaccountably foolish; alternatively talkative and suspicious. Kind, yet wavering and inconsistent. Fortunate in journeying. Argumentative.

Chokmah of ה (Pleasant change, visit to friends).

Herein the Angels לכבאל and ושריה have rule.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XXXVII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL WORKS

Three of Pentacles

A WHITE-WINGED Angelic Hand, as before, holding a branch of a rose tree, of which two white rosebuds touch and surmount the topmost Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged in an equilateral triangle. Above and below the symbols ♂ and ♀.

Working and constructive force, building up, creation, erection; realization and increase of material things; gain in commercial transactions, rank; increase of substance, influence, cleverness in business, selfishness. Commencement of matters to be established later. Narrow and prejudiced. Keen in matters of gain; sometimes given to seeking after impossibilities.

Binah of ה (Business, paid employment, commercial transaction).

Herein are יהויה and להויה Angelic Rulers.

XXXVIII

THE LORD OF EARTHLY POWER

Four of Pentacles

A HAND holding a branch of a rose tree, but without flowers or buds, save that in the centre is one fully blown white rose. Pentacles are disposed as on the points of a square; a rose in its centre. Symbols ☉ and ♀ above and below to represent the Decan.

THE EQUINOX

Assured material gain: success, rank, dominion, earthy power, completed but leading to nothing beyond. Prejudicial, covetous, suspicious, careful and orderly, but discontented. Little enterprise or originality. According to dignity as usual.

Chesed of ה (Gain of money or influence: a present).

Herein do כּוּקִיָּה and מְרַאֵל bear rule.

XXXIX

THE LORD OF DEFEAT

Five of Swords

TWO Rayed Angelic Hands each holding two swords nearly upright, but falling apart of each other, right and left of the card. A third hand holds a sword upright in the centre as though it had disunited them. The petals of the rose, which in the four had been reinstated in the centre, are torn asunder and falling. Above and below are ♀ and ≈ for Decan.

Contest finished and decided against the person; failure, defeat, anxiety, trouble, poverty, avarice, grieving after gain, laborious, unresting; loss and vileness of nature; malicious, slanderous, lying, spiteful and tale-bearing. A busybody and separator of friends, hating to see peace and love between others. Cruel, yet cowardly, thankless and unreliable. Clever and quick in thought and speech. Feelings of pity easily roused, but unenduring.

Geburah of ו (Defeat, loss, malice, spite, slander, evil-speaking).

Herein the Angels אַנְיָאֵל and הַעֲמִיָּה bear rule.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XL

THE LORD OF EARNED SUCCESS

Six of Swords

TWO hands, as before, each holding two swords which cross in the centre. Rose re-established thereon. # and k above and below, supported on the points of two short daggers or swords.

Success after anxiety and trouble; self-esteem, beauty, conceit, but sometimes modesty therewith; dominance, patience, labour, etc.

Tiphareth of 7 (Labour, work, journey by water).

Ruled by the Great Angels 777777 and 777777.

XLI

THE LORD OF UNSTABLE EFFORT

Seven of Swords

TWO Angelic Radiating Hands as before, each holding three swords. A third hand holds up a single sword in the centre. The points of all the swords *just touch* each other, the central sword not altogether dividing them.

The Rose of the previous symbols of this suit is held up by the same hand which holds the central sword: as if the victory were at its disposal. Symbols of ☺ and ≈.

Partial success. Yielding when victory is within grasp, as

THE EQUINOX

if the last reserves of strength were used up. Inclination to lose when on the point of gaining, through not continuing the effort. Love of abundance, fascinated by display, given to compliments, affronts and insolences, and to spy upon others. Inclined to betray confidences, not always intentionally. Rather vacillatory and unreliable.

Netzach of ו (Journey by land; in character untrustworthy).

Herein rule the Great Angels **הההאל** and **מיכאל**.

XLII

THE LORD OF ABANDONED SUCCESS

Eight of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a group of stems of lotuses or water-lilies. There are only two flowers shown, which bend over the two central cups, pouring into them a white water which fills them and runs over into the three lowest, which later are not yet filled. The three uppermost are quite empty. At the top and bottom of the card are symbols **ו** and **א**.

Temporary success, but without further results. Thing thrown aside as soon as gained. Not lasting, even in the matter in hand. Indolence in success. Journeying from place to place. Misery and repining without cause. Seeking after riches. Instability.

Hod of ה (Success abandoned; decline of interest).

The Angels ruling are **ויליה** and **יליה**.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XLIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL HAPPINESS

Nine of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud holding lotus or water-lilies, one flower of which overhangs each cup; from it a white water pours. Cups are arranged in three rows of 3, 4 and 2 above and below.

Complete and perfect realization of pleasure and happiness, almost perfect; self-praise, vanity, conceit, much talking of self, yet kind and lovable, and may be self-denying therewith. High-minded, not easily satisfied with small and limited ideas. Apt to be maligned through too much self-assumption. A good and generous, but sometimes foolish nature.

Yesod of ה (Complete success, pleasure and happiness, wishes fulfilled).

Therein rule the Angels **כאליה** and **עריאל**.

XLIV

THE LORD OF PERFECTED SUCCESS

Ten of Cups or Chalices

HAND, as usual, holding bunch of water-lilies or lotuses, whose flowers pour a white water into all the cups, which *all run over*. The uppermost cup is held sideways by a hand, and pours water into the left-hand upper cup. A single lotus flower surmounts the top cup, and is the source of the water that fills it. Above and below the symbols ♂ and ♃.

THE EQUINOX

Permanent and lasting success and happiness, because inspired from above. Not so sensual as "Lord of Material Happiness," yet almost more truly happy. Pleasure, dissipation, debauchery, quietness, peacemaking. Kindness, pity, generosity, wantonness, waste, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of ה (Matter settled: complete good fortune).

Herein the Great Angels עשליה and מיהאל rule.

[This is not such a good card as stated. It represents boredom, and quarrelling arising therefrom; disgust springing from too great luxury. In particular it represents drug-habits, the sottish excess of pleasure and the revenge of nature.]

XLV

THE LORD OF DOMINION

Two of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping two crossed wands. Flames issue from the point of junction. On two small wands above and below, with flames of five issuing therefrom, are the symbols of ♂ and ♀ for the Decan.

Strength, domination, harmony of rule and of justice. Boldness, courage, fierceness, shamelessness, revenge, resolution, generous, proud, sensitive, ambitious, refined, restless, turbulent, sagacious withal, yet unforgiving and obstinate.

Chokmah of ם (Influence over others, authority, power, dominion).

Therein the Angels והואל and דניאל bear rule.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XLVI

THE LORD OF ESTABLISHED STRENGTH

Three of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, as before, issuing from clouds and grasping three wands in the centre (two crossed, the third upright). Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are the symbols ☉ and ♃.

Established force, strength, realization of hope. Completion of labour. Success after struggle. Pride, nobility, wealth, power, conceit. Rude self-assumption and insolence. Generosity, obstinacy, etc.

Binah of א (Pride, arrogance, self-assertion).

Herein rule the Angels **החשיה** and **עממיה**.

[This card is much better than as described.]

XLVII

THE LORD OF PERFECTED WORK

Four of Wands

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, as before, issuing from clouds right and left of the card and clasped in the centre with the grip of the First Order, holding four wands or torches crossed. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are two small flaming wands, with the symbols of ♀ and ♃ representing the Decan.

Perfection or completion of a thing built up with trouble

THE EQUINOX

and labour. Rest after labour, subtlety, cleverness, beauty, mirth, success in completion. Reasoning faculty, conclusions drawn from previous knowledge. Unreadiness, unreliable and unsteady through over-anxiety and hurriedness of action. Graceful in manner, at times insincere, etc.

Chesed of ם (Settlement, arrangement, completion).

Herein are מַלְאָכִים and מַלְאָכִים Angelic rulers.

XLVIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL TROUBLE

Five of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand issuing from clouds, and holding a branch of the white rose tree, but from which the roses are falling, and leaving no buds behind. Five Pentacles similar to the Ace. Above and below are ♀ and ♂.

Loss of money or position. Trouble about material things. Labour, toil, land cultivation; building, knowledge and acuteness of earthly things, poverty, carefulness, kindness; sometimes money regained after severe toil and labour. Unimaginative, harsh, stern, determined, obstinate.

Geburah of ה (Loss of profession, loss of money, monetary anxiety).

Herein the angels מַלְאָכִים and מַלְאָכִים rule.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

XLIX

THE LORD OF MATERIAL SUCCESS

Six of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand holding a rose branch with white roses and buds, each of which touches a Pentacle. Pentacles are arranged in two columns of three each ☉. Above and below are the symbols ♂ and ♀ of the Decan.

Success and gain in material undertakings. Power, influence, rank, nobility, rule over the people. Fortunate, successful, liberal and just.

If ill dignified, may be purse-proud, insolent from excess, or prodigal.

Tiphareth of ⚖ (Success in material things, prosperity in business).

Herein rule the Angels נממיה and ילאאל.

L

THE LORD OF SUCCESS UNFULFILLED

Seven of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand issuing from a cloud, and holding a white rose branch. Seven Pentacles arranged like the geomantic figure Rubeus. There are only five buds, which overhang, but do not touch the five uppermost

THE EQUINOX

Pentacles. Above and below are the Decan symbols, ♃ and ♀ respectively.

Promises of success unfulfilled. (Shewn, as it were, by the fact that the rosebuds do not come to anything.) Loss of apparently promising fortune. Hopes deceived and crushed. Disappointment, misery, slavery, necessity and baseness. A cultivator of land, and yet a loser thereby. Sometimes it denotes slight and isolated gains with no fruits resulting therefrom, and of no further account, though seeming to promise well.

Netzach of ה (Unprofitable speculations and employments; little gain for much labour).

Therein מַצְרַאֵל and הַרְחֵאֵל are ruling Angels.

LI

THE LORD OF SHORTENED FORCE

Eight of Swords

FOUR White Radiant Angelic Hands issuing from clouds, each holding two swords, points upwards; all the points touch near the top of the card. Hands issue, two at each bottom angle of the card. The pose of the other sword symbols is re-established in the centre. Above and below are the Decan symbols ♃ and ♀.

Too much force applied to small things: too much attention to detail at the expense of the principal and more important points. When ill dignified, these qualities produce malice, pettiness, and domineering characteristics. Patience

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

in detail of study; great care in some things, counterbalanced by equal disorder in others. Impulsive; equally fond of giving or receiving money or presents; generous, clever, acute, selfish and without strong feeling of affection. Admires wisdom, yet applies it to small and unworthy objects.

Hod of ♁ (Narrow, restricted, petty, a prison).

Therein rule the Angels **וּמְבַאֵל** and **יְהוֹרָאֵל**.

LII

THE LORD OF DESPAIR AND CRUELTY

Nine of Swords

FOUR Hands, as in the preceding figure, hold eight swords nearly upright, but with the points falling away from each other. A fifth hand holds a ninth sword upright in the centre, as if it had struck them asunder. No rose at all is shewn, as if it were not merely cut asunder, but utterly destroyed. Above and below are the Decan symbols ♂ and ♀.

Despair, cruelty, pitilessness, malice, suffering, want, loss, misery. Burden, oppression, labour, subtlety and craft, dishonesty, lying and slander.

Yet also obedience, faithfulness, patience, unselfishness, etc. According to dignity.

Yesod of ♁ (Illness, suffering, malice, cruelty, pain).

Therein do **עֲנוּאֵל** and **מְרִיאֵל** bear rule.

THE EQUINOX

LIII

THE LORD OF RUIN

Ten of Swords

FOUR hands holding eight swords, as in the preceding symbol; the points falling away from each other. Two hands hold two swords crossed in the centre, as though their junction had disunited the others. No rose, flower or bud, is shewn. Above and below are ☉ and ♀, representing the Decan.

Almost a worse symbol than the Nine of Swords. Undisciplined, warring force, complete disruption and failure. Ruin of all plans and projects. Disdain, insolence and impertinence, yet mirth and jollity therewith. A marplot, loving to overthrow the happiness of others; a repeater of things; given to much unprofitable speech, and of many words. Yet clever, eloquent, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of ו (Ruin, death, defeat, disruption).

Herein the Angels רמביה and מנקאל reign.

LIV

THE LORD OF LOVE

Two of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Hand, issuant from the lower part of the card from a cloud, holds lotuses. A lotus flower rises

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

above water, which occupies the lower part of the card rising above the hand. From this flower rises a stem, terminating near the top of the card in another lotus, from which flows a sparkling white water, as from a fountain. Crossed on the stem just beneath are two dolphins, Argent and Or, on to which the water falls, and from which it pours in full streams, like jets of gold and silver, into two cups; which in their turn overflow, flooding the lower part of the card. ♀ and ♂ above and below.

Harmony of masculine and feminine united. Harmony, pleasure, mirth, subtlety: but if ill dignified—folly, dissipation, waste, silly actions.

Chokmah of ה (Marriage, love, pleasure).

Therein rule the Angels אִיעֵאֵל and חַבְרִיָּה.

LV

THE LORD OF ABUNDANCE

Three of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Hand, as before, holds a group of lotuses or water-lilies, from which two flowers rise on either side of, and overhanging the top cup; pouring into it the white water. Flowers in the same way pour white water into the lower cups. All the cups overflow; the topmost into the two others, and these upon the lower part of the card. Cups are arranged in an erect equilateral triangle. ♀ and ♂ above and below.

Abundance, plenty, success, pleasure, sensuality, passive

THE EQUINOX

success, good luck and fortune; love, gladness, kindness, liberality.

Binah of ה (Plenty, hospitality, eating and drinking, pleasure, dancing, new clothes, merriment).

Therein the Angels ראהאל and יבמיה are lords.

LVI

THE LORD OF BLENDED PLEASURE

Four of Chalices

FOUR cups: the two upper overflowing into the two lower, which do not overflow. An Angelic Hand grasps a branch of lotus, from which ascends a stem bearing one flower at the top of the card, from which the white water flows into the two upper cups. From the centre two leaves pass right and left, making, as it were, a cross between the four cups. Above and below are the symbols ☽ and ☿ for the Decan.

Success or pleasure approaching their end. A stationary period in happiness, which may, or may not, continue. It does not mean love and marriage so much as the previous symbol. It is too passive a symbol to represent perfectly complete happiness. Swiftmess, hunting and pursuing. Acquisition by contention: injustice sometimes; some drawbacks to pleasure implied.

Chesed of ה (Receiving pleasure or kindness from others, but some discomfort therewith).

Therein rule the great Angels הייאל and מומיה.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

BRIEF MEANING OF TWENTY-TWO KEYS

0. IF the question refers to spiritual matters, the Fool means idea, thought, spirituality, that which endeavours to transcend Earth. But if question is material, it means folly, stupidity, eccentricity, or even mania.

1. Skill, wisdom, adaptation, craft, cunning, or occult wisdom or power.

2. Change, alternation, increase and decrease, fluctuation; whether for good or evil depends on the dignity.

3. Beauty, happiness, pleasure, success. But with very bad dignity it means luxury, dissipation.

4. War, conquest, victory, strife, ambition.

5. Divine wisdom, manifestation, explanation, teaching, occult force voluntarily invoked.

6. Inspiration (passive, mediumistic), motive power, action.

7. Triumph, victory, health (sometimes unstable).

8. Eternal justice. Strength and force, but arrested as in act of judgment. May mean law, trial, etc.

9. Wisdom from on high. Active divine inspiration. Sometimes "unexpected current."

10. Good fortune, happiness (within bounds). Intoxication of success.

11. Courage, strength, fortitude, power passing on to action. Obstinacy.

12. Enforced sacrifice, punishment, loss, fatal and not voluntary, suffering.

THE EQUINOX

13. Time, age, transformation, change involuntary (as opposed to 18, Pisces). Or death, destruction (only latter with special cards). [Specially, a sudden and quite unexpected change.]

14. Combination of forces, realization, action (material effect, good or evil).

15. Materiality, material force, material temptation, obsession.

16. Ambition, fighting, war, courage, or destruction, danger, fall, ruin.

17. Hope, faith, unexpected help. Or dreaminess, deceived hope, etc.

18. Dissatisfaction, voluntary change. Error, lying, falsity, deception. This card is very sensitive to dignity.

19. Glory, gain, riches. With *very* evil cards it means arrogance, display, vanity.

20. Final decision, judgment, sentence, determination of a matter without appeal, *on its plane*.

21. The matter itself. Synthesis, world, kingdom. Usually denotes actual subject of question, and therefore depends entirely on accompanying cards.

[This table is very unsatisfactory. Each card must be most carefully meditated, taking all its correspondences, and a clear idea formed.]

Princes and Queens shew almost always actual men and women connected with the matter.

But the Kings (Knights) sometime represent coming or going of a matter, according as they face.

The Princesses shew opinions, thoughts, ideas, either in harmony with or opposed to, the subject.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

A Majority of Wands	.	.	.	Energy, opposition, quarrel.
„ Cups	.	.	.	Pleasure, merriment.
„ Swords	.	.	.	Trouble, sadness, sickness, death.
„ Pentacles	.	.	.	Business, money, possessions.
„ Keys	.	.	.	Strong forces beyond the Querent's control.
„ Court Cards	.	.	.	Society, meetings of many persons.
„ Aces	.	.	.	Strength generally. Aces are always strong cards.
4 Aces	.	.	.	Great power and force.
3 Aces	.	.	.	Riches, success.
4 Kings (Knights)	.	.	.	Swiftness, rapidity.
3 „ „	.	.	.	Unexpected meetings. Knights, in general, shew news.
4 Queens	.	.	.	Authority, influence.
3 Queens	.	.	.	Powerful friends.
4 Princes	.	.	.	Meetings with the great.
3 Princes	.	.	.	Rank and honour.
4 Princesses	.	.	.	New ideas or plans.
3 Princesses	.	.	.	Society of the young.
4 Tens	.	.	.	Anxiety, responsibility.
3 Tens	.	.	.	Buying and selling (commerce).
4 Nines	.	.	.	Added responsibilities.
3 Nines	.	.	.	Much correspondence.
4 Eights	.	.	.	Much news.
3 Eights	.	.	.	Much journeying.

THE EQUINOX

4 Sevens	.	.	.	Disappointments.
3 Sevens	.	.	.	Treaties and compacts.
4 Sixes	.	.	.	Pleasure.
3 Sixes	.	.	.	Gain, success.
4 Fives	.	.	.	Order, regularity.
3 Fives	.	.	.	Quarrels, fights.
4 Fours	.	.	.	Rest, peace.
3 Fours	.	.	.	Industry.
4 Threes	.	.	.	Resolution, determination.
3 Threes	.	.	.	Deceit.
4 Twos	.	.	.	Conferences, conversations.
3 Twos	.	.	.	Reorganization, recommendation.

OF THE DIGNITIES

A CARD is strong or weak, well dignified or ill dignified, according to the cards next to it on either side.

Cards of the same suit on either side strengthen it greatly, for good or evil according to their nature.

Cards of opposite natures on either side weaken it greatly, for either good or evil.

Swords are inimical to Pentacles.

Wands are inimical to Cups.

Swords are friendly with Cups and Wands.

Wands are friendly with Swords and Pentacles.

If a card fall between two other which are mutually contrary, it is not much affected by either.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

A METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THE TAROT

[This method is that given to students of the grade Adept Adeptus Minor in the R. R. et A. C. But it has been revised and improved, while certain safeguards have been introduced in order to make its abuse impossible.—O.M.]

I. THE Significator.

Choose a card to represent the Querent, using your knowledge or judgment of his character rather than dwelling on his physical characteristics.

2. Take the cards in your left hand. In the right hand hold the wand over them, and say: I invoke thee, I A O, that thou wilt send H R U, the great Angel that is set over the operations of this Secret Wisdom, to lay his hand invisibly upon these consecrated cards of art, that thereby we may obtain true knowledge of hidden things, to the glory of thine ineffable Name. Amen.

3. Hand the cards to Querent, and bid him think of the question attentively, and cut.

4. Take the cards as cut, and hold as for dealing.

First Operation

This shows the situation of the Querent at the time when he consults you.

1. The pack being in front of you, cut, and place the top half to the left.

THE EQUINOX

2. Cut each pack again to the left.
3. These four stack represent I H V H, from right to left.
4. Find the Significator. It be in the ♠ pack, the question refers to work, business, etc.; if in the ♠ pack, to love, marriage, or pleasure; if in the ♠ pack, to trouble, loss, scandal, quarrelling, etc; if in the ♠ pack, to money, goods, and such purely material matters.
 5. Tell the Querent what he has come for: if wrong, abandon the divination.
 6. If right, spread out the pack containing the Significator, face upwards.

Count the cards from him, in the direction in which he faces.

The counting should include the card from which you count.

For Knights, Queens and Princes, count 4.

For Princesses, count 7.

For Aces, count 11.

For small cards, count according to the number.

For trumps, count 3 for the elemental trumps; 9 for the planetary trumps; 12 for the Zodiacal trumps.

Make a “story” of these cards. This story is that of the beginning of the affair.
 7. Pair the cards on either side of the Significator, then those outside them, and so on. Make another “story,” which should fill in the details omitted in the first.
 8. If this story is not quite accurate, do not be discouraged. Perhaps the Querent himself does not know everything. But the main lines ought to be laid down firmly, with correctness, or the divination should be abandoned.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

Second Operation

Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, invoke suitably, and let Querent cut as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks, for the twelve astrological houses of heaven.
3. Make up your mind in which stack you ought to find the Significator, *e.g.* in the seventh house if the question concerns marriage, and so on.
4. Examine this chosen stack. If the Significator is not there, try some cognate house. On a second failure, abandon the divination.
5. Read the stack counting and pairing as before.

Third Operation

Further Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks for the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
3. Divine the proper stack and proceed as before.

Fourth Operation

Penultimate Aspects of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Find the Significator: set him upon the table; let the thirty-six cards following form a ring round him.

THE EQUINOX

3. Count and pair as before.

[Note that the nature of each Decan is shewn by the small card attributed to it, and by the symbols given in Liber DCCLXXVII, cols. 149-151.]

Fifth Operation

Final Result

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.

2. Deal into ten packs in the form of the Tree of Life.

3. Make up your mind where the Significator should be, as before; but failure does not here necessarily imply that the divination has gone astray.

4. Count and pair as before.

[Note that one cannot tell at what part of the divination the present time occurs. Usually Op. 1 seems to indicate the past history of the question; but not always so. Experience will teach. Sometimes a new current of high help may show the moment of consultation.

I may add that in material matters this method is extremely valuable. I have been able to work out the most complex problems in minute detail. O. M.]

ON—ON—“POET”

I TO the open road,
You to the hunchbacked street—
Which of use two
 Shall the earlier rue
That day we chanced to meet?

I with a heart that's sound,
You with sick fancies of pain—
Which of us two
 Would the earlier rue
If we chanced to meet again?

I jingle homely lore,
While you rhyme is with kiss—
Which of us two
 Will the earlier rue
The love of the *Hoylake Miss*?

Not I the first to go,
Nor I the first to deceive --
Which of us two
 Shall the the earliest rue

THE EQUINOX

Our garden of make-believe?
You were a Chinese god,
I an offering fair,
As we entered the
 Garden of Allah,
To sing our holy prayer.

Entered with hearts bowed low,
Yet I heard a voice that cried:
For he is the god of the
 Sacrifice,
You are the crucified.

It was all make-believe,
A foolish game of play,
Our garden of Allah
 A drawing-room,
Our Chinese god of clay.

Strings of bruises for pearls,
Tears for forget-me-nots,
And a deadly pain
 Of the sickening shame
Watching the fading spots.

As quickly they faded,
The heart of me faded as well,
Until nothing is left
 Of my garden,
But a soul sunk to hell.

ON—ON—“POET”

Hail!

Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaire,
No more together we'll enter the
Enchanted garden of make-believe,
Nor my sad soul listen while thine deceive.
No more you'll be the God of Sacrifice,
Nor I the crucified.

Ah, Garden of Allah—how bitter sweet
Thy fruit. Why breakest thou the heart?
Why spoilest thou the soul with notes
From thy golden lute?

Lo! our garden a common room,
Our Chinese god burnt clay, and
The singing of verses a funeral hymn
That awakes with awakening day.

'Twas all such a meaningless play,
Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaitre.

Hail!

Poet, take my hand—we'll walk
Still a little way.

I'll not desert thee at the close of day,
I, too, must pray.

A beggar asking alms of passers-by,
Does not refuse a drink to one who's dry
That once by him did lie.

Poet, come close—before I leave for aye
Take thou my hand, we'll walk still
A little way.

THE EQUINOX

One garment covered both to keep us warm,
What harmed the one, was't not the other's harm?
Close clasped, one single form.
Was it not meant of aye?
Poet, take thou my hand—we'll still
Walk a little way.

MARY D'ESTE.

(MARY DEMPSEY-BLINDEN-STURGES-BEY.)

ELDER EEL
A SKETCH
BY
ALEISTER CROWLEY

*To
Tom Bond Bishop*

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

MR. MEEK, *the Minister*

MR. DOSE, *the Doctor*

MR. BONES, *the Butcher*

MR. BUN, *the Baker*

MR. CHIPS, *the Carpenter*

MR. TONGS, *the Tinker*

MR. GRAB, *the Grocer*

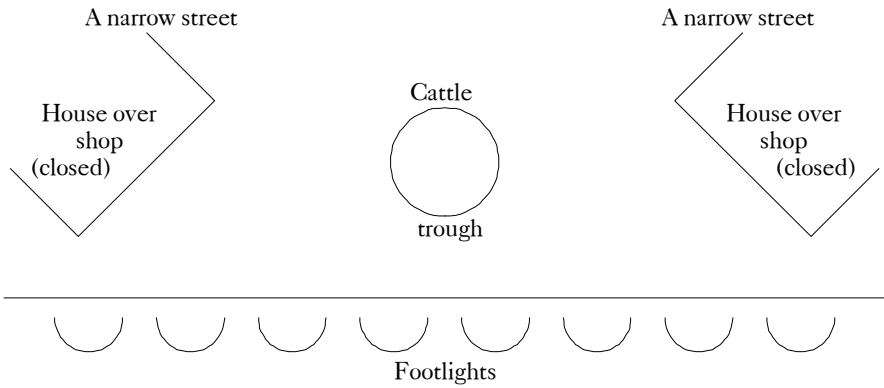
MR. AWL, *the Cobbler*

WOMEN, including JEANNIE MACKAY

ELDER EEL, *the Exciseman*
and

LILITH

Houses over closed shops



[The houses should have 14 or 16 windows arranged in two stories. All windows have practicable shutters.]

ELDER EEL

SCENE: *The Market-place of the Village of Houghmagandie.*

[*Enter L., BONES, BUN, CHIPS, TONGS, and GRAB. All are dressed in the black shiny clothes conventional on Sundays in the provinces. They are followed by a number of women dressed with equal propriety, who enter the houses that surround the market-place, and disappear. One of them, JEANNIE MACKAY, walks apart, and as if ashamed of herself. The scene is one of characteristic Sabbath gloom. The men carry immense black Bibles. They walk very slowly and heavily.*]

BONES. A stirring discourse.

CHIPS. Ay! the meenister was juist gran'.

TONGS. Losh! But that was guid about the destruction o' Sennacherib.

BUN. Ay!

GRAB. D'ye ken what he meant?

BONES. Ay! the meenister's verra clear.

GRAB. Na! Na! but d'ye ken he was drivin' the arrow of the Wurd to oor ain hairts?

BONES. Ay! But what d'ye mean?

THE EQUINOX

[Enter R., AWL. *He is a tall, sprightly man in a decent suit of tweeds, and he is smoking a pipe. All turn from him as if he were a leper.*]

AWL. A braw day the day!

GRAB. Is this a day to be ta'king o' days?

[*All groan.*]

AWL. This is the Lord's Day, and a'm thankin' Him for his guid gift o'tobacco.

GRAB. Ye dirty little Atheist! D'ye no ken this is the Sawbath? Awa' wi' ye from the Lord's children!

BONES. An' dinna blaspheme!

GRAB. Beware, ye fausse loon! The judgment o' the Lord is nigh at han'.

CHIPS. The meenister preached o' the destruction o' Sennacherib.

AWL. An' wha's Sennacherib?

CHIPS. Juist sic anither as yoursel'. A fleetin', flytin', floutin', sweerin' deevil like yoursel'!

AWL. Ah, weel! puir bodies, ye don't know all! Guid job for you!

[*He passes over, and goes out, L.*]

BUN. The sculduddery wastrel!

BONES. The blaspheming loon!

CHIPS. The feckless child o' Satan!

TONGS. The rantin', roarin' lion!

GRAB. Ah! d'ye ken the noo wha the meenister meant by Sennacherib?

ALL. Ah!

GRAB. D'ye mind Sennacherib was King o' Babylon?

ALL. Ah!

ELDER EEL

GRAB. D'ye ken—ah! here comes Elder Eel, the guid man. He'll tell t' 'e. He's seen wi' his ain een!

[*Enter L., ELDER EEL, very tall and thin and lantern-jawed, more solemn and portentous than the others.*]

GRAB. The Blessing o' the Lord be on ye, Elder. Will ye tell the fowk o' the terrible scandal in Houghmagandie?

EEL. The han' o' the Lord is heavy upon us for oor sins.

ALL. Ay! Ay

GRAB. We are but puir sinners.

EEL. Ay! we deserve it. But our punishment is greater than we can bear.

ALL. Woe unto us!

EEL. Wi' these een hae I seen it! Alack the day! My brethren, d'ye ken wha's ta'en the lodging ower Awl's shop?

BONES. When?

EEL. Last nicht. The very eve o' the Blessed Sabbath!

[*All groan.*]

CHIPS. Wha' then?

EEL. The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

ALL. The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

EEL. A wanton, forward wench! A Babylonish Harlot!

BONES. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

EEL. An actress body!

ALL. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

CHIPS. Fra' Glasgie, I doot?

EEL. Waur!

ALL. Waur?

EEL. Waur!

THE EQUINOX

BUN. No' fra' Lunnon, Elder. It's main impawsible!

EEL. Waur!

BONES. It canna be! It canna be!

EEL. Waur. Far waur!

TONGS. Hoots! but we maun ha' fallen into terrible sin.

BONES. Fra' whaur? In the Lord's name, mon, tell. We're fair distrachit.

EEL. Fra' Pairiss!

GRAB. Fra' the Hame o' the De'il!

BONES. Fra' Hell! Fra' the Bottomless Pit!

CHIPS. The 'Hoor o' Babylon! The Scarlet Wumman that rideth on the Beast wi' Seven Heads!

TONGS. Fra' the very hairt o' a' sculduddery an' wickedness!

BUN. O Lord! ha' mercy upon us!

EEL. Indeed, I ha' seen her at the window. About nine o' th' clock last nicht when a' guid fowk suld be abed—and I mysel' was wa'king hame fra' the meenister's. And there she was at the window, wi' her lang hair down on her bare shou'ders.

ALL. A' weel! a' weel! 'Tis a wicked wurld!

EEL. D'ye ken she leanit oot, the Jezebel, wi' her painted face, an'—an'——

ALL. Weel!

EEL. The audacious wench cried oot, "Gude-nicht, Chairlie!" an' blew me a kiss.

ALL. A' weel!

EEL. An' I cried oot i' the wurlds o' the gude buke: "An Jehu cried unto the eunuchs, Throw her dune"!

ELDER EEL

BONES. An' was she rebukit?

EEL. Nay! she cried back on me: "There's no eunuchs here, Chairlie, nor none wanted. Throw it up!"

CHIPS. The brazen, forward, sculduddery wench! The flytin', sweerin' harlot o' Babylon!

EEL. An' then she picks up her fiddle that she's lured thousands o' men to their doom wi', and she plays, "We are na fou, we're no that fou."

ALL. Shame on her!

GRAB. Hark! wha's that?

[The tuning of a violin is heard, off.]

EEL. There she is! There's the 'Hoor o' Babylon!

[LILITH, off, plays a lively though classical piece of music.]

EEL. To your tents, O Israel! To your hames, men o' Houghmagandie! On to the marrow-bones o' your knees, and pray that the curse may be removed from us!

ALL. Amen!

EEL. As for me, I'll wrastle wi' this deevil, and maybe have strength given me to owercome it. Here comes the meenister; I'll hae twa wurrds wi' him on the matter!

ALL. Guid guide ye and preserve ye!

[All go off R., in consternation.]

EEL. An' noo to wrastle wi' the demon!

[Enter L., MEEK and DOSE. DOSE is an educated man, well dressed.]

EEL. Gude-mornin', meenister! Gude-mornin', doctor!

MEEK *[Very humble and quiet]*. Gude-mornin', Elder!

DOSE. Morning, Elder!

EEL. I wad hae twa wurrds wi' ye, meenister!

MEEK. Ay! Ay! What is it, noo?

THE EQUINOX

EEL. Meenister, it's verra terrible, what I wad say to ye. The 'Hoor o' Babylon's amang us.

[*The doctor laughs.*]

DOSE. At it again, Eel? Ha! Ha! Ha!

EEL. Ay, sir, d'ye ken this is a muckle serious affair! There's a French actress body in the village! In the Village o' Houghmagandie!

DOSE. Ha! Ha! Ha! I was just going to tell you about it, Meek. It's a dear little Russian girl, a friend of my wife's. She's had a tremendous season in Paris—they went mad over her—so we suggested her coming up here for a rest. She wouldn't stay with us—poor child, she has to practise eight hours a day!—so we got her the room over Awl's, and she comes to the Surgery for meals. My wife's bringing her up to the Manse to call on Monday.

MEEK. Oh! Oh! There, Elder, you see it's all right.

EEL. [*aghast*]. A' richt!!! —a' — richt!!!

[*MEEK and DOSE nod and pass on, laughing.*]

EEL. He's fair witched. He's the prey o' Satan! The meenister was laughing on the Sawbath! Oh, Lord! Lord! An' I'm left by my lanes to wrastle wi' the de'il i' petticoats! Witchcraft! fair witchcraft! An' sorcery! Whaur's ony help but in the A'mighty? [*He takes out a flat whisky flask and swallows a big dram.*] Whaur, I say, is ony help but in the A'mighty?

[*Re-enter AWL, L., still smoking.*]

AWL. Hullo, Elder, an' what's the matter noo? Hae ye discovered the sin of Achan again?

EEL. Ah, well, ah, well! Alack the day! . . . Hae ye come to torment me, ye dirty little Atheist?

ELDER EEL

AWL. Three lies in three words, Elder. Ye'll win the Bishop's Kettle this year, for sure! But what is it? Hae the Glasgie fowk got wind o' your little affair wi' Bunges? What d'ye mak' a year oot o' that?

EEL. Ye wicked deevil!

AWL. I dinna care. It's your affair to take the King's siller, and the whisky man's gowd! But I'm wondering hoo it gangs wi' sae muckle releegion!

EEL. Hoo dare ye?

AWL. Or have they found your ain private still o'er the brae? An exciseman wi' a still o' his ain! ha! ha! ha!

EEL. Ye fausse fiend! Hae ye gi'en me awa'?

AWL. Na! I'm no sae releegious as ye are. But I doot it's fowk ken o' your dealin's wi' Jeannie Mackay!

EEL. Hoo did ye ken that?

AWL. Why, the lass is in trouble; and you best ken wha's the fault is.

EEL. Ay! And didna I gie her fower shilling an' saxpence to get tae Glasgie an' hide her shame? An' didna I rebuke her for the sin o't by the reever bank, so that she might hae found grace to droon hersel'?

AWL. Ay! ye're a mean, sneakin', coordly, murderous dog! That I didna ken, an' I thank ye for tellin' me. I'm for ben.

[He spits ostentatiously on the ground and goes off R. But remains visible to audience as one watching the scene. He whistles softly and beckons, off.]

EEL. Bad! Bad! I maun be fey to hae tellt him that. But I'll see Jeannie, and gie her twa pund sterling—na! one pund fifteen shillin'—na! one pund ten shillin'—an' get her

THE EQUINOX

tae Glasgie—wi' the promise o' mair! Ay! yon's the teecket—wi' the promise o' mair! An' I'll chase the Babylonish Harlot fra' Houghmagandie, so that if the wurst comes tae the wurst, fowk winna gie ony credit tae the lass. An' noo, then, wi' my conscience clearit, I'll confront the lioness i' her den.

[He turns to go off R., and is startled to find LILITH entering R. She wears a thin summer dress very beautifully made, and on her head is a coquettish hat with a suggestion of horns. On seeing him she laughs. His gloom deepens. She goes up and curtseys to him, then puts up her fiddle and plays the "Old Hundredth," or other Scottish hymn tune.]

EEL. Weel, wad ye aye play holy tunes, I wadna say!

[She plays a religious classical piece.]

EEL. That savours o' Popery, I doot! But i' the main ye mean weel!

[She plays "Auld Lang Syne," and other Scottish ballads, arranged so as to lead from grave to gay. He is by this time enthralled by the music, and begins to show animation, following the beats with his hands. Even his feet begin to be uneasy.]

EEL. Weel! weel! wha wad hae thocht it? There's no sic hairm after a', maybe.

[She sees him her prey, and plays a mad Hungarian dance. He is compelled to pick up the step, and she leads him, dancing, three or four times round the stage and off, L. AWL comes out to centre of stage. LILITH, off, changes to "The De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman."]

ELDER EEL

AWL. *sings:*

The de'il cam' fiddling through our toun,
An's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries:

*[the windows of every house burst open, and women appear,
joining in the song.]*

Auld Mahoun!

I wish ye joy o' your prize, mon!
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa'.
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
He's danced awa', he's danced awa'
He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

*[Repeat chorus while the villagers flock back to the stage.
The women are now dressed in the gayest peasant
costumes. LILITH, off, resumes the dance tune and
leads on EEL, who by this time is dancing with
absolute abandon. All make way for him and stand
back, laughing. The music stops. EEL, suddenly
brought to himself, stares and gasps. He would go off,
but AWL stops him.]*

AWL. Na, Elder, ye've made this toon a hell lang eneugh!
Tae the fountain, lads!

[They catch him, and duck him half a dozen times.

[Enter MEEK.

MEEK *[throws up his arms]*. An' what, i' the Lord's name,
is come to Houghmagandie?

AWL. It's a' richt, meenister. But I'm the Law an' the
Prophets the day!

[ELDER EEL comes dripping from the fountain.]

THE EQUINOX

AWL. Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Whaur's Jeannie Mackay? Dinna fear, lass. Will ye wed this mon here?

JEANNIE. Ay, sir [*she is in tears*]. It's his bairn, Gude kens.

AWL. Now, meenister, this is whaur ye're wanted. D'ye consent, Elder? Ye've been a hairtless auld scoundrel, but ye can e'en dae the richt thing by the lass noo.

EEL. Ay! I repent sincerely.

AWL. None o' that! Say ye're sorry, like a mon!

EEL. I'm sorry, Jeannie. An' I'll be a gude mon tae ye, lass.

AWL. That's better. Now, meenister, the Blessing.

MEEK. In the name o' God, I declare ye lawful man an' wife. [*He joins their hands and blesses them.*]

AWL. An' no more private still, Elder, an' no more bribes fra distillers!

EEL. Ay! I mean it.

AWL. Guid. Now, lass, run off wi' him, lest he fa' into the snare o' the 'Hoor o' Babylon again; an' this time for his soul's ill!

[*All laugh. EEL goes off with JEANNIE.*]

AWL. Noo, lads an' lasses a'! Prayer i' th' morning, an' thanksgivin' in th' afternoon.

[*LILITH plays.*]

[*sings*] We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew oor drink

We'll dance an' sing an' rejoice, mon,

An' mony braw thanks tae the mickle black de'il

[*Bowing to LILITH*]

That's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

ELDER EEL

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes an' strathspeys, mon!
But the ae best dance e'er came tae oor land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

*[Chorus as before. All dance merrily, and at last even
the minister is carried off by a big flamboyant girl
into the centre of the crowd.]*

CURTAIN.

THE SPADGER

BY JOHN MASEFIELD, JUNIOR

(No relation to the immortal poet of that name)

DEDICATED GRATEFULLY TO MR. AUSTIN HARRISON

There was a spadger
Went up a spout;
There came a thunderstorm,
And washed the out.
The little spadger
Sat on the grass,
And told the thunderstorm
To its
And when the storm was done,
And all the rain,
The little spadger
Went up again.
There came a spadger hawk
And spied the snuggery,
And with his claws he tore
That to
There came a thunderbolt
From the hand of God;
It hit that spadger hawk
And killed the
There is a moral
To this moral story—
If you goes up the spout
You goes to glory.

[DAVID HAMISH JENKINS, a native of Merthyr Tydfil, originally studied painting, and produced several excellent pictures. At the age of twenty-one he took up the study of the classics, and occupied the position of classical master at several public schools. Whilst in London he met Aleister Crowley, whose poetical works had a great charm for him. Jenkins was a prolific writer, but unfortunately, little of his work was published before his death at the early age of thirty-three. He died in March 1911, mourned by a large circle of friends. E. W.]

TO PERSIS

I

CHILD—forgive me if I call thee child—
The weight of my mortality in years,
I reckon not, but tribulations wild,
With stormy battle, stress of life and fears.
I see thee once again athwart the mist
Of Time, and past the wane of many moons
Not changed, with still a change—the same, I wist,
Yet not—as purest daylight's change from noon.

II

I then beheld thee with thy tresses rolled
In darkling curls and masses long adown:
A child thou wert, in maiden's youthful mould,
With childhood's pensive magic round thee thrown.

THE EQUINOX

To see thee changed, ah! 'tis a sign of Time's
Unending, ceaseless march. You come again
With those thick dusky masses coiled betimes
And coiled around thy head in plait and chain.

III

'Tis but a trifling change—a petty pace,
But fraught with all the force of Yet To Be:
For to mine eyes thy simple act of grace
Is one step onward, whither no one can see—
A little further to the Great Unknown
By ways where Life's Periodics plants her rood
The Living Progress landmarks all alone,
Soon passed:—thou reachest on to Womanhood!

IV

Fair—God grant that it be fair—thy world!
With influence of Goodness shed around.
Far from thee may the tongue of Spite uncurl
With venom'd spleen, and vicious raucous sound!
Have mercy, God! I am not proud, not proud!
But all my pent-up wrath I pour on Spite.
It is enough! Forgive these murmurings loud
Against the Powers and Majesties of Night.

L'ENVOI

Good child, you will again depart—Fates weave their spell,
All hail! God-speed! May God be with you! and—Farewell!

D. HAMISH JENKINS.

WAITE'S WET

OR

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN

"All things come to him who Waite."

"I waited patiently on the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

IT was a brilliant May afternoon when the Prodigal returned. At the offices of the *Equinox* the usual constellation was assembled. Crowley lay lost in meditation upon the 1500-guinea Persian rug, which he had received from the executors of the late John Brown; Neuburg, covered from head to foot with yellow paint and his own post-prandial poetry, was yelling with laughter over a telegram which informed him that his favourite uncle had been disembowelled by a mad bull; Wieland, his head among the fire-irons, his soul among the stars, was trying to remember two important engagements which he had written down in his note-book five minutes earlier; Ethel Archer, talked to by Meredith Starr, but not listening to him, sat pale and classical on the edge of a table in default of a promontory, saying softly: "Bysses—aster—kisses—caster—blisses—faster—this is—master—misses—disaster—Pisces—poetaster—Cambyses—chaster; Madam Strindberg, still smarting under the description of herself as "relict or derelict" of somebody, having

THE EQUINOX

telegraphed to the Bank to stop any cheques she might draw in the next twelve months, was committing suicide with the murmured apology: "After all, this isn't an hotel"; while "Boy Billy," tastefully costumed for walking in Bond Street as an Egyptian *sais*, was romping with her third best pal in spite of the broken heart which she had left beneath the boots of Mr. Hener Skene; Mr. Austin Harrison, who had dropped in for a quiet afternoon, was quite failing to grasp the situation created by the Editor herself, who, shaking in every chin, declared rather more than less than aloud that, waiters or no waiters, she meant to marry him, and the gentleman down-stairs could go—my grandmother's hat!—and——

She was interrupted by the arrival of a telegraph boy, who delivered a bulky envelope containing the following message—

"Notwithstanding categorical imputations sacramentally integrated similitudes undedicated warrants antecedent Paulopetrine typology casually unworthy hypostaticism predecessorial superincission archidiaconal arch-amphibians osify elpidize redintegration status lymphaticus."

"A cipher telegram! How romantic!" cried the Editor, releasing Austin Harrison for the fraction of a second.

"Oh no," said Crowley, "it's quite plain English; it's from Arthur Edward Waite. He repents; he comes back to the fold. He begs forgiveness. Osify means 'dare'; eplidize, 'hope'; redintegration, 'restoration'; status, 'status.'"

"But he says 'status lymphaticus.'"

WAITE'S WET

“It’s a disease; he read about it in the *Daily Mail* on the Underground between Aldgate and Blackfriars; but it sounds better than plain ‘status’; so he damned the extra ha’penny, and put it. To my mind it’s the shortest and plainest thing he’s ever written. And I forgive him all.”

The company, overborne by authority, acquiesced. Only Neuburg, always a pessimist, doubted. “It’s unsigned!” he groaned, his lips, blood-stained bolsters dipped in ink, writhing like half-boiled lobsters.

The Editor, with one shriek, one sob, and one sigh, thinking of the veil of the temple, tore a napkin in default of anything else to tear, and cried: “It is finished! Votes for Women!” Neuburg, his nose working feverishly, burst into hyena-howls. The Master arose; calling for hot water and sulphuric acid, he comparatively cleaned the victim’s left ear, and bit another piece off. Calm was restored.¹

Remembering Mr. Waite’s statement in *Who’s Who* that he “holds nearly all degrees of Masonry known in England, and some which are here unknown,” Crowley dictated the following telegram—

“Waite, Esquire, Etcetera, Sidmouth Lodge, South Ealing.

“Yes.

“ALEISTER CROWLEY.

“Apprentice, Companion, *Master*, Secret Master, Perfect Master, Intimate Secretary, Provost and Judge, Valiant

¹ In the event. Neuburg proved to have been justified in his scepticism. The telegram was not from Waite; it was a practical joke of Dr. Wynn Westcott’s, possibly. But I can no more rewrite this article than Crowley can replace Neuburg’s ear.—A. Q., JR.

THE EQUINOX

Master, Elect of Nine, Elect of the Unknown, Elect of Fifteen, Perfect Elect, Illustrious, and in Scotland of the Holy Trinity, Companion, Master, Panissière, Master of the Triangle, of J.J.J., of the Sacred Vault, and of St. Andrew: Little Architect, Grand Architect, and Architect in Light and Perfection; Apprentice, Companion, and Master Perfect Architect, Perfect Architect, and in Scotland Sublime, and Sublime of Heredom; **Royal Arch**, Grand Axe, Sublime Knight of Choice, Knight of the Sublime Choice, Prussian Knight, *Knight of the Temple*, Knight of the Eagle, Knight of the Black Eagle, Knight of the Red Eagle, Knight of the White East, *Knight of the East*, Commander of the East, Grand Commander of the East, **Sovereign Commander of the Temple**, and *Prince of Jerusalem*: **Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of Kilwinning and of Heredom**, Knight of the West, Sublime Philosopher, Discreet of Chaos, Sage of Chaos, Knight of the Sun, *Supreme Commander of the Stars*, Sublime Philosopher Knight Noachite, of all four grades of the Key of Masonry, True Mason Adept, Sovereign Elect, Sovereign of Sovereigns, Grand Master of the Symbolic Lodges, Very High and Very Powerful, Knight of Palestine, Knight of the White Eagle, **Grand Elected Knight Kadosch Sovereign Inspector**, and **Grand Inquisitor Commander**, Beneficent Knight, Knight of the Rainbow, Knight of Banuka, Very Wise Israelite Prince, Sovereign Prince Talmudim, Sovereign Prince Zadkim, Grand-Haram, Grand Prince Haram, Sovereign Prince Hasid, *Sovereign Grand Prince Hasid*, and **Grand Inspector Intendant Regulator of the Order**: Sovereign Prince of the 78th, 79th, 80th and 81st degrees; Sovereign Prince of the 82nd, 83rd, 84th,

WAITE'S WET

85th and 86th degrees; *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 87th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the First Series**, *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 88th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Second Series**, *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 89th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Third Series**, and of the **NINETIETH AND LAST DEGREE SUPREME GRAND CONSERVATOR AND ABSOLUTE GRAND SOVEREIGN AND PATRIARCH OF THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL RITE OF MIZRAIM**: Pastophoris, Neocoris, and Melanophoris; Christophoris, Perfect Master Balahate, Sublime Master Just and Perfect, *Sublime Epopot*, and Knight of the Iris; Sublime Minerval, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Elect Mysophilote, Knight of the Triangle, *Knight of the Sacred Arch*, **Knight of the Secret Vault**, *Knight of the Sword*, Knight of Jerusalem, Knight of the East and **Knight of the Rose Croix**: Knight of the Red Eagle, *Knight of the Temple*, Sublime Aletophilote, Knight of Libanus, *Knight of Heredom*, Knight of the Tabernacle, *Knight of the Serpent*, Knight Sage of Truth, *Knight Hermetic Philosopher*, Knight of the Key, Knight of the White Eagle, **KNIGHT KADOSCH**, Knight of the Black Eagle, **KNIGHT OF THE ROYAL MYSTERY**, and **KNIGHT GRAND INSPECTOR**; Knight of Scandinavia, Sublime Commander of the Temple, Sublime Negotiate, Knight of Shota, Sublime Elect of Truth, *Grand Elect of the Æons*, Sage Savaist, *Knight of the Arch of Seven Columns*, *Prince of Light*, Sublime Hermetic Sage, *Prince of the Zodiac*, Sublime Sage of the Mysteries, Sublime Pastor of the Huts, *Knight of the Seven Stars*, *Sublime Guardian of the*

THE EQUINOX

Sacred Mount, and *Sublime Sage of the Pyramids*; Sublime Philosopher of Samothrace, *Sublime Titan of the Caucasus*, Sage of the Labyrinth, *Knight of the Phoenix*, Sublime Scald, Sublime Orphic Doctor, Pontiff of Cadmia, Sublime Magus, Prince Brahmin, Grand Pontiff of Ogygia, *Sublime Guardian of the Three Fires*, *Sublime Unknown Philosopher*, *Sublime Sage of Eleusis*, *Sublime Kawi*, Sage of Mythras, *Grand Installator Guardian of the Sanctuary*, *Grand Consecrator Architect of the Mystic City*, *Grand Eulogist Guardian of the Ineffable Name*, *Patriarch of Truth*, *Knight of the Golden Branch of Eleusis*, Patriarch of the Planispheres, Patriarch of the Sacred Vedas, Supreme Master of Wisdom, *Doctor of the Sacred Fire*, Sublime Master of the Sloka, and Knight of the Lybic Chain: Patriarch of Isis, Sublime Knight Theosopher, *Grand Pontiff of the Thebaid*, Knight of the Redoubtable Sada, Sublime Elect of the Sanctuary of Mazias, **Patriarch of Memphis**, Grand Elect of the Temple of Midgard, Sublime Knight of the Valley of Oddy, Doctor of the Izedes, Sublime Knight of Kneph, Sublime Philosopher of the Valley of Kabal, Sublime Prince of Masonry, *Grand Elect of the Sacred Curtain*, *Prince Pontiff of the Mystic City*, *Sovereign Master of Masonry*, and *Perfect Pontiff Sublime Master of the Great Work: Grand Defender of the Order*, Sublime Catechist, Adept of Sirius, Adept of Babylon, Companion Banuke, Companion Zerdust, *Companion of the Luminous Ring*, Sage of Elea, Sage of Delphi, Sublime Sage of Symbols Intendant of Hieroglyphics, Sublime Sage of Wisdom, Sublime Sage of the Mysteries, Sublime Sage of the Sphinx, Priest of On, **Grand Inspector Regulator General of the Order**, **Prince and Pontiff of Memphis**, **Grand Administrator of the Order**,

THE EQUINOX

Looking-Glass; but he was in any case not there, being busy in working out by applied mathematics the problem as to which public man was worthiest of a biography in his columns next week.

The words “blasphemous orgie” altogether fail to give any idea of what occurred.

“Twenty-eight naked demi-mondaines now brimmed the buckets with satyrion,” hardly describes it.

“These loathsome and abominable creatures next abandoned themselves to frenzied scenes unparalleled in Degenerate Rome,” conveys an altogether false impression.

Only my own pen can describe it accurately; and I suppose the printer will refuse to set it up, and very likely telephone the Public Prosecutor. However, I shall try and sneak it through in Ciceronian Latin.

Crowlieus dixit: Quid circa—(What on earth’s the Latin for “tea”?)?

Omnes biberunt.

(There must be some concealed horror in these words. It *apparently* means “Crowley said—what about tea? They all drank.” With this reservation we prepare to fly to Ostend, but print it. Printer.)

The good news ran through London like wildfire, doing every hundred yards in even time.

Ralph Shirley, stirring uneasily in his office chair, stroked his pet rhinoceros, and murmured “Piles o’ money”; Leopold Rothschild asked if the zebra could indeed change his stripes; and although ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance had that very minute been presented to the angels in heaven, the subject was completely forgotten in the exuberance of the higher joy.

WAITE'S WET

Waite's photograph, frock-coat and all, was carried in its red plush frame shoulder high by Mr. Battiscombe Gunn; Kennedy took a tailor's bill from his bosom, and dropped a silent tear upon it, murmuring "*His* letter!" The Editor, bustling Austin Harrison aside, took a bottle of champagne and a taxi to South Ealing, ignorant or careless of the reception that she might expect from that mother of "one *d*," née "Ada Lakeman, of Devonshire family and Greek extraction," with the words "Sidmouth Lodge—lickitysplit—my grandmother's hat!" while the stock of all those "public companies," of which Mr. Waite is "in business secretary and director," soared beyond the clouds, and had subsequently to be watered with tears.

Brooklyn, N.Y., where he was born, organized a procession which, instead of taking so many hours to pass a given point, decided, in flattering imitation of its greatest son, to take several weeks to come to it. The "old family of Lovell," which boasts itself to be his ancestor through his mother, saw the culmination of its own fortunes in this great fortune of its fortune-telling scion, and gave itself the Glad Eye; the "earliest settlers in Connecticut," who were responsible for his father, wriggled with pleasure in their graves, like tickled children: the "orders and fraternities which are concealed within Masonry or have arisen out of it," with which he "is connected in particular," tyled themselves and gave themselves over to unbridled joy: the "Hermetic Text Society" recently established by him "for the production by experts of rare old books and MSS. belonging to the literatures of Christian Mysticism, Rosicrucianism, Kabalism, and Alchemy" (*more* commercial candour!) tried in its joy to sell the MS. of

THE EQUINOX

the Book of Deuteronomy at Sothebys': the very timbers of the ship in which he was "brought in infancy" to England shivered with ecstasy; the girls at the London Wall Exchange unanimously resolved never again to ring up 3469, however often and however angrily asked for, that the Restored-to-Favour might remain in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence for ever.

Neuburg himself wrote the following sonnet—

"They also serve who only stand, and—Waite,
Sweeter than sugar and as soft as silk,
You could not stand, you would not serve! What fate
Threatened the hope of Horlick's Malted Milk?
Graver than Gladstone, decenter than Dilke,
You, called to be the Peter of the State,
Tried in your agony to do a bilk:—
Though you could handle rod, and master bait.

"Now all is changed. Offended Crowley cries
Upon your shoulder. All's red nose, wet eyes.
You shall be Mary now as well as Martha!
The mystic quest is yours as well as mine,
Dilucid: sacramentally, in fine,
Victoria loved Albert: I love Arthur."

I shall now draw the Veil of Sanctimoniosity upon this touching scene.

A. QUILLER, JR.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. VI

AN OBITUARY

AN OBITUARY

PHILOSOPHERS have always erred by generalizing from too few facts. Into this trap fell even the author of the injunction, “De mortuis nil nisi bonum,” though one may concede that it was excusable, even creditable, in him to have been unable to foresee my Uncle.

Born, as will presently become clear, in the earliest years of the reign of Queen Victoria, his genius quickly developed. He had that simplicity of vision, that flashing insight, which stamps the highest types of intelligence. When only six years old, while meditating on the increasing difficulty of earning an honest living, and the increasing risk of earning a dishonest one, he saw a fond mother give her little boy a penny to buy sweets. In a single second his mind was made up; his career was determined. How, thrilled the Master-Thought—how can I get that penny?

A rapid calculation assured him of the soundness of his instinct. Probably at least a hundred thousand mothers—of the world’s six hundred million—give a penny to some child every day.

A hundred thousand pence a day is over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; if he could only get ten per cent. of that, he wouldn’t be doing so badly.

THE EQUINOX

That night, as he said his prayers at his mother's knee, she was surprised and pleased to hear a new petition: "And oh! dear Jesus, do let me do ever such a great work for other little children! Bring them all in! Don't let me miss one out."

Hot stuff for six, I don't think.

It was evident, to his astuteness and business capacity, that this work demanded the most complete organization. He therefore obtained a post under the Government, so that, while touching a good salary, his whole time was free to devote to his great scheme. "Punctuality," he often said to me, "is the thief of time; procrastination is the soul of business," and would justify his paradox by pointing out that if you only left letters unanswered long enough, the need to answer them disappeared.

His system, in fact, became extremely popular; even Charles Dickens playfully animadverts upon it in one of his novels.

A secretary being necessary to him, he pressed his sister A——into the service, thereby saving her from such terrible temptations as love, marriage, or even occasional relaxation, which is known to be the devil's subtlest engine, and saving himself from the expense of hiring a drudge.

He applied the same fine intelligence to all the problems of life. Onanism, he argued, is demonstrably safe and economical; further, it is secret, and can be passed off as chastity; hence credit with the pious. Again, "I am out to get the money that parents give their children; I am the sole Inventor of the 'Kinchin-lay'; and I am certainly not going to queer my own pitch by getting children. I might have to give them pennies now and then myself." Onanism consequently became the rule of his life; and it is only fair to say that I believe the

AN OBITUARY

persistent rumours (especially in later years) of his assaults on young children to be entirely without foundation. At least it is certain that nothing was ever brought home to him. While he was still a young man he definitely founded an organization on the lines of the well-known and justly admired Children's Scripture Union. He issued a card, price one penny, with the days of the year, and a "portion of Scripture" indicated for reading on this day. As the card could be prepared in half an hour by any one, and printed at about fourpence halfpenny a hundred, there was a small but sufficient margin of profit—or would have been but for the expense of getting the scheme under way.

My uncle's genius never hesitated. "Of all the puppies on earth, the 'pi' set at Cambridge are the most priggish," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

So he got hold of a few, and called them Evangelists. They were to go down (of course, at their own expense) to the seaside—where the children with the pennies were, not to the slums, where there were plenty of children but no pennies—and hold "services," the object of all which was to sell these cards, and force the unhappy infant who was really interested in Judges to switch off to Leviticus. Christian parents were, however, quick to see that my uncle's genius had forged a new tyranny, and his scheme had the heartiest of receptions. The Children's Special Service Mission had met with unqualified success; his own might easily match it, so he surmised—as the event proved, justly. Children were obliged to throw down spade and bucket, and gather round the unwashed feet and swelled head of the "university man"—usually non-collegiate!—who found himself free to splutter as

THE EQUINOX

he would, without the wholesome fear of ragging which restrained him during term.

My uncle was now in a position to develop his scheme fully, and the ring of philanthropic blackmailers and blackguards who run religious charities were compelled to admit him to a share of the spoils. He founded a Magazine, with some external and internal resemblance to that excellent paper, *Our Own Magazine*, which, with consummate impudence, he declared to contain nothing but true stories. These stories are usually about the good little girl who “converts” the horrid, swearing bargee, and the good little boy who brings his “thoughtless” mother to Jesus. This, being a monthly, brought in another twelve pennies annually from every victim. He also published leaflets which he could sell by the hundred to the kind of idiot that likes to give such things to strangers who have never done it any harm. He had all these things translated into dozens of languages, and the rill of pennies swelled to a mighty river.

By this time his sister A—— was worn out, and died. For a month he had to pay a typist; but she little knew my uncle if she thought she had a permanent job. He rushed off to some ghastly Welsh “resort,” to be acclaimed as the Founder of the Faith by the flourishing branch of the “Mission” which he had established there, and, selecting a female with features and character of an anæmic cow, married her and her money, sacked the typist, and settled down as the principal ornament of London’s most suburban “subbub.”

I suppose none even of his accomplices will regret his death; to the lachrymal glands of a crocodile he added the bowels of compassion of a cast-iron rhinoceros; with the

AN OBITUARY

meanness and cruelty of a eunuch he combined the calculating avarice of a Scotch Jew, without the whisky of the one or the sympathetic imagination of the other. Perfidious and hypocritical as the Jesuit of Protestant fable, he was unctuous as Uriah Heep, and for the rest possessed the vices of Joseph Surface and Tartufe; yet, being without the human weaknesses which makes them possible, he was a more virtuous, and therefore a more odious, villain.

In feature resembling a shaven ape, in figure a dislocated Dachshund, his personal appearance was at the first glance unattractive. But the clothes made by a City tailor lent such general harmony to the whole as to reconcile the observer to the phenomenon observed.

Of unrivalled cunning, his address was plausible; he concealed his genius under a mask of matchless mediocrity, and his intellectual force under the cloak of piety. In religion he was an Evangelical, that type of Nonconformist who remains in the Church in the hope of capturing its organization and its revenues.

An associate of such creatures of an inscrutable Providence as Coote and Torrey, he surpassed the one in sanctimoniousness, the other in bigotry, though he always thought blackmail too risky, and slander a tactical error.

Without heart or conscience, either in his family relations or his public functions, he goes to a grave covered by the flowers of those who think it politic to pretend to honour him; and it is his tragedy that of all the obituaries penned by servile or venal dupes or accomplices of his misdeeds, none will survive the century. This article remains his sole enduring monument.

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE NEW EVELYN HOPE

I

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour
This is her bookshelf by her bed;
 Nietzsche, Weininger, Schopenhauer.
Small wonder then that her soul should pass!
 Much remains to be changed, I think:
She died of the swollen head, alas!
 That maidens catch from Maeterlinck.

II

Sixteen years old when she died!
 A Vestal, tending Minerva's flame;
It was not her time to read; beside,
 Her life had hardly a hope or aim,
Nor duties enough, nor little cares;
 She was never quiet; her mind was astir,
To Henrik Ibsen she said her prayers,
 And she worshipped Edward Carpenter.

III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 We know that your soul was pure and true
From Alan Leo's Test Horoscope,
 And Cheiro's words confirmed it too—
And just because I was thrice as old,
 And because you thought me cynical, I'd
No place in the Higher Life, I was told;
 I was Agnostic, naught beside.

THE NEW EVELYN HOPE

IV

No, indeed! For God above
Is great to grant, is mighty to make,
But how about Tolstoy's "Thoughts on Love"?
And Havelock Ellis for culture's sake?
Delayed we may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;
E'en H. P. Blavatsky I shall forget
Ere again I read Annie Besant with you.

V

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what's meant I shall say
By the novels of Evelyn Underhill,
And Tchekhof's and Wedekind's dramas gray.
Why you loved Bergson I shall divine;
The Lords of Karma may then have said
Why you never dipped into books of mine,
But read G. K. Chesterton's works instead.

VI

I have read, I shall say, so much since then;
Have ransacked Mudie's so many times;
Gained me the gains of various men,
From Machen's miasma to Lupin's crimes;
Yet one thing in my own Test Horoscope
Either I missed, or itself missed me:
I was not warned, Oh, Evelyn Hope,
'Gainst lending the dramas of Strindberg to thee.

THE EQUINOX

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!

My heart was full as it could hold
Of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' style—

Think what it cost me, I that was old.
So hush! I give you this leaf to keep—

See! I shut it inside the sweet cold hand;

'Tis a tract on The Simple Life and Sleep;

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

SVB FIGVRÂ

D

(ὁ ἀριθμός)

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

PREFACE

CAN any good thing come out of Palestine? is the broader anti-Semitic retort to the sneer cast by the Jews themselves against the harmless and natural Nazarene; one more example of the poetic justice of History. And no doubt such opponents of the modern Jew will acclaim this volume as an admirable disproof of that thesis which it purports to uphold.

The dissimilarities, amounting in some cases to sheer contradiction, which mark many numbers, will appear proof positive that there is nothing in this numerical Qabalah, especially as we may presume that by filling up this dictionary from the ordinary Hebrew Lexicon one would arrive at a mere hotch-pot.

Apart from this, there is a deeper-lying objection to the Qabalah; viz., that the theory is an example of the fallacy *Post hoc propter hoc*.

Are we to believe, asks the sceptic, that a number of learned men deliberately sat down and chose words for the sake of their numerical value? Language is a living thing, with many sources and diverse; can it be moulded in any such arbitrary fashion?

The only reply seems to be a mere assertion that to some extent it certainly is so. Examples of a word being spelt deliberately wrong do occur; and such a jugglery as the changing of the names Abram and Sarai to Abraham and Sarah can hardly be purposeless. Once admit the end of such a wedge, and it is difficult to say whether it may not be driven home so far as to split asunder the Tree of Knowledge, if not the Tree of Life.

Another line of argument is the historical. We do not here refer to the alleged forgery of the Qabalah by Rabbi Moses ben Leon—was it not?—but to the general position of the ethnologist that the Jews were an entirely barbarous race, incapable of any spiritual pursuit. That they were polytheists is clear from the very first verse of Genesis; that Adonai Melekh is identical with “Moloch” is known to every Hebraist. The “Old Testament” is mainly the history of the struggle of the phallic Jehovah against the rest of the Elohim, and that his sacrifices were of blood, and human blood at that, is indisputable.

Human sacrifices are to-day still practised by the Jews of Eastern Europe, as is set forth at length by the late Sir Richard Burton in the MS. which the wealthy Jews of England have compassed heaven and earth to suppress, and evidenced by the ever-recurring Pogroms against which so senseless and outcry is made by those who live among those degenerate Jews who are at least not cannibals.

Is it to such people, indeed, that we are to look for the highest and subtlest spiritual knowledge?

To this criticism there are but two answers. The first, that an esoteric tradition of great purity may co-exist with the most crass exoteric practices. Witness the Upanishads in the land of Jagganath, hook-swinging, and the stupidest forms of Hatha-Yoga.

Witness the Tipitaka (with such perfections as the Dhammapada) in the midst of peoples whose science of torture would seem to have sprung from no merely human imagination. The descriptions in the Tipitaka itself of the Buddhist Hells are merely descriptions of the actual tortures inflicted by the Buddhists on their enemies.

The second, that after all is said, I find it works very well. I do not care whether $\sqrt{-1}$ is an impossible, an unimaginable thing, or whether de Moivre really invented it, and if so, whether de Moivre was an immoral man, and wore whiskers. It helps me to make certain calculations; and so long as that is so, it is useful, and I stick to it.

Other criticisms of the methods of the Qabalah itself have been made and disposed of in the article on the subject in "The Temple of Solomon the King" (Equinox V) and no further reference need be made to them in this place. It is only necessary to say that that article should be studied most thoroughly, and also the article "A Note on Genesis" in the second number of The Equinox.

With these two weapons, and the Sword of the Spirit, the Practicus, fully armed, may adventure himself in the great battle wherein victory is Truth.

PERDURABO.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS dictionary was begun by Allan Bennet (Fra.: Iehi Aour, now Bhikku Ananda Metteya) in the last decade of the nineteenth century since ψ -J.C. It was bequeathed to the present Editor, with many other magical MSS., on I.A.'s departure for Ceylon in 1899.

Fra. Perdurabo used it, and largely added to it, in the course of his Qabalistic workings. With George Cecil Jones (Fra.: Volo Noscere) he further added to it by making it a complete cross-correspondence to the book DCCLXXVII.

It was further revised and checked, re-copied by a Jewish scribe, and again checked through, in the year V of the present Era.

The mathematical additions were continued by Fra.: P. and Fra.: Lampada Tradam; and the MS. finally copied on a specially constructed typewriter by Gerald Rae Fraser (Fra.: ψ) who added yet further mathematical data.

This copy has again been checked by Fra.: P. and Soror.: N.N. and the proofs further by three separate scholars.

The method of employing the dictionary has been fully indicated in The Temple of Solomon the King [Equinox V].

None of the editors claim to possess even the smallest degree of scholarship. The method of compilation has been to include all words given in Von Rosenroth's Qabalistic Dictionary, those specially commented on in S.D., I.R.Q., and I.Z.Q., those given in 777, and those found by Fratres I.A. and P. Some of them are found in texts of the Hebrew scriptures which appeared to those adepts to be of magical importance. Owing to their carelessness, the meaning of some few words has been lost, and cannot now be traced.

ABBREVIATIONS, SIGNS AND FIGURES

K.D. L.C.K. p.— = KABBALA DENUDATA cuius Pars Prima continet Locos
Communes Kabbalisticos

Dec. = Decan.
 S.P.M. = Sphere of the Primum Mobile.
 S.S.F. = Sphere of the Fixed Stars.
 L.T.N. = Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Night.
 L.T.D. = Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Day.
 K.Ch.B. = Kether—Chokmah—Binah.
 (Ch.) = Chaldee.
 S.D. = Siphra Dtzenioutha.
 I.R.Q. = Idra Rabba Qadisha.
 Tet. = Tetragrammaton.
 L.A. Angel = Lesser Assistant Angel.
 I.Z.Q. = Idra Zuta Qadisha.
 M.T. = Magister Templi.
 ♃ = Shemhamphorasch.
 W. = Wands.
 C. = Cups.
 S. = Swords.
 P. = Pentacles.
 K. of S. = Key of Solomon.
 O.P.A.A. = Oriens—Paimon—Ariton—Amaimon.

<p>♈ = Aries. ♉ = Taurus. ♊ = Gemini. ♋ = Cancer. ♌ = Leo. ♍ = Virgo. ♎ = Libra. ♏ = Scorpio. ♐ = Sagittarius. ♑ = Capricorn. ♒ = Aquarius. ♓ = Pisces.</p>	<p>♄ = Saturn. ☉ = Sun. ☾ = Moon. ♂ = Mars. ☿ = Mercury. ♃ = Jupiter. ♀ = Venus.</p>
--	--

□	enclosing a number shows that the number is a perfect square.
√	before “ “ “ “ a perfect square.
∛	before “ “ “ “ a perfect cube.
√ ²	before “ “ “ “ a squared square.
☉	above “ “ “ “ a perfect number.
⊥	about “ “ “ “ a factorial.*
⏚	about “ “ “ “ a sub-factorial.
π	before “ “ “ “ a prime number

Σ (1—k) is an abbreviation for “the sum of the first k natural numbers.”

* See special table following.

TABLE OF FACTORS

ODD NUMBERS FROM 1 TO 3321 (5'S EXCLUDED); SHOWING LOWEST FACTORS,
AND PRIMES (P.). "—" INDICATES THAT THE NUMBER IS DIVISIBLE BY 3.

1	P.	83	P.	171	—	259	7	347	P.
2	P.	87	—	173	P.	261	—	349	P.
3	P.	89	P.	177	—	263	P.	351	—
5	P.	91	7	179	P.	267	—	353	P.
7	P.	93	—	181	P.	269	P.	357	—
<u>9</u>	3^2	97	P.	183	—	271	P.	359	P.
11	P.	99	—	187	11	273	—	<u>361</u>	19^2
13	P.	101	P.	189	—	277	P.	363	—
17	P.	103	P.	191	P.	279	—	367	P.
19	P.	107	P.	193	P.	281	P.	369	—
21	—	109	P.	197	P.	283	P.	371	7
23	P.	111	—	199	P.	287	7	373	P.
27	3^3	113	P.	201	—	<u>289</u>	17^2	377	13
29	P.	117	—	203	7	291	—	379	P.
31	P.	119	7	207	—	293	P.	381	—
33	—	<u>121</u>	11^2	209	11	297	—	383	P.
37	P.	123	—	211	P.	299	13	387	—
39	—	127	P.	213	—	301	7	389	P.
41	P.	129	—	217	7	303	—	391	17
43	P.	131	P.	219	—	307	P.	393	—
47	P.	133	7	221	13	309	—	397	P.
<u>49</u>	7^2	137	P.	223	P.	311	P.	399	—
51	—	139	P.	227	P.	313	P.	401	P.
53	P.	141	—	229	P.	317	P.	403	13
57	—	143	11	231	—	319	11	407	11
59	P.	147	—	233	P.	321	—	409	P.
61	P.	149	P.	237	—	323	17	411	—
63	—	151	P.	239	P.	327	—	413	7
67	P.	153	—	241	P.	329	7	417	—
69	—	157	P.	243	3^5	331	P.	419	P.
71	P.	159	—	247	13	333	—	421	P.
73	P.	161	7	249	—	337	P.	423	—
77	7	163	P.	251	P.	339	—	427	7
79	P.	167	P.	253	11	341	11	429	—
<u>81</u>	$3^2=9^2$	<u>169</u>	13^2	257	P.	343	7	431	P.

433	P.	<u>520</u>	23 ²	623	7	719	P.	813	—
437	19	531	—	627	—	721	7	817	19
439	P.	533	13	629	17	723	—	819	—
<u>441</u>	-21 ²	537	—	631	P.	727	P.	821	P.
443	P.	539	7	633	—	<u>729</u>	3 ⁶ =9 ³ =27 ²	823	P.
447	—	541	P.	637	7	731	17	827	P.
449	P.	543	—	639	—	733	P.	829	P.
451	11	547	P.	641	P.	737	11	831	—
453	—	549	—	643	P.	739	P.	833	7
457	P.	551	19	647	P.	741	—	837	—
459	—	553	7	649	11	743	P.	839	P.
461	P.	557	P.	651	—	747	—	<u>841</u>	29 ²
463	P.	559	13	653	P.	749	7	843	—
467	P.	561	—	657	—	751	P.	847	7
469	7	563	P.	659	P.	753	—	849	—
471	—	567	—	661	P.	757	P.	851	23
473	11	569	P.	663	—	759	—	853	P.
477	—	571	P.	667	23	761	P.	857	P.
479	P.	573	—	669	—	763	7	859	P.
481	13	577	P.	671	11	767	13	861	—
483	—	579	—	673	P.	769	P.	863	P.
487	P.	581	7	677	P.	771	—	867	—
489	—	583	11	679	7	773	P.	869	11
491	P.	587	P.	681	—	777	—	871	13
493	17	589	17	683	P.	779	19	873	—
497	7	591	—	687	—	781	11	877	P.
499	P.	593	P.	689	13	783	—	879	—
501	—	597	—	691	P.	787	P.	881	P.
503	P.	599	P.	693	—	789	—	883	P.
507	—	601	P.	697	17	791	7	887	P.
509	P.	603	—	699	—	793	13	889	7
511	7	607	P.	701	P.	797	P.	891	—
513	—	609	—	703	19	799	17	893	19
517	11	611	13	707	7	801	—	897	—
519	—	613	P.	709	P.	803	11	899	29
521	P.	617	P.	711	—	807	—	901	17
523	P.	619	P.	713	23	809	P.	903	—
527	17	621	—	717	—	811	P.	907	P.

909	—	1003	17	1099	7	1193	P.	1289	P.
911	P.	1007	19	1101	—	1197	—	1291	P.
913	11	1009	P.	1103	P.	1199	11	1293	—
917	7	1011	—	1107	—	1201	P.	1297	P.
919	P.	1013	P.	1109	P.	1203	—	1299	—
921	—	1017	—	1111	11	1207	17	1301	P.
923	P.	1019	P.	1113	—	1209	—	1303	P.
927	—	1021	P.	1117	P.	1211	7	1307	P.
929	P.	1023	—	1119	—	1213	P.	1309	7
931	7	1027	13	1121	19	1217	P.	1311	—
933	—	1029	—	1123	P.	1219	23	1313	13
937	P.	1031	P.	1127	7	1221	—	1317	—
939	—	1033	P.	1129	P.	1223	P.	1319	P.
941	P.	1037	—	1131	—	1227	—	1321	P.
943	23	1039	P.	1133	11	1229	P.	1323	—
947	P.	1041	—	1137	—	1231	P.	1327	P.
949	13	1043	7	1139	17	1233	—	1329	—
951	—	1047	—	1141	7	1237	P.	1331	11
953	P.	1049	P.	1143	—	1239	—	1333	31
957	—	1051	P.	1147	31	1241	17	1337	7
959	7	1053	—	1149	—	1243	11	1339	13
<u>961</u>	31 ²	1057	7	1151	P.	1247	29	1341	—
963	—	1059	—	1153	P.	1249	P.	1343	17
967	P.	1061	P.	1157	13	1251	—	1347	—
969	—	1063	P.	1159	19	1253	7	1349	19
971	P.	1067	11	1161	—	1257	—	1351	7
973	7	1069	P.	1163	P.	1259	P.	1353	—
977	P.	1071	—	1167	—	1261	13	1357	23
979	11	1073	29	1169	7	1263	—	1359	—
981	—	1077	—	1171	P.	1267	7	1361	P.
983	P.	1079	13	1173	—	1269	—	1363	29
987	—	1081	23	1177	11	1271	31	1367	P.
989	23	1083	—	1179	—	1273	19	<u>1369</u>	37 ²
991	P.	1087	P.	1181	P.	1277	P.	1371	—
993	—	<u>1089</u>	— 33 ²	1183	7	1279	P.	1373	P.
997	P.	1091	P.	1187	P.	1281	—	1377	—
999	—	1093	P.	1189	29	1283	P.	1379	7
1001	7	1097	P.	1191	—	1287	—	1381	P.

1383	—	1479	—	1573	II	1669	P.	1763	4I
1387	19	1481	P.	1577	19	1671	—	1767	—
1389	—	1483	P.	1579	P.	1673	7	1769	29
1391	13	1487	P.	1581	—	1677	—	1771	7
1393	7	1489	P.	1583	P.	1679	23	1773	—
1397	II	1491	—	1587	—	<u>1681</u>	41 ²	1777	P.
1399	P.	1493	P.	1589	7	1683	—	1779	—
1401	—	1497	—	1591	37	1687	7	1781	13
1403	23	1499	P.	1593	—	1689	—	1783	P.
1407	—	1501	19	1597	P.	1691	19	1787	P.
1409	P.	1503	—	1599	—	1693	P.	1789	P.
1411	17	1507	II	1601	P.	1697	P.	1791	—
1413	—	1509	—	1603	7	1699	P.	1793	II
1417	13	1511	P.	1607	P.	1701	—	1797	—
1419	—	1513	17	1609	P.	1703	13	1799	7
1421	7	1517	37	1611	—	1707	—	1801	P.
1423	P.	1519	7	1613	P.	1709	P.	1803	—
1427	P.	<u>1521</u>	—39 ²	1617	—	1711	29	1807	13
1429	P.	1523	P.	1619	P.	1713	—	1809	—
1431	—	1527	—	1621	P.	1717	17	1811	P.
1433	P.	1529	II	1623	—	1719	—	1813	7
1437	—	1531	P.	1627	P.	1721	P.	1817	23
1439	P.	1533	—	1629	—	1723	P.	1819	17
1441	II	1537	29	1631	7	1727	II	1821	—
1443	—	1539	—	1633	23	1729	7	1823	P.
1447	P.	1541	23	1637	P.	1731	—	1827	—
1449	—	1543	P.	1639	II	1733	P.	1829	3I
1451	P.	1547	7	1641	—	1737	—	1831	P.
1453	P.	1549	P.	1643	3I	1739	37	1833	—
1457	3I	1551	—	1647	—	1741	P.	1837	II
1459	P.	1553	P.	1649	17	1743	—	1839	—
1461	—	1557	—	1651	13	1747	P.	1841	7
1463	7	1559	P.	1653	—	1749	—	1843	19
1467	—	1561	7	1657	P.	1751	17	1847	P.
1469	13	1563	—	1659	—	1753	P.	<u>1849</u>	43 ²
1471	P.	1567	P.	1661	II	1757	7	1851	—
1473	—	1569	—	1663	P.	1759	P.	1853	17
1477	7	1571	P.	1667	P.	1761	—	1857	—

1859	II	1953	—	2049	—	2143	P.	2239	P.
1861	P.	1957	I9	2051	7	2147	I9	2241	—
1863	—	1959	P.	2053	P.	2149	7	2243	P.
1867	P.	1961	37	2057	II	2151	—	2247	—
1869	—	1963	I3	2059	29	2153	P.	2249	I3
1871	P.	1967	7	2061	—	2157	—	2251	P.
1873	P.	1969	II	2063	P.	2159	I7	2253	—
1877	P.	1971	—	2067	—	2161	P.	2257	37
1879	P.	1973	P.	2069	P.	2163	—	2259	—
1881	—	1977	—	2071	I9	2167	II	2261	7
1883	7	1979	P.	2073	—	2169	—	2263	3I
1887	—	1981	7	2077	3I	2171	I3	2267	P.
1889	P.	1983	—	2079	—	2173	4I	2269	P.
1891	3I	1987	II	2081	P.	2177	7	2271	—
1893	—	1989	P.	2083	P.	2179	P.	2273	P.
1897	7	1991	P.	2087	P.	2181	—	2277	—
1899	—	1993	P.	2089	P.	2183	37	2279	43
1901	P.	1997	—	2091	—	2187	3 ⁷	2281	P.
1903	II	1999	P.	2093	7	2189	II	2283	—
1907	P.	2001	—	2097	—	2191	7	2287	P.
1909	23	2003	P.	2099	P.	2193	—	2289	—
1911	—	2007	—	2101	II	2197	I3	2291	29
1913	P.	2009	7	2103	—	2199	—	2293	P.
1917	—	2011	P.	2107	7	2201	3I	2297	P.
1919	I9	2013	—	2109	—	2203	P.	2299	II
1921	I7	2017	P.	2111	P.	2207	P.	2301	—
1923	—	2019	—	2113	P.	2209	47 ²	2303	7
1927	4I	2021	43	2117	29	2211	—	2307	—
1929	—	2023	7	2119	I3	2213	P.	2309	P.
1931	P.	2027	P.	2121	—	2217	—	2311	P.
1933	P.	2029	P.	2123	II	2219	7	2313	—
1937	I3	2031	—	2127	—	2221	P.	2317	7
1939	7	2033	I9	2129	P.	2223	—	2319	—
1941	—	2037	P.	2131	P.	2227	I7	2321	II
1943	29	2039	P.	2133	—	2229	—	2323	23
1947	—	2041	I3	2137	P.	2231	23	2327	I3
1949	P.	2043	—	2139	—	2233	II	2329	I7
1951	P.	2047	23	2141	P.	2237	P.	2331	—

2333	P.	2429	7	2523	—	2619	—	2713	P.
2337	—	2431	II	2527	7	2621	P.	2717	II
2339	P.	2433	—	2529	—	2623	43	2719	P.
2341	P.	2437	P.	2531	P.	2627	37	2721	—
2343	—	2439	—	2533	17	2629	II	2723	7
2347	P.	2441	P.	2537	43	2631	—	2727	—
2349	—	2443	7	2539	P.	2633	P.	2729	P.
2351	P.	2447	P.	2541	—	2637	—	2731	P.
2353	13	2449	3I	2543	P.	2639	7	2733	—
2357	P.	2451	—	2547	—	2641	19	2737	7
2359	7	2453	II	2549	P.	2643	—	2739	—
2361	—	2457	—	2551	P.	2647	P.	2741	P.
2363	17	2459	P.	2553	—	2649	—	2743	13
2367	—	2461	23	2557	P.	2651	II	2747	4I
2369	23	2463	—	2559	—	2653	7	2749	P.
2371	P.	2467	P.	2561	13	2657	P.	2751	—
2373	—	2469	—	2563	II	2659	P.	2753	P.
2377	P.	2471	7	2567	17	2661	—	2757	—
2379	—	2473	P.	2569	7	2663	P.	2759	3I
2371	P.	2477	P.	2571	—	2667	—	2761	II
2383	P.	2479	37	2573	3I	2669	17	2763	—
2387	7	2481	—	2577	—	2671	P.	2767	P.
2389	P.	2483	13	2579	P.	2673	—	2769	—
2391	—	2487	—	2581	29	2677	P.	2771	17
2393	P.	2489	19	2583	—	2679	—	2773	47
2397	—	2491	47	2587	13	2681	7	2777	P.
2399	P.	2493	—	2589	—	2683	P.	2779	7
<u>2401</u>	$7^4=49^2$	2497	II	2591	P.	2687	P.	2781	—
2403	—	2499	—	2593	P.	2689	P.	2783	II
2407	29	2501	4I	2597	7	2691	—	2787	—
2409	—	2503	P.	2599	23	2693	P.	2789	P.
2411	P.	2507	23	<u>2601</u>	$-5I^2$	2697	—	2791	P.
2413	19	2509	13	2603	19	2699	P.	2793	—
2417	P.	2511	—	2607	—	2701	37	2797	P.
2419	4I	2513	7	2609	P.	2703	—	2799	—
2421	—	2517	—	2611	7	2707	P.	2801	P.
2423	P.	2519	II	2613	—	2709	—	2803	P.
2427	—	2521	P.	2617	P.	2711	P.	2807	7

<u>2809</u>	53 ²	2903	P.	2999	P.	3093	—	3189	—
2811	—	2907	—	3001	P.	3097	19	3191	P.
2813	29	2909	P.	3003	—	3099	—	3193	31
2817	—	2901	41	3007	31	3101	7	3197	23
2819	P.	2913	—	3009	—	3103	29	3199	7
2821	7	2917	P.	3011	P.	3107	13	3201	—
2823	—	2919	—	3013	23	3109	P.	3203	P.
2827	11	2921	23	3017	7	3111	—	3207	—
2829	—	2923	37	3019	P.	3113	11	3209	P.
2831	19	2927	P.	3021	—	3117	—	3211	13
2833	P.	2929	29	3023	P.	3119	P.	3213	—
2837	P.	2931	—	3027	—	3121	P.	3217	P.
2839	17	2933	7	3029	13	3123	—	3219	—
2841	—	2937	—	3031	7	3127	53	3221	P.
2843	P.	2939	P.	3033	—	3129	—	3223	11
2847	—	2941	17	3037	P.	3131	31	3227	7
2849	7	2943	—	3039	—	3133	13	3229	P.
2851	P.	2947	7	3041	P.	3137	P.	3231	—
2853	—	2949	—	3043	17	3139	43	3233	53
2857	P.	2951	13	3047	11	3141	—	3237	—
2859	—	2953	P.	3049	P.	3143	7	3239	41
2861	P.	2957	P.	3051	—	3147	—	3241	7
2863	7	2959	11	3053	43	3149	47	3243	—
2867	47	2961	—	3057	—	3151	23	3247	17
2869	19	2963	P.	3059	7	3153	—	<u>3249</u>	-57 ²
2871	—	2967	—	3061	P.	3157	7	3251	P.
2873	13	2969	P.	3063	—	3159	—	3253	P.
2877	—	2971	P.	3067	P.	3161	29	3257	P.
2879	P.	2973	—	3069	—	3163	P.	3259	P.
2881	43	2977	13	3071	37	3167	P.	3261	—
2883	—	2979	—	3073	7	3169	P.	3263	13
2887	P.	2981	11	3077	17	3171	—	3267	—
2889	—	2983	19	3079	P.	3173	19	3269	7
2891	7	2987	29	3081	—	3177	—	3271	P.
2893	11	2989	7	3083	P.	3179	11	3273	—
2897	P.	2991	—	3087	—	3181	P.	3277	29
2899	13	2993	41	3089	P.	3183	—	3279	—
2901	—	2997	—	3091	11	3187	P.	3281	17

3283	7	3293	37	3301	P.	3309	—	3317	31
3287	19	3297	—	3303	—	3311	7	3319	P.
3289	11	3299	P.	3307	P.	3313	P.	3321	—
3291	—								

The first dozen factorials, and sub-factorials; and the ratios they bear to one another; note that $\frac{n}{\lfloor n} = e$

N	$\lfloor N$	$\ll N$	$\frac{\lfloor N}{\ll N}$	$\frac{\ll N}{\lfloor N}$
1	1	0	∞	0.000000
2	2	1	2.000000	0.500000
3	6	2	3.000000	0.333333
4	24	9	2.666666	0.375000
5	120	44	2.727272	0.366666
6	720	265	2.716981	0.368055
7	5040	1854	2.718446	0.367857
8	40320	14833	2.718262	0.367881
9	362880	133496	2.718283	0.367879
10	2628800	1334961	2.718281	0.367879
11	39916800	14684570	2.718281	0.367879
12	479001600	176214841	2.718281	0.367879

Factorial n , or $\lfloor n$ is the continued product of all the whole numbers from 1 to n inclusive and is the number of ways in which n different things can be arranged.

Sub-factorial n , or $\ll n$, is the nearest whole number to $n + e$, and is the number of ways in which a row of n elements may be so deranged, that no element may have its original position.

Thus $\ll n = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \dots \times n,$

and $\ll n = \frac{1 \times 2 \times 3 \dots \times n}{2.71828188..} \pm h,$

where h is the smaller decimal fraction less than unity by which the fraction $\frac{1 \times 2 \times 3 \dots \times n}{2.71828188..}$ differs from a whole number, and is to be added or subtracted as the case may be.—The most useful expression for $\ll n$ is:

$$\ll n \equiv n! - \frac{n}{1} (n-1)! + \frac{n(n-1)}{1 \cdot 2} (n-2)! - \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3} (n-3)! + \text{etc}$$

to $(n+1)$ terms.

$$e \equiv 1 + \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} + \frac{1}{3!} + \dots \text{to } \infty$$




$$\equiv 2.71828188... .$$

Names of the letters	Figures of the letters	Value of the letters	English equivalents of the letters
(M) Aleph	א	1	A
(D) Beth	ב	2	B
(D) Gimel	ג	3	C
(D) Daleth	ד	4	D
(S) Heh	ה	5	H (E)
(S) Vau	ו	6	V (U)
(S) Zayin	ז	7	Z
(S) Kheth (Cheth)	ח	8	Ch
(S) Teth	ט	9	T
(S) Yodh	י	10	Y (I or J)
(D) Kaph	כ ך	20 500	K
(S) Lamed	ל	30	L
(M) Mem	מ ם	40 600	M
(S) Nun	נ ן	50 700	N
(S) Samekh	ס	60	S
(S) Ayin	ע	70	O (A'a or Ng)
(D) Peh	פ ף	80 800	P
(S) Tzaddi	צ ץ	90 900	Tz
(S) Qoph	ק	100	Q
(D) Resh	ר	200	R
(M) Shin	ש	300	S Sh
(D) Tau	ת	400	T Th

When written large, the Value of a Hebrew letter is increased to one thousand times its ordinary value. A large Aleph is counted 1000: a large Beth, 2000: and so on.

Note that A, I, O, U, H, are really consonants, mere bases for the vowels. These vowels are not here given, as they have no importance in Gematria.

M, D and S before the names of the letters shew their division into Mothers, Double and Single letters, referred respectively to active Elements, Air, Water, Fire, Planets, and Signs. But ם and ף also serve to signify the Elements of Spirit and of Earth. See Liber 777.

				
12 112 The Mystic Number of Kether. S.P.M.	$\pi \sqrt{1}$		Gad, a Tribe of Israel; good fortune	גד
12 113. S. S.F.	$\pi 2$		Was weary	גזג
[Abbreviation for 422, אררך אנפין, q.v.]			Riches, power	גנל
$\Sigma (1-2)$. ח. The Mystic Number of Chokmah.	$\pi 3$		Fish	ה
Father	הא		2 ³ . The number of Abra-Melin Sub-Princes, and of the Servitors of Oriens. ♀	$\sqrt[3]{8}$
To come, go	הט		To will, intend	הנא
The Number of Abra-Melin Princes. 4. 2 ²	$\sqrt{4}$		Desired, beloved	הנז
Father	הנא		Then	הז
Hollow; a vein	הנב		The entrance, threshold	הזו
Proud	הנז		To be anxious, grieve	הזח
♂	$\pi 5$		Love; beloved, breast; pleasures of love.	הזח
Mist, vapour	הנז		Nqn. Zaur Anpin 478 q.v.	הזח
Back	הנב		114. 3 ² . ח. ד.	$\sqrt{9}$
			Ventriloquus: the special 'fire' of black magic, whence Obi, Obeah. Cf. 11 and 207.	הנז
$\Sigma (1-3)$. 13 ☉. The Mystic Number of Binah.	6		He kindled	הנז
To gather, collect	הנז		Brother	הנז
Gog, the giant whose partner is Magog	הנז		A garment	הנז
A bear	הנז		Became powerful, grew high	הנז
A window	הנז		Middle	הנז
♀	$\pi 7$		Spendour; cf. 15	הנז
Lost, ruined	הנז		$\Sigma (1-4)$. The Mystic Number of Chesed. Elementorum Spaera. The number of Abram-Melin Servi-tors of Amaimon and Ariton.	10
A name of GOD attributed to Venus. Initials of Adonai ha-Aretz.	הנז		Enchanter	הנז
Desire; either, or	הנז		[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 185.]	הנז



SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Elevated, exalted, high	גכה	Unity	אהר
Flew, soared	דאה	Hated	איב
Two	די	Emptiness	כהו
Window	דה	Raised up	גחה
A wolf	זאב	Chokmah, 42-fold Name in Yezirah. (See 777)	גי
A hidden place; bosom	הח		
	π 11	Anxiety	ראנה
Ahah	אהה	A fisher	דוג
Firebrand, volcanic fire: the special 'fire' or 'light' of the Sacred Magic of Light, Life, and Love; hence "Odic Force" &c. Cf. 9 and 207.	אור	Thunder; to meditate; he re- moved	הנה
Where	א	A city of Edom	הרד
When	טוא	Here; this	זו
To tear, cut, attack	ט	A locust	הנט
Gold (Ch.)	הרד	He shall come	יטא
Proud, haughty	דהב		14
To conceal	זח	Rhamnis; a thorn, spine	אשר
A circularity of form or motion; a feast	הנא	Rising ground; Earth of Geburah (See 777)	גיא
	הג	Sacrifice v. & s. (Ch.). (?)	דבה
	12	Love, beloved; David	דוד
He longed for, missed	אהה	Give, give! [Vide no. 17, אהב]	הנ הנ
He departed, went forth	אור	To grind, direct, stretch out	הרה
A little book, pamphlet, letter; tools.	גט	Gold	זהב
To multiply	דגה	Hand	יד
A city of Edom	הנבה	$\Sigma (1-5)$. $\Sigma \{1-(3 \times 3)\} \div 3$. ח. The Mystic number of Geburah. The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Asmodee and Magot, and of Paimon.	15
HE. [ה is referred to Mater, ו to Pater, א to Corona.]	הוא	Angel of 3 rd Dec. ♂	אכודה
Vau; hook, nail, pin	וו	The month of Exodus and Passover	אביב
This, that	זה	Steam, vapour	איד
To penetrate, be sharp; (Ch.) one	חד	Pride; a carrying out; ex- altation.	גאווה
	π 13		
A small bundle, bunch	אנדה		
Beloved; Love	אהבה		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Splendour, the Eighth Sephira וּבְהוֹרֵר</p> <p>Overflowing, abounding ז</p> <p>He who impels; to force זה</p> <p>To hide חַבֵּה</p> <p>The Monogram of the Eternal יה</p> <p>$4^2=2^4$. The number of Abra-Melin $\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[3]{\quad} 16$ Servitors of Asmodee.</p> <p>Hyssopus חֲזוּב</p> <p>He seized, cleaved to חָזַז</p> <p>Elevated, exalted, high גְּבוּהָה</p> <p>(Verb. subst.) Injury, war, lust; fell. חָזָה</p> <p>She חַיָּה</p> <p>Alas!—Woe יֵי</p> <p>Like, equal to זוּג</p>	<p>Living חַי</p> <p>Notariqon of Yehi Aur, etc. יְאֵרָה</p>
	π 19
	<p>Angel L.T.D. of ⌘ אֵהָזָה</p> <p>An enemy אֵוִיב</p> <p>Job אֵוִיב</p> <p>Was black רִיָּה</p> <p>Chavvah; to manifest, shew forth; Eve חָוָה</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Amaimon.</p>
	20
	<p>Fraternity אֵחָוָה</p> <p>Black liquid רֵיִן</p> <p>It was חִיָּה</p> <p>The breast; a vision; a prophet; to gaze חִזָּה</p> <p>Jobab, an Edomite King יּוֹבָב</p> <p>The hand יָדָה</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Σ (1—6). The Mystic Number of Tipahreth</p>
	π 17
<p>Nuts אֲגוּזִים</p> <p>Ah!—Alas! אֵוִי</p> <p>Capricornus גְּדִי</p> <p>Nerve, sinew. [Gen. xxxiii 25 & 32] גִּיד</p> <p>Narrative, subtle discourse K.D. L.C.K. p. 267 חֲגוּרָה</p> <p>To dream, rave חִזָּה</p> <p>A fly זְבוּב</p> <p>Sacrificed זָבַח</p> <p>To seethe, boil זוּדָה</p> <p>To brighten, make joyful חָרָה</p> <p>A circle, orbit חֲוָה</p> <p>Good טוֹב</p> <p>To give, place יָהַב</p>	<p>Existence, Being, the Kether- name of GOD אֵחָיָה</p> <p>But, yet, certainly אֵךְ</p> <p>Deep meditation אֵמִיגָה</p> <p>Ah!—Alas! חַיָּה</p> <p>Purity, innocence זָהָה</p> <p>Vide Sepher Yetzirah יְהוּ</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Ariton</p>
	21
	<p>With his hand; Night Demon of 1st Dec. ⌘ בִּידָה</p> <p>By Yodh בִּידָה</p> <p>Hearer in secret; Angel of חֲאֵיָה 8 W.</p> <p>The state of puberty זוּוּגָה</p> <p>A magical vision (Ch.) חֲזוּוִיָּה</p>
	22
<p>My favourite, my beloved אֵהָבִי</p> <p>Hatred אֵוִיבָה</p> <p>The antique Serpent חֲטָאָה</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">18</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Wheat	חטה		
Good	טובה		
Notariqon of "Tet.Elohim Tet. Achad."	ט"ט		
Unity	יחד		
		π 23	
Parted, removed, separated	זחה		3^3
Joy	חרוה		$\sqrt[3]{27}$
A thread	חוט		ככה
Life	חיה		זך
			הירה
14. The number of the 'Elders' in the Apocalypse.	24		
He whom I love	אהובי		Σ (1—7). The Mystic Number of Netzach
He who loves me	אוהבי		28
A Mercurial GOD. His essence is  , 8	אזכונה		
Substance; a body	גויה		
A pauper	רך		π 29
Angel of 2 C.	הבניה		רבה
Abundance	זי		הרך
A water-pot, a large earthen- ware vessel.	כר		30
		$5^2 \cdot \sigma$	
To break	רבא	$\sqrt{25}$	הייב
The Beast	חויא	25	יהודה
Jehewid, GOD of Geburah of Briah	יהוד		יחיה
Let there be	יהי		π 31
Will be separated	יזה		איך
Thus	כה		אל
The Numbers of the Sephiroth of the Middle Pillar; 1 + 6 + 9 + 10	26		הוך
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 273]	חיה		הכאה
Seeing, looking at	חזה		ויהי
			par. 31]
			K. of S. Fig. 31
			ייא
			לא
			Not

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>2⁵. The Number of Abramelin Servitors of Astarot √ 32</p> <p>Coalescence of אהיה and יהיה Macroprosopus and Microprosopus. This is symbolized by the Hexa- gram. Suppose the 3 ה's conceal the 3 Mothers ש, מ & ו and we get 35⁸ q.v.</p> <p>Lord כל</p> <p>Angel of 5 W. והויה</p> <p>Copula Maritalis זיווג</p> <p>Was pure זכה</p> <p>Zig-zag, fork-lightning חזיז</p> <p>Unity K.D. L.C.K. p. 432 יהוד</p> <p>Glory כבוד</p> <p>Mind, heart לב</p>	<p>33</p> <p>34</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">35</p> <p>Agla, a name of GOD; אגלא Notariqon of Ateh Gibor le-Olahm Adonai</p> <p>Boundary, limit גבל</p> <p>He will go יךך</p> <p style="text-align: right;">6² = Σ (1—8). ⊙. The Mystic Number of Hod √ 36</p> <p>Tabernaculum אהל</p> <p>How? (Vide Lamentations) איכה</p> <p>Duke of Geburah in Edom; to curse; name of GOD attributed to ♀ אלה</p> <p>To remove, cast away הל</p> <p>Confession ידוי</p> <p>Leah לאה</p> <p>Perhaps, possibly; would that! לו</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 37</p> <p>Angel of 8 P. אכאה</p> <p>GOD (Ch.) אלהא</p> <p>Behold! אלו</p> <p>Perished, grew old בלה</p> <p>To grow great גדל</p> <p>Banner דגל</p> <p>Tenuity, breath, vanity; in vain; Abel. [I.Z.Q., "the Super- nal Breathers."] הבל</p> <p>Night Demon of 2nd Dec. ✕ ואל</p> <p>Profession זל</p> <p>Jechidah, the Atma of Hindu philosophy יהידה</p> <p>Flame להב</p> <p>(?) Devotion of force לז</p>
--	---------------------	--

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	38		
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. 𐤒	אואל	Divine Majesty	גואאל
He departed	אל	Terminus	גבול
Gehazi, servant of Elisha	גיחזי	To burn	גחל
A City in the Moutains of Judah	גלה	Terror	הול
Innocent	זכאי	To go round in a circle	הגל
The palate	חך	[Vide Ps. cxviii. & I.R.Q. יה יהוה 778]	
To make a hole, hollow; to violate	חל	The number of the letters of a great name of GOD terrible and strong, and of the Assessors of the Dead	42
Green	לה	Angel of 𐤒	איאל
	39	Eloah, a name of GOD	אלוה
To abide, dwell	זבל	The Supernal Mother, unfertilized; see 52	אמא
Dew	טל	Terror, calamity	בלחה
The Eternal is One	יהוה אחד	Loss, destruction	בלי
Angel of 3 P.	יחזיה	To cease	חדל
Metathesis of יהוה	ויוה	The World, Earth of Malkuth	חלד
He cursed	לט	My glory	כבודי
	40		
Bildad	בלדד		
Liberator; a title of Jesod	גואל		π 43
To cut off	גזל	Great	גדול
A rope; ruin; to bind	חבל	To rejoice	גיל
Milk	חלב	Challah; to make faint. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 346]	חלה
The Hand of the Eternal	יד יהוה	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 151; see no. 340]	ליא
To me, to mine	לי	Hazel, almond	לוז
	π 41		
Fecundity	אחלב		
Ram; force; hence = a hero	איל	ll4. 220 ÷ 5	44
Night Demon of 1 st Dec. 𐤒	אלוד	Drops	אגלי
My GOD	אלי	A pool, pond; sorrow	אגם
Mother	אם	Captive, captivity	גולה
To fail, cease	בטל	Angel ruling II	גיאל

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	50						
Red earth, the soil; Earth of Chesed.		אמרה		[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 134]		אנא	
Closed, shut up		אטם		A mare; brute animal, beast		בהמה	
Angel of 9 P.		אלריה		Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. א		ביום	
Jonah's Whale		דג גדול		From all, among all		בכל	
To ferment		חמה		The Son; Assiah's "Secret Nature"		בן	
Pains, sorrows		חבלי		Meditation, imagination, sin		זמה	
Unclean, impure		טמא		A desirable one; to desire		חמר	
58 th ש		ייל		A husband's brother		יבם	
2 nd ש		ילי		Angel of Kether of Briah, and of Jesod of Briah		יהואל	
The sea		ים		Tet. in Assiah		יוד הוּהה	
All, every		כל		A dog		כלב	
To thee		נך		Angel of 4 S., and of 10 P.		לאויה	
What?—Which?		מי		The number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Astarot and Asmodee	π 53		
	51						
Edom		אדים		The stone that slew Goliath; a stone, rock		אבן	
Terrible; Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. מ		אים		Elihu. (Vide 52)		אליהו	
Ate; devoured		אכל		The garden		גן	
Pain		אין		Angel of 9 P.		הויאל	
Tumultuously (vide no. 451); to harass, perturb		חום		To defend, hide; a wall; the sun; fury		חמה	
Angel of 8 S. [Vide K. of S., fig. 52]		יהואל		The spleen		טחול	
Failure.		נא		A lover		מאחבה	
	52						54
Father and Mother		אבא ואמא		A basin, bowl, vells. [Ex. xxiv. 6]		אבן	
Supernal Mother		אימא		Rest		רמי	
Elihu = Eli Huya, "He is my GOD," who is the Holy Guardian Angel of Job in the Allegory		אליהו		A Tribe of Israel; to judge, rule. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 37]		דן	
				Pertaining to summer		חום	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Vision מחזה</p> <p>The Southern district. נגבה</p>	<p>π 61</p>	<p>The golden waters מי זהב</p> <p>[I.R.Q. xl. 996] מיזהב</p> <p>Prophecy נבואה</p> <p>Sphere of ♀ נונה</p> <p>Noach נוח</p>	<p>65</p>
<p>Master, Lord, Adon אדון</p> <p>The negative, non-existent; not אין</p> <p>Towards, to thee אלך</p> <p>I, myself אני</p> <p>The belly בטן</p> <p>Angel of 10 S. דמכיה</p> <p>Wealth הון</p> <p>Angel of 6 C. יאל</p> <p>Habitaculum נוה</p>	<p>62</p>	<p>Adonai אדני</p> <p>Weasels and other terrible animals אוחים</p> <p>The Palace חיכל</p> <p>Shone, gloried, praised הלל</p> <p>To keep silence הם</p> <p>Defective. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 339] חזן</p> <p>6th ש ללה</p> <p>A door post מזוזה</p> <p>A beating, striking מכמ</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 563] נחי</p>	<p>66</p>
<p>Healing אסא</p> <p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ♃ בהחמי</p> <p>The sons בני</p> <p>To commit; healing זנה</p>	<p>63</p>	<p>The Mystic Number of the Qliphoth, and of the Great Work. Σ (I—II).</p> <p>Food, victuals אבילה</p> <p>The Lord thy GOD (is a consuming Fire). [Deut. iv. 24] אלהך</p> <p>A ship אניה</p> <p>A trial, an experiment בחון</p> <p>A wheel. [Called "Cognomen Schechinae"] גלגל</p> <p>A City of Edom דנהבה</p>	<p>64</p>
<p>Abaddon, the Hell of Chesed אברון</p> <p>Dregs, roll; faeces (globular); dung גלל</p> <p>Fed זון</p> <p>The nose חוטם</p> <p>Fervour חימה</p> <p>Tet. in Briah יוד הי ואו הי</p> <p>Briah's "Secret Nature" סג</p> <p>$8^2 = 4^3 = 2^6$. ♀ $\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[3]{\quad} \sqrt[6]{\quad}$</p> <p>A sigh, groan, deep breath אנחה</p> <p>Justice דין</p> <p>(Din and Doni are twin Mercurial Intelligences in Gemini) דני</p>	<p>64</p>	<p>The Mystic Number of the Qliphoth, and of the Great Work. Σ (I—II).</p>	<p>64</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 67		
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 57]	אוני	Vision	חזון
The Understanding	בינה	A dove, pigeon	יונה
Night Demon of 3 rd Dec. II	וינא	A dove	יננה
Zayin	זין	Plenitude, fullness	מלא
Debased	זלל	[72 × 3 = 216, אריה; vide K.D. 72	
To embalm	חנט	L.C.K. p. 151.] There are	
Angel of 3 C.	יכמיה	72 quinaries (spaces of 5°) in	
		the Zodiac. The Shemham-	
	68	phorasch or 'divided name' of	
Wise.—Intelliget ista?	ויבן	GOD consists of 72 trilateral	
To be wise	חכם	names, which by adding ה"ה or	
Emptiness	חלל	אל give 72 angels. Vide Lib.	
To pity	חס	DCCLXXVII	
Ramus Tabernacularis	לולב	Adonai, transliterated as by אדונאי	
		Lemegeton, etc.	
		Geomantic Intelligence אדוכיאל	
	69	of ✠	
A manger, stable; an enclosure	אבוס	In, so, thus, then	בכז
Myrtle	חרם	In the secret	בסוד
L.A. Angel of ✠	וכביאל	And they are excellent, finished	ויכלו
		Kindness, mercy	חהר
	70	Tet. in Atziluth	יוד הי ויו הי
(A proper name)	אבניה	Maccabee	מכבי
Hush, be silent	חשה	Atziluth's "Secret Nature"—	עב
Wine	יין	thickness, cloud; Aub	
Night	ליל		π 73
[Vide Ps. xxv. 14.] The Secret	סוד	Demon-King of Hod, and	בליאל
		Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. ≈	
	π 71	Gimel	גמל
Thy terror	אימך	The Wise One	חכמה
Nothing; an apparition, image	אליל	To trust in, shelter in	חסה
Silence; silent	אלם	A day of feast	יום טוב
Night Demon of 1 st Dec. ≈	אמרוך		
Lead, the metal of Saturn; a	אנך		74
plummet-line, level, water-		A leader, chief, judge	ריין
level			

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Worn-out (?shameless) Beggars רכיב</p> <p>Ox-goad למר</p> <p>A circuit; roundabout סביב</p> <p>All the way, constantly ער</p>	75	<p>The breaker, dream חלב</p> <p>To pity חמל</p> <p>To initiate חנך</p> <p>Angel of 2 S. יזאל</p> <p>Angel of 1st Dec. 8 כרמרי</p> <p>Bread (Ps. lxxviii. 25) = חלב, by metathesis. [K.D. L.C.K. p. 500]</p> <p>Angel of 2 S. מכחאל</p> <p>The Influence from Kether מזלא</p> <p>Salt מלה</p> <p>The name of a Giant עזא</p>
<p>Hues, colours, complexions גווני</p> <p>Lucifer, the Herald Star הילל</p> <p>[Vide K. of S., fig. 53] יכריאל</p> <p>A lamentation, wailing יללה</p> <p>The Pleiades כימה</p> <p>Night; by night לילה</p> <p>NUIT, THE STAR GODDESS נויט</p>	76	<p style="text-align: right;">π 79</p> <p>Boaz, one of the Pillars of the Temple of Solomon בעז</p> <p>Die גוע</p> <p>Angel of 8 S. ומכאל</p> <p>Jachin, one of the Pillars of the Temple of Solomon יאחין</p> <p>3rd ש סיט</p> <p>Conjunction, meeting, union ערה</p>
<p>Secrety, put away; a hiding- place חביון</p> <p>Rest, peace ניחה</p> <p>Slave, servant עבד</p>	77	<p>Union; an assembling וער</p> <p>GOD of Jesod-Malkuth of Briah יה ארני</p>
<p>Prayed בעה</p> <p>The river Gihon. [Gen. ii. 13] גיהון</p> <p>Overflowing. [Ps. cxxiv. 5] זירון</p> <p>Towers, citadels מגדל</p> <p>The Influence from Kether מזל</p> <p>Strength; a he-goat עז</p>	78	<p>Foundation יסוד</p> <p>Universal, general כלל</p> <p>Throne. [Exod. xvii. 16] כס</p> <p>מב</p> <p style="text-align: right;">$9^2=3^4$. ७ $\sqrt{\sqrt{81}}$</p> <p>GODS אלים</p> <p>I. [Ex. xxiii. 20] אנכי</p> <p>Anger, wrath; also nose אף</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Hearer of Cries; Angel of 6 P. יילאל</p> <p>Angel of 5 W. יליאל</p> <p>Night Demon of 2nd Dec. כאין</p> <p>Throne כסא</p> <p>Here, hither פה</p>	82	<p>A dream חלום</p> <p>Enoch חנוך</p> <p>Knew ידע</p>	85
<p>Angel of ♀ אנאל</p> <p>A prayer (Ch.) בעי</p> <p>Briatic Palace of Hod חיכל גונה</p> <p>Kindly, righteous, holy חסיד</p> <p>Laban; white לבן</p> <p>The beloved thing; res grata ניחה</p>	83	<p>Boaz (is referred to Hod) בועז</p> <p>A flower, cup גביע</p> <p>Put in motion, routed חמם</p> <p>Circumcision מילה</p> <p>The mouth; the letter פ פה</p>	86
<p>Abbreviatura quatuor systematum אביע</p> <p>The drops of dew. [Job xxxviii. 28] אגלי טל</p> <p>Benajaha, son of Jehoiada בנייהו</p> <p>See 73 גימל</p> <p>A flowing, wave גלים</p> <p>Person, self; (Ch.) wing גף</p> <p>Consecration; dedicated חנכה</p> <p>Angel of 2 P. לכבאל</p> <p>To flee, put one's things in safety. [Jerem. vi. 1] זוע</p>	84	<p>A name of GOD, ascertaining the identity of Kether and Malkuth אחיה ארני</p> <p>Elohim. [Note masc. pl. of fem. sing.] אלהים</p> <p>Hallelu-Jah הללויה</p> <p>A rustling of wings חמולה</p> <p>Geomantic Intelligence of נל הנאל</p> <p>[Vide I.R.Q. 778] יה יהוה ארם</p> <p>A cup; hence Pudendum Muliebre כוס</p> <p>A blemish, spot, stain מום</p> <p>Angel of 10 C. מיחאל</p> <p>Plenitude מלוי</p>	87
<p>7×12; or $(2^2 + 3)(2^2 \times 3)$—hence esteemed by some אחז</p> <p>A wing (army), squadron; a chosen troop אנף</p> <p>[I.Z.Q. 699] אחזע</p> <p>Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 71] אחזע</p> <p>Was silent רמם</p>	87	<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 114] אלון</p> <p>A cup אסוך</p> <p>Angel of 1st Dec. 1 בחלמי</p> <p>Blasphemed גדף</p> <p>Standards, military ensigns דגלים</p> <p>Determined זמם</p>	87

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>White Storks חסידה</p> <p>Whitenss; frankincense; Sphere of 2) לבנה</p>		<p>Archangel of Geburah כמאל</p> <p>Food, fare מאכל</p> <p>Angel מלאך</p>	
	88	Daughter, virgin, bride, Koré מלכא	
Redness; sparkling חבלל		Manna מנא	
To be hot חם		A hut, tent סוכה	
Darkness חסך		Pekht, 'extension' פאחה	
A duke of Edom מגריאל		Angel of 5 S. אניאל	92
Roaring, seething; burning נחל		Mud בץ	
	π 89	(Deut. xxviii. 58.) יהוה אלהיך	
Shut up גוף		[Vide no. 572]	
Body גוף		Terror, a name of Geburah פחד	
Silence רממה			93
Angel of 9 S. מחזאל		A duke of Edom. [Vide also Ezekiel xxiii.] אהליבמה	
	90	The sons of (the merciful) GOD בני אל	
Very silent דומם		[Vide Liber ABA pt. III]	
The Pillar, Jachin יכין		Incense לבונה	
Water מים		A disc, round shield מגן	
Kings מלך		[Vide Liber DCLXXI]	
Wicker-basket סל		Possession נחלה	
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. Ω פער		[Vide Liber ABA pt. IV]	
Σ (I—13). The Mystic Number of Kether as Achad. The Number of Paths in the the Supernal Beard; according to the number of the Letters, כ = 11, etc. 91		Arduous, busy; an army צבא	
			94
A tree איצן		Corpse גועג	
Amen. [Cf. 74I] אמן		The valley of vision גיהזיון	
The Ephod אפוד		To extinguish רעך	
The "יהוה ארני", inter-laced 'אהרונה		Destruction. [Ps. l. 20] רפי	
Angel of 4 S. כליאל		A shore חוף	
		A window חלון	
		A drop טרה	
		Children ילדים	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

		95	A building; an architect	מבנה
The great Stone	אבן גדולה		Aquae EL Boni.	אל הטבא
Angel of 2 W.—Daniel	דניאל		["Quicksilver," K.D. L.C.K. p. 442]	מי
Angel of 10 P.	החעיה			
The waters	המים			98
Multitude, abundance; Haman	המן		A name of GOD	הוא אלהים
Zabulon	זבלון		Temporary dwelling. [Ex. xxxiii. 11]	זמנא
Angel of 2 nd Dec. δ	זחעי		Image; hid, concealed— pertains to Sol and the Lingam-Yoni	חמן
♂	מאדים		To consume, eat	חסל
Journey	מחלך		White	צה
Queen	מלכה			
Selah. [Ps. xxxii. 5, 6 etc.]	סלה			
		96		99
A name of GOD	אל ארני		The pangs of childbirth	חבלי לידה
Chaldee form of אלהים	אלהין		The Vault of Heaven; an inner chamber; wedlock, nuptial	חופה
By day	יוסם		City of Death, Infernal Abode of Geburah	טיטהוין
Praiseworthy; Angel of 7 W.	ללהאל		Cognition, knowledge	יריעה
Work	מלאכם			$\sqrt{100}$
The secret (counsel) of the Lord. [Ps. xxv. 14]	סוד יהוה			10^2
		π 97	A day; the seas; the times. [Vide no. 1100]	ימים
Breeder, rearer; Day Demon of 1 st Dec. II	אומן		Vases, vessels	כלים
Changeless, constant; the GOD Amon	אמון		The palm; the letter Kaph	כף
The Son of Man	בן אדם		An effort, exertion. [I.R.Q. 995]	מרון
Archangel of Netzach	האניאל		Mitigation of the one by the other	מחי טכאם
The appointed time	זמן			π 101
To seize suddenly (rapere)	חטפ		Swallowed, destroyed	אלע
A hand-breath, palm.	טפה		A storehouse	אסם
[1 Kings vii. 26—Ex. xxv. 25.]			[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 147]	אק
A brick, tile	לבינה		Angel of 4 C.	מומיה

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Archangel of ☉ and △; Angel of 7 S.; Angel of Malkuth of Briah, etc.</p>	מיכאל		<p style="text-align: center;">Σ (I—14)</p> <p>To subvert, ruin, change</p>	105
<p>Kingdom; a virgin princess; esp. THE Virgin Princess, i.e. Ecclesia</p>	מלוכה		<p>Desert land: Earth of Netzach</p>	106
<p>Gut; gut-string</p>	נימא	102	<p>Attained</p> <p>Angel of 7 C.</p>	<p>רבק</p> <p>מלאאל</p>
<p>A white goose</p>	אווז לבן		<p>Fish; the letter Nun</p>	נון
<p>Trust, truth, faith</p>	אמונה		<p>Angel of 9 C.</p>	סאליה
<p>Bela, a King of Edom; to possess; lands, government</p>	בלע		<p>Stibium</p>	פוך
<p>Concupiscibilis</p>	נחמד		<p>Line, string, linen thread</p>	קו
<p>Grace, pride, fame, glory; a wild goat</p>	צבי			π 107
<p>Dust</p>	אבק	π 103	<p>An egg</p>	ביצה
<p>To guard, protect</p>	גנן		<p>Angel of Netzach of Briah</p>	עסאל
<p>Loathed</p>	געל		<p>Angel ruling δ</p>	עואל
<p>Food, meat (Ch.)</p>	מזון		<p>$2^2 \times 3^3$: hence used as the number of beads on a rosary by some sects.</p>	108
<p>Oblation</p>	מנחה		<p>The ears</p>	אזנים
<p>Prophets</p>	נבאים		<p>The fruit of a deep valley</p>	באבי הנחל
<p>A calf</p>	עגל		<p>Hell of Jesod-Malkuth</p>	גיהנם
<p>Father of the mob, or of the multitude</p>	אב המון	104	<p>A wall</p>	חייק
<p>Quarrel, dispute</p>	מרין		<p>To force, do wrong to</p>	חמם
<p>Personal (belongings), small private property</p>	סגולה		<p>To love very much</p>	הנן
<p>Sodom</p>	סדם		<p>To shut up, obstruct</p>	חסם
<p>Giving up, presenting, re- mitting</p>	סולה		<p>The middle</p>	חצי
<p>Trade; a fish-hook</p>	צדי		<p>To measure out; a decree; tall. (Masc. gender). Cf 113</p>	חק
			<p>Angel L.T.D. of δ</p>	סגהם
			<p>A Giant: "the lust of GOD"</p>	עואל
				π 109
			<p>Day-demon of 2nd Dec. ≈</p>	אסכודראי
			<p>Lightning</p>	בקו

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Quiet מנוחה</p> <p>Music נגון</p> <p>Angel of 4 סחיאֵל</p> <p>Circle, sphere עגול</p> <p style="text-align: right;">צדירא</p>	110	<p>Title of Kether. (Mirum occultum) פלא</p> <p>Angel of 2 C. אינעאל</p> <p>A structure; mode of building בנין</p> <p>Was angry בנס</p> <p>Sharpness חרק</p> <p>Jabok. [Gen. xxxii. 22.] יבק</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Note 112 = 4 × 28</p> <p>The Lord GOD יהוה אלהים</p> <p>Ebal עיבל</p>	112
<p>Father of Faith אב האמונה</p> <p>Tectum coeli fabrilis sub quo desponsationes conjugum fiunt גג החופה</p> <p>Resemblance, likeness רמיון</p> <p>Cherubic Signs—\aleph replaced by φ וטהק</p> <p>To embrace חבק</p> <p>At the end of the days; the right hand ימן</p> <p>A sign, flag, standard נס</p> <p>Angel of 6 W. טיטאל</p> <p>Kinsman עם</p>	111	<p>Likeness; the same. (Fem. gender.) Cf 108. חקה</p> <p>A giving away, remitting סליחה</p> <p>A stream, brook פלג</p> <p>Qliphoth of Jesod גמליאל</p> <p>Tear (weeping) רמע</p> <p>Gracious, obliging, indulgent חנון</p> <p>Science מרע</p> <p>Brains שוהין</p>	113
<p>The number of Abra-Melin Servitors of O.P.A.A. $\Sigma \{1-(6 \times 6)\} + 6$. \odot ארמונא</p> <p>Red. [Vide Gen. xxv. 25] אחד הוא אלהים</p> <p>A name of GOD אלף</p> <p>A thousand; Aleph אסן</p> <p>Ruin, destruction, sudden death אעם</p> <p>AUM אפל</p> <p>Thick darkness יוד יהוה ארני</p> <p>Passwords of מחולל</p> <p>Mad נביאל</p> <p>Intelligence of \odot עולה</p> <p>Common holocaust; an ascent עולה</p> <p>A duke of Edom עולה</p>	114	<p>Geomantic Intelligence of \aleph רמליאל</p> <p>Here am I חנני</p> <p>The heat of the day חום היום</p> <p>To make strong; vehement, eager חזק</p> <p>Doves יונים</p> <p>Heaven of Chesed מכון</p> <p>The munificent ones נדיבים</p>	115
	116		116

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Primordial	עילאה	117	Emanated from	אצל
			Of whirling motions	הגלגלים
Fog, darkness	אופל		Nocturnal vision	חזון רי ליליא
Guide; Duke	אלוף	118	Angel ruling ☉	כעאל
			It is filled	נמלא
To pass, renew, change	חלף		Angel L.T.N. of ☉	עכאל
To ferment	חמע			122
Strength; Chassan, Ruler of Air	חסן		Vi compressa	אנוסה
The High Priest	כהן גדול	119	Revoluciones (Animarum)	גלגולים
				123
Lydian-stone	בוהן		A name of GOD, אהה יהוה אלהים	
Beelzebub, the Fly-GOD	אבן		implying Kether—Chokmah—	
Weeping (subst.)	בעלזבוב		Binah, 3, 4, & 5 letters.	
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. ♃	האלף		War	מלחמה
Abominable	פגול	120	A blow, plague	נגע
$\text{I5} = \Sigma (1-15) = 7$ being the 15 th Path			Pleasure, delight	ענג
Master	בעל		Laesio aliquidis, violatio	פגם
Foundation, basis	מוסדי			124
The time of the decree	מועד		An oak; hardness	חוסן
Strengthening	מכין		Pleasure, delight; Eden	ערן
Prophetic sayings, or decrees: "His days shall be";— hence Abra-Melin	מלים		Qliphoth of Chokmah	עיניאל
Velum	מסך		5^3	$\sqrt[3]{125}$
Prop; the letter Samekh	סמך		Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. ✕	דנמאל
A name of GOD	ען		[Vide S.D. v. 16]	כפכה
11^2	$\sqrt{121}$		Angel of 4 P.	מנראל
Vain idols	אלילים			126
?Termination of Abr-amelim?	אמילם		A widow	אלמנה
An end, extremity	אפם		Darkness	אפילה
			Day Demon of 1 st Dec. ♂	דימוגין
			A name of GOD יהוה ארני אנלא	
			Hospitality	מלון

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Horse סוס</p> <p>On, a name of GOD [see 120], penalty of iniquity; "being taken away" עון</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">π 127</p>	<p>Angel of 6 C. נלכאל</p> <p>Samael; Qliphoth of Hod סמאל</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of מן ססיא</p> <p>Humility ענוה</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">132</p>
<p>Material מוטבע</p> <p>Angel of 5 P. פויאל</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">√ 128</p>	<p>To make waste בלק</p> <p>Angel of 4 W. ננאאל</p> <p>To receive קבל</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">133</p>
<p>Eliphaz אליפז</p> <p>Angel ruling ≈ אנמואל</p> <p>To deliver, loose חלץ</p> <p>Robustus gratia. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 399] חסין</p> <p>GOD, the Eternal One יהוה אלהינו</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">129</p>	<p>[Vide I.Z.Q. 699] ניבק</p> <p>Vine גפן</p> <p>Angel of 5 S. העמיה</p> <p>The salt sea ים המלח</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">134</p>
<p>Pleasure [Gen. xviii. 12] עדנה</p> <p>Delight, pleasure עונג</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">130</p>	<p>Burning דלק</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">135</p>
<p>Deliverance הצלה</p> <p>The Angel of re- demption מלאך הנאל</p> <p>Decrees, prophetic sayings מלין</p> <p>Eye; the letter Ayin עין</p> <p>The Pillars עמודי</p> <p>Destitute עני</p> <p>A staircase, ladder סלם</p> <p>Angel of 5 C. פהליה</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">π 131</p>	<p>Day Demon of 2nd Dec. ☿ גוסיון</p> <p>Geomantic Intelligence of ♀ מלכדיאל</p> <p>A destitute female עניה</p> <p>The congregation. [Vide no. 161] קלה</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 673] קלה</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Σ (1—16). 4</p> <p>Spirit of 4 הסמאל</p> <p>Intelligence of 4 יהפאל</p> <p>The Avenging Angel מלאך הגואל</p> <p>Fines, penalties ממון</p> <p>A voice קול</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">136</p>
<p>He was angry אנה</p> <p>Nose אפים</p> <p>Turn, roll אפן</p> <p>Title of Kether מכוכה</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">π 137</p>	<p>A wheel אופן</p>	<p style="border-left: 1px solid black; border-right: 1px solid black;">137</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>The belly, gullet. [? Hebrew: vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 138]</p>		אסטומכא		<p>A stranger; Balaam</p>	בלעם
<p>An image, a statue. [Gen. xxviii. 22]</p>		מצבה		<p>Night Demon of 3rd Dec. δ</p>	בעלם
<p>A receiving; the Qabalah</p>		קבלה		<p>Delights (Δ & ∇)</p>	מחמרים
<p>The Son of GOD</p>		בן אלהים	138	<p>The unshoeing</p>	חליצה
<p>To smoothe, divide</p>		חלק		<p>Running waters. [Cant. iv. 15]</p>	נוזלים
<p>To leaven, ferment</p>		חמץ		<p>12^2</p>	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 144
<p>To pollute</p>		חנף		<p>A sandal</p>	סנדל
<p>Libanon. [Cant. iv. 11, 15]</p>		לבנון		<p>Anterius; the East; days first of the first</p>	קדם
<p>He shall smite</p>		מחץ		<p>The numerical value of the 13 Paths of the Beard of Macroprosopus</p>	145
<p>Forehead</p>		מצח		<p>The Staff of GOD. [Ex. xvii. 9]</p>	מטה האלהים
<p>Hiddekel, the eastern river of Eden</p>		הדקל	π 139	<p>Inscrutable</p>	מעלה
<p>Kings; Angels of Tiphareth of Assiah, and of Netzach of Briah.</p>		מלכים	140	<p>Angel of 6 P.</p>	נממיה
<p>Robust; oaken</p>		אמיץ		<p>A feast</p>	סעורה
<p>Gathered, collected</p>		אסף		<p>The First Gate. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 184]</p>	בכא קמא
<p>Angel of 4 P.</p>		בוקיה	141	<p>Limit, end; boundless</p>	סוף
<p>Precept</p>		מצוה		<p>The world; an adult</p>	עולם
<p>Trusty, steady</p>		נאמן		<p>The Four Names in the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram</p>	147
<p>L.A. Angel of \ominus</p>		פכיאל		<p>viz: יהוה אדני אהיה אנלא</p>	148
<p>Prima</p>		קמא		<p>A name of GOD</p>	אהיה יה יהוה אלהים
<p>Geomantic Intelligence of $\omin�$</p>		אסמודאל	142	<p>Angels of Hod in Assiah and Briah</p>	בני אלהים
<p>Wickedness, destruction</p>		בליעל		<p>Glutton and drunkard. [Deut. xxi. 20]</p>	זולל וסובא
				<p>To withdraw, retire</p>	חמק

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Scales; ♂	מאזנים	Adonai the King	אדוני מלך	155
Victory	נצח	The faithful friend	דוד נאמן	
Flour, meal	קמח	The beard (correct). [S.D. ii. 1, et seq.]	דקנא	
	π 149	Letters of the Cherubic signs	הימניצ	
The living GODS. [Cf. 154]	אלים חיים	Angel of 2 nd Dec. ♃	יסיכיה	
A beating of the breast; a noisy striking	הספר	“The Concealed and Saving”; Angel of 6 W.	עלמיה	
	150	A seed	קנה	
Ariolus. [K.D. L.C.K. p. 53]	ידעוני	12 × 13, the number of letters in each ‘tablet of Enoch’		156
A walking shoe	נעל	The Tabernacle of the congregation [Lev. i, 1]	אהל מועד	
Thine eye. [Vide I.R.Q. 652]	עינך	A viper	אפעה	
Nest	קן	BABALON, THE VICTORIOUS QUEEN [Vide XXX Aethyrs: Liber CDXVIII]	באבאלען	
	π 151	Angel of Hod of Briah	הסניאל	
אכף הה יוד הה אכף spelt in full יהוה אלהים יהוה אחר GRAMMATON of the GODS is One TETRAGRAMMATON		Joseph [referred to Jesod]	יוסף	
Night Demon of 3 rd Dec. ♃	מאלך	Angel of 1 st Dec. ♄	כמון	
The Fountain of Living Waters. [Jer. xvii. 13]	מקוה		נעול	
A standing upright, stature	קומה	A bird	עוף	
Jealous	קנא	“Crying aloud”; the name of a King of Edom	פעו	
	152	Zion	ציון	
Benjamin	בנימן	Limpid blood	צלול	
The Bringing-forth One	המוציא			π 157
Residence, station	נציב	The setting of the Sun	המרומי חמה	
Σ (1—17)	153	Was angry, enraged; anger	זעף	
L.A. Angel of ♂	הרקיאל			
	154			
Elohim of Lives. [Cf. 149]	אלהים חיים			

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Lingam זקן</p> <p>The beard. [Vide S.D. ii. 467, and no. 227] זקן</p> <p>Occult מופלא</p> <p>Female; Yoni נקבה</p> <p>Angel of 9 S. ענואל</p> <p>A Duke of Edom קנו</p>	158	<p>Nine Paths of the Inferior Beard; 14 + 15 + ... + 22 = 162</p> <p>Son of the Right Hand; pr. n. of Benjamin בנימין</p> <p>Day Demon of 1st Dec. ✕ גלאסלכול</p> <p>Angel ruling מ סוסול</p>
<p>Arrows היצים</p> <p>To suffocate הנק</p> <p>Balances. [Ch.] מאזנין</p>	159	<p>[Vide no. 361, a האו אלהים ארני numerical Temurah of 163]</p> <p>Woman, wife נוקבה</p>
<p>Surpassing Whiteness [Vide 934] בוצינא</p> <p>Point נקרה</p> <p>[Vide I.R.Q. 652] 160</p>	160	<p>Ye shall cleave הרבקים</p> <p>Outer; civil, as opposed to sacred. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 342] היצון</p> <p>The Pillars עמרים</p>
<p>Angel of 3 S. הקמיה</p> <p>Silver כסף</p> <p>Fell down. Decidit נפל</p> <p>A rock, stone סלע</p> <p>A tree עץ</p> <p>A Duke of Edom פיכק</p> <p>Lay, fell. [Ez. iii. 8] פניף</p> <p>Image צלם</p> <p>Cain קין</p>	161	<p>Strength. [Ez. iii. 8] חזקים</p> <p>“To make them know.” להודיעם [Ps. xxv. 14]</p> <p>Nehema נעמה</p> <p>NEMO. [Name of M.T.] נחמע</p> <p>Angel of 3 W. עממיה</p> <p>An assembly עצה</p>
<p>The heavenly man; lit. אדם עלאה the ‘primordial’ or ‘exalted’ man</p> <p>The Congregation of the Eternal קהל יהוה</p> <p>קינא</p>	166	<p>A King of Edom בעלחכו</p> <p>Reus mulctae. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 498] חייב ממון</p> <p>Heaven of Geburah מעון</p> <p>Night Demon of 3rd Dec. מ נפול</p> <p>Native land of Job עוץ</p> <p>The Most High עליון</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p style="text-align: right;">π 167</p> <p>The Unnameable One (a demon) אסימון</p> <p>Fetters [Job xxxvi. 8] זיקים</p> <p style="text-align: right;">168</p> <p>Parentes Superni עילאה ואמא</p> <p style="text-align: right;">13² √ 169</p> <p>The accentuator טעמים</p> <p style="text-align: right;">170</p> <p>The Wand; (David's) Staff Cloud מקל ענן</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Σ (1—18) 171</p> <p>Principium emittens מאציל</p> <p>Emanating from נאצל</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of ≈ פלאין</p> <p>“The Face of God”; name of an angel פניאל</p> <p style="text-align: right;">172</p> <p>Cut, divided. בקע</p> <p>He affected. [Not written] יעצב</p> <p>Clusters; grapes ענבים</p> <p>The heel, the end. [Mic. vii. 20] Jacob עקב</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 173</p> <p>Lighten mine eyes גל עיני</p> <p>Day Demon of 3rd Dec. ≈ גצף</p> <p style="text-align: right;">174</p> <p>Torches לפידים</p> <p>Splendor ei per circuitum נוגה לו סביב</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Σ {1—(7 × 7)} ÷ 7. ♀ 175</p> <p>Suction ניקה</p> <p>Duplicity מכפלה</p> <p>A slipping, falling נפילה</p>	<p>Spirit of ♀ קרמאל</p> <p style="text-align: right;">176</p> <p>An advisor, counselling יועץ</p> <p>To eternity ליולם</p> <p>Illegitimate פכול</p> <p style="text-align: right;">177</p> <p>Dominus Domino- rum ארון הארונים</p> <p>The Garden of Eden גן עדן</p> <p>To cry out for help זעק</p> <p>Angel L.T.D. of ♀ סגדלעי</p> <p>Pleniitude of pleniitudes מלוי המלוי</p> <p style="text-align: right;">178</p> <p>The lower part, the loins הלצים</p> <p>Good pleasure, choice, decision, will הפן</p> <p>Quicksilver כסף חי</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 179</p> <p>Ligatio עקרה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">180</p> <p>A spring, fountain. [Cant iv. 15] מעין</p> <p>The front part פנים</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 181</p> <p>Vicious, faulty פכולה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">182</p> <p>Deus Zelotes אל קנא</p> <p>Outcry, clamour זעקה</p> <p>Layer of snares, supplanter; Jacob יעקב</p> <p>King of the Gods מלאך האלהים</p> <p>Passive [as opposed to מחקבל = active] מקביל</p>
--	--

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	183				π 191
	184	Contanance	אנפין		
Ancient time; eastward	נקדל	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 143]	אפסין		
	185	Night Demon of 1 st Dec. ♀	פאכק		
	186	A box, chest; a repository	קופה		
A stone of stumbling; a rock to fall over. [Is. viii. 14]	אבן נגף				192
An increase	מוסף	Poisonous wind, Simoon	זלעפה		
Praefecti	ממונים	Ye shall cleave in	הרבקים ביהוה		
A place	מקום	TETRAGRAMMATON			
Back of the Head; an ape; the letter Qoph	קוף	[Vide no. 220]			
					π 193
					194
	187	Righteousness, equity, justice; the Sphere of ♃. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 656]	צדק		
Angels of Chokmah, and of Chokmah of Briah	אופנים				
Lifted up	זקף				195
[K. of S., Fig 52]	סופיאל	A flock	מקנה		
	188	Visitation	פקודה		
Jaacob. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 443]	יעקוב				
The Master of the Nose	בעל החוטם	14 ²	√		196
		Mare Soph. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 435]	ים סוף		
	189	The crown, summit, point	קוץ		
Fons obseratus. [Cant. iv. 11]	גל נעול				π 197
The Ancient among the ancient.	סבא רסבין	El Supernus	אל עליון		
		[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 71]	אנא הטא עם הזה		
Σ (1—19)	190				198
Ubi perrexit Angelus	ויסע ויבא ויט	Victories	נצחים		
Internal	פנימי				π 199
Corona florida prominens	ציץ	A giving freely; ἑλεημοσύνη	צדקה		
The side or flank; rib	צלע				200
First devil. V. Porta Coelorum Fig. XVI	קמטיאל	Alae. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 483]	כנפים		
The end, appointed time. [Dan. xii.13.] [Vide no. 305]	קצ	A branch	ענף		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

A bone	עצם	Mighty; hero	גבר
Archetypal	קדמון	Mountain	הר
Belonging to the Spring	קין		206
A sling; a casting-net	קלע	Assembly; area	אדרא
Divination	קסם	Hail	ברד
	201	Spake; word; cloud	דבר
Light (Ch.)	אר	They of the World	ימי עולם
	202		207
To make empty	בקק	♁, a scorpion	אנראב
Pure; a field; son	בר	Lord of the Universe	ארני עולם
Elevatio	זקיפה	Light. Cf. 9 and 11. Aur is	אור
Apertures	נקבים	the balanced Light of open	
L.A. Angel of ♁	סאיציאל	day	
Many, much	רב	Limitless	אין סוף
	203	Ate	ברה
Initials of the Trinity:	אבר	Walled, fenced	גבר
אב : בן : רוח		That which cuts. [Vide no. 607]	חבר
Passed away, perished; feather, wing; (it. membrum et quid. genitale)	אבר	The Elders. [Deut. xxi. 19]	זקנים
To lie in wait	ארב	Melt, fuse	זקק
A well, spring	באר	The Crown of the Ark	זר
Created	ברא	Grow great	רבה
Exotic, foreign	גר		208
	204	Feather	אברה
Commencement of the name Abra-Melin	אברא	A cistern	בור
Foreign resident; race S.; an age (Ch.)	גר	Bowed	גהר
The righteous	צדיק	To make strife, contend	גרה
	205	Hagar	הגר
Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. פ	אנאר	To kill	הרג
Splendrous	אדר	Abominable	זרא
		Jizchak. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 266]	יצחק
		Multitude	רוב

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	209		
Chief Seer or Prophet (hence Abra-Melin)	אבראה	A girdle	הגר
Reward, profit, prize	אגרה	A floor; Jeor	יאר
To delay, tarry; behind (prep.)	אחר	“Fear,” the fear of the יחז (i.e. wonderment)	ירא
Way	ארה		212
10 th Spirit of Goetia [=Day Demon of 1 st Dec. ☉]	בואר	Great Voice	רבור
Dispersed	גור	Night Demon of 1 st Dec. ♃	האור
Sojourned, dwelt	הדר	Splendour; to enlighten	זהר
Honour; a King of Edom; the Supernal Benignity	זרב	To spread out; harlot; golden	זרה
Oppressed		To enclose; secret chamber	הדר
Σ (1—20)	210		213
Adam Primus. [Vide no. 607]	אדהר	Strong, powerful, mighty	אכיר
Choice	בחר	Calx	גיר
Pass on, fly	ברח	[I.R.Q. 234 (?)]	הדרר
To decide, determine	גזר	Slaughter	הרגה
To dwell; circle, cycle; gene- ration	דור	Loaded	וזר
To conceive	הרה	To be strange; a stranger	זור
A joining of words; incanta- tions; to conjoin; a brother	הבר	The Supernal חסד עלאה דאל Mercy of GOD	הסד עלאה דאל
A sword	חרב	Nubes Magna	ענן גדול
Angel of 1 st Dec. ♃	מסנין		214
Naaman	נעמן	A girdle	אזור
[Vide ΘΕΛΗΜΑ]	ניעץ	Angel of 1 st Dec. ♃	זר
Punctata	נקודים	Whiteness	חור
	π 211	Came down	ירד
[Worthy]	אבהר	Air; Spirit; wind; Mind	רוח
A lion	ארי		215
Strong	גבור	Eminent; a Prince [Ps. viii. 1]	אריר
A flash; lightning	הארה	A path, narrow way	אורה
		Posterior; the reversed part	אחר
		A rising; to rise “as the Sun,” give light	זרה

SEPPER SEPHIROTH

<p>To encompass. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 340]</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6³</p> <p>Night Demon of 1st Dec. אוראוב</p> <p>Lion אריה</p> <p>The middle Gate. בבא מציעא [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 184]</p> <p>Courage גבורה</p> <p>Oracle דביר</p> <p>Blood of grapes דם ענבים</p> <p>Dread, fear יראה</p> <p>Profound. [Ps. xcii. 6] עומק</p> <p>Anger, wrath רוגז</p> <p>Latitude רוחב</p>	<p>זזר</p>	<p>√ 216</p>	<p>Odour, a smell ריח</p> <p style="text-align: right;">219</p> <p>Mundatio, mundities מטהרה</p> <p>The Number of Verses in Liber Legis R 220</p> <p>The Elect בחר</p> <p>Heroina; Augusta; Domina גבירה</p> <p>Ye shall cleave unto TETRAGRAMMATON. [Not written] הרבקים ליהוה</p> <p>Clean, elegant טהור</p> <p>Giants. [Fully written only in Num. xiii. 33] נפילים</p> <p>Left-handed Svastika, drawn on the square of ♂ given by Agrippa. Cf. 231 221</p> <p>Long ארך</p> <p>Angel of 10 S. מנקאל</p> <p style="text-align: right;">222</p> <p>Urias אוריה</p> <p>“Unto the Place” [Ex. xxiii. 20] אל המקום</p> <p>Whiteness הוורה</p> <p>Goodly mountain. [Ex. iii. 25] הר טוב</p> <p>Now, already; K’bar, “the river Khebar”; Day Demon of 3rd Dec. כבר</p> <p>I will chase ראויה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 223</p> <p style="text-align: right;">224</p> <p>Male (Ch.) דבר</p> <p>Walk, journey; The PATH דרך</p> <p>Principia emanandi חוקקי</p>
<p>The air אוויר</p> <p>Temple, palace בירה</p> <p>Food בריה</p> <p>A bee דבורה</p> <p>The navel טבור</p> <p>Angel ruling ♂ מיועסאל</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of ♀ סחקנב</p> <p>Controversia Domini ריבה</p>	<p>217</p>	<p>218</p>	<p>Ether [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 55] אווירא</p> <p>The Creative World בריאה</p> <p>The benignity of Time חסד עולם</p> <p>The Moon ירה</p> <p>Multitude רבו</p> <p>Arcana רויא</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Effigurata חקוקי</p> <p>Union יחור</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15^2 $\sqrt{\quad}$ 225</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 234] גזרדיא</p> <p style="text-align: center;">226</p> <p>Profound, hidden; the North. צפון</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 666]</p> <p style="text-align: center;">π 227</p> <p>Long, tall ארוך</p> <p>A piscine, pond; [Blessing, ברכה</p> <p>Prov. x. 22]</p> <p>Remember; male (sacred זכר</p> <p>Phallus—Vide S.D. ii. p. 467)</p> <p>Damna. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. ניקין</p> <p>p. 569]</p> <p style="text-align: center;">228</p> <p>First-born בכור</p> <p>Blessed! ברוך</p> <p>Ruler of Earth ברוב</p> <p>The Tree of Life עץ חיים</p> <p style="text-align: center;">π 229</p> <p style="text-align: center;">230</p> <p>Astonishment הכרה</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 153] מקיף</p> <p>Fasciata עקודים</p> <p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ראידיה</p> <p>Hod, 42-fold Name in יגלפזק</p> <p>Yetzirah. [Vide Liber 777, Col. xc. p. 18]</p> <p>Σ (1—21) Right-handed Svastika, 231</p> <p>drawn on Sq. of σ</p> <p>Prolonged; grew long אריך</p> <p>Male דבורא</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">232</p> <p style="text-align: center;">233</p> <p style="text-align: center;">234</p> <p style="text-align: center;">235</p> <p style="text-align: center;">236</p> <p style="text-align: center;">237</p> <p style="text-align: center;">238</p> <p style="text-align: center;">239</p>	<p>Sum of the Four Ways of spelling 232</p> <p>TETRAGRAMMATON in the Four Worlds</p> <p>Geomantic Intelligence אמניציאל</p> <p>of \aleph</p> <p>Ruler of Fire אראל</p> <p>Equivalent of יהי אור, יה אויו</p> <p>Fiat Lux. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 55]</p> <p>Let there be Light! The יהי אור</p> <p>Mystic Name of Allan Bennet, a Brother of the Cross and Rose, who began this Dictionary.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">π 233</p> <p>Memento זכור</p> <p>The Tree of Life. [Vide עץ החיים</p> <p>no. 228]</p> <p style="text-align: center;">234</p> <p>Night Demon of 3rd רכאוראב</p> <p>Dec. \approx</p> <p style="text-align: center;">235</p> <p>Archangel of Chesed, and צדקיאל</p> <p>Angel of Chesed of Bria</p> <p style="text-align: center;">236</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of ρ ספעטאוי</p> <p>A handful קומץ</p> <p style="text-align: center;">237</p> <p>Angel of 3 C. ראחאל</p> <p style="text-align: center;">238</p> <p>Dominus Mirabilium ארון הנפלאות</p> <p>Rachel רחל</p> <p style="text-align: center;">π 239</p> <p>Azrael, the Angel of Death אזראל</p> <p>Iron ברזל</p> <p>The lot גורל</p>
---	---	--

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Angel of 3 rd Dec. ע	יבכננוין	240	Vision, aspect	מראה
				מרגג
Myrrh	מר		Angel L.T.D. of ע	האיראל
Plagae Filiorum Hominum. [I.e. Succubae, K.D. L.C.K. p. 562]	ננעי בני אדם		Height, altitude	רום
				247
Prima Germina	נצנים		Angel L.T.N. of ל	אלויר
Angel of 1 st Dec. ≈	סספס		To overwhelm (Ps. lxxvii. 18); a flood	זרם
Cash; counted out, paid down	פקודים		A light	מאור
High, lofty	רם		Night Demon of 1 st Dec. ע	ראום
		π 241	Sensus symbolicus	רמז
L.A. Angel of ל	סמקאל			248
		242	Abraham. [Vide 243 and 505, 510. Discussed at length in Zohar]	אברהם
Ariel, Angel of Air Recollection	אריאל זכרה			
		243	The Three that bear wit- ness, above and beneath respectively. אדם the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood; א being Air (Spiritus), ד standing for דם Blood, and מ being both Water and the in- itial of מים , water. For אדם כרא see 203	אדם+כרא
Abram. [Vide 248]	אברם			
Created (he them) [Gen. v. 2]	בראם			
Learned, complete. To finish, bring to pass (Ch.)	גמר			
A bone; to destroy	גרם			
		244		
Angel of 7 P.	הרהאל		Uriel or Auriel, archangel of Earth, and angel of Netzach; = "The light of God"	ארויאל
To be insensible; in deep sleep, in trance. [Vide no. 649]	רדם			
		245	In vision. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 553]	במראה
Adam Qadmon	אדם קדמון		Gematria [[qy Gemarah]]	גמרה
Gall, bile	מרה		Wine; bitumen; an ass (from "to disturb")	חמר
Spirit of God	רוח אל			
		246		
Angel of 3 S.	הריאל		Mercy; womb	רחם
Myrrh	מור		A lance	רמה

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	249			Merciful		רחום
L. A. Angel of ♂		ארויאל				255
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. ♁		גמור		Night Demon of 3 rd Dec. ♃		אנדר
Fear, terror		מנור		Burdensome; with difficulty		חומרא
				The East		מזרח
				A river, stream. [Gen. ii. 10]		נהר
The living GOD of the Worlds; or, of the Ages		אלהי העולמים		Cantatio elata		רנה
[The South.] Midday		דרום		$16^2 = 4^4 = 2^8 = 256$	$\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[3]{\quad} \sqrt[4]{\quad}$	256
Habit, action (Ch.)		מדור		Aaron		אחרן
				Tidings (Ps. lxxviii. 12); a saying, speech. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 128]		אמירה
			π 251			
Fir, cedar		ארן		The Sons of the Righteous		בני צדק
The angel Uriel: "Vrihl," i.e. Magical Force. [Vide Lytton's "Coming Race," and Abra-Melin—forehead Lamén]		וריהל		[See no. 705] [Vide K.D. מפולמין L.C.K. p. 20]		
Angel of 10 W.		רייאל		The Spirit of the Mother		רוח אמא
				Aromatarius		רובל
						π 257
Serpent's den		מאורה		The Ark		ארון
Σ (1—22)				A Magician		חרטום
Proselytes		גרים		"To His fearers"		ליראיו
Matred; who symbolizes the Elaborations on the side of Severity		מטרד		[Ps. xxv. 14]		
				The White Wand		מקל לבנה
				Terribilis Ipsa		נורא
						258
Angel of 3 rd Dec. ≈		גורדיאל		The red light		אור אדום
Geomantic Intelligence of ♁		זוריאל		Hiram (King of Tyre)		חירם
An ass		חמור		Mercy		רחמי
A mark, aim		מטרה				259
A solemn promise, vow		נדר		Throat		גרון
Spikenard. [Cant. iv. 14]		נדר		Nitre		נטר
A spear		רומח		Reuben		ראובן

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

$\Sigma \{1-(8 \times 8)\} \div 8. \text{ } \text{ז}$	260	Footprints (foot's breadth). [Deut. ii. 5]	מדרג
Intelligence of ז	טראל	A straight row. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 455]	כרר
The Concealed	טמרא	Channels, pipes	רחמים
I.N.R. [Vide 270]	ינר:		
Exaltabitur	ירם	115	265
A vineyard	כרם	Architect	אדריכל
Ineptos et profanos	לפטילים	Broke down	חרם
[Ps. viii. 1]	מה ארור	A cry of the heart; anguish, anxiety	צעקה
Declined	טר		
To gather, draw together	צמצם		266
	261	Chebron	חברון
He bound; an obligation, a prohibition	אסר	Termination of Qliphoth of 12 Signs	ירון
Abhorrence, abomination. [Is. lxvi. 24]	דראון	Contraction	צמצום
	262	Illicit, forbidden	אסור
Lofty; Aaron	אחרון	Geomantic Intelligence of ז	ורכאל
Severities	גבוראן	Currus; Vehiculum; Thronus	מרכבה
Terrible	חנורא	Nasiraeus	נזיר
Conclavia	חדרים		
Eye to eye. [I.R.Q. 645]	עין בעין		268
	π 263	Stones of the sling	אבני הקלע
Angel of 2 nd Dec. \approx	אבררון		π 269
Angel of 2 nd Dec. X	אורון	By-ways	ארחין
Geomantic Intelligence of מ	ברכאל	Father—Spirit—Son	בן רוח אב
Gematria	גמטריא	Angel of Binah of Briah	כהרביאל
Pained	גרם		270
	264	Levers, bars	ברזחים
Emanatia. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 338]	חקיקים	I.N.R.I. Initials of: Jesus Nazareus Rex Judaeorum; Igni Natura Renovata In- tegra; Intra Nobis Regnum del; Isis Naturae Regina	ינר:י:
Jarden. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 455]	ירדן		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Ineffabilis; and many other sentences. Vide Crowley Coll.Works Vol. I. Appendix</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">Σ (1—23) 276</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of א. אהודראון [Vide Liber 777 col. cxlv]</p>
	π 271	A Cithara כנור
Earth (Ch.); whence = low, mean	ארע	Night Demon of 1 st Dec. δ כרובל
Angel of 2 nd Dec. א ⁷	והרין	The Moon סיהרא
[Vide no. 256, אמירה]	לאמר	
	272	π 277
Earth	ארעא	To sow, propagate; seed, semen זרע
To consume, injure; brutish	בער	[For multiplying.] [Not written. Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 157 and 837] למרבח
Percussione magna	מכה רבה	Angel of 3 rd Dec. δ סהיבר
The evening; an 'Arab,' i.e. a person living in the West	ערב	Gratia, benevolentia רעוא
Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. א ⁷	רינוו	
	273	278
The stone which the builders rejected [Ps. cxviii. 22]	אבן מאסו הכובים	Angels of Jesod, and of Binah of Briah—Cherubim כרובים
The Hidden Light	אור גנון	Passing over עובר
Four	ארבע	The Material World יולם המושבע
Rebuked	נער	
Took away	גרע	
	274	279
Paths	דרכים	Leprosy. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 495] כנירו
	275	[7 × 40, the Squares on the walls of the Vault. See Equinox I. 3. p. 222] 280
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 72]	אהוריים	Qliphoth of א דגדגריין
Domicilium pulchrum [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 395]	דירה נאה	A record (Ch.) דכרון
Fluvius Iudicii. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 117]	יאר דין	Angel of the Wood of the World of Assiah יער
Qy. Sruti "Scripture."	סרטו	The Letters of Judgment; the 5 letters having a final form. כ:מ:נ:פ:צ:
		Archangel of Malkuth סנדלפון
		Citizenship עיר

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>[Vide S.D. 528]</p>	פר		17 ²	√ 289
Terror	רף		Apertio. [Vide no. 537]	פטור
	π 281		Particulare	פרט
A crown—Ashes	אפר			290
Attire; adorned	פאר		Thine enemy	ערב
	282			291
Angels of Binah, and of Malkuth of Binah	אראלים		Torrentes Aquarum	אפיקי מים
Spirit of Lives	רוח חיים		(He) treasured	אצר
	π 283		Earth: in particular, the Earth of Malkuth	ארץ
Aurum inclusum	זהב סגור		Qy. spotted?	נמרא
Memoriale. [Vide no. 934]	זכרון		Adhaesio; adhaerens; princeps	סירכא
That goes on foot	רגלים		L.A. Angel of ≈	עכמקיאל
	284			292
Geomantic Intelligence of II	אמכריאל		A young bird. [Deut. xxii. 6]	אפרוח
The small area of an en- closed garden	ירונה		Gold	בצר
	285		A medicine, drug	רפואה
	286			π 293
High, lofty	מרום		Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. 8	צארב
	287			294
Pars Azymorum	אפיקימן		Purple	ארנמן
Night Demon of 3 rd Dec. 8	ופאר		Pertaining to Autumn	חורף
Little	זעיר		Melchizedec. [Gen. xiv. 18]	מלכיצדק
Geomantic Intelligence of 66	מוריאל			295
	288		Curtain; canopy; vault. [Ps. civ. 2]	יריעה
Vindication	ביעור		Eyelids	כנפי העין
Day Demon of 1 st Dec. 17	זאפר		[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 498]	פטור
Breeding, bearing offspring. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 313]	עיבור			296
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 571]	רפה		Of the Earth. [Vide no. 992]	הארץ
			Incurvens se	כורע

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Rigorose procedere; fumarie; rock. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 459, 663]</p>	צור	297	<p>Separation</p> <p>The Spirit of GOD. [Vide Gen. i. 3]</p>	פירוד רוח אלהים	301
<p>Thesaurus; gazophylacium; conservatorium</p>	אוצר		<p>“My Lord, the faithful King”; a name of GOD</p>	אדני המלך נאמן	
<p>A name of GOD attributed to Geburah</p>	אלהים גבור		<p>Fire</p>	אש	
<p>A secured house; a fortified castle.</p>	ארמון		<p>A candlestick</p>	מנורה	
<p>A City of Edom</p>	בצרה		<p>Earth of Hod</p>	ארקא	302
<p>The Throne; a Name of Briah [[Qy. Binah]]</p>	כורסיא		<p>To cut open, inquire into; Dawn</p>	בקר	
<p>Nuriel</p>	נוריאל		<p>L.A. Angel of II</p>	סראיאל	
<p>The neck</p>	צואר	298	<p>Hath protected</p>	קבר	
<p>Amen, our Light</p>	אמן אור		<p>To putrefy</p>	רקב	
<p>Son of the GODS</p>	בר אלהין		<p>Did evil; putrefaction</p>	באש	303
<p>White</p>	צהר		<p>A species of gold</p>	חרוז	304
<p>Pathetic appeals; com- miserations</p>	רחמים	299	<p>Green</p>	רש	
<p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ☿</p>	רהרץ		<p>Geomantic Intelligence of ≈</p>	כאמבריאל	
<p style="text-align: center;">Σ (I—24)</p>		300	<p>White</p>	קדר	
<p>Khabs am Pekht</p>	אור כפאחה		<p>Dazzling white light</p>	ארו צה	305
<p>Vide Beth Elohim. Dissert. II. Cap. i. A spelling of אלהים in full.</p>	אלף למר הי יוד מס		<p>Tender herb. [Gen. i. 11]</p>	רשא	
<p>Formation</p>	יצר		<p>Netzach, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah. [Vide Liber 777, col. xc]</p>	הקמנע	
<p>Profundities</p>	מעמקים		<p>Yetzirah: “formation”</p>	יצרה	
<p>God of Chesed, and of Hod of Briah; <i>Temura</i> of יהוה</p>	מצפצ		<p>A curving, bending</p>	כריעה	
<p>Incircumciscus</p>	ערל				

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>The end of days, appointed time. [Dan. xii. 13] קץ הימין</p> <p>A lamb שה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">הש</p> <p style="text-align: right;">306</p> <p>Father of Mercy אב הרחמים</p> <p>Merciful Father אב הרחמן</p> <p>A woman, wife; virago אשה</p> <p>Honey רבש</p> <p>Domina. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 528] מטרונא</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 571]</p> <p>Coldness; pertaining to Winter קור</p> <p>Angel of 6 S. רחעאל</p> <p>Malo-Granatum רימון</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 307</p> <p>Night Demon of 2nd Dec. מ וריאץ</p> <p>Rikkbah רבקה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">308</p> <p>Daybreak בוקר</p> <p>Sparsor זרקא</p> <p>Investigation חקר</p> <p>A harsh, grating sound חרק</p> <p>Approaching, near קרוב</p> <p>Ice קרה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">309</p> <p>A leper. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 495] מוכנר</p> <p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ח מנחראי</p> <p>Streptus cordis, mussitatio, susurratio, rugitus שאנה</p> <p>Field, soil, land שרה</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">310</p> <p>To trample on, conquer דוש</p> <p>To govern, bind חבש</p> <p>Formed. [I.R.Q. 227] ייצר</p> <p>The Initials of Idra Rabba Qadisha. [Each Letter is half of each Letter of כתר, Kether] יר:ק:</p> <p>Is, are; essence, being יש</p> <p>Leo iuvenis כפיר</p> <p>Habitations מרוזין</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 311</p> <p>Man: but vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 83 איש</p> <p>Angel of 9 C. עריאל</p> <p>Archangel of Binah צפקיאל</p> <p>Archangel of Air; Angel of #. and of Chokmah of Briah, etc. רפאל</p> <p>Rod. [Ps. xxiii. 4] שבט</p> <p style="text-align: right;">312</p> <p>26 × 12, the Twelve Banners ושו</p> <p>Night Demon of 3rd Dec. g חדש</p> <p>To renew; hence = a new moon, a month מערב</p> <p>West. [Cf. 272] מערב</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 313</p> <p>Angel of 1st Dec. f אננאורה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">314</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 275] חלל גמור</p> <p>Metatron, Archangel of Kether, and Angel of Tiphareth of Briah. [When spelt with ך after מ it denotes Shekinah.] ממטרון</p>
---	--

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Out of the way, remote רחוק</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">319</p>
<p>Shaddai: "The Almighty"; a name of GOD שדי</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">320</p>
	315	<p style="text-align: right;">נער</p> <p>"Boy," Name of Enoch, and of Metatron</p>
<p>Ice; crystal גביש</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">עירם</p> <p>A Duke of Edom. [Vide Liber 777, col. cix]</p>
<p>Gullet ושט</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">רעים</p> <p>The friends</p>
<p>Formation יצירה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">סרטיאל</p> <p>L.A. Angel of ♂</p>
<p>Visio Splendoris מראה הנגה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">321</p>
<p>Gomorrah עמרה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">אלינכור</p> <p>Angel of 3rd Dec ☿</p>
<p>The Number of Servitors of Abra- Melin Sub-Princes 316</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">לסלרא</p> <p>Angel L.T.D. of ♃</p>
<p>Day Demon of 3rd Dec. ♃ ושאנו</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">שאחה</p> <p>Angel of 9 W.</p>
<p>Ligatus חבוש</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">ארמירון</p> <p>Qliphoth of ♂</p>
<p>Green ירוק</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">322</p>
<p>JESU ישו</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">כבש</p> <p>Lamb</p>
<p>A bundle, handful עומר</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">לברמים</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of ♀</p>
<p>Visitans iniquitatem פוקד עון</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">קו האמצעי</p> <p>Linea media</p>
<p>Aporrhea קומרא</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">323</p>
<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 54] שאיה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">אה רחוק</p> <p>Long-absent brother</p>
<p>To worship, bow down שחה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">בהמירון</p> <p>Qliphoth of ≈</p>
	π 317	<p style="text-align: right;">סטנדר</p> <p>Angel of 3rd Dec. ♃</p>
<p>Day Demon of 3rd Dec. ♂ ואלפר</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">324</p>
<p>[Vide Ps. xcvii. 11] זרעם</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">מיטטרון</p> <p>See no. 314; it denotes Shekinah</p>
<p>Arida יבשה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">325</p>
<p>Iron (Ch.) פרזל</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">ברצבאל</p> <p>Spirit of ♂</p>
<p>Hoariness שיבה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">גראפאל</p> <p>Intelligence of ♂</p>
	318	<p style="text-align: right;">נידרוהר</p> <p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ♃</p>
<p>Labrum lavacri, et basio eius כוור וכנו</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">צריכה</p> <p>Need, indigence</p>
<p>A copse, bush שיה</p>		<p style="text-align: right;">326</p>
		<p style="text-align: right;">יהשוע</p> <p>Jesus. [Note the letters of TETRAGRAMATON completed by ש 300 q.v. the Spirit of GOD]</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Vision שא"ייה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">327</p> <p>Day Demon of 2nd Dec. ☿ בוטיש</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 461] ישיבה</p> <p>Night Demon of 3rd Dec ♃ כיצאור</p> <p style="text-align: right;">328</p> <p>4 Princes + 8 Sub-Princes + 316 servient to Spirits</p> <p>Angel of 3 W. החשיה</p> <p>To steam; darkness. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 280] חשך</p> <p style="text-align: right;">329</p> <p>Angel of 1st Dec. ♁ טרסני</p> <p style="text-align: right;">330</p> <p>Boundary, terminus; crosspath מצר</p> <p>Revolution; hurriane, temest סער</p> <p>Error; fault של</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 331</p> <p>Ephraim אפרים</p> <p>Arbor magna. [Gen. xxi. 33] אשל</p> <p>Archangel of Chokmah רציאל</p> <p style="text-align: right;">332</p> <p>Lux Ardoris אור היקוד</p> <p>Night Demon of 3rd Dec. ♄ אנדרומאל</p> <p>A Duke of Edom. [Vide Liber 777 col. cix] מבצר</p> <p>Locus vacuus. [Vide K.D. מקים פנוי L.C.K. p. 551]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">333</p> <p>Qabalah of the Nine Chambers איך בכר</p> <p>Choronzon. [Vide Dr Dec, & Liber 418, 10th Aire] חורנוזון</p> <p>Snow שלג</p>	<p>334</p> <p>335</p> <p>336</p> <p>337</p> <p>338</p> <p>339</p> <p>340</p>	<p>A still, small Voice. קול רממה רקק [1 Kings, xix. 12]</p> <p>Dies Mali ימי רעה</p> <p>The KING מלך מלכי המלכים above the King of Kings. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 537]</p> <p>Ordering, disposition מורכה</p> <p>An attack; a request, petition שאלה</p> <p>Night Demon of 1st Dec. ♀ שבכיר</p> <p>Angel of Earth פורלאך</p> <p>Hell of Supernals; a City of Edom; the Place of Askings. [Vide Liber 777, col. cvi] שאל</p> <p>To cast down חלש</p> <p>He hath pardoned (or, subjected) יכבוש</p> <p>A garment; clothing לבוש</p> <p>To send forth שלה</p> <p>Angel of 3rd Dec. ♂ יסגריברודיאר “Ferocious” lion ליש</p> <p>Uncus focarius—fire-shovel מגרופיא</p> <p>Book ספר</p> <p>Pares; a word written on the wall at Belshazzar’s feast. [Vide Dan. v. 28] פרס</p> <p>There; the Name שם</p>
---	--	---

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

The sum of the 3 Mother letters; ש, מ, and נ	341	He was appeased. [Esther, vii. 10]	שככה
Yesterday	אמש		346
Guilty, damned	אשם	A spring; spring water	מקור
A red cow	פרה אדומה	A water-pipe; channel	צנור
Expansum; sepimentum; diaphragma	פרסא	Good pleasure; the Will-power	רצון
The Name (Ch.)	שמא		π 347
	342	Palanquin (Cant. iii. 9); Bridal bed; nuptial chariot. [“thalamus seu coelum fab- rile sub quo copulantur nu- bentes”]	אפריון
Coctio	בישל		348
Perfume	בשם	Five; to set in array	חמש
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. ט	פרכלור	Third King of Edom	חשמ
A blaze, flame	שלהבה		π 349
	7 ³ √ 343		350
“And GOD said.” [Gen. i. 3]	ויאמר אלהים	Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. δ	אליגוש
A sweet smell	זפרון	A sapphire (Ex. xxviii. 18). [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 19]	כפיר
	344	Ophir; a young mule; dust of the Earth	עפר
A plantation, garden. [Cant. iv. 13]	פרדם	The Horn; head	קרן
	345	Vacuum	ריקם
Di Alieni	אלהים אחרים	Intellectus	שכל
GOD almighty	אל שר		Σ (1—26) 351
“In that also”—referred to Daath	בשנם	Man	נאש
The NAME	השם	Angels of Malkuth; burnt or incense offering; “The flames”	אשים
Lioness. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 501]	לישה	Hiram-Abif, a cunning artificer at the Temple of Solomon; the hero	חירם אבסף
5 th ש	מהש		
Moses. [See 543, numerical Temurah of 345]	משה		
Dominator	שולט		
Shiloh	שילה		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>of a famous allegory prophetical of FRATER PERDURABO.</p>		<p>A young mule יופר</p>	
<p>♃ in δ. Angel ruling 1st Dec. δ, that was rising at the birth of FRATER PER- DURABO.</p>	<p>לוכנחה</p>	<p>Ophra, mother of Goliath עורך</p>	
<p>Moses the Initiator מוש</p>	<p>נשא</p>	<p>Spirits of the living רוחין רחין</p>	<p>357</p>
<p>Elevatus</p>	<p>352</p>	<p>42-fold Name, Geburah in Yetzirah כנר יכש</p>	
<p>The Exalted Light אור מעלה</p>	<p>ארך אפים</p>	<p>Iniquity נושא</p>	<p>358</p>
<p>Long of Nose; i.e. Merciful; a title of the supreme GOD</p>	<p>ברקים</p>	<p>Shame גשנה</p>	
<p>Lightning קרבן</p>	<p>π 353</p>	<p>Shiloh shall come יבא שילה</p>	
<p>An approach</p>	<p>גשן</p>	<p><i>Messiah</i>, the Messiah משיח</p>	
<p>Goshen חמשה</p>	<p>סוד יהוה ליראיו</p>	<p>Nechesh, the Serpent that initiated Eve נחש</p>	
<p>The fifth</p>	<p>354</p>	<p>(Taking the three ה's in אהיהוה as concealing the Mothers, we get I. A. Ω. &)</p>	<p>π 359</p>
<p>The Secret of TETRAGRAMMATON is to His fearers. [Ps. xxv. 14]</p>	<p>רשן</p>	<p>Angel of 3rd Dec. ✕ סטריף</p>	
<p>Delight, joy שמחה</p>	<p>שמטה</p>	<p>The Sacred Wind שמים</p>	
<p>Grew fat; anointed</p>	<p>355</p>	<p>Satan. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 235] שטן</p>	
<p>Heptaeteris intermissoria</p>	<p>356</p>	<p>The Messiah חמשה</p>	<p>360</p>
<p>Thought; idea מחשבה</p>	<p>שנה</p>	<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 235]</p>	
<p>Year</p>	<p>357</p>	<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 235]</p>	
<p>The Cedars of Lebanon ארזי לבנון</p>	<p>מחשבה</p>	<p>Angels of Jesod of Briah ישים</p>	
<p>Expiationes. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 612] כפורים</p>	<p>358</p>	<p>Seeking safety; Angel of 7 W. מחשה</p>	
	<p>359</p>	<p>Tonitrus רעמים</p>	
	<p>360</p>	<p><i>Shim</i>; a Tooth שין</p>	
	<p>361</p>	<p>Two שני</p>	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	$\sqrt{\quad}$	361		
			The World of Briah	אולם הבריאה
			Angel of 2 nd Dec. II	שהרני
God of Malkuth	ארני הארץ			370
“Men”; “impurities”	אנשי			
Foundations. [Ch.]	אשין		A foundation, basis	עקר
The Mountain Zion	הר ציון		Creation	עש
Ruler of 5	כשאל		Salices rivi. [Lev. xxiii. 40]	ערבי נחל
Angel of 7 P.	מצראל		Zopher	צפר
		362	White lead, tin	קסטרא
		363	To rend, cut, blame, curse	קרע
The Almighty and Ever-living GOD	שרי אלהי		Green. [Vide S.D. p. 104]	רינן
		364	Salem	שלם
Lux Occulta	אור מופלם			371
Satan	השטן		Sinistrum	שמאל
Demons	שרין			372
Opposition; resistance	שטנה		Aqua spherica	אספירכא
		365	Agni	כבשים
Earth of Tiphareth	נשיה		An oven, furnace	כבשן
An uncovering, exposing	פריעה		⌘	עקרב
		366	Herbage, grass	עשב
Night Demon of 2 nd Dec. 7	אנדראלף		Seven	שבע
		π 367		π 373
Black [scil. of eye-pupil]: middle: homunculus	אישון			374
Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. II	פאיבורן			375
		368	Generally and specially	כלל ופרט
The Spirit of the GODS of the Living.	רוח אלהים חיים		Solomon	שלמה
		$\Sigma \{1-(9 \times 9)\} \div 9. \text{C}$	A City of Edom	שמלה
Spirit of 7. [Vide Liber 777, col. lxxix]	השמוראי	369		376
			Dominator	מושל

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Esau, father of the men of Edom. עשו (Ad-om, Atlantes*)</p> <p>A bird. צפור</p> <p>Peace. [Refers to Kether] שלום</p> <p style="text-align: right;">377</p> <p>Nervux luxatus; Vena גיר הנשה Ischiatica. [Gen. xxxii. 32]</p> <p>Seven שבעה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Σ (1—27) 378</p> <p>‘In peace’ כשלום</p> <p>Pruna ignita; Chaschmal חשמל</p> <p>Iuramentum. [K.D. L.C.K. שבוע p. 695]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 379</p> <p>Abshalom אבשלום</p> <p>[The sum of the letters of TETRA- GRAMMATON multiplied 380 severally by those of Adonai; (1×4) + (2×1) + (6×4) + (8×1)] = יב"ש:ן;</p> <p>Difficulty, narrowness מצרים</p> <p>Pain, trouble, misery עצב עצבון</p> <p>Thick darkness, fog ערפל</p> <p>[Vide no. 370] קטירא</p> <p>Heaven of Hod רקיע</p> <p style="text-align: right;">381</p> <p>Clamour, prayer שועה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">382</p> <p>Day Demon of 3rd Dec. ♁</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">π 383</p> <p>Iuramentum. [Vide K.D. שבועה L.C.K. pp. 67, 695]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">384</p> <p style="text-align: right;">385</p> <p>Angel of 2nd Dec. ♁ מהרנץ</p> <p>Assiah, the World of Matter עשיה</p> <p>Gloria cohabitans [vide שכינה K.D. L.C.K. p. 711]; the Glory of God.</p> <p>Lip שפה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">386</p> <p>Jesus ישוע</p> <p>Tongues לשון</p> <p>Tziruph, a table of Temurah צירוף</p> <p style="text-align: right;">387</p> <p style="text-align: right;">388</p> <p>The hardest rock. חלמיש [Ps. cxiv. 8]</p> <p>To search out diligently חפש</p> <p>Table; bread שלחן</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 389</p> <p style="text-align: right;">390</p> <p>Gen. v. 2 זכר ונקבה</p> <p>Retrorsum מפרע</p> <p>Alens, pascens פרנס</p> <p>Heaven שמים</p> <p>Oil שמן</p> <p>Night Demon of 2nd Dec. ♀ שץ</p>
--	---

* Refers to a theory that the ‘Kings of Edom’ who perished before the creation of Adam were a previous race inhabiting ‘Atlantis.’

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	391			Sensus literalis. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 12]		פשוטה
Salvation, help		ישועה				
The Inscrutable Height. [Kether]		רום מעלה		(He had) Karnaim (in his hand)		קרנים
	392			Angels of Chesed of Briah		שיכנים
Aromata		כשנתם		Sack		שק
Habitaculum		משכן				π 401
	393			Cursing		ארר
	394			Essence; "the"		אה
Table. [Vide no. 388]		שולחן				402
	394			Sought into, or after		בקש
Robustus (virilitas) Jacob		אביר יעקב		Tested, purified		ברר
The Heavens		השמים		Filia		בת
Oil		חשמן		A spider		עכביש
Manesseh		מנשה		Paths		שבולין
Second		משכה				403
Judge		שופט		The Stone; Sapphire		אבן שפיר
	396					404
Day Demon of 1 st Dec. מ		יפוש		Law, edict		רת
	π 397			Almond; to watch, be awake; to hasten		שקר
Lux Internal. (Title of Kether)		אור פנימי				405
	398			Fearful things, serpents of the dust. [Job]		זחלי עפר
Fifty		חמשים		[Cf. no. 227, זכר.] Phallus; urethra. [Vide Deut. xxiii. 2]		שפכה
Book		חפשי				Σ (1—28) 406
Angel L.T.D. of ♃		סטריעטן				
Pride; esp. of gait		שהק				
	399			THOU; a name of GOD		אתה
		שגופי		Vulgar, common; plebian		עם הארץ
	20 ² √ 400			Leg		שוק
To use Magic, witchcraft		כשה		Alterations		שנוים
Erudiens, a title of Yesod		משכיל		The letter Tau		תו

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	407		
Signum	אות	New (Ch.)	חרת
The Precious Oil	שמן טוב	Jesus GOD	יהשוה אלהים
		White whorl	צמר לבן
	408	Celsitudo superna	רום עליון
Lapis sapphirinus	אבן הספיר	A longing for	תאוה
Haec	זאת		413
[Vide Deut. x. 10, 15]	השק		414
	π 409	Azoth, the fluid. A + Z (Lat.)	אזות
Patriarch	אבתא	+ Ω (Grk.) + ת (Heb). In-	
Fathers	אבות	itial and final in 3 tongues.	
One (fem.)	אחת	The Limitless Light	אין אוף אור
Ha-Qadesh; Holy Ones	הקדש	Meditation. [Ps. xlv. 4]	הנות
		Going forth. [Vide. no. 770]	משוטטים
	410		415
Liberty; a swallow	דרור	The Voice of the Chief	דברא רבר
Visions, imaginations.	הרהר	Seer	
[Dan. iv. 2]		Sister	אחות
Metzareph	מצרף	The Holy One; Sodomite	הקדוש
The Tabernacle	משכן	Work	עשה.
Sacred; Saint	קדוש	Angel of 10 C.	עשליה
Holy	קודש		416
He heareth	שמע	Thought, meditation	הרהור
Yesod, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	שקי	A pledge	משכון
	411		417
Elisha	אלישע	Olive	זית
Briatic Palace of	היכל רצון	Arca. (Noah's Ark)	תיבה
Tiphareteh		(Note 4 + 1 + 8 = 13)	418
Fundamenta Terrae	מוכרי ארץ	Boleskine	בולשכין
Habitculum	משכנא	Peccatum. (Est femina	הטאת
Ordo temporum	סדר זמנים	Lilith impia)	
Desolation, emptiness. (Ex-	תהו	Kheth, a fence	חית
presses first root of all good)		Servance misericordiam	נוצר חסד
	412	"The word of the	מאכאשאנה
The letter Beth	בית	Aeon." [Vide Liber 418]	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

ס ב ר ס ד ס ה ס ז ס ח ס ט

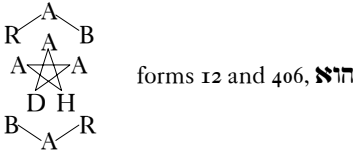
418 = ה"ת = ה"ת ב"ת, the House of Hé: because of I.Z.Q. 694; for ה formeth ב, but ה formeth י"ד: each = 20. Thus is Abrahadabra a Key of the Pentagram.

Also, by Aik Bkr, it = 22: and 418 = 19 × 22. 19 = Manifestation; it therefore manifest the 22 Keys of R.O.T.A.

The first meaning is ABRAH DBR, = The Voice of the Chief Seer.

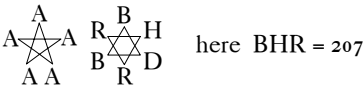
It resolves into Pentagram and Hexagram as follows:

1st method.



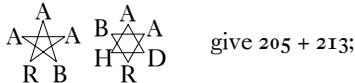
and ה"ס [406 = ה"ס], where AThH= Microprosopus, and HVA = Macropropopus. The Arcanum is therefore that of the Great Work.

2nd method.



= ה"ס, ה"ס, ה"ס, etc., and DBR = Voice ("The Vision and the Voice"); thus showing, by Yetziratic attribution, the Three Wands—Caduceus: Phoenix: Lotus. Note always ה"ס are the three Supernals.

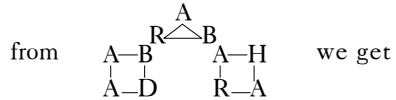
3rd method.



both mean "Mighty," when Abrahadabra is "The Word of Double

Power." AAB shows AB : AIMA : BN, viz., Amoun : Thoth : Mout. By Yetziratic Method, H : D : R : are Isis : Horus : Osiris. (Also, for H:D:R:, vide I.R.Q. 992.)

Dividing as 3 and 8, we get Δ of Horus dominating the Stooping Dragon, ה"ס; also—



8 = ה"ס, Love, and 207 = ה"ס, Light; 8 × 207 = 18, which is equivalent to ה"ס, Living; further, 207 = 23 × 9 = ה"ס, Life: hence Licht : Liebe : Leben.

Again, 418 = ה"ס + way, = 21 + 397, q.v. ה"ס and 678 = 6 + 7 + 8 = 21. 2 × ה"ס + 2 × ה"ס + ה"ס = 32. The Five different letters represent Amoun:Thoth:Isis: Horus:Osiris. They (A + B + R + H + D) add to 212 (q.v.).

Finally, ה"ס is the Crown, ה"ס the Wand, ה"ס the Cup, ה"ס the Sword, ה"ס the R.C.

See Equinox, V and VII, for further details.

	π 419
Serpent: the letter Teth	ה"ס
Sodom and Gomorrah	ה"ס + ה"ס
	420
It was	ה"ס
Dolium, vas	ה"ס
Vapour, smoke	ה"ס
Pacifica	ה"ס
	π 421
Angel ruling √3	ה"ס
Angel ruling ✕	ה"ס

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	422	Membra	פרקים
The Vast Countenance	אריך אנפין	Full Title of Ninth Sefirah. "The Righteous is the Foundation of the world."	צדק יסוד עוים
Linea Flava (quae circumdat Mundum)	קו ירוק		
	423	Concealed	שפן
[Ex. xxvii. 10, 11.]	לווי העמורים	Tohu v-bohu; see Gen. i	תהו ובהו
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 420]		Dew	תל
	424		π 431
Angel L.T.N. of \aleph	טוטת	Notariqon	נוטריקון
	425		432
[Vide no. 1175]	הגזות	Eventide shadows	צללי ערב
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 208]	נעשה	Earth of Jesod	הבל
Auditus	שמיעה		π 433
	426	Day Demon of 1 st Dec. δ	בלאת
Servator; salvator	מושיע	Merit	זכות
Medium	תוך		434
	427		
	428	The Lord of War. [Ex. xv. 3]	איש מלחמה
The Breakers-in-pieces; the Qliphoth of Chesed	נעשכלה	The letter Daleth; door	דלת
The Brilliant Ones; Angels of Chesed, and of Tiphareth of Briah	השמלים	Σ (1—29)	435
Iuraverunt	נשבעו	Deceived	התל
	429	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 156]	משפטו
			436
A lion's whelp [Gen. xl. 9]	זור אריה	Tutor, curator; praefectus, administrator	אפטרופוס
Judgement, equity	משפט	Angel L.T.D. of \aleph	ביתחוי
		Hoschanah	הושענה
	430	"Σατανᾶς," [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505]	שטן עז
Nephesh, the animal soul of Man	נפש	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505; 723 & 701, nos. 9, 10; also at שכירה]	שעמנז
Covered with mist; darkness, twilight	נשף		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Balm; the balsam tree אפרסמון 437</p>	<p>Pison פישון</p>
<p>The whole (perfect) stone. [Deut. xxvii. 6] אבן שלמה 438</p>	<p>Tali pedum קרטולים 447</p>
<p>Exilium גלות π 439</p>	<p>Initials of the Three Above and the Three Beneath. [Vide 248] דמר רבא 448</p>
<p>Angel L.T.N. of c עוגרמען 440</p>	<p>Excelsa כמות π 449</p>
<p>Collaudatio. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 90, 729] תהלה 441</p>	<p>Lux fulgentissima אור מציחצח</p>
<p>The Great Dragon; means "curls." [I.R.Q. 834; vide 510] תלי 450</p>	<p>Cloak מליה</p>
<p>Irreproachable; perfect תם 442</p>	<p>Tabulae לוחות</p>
<p>Cerva אילה √ 441</p>	<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 508] מרות</p>
<p>Truth; Temurah of ארם, by Aiq Bekar אמת 443</p>	<p>The Fruit of the Tree פרי עץ</p>
<p>A live coal נחלה</p>	<p>Transgression פשע</p>
<p>Day Demon of 2nd Dec. ♂ לריאר</p>	<p>Beneplacitum רצון באין גבול</p>
<p>Angel L.T.D. of ♀ רמרא</p>	<p>termino carens; Arbitrum illiminatum</p>
<p>Termini Terrae אפסי ארץ 442</p>	<p>Inhabitans Aeternitatem שוכן ער</p>
<p>A virgin; a city. ♀ בתולה π 443</p>	<p>Craftiness, cunning שעלים</p>
<p>Goliath גלית 444</p>	<p>The Dragon תן 451</p>
<p>The Sanctuary מקדש</p>	<p>The Essence of Man את האדם</p>
<p>Damascus דמשק</p>	<p>Mortis מיתא</p>
<p>The total value of the Single Letters; ה, ו, ז, ח, ט, י, י, נ, ג, ל, י, ז, ו, ה, ו, ה, ו, ז, ו, ח, ט, י, ק 445</p>	<p>Angels of Tiphareth שנאנים</p>
<p>Number of Stars in the Northern Hemisphere 446</p>	<p>The Abyss תהום 452</p>
<p>Destruction; death מות</p>	<p>[Vide no. 552] חמרת</p>
	<p>The crop; the maw קרקבן 453</p>
	<p>Behemoth כחמות</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

The Animal Soul, in its fulness; i.e. including the Creative Entity or Ego, Chiah	נפש חיה		Terra Superna (est Binah)	ארץ עליונה	462
		454	A path	ניתב	
Sigillum	חותם		Profundum Celsitudinis	עומק רום	
The "Holy Ones"; Consecrated catamites kept by the Priesthood	קדשים				π 463
		455	Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. ♀	באתין	
		456	Pillar of Mildness—paths, ג, ה, and ו	גסת	
Formido maxima	אימתה		Crystal, glass	זכוכית	
The Mountain of Myrrh. [Cant. iv. 6]	הר המור		A rod of almond	מטה השקר	
Paries	כותל		The Special Intelligence. [I.Z.Q. 264, et. seq.]	תבונה	
Crura	שוקים		Caps, crowns, diadems	תגין	
The Fig-tree and fruit	תאנה		Precatio	תחנה	
		π 457			464
Olives	זתים		Σ (1—30)		465
		458	A kiss; a little (or, sweet) mouth	נשיקה	
A covenant; an engagement; a betrothed	התן				466
Contusores; cloudy heavens; Heaven of Netzach	שחקים		Skull	גלגלת	
		459	Renes	כליות	
		460	The World of Formation	עולם היצירה	
[Vide K.C. L.C.K. p. 371]	שנתם		Simeon	שמעון	
Qliphoth of c	צללהמזרח				π 467
"Holy unto TETRAMATON."	קדש ליהוה		[Vide S.D. 33]	גלגלתא	
[Ex. xxxix. 30]					468
		π 461	Angel of 3 rd Dec. II	ביתון	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 539]	ארנות				469
Robustus, validus, asper, horridus, rigidus	איתן		Trabeationes ligaturae illarum	חשוקיהם	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	470		477
Eternity. (Literally, a cycle of cycles)	דור דורים		478
Angel of 8 S.	נתחיה	Cranium, calvaria	גולגולת
Pure Wool	עמר נקי	The Lesser Countenance; Microprosopus	זעיר אנפין
Period of time; Time	עת	Hagiographia	ככובים
Solum; fundus	קרקע		π 479
	471	Molentes	מוחנות
Palatia	היכלות		480
Mount Moriah [2 Chron. iii. 1]	המוריה הר	Lapides inanitatis	אבני תוהו
	472	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252]	רעות
Was terrified	בעת	Lilith, Qliphoth of Malkuth	לילית
	473	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252]	ערות
The Three Persons. [ATH: HVA: ANI coalesced]	אתהואני	Malkuth, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	עית
Skull	גולגולתא		481
Molitrices	טחנות		בעונת
	474	Hills	גבעות
Knowledge. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252, et. seq.]	רעת	Reus mortis	חייב מיתא
(Plural)—Wisdom	חכמות	Annulus	טבעת
The Testimony within the Ark	ערת		482
A ram, he-goat; a prepared sacrifice	עתר	A looking-glass, mirror	אספקלריא
Angel L.T.D. of ☉	רערר		483
	475	Ferens iniquitatem	נושא עון
[Vide no. 473.] In Golgotha	בגולגולתא	22 ²	√ 484
	476	Filia scaturiginum. [Is. x. 30, "Daughter of Gallim"]	485
Domus Iudicii; Curia; Consistorium iudiciale	בית דין	Mockeries [Job xvii. 2. Vide 435]	התלים
		A name of GOD	יהוה בחכפה ימר ארין

SEPPER SEPHIROTH

Foundations	יסודות		
Azylum fractum	מצה פרוסה	Σ (1—31)	496
A King of Edom	עוית	Leviathan	לויתן
Angel of 8 P.	נחתאל	Malkuth	מלכות
	π 487	A small bundle	צרור
	488		497
Ianua, ostium	פתח	Nutrix	אומנת
Qliphoth of Kether	תאומיאל	Gemini; II	תאומים
Ye shall worship	תעבודו		498
	489	Briatic Palace of Geburah	היכל זכות
Retribuens; repondens retributionem	משלם גמול		π 499
	490	Cerva amorum.	אילת אהבים
The giving. [Vide no. 1106]	מתן	[Prov. v. 19, "a loving hind"]	
Fine flour, meal	סלת	Busy, arduous, an army; 'hosts'	צבאות
Perfect	תמים		500
Binah, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	תן	The humerus	כתף
	π 491	Kimelium aureum	מכתם
Nutrix	אמנר	Princeps	שר
Angel of 4 W.	ניתאל	A Duke of Edom	תימן
	492		501
	493	Asher; blessedness	אשר
The Name given in Deut. xxviii. 58; without את = 92, q.v.	את יהוה אלהיך	Fortis; fortia, robusta	אתנים
	494	The head	ראש
Galea salutis	כובע הישועה	Flesh; Night Demon of 1 st Dec. X	שאר
An apple	תפוח	Schechinah Superior	שכינה עילאה
	495	Likeness, similitude	תמונה
Similitudo hominis	דמות אדם		502
Gift	מתנה	To tell glad tidings; flesh, body	בשר
		To cut	בתק

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-bottom: 10px;"> <div style="font-size: 2em; margin-right: 10px;"> </div> <div style="margin-left: 10px;"> <p>The Cup of the Stolistes π 503</p> </div> </div> <p>Expelled, cast forth גרש 504</p> <p>Sought for דרש 505</p> <p>Sarah; Principissa. [Vide 510 & cf. 243 & 248] שרה 506</p> <p>[Vide no. 1196] אבניתין 507</p> <p>Bovis α' sinistra; an ox; Taurus. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 99.]—c שור 508</p> <p>That which causes ferment; yeast שאיר 509</p> <p>Daybreak; black שחר π 510</p> <p>Bridge גשור 510</p> <p>Sensus allegorius. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 12] דרוש 511</p> <p>Rectitudo, aequitas recta; rectilineum ישר 518</p> <p>The head ריש 519</p> <p>Song שיר 520</p> <p>Sarai. [Vide 505] שרי 521</p> <p>Draco; see 440 תנין 521</p> <p style="text-align: right;">עתיאל</p> <p><i>The HEAD</i> רישא 521</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 463] שירח 521</p>	<p>8³ = 2⁹</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">√√√ 512</p> <p>Adhaesio, cohaesio רבקות</p> <p>Angel of 3rd Dec. ♁ שחרר</p> <p style="text-align: right;">513</p> <p style="text-align: right;">514</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 213] חקות</p> <p style="text-align: right;">515</p> <p>Possessio sine angustii נחלה בלי מצרים</p> <p>Minister iudicii שוטר</p> <p>Phylacterium תפלה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">516</p> <p>Lucus. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 168] אשירה</p> <p>Personae פרצופין</p> <p style="text-align: right;">517</p> <p>Qliphoth of ♂: [Vide no. 321, & Liber 777] ארימרון</p> <p>The good gift, i.e. Malkuth מתנה טובה</p> <p>Occultae. [Vide 417] פלאות</p> <p>Confractio. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 698, et seq.] שבירה</p> <p style="text-align: right;">518</p> <p style="text-align: right;">519</p> <p>Day Demon of 2nd Dec. ♀ כרכמוש</p> <p style="text-align: right;">520</p> <p>Tears דמעות</p> <p>Legitium כשר</p> <p style="text-align: right;">π 521</p> <p>Ignis descendens אש יורד</p> <p>Angel of 2 P. ושריה</p> <p>Nudatio candoris מחשופ הלבן</p>
--	--------------------------------------	---

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	522	The World of Assiah, עולם עשיה	
	π 523	the 'material' world	
	524		537
	525	Emanatio; Atziluth, the אצילות	
The LORD of Hosts, a ייחה עבאות		Archetypal World	
name of GOD re-		Medulla spinalis חוט השררה	
ferred to Netzach		Apertio uteri פטר רחם	
	526		538
Superliminare משקוף		Daughter of the Voice.— בת קול	
	527	Echo. [The Bath Qol	
Σ (1—32)	528	is a particular and very	
23^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 529	sacred method of divi-	
Affatura ollaris cum ציקי קדירה		nation.]	
iusculo dulci			539
Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. δ שיטרי			540
	530	Lumbi; the upper part מתנים	
The Rose חבצלת			π 541
Voices קלת		Israel ישראל	
Tekel, a word of the 'writing תקל			542
on the wall' at			543
Belshazzar's fabled feast.		"Existence is אחיה אשר אחיה	
	531	Existence," the	
	532	NAME of the	
	533	Highest GOD	
Heaven of Jesod and Malkuth טבל וילון שמים			544
King of Terrors מלך בלחות		Apples. [Cant. ii. 5] תפוחים	
	534	Aper de Sylva חזיר מיער	545
A certain Name of GOD קלדשק			546
	535	Sweet מתוק	
	536	P's; a watchman שומר	
A white cloak שלית לבנה		Custodi שמור	
Sphere of the fixed stars מסלות		L.A. Angel of Q שרהיאל	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 547		558
	548		559
Qliphoth of ף			560
Night Demon of 3 rd Dec. ☿	הצננת	דרושים	
A Name of GOD, יהוה אלוה ודעת		מי מנוחות	
referred to Tiphareth		נקודת	
Qliphoth of א	עבירירין	תמנע	
	549	תנינים	
Moral	מורגש	Σ (I—33)	561
Ventrus turbinis	רוח סערה	צחקין	
	550	רצניותא	
Aquila; decidua. [Vide K.D. נשר			562
L.C.K. p. 600; connect with		ראשונה	
no. 496, Malkuth]			π 563
A rod of iron. [Ps. ii]	שכט ברזל	Lotio manuum	נטילת ידיים
L.A. Angel of δ	שרטאל	Angel of 1 st Dec. II	סגרש
Principes	שרים		564
Dragons. (Restricted.)	תנינם	Lapis capitalis	אבן הראשה
[Ps. lxxiv. 13]		[I.R.Q. 941.] ויהי האדם לנפש חיה	
	551	“And the Adam was formed	
	552	into a living Nephesh”	
Desiderium dierum	חמרת ימים	Sphere of Malkuth	חלב יסודות
	553		565
Draco magnus	תנין גדול	Parvitiatio	קטנות
	554	Praetoriani	שוטרים
Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. ✽	מרחוש		566
	555	A valley; a plain	ישרון
Obscurity	עפתה	Puncta	נקודות
	556	[SMK + VV + DLTh, SVD	סוד: = a secret, spelt in full]
Mark, vestige, footstep	רשימו	The Shadow of Death; Hell	צלמות
Sharon. [Cant. ii. 1]	שרון	of Netzach	
	π 557		
The First	ראשון		

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

Redintegratio, configuratio, depositio, conformatio, restoratio, restitutio	תיקון		Beerschebha, Fons Sep- tenarii. [2 Sam. xxiv. 7 —Gen. xxi. 31.] [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 183]	באר שבע	575
Firstborn	ראשוני	567	“And the GODS said, Let there be LIGHT”	וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים יְהִי אֹר	
Fingers	אצבעות	570	Wands	מקלות	24 ² √ 576
Naphtali	נפתלי		The tenth	עשור	π 577
Lectus	ערש		The Concealed of the Concealed; a name of GOD most High	טמורה תטמרון	
Ten	עשר				578
Heads	רישון				579
Concussion, earthquake [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 691]	רעש				
Gate; the Door	שער	π 571	Media nox	חצות לילה	
The Mountain of Zion	הררי ציון		Qliphoth of Netzach	ערב זרק	
Balance	מתקלא	572	Sons of Adam	הענונים	580
A chastening GOD. [Deut. xxviii. 58.] [7 counted as final]	יהוה אלהיך		Rich	עשיר	
Jeschurun	ישורון		Ancient	עתיק	
He was touched. [I.R.Q. 1117]	יתעצב		“Le bouc émissaire”; shaggy, hairy. [Levit. xvi. 22]	שער	
Active	מתקבל		Angel of Fire	שרף	581
Day Demon of 1 st Dec. 1	פורפור	573	The Ancient One	עתיקא	
		574	Barley	שעורה	582
Chaldee. [Hath a general meaning of movement. S.D. p. 87]	ירחשון				583
					584

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	585		A knot, ligature	קשר
The GODS of Battle	אלהים צבאות		Red	שרק
(lit. of Hosts); the Divine Name of Hod			Six; marble	שש
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 386]	תקיעה			π 601
	586		Lux simplicissima	אור פשוט
War-trumpet	שופר		Brightness; splendores	צחצחות
	587		Extremities	קצוות
Day Demon of 1 st Dec. ≈	פראש			603
	588		Qliphoth of II	שלהבירון
	589			604
Viror. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 15]	אב לשון ענף		Congeries; epistola	אגרת
	590		Israel Senex	ישראל סבא
	591			605
Rib. [Gen. ii. 22]	צלעת		Magnificentia	אברת
	592		[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 226]	גברת
	π 593			606
	594		Let them bring forth	ישרצו
The Stone of Israel. [Gen. xlix. 24]	אבן ישראל		Ipseitas, seu ipsa essentia [Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 571, 631]	עצמות
Σ (1—34)	595		Nexus, ligature	קשור
	596		Ruth	רות
Jeruschalim	ירושלים		A turtle-dove	תור
	597			π 607
	598		Adam Primus	אדם הראשון
Our iniquities	עונותינו		The mountain of spices. [Cant. viii. 14]	הרי בשמים
	π 599			608
Mirabilia, vel occulta sapientiae	פליאות חכמה		A span, palm. [Lit. "the little finger"]	זרת
Peniculamentum, fimbria peniculata	ציצית		The last Gate. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 184]	כבא כתר

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 640]</p>	<p>התר</p>	<p>609</p>	<p>610</p>	<p>Novissimum</p>	<p>π 619</p>
				<p>אחרית</p>	
Numulus argenteus	ננוהר			<p>620</p>	
Citrus, malum citrum; (lust and desire). [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 178]	אתרוג			<p>חכמה בינה ותעד & Daath; the first descending triad</p>	
Tenth	מעשר			<p>כתר</p>	
		611		<p>משר</p>	
“The Fear” of the LORD. [Ps. cxi. 10]	יראת			<p>צפנת</p>	
The Law. (Occasional spelling)	תורה			<p>שערים</p>	
		612		<p>[Temurah of כבל]</p>	
(The covenant)—Day Demon of 1 st Dec. יז. [Ps. xxv. 14]	ברית			<p>שש</p>	<p>621</p>
The number of the Divine Precepts	π 613			<p>אכחת הרב</p>	
The Quintessence of Light	את האור			<p>אורחות</p>	
Moses, our Rabbi	משה רבינו			<p>[Vide I.R.Q. 234]</p>	<p>622</p>
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 179]	תריג			<p>Blessings</p>	
		614		<p>ברכת</p>	
		615		<p>Profunda Maris. [Samael et Uxor Eius]</p>	
		616		<p>רחובות</p>	
Qliphoth of 1	נשימירון			<p>רחובות</p>	<p>623</p>
The Five Books of Moses; the Law on Sinai. Cf. Tarot	תירו			<p>Barietha; Doctrina extranea; conclusio extra Jeruschalem facta</p>	
		π 617		<p>624</p>	
“Mighty acts” (Plur. of “Strength.”) [Ps. cvi. 2]	גבורות			<p>His Covenant. [Ps. xxv. 14]</p>	
Columnae Nubis et Ignis	עמודי האש והענן			<p>Liberty</p>	
A King of Edom	רחביה			<p>Qliphoth of ♂</p>	
		618		<p>$25^2 = 5^4$</p>	<p>$\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt{\quad}$ 625</p>
Conteniones	ריבות			<p>The Mountain of Ararat</p>	
				<p>הר אררט</p>	<p>626</p>
				<p>The tenth portion</p>	
				<p>עשרון</p>	<p>627</p>

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	628		
Light. [Spelt in full, with 1 as א] :	א:ו:ר:	Sun; sphere of ☉	שמש
Blessings	ברכות	Palm of the hand; palm-tree	תמר
			π 641
	629		
The great trumpet	שופר גדול	Dema purpureum	
		Angel of 9 W.	
	630	“Lights”; defective. [S.D. i. 42]	
Angel L.T.D. of II	שערש		642
The Holy Spirit	רוחא קדישא שלש	Day Demon of 2 nd Dec. מ	פורשון
Angels of Geburah, and of Kether of Briah	שרפים		π 643
	π 631		
Concealed Mystery	רצניעותא	Severities of TETRA- GRAMMATON	גבורות יהוה
	632	The Cup of Bene-	כוס של נברכה
	633	dictions	
Light. [Spelt in full, when 1 = ו] :	א:ו:ר:	(12 × 13 × 4) + 20 = number of letters in the five tablets of Enoch. [Vide Equinox VII]	644
[Gen. v. 2]	זכר ונקבה בראם		645
	634		
	635	A King of Edom	משרקה
	636		646
Qliphoth of מ	צפיררון	Elohim. [ם counted as Final]	אלהים
	637	Licitum	מותר
Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. ש	פורנאש	Rejoicing	משוש
Day Demon of 1 st Dec. א	שאלוש		π 647
	638		
	639	Lights	מארות
The Tree of Knowledge	עץ הדעת		648
	640		649
The Cup of Con- solutions	כוס תנחומים	Trance, deep sleep. [Vide no. 244]	תרדמה
Third. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 719]	שליש		650
		Nitre	נתר

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	651		Cantio	צמירות	
Temurah		תמורה			664
	652				665
	π 653		The womb	בית הרחם	
	654		Σ (1—36). ☉. The Number of		666 ¹
	655		THE BEAST		
	656		Aleister Crowley	אלהיסטחר ה כרעולחי	
A rose, lily. [Vide no. 706]		שושן	E. Crowley		
Delight, joy		ששון	Aleister Crowley	אליסטיר קרולי	
A furnace		תנור	[Rabbi Battiscombe Gunn's v.l.]		
	657		The number 5, which is	אה × אלה	
Angel of 3 rd Dec. ♃		ותרודיאאל	6 (ה ה), on the Grand		
Zalbarachith; ♂		זלברחית	Scale		
	658		Qliphoth of ♃	נשימרון	
	π 659		Spirit of ☉	סורת	
	660		Ommo Satan, the 'Evil Triad' of Satan-Typhon, Apophras, and Besz	עממו סתן	
Scintillae		ניציצית			
Zone; members		קשרין תינר	The Name Jesus	שם יהוה	
	π 661		The oil for lighting	שמן למאור	667
Esther		אסתר			668
Day Demon of 3 rd Dec. ✠		ישטלוש	Negotiatrix	סחרת	
Crinorrhodon (vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 708); a rose		שושנה			669
Angel L.T.D. of g		תרגבון			670
	662		Deprecatus	ערת עתר	
Corona Dei		אכתריאל			671
	663		Ferens fructum	עושה פרי	
Lapides marmoris. [Vide Zohar, pt. I. fol. 34. col. 134]		אבני שש	The Law	תערא	
			The Gate	תרעא	

¹ See Equinox, V & VII, for further details

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>Adonai. [Spelt in full] אדניני</p>	690	<p>The candlestick מנרת</p>	690
672		<p>Palm-trees תמרים</p>	
π 673			π 691
674			692
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 395] סוחרת		<p>The fourth portion רביעית</p>	693
675		<p>Sulphur גפרית</p>	694
Briatic Palace of Netzach היכל עצשמים			695
26^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 676		696
Artificial. [\ final] גלגלים		<p>The Moral World עולם מורגש</p>	697
Angel L.T.D. of k עתור			698
π 677		<p>Castella munita; domus munitae ארמנות</p>	699
678			700
Planities coeli; Assiatic Heaven of 1 st palace ערבות		<p>The Mercy Seat כפרת</p>	701
679		<p>The Veil of the Holy פרכת</p>	
The chrysolite stone. אבן מעולפת		<p>Seth שת</p>	
[Cant. v. 14]			π 701
680		<p>[Deut. xxiii. 1] אשת</p>	
Phrath, one of the four rivers of Eden פרת		<p>“And lo! three men.” והנה שלשה</p>	
681		<p>[These be Michael, Gabriel and Raphael, —אלוֹ-מיכאל־גבריאל־ורפאל]</p>	
Joyful noise; battle-cry; the sound (of a trumpet) תרועה		<p>Prolapsus in faciem נפילת אפים</p>	702
682		<p>Sabbathum quies שבת</p>	
Of the evening; of the West ערבית		<p>Σ (1—37) מסגרת</p>	703
π 683		<p>Taenia מסגרת</p>	
684		<p>Qliphoth of Binah סאתאריאל</p>	
685			
686			
687			
688			
689			

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>704 “Arbatel” [The <i>Arabatel</i> ארבעתאל of Magic, by Pietro di Abano]</p> <p>Angel L.T.N. of ✠ נתורניגאל</p>	704	<p>Matrona מטרונתא</p>	717 718 π 719 720
<p>The stones of אבנים מפולמות dampness. [Job xxviii. 3]</p>	705	<p>Thy Navel. [Cant. vii. 3] חשבתי שררך</p>	721
<p>Propitiatorium כפורת “Lilies” (I.R.Q. 878) or שושנים “Roses” (von Rosenroth)</p>	706	<p>The Primordial Point נקרה ראשונה</p> <p>The voice of the trumpet קול שופר</p>	722 723 724
<p>The Angel of the מלאך הברית Covenant</p>	707 708	<p>The end of the days אחרית הימים</p>	725 726
<p>Perdition שחת</p>	π 709	<p>The Seven Double Letters ת, ר, פ, ב, ד, ג, ב</p>	727 728
<p>Spelunca מערת Six. (Ch.) שית</p>	710	<p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 506] תשכה $27^2 = 9^3 = 3^6$ $\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[3]{\quad} \sqrt[6]{\quad}$</p> <p>[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505] קרע שטן</p>	729
<p>Sphere of שבתאי Conversio תשובה</p>	711 712 713	<p>The white head; a רישא הוורה title of GOD most High</p>	730 731 732 π 733
<p>Secret נסתרה Perfumed, fumigated קטורת</p>	714 715	<p>To bring forth שתלד</p>	734
<p>Vashti. [Est. i. 9] ושתי</p>	716	<p>Tiphareth, 42-fold Name במרצתג in Yetzirah</p>	735

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	736		752
Tortuosae	עקלקלות	Satan	שאתאן
	737		753
(Live coal)—Blaze, flame	אלהבת שת הכל	Abraham and Sarah. [Either spelling, Vide 243, 248, 505, & 510.]	
	738		754
	π 739		755
	740		756
Σ (1—38)	741	Emanations: numbers	ספירות
(‡ counted as Final) Amen; see 91	אמן	Years	שנות
The four letters of the ele- ments; hence a concealed	אמחש		π 757
יהה		Netzach and Hod	אשכלות
	742		758
The Ark of the Testi- mony. [Lit. “of tremblings,” scil. “vibrations.”]	ארון הערות	Perdition	משחית
		Copper ore; bronze	נחשת
	π 743		759
	744	Pulvis aromatarii	אבקת רובל
	745		760
	746	“Both Active and Passive”; said in the Qabalah concerning the Sephiroth.	מקביל ומתקבל
The Names	שמות	Confinement, detention	עצרת
	747	Chesed, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	קרעשמן
	748		π 761
The oil of Anointment	שמן המשחה		762
	749		763
	750		764
Conclave	לשכת		765
Lead	עפרת		766
	π 751		767
Vir integer	איש תם		768

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 769		781
	770		782
Going forth. [Said of the Eyes of TETRA- GRAMMATON.]	משוטטות		783
		28 ²	√ 784
Unfruitful, barren	עקרת	Qliphoth of ☉	שיחרירון
	771		785
L.A. Angel of ♀	שלתיאל	Smooth	פשות
	772		π 787
Septennium	שבע שנים		788
	π 773	The Secret Wisdom: i.e., The Qabalah. [Vide 58]	חכמה נסתרה
Lapis, seu canalis lapideus Potationis	אבן השתיה		789
	774		790
Filia Septenarii	בת שבע	My presence. [I.R.Q. 1122; Prov. xii.]	שיכנתי
	775		791
[Vide no. 934]	דקרדינותא		792
	776		793
	777	[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 460, and Ps. xviii. 51]	ישועות
<i>The Flaming Sword</i> , if the path from Binah to Chesed be taken as = 3. For א connects Arikh Anpin with Zauir Anpin			794
One is the	אחת רוח אלהים היים		795
Ruach of the			796
Elohim of Lives		Calix horroris	כוס התרעלה
The World of Shells	עולם הקליפות		π 797
	778		798
	779	Mount Gaerisim	רה גריזים והר עיבל
Σ (1—39)	780	and mount Ebal. [Deut. xi. 29]	
I dwell, have dwelt. (<i>Not</i> written.) [I.R.Q. 1122; Prov. viii. 12]		Consisting of Seven	שביעיות
Shore, bank			799

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	800		
A bow; \aleph . The three Paths leading from Malkuth; hence much symbolism of the Rainbow of Promise.		קשת	Ararita; a name of GOD ארריתא which is a Notarikon of the sentence : אחר ראש אחרותו ראש ייחודותו: תמורתו אחר. "One is His Beginning; one is His individuality; His Permutation One."
	801		
$401 \times 2 =$ The reflection of 401, which is אה, a and ω	802		ויאמר אלהים יהי אור ויהי אור [Genesis i. 3]
Consessus vel ישיבה של מעלה Schola vel Academia Superna. [Refers to A.:A.:, the three grades which are above the Abyss. Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 461]			814 815
Vindicta foederis נקם ברית			816 817
An ark, as of Noah or of Moses תבת			818 819
	803		820
	804	Σ (1—40)	821
	805		π 822 823
	806		824
	807		825
	808		826
"A piece of brass"—the Brazen Serpent נחשתן		אבן משכיה figuratus. [Lev. xxvi. 1]	827
	π 809	Litterae אותיות	282
	810		π 829 830
A Duke of Edom ית			831
Octava שמיניעי			832
	π 811		833
	812		834
	813		835
Signa אותות		Issachar יששכר Three (?third) תלת	

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	831				850
	832		Blue; perfection	תכלת	
Albedo Crysalli		לבנת ספיר	My perfect one. (<i>Not</i> written.)	תמתי	
	833		[Cant. v. 2.] Vide 857		
Choir of Angels in Kether		חיות הקדש			851
Transiens super prevaricatione		עובה על רפשע	Souls. [I.R.Q. 1052 et seq.]	נשמתהון	
	834		Ocellata Aurea;	משבצות זהב	852
	835		Netzach and Hod receiving influence from Geburah.		
Brachia Mundi		זרועות עולם			
	836				π 853
	837		An orchard	שרה תפוחים	
The profuse giver. [Cf. the Egyptian word Tat.]		תת זל			854
[\aleph counted as Final. Vide 227. This <i>is</i> written.]		לברכה			855
	838		Summitatis bifidae in Lulabh	תיומת	856
	π 839				π 857
	840		My twin-sister. [<i>Is</i> written]	תאומתי	
	$\sqrt{}$ 841				858
Laudes	29^2	תהלות	“ To Thee be Power unto the Ages, my Lord” [Vide 35, s.v. אגלא]	אתה גבור לעולם אדני	
	842				
	843				
	844				
	843				
	844				π 859
	845		Iunctio, copula, phylactarium, ornamentumve manus. [Connect with נשר]	תפלה של יד	
Oleum influxus		כב אותיות שמן השפע			
	846				860
	847		Σ (1—41)		861
	848				862
	849				π 863
Exitus Sabbathi		סוצאי שבת			

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	864			885
The Woman of Whoredom.		אשת זנונים		886
⊙ and ☽		שמש וירח		π 887
	865			888
	866			889
Latera aquilionis		ירכתי זפון		890
	867		מערת המכפלה	
	868		Spelunca duplex	891
Semitae		כתיבות		892
	869		אפיסת הרעיון	
Qliphoth of Tiphareth		תגרירון	Defectus cogitationis	893
	870			894
Twelve		תרישר		895
	871			896
	872			897
Septiduum		שבעת ימים		898
	873			899
	874			900
	875		30^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$
	876			901
	π 877			902
	878		חיכל לבנת הספיר	
	879		Briatic Palace of	
	880		Jesod—Malkuth	
A King of Edom		השסחהימני	$\Sigma (1-42)$	903
	π 881		שאראת	
Os cranii, cranium		קרקפתא	Secret name of Cagliostro	904
	882			905
Dilationes fleminis		רחובות הנהר		906
	π 883			
Lux oriens		אקור מתנוצץ	Licentia. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 693]	רשות
	884			
Domination		תועבות	Vermis	תולעת

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 907		927
	908		928
	909		π 929
Beginning. [Vide I.Z.Q. 547, et seq.]	רשית	Gazophylacia Septen- trionis	
		Briah, the Palace of the Supernals therein	
Hell of Tiphareth	בארשחה		
Beginning	ראשית		930
Remnant	שארית		931
	912		932
Pl. of 506 שור q.v.	שורות	The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil	
	913		
Berashith; "in the Beginning." [With <i>small</i> B.] [Vide A Note on Genesis, Equinox II 163-185, and 291I]	בראשית		933
		Foedus nuditatis vel Sabbathi vel arcus	
	914		934
	915	Coruscatio vehementissima; splendor	
	916	exactissime dimeticus	
	917		935
	918	The Cause of causes	
	π 919	[Vide Eccles. ii. 8, & S.D. v. 79]	
	920		
	921		936
Nekudoth; intuitus as- pectus. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 547]	הסתכלות	Kether. [Spelt in full]	
			π 937
			938
	922		939
	923		940
	924		π 941
	925	Angel of 1 st Dec. ✕	
	926		942

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	943		964
	944	Memoriale iubilationis	זכרון תרועה
	945	[Note Root זכר, 227 q.v. showing phallic nature of this 'memorial.'	
The samll point: a title of GOD most High.	Σ (1—43)	946	965
	π 947		966
Angel of 1 st Dec. ☽	מתראוש	948	π 967
	949		968
	950	Angel of Water	969
[Vide no. 1204]	המתהפכת	951	970
	952	Shemhamphorasch, the 'Divided Name' of GOD	π 971
The Book of the Law	ספר תורה	953	972
	π 954		973
Vigiliae	אשמורות	955	974
	956		975
	957		976
Unguentum Magnifi- centiae	משחא רבות	π 958	π 977
	959		978
	960		979
Tubae argenteae	חצוצרות כסף	961	980
	31 ²	√ 962	981
	963	Urbs Quarternionis	982
Achad; unity. [Spelt fully]	א:חד:	964	π 983
Garland, Crown; a little wreath. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p 614]	עטרת עטרה	965	984
	966	The Beginning of Wisdom (is the Wonderment at TETRAGRAMMATON. Psalms).	ראשית הכמה

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	985		1003
	986		1004
Vehementia; obiectio rigorosa	התקפתא		1005
	987	The law	1006
	988		1007
Foedus pacis	ברית שלום	TAROT. [But vide 671]	1008
	989		π 1009
Pascens inter Lilia	רועה כשושנים		1010
Σ (1—44)	990		1011
	π 991		1012
	992		π 1013
The joy of the whole Earth. [Vide no. 296]	משיש כל הארץ		1014
	993		1015
	994	[Vide no. 1047]	1016
	995		1017
	996		1018
The Most Holy Ancient One	עתיקא קדישא	Vasa vitrea, lagenae, phiale	1019
	π 997		1020
	998		1021
Foedus linguae	ברית לשון		1022
	999		1023
10^3	$\sqrt[3]{}$ 1000		1024
[Vide no. 1100]	ששת	$32^2 = 4^5 = 2^{10}$	$\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[3]{\quad} \sqrt[4]{\quad}$ 1024
A Qabalistic Method of Exegesis; “spelling Qabalistically back- ward”	תשרק	Qliphoth of \mathfrak{M}	נהשתירון
	1001	Absconsiones spaientiae	1025
	1002		1026
The bank of a stream	שפת היאור		1027

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1028		1059
	1029		1060
	1030	The Tabernacle [N final]	משכן
	π 1031		π 1061
	1032		אסתתר
Sphere of Primum Mobile.		Vide I.R.Q. 939]	ויפח באפיו נשמת חיים
	π 1033		1062
	1034		π 1063
Σ (1—45)	1035		1064
	1036		1065
	1037		1066
	1038		1067
	π 1039		1068
	1040		π 1069
	1041		1070
	1042		1071
	1043		1072
	1044		1073
	1045		1074
	1046		1075
	1047		1076
Diaphragma supra hepar (vel hepatis)		יותרת הכבד	1077
	1048		1078
	π 1049		1079
	1050		1080
	π 1051	Σ (1—46)	1081
	1052	Tiphareth	תפארת
	1053		1082
	1054		1083
	1055		1084
	1056		1085
	1057		1086
The lily		שושנת	π 1087
	1058		1088
		33 ²	√ 1089

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1090		π 1123
	π 1091		1124
The Rose of Sharon	הבצלת השרון		1125
	1092		1126
	π 1093		1127
	1094	Σ (1—47)	1128
	1095		π 1129
	1096		1130
	π 1097		1131
	1098		1132
	1099		1133
	1100		1134
Sextiduum	ששת ימים		1135
	1101		1136
	1102		1137
	π 1103		1138
	1104		1139
	1105		1140
	1106		1141
The giving of the Law	מתן התורה		1142
	1107		1143
	1108		1144
	π 1109		1145
	1110		1146
	1111	Jars, globular vessels	צנתרות
	1112		1147
	1113	Byssus contorta	שש משור
	1114		1148
	1115		1149
	1116		1150
	π 1117		π 1151
	1118		1152
	1119		π 1153
	1120		1154
	1121		1155
	1122	34 ²	√ 1156

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1157		1189
Specula turmarum מראות הצובאות			1190
	1158		1191
	1159		1192
	1160		π 1193
	1161		1194
	1162		1195
	π 1163		1196
	1164	Fasciculi; rami pal-	
	1165	marum כפות תמרים	
	1166		1197
	1167		1198
	1168		1199
	1169		1200
	1170		π 1201
	π 1171		1202
	1172		1203
	1173		1204
[With † counted as Final]		Flamma להט הרב המתהפכת	
	1174	gladii versatilis.	1205
	1175		1206
Conclave caesum לשכת הגזית		The Holy Intelli-	
Σ (1—48)	1176	gence נשמתא קרישא	
	1177	A water-trough שקתות	
	1178		1207
	1179		1208
	1180		1209
	π 1181		1210
	1182	Angel of Geburah of Briah תרשיש	
	1183		1211
	1184		1212
	1185		π 1213
	1186		1214
	π 1187		1215
	1188		1216

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 1217		1247
	1218		1248
	1219		π 1249
Formator eius quod in principia	בראשית יוצר		1250
	1220		1251
Hell of Hod	שערימרת		1252
The beaten oil	אמן כחיה		1253
	1221		1254
	1222		1255
	π 1223		1256
	1224		1257
$\Sigma (1-49) = 35^2. \text{ ♀}$	√ 1225		1258
The Ancient of the Ancient Ones	עתיקא דעתיקין		π 1259
	1226	Angels of Netzach and of Geburah of Briah.	1260
	1227		תרשישים
	1228		1261
	π 1229		1262
	1230		1263
	π 1231		1264
	1232		1265
	1233		1266
	1234		1267
	1235		1268
	1236		1269
	π 1237		1270
	1238		1271
	1239		1272
	1240		1273
	1241		1274
	1242	$\Sigma (1-50)$	1275
	1243		1276
	1244		π 1277
	1245		1278
	1246	Ignis sese reciprocans	π 1279
			אש מתלקחת

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1280		1311
	1281		1312
	1282		1313
	π 1283		1314
	1284		1315
	1285		1316
	1286		1317
	1287		1318
	1288		π 1319
	π 1289		1320
	1290		π 1321
	π 1291	The Lily of the Valleys	
	1292		1322
	1293		1323
	1294		1324
Chorda fili coccini	תקורת הרוח השני		1325
	1295		1326
$36^2 = 6^4$	$\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[4]{\quad}$ 1296	Σ (1—51)	π 1327
	π 1297		1328
	1298		1329
	1299		1330
	1300	11 ³	$\sqrt[3]{\quad}$ 1331
	π 1301		1332
	1302		1333
	π 1303		1334
	1304		1335
	1305		1226
	1306		1337
	π 1307		1338
Day demon of 2 nd Dec. \aleph , and King-Demon of Geburah.	אשתרות		1339
	1308		1340
	1309		1341
	1310		1342
			1343
			1344

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1345		1376
	1346		1377
	1347	Σ (1—52)	1378
	1348		1379
	1349		1380
The numerical value of the 9 Paths of the Lesser Beard: viz. ג, ס, ע, פ, צ, ק, ר, ש and ת.	1350	The lip of the liar	שפת שקר
			π 1381
	1351		1382
	1352		1383
	1353		1384
	1354		1385
	1355		1386
	1356		1387
	1357		1388
			1389
Crooked by- אורחות עקלקלות			1390
paths. [Jud. v. 6]			1391
	1358		1392
	1359		1393
	1360		1394
	π 1361		1395
	1362		1396
	1363		1397
	1364		1398
	1365		π 1399
	1366		1400
	π 1367	Chaos, or = אח , 401 q.v.	אח
	1368	Tria Capita	תלת רישין
37^2	$\sqrt{}$ 1369		1401
	1370		1402
	1371		1403
	1372		1404
	π 1373		1405
	1374		1406
	1375		1407

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	I408		I443
	π I409	38^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ I444
	I410		I445
	I411	The remnant of	לשאירית נחלתו
	I412	his heritage.	
	I413		I446
	I414		π I447
	I415		I448
	I416		I449
	I417		I450
	I418		π I451
	I419		I452
	I420		π I453
	I421		I454
	I422		I455
	π I423		I456
	I424		I457
	I425		I458
	I426		π I459
	π I427		I460
	I428	Quies cessationis	שבת שבת ון
	π I429		I461
	I430		I462
Σ (I—53)	I431		I463
	I432		I464
	π I433		I465
	I434		I466
	I435		I467
	I436		I468
	I437		I469
	I438		I470
	π I439		π I471
	I440		I472
	I441		I473
	I442		I474

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1475		1504
	1476		1505
	1477		1506
	1478		1507
	1479		1508
	1480		1509
Septem heptaeterides שבע שבתות			1510
	π 1481		π 1511
	1482		1512
Rotunditates, seu גולות הכותרות			1513
vasa rotunda capitellarum,			1514
seu capitella rotunda.			1515
	π 1483		1516
	1484		1517
Σ (1—54)	1485		1518
	1486		1519
	π 1487		1520
	1488		$\sqrt{\quad}$ 1521
	π 1489	39^2	1522
	1490		π 1523
	1491		1524
	1492		1525
	π 1493		1526
	1494		1527
The total numerical value of the	1495		1528
Paths of the Tree; i.e. of the			1529
Beards conjoined; i.e. of the			1530
whole Hebrew Alphabet.	1496		π 1531
	1497		1532
	1498		1533
	π 1499		1534
	1500		1535
	1501		1536
	1502		1537
	1503		1538

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1539		1572
Σ (1—55)	1540		1573
	1541		1574
	1542		1575
The Oil of the Anointing.	שמן משחת קדש		1576
	π 1543		1577
	1544		1578
	1545		π 1579
	1546		1580
	1547		1581
	1548		1582
	π 1549		π 1583
	1550		1584
	1551		1585
	1552		1586
	π 1553		1587
	1554		1588
	1555		1589
	1556		1590
	1557		1591
	1558		1592
	π 1559		1593
	1560		1594
	1561	Σ (1—56)	1595
	1562		1596
	1563		π 1597
	1564		1598
	1565	40 ²	1599
	1566		√ 1600
	π 1567		1601
	1568		1602
	1569		1603
	1570		1604
	π 1571		1605
			1606

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

<p>π 1607 1608 π 1609 1610 1611 1612 π 1613 1614 1615 1616 1617 1618 π 1619 1620 π 1621 1622 1623 1624 1625 1626 π 1627 1628 1629 1630 1631 1632 1633 1634 1635 1636 π 1637 1638 1639 1640 1641</p>	<p> </p>	<p>1642 1643 1644 1645 1646 1647 1648 1649 1650 1651 1652 Σ (1—57) 1653 1654 1655 1656 π 1657 1658 1659 1660 1661 1662 π 1663 1664 The pure olive oil beaten out. שֶׁמֶן זַיִת יָךְ כִּתִּית 1665 1666 π 1667 1668 π 1669 1670 1671 1672 1673 1674</p>
---	----------	--

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1675		1710
	1676	Σ (1—58)	1711
	1677		1712
	1678		1713
	1679		1714
	1680		1715
41^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 1681		1716
	1682		1717
	1683		1718
	1684		1719
	1685		1720
	1686		1721
	1687		1722
	1688		π 1723
	1689		1724
	1690		1725
	1691		1726
	1692		1727
	π 1693	12^3	$\sqrt[3]{\quad}$ 1728
	1694		1729
	1695		1730
	1696		1731
	π 1697		1732
	1698		π 1733
	π 1699		1734
	1700		1735
	1701		1736
	1702		1737
	1703		1738
	1704		1739
	1705		1740
	1706		π 1741
	1707		1742
	1708		1743
	π 1709		1744

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1745	π 1777
	1746	1778
	1747	1779
	1748	1780
	1749	1781
	1750	1782
	1751	π 1783
	1752	1784
	1753	1785
	1754	1786
	1755	π 1787
<p>קדוש קדוש יהוה צבאות Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord GOD of Hosts!</p>		1788
		π 1789
	1756	1790
	1757	1791
	1758	1792
	π 1759	1793
	1760	1794
	1761	1795
	1762	1796
	1763	1797
42 ²	√ 1764	1798
	1765	1799
	1766	1800
	1767	1801
	1768	1802
	1769	1803
Σ (1—59)	1770	1804
	1771	1805
	1772	1806
	1773	1807
	1774	1808
	1775	1809
	1776	1810
		1811

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1812		π 1847
	1813		1848
	1814	43^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 1849
	1815		1850
	1816		1851
	1817		1852
	1818		1853
	1819	<u>117</u>	1854
	1820		1855
	1821		1856
	1822		1857
	π 1823		1858
	1824		1859
	1825		1860
	1826		π 1861
	1827		1862
	1828		1863
	1829		1864
Σ (1—60)	1830		1865
	π 1831		1866
	1832		π 1867
	1833		1868
	1834		1869
	1835		1870
	1836		π 1871
	1837		1872
	1838		1873
	1839		1874
	1840		1875
	1841		1876
	1842		π 1877
	1843		1878
	1844		π 1879
	1845		1880
	1846		1881

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1882		1917
	1883		1918
	1884		1919
	1885		1920
	1886		1921
	1887		1922
	1888		1923
	π 1889		1924
	1890		1925
Σ (1—61)	1891		1926
	1892		1927
	1893		1928
	1894		1929
	1895		1930
	1896		π 1931
	1897		1932
	1898		π 1933
	1899		1934
	1900		1935
	π 1901	44^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 1936
	1902		1937
	1903		1938
	1904		1939
	1905		1940
	1906		1941
	π 1907		1942
	1908		1943
	1909		1944
	1910		1945
	1911		1946
	1912		1947
	π 1913		1948
	1914		π 1949
	1915		1950
	1916		π 1951

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	1952		π 1987
Σ (1—62)	1953		1988
	1954		1989
	1955		1990
	1956		1991
	1957		1992
	1958		π 1993
	1959		1994
	1960		1995
	1961		1996
	1962		π 1997
	1963		1998
	1964		π 1999
	1965		2000
	1966		2001
	1967		2002
	1968		π 2003
	1969		2004
	1970		2005
	1971		2006
	1972		2007
	π 1973		2008
	1974		2009
	1975		2010
	1976		π 2011
	1977		2012
	1978		2013
	π 1979		2014
	1980		2015
	1981	Σ (1—63)	2016
	1982		π 2017
	1983		2018
	1984		2019
	1985		2020
	1986		2021

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

45²

2022		2057
2023		2058
2024		209
$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2025		2060
2026		2061
π 2027		2062
2028		π 2063
π 2029		2064
2030		2065
2031		2066
2032		2067
2033		2068
2034		π 2069
2035		2070
2036		2071
2037		2072
2038		2073
π 2039		2074
2040		2075
2041		2076
2042		2077
2043		2078
2044		2079
2045		2080
2046	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> Spirit of ☩ Σ (1—64). ☩ תפירתרת </div>	
2047		π 2081
2048		π 2082
2049		2083
2050		2084
2051		2085
2052		2086
π 2053		π 2087
2054		2088
2055		π 2089
2056		2090

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	2091		2126
	2092		2127
	2093		2128
	2094		π 2129
	2095		2130
	2096		π 2131
	2097		2132
	2098		2133
	π 2099		2134
	2100		2135
	2101		2136
	2102		π 2137
	2103		2138
	2104		2139
	2105		2140
	2106		π 2141
	2107		2142
	2108		π 2143
	2109		2144
	2110	Σ (1—65)	2145
	π 2111		2146
	2112		2147
	π 2113		2148
	2114		2149
	2115		2150
46^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2116		2151
	2117		2152
	2118		π 2153
	2119		2154
	2120		2155
	2121		2156
	2122		2157
	2123		2158
	2124		2159
	2125		2160

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 2161		2196
	2162	13^3	$\sqrt[3]{}$ 2197
	2163		2198
	2164		2199
	2165		2200
	2166		2201
	2167		2202
	2168		π 2203
	2169		2204
	2170		2205
	2171		2206
	2172		π 2207
	2173		2208
	2174	47^2	$\sqrt{}$ 2209
	2175		2210
	2176	$\Sigma (1-66)$	2211
	2177		2212
	2178		π 2213
	π 2179		2214
	2180		2215
	2181		2216
	2182		2217
	2183		2218
	2184		2219
	2185		2220
	2186		π 2221
3^7	$\sqrt[3]{}$ 2187		2222
	2188		2223
	2189		2224
	2190		2225
	2191		2226
	2192		2227
	2193		2228
	2194		2229
	2195		2230

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

2231		2266
2232		π 2267
2233		2268
2234		π 2269
2235		2270
2236		2271
π 2237		2272
2238		π 2273
π 2239		2274
2240		2275
2241		2276
2242		2277
π 2243	Σ (1—67)	2278
2244		2279
2245		2280
2246		π 2281
2247		2282
2248		2283
2249		2284
2250		2285
π 2251		2286
2252		2287
2253		2288
2254		2289
2255		2290
2256		2291
2257		2292
2258		π 2293
2259		2294
2260		2295
2261		2296
2262		π 2297
2263		2298
2264		2299
2265		2300

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

48^2

	2301		2336
	2302		2337
	2303		2338
	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2304		π 2339
	2305		2340
	2306		π 2341
	2307		2342
	2308		2343
	π 2309		2344
	2310		2345
	π 2311	Σ (1—68)	2346
	2312		π 2347
	2313		2348
	2314		2349
	2315		2350
	2316		π 2351
	2317		2352
	2318		2353
	2319		2354
	2320		2355
	2321		2356
	2322		π 2357
	2323		2358
	2324		2359
	2325		2360
	2326		2361
	2327		2362
	2328		2363
	2329		2364
	2330		2365
	2331		2366
	2332		2367
	π 2333		2368
	2334		2369
	2335		2370

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 2371		2406
	2372		2407
	2373		2408
	2374		2409
	2375		2410
	2376		π 2411
	π 2377		2412
	2378		2413
	2379		2414
	2380	Σ (1—69)	2415
	π 2381		2416
	2382		π 2417
	π 2383		2418
	2384		2419
	2385		2420
	2386		2421
	2387		2422
	2388		π 2423
	π 2389		2424
	2390		2425
	2391		2426
	2392		2427
	π 2393		2428
	2394		2429
	2395		2430
	2396		2431
	2397		2432
	2398		2433
	π 2399		2434
	2400		2435
$49^2 = 7^4$	$\sqrt{\quad} \sqrt[4]{\quad}$ 2401		2436
	2402		π 2437
	2403		2438
	2404		2439
	2405		2440

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

π 2441		2476
2442		π 2477
2443		2478
2444		2479
2445		2480
2446		2481
π 2447		2482
2448		2483
2449		2484
2450	Σ (1—70)	2485
2451		2486
2452		2487
2453		2488
2454		2489
2455		2490
2456		2491
2457		2492
2458		2493
π 2459		2494
2460		2495
2461		2496
2462		2497
2463		2498
2464		2499
2465	50^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2500
2466		2501
π 2467		2502
2468		π 2503
2469		2504
2470		2505
2471		2506
2472		2507
π 2473		2508
2474		2509
2475		2510

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

2511		2546
2512		2547
2513		2548
2514		π 2549
2515		2550
2516		π 2551
2517		2552
2518		2553
2519		2554
2520		2555
π 2521	Σ (1—71)	2556
2522		π 2557
2523		2558
2524		2559
2525		2560
2526		2561
2527		2562
2528		2563
2529		2564
2530		2565
π 2531		2566
2532		2567
2533		2568
2534		2569
2535		2570
2536		2571
2537		2572
2538		2573
π 2539		2574
2540		2575
2541		2576
2542		2577
π 2543		2578
2544		π 2579
2545		2580

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	2581		2616
	2582		π 2617
	2583		2618
	2584		2619
	2585		2620
	2586		π 2621
	2587		2622
	2588		2623
	2589		2624
	2590		2625
	π 2591		2626
	2592		2627
	π 2593	Σ (1—72)	2628
	2594		2629
	2595		2630
	2596		2631
	2597		2632
	2598		π 2633
	2599		2634
	2600		2635
51^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2601		2636
	2602		2637
	2603		2638
	2604		2639
	2605		2640
	2606		2641
	2607		2642
	2608		2643
	π 2609		2644
	2610		2645
	2611		2646
	2612		π 2647
	2613		2648
	2614		2649
	2615		2650

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

2651				2686
2652				π 2687
2653				2688
2654				π 2689
2655				2690
2656				2691
π 2657				2692
2658				2693
π 2659				2694
2660				2695
2661				2696
2662				2697
π 2663				2698
2664				π 2699
2665				2700
2666		Σ (1—73)		2701
2667				2702
2668				2703
2669		52^2		$\sqrt{\quad}$ 2704
2670				2705
π 2671				2706
2672				π 2707
2673				2708
2674				2709
2675				2710
2676				π 2711
π 2677				2712
2678				π 2713
2679				2714
2680				2715
2681				2716
2682				2717
π 2683				2718
2684				π 2719
2685				2720

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	2721		2756
	2722		2757
	2723		2758
	2724		2759
	2725		2760
	2726		2761
	2727		2762
	2728		2763
	π 2729		2764
	2730		2765
	π 2731		2766
	2732		π 2767
	2733		2768
	2734		2769
	2735		2770
	2736		2771
	2737		2772
	2738		2773
	2739		2774
	2740	Σ (1—74)	2775
	π 2741		2776
	2742		π 2777
	2743		2778
14^3	$\sqrt[3]{}$ 2744		2779
	2745		2780
	2746		2781
	2747		2782
	2748		2783
	π 2749		2784
	2750		2785
	2751		2786
	2752		2787
	π 2753		2788
	2754		π 2789
	2755		2790

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 2791	2826
	2792	2827
	2793	2828
	2794	2829
	2795	2830
	2796	2831
	π 2797	2832
	2798	π 2833
	2799	2834
	2800	2835
	π 2801	2836
	2802	π 2837
	π 2803	2838
	2804	2839
	2805	2840
	2806	2841
	2807	2842
	2808	π 2843
53 ²	√ 2809	2844
	2810	2845
	2811	2846
	2812	2847
	2813	2848
	2814	2849
	2815	Σ (1—75) 2850
	2816	π 2851
	2817	2852
	2818	2853
	π 2819	2854
	2820	2855
	2821	2856
	2822	π 2857
	2823	2858
	2824	2859
	2825	2860

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

2931	2966
2932	2967
2933	2968
2934	π 2969
2935	2970
2936	π 2971
2937	2972
2938	2973
π 2939	2974
2940	2975
2941	2976
2942	2977
2943	2978
2944	2979
2945	2980
2946	2981
2947	2982
2948	2983
2949	2984
2950	2985
2951	2986
2952	2987
π 2953	2988
2954	2989
2955	2990
2956	2991
π 2957	2992
2958	2993
2959	2994
2960	2995
2961	2996
2962	2997
π 2963	2998
2964	π 2999
2965	3000

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 3001	3036
	3002	π 3037
Σ (1—77)	3003	3038
	3004	3039
	3005	3040
	3006	π 3041
	3007	3042
	3008	3043
	3009	3044
	3010	3045
	π 3011	3046
	3012	3047
	3013	3048
	3014	π 3049
	3015	3050
	3016	3051
	3017	3052
	3018	3053
	π 3019	3054
	3020	3055
	3021	3056
	3022	3057
	π 3023	3058
	3024	3059
55 ²	√ 3025	3060
	3026	π 3061
	3027	3062
	3028	3063
	3029	3064
	3030	3065
	3031	3066
	3032	π 3067
	3033	3068
	3034	3069
	3035	3070

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	3071		3106
	3072		3107
	3073		3108
	3074		3109
	3075		3110
	3076		3111
	3077		3112
	3078		3113
	π 3079		3114
	3080		3115
Σ (1—78)	3081		3116
	3082		3117
	π 3083		3118
	3084		π 3119
	3085		3120
	3086		π 3121
	3087		3122
	3088		3123
	π 3089		3124
	3090	5^5	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 3125
	3091		3126
	3092		3127
	3093		3128
	3094		3129
	3095		3130
	3096		3131
	3097		3132
	3098		3133
	3099		3134
	3100		3135
	3101	56^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 3136
	3102		π 3137
	3103		3138
	3104		3139
	3105		3140

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	3141		3176
	3142		3177
	3143		3178
	3144		3179
	3145		3180
	3146		π 3181
	3147		3182
	3148		3183
	3149		3184
	3150		3185
	3151		3186
	3152		3187
	3153		3188
	3154		3189
	3155		3190
	3156		π 3191
	3157		3192
	3158		3193
	3159		3194
Σ (1—79)	3160		3195
	3161		3196
	3162		3197
	π 3163		3198
	3164		3199
	3165	32 × 10 ² The paths of the Whole	3200
	3166	Tree in excelsis.	
	π 3167	בראשית ברא אלהים	
	3168		3201
	π 3169		3202
	3170		π 3203
	3171		3204
	3172		3205
	3173		3206
	3174		3207
	3175		3208

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

	π 3209		3244
	3210		3245
	3211		3246
	3212		3247
	3213		3248
	3214	57^2	$\sqrt{\quad}$ 3249
	3215		3250
	3216		π 3251
	π 3217		3552
	3218		π 3253
	3219		3254
	3220		3255
	π 3221		3256
	3222		π 3257
	3223		3258
	3224		π 3259
	3225		3260
	3226		3261
	3227		3262
	3228		3263
	π 3229		3264
	3230		3265
	3231		3266
	3232		3267
	3233		3268
	3234		3269
	3235		3270
	3236		π 3271
	3237		3272
	3238		3273
	3239		3274
Σ (1—80)	3240		3275
	3241		3276
	3242		3277
	3243		3278

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

3279		3300
3280		π 3301
3281		3302
3282		3303
3283		3304
3284		3305
3285		3306
3286		π 3307
3287		3308
3288		3309
3289		3310
3290		3311
3291		3312
3292		π 3313
3293		3314
3294		3315
3295		3316
3296		3317
3297		3318
3298		π 3319
π 3299		3320
Σ (1—81).)		3321

The Intelligence of the Intelligences of the **מלכא בתרשישום וער ברוה שהריב**
Moon.
The Spirit of the Spirits of the Moon **שרברשהמעט שרתתן**

[A pendant to this work, on the properties of pure number, is in preparation under the supervision of Fraters P. and ψ. Also a companion volume on the Greek Qabalah by them and Frater J.M.]

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

[I here append a note to the material following the “Table of Factor” in the preface.

The software I used to set up mathematical expressions cannot cope with the notation Crowley used to represent factorials. In the expressions for $\llbracket n$ and e I have therefore substituted the modern use of $n!$ for n factorial. $0!$ is conventionally defined as 1 ; for a positive integer n , $n!$ is thus equal to $(n-1)! \times n$. e is defined as the sum from $n=0$ to infinity of $1/(n!)$, otherwise written:

$$e \equiv \sum_{i=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{i!}$$

While I am not familiar with the notation of sub-factorials used here, I will observe that if we similarly define sub-factorial o as 1 (again, simply as a convenience) then for any positive integer n , $\llbracket n = n \times \llbracket (n-1) + (-1)^n$. [$(-1)^n = 1$ if n be even, -1 if n be odd.] Or we could have a computer do it thus (using the conventional notation of the C programming language):

```
int subfact (int n)
{
    if (n < 1) return 1;
    /* strictly speaking should be undefined for negative numbers */
    else return (n*subfact(n-1) + 1 - 2*(n%2));
    /* 1- 2*(n%2) is 1 if n be even, -1 if n be odd */
}
```

Similarly, the rather ugly expression for $\llbracket n$ given in the preface simplifies to:

$$\frac{n!}{0!} - \frac{n!}{1!} + \frac{n!}{2!} - \frac{n!}{3!} + \dots \text{ to } n+1 \text{ terms; or, in sigma notation, } \sum_{i=0}^n \frac{(-1)^i n!}{i!}$$

I have made alterations to the page of abbreviations, signs and figures to reflect actual use. The notation of a box around a number to indicate a perfect square is used only in the table of factors; in the main table a root symbol was used. Similarly, we were informed that “R (n) before [a number shows that the number is] a reciprocal (or ‘amicable’) number” which is nowhere defined and nowhere used. The printed edition did not explain that π was used in the main table to denote prime numbers. A “perfect” number is one which is the sum of its factors (including 1), e.g. $6 = 1+2+3$; $28 = 1+2+4+7+14$; $496 = 1+2+4+8+16+31+62+124+248$.

The citations of “S.D. ii. 467” in the entries for 157 and 227 refer not to the Sepher Dtzenouthia but to Blavatsky’s *Secret Doctrine*. My thanks to Tim Maroney for this information.

Pietro di Abano was neither the actual nor the imputed author of the “Arbatel of Magick” (*de magia veterum*), in fact “Arbatel” may well have been meant as the author’s name. The first and only known book of the “Arbatel” (an outline description of the work lists nine volumes) was printed as Basle in 1575 and bound up in vol. i of the Lyons edition (ca. 1600) of Cornelius Agrippa’s *Opera* which included the *Heptameron*, a short Grimoire of planetary magick spuriously attributed to d’Abano.

References to page numbers in 777 have been changed to refer to column numbers.

Finally, I will note that this etext of Liber D was completely re-entered by myself, and I take full responsibility for any errors in it which do not occur in the printed edition. I have corrected a few errors which could be dealt with *within* the entry for a given number: many words are mis-spelt, and placed at the correct numeration for the mis-spelling.—T.S.]

REVIEWS

MY PSYCHIC RECOLLECTIONS. By MARY DAVIES. 2s. 6d. net. Nveleigh Nash, 36 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

JUST when I had given up hope, Mary Davies comes to make a third to myself and Geo. Washington.

For on p. 2 she says, "More than forty years ago . . . I was a girl of seven years old."

This storms the citadel of confidence, and pulls out the back teeth of the Dragon Doubt. I was therefore prepared to believe anything she might say.

And accordingly we get a simple, charming, old-fashioned motherly book, full of kindly thought and real piety; that it may have no objective value for the S.P.R. is quite unimportant for the class of readers whom it is intended to reach.

Mrs. Davies is a "professional medium"; of such I have said things which only my incapacity for invective prevented from being severe. But though (no doubt) the phenomena recorded in this book are 'non-evidential,' I do feel the sincerity of the writer. I am confident of her good faith.

DIODENES.

TABLOID TALES. By LOUISE HEILGERS. 1s.

TO quote the preface of Horatio Bottomley, "Louise Heilgers is the only female writer of short stories of the present day."

She is in truth one of the ten million, her heart is their heart, her mind their mind, and consequently her thoughts their thoughts. She will soon be acclaimed as a popular author.

It is refreshing indeed to find somebody writing direct from the heart without in any way striving after originality.

Excepting as to their length, these stories do not in any manner resemble those of Baudelaire.

BUNCO.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W.L. GEORGE. Constable. 6s.

A VERY adequate and even thorough study of French bourgeois life as it really is. As a picture, it is better than anything Zola ever did, though (for the

THE EQUINOX

same reason) it lacks just that which Zola always gives—a sense of tragedy. Probably Mr. George will say (with a maiden blush) that his novel is none the worse for that; he would deny the truth of the poet's vision—insist that the cosmos is but incoherency of heterogeneous incident.

I may, however, urge with more hope of his attention that his novel breaks off at the really interesting part. What did Suzette say? Did the family tyranny make a man of Henri? Were they married, and, if so, what came of it? I wait patiently on Mr. George; may he incline unto me and hear my cry!

A. C.

ONE OF US. By GILBERT FRANKAU. 3s. 6d.

ADMIRABLE, this Odyssey of emasculation. The verse is at all times facile and clever beyond all praise, though there are three or four faulty rhymes, and I cannot pass (twice) "pleeceman" and "pleece," unless they are so spelt.

The story is very typical and very tragic. An idle youth without enough guts even to go wrong. When, after infinite struggle, he gets into debt, an aunt conveniently dies and leaves him everything. After innumerable mild philanderings, not one of which brings him even within whistling distance of the *méthode du Dr. Fernandez*, he returns to the lady whose acres adjoin his own; and Mr. Frankau, with consummate art, leaves us uncertain whether he will even summon up the energy to marry her.

Smart, shallow, shoddy society in every clime is pictured admirably well; this book will be a classic, in a hundred years, for its historical interest. But it behoves somebody to write a commentary within the next twelve months, or a good third of the allusions will be for ever unintelligible.

It is one of the most readable books I have struck for a long while; alas! that so depressing a portrait should be so real. Anarchy would become the only thinkable political creed if "One of Us" represented more than a negligible and almost outworn fringe of the antimacassar of society.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

STRANGER THAN FICTION. By MARY L. LEWES. William Rider & Son.
3s. 6d.

ANY one who likes to read rubbish can get large quantities at a reasonable price by reading this book—but it is rather amusing rubbish.

DAVID THOMAS.

REVIEWS

THE PERFECT CEREMONIES OF CRAFT FREEMASONRY, WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES BY COLONEL R. H. FORMAN, P.G.M., A.S.F.I. George Kenning & Son.

WE extend the hand of brotherhood to Colonel Forman. While regretting to some extent the extreme lengths to which he has gone in making it quite clear to cowans and eavesdroppers exactly what happens in the Raising, and in publishing careful diagrams of the secret steps, etc., the only possible ambiguity, *e.g.* in the murder of H.A., being that l— t— might stand for left testicle, we think it is better so. Since English Freemasonry has become soulless formalism, let us at least perform the ceremonies with decorum!

Your reviewer is personally a staunch Tory, and cannot help preferring the "Emulation" working which long years have endeared to him.

But never will he consent to the foul hash of the 23rd Psalm (Milton's, I suppose) here still printed.

Colonel Forman shows a good deal of insight into the true meaning of Masonry, and a real understanding of the symbolism. He appears a suitable candidate for some more serious order, such as the M.: M.: M.: or even the O.T.O.

H.K.T.

TENTERHOOKS. By ADA LEVESON. 6s.

MRS. LEVERSON is easily the daintiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece *Tenterhooks*. Mrs. Leveson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge and chalk until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of *An Idyll in Bloomsbury*, but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or Bayswater.

FELIX.

THE MASTER MASON'S HANDBOOK. By BRO. FRED. J. W. CROWE, P.M. 328, 2806; Member Lodge "Quatuor Coronati" 2076, P. Prov. G. Org., Devon, etc., with an Introduction by BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, P.G.D. England. Geo. Kenning & Son. 1s. 6d.

A USEFUL guide in the practical details of Freemasonry. On the subject of the serious study of the Order, however, Bro. Crowe is rather pathetic. He refers us to learned Bro. This, and illuminated Bro. That, and instructed Bro. Tother; but orthodox Freemasonry has apparently not yet any adherent who

THE EQUINOX

could pass the first standard in a Masonic Board School. *E.g.* on the apron of the 18° the Monogram of the Eternal is misspelt—blasphemously misspelt. Any Yid from Houndsditch could correct it. And on the M.W.S. jewel, Jeheshua is usually spelt with a Resh!

There was a fair Maid of Bombay
Who was put in an awkward situation, the nature of which
it is unnecessary to discuss,
By the mate of a lugger,
An ignorant Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix
Who always spelt Jeheshua with a Resh.

Prate not of scholarship, Bro. Crowe!

Such ignorance, when combined with the Satanic Pride to which the possession of an apron with blue silk and silver tassels, value three half-bull! naturally predisposes mankind, leads to presumption, bigotry and intolerance. So we find Bro. Crowe asserting that all other degrees than his own are “spurious and worthless.” Go slow, Bro. Crowe!

The intelligence of Freemasons may be guessed by the level at which they rate that of cowans and eavesdroppers. They print their secret rituals for any one to buy; so far, so good, why shouldn't they? But they print initials and finals of “missing words” which no single reader of “Pearson's Weekly” could miss.

“Advance a short step with your l—t f—t,” would not have baffled Edgar Allan Poe!

They are even such b—— f——s—(will they decipher this!—it stands for “bright fellows”)—that when by accident they do baffle you—

“Gives him the P——c, C——w, and S——,”—they print it full in another place, but in the same connection—“The Pickaxe, Crow, and Shovel.”

No, Bro. Crowe! Whoa, Bro. Crowe! (Blow Bro. Crowe! Ed.)

But for all Masons who wish to know the mysteries of how to address a V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur., and the order of precedence of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies, this is the Book.

K.S.I.

POEMS DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By CLIFFORD BAX. Daniel. 4s. 6d.

JUST the book of verse we should have expected from C. W. Daniel—the feeble, fluent, derived expression of a decadent and frail personality.

Mr. Bax is a pupil of Victor B. Neuburg, so far as form goes; but oh! what a lot he has to learn!

ST. MAURICE E. KULM.

REVIEWS

PREHISTORIC PARABLES. By WILSON BELL. Milner & Co. 1s.

IN "Prehistoric Parables," Mr. Bell, with consummate skill, carries the reader back to the Carboniferous Period. He does not trouble himself about scientific facts, but he gives most adequate descriptions, often beautiful, of that happy happy age.

It is a quaint conceit of his to write the parable in prehistoric times, and the moral in the twentieth century.

I regret that the book is illustrated. The artist's conceptions are far below those of the author, which has a tendency to deter rather than help the reader.

There is a slight journalistic touch in the style, but there is much too much in this book to allow it to trouble you.

Read it, and know Thyself.

E. LE ROUX.

LYRA NIGERIAE: A BOOK OF VERSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE IN NIGERIA.

By ADAMU (E. C. ADAMS). FISHER UNWIN. 3s. 6d. net.

NO sentimental drivel in this little book, but songs sung by a man whose heart beats high and feels the good red blood tingling through his veins—who loves the scorching sun he curses, and the acrid country which gives him his splendid outlook upon life.

"In Articulo Mortis" is a volume of philosophy in itself, and should be circulated by the Religious Tract Society to all men, married or unmarried, in West Africa.

A complain could be made that this book is too reminiscent of Kipling; perhaps it is; but then again, perhaps the author has never read Kipling.

The following, from "The Leper," is characteristic—

"Here through the live-long day I wait,

Allah! Allah!

In the shadows flung by the city gate,

Allah! Allah!

My fingers have gone and my toes as well,

And the leprous spots on my body swell,

But Allah Eternal does all things well.

Allah! Allah! Akbar!"

BUNCO.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS OF JIM CROW. J. & J. BENNETT. 1s.

THE best of this book is that it reads well. I thought a priori (*a*) it read very well weekly; in a lump it will bore; (*b*) it only read well weekly because of its pornographic or Prudential surroundings. But, lo! it is most excellent.

St. James the Divine has indeed found a way to tell the truth (about most things) without frightening Respectability too much, though I think he might have spared us a thunderbolt against that feeble writer, Herbert Vivian.

Sanctus Jacobus Corvus once observed in his treatise on *Mysticism* (blue-pencilled by the common sub-editor), "Crow and Crowley—what a combination!" Not a bad one, either. If only he had stolen the holy water (as I begged him to do) and baptized our mandrakes properly—Never mind! I advise all our readers to read his book; and if he does not advise all the readers of "John Bull" to read mine, I shall despair of human nature.

A. QULLER, JR.

EPICURES

*are invited to taste the Special Dishes invented by
ALEISTER CROWLEY. This can be done at the*

CAFE ROYAL, REGENT STREET, W.

Pavots d'Amour Cro=Cro

Pilaff de Moules a la Santa Chiara

Crowley Mixed Grill

Souffle Aleister Crowley

etc., etc.

NOW READY

SIR PALAMEDE THE SARACEN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX IV

PRICE 5/-

“Much vigorous imagination.”—*Times*.

“. . . his genius, be its origin celestial or infernal, is considerably to our liking; he can write angelic poetry and devilish good prose, a cloud of exotic scholarship trailing over the whole, and suffused now and then by lightning-like gleams of mirth and snappiness.”—*English Review*.

“The poet’s impassioned imagination and fancy move untrammelled throughout this metrical romance.”—*Publishers’ Circular*.

LOOK OUT! FOR THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

AHA!

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX III

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY

ERCILDOUNE

A Novel by ALEISTER CROWLEY

WIELAND & CO.

Telephone: 8987 City.

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
3 Great James St., W. C.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective treatise
extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

The PHOTOGRAPH
OF MISS WADDELL IN THIS
MAGAZINE WAS TAKEN BY THE
DOVER STREET STUDIOS

DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.

A GREEN GARLAND

BY

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. 2s. 6d. net.

“As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg’s poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse.”—*The Morning Post*.

“There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as ‘The Dream’ and ‘the Recall,’ and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste.”—*The Daily Telegraph*.

“Here is a poet of promise.”—*The Daily Chronicle*.

“It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book.”—*The Morning Leader*.

“There is promise and some fine lines in these verses.”—*The Times*.

To be obtained of
PROBSTHAIN & CO.
44 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.
And all Booksellers

NOW READY

HAIL MARY!

PRICE ONE SHILLING

BY ALEISTER
CROWLEY

The "Daily Mail" says—"This is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns & Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging naïveté, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."

Father Kent writes in "The Tablet"—"Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The root of David shoots a stem.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)

"She lies alone amid the kine.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The straw is fragrant as with wine.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Licut.-Col. Gormley writes—"The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says—"To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse; it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says—"Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail Mary.' This little book is best described here as a collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says—"In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each—thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

The "Catholic Herald" says—"This anonymous volume of religious verse reaches a very high level of poetic imagery. It is a series of hymns in honour of Our Lady, invariably expressed in melodious verse. The pitfalls of religious verse are bathos and platitudes, but these the sincerity of the writer and a certain mastery over poetic expression have enabled him—to avoid. The writer of such verse as the following may be complimented on a very high standard of poetic expression:

"The shadows fall about the way;

Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;

The soul clings feebly to the clay,

For that, the void; for this, the tomb!"

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;

Her perfect face dispels the fears.

She charms Her melancholy knight

Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume

Do thou receive this falling breath,

And with Thy starry lamp illumine

The darkling corridors of death!"

The "Catholic Times" says—"The 'Amphora' is a collection of poems in honour of our Blessed Lady. They are arranged in four books, each of which contains thirteen pieces. Thus with the prologue there are fifty-three poems in all. Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, which cannot but do good to the pious soul."

The "Staffordshire Chronicle" says—"Under this title there has appeared an anonymous volume of verses breathing the same exotic fragrance of Rossetti's poem on Our Lady that begins 'Mother of the fair delight.' There is the same intense pre-Raphaelite atmosphere, the same aesthetic revelling in Catholic mysticism, the same rich imagery and gorgeous word-colouring that pervade the poetic works of that nineteenth-century artist. A valuable addition to the poetic literature on the Mother of our Lord."

The "Guardian" says—"The devotional fervour of 'Amphora' will make them acceptable to those who address their worship to the Blessed Mother of the Christ. The meaning of the title of the book is not very obvious. It cannot surely have anything to do with the lines in Horace, 'Amphora coepit,' etc."

The "Catholic Times" says—"As far as we can gather from his other works, the author is not a Catholic, perhaps not even, strictly speaking, a Christian; but here we have page after page of most exquisite praise of Her, whom Wordsworth greeted as 'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' until one marvels at the fecundity of concept, imagery, and fit expression."

OCCULTISM

To the readers of "The Equinox."—All who are interested in *curious old* Literature should write to FRANK HOLLINGS for his Catalogue of over 1000 items. Sent post free on receipt of name and address, and all future issues. A few selected items below.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC, including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. In Two Parts. I. An Analytical and Critical Account of the chief MAGICAL RITUALS extant. II. A Complete GRIMOIRE of Black Magic. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

The two chief sections are subdivided as follows: (a) Studies on the Antiquity of Magical Rituals; (b) The Rituals of Transcendental Magic, so-called; (c) Composite Rituals; (d) The Rituals of Black Magic; (e) The descending Hierarchy of Spirits; (f) The Lesser Key of Solomon the King; (g) The Mystery of the "Sanctum Regnum"; (h) The Rite of "Lucifuge"; (i) The Method of Honorius, etc., etc., etc.

The main objects of the work are: (1) To determine the connection, if any, between the literature of CEREMONIAL MAGIC AND THE SECRET TRADITION IN CHRISTIAN TIMES; (2) To show the fantastic nature of the distinction between White and Black Magic, so far, at least, as the texts are concerned.

The work is issued in crown 4to, and includes about 180 engravings, some of which are full-page plates.

Price 15s. net. Post free. Handsomely bound.

JUST PUBLISHED.

WAITE (A. E.). The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, and an Analysis of the Inter-Relation between the Craft and the High Degrees, in respect of their term of Research, expressed by the way of Symbolism, 2 vols. large 8vo, with 26 full-page Portraits, and other illustrations, cloth extra t.e.g. 42s.

Book I. Fundamental Relations of the Craft and the High Grades. II. Development of the High Grades in respect of the Ancient Alliance. III. Of the New Alliance in Freemasonry. IV. The Masonic Orders of Chivalry. V. Of Alchemy in Masonry. VI. Of Magical and Kabbalistical Degrees. VII. Of the Mysteries on their Mystical Side, and of this Subject in its relation to Masonry.

THE KABBALAH UNVEILED, containing the following Books of the Zohar: (1) The Book of Concealed Mystery; (2) The Greater Holy Assembly; (3) The Lesser Holy Assembly; translated into English from the Latin Version of Knorr von Rosenroth, and collated with the original Chaldee and Hebrew text, by S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. New and cheaper edition, demy 8vo.

The Bible, which has been probably more misconstrued than any other book ever written, contains numberless obscure and mysterious passages which are utterly unintelligible without some key wherewith to unlock their meaning. *That key is given in the Kabbalah.*

ISIS UNVEILED: A Master Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology. By H. P. BLAVATSKY. In two volumes. Vol. I. Science, pp. xiv., 628. Vol. II. Theology, pp. iv., 640 and Index 52.

81. 1s. net.

Vol. I.—Before the Veil—I. Old Things with New Names—II. Phenomena and Forces—III. Blind Leaders of the Blind—IV. Theories respecting Psychic Phenomena—V. The Ether, or "Astral Light"—VI. Psycho-Physical Phenomena—VII. The Elements, Elemental, and Elementaries—VIII. Some Mysteries of Nature—IX. Cyclic Phenomena—X. The Inner and Outer Man—XI. Psychological and Physical Marvels—XII. The "Impassible Chasm"—XIII. Realities and Illusion—XIV. Egyptian Wisdom—XV. India the Cradle of the Race.

Vol. II.—I. The Church; Where is it?—II. Christian Crimes and Heathen Virtues—III. Divisions amongst the Early Christians—IV. Oriental Cosmogonies and Bible-Records—V. Mysteries of the Kabala—VI. Esoteric Doctrines of Buddhism Parodied in Christianity—VII. Early Christian Heresies and Secret Societies—VIII. Jesuitry and Masonry—IX. The Vedas and the Bible—X. The Devil Myth—XI. Comparative Results of Buddhism and Christianity—XII. Conclusions and Illustrations.

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC: Its Doctrine and Ritual. By ELIPHAS LEVI (a complete Translation of "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie"), with a Biographical Preface by ARTHUR E. WAITE, author of "Devil Worship in France," etc., etc. *Portrait of the Author, and all the original engravings.* 8vo, 406 pp. cloth 1896. (Pub. 15s.). Postage Free. 10s. 6d.

The Pillars of the Temple, Triangle of Solomon, The Tetragram, The Pentagram, Magical Equilibrium, The Fiery Sword, Realsation, Initiation, The Kabbalah, The Magic Chain, Necromancy, Transmutations, Black Magic, Bewitchments, Astrology, Charms and Philtres, The Stone of the Philosophers, The Universal Medicine, Divination, The Triangle of Pantacles, The Conjunction of the Four, The Blazing Pentagram, Medium and Mediator, The Seventenary of Talismans, A Warning to the Imprudent, The Ceremonial of Initiates, The Key of Occultism, The Sabbath of the Sorcerers, Witchcraft and Spells, The Writing of the Stars, Philtres and Magnetism, The Mastery of the Sun, The Thaumaturge, The Science of the Prophets, The Book of Hermes, etc.

BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) OF ABRA-MELIN THE MAGE, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English. From a unique and valuable MS. in the "Bibliothèque de l'arsenal" at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, black cloth, *Magical Square on side in gold.* 1900. (Pub. at 21s.). Postage free. 10s. 6d.

The original work, of which this is a translation, is unique, no other copy being known, although both Bulwer Lytton and Eliphas Levi were well aware of its existence; the former having based part of his description of the sage Rosicrucian Menjour on that of Abra-Melin, while the account of the so-called Observatory of Sir Philip Derval in the *Strange Story* was, to some extent, copied from that of the Magical Oratory and Terrace given in the present work. There are also other interesting points too numerous to be given here in detail. It is felt therefore that by its publication a service is rendered to lovers of rare and curious Books, and to Students of Occultism, by placing within their reach a magical work of so much importance, and one so interestingly associated with the respective authors of *Zannoni* and of the *Dogma and Ritual of Transcendental Magic*. The Magical Squares or combinations of letters, placed in a certain manner, are said to possess a peculiar species of automatic intelligent vitality, apart from any of the methods given for their use; and students are recommended to make no use of these whatever unless this higher Divine Knowledge is approached in a frame of mind worthy of it.

WANTS SUPPLIED. NEW PUBLICATIONS SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

Out of Print Books sought for and reported.

Visitors to London who are interested should make a point of calling.

FRANK HOLLINGS, 7 GREAT TURNSTILE, HOLBORN, W.C.
Near to Chancery Lane, the Inns of Court, and First Avenue Hotels.

A. CROWLEY'S WORKS

The volumes here listed are all of definite occult and mystical interest and importance.

The Trade may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 3 Great James Street, W.C. Tel.: City 8987; and
Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Public may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 3 Great James Street, W.C.
Mr. Elkin Matthews, Vigo Street, W.
The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.
Mr. F. Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

And through all Booksellers.

ACELDAMA. Crown 8vo, 29 pp., £2 2s. net.

Of this rare pamphlet less than 10 copies remain. It is Mr. Crowley's earliest and in some ways most striking mystical work.

JEPHTHAH AND OTHER MYSTERIES, LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. Demy 8vo, boards, pp. xxii. + 223, 7s. 6d. net.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. Pp. x. + 109. A new edition. 3s. 6d. net.

These two volumes breathe the pure semi-conscious aspiration of the soul, and express the first glimmerings of the light.

THE SOUL OF OSIRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. ix. + 129, 5s. net.

A collection of lyrics, illustrating the progress of the soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

TANNHAUSER. Demy 4to, pp. 142, 15s. net.

The progress of the soul in dramatic form.

BERASHITH. 4to, china paper, pp. 24, 5s. net.

Only a few copies remain. An illuminating essay on the universe, reconciling the conflicting systems of religion.

THE GOD-EATER. Crown 4to, pp. 32, 2s. 6d. net.

A striking dramatic study of the origins of religions.

THE SWORD OF SONG. Post 4to, pp. ix + 194, printed in red and black, decorative wrapper, 20s. net.

This is the author's first most brilliant attempt to base the truths of mysticism on the truths of scepticism. It contains also an enlarged amended edition of "Berashith," and an Essay showing the striking parallels and identities between the doctrines of Modern Science and those of Buddhism.

GARGOYLES. Pott 8vo, pp. vi. + 113, 5s. net.

ORACLES. Demy 8vo, pp. viii. + 176, 5s. net.

Some of Mr. Crowley's finest mystical lyrics are in these collections.

KONX OM PAX. See advertisement.

Collected Works (Travellers' Edition). Extra crown 8vo, India paper, 3 vols. in one, pp. 808 + Appendices. Vellum, green ties, with portraits, £3 3s.; white buckram, without portraits, £2 2s.

This edition contains "Qabalistic Dogma," "Time," "The Excluded Middle," "Eleusis," and other matters of the highest occult importance which are not printed elsewhere.

AMBERGRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. 200, 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

A selection of lyrics, containing some of great mystical beauty.

THE POETRY REVIEW

For AUGUST

contains an exhaustive survey of
Modern French Poetry by
F. S. FLINT.

¶ This will be the first of a series of issues dealing from time to time with Contemporary Foreign Poetry.

¶ The next, appearing in October, will be devoted to American Poetry. Several articles have been promised by well-known American writers.

Copies may be obtained through booksellers, price *Sixpence net*, or direct from the publishers, *Sevenpence, post free*.

Annual Subscription, Five Shillings
(1\$ 22c.) post free

The St. Catherine Press,
34 Norfolk Street, Strand, London.

Editorial Offices 93 Chancery Lane.

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

With a Cover specially designed by E. J. WIELAND;
a Dedicatory Sonnet by VICTOR B. NEUBURG; and an
Introduction by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET

"This is a whirlpool, and no mistake; a witches' cauldron wherein suns and stars and souls, and Lilith and Sappho, and 'whispering hair,' and corpses and poppies, jostle one another in a heaving brew of iridescent, quasi-putrescent, ultra-modernity. Quite good reading all the same. Take p. 44:— . . . And we must thank the mysterious V. B. N. for a really inspired line—

'Thou lyric laughter of the enfranchised male.'

. . . . The naughty new 'male' smashing our windows with his inverted commas . . . unless, indeed, as Mr. Aleister Crowley authoritatively hints in his sacerdotal preface, . . . But the time, we think, is hardly ripe for such disclosures, although the more intelligent among us may have seen a certain Writing upon the Wall, setting forth, in clearest language, that $1 + 1 = 3$."—*The English Review*.

"Poems by a new writer who possesses imaginative gifts of unusual quality. Miss Archer's poems are both mystical and realistic, and they bear traces of having been to some extent influenced by the work of Mr. Aleister Crowley, but without losing an originality which is entirely their own."—*T. P.'s Weekly*."

"This book has all the defects and none of the qualities of Mr. Crowley's work. . . . Miss Ethel Archer misses everything. There is no *élan* in the work. She has none of the happy fluency of her master, and it requires much to carry off the cumbrous apparatus of esoteric epithets with which she is burdened. Miss Archer's mechanical abnormalities are ridiculous; she has mistaken jingle for music and incomprehensibility for passion. . . . The world will not willingly let it die."—*Vanity Fair*.

"On the cover a naked woman is riding a bat over a whirlpool; craggy white mountains are behind her and a red sky behind all. There is a fine fierceness of movement in the design; it is certainly good. Mr. Aleister Crowley introduces Miss Archer briefly but splendidly, with phrases of this sort: 'We find such rime-webs as abaaab-babbba . . . more exquisite than all the arabesques of the Alhambra.' . . . It is all very splendid. . . . We feel dreadfully sensible of our outer darkness. Coming to Miss Archer's poetry we are obliged to notice her debt to Swinburne, yet we find it, on the whole, good. . . . The colour is very strong; the shades of thought are clear, and often subtle. . . . The uninitiated may certainly recognise great strength of conviction in Miss Archer, even if they cannot or do not wish to appreciate it."—*The Poetry Review*.

"Several of these unpleasant phantasies are reprinted from the *Equinox*, and there is an introduction by Aleister Crowley, in which he says this book is the hell of sterile passion glowing in the heart of the hell of desolation."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"There is a resemblance in much of Miss Archer's verse to the sensuous school of English poetry, and it has the same lyrical power. Love in its various forms is the theme of her songs, and she expresses her thoughts in vivid words. The portrayal of the intensity of personal feeling with an unguarded freedom, is that which a student of pre-Raphaélite poetry would naturally acquire. (Our reviewer's guarded remarks lead us to suppose he means that 'The Whirlpool' is rather 'hot water.'—ED.)—*Publishers' Circular*.

"Moralists with no pretensions to severity will frown at the sentiments conveyed in the poem 'To Lilith.' . . . 'Reverie,' 'Midsummer Morn,' and 'Sleep,' are really beautiful poems. . . ."—*Westminster Review*.

"Full, at any rate, of high artistic endeavour is Miss Ethel Archer's 'The Whirlpool.' There is a strong sense of classical beauty and of form in these passionate and exotic verses. 'The Felon Flower' is an extraordinary rhapsody, and the 'Song to Leila' is delicate and highly wrought."—*The Commentator*.

"The verse is musical and the ideas profound. . . ."—*Light*

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

*Now ready. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN.

POEMS By VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems,—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished—besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

"Not everyone will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this is should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman*.

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotones of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion*.

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader*.

"A charming volume of poems . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light*.

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times*.

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy*.

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From first to last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obstinately wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander*.

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Sheer ennui is apt to say 'morbid,' and have done with it. . . . But here is Mr. Neuburg, with real literary and temperamental gifts . . . but it is not honest to deny that he is actually straying here and there upon the borders of a definite region of consciousness; that the evil and power he acclaims and fears have a phantom existence. . . ."—*Westminster Gazette*.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES—*Continued*

"A volume of no ordinary ability . . . real beauty."—*Advocate of India*.

". . . His poems are a mystery beyond the comprehension of the uninitiate. But we can appreciate the beauty of their sound, and envy those lovers in distant countries who will apparently enjoy the meaning. . . ."—*English Review*.

"By a big Pot, no doubt."—*John Bull*.

"The 'Triumph of Pan' contains poems alive with music and rich in thought. Mr. Neuburg writes with distinction, and the book, from first to last, is one which lovers of poetry will appreciate."—"*Standard*."

". . . full of the throbbing fever of life which one cannot confine into measure on all occasions.

"The 'Triumph of Pan' is full of sonorous lines, with wonderful word pictures and poetic imagery which has seldom been excelled. . . ."—*American Register*."

". . . Many beautiful passages in the volume . . . strange allusions to unpleasant gods, and the imagery is occasionally repellent.

"The tremendous conception of that 'world so wide' . . . at his best in some of the shorter poems . . . stirring rhythm.

". . . we linger with delight over the splendid line—

"The murmurous song of the morning star, aflame o'er the birth of day."

". . . Melodious and plaintive with a haunting rhythm . . . vivid and pictorial . . . a painter's vision as well as a poet's ear . . . a fine simile in 'Osiris' is all his own."—*Co-Mason*.

". . . a delirious music . . . the majority of them [the poems] trouble the reader by giving the impression that a deep meaning lies behind the embroidered veil of words to which he is unable to penetrate; others again seem to suggest events of too intimate and personal a nature to have a general application or interest . . . mixed metaphors—erratic visualisation. . . ."—*Theosophy in Scotland*.

"Passion and pain, 'red desire' and 'red roses' are frequent *motifs* in Mr. V. B. Neuburg's 'Triumph of Pan' ('The Equinox' Office), much of which merits the ambiguous distinction of being unusual. Though by no means deficient in originality, vigour or imaginative power, his verse is too often cumbered with the fantastic symbols of a species of erotic mysticism, into which we feel no desire to probe; while the lack of reticence consistently displayed constitutes an artistic blemish not lightly to be excused. The author's serene confidence in the immortality of his lays would be better justified were he to make some attempt to discriminate between the gold and the rubbish, and, incidentally, refraining from penning such grotesqueness as is contained, for example, in 'The Sunflower,' where we are informed how, among other portents—

"a greater god arose,

And stole the earth by standing on his toes

And blowing through the air."

"It is difficult to believe that the persons to whom certain poems are inscribed will experience any very lively gratification at the compliment."—*Athenaeum*.

". . . really notable fluency and fecundity of expression. . . . He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually termed 'strong meat.' . . . his dedicatory poem is the one that fascinates me most. It is a tender little lyric, delicate, iridescent, fragrant as a summer dawn. I take the liberty of quoting it in full. . . ."—*New Age*.

"Fie, Mr. Neuburg! . . . a most regrettable collection of songs that deal with unrestrained affection. . . . There's no denying they are first-rate verse."—PERCY FLAGE in *The Equinox*.

". . . We are dizzied and dazzled by a foaming rainbow-hued torrent of impassioned words. We are struck by the wealth and boldness of the imagery, and the facility of mechanical execution. . . . It is brilliant work . . . one is bound to admire the cleverness of it all."—*Literary Guide*.

". . . In the author of the present collection of poems . . . we have a veritable twentieth-century mystic and apostle of ecstasy who, according to his dedication, gives his songs—

"By the sign that is black and forbidden,

By the word that is uttered no more."

"The 'Triumph of Pan,' from which the book borrows its title, is a remarkable sequence of some forty 'philosophic and ecstatic' stanzas . . . he would also seem to 'hold opinion with Pythagoras' although we question if even Nietzsche himself could quite fathom the undercurrent of the lay. . . . Despite occasional extravagances in thought and in diction his work is that of a cultured scholar, his verbal artistry undeniably inspired with the true spirit of poetry. Whether he sings of 'Violet skies all rimmed in tune,' of red ravens, of purple kisses, of silver stars 'crested with amber melody,' or of the 'rhythmic sway of the idle moon,' he is always musical albeit, like Wagner, whose effects he now and then distinctly recalls, often utterly unintelligible. . . . In striking contrast to the chaste and serenely beautiful 'Diana Rides' . . . are no less than twenty-two audaciously passionate love-lyrics inscribed not only to one Olivia Vane, but also, curiously enough to her 'other' lover."—*The Gambolier*.

"He has arrived. . . .

"Mr. Neuburg's work is partly mystical and partly of the flesh. . . . Quite frankly, some of his work we do not at all understand. This applies notably to his 'Music-Pictures,' which 'were obtained under the direct influence of music.' 'This,' the poet naively tells us, 'may explain their apparent inconsequence.' . . . he is much more than a minor poet. He can and will yet accomplish great work. . . . His ingenious rhyming capacity sometimes almost startles one. In the choice of some of this subjects he is daring—greatly daring. . . . His genius is undoubted; and the world has a lot yet to hear of and from this gifted singer."—*Greater London Illustrated*.

"If he rejects this mask, Mr. Neuburg may become a poet."—*Rhythm*.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW READY

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

Household Gods

A COMEDY

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

Privately Printed by the Chiswick Press
and bound in White Buckram with Gold Lettering

PRICE HALF A GUINEA

Copies may be obtained on application to the Author
at the offices of "The Equinox"

Thirty copies of the Sketch of
ALEISTER CROWLEY by AUGUS-
TUS JOHN have been pulled on
Special Paper, and are for sale,
framed, at the Price of One Guinea
Net. Application should be made
at once to the Offices of this
Magazine

To be obtained of
THE EQUINOX, 3 Great James St., W.C.
TELEPHONE 8987

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

Price 10s net.

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised
to one guinea net.

A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Tarot, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbersome sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

WILLIAM NORTHAM,

ROBEMAKER,

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand
TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0. PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1. " " superior quality	7 0 0
	2. NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3. ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4. PRACTICUS " " 3	1 0 0
	5. PHILOSOPHUS " " 4	1 0 0
	6. DOMINUS LIMINIS " " 5	1 0 0
	7. ADEPTUS (without) " " 0 OF I	3 0 0
	8. " (within)	10 0 0
	9. ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10. ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11. MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cop embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

George Raffalovich's new works.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL

Price 3s. 6d. Edition strictly limited

THE DEUCE AND ALL

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

1s net.

READY.

Through THE EQUINOX and all booksellers

WIELAND & CO.

**SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF
PRIMORDIAL MAN**

BY

ALBERT CHURCHWARD

“The book is in every sense a great book.”—*Equinox*.

PRICE 13/6 NET

Mr. GEORGE RAFFALOVICH'S charming volume of Essays and Sketches
entitled

ON THE LOOSE:

PLANETARY JOURNEYS AND EARTHLY SKETCHES.

A new popular edition. Price 1s. net

Crown 8vo, Pp. 164,

May be obtained through THE EQUINOX.

A. COLIN LUNN,

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 BRIDGE STREET; 19 KING'S PARADE, & 31 TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—"A CONNOISSEUR'S CIGARETTE." These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

WIELAND & CO.

Beg to announce that they can now supply the various OILS, PERFUMES UNGUENTS, ESSENCES, INCENSES, etc., and other products useful to members of the lower grades of the A.: A.:

ALEISTER CROWLEY'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS

OIL OF ABRAMELIN	2/6 per oz.
ABRAMELIN INCENSE	10/- per lb.
SALEM INCENSE	8/- "
VENUS INCENSE	18/- "
DITTANY INCENSE.	7/- "
OPOPONAX INCENSE	16/- "
UNGUENTVM SABBATI	17/6 per oz.

RUTHAH, the Perfume of Immortality, 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle

Cash in all Cases must accompany Order

ALL GOODS POST FREE

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW WORKS

IN PREPARATION

SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH

A Contribution to the Personal Note in Literature

THE NEW DIANA

A History. With other Poems, and some Translations

THE CHANGELING

A Fairy Play

ROSA IGNOTA

An Essay in Mysticism

HEINE'S LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO

A Complete Translation, with a Prose Preface

SONGS OF THE DECADENCE

New Lyrics

THE BOOK OF LIES

WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED

BREAKS

THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS OF THE ONE THOUGHT OF

FRATER PERDURABO

WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF UNTRUE

“ Break, break, break

At the foot of thy stones, O Sea!

And I would that I could utter

The thoughts that arise in me!”

CONTENTS

◦ ◦

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Sabbath of the Goat. 2. The Cry of the Hawk. 3. The Oyster. 4. Peaches. 5. The Battle of the Ants 6. Caviar. 7. The Dinosaurs. 8. Steeped Horsehair. 9. The Branks. 10. Windlestraws. 11. The Glow-Worm. 12. The Dragon-Flies. 13. Pilgrim-Talk. 14. Onion-Peelings. 15. The Gun-Barrel. 16. The Stag-Beetle. 17. The Swan. 18. Dewdrops. 19. The Leopard and the Deer. 20. Samson. 21. The Blind Webster. 22. The Despot. 23. Skidoo! 24. The Hawk and the Blindworm. 25. THE STAR RUBY. 26. The Elephant and the Tortoise. 27. The Sorcerer. 28. The Pole-Star. 29. The Southern Cross. 30. John-a-Dreams. 31. The Garotte. 32. The Mountaineer. 33. BAPHOMET. 34. The Smoking Dog. 35. Venus of Milo. 36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE. 37. Dragons. 38. Lambskin. 39. The Looby. 40. The HIMOG. 41. Corn Beef Hash. 42. Dust-Devils. 43. Mulberry Tops. 44. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX. 45. Chinese Music. 46. Buttons and Rosettes. 47. Windmill-Words. 48. Mome Raths. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 49. WARATAH-BLOSSOMS. 50. The Vigil of St. Hubert. 51. Terrier Work. 52. The Bull-Baiting. 53. The Dowser. 54. Eaves-Droppings. 55. The Drooping Sunflower. 56. Trouble with Twins. 57. The Duck-Billed Platypus. 58. Haggai-Howlings. 59. The Tailless Monkey. 60. The Wound of Amfortas. 61. The Fool's Knot. 62. Twig? 63. Margery Daw. 64. Constasy. 65. Sic Transeat— 66. The Praying Mantis. 67. Sodom-Apples. 68. Manna. 69. The Way to Succeed—and the Way to Suck Eggs! 70. Broomstick-Babblings. 71. King's College Chapel. 72. Hashed Pheasant. 73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the Orphan Child. 74. Carey Street. 75. Plover's Eggs. 76. Phaeton. 77. THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEP-TENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-GOAT ALSO. 78. Wheel and—Woa! 79. The Bal Bullier. 80. Blackthorn. 81. Louis Lingg. 82. Bortsch: also Imperial Purple (and A PUNIC WAR). 83. The Blind Pig. 84. The Avalanche. 85. Borborgymi. 86. TAT. 87. Mandarin-Meals. 88. Gold Bricks. 89. Unprofessional Conduct. 90. Starlight. 91. The Heikle. |
|--|---|

PRICE ONE GUINEA

WIELAND & CO., 3 Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

MORTADELLO

OR

THE ANGEL OF VENICE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

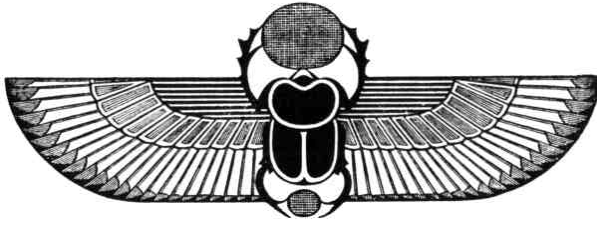
BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS NET

“A little master piece.”—*The Times*.

WIELAND & CO.
3 GREAT JAMES STREET
BEDFORD ROW. W.C.
TELEPHONE 8987 CITY



THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net

50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, & 1 1s. net



CONTENTS

ROSA Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archaeologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominae.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Gout de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poèmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician

[For once this electronic copy contains, as far as I am aware, all the advertisements from the printed edition. The following full-page plug for *Book 4* appeared on the back board of the first edition.

The music scores at the beginning are presented as 150 d.p.i. black and white scans; this seems about the limit at which they remain readable. I have neither the patience nor the knowledge of musical notation necessary to re-set them.


In *The Symbolic Representation of the Universe*, a number of apparent errors occur in both the texts and translations of the Angelic Keys or Calls. With the exception of what appeared to be obvious typos these have not been corrected; the student is directed to sources like James (*Enochian Evocation*, a.k.a. *Enochian Magick of Doctor John Dee*), Turner (*Elizabethan Magic*) and Laycock (*Enochian Dictionary*), as well as to the electronic version of this text annotated by myself, online at http://www.geocities.com/nu_isis/liber084.pdf

The Ankh design for the Tarot has been re-drawn and coloured. It has not, however, been completely conformed to the description in the text: adding the names of the Trumps to the circle would make an unreadable mess of it; and the Taurus sign and pentacle would have to be made disproportionately small to fit in the Earth space where the arms of the Tau join. The writing in Theban script at the top reads HRU not HUA and should be read left to right (the Theban script corresponds to the Latin alphabet, not the Hebrew). Some errors in the printed edition of the Tarot paper (planetary symbols and Hebrew names of the angels; the compositor consistently gave Kaph for Nun) have been corrected (the majority by Heidrick).

Only a few of the errors in *Sepher Sephiroth* have been corrected in this edition; see my notes at the end of that text. In notes to his key entry, Bill Heidrick remarks that in the original the body of the work was printed single-sided. Heidrick also remarks of *Sepher Sephiroth*:

Some curiosity will undoubtedly be evoked by the many Latin meanings of Hebrew words given below. Most of these are directly from the glossary in *Kabbalah Denudata*, but others are euphemisms for sexual terms. *Kabbalah Denudata* is available on microfilm, but no translation of the Latin or checking of the entries from that source or *Kabbalah Unveiled* by Mathers has been attempted yet.

An extensive study of these entries will be included in the Gematria project now in process of compilation by Bill Heidrick. This project is expected to ultimately extend to several times the number of entries here, including notes of source, discussions of differences between Crowley's approach and that of traditional Qabalah and into new areas.

I believe that some of Bill Heidrick's Qabalistic researches have been published in the journal of Thelema Lodge, O.T.O.—

PART I NOW READY

BOOK

**T
Δ
M
4
4
4**

**BY FRATER PERDURABO
AND SOROR VIRAKAM**

**AB
A**

A TREATISE ON MAGIC AND MYSTICISM FOR
BEGINNERS

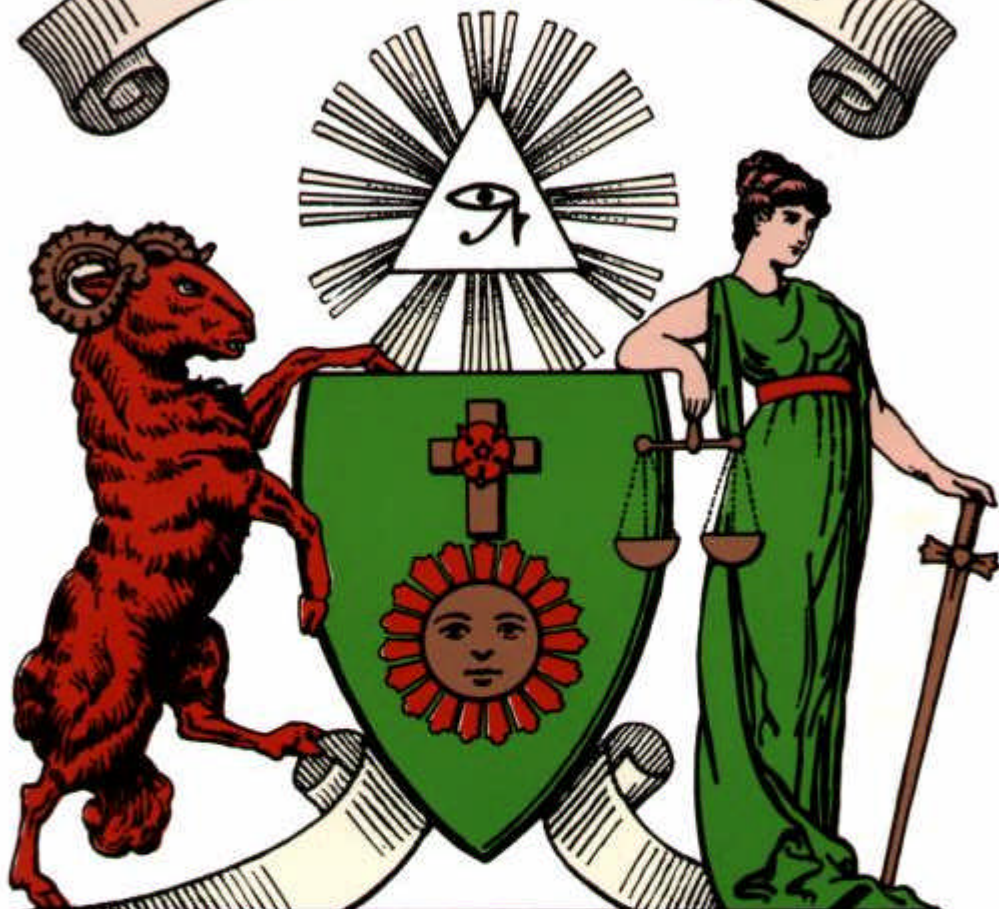
Of all Booksellers

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET
WIELAND & CO.

33 AVENUE STUDIOS
SOUTH KENSINGTON, W.C.

Telephone 8987 City

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.:A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

33 Avenue Studios,

76 Fulham Road

South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 2632, KENSINGTON

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: wishes to warn readers of THE EQUINOX against accepting instructions in his name from an ex-Probationer, Captain J.F.C. Fuller, whose motto was “Per Ardua.” This person never advanced beyond the Degree of Probationer, never sent in a record, and has presumably neither performed practices nor obtained results. He has not, and never has had, authority to give instructions in the name of the A.: A.:.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows—

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . .	£200 p.a.
Publications	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc. . .	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements . . .	£200 p.a.
	<u>£800 p.a.</u>

As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A.: A.:

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A.: A.: a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

The Chancellor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have so generously come forward with assistance. The full amount is, however, not yet guaranteed, and he hopes that those interested will make a special effort without delay.

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

He must possess the following books:—

1. The EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the present number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."

9. "Tannhäuser" by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.
 [These last four items are to be found in his
 Collected Works.]
13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin
 the Mage."
14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu
 (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL)

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



With the publication of No. X of THE EQUINOX in September next the Official Pronouncements of the A.: A.: will cease, according to the Rule of the Order, which prescribes Five Years of Silence alternating with Five Years of Speech. This Silence was maintained from the year O to the year IV of this era. Speech followed, from the year V to the year IX. Silence will, therefore, be maintained from the year X to the year XIV. After this September, therefore, there will be no further open publications made by the Executive until March 1918 O.S.

I. N. R. I.
BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS
O.T.O.

M.: M.: M.:

[The Premonstrator of the A.:A.: permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A.:A.: and the O. T. O. and M.: M.: M.:, and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to

THE EQUINOX

the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern—

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood

THE EQUINOX

will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says—

“Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: ‘Let there be light!’ and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them.”

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and

THE EQUINOX

sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection.

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Grand Secretary General, M.:M.:M.:, c/o THE EQUINOX, 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE

(Translated from the original French)

*Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where
PRINCE is GRAND MASTER
of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son.*

“I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

“These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our

THE EQUINOX

expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

“You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

“This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

“Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

“View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

“Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: ‘In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.’

“If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day’s labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M.”

THE EQUINOX

The Editor will be glad to consider contributions and to return such as are unacceptable if stamps are enclosed for the purpose.

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM

SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

An IX

VOL. I. No. IX.

© in ∞

MARCH MCMXIII

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & Co.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W..

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, W.D.
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	xxiii
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (<i>Continued</i>)	I
¹ LINES TO A YOUNG LADY VIOLINIST ON HER PLAYING IN A GREEN DRESS DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR.	13
¹ ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM	17
² THE "TITANIC"	47
¹ A LITERATTOORALOORAL TREASURE-TROVE	49
THRENODY	65
DISCMATAL BY NIGHT. BY ARTHUR GRIMBLE	66
¹ A QUACK PAINTER	67
¹ AT SEA	79
³ CANCER?	81
¹ DUMB!	101
THE VITRIOL-THROWER	103
THE FAIRY FIDDLER. BY ETHEL ARCHER	115
AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL THE SPIRIT OF MARS	117
⁴ THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR	137
¹ ERCILDOUNE. BY ALEISTER CROWLEY	175
¹ ATHANASIOUS CONTRA DECANUM	259
MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES. NO. VII. A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH	269
⁵ HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER. BY PERCY W. NEWLANDS, P.R.A.S., P.R.B.S., P.R.C.S., P.R.Y.S, P.R.Z.S., ETC., ETC.	275
THE TANGO: A SKETCH. BY MARY D'ESTE AND ALEISTER CROWLEY	295
THE BIG STICK	307
REVIEWS	309

¹ Rejected by *The English Review*

² Reprinted from the *Daily Mail*, *Evening Times*, and *New York World*.

³ Reprinted from *What's On?* by kind permission of Mr. Robert Haslam.

⁴ Believed by Mr. Austin Harrison to be a true story !!! but rejected.

⁵ Not accepted by, or even offered to, the *Alpine Journal*.

EDITORIAL

WITH the issue of the next Number in September, the present series of the *Equinox* will close until March 1918, O.S., and no further open pronouncements from the A.: A.: may be expected until that date. The work will be carried on privately. The *Equinox* will, however, be replaced by another publication under the same Management, of smaller size, lower price, and more frequent appearance. It will be principally devoted to *Mysteria Mystica Maxima*, the extraordinary growth of which has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

The first number of the new magazine will contain important pronouncements of this Body.

Full particulars will be given in the Editorial pages of No. X. of the *Equinox*, which will appear on September 23, 1913.

Those readers who have not got complete sets are strongly advised to lose no time in making them up, as the demand is constantly increasing, and it will shortly be impossible to supply any more copies from this office. That we have been able to do so hitherto is only due to the enterprise of our agents in buying up second-hand copies all over the country.

Sets of the first eight numbers made up with such

THE EQUINOX

second-hand copies have recently been sold in America for forty dollars (£8).

What spectacle is more tragically pathetic than that of a man who has done good work reduced to beggary, his only remaining capital, his brain, in state of hopeless decay? Poor Mathers never recovered from the exposure of his association with the Horos Gang.

Think of him as he is at present, laboriously copying out with his own hand the silly *Looking Glass* articles and sending them to the staff of the *Equinox*, who have all had their own copies for years, and were not particularly interested in them even at the time when the statements were fresh enough to be funny!

When one thinks that he could have had these articles reprinted for a few shillings a thousand, what a state of penury it reveals! His own followers appear to have abandoned him, or he could not be in such distress. Considering the debt which Occultism owes him for the translation of the "Key of Solomon," the "Kabbalah Unveiled," and the "Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin," we have confidence in appealing to the generosity of the readers of the *Equinox* to form a Fund to enable the shattered mind and body to end its days in the comparative comfort of a *private* asylum.

Another blow to Morality; one more of our guardians has fallen. Mr. De Wend Fenton will be remembered as the gentleman who took exception to the Rites of Eleusis, though he was good enough to say after publishing the first of his

EDITORIAL

articles attacking them, that he meant no harm, and would like to meet Mr. Crowley at dinner; presumably in the hope that mild and pious persuasion would induce him to amend his ways. An invitation which was *not* accepted. It is consequently with the greatest regret that we reprint the following cutting from the *Daily Mail*.

FINE ON "PINK 'UN" EDITOR

Mr. De Wend Fenton, editor of the *Sporting Times*, was fined £10 and £5 5s. costs at Mansion House by Alderman Sir John Knill on each of six summonses—£91 10s. in all—for sending through the post indecent articles contained in the paper.

Mr. George Raffalovich is in no way connected with *The Equinox*.

Mr. George Raffalovich has never been connected with *The Equinox* in any way but as an occasional contributor.

It cannot be too clearly understood that *The Equinox* has no connection with Mr. George Raffalovich.

We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. George Raffalovich is in no way connected with *The Equinox*.

We have no reason to anticipate that *The Equinox* will in any way be connected with Mr. George Raffalovich.

We trust that Mr. George Raffalovich will be satisfied with these statements of fact, to which we are prepared to testify on oath.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

THE POET

WE left Frater P. at the end of 1906, acknowledged and admitted a Master of the Temple, and even more than this, as it were in perspective, and yet refusing to admit even to himself that he had obtained that Crown for which he had striven so earnestly since the beginning. Into these eight years had been concentrated the work of not one lifetime, but of many, but he felt that this work was in no sense complete. He might be entitled to the Grade without as yet being initiated into it, and we shall find that these eight years grew to eleven before this occurred.

We must now record how these three years were occupied. We learn that in September 1906, with Frater D.D.S., he had prepared a Ritual of the Augoeides, which might serve to initiate those who had not yet made any attainment on the path. We may again quote from the History Lection:—

19. Returning to England, he laid his achievements humbly at the feet of a certain adept D.D.S., who welcomed him brotherly and admitted his title to that grade which he had so hardly won.

20. Thereupon these two adepts conferred together, saying: May it not be written that the tribulations shall be

shortened? Therefore they resolved to establish a new Order which would be free from the errors and deceits of the former one.

21. Without Authority they could not do this, exalted as their rank was among adepts. They resolved to prepare all things, great and small, against that day when such Authority should be received by them, since they knew not where to seek for higher adepts than themselves, but knew that the true way to attract the notice of such was to equilibrate the symbols. The temple must be builded before the God can indwell it.

22. Therefore by order of D.D.S. did P. prepare all things by his arcane science and wisdom, choosing only those symbols which were common to all systems, and rigorously rejecting all names and words which might be supposed to imply any religious or metaphysical theory. To do this utterly was found impossible, since all language has a history, and the use (for example) of the word "spirit" implies the Scholastic Philosophy and the Hindu and Taoist theories concerning the breath of man. So was it difficult to avoid implication of some undesirable bias by using the words "order," "circle," "chapter," "society," "brotherhood," or any other to designate the body of initiates.

23. Deliberately, therefore, did he take refuge in Vagueness. Not to veil the truth to the Neophyte, but to warn him against valuing non-essentials. Should therefore the candidate hear the name of any God, let him not rashly assume that it refers to any known God, save only the God known to himself. Or should the ritual speak in terms (however vague) which seem to imply Egyptian, Taoist, Buddhist, Indian, Persian, Greek, Judaic, Christian, or Moslem philosophy, let him reflect that

this is a defect of language; the literary limitation and not the spiritual prejudice of the man P.

24. Especially let him guard against the finding of definite sectarian symbols in the teaching of his master, and the reasoning from the known to the unknown which assuredly will tempt him.

We labour earnestly, dear brother, that you may never be led away to perish upon this point; for thereon have many holy and just men been wrecked. By this have all the visible systems lost the essence of wisdom.

We have sought to reveal the Arcanum; we have only profaned it.

25. Now when P. had thus with bitter toil prepared all things under the guidance of D.D.S. (even as the hand writes, while the conscious brain, though ignorant of the detailed movements, applauds or disapproves the finished work) there was a certain time of repose, as the earth lieth fallow.

26. Meanwhile these adepts busied themselves intently with the Great Work.

27. In the fullness of time, even as a blossoming tree that beareth fruit in its season, all these pains were ended, and these adepts and their companions obtained the reward which they had sought—they were to be admitted to the Eternal and Invisible Order that hath no name among men.

28. They therefore who had with smiling faces abandoned their homes, their possessions, their wives, their children, in order to perform the Great Work, could with steady calm and firm correctness abandon the Great Work itself; for this is the last and greatest projection of the alchemist.

In the spring of 1907 we consequently find Frater P.

living quietly his ordinary life as a man and engaged in no particular practices. His diary for this year 1907 has been lost, and we shall not be able to fill in the events of the year in any detail. We have, however, been able to inquire of those who had conversation with him during this period, and we hear of him as occupied mainly in reviewing the whole of his magical career—though why should we use an adjective, since every second of that career had been understood as part of the operation of the Magic of Light? It seems to him that this career was in some ways imperfect—as if he had jumped over some of the puddles in the path. He wished to explain to himself how this could be so, and, in particular, why. He found, for example, with regard to magical powers, that he was not able to exercise these in the way which he had originally conceived. He found, in short, that they were like all other powers, and could only be exercised as circumstance permitted. Even Herr Salchow could not cut his famous star unless there happened to be ice, and he was able to get to that ice with skates. Although he had performed so many wonders he perceived that his ability depended entirely upon some antecedent necessity. He was not a free agent. He was part of a universal scheme. Now the principal mark of the Master of the Temple was, in his opinion, that he could exercise these powers at will; that he could enter Samadhi at will. He now saw that these words “At will” really meant at the will of the Universe, and he could only obtain this freedom through the coincidence of his will with the Universal Will. The active and the passive must be perfectly harmonious before free-will became intelligible. Only Destiny could exercise free-will. In order to exercise free-will he must,

therefore, become Destiny. He was then to know sooner or later the meaning of the Thirteenth Æther, to which subject we shall return in the proper place.

We are now to consider a further passage from the History Lesson:—

29. Also one V.V.V.V.V. arose, an exalted adept of the rank of Master of the Temple (or this much He disclosed to the Exempt Adepts), and His utterance is enshrined in the Sacred Writings.

30. Such are Liber Legis, Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente, Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli and such others whose existence may one day be divulged unto you. Beware lest you interpret them either in the Light or in the darkness, for only in L.V.X. may they be understood.

Of V.V.V.V.V. we have no information. We do not know, and it is of no importance that we should know, whether he is an actual person or a magical projection of Frater P., or identical with Aiwass, or anything else, for the reasons previously given when discussing the utterance of Liber Legis, *Equinox* VII, pp. 384 and 385. It is sufficient to say that all the Class A publications of the A.: A.: should be regarded as not only verbally and literally inspired by Him, but that this accuracy should be taken to extend even to the style of the letter. If a word is unexpectedly spelt with a capital letter, it must not be thought that this is a mistake; there is some serious reason why it should be so. During this year 1907, therefore, we find a number of such books dictated by him to Frater P. Of the sublimity of these books no words can give expression. It will be noticed that they are totally different in style from Liber Legis, just as both of them are

different from any of the writings of Frater P. We may turn for a moment to consider the actual conditions under which he received them. We find the hint of the nature of the communication in Liber LXV and Liber VII. On one or two occasions the scribe introduced his thought upon the note, in particular Liber VII, Chapter I, Verse 30, where Verse 29 suggested Verse 30 to Frater P., who wrote it consciously and was corrected in Verse 31. Frater P. is, however, less communicative about this writing than about Liber Legis. It appears that during the whole period of writing he was actually in Samadhi, although, strangely enough, he did not know it himself. It is a question of the transference of the Ego from the personal to the impersonal. He, the conscious human man, could not say "I am in Samadhi"; he was merely conscious that "that which was he" was in Samadhi. This came to him as a sort of consolation for the disappointment which he was experiencing, for it was in his attempt to get into Samadhi that the writing of these books occurred. Yet the consolation itself was in a sense a disappointment. The transference of the human conscience to the divine, the partial to the universal, was no longer an explosion, a spasm, an orgasm. It was a passing into peace unaccompanied by any of the dazzling and overwhelming phenomena with which he was familiar. He did not realize that this was an immense advance. He did not see that it meant that he had become so attuned to Samadhi that its occurrence became hardly noticeable. He was still farther from understanding that that Samadhi is permanent, eternal, entirely beyond accident of time or place; that it was only necessary, as it were, to lean back into it to be there. He knew that by pronouncing the

Ineffable Name, the Universe dissolved in flame and earthquake. He was far from the point at which by the utterance of a single sigh the universe slipped into dissolution. Like Elijah in the mountain, he expected to see the Lord in the tempest and the lightnings. He did not understand the still small voice. We shall find an increasing difficulty in writing of Frater P., because from this time he is increasing that nameless and eternal Nothing of which nothing true can be said, and it sometimes seems as if the conscious man was ever diminishing, ever less important, ever much nearer to the normal human being. In reality it is that he is much less confused. He does not allow the Planes to interfere with each other. He perceives that each Plane must work out its own salvation; that it is fatally wrong to appeal to the higher. He has identified himself with the will of the higher, and that will must extend downwards, radiating upon the lower. The lower may aspire to the higher, but not in order to get help from its troubles. It may wish as a whole to unite itself with the higher, to lose itself in the higher, but it should be very wary about asking the higher to rearrange its parts.

Apart from these writings, the years 1907 and nearly the whole of 1908 are quite uneventful. We do, however, find that he went into several Magical retirements, for in the spring of 1907 we hear of him at Tangier; in the winter in the English Lakes; but a great deal of his time must have been taken up by the personal matter referred to on page 44 of No. VIII of the *Equinox*. That cup of bitterness, at least, he drank to the dregs. In May 1908 he was at Venice while we find that he spent August and September on a long walk through Spain. We do not learn that he did anything particular during this

period, but on the first of October, he began a serious Retirement of a really strenuous character of about a fortnight in duration, which has been recorded for us minute by minute in a book called *John St. John*, published in *Equinox* I. The ostensible object of this Retirement was to discover for certain whether by the use of the plain straightforward methods accessible to the normal man he could definitely attain Samadhi within a reasonable time. In other words, whether the methods themselves were valuable. This was a most important experiment, for a great many people had argued that he owed his Attainment to his personal genius; that any methods would have done for him; that his methods might be useless for another. He was sufficiently satisfied with the efficacy of the methods to determine upon a course for which he had hitherto found no excuse—that of undertaking the gigantic task of the publication of all these methods on the basis of pure scepticism. There is, further, no doubt that by this retirement he acquired a stock of magical energy which enabled him to carry out this work, to all intents and purposes without assistance, except of the most temporary and casual kind, from any other person. The mere quantity of this work in itself constitutes a miracle. The quality of this work is such that the word miracle is quite inadequate. It must be remembered that it was not only a question of writing down the details of this extraordinary knowledge, though that is surprising enough. For example, Book 777 from cover to cover was written down by him from memory in a single week, at a time when he was seriously ill and in constant pain. But in addition to this, he was compelled to waste his time in overseeing the mechanical details of printing and publishing. It is better to fight with beasts at Ephesus like

St. Paul than with printers in London as he did. He had, moreover, to furnish practically the whole of the funds required for the publication. He gave not only the remains of his great fortune, but all his hope of future fortune, and he issued his publications at cost price, often very much below it. In addition to this he was continually harassed and distressed by every form of domestic affliction. The ability to endure these five years following seems cheaply purchased at the cost of a fortnight's hard work.

From this moment, however, our own task becomes extremely simple. Hitherto Frater P. has been a private character, of whose life no one was competent to speak. Without his diaries it would not have been possible to write a single page of this book. But henceforward he is a public character, occupied in public work, and little, indeed, will be the content of his private life; and yet there remains the most important event to be recorded: the dissolution of that life, the losing of his name.

(To be continued)

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY VIOLINIST ON HER
PLAYING IN A GREEN DRESS DESIGNED
BY THE AUTHOR

HER dress clings like a snake of emerald
And gold and ruby to her swaying shape;
In its constraint she sways, entranced, enthralled,
Her teeth set lest her rapture should escape
The parted lips—Oh mouth of pomegranate!
Is not Persephone with child of Fate?

What sunlit snows of rose and ivory
Her breasts are, starting from the green, great moons
Filling the blue night with white ecstasy
Of rippling rhythms, of tumultuous tunes.
Artemis tears the gauzes from her gorge,
And violates Hephæstus at his forge.

Then the mad lightnings of her magic bow!
They rave and roar upon the stricken wood,
Swift shrieks of death, solemnities too slow
For birth. Infernal lust of dragon-hued
Devils, sublimest song of Angel choirs,
Echo, and do not utter, her desires!

I am Danae in the shower of gold
This Zeus flings forth, exhausted and possessed,

THE EQUINOX

Each atom of my being raped and rolled
Beneath her car of music into rest
Deeper than death, more desperate than life,
The agony of primaeval slime at strife.

I am the ecstasy of infamy.
Tossed like a meteor when the Gods play ball,
Racked like Ixion, like Pasiphae
Torn by the leaping life, with myrrh and gall
My throat made bitter, I am crucified
Like Christ with my dead selves on either side.

She stabs me to the heart with every thrust
Of her wild bow, the pitiless hail of sound;
Her smile is murder—the red lips of lust
And the white teeth of death! Her eyes profound
As hell, and frenzied with hell's love and hate,
Gleam grey as God, glare steadier than fate.

She gloats upon my torture as I writhe.
Her head falls back, her eyes turn back, she shakes
And trembles. A sharp spasm takes the lithe
Limbs, and her body with her spirit aches.
The sweat breaks out on her; there bursts a flood
Of shrieks; she bubbles at the mouth with blood.

As Satan fell from heaven, so she crashes
Upon my corpse; one long ensanguine groan
Ends her; the soul has burnt itself to ashes;
The spirit is incorporate with its own,
The abiding spirit of life, love, and light
And liberty, fixed in the infinite.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY VIOLINIST

There is the silence, there the night. Therein
Nor space nor time nor being may intrude;
There is no force to move, no fate to spin,
Nor God nor Satan in the solitude.
O Pagan and O Panic Pentecost!
Lost! lost eternally!—for ever lost

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

A NOTE ON THEURGY

I

I A O the supreme One of the Gnostics, the true God, is the Lord of this work. Let us therefore invoke Him by that name which the Companions of the Royal Arch blaspheme to aid us in the essay to declare the means which He has bestowed upon us!

II

The divine consciousness which is reflected and refracted in the works of Genius feeds upon a certain secretion, as I believe. This secretion is analogous to semen, but not identical with it. There are but few men and fewer women, those women being inevitably androgyne, who possess it at any time in any quantity.

So closely is this secretion connected with the sexual economy that it appears to me at times as if it might be a by-product of that process which generates semen. That some form of this doctrine has been generally accepted is shown in the prohibitions of all religions. Sanctity has been assumed to depend on chastity, and chastity has nearly always been interpreted as abstinence. But I doubt whether the relation is so simple as this would imply; for example, I

THE EQUINOX

find in myself that manifestations of mental creative force always concur with some abnormal condition of the physical powers of generation. But it is not the case that long periods of chastity, on the one hand, or excess of orgies, on the other, are favourable to its manifestation, or even to its formation.

I know myself, and in me it is extremely strong; its results are astounding.

For example, I wrote *Tannhäuser*, complete from conception to execution, in sixty-seven consecutive hours. I was unconscious of the fall of nights and days, even after stopping; nor was there any reaction of fatigue. This work was written when I was twenty-four years old, immediately on the completion of an orgie which would normally have tired me out.

Often and often have I noticed that sexual satisfaction so-called has left me dissatisfied and unfatigued, and let loose the floods of verse which have disgraced my career.

Yet, on the contrary, a period of chastity has sometimes fortified me for a great outburst. This is far from being invariably the case. At the conclusion of the K2 expedition, after five months of chastity, I did no work whatever, barring very few odd lyrics, for months afterwards.

I may mention the year 1911. At this time I was living, in excellent good health, with the woman whom I loved. Her health was, however, variable, and we were both constantly worried.

The weather was continuously fine and hot. For a period of about three months I hardly missed a morning; always on waking I burst out with a new idea which had to be written down.

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

The total energy of my being was very high. My weight was 10 stone 8 lb., which had been my fighting weight when I was ten years younger. We walked some twenty miles daily through hilly forest.

The actual amount of MSS. written at this time is astounding; their variety is even more so; of their excellence I will not speak.

Here is a rough list from memory; it is far from exhaustive:

- (1) Some dozen books of A.: A.: instruction, including *Liber Astarte*, and the Temple of Solomon the King for *Equinox VII*.
- (2) Short Stories: The Woodcutter.
 His Secret Sin.
- (3) Plays: His Majesty's Fiddler.
 Elder Eel.
 Adonis. } written straight off, one
 The Ghouls. } after the other.
 Mortadello.
- (4) Poems: The Sevenfold Sacrament.
 A Birthday.
- (5) Fundamentals of the Greek Qabalah (involving the collection and analysis of several thousand words).

I think this phenomenon is unique in the history of literature.

I may further refer to my second journey to Algeria, where my sexual life, though fairly full, had been unsatisfactory.

On quitting Biskra, I was so full of ideas that I had to get off the train at El-Kantara, where I wrote "The Scorpion." Five or six poems were written on the way to Paris; "The

THE EQUINOX

Ordeal of Ida Pendragon” during my twenty-four hours’ stay in Paris, and “Snowstorm” and “The Electric Silence” immediately on my return to England.

To sum up, I can always trace a connection between my sexual condition and the condition of artistic creation, which is so close as to approach identity, and yet so loose that I cannot predicate a single important proposition.

It is these considerations which give me pain when I am reproached by the ignorant with wishing to produce genius mechanically. I may fail, but my failure is a thousand times greater than their utmost success.

I shall therefore base my remarks not so much on the observations which I have myself made, and the experiments which I have tried, as on the accepted classical methods of producing that energized enthusiasm which is the lever that moves God.

III

The Greeks say that there are three methods of discharging the genial secretion of which I have spoken. They thought perhaps that their methods tended to secrete it, but this I do not believe altogether, or without a qualm. For the manifestation of force implies force, and this force must have come from somewhere. Easier I find it to say “sub-consciousness” and “secretion” than to postulate an external reservoir, to extend my connotation of “man” than to invent “God.”

However, parsimony apart, I find it in my experience that it is useless to flog a tired horse. There are times when I am absolutely bereft of even one drop of this elixir. Nothing will

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

restore it, neither rest in bed, nor drugs, nor exercise. On the other hand, sometimes when after a severe spell of work I have been dropping with physical fatigue, perhaps sprawling on the floor, too tired to move hand or foot, the occurrence of an idea has restored me to perfect intensity of energy, and the working out of the idea has actually got rid of the aforesaid physical fatigue, although it involved a great additional labour.

Exactly parallel (nowhere meeting) is the case of mania. A madman may struggle against six trained athletes for hours, and show no sign of fatigue. Then he will suddenly collapse, but at a second's notice from the irritable idea will resume the struggle as fresh as ever. Until we discovered "unconscious muscular action" and its effects, it is rational to suppose such a man "possessed of a devil"; and the difference between the madman and the genius is not in the quantity but in the quality of their work. Genius is organized, madness chaotic. Often the organization of genius is on original lines, and ill-balanced and ignorant medicine-men mistake it for disorder. Time has shown that Whistler and Gauguin "kept rules" as well as the masters whom they were supposed to be upsetting.

IV

The Greeks say that there are three methods of discharging the Leyden Jar of Genius. These three methods they assign to three Gods.

These three Gods are Dionysus, Apollo, Aphrodite. In English: wine, women and song.

Now it would be a great mistake to imagine that the

THE EQUINOX

Greeks were recommending a visit to a brothel. As well condemn the High Mass at St. Peter's on the strength of having witnessed a Protestant revival meeting. Disorder is always a parody of order, because there is no archetypal disorder that it might resemble. Owen Seaman can parody a poet; nobody can parody Owen Seaman. A critic is a bundle of impressions; there is no ego behind it. All photographs are essentially alike; the works of all good painters essentially differ.

Some writers suppose that in the ancient rites of Eleusis the High Priest publicly copulated with the High Priestess. Were this so, it would be no more "indecent" than it is "blasphemous" for the priest to make bread and wine into the body and blood of God.

True, the Protestants say that it is blasphemous; but a Protestant is one to whom all things sacred are profane, whose mind being all filth can see nothing in the sexual act but a crime or jest, whose only facial gestures are the sneer and the leer.

Protestantism is the excrement of human thought, and accordingly in Protestant countries art, if it exist at all, only exists to revolt. Let us return from this unsavoury allusion to our consideration of the methods of the Greeks.

V

Agree then that it does not follow from the fact that wine, woman and song make the sailor's tavern that these ingredients must necessarily concoct a hell-broth.

There are some people so simple as to think that, when

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

they have proved the religious instinct to be a mere efflorescence of the sex-instinct, they have destroyed religion.

We should rather consider that the sailor's tavern gives him his only glimpse of heaven, just as the destructive criticism of the phallicists has only proved sex to be a sacrament. Consciousness, says the materialist, axe in hand, is a function of the brain. He has only re-formulated the old saying, "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost."!

Now sex is justly hallowed in this sense, that it is the eternal fire of the race. Huxley admitted that "some of the lower animalculæ are in a sense immortal," because they go on reproducing eternally by fission, and however often you divide x by 2 there is always something left. But he never seems to have seen that mankind is immortal in exactly the same sense, and goes on reproducing itself with similar characteristics through the ages, changed by circumstance indeed, but always identical in itself. But the spiritual flower of this process is that at the moment of discharge a physical ecstasy occurs, a spasm analogous to the mental spasm which meditation gives. And further, in the sacramental and ceremonial use of the sexual act, the divine consciousness may be attained.

VI

The sexual act being then a sacrament, it remains to consider in what respect this limits the employment of the organs.

First, it is obviously legitimate to employ them for their natural physical purpose. But if it be allowable to use them

THE EQUINOX

ceremonially for a religious purpose, we shall find the act hedged about with many restrictions.

For in this case the organs become holy. It matters little to mere propagation that men should be vicious; the most debauched roué might and almost certainly would beget more healthy children than a semi-sexed prude. So the so-called “moral” restraints are not based on reason; thus they are neglected.

But admit its religious function, and one may at once lay down that the act must not be profaned. It must not be undertaken lightly and foolishly without excuse.

It may be undertaken for the direct object of continuing the race.

It may be undertaken in obedience to real passion; for passion, as its name implies, is rather inspired by a force of divine strength and beauty without the will of the individual, often even against it.

It is the casual or habitual—what Christ called “idle”—use or rather abuse of these forces which constitutes their profanation. It will further be obvious that, if the act in itself is to be the sacrament in a religious ceremony, this act must be accomplished solely for the love of God. All personal considerations must be banished utterly. Just as any priest can perform the miracle of transubstantiation, so can any man, possessing the necessary qualifications, perform this other miracle, whose nature must form the subject of a subsequent discussion.

Personal aims being destroyed, it is *à fortiori* necessary to neglect social and other similar considerations.

Physical strength and beauty are necessary and desirable

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

for æsthetic reasons, the attention of the worshippers being liable to distraction if the celebrants are ugly, deformed, or incompetent. I need hardly emphasize the necessity for the strictest self-control and concentration on their part. As it would be blasphemy to enjoy the gross taste of the wine of the sacrament, so must the celebrant suppress even the minutest manifestation of animal pleasure.

Of the qualifying tests there is no necessity to speak; it is sufficient to say that the adepts have always known how to secure efficiency.

Needless also to insist on a similar quality in the assistants; the sexual excitement must be suppressed and transformed into its religious equivalent.

VII

With these preliminaries settled in order to guard against foreseen criticisms of those Protestants who, God having made them a little lower than the Angels, have made themselves a great deal lower than the beasts by their consistently bestial interpretation of all things human and divine, we may consider first the triune nature of these ancient methods of energizing enthusiasm.

Music has two parts; tone or pitch, and rhythm. The latter quality associates it with the dance, and that part of dancing which is not rhythm is sex. Now that part of sex which is not a form of the dance, animal movement, is intoxication of the soul, which connects it with wine. Further identities will suggest themselves to the student.

THE EQUINOX

By the use of the three methods in one the whole being of man may thus be stimulated.

The music will create a general harmony of the brain, leading it in its own paths; the wine affords a general stimulus of its animal nature; and the sex-excitement elevates the moral nature of the man by its close analogy with the highest ecstasy. It remains, however, always for him to make the final transmutation. Unless he have the special secretion which I have postulated, the result will be commonplace.

So consonant is this system with the nature of man that it is exactly parodied and profaned not only in the sailor's tavern, but in the Society ball. Here, for the lowest natures the result is drunkenness, disease and death; for the middle natures a gradual blunting of the finer feelings; for the higher, an exhilaration amounting at the best to the foundation of a life-long love.

If these Society "rites" are properly performed, there should be no exhaustion. After a ball, one should feel the need of a long walk in the young morning air. The weariness or boredom, the headache or somnolence, are Nature's warnings.

VIII

Now the purpose of such a ball, the moral attitude on entering, seems to me to be of supreme importance. If you go with the idea of killing time, you are rather killing yourself. Baudelaire speaks of the first period of love when the boy kisses the trees of the wood, rather than kiss nothing. At the age of thirty-six I found myself at Pompeii, passionately

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

kissing that great grave statue of a woman that stands in the avenue of the tombs. Even now, as I wake in the morning, I sometimes fall to kissing my own arms.

It is with such a feeling that one should go to a ball, and with such a feeling intensified, purified and exalted, that one should leave it.

If this be so, how much more if one go with the direct religious purpose burning in one's whole being! Beethoven roaring at the sunrise is no strange spectacle to me, who shout with joy and wonder, when I understand (without which one cannot really be said ever to see) a blade of grass. I fall upon my knees in speechless adoration at the moon; I hide my eyes in holy awe from a good Van Gogh.

Imagine then a ball in which the music is the choir celestial, the wine the wine of the Graal, or that of the Sabbath of the Adepts, and one's partner the Infinite and Eternal One, the True and Living God Most High!

Go even to a common ball—the Moulin de la Galette will serve even the least of my magicians—with your whole soul aflame within you, and your whole will concentrated on these transubstantiations, and tell me what miracle takes place!

It is the hate of, the distaste for, life that sends one to the ball when one is old; when one is young one is on springs until the hour falls; but the love of God, which is the only true love, diminishes not with age; it grows deeper and intenser with every satisfaction. It seems as if in the noblest en this secretion constantly increases—which certainly suggests an external reservoir—so that age loses all its bitterness. We find "Brother Lawrence," Nicholas Herman of Lorraine, at the age of eighty in continuous enjoyment of

THE EQUINOX

union with God. Buddha at an equal age would run up and down the Eight High Trances like an acrobat on a ladder; stories not too dissimilar are told of Bishop Berkeley. Many persons have not attained union at all until middle age, and then have rarely lost it.

It is true that genius in the ordinary sense of the word has nearly always showed itself in the young. Perhaps we should regard such cases as Nicholas Herman as cases of acquired genius.

Now I am certainly of opinion that genius can be acquired, or, in the alternative, that it is an almost universal possession. Its rarity may be attributed to the crushing influence of a corrupted society. It is rare to meet a youth without high ideals, generous thoughts, a sense of holiness, of his own importance, which, being interpreted, is, of his own identity with God. Three years in the world, and he is a bank clerk or even a government official. Only those who intuitively understand from early boyhood that they must stand out, and who have the incredible courage and endurance to do so in the face of all that tyranny, callousness, and the scorn of inferiors can do; only these arrive at manhood uncontaminated.

Every serious or spiritual thought is made a jest; poets are thought "soft" and "cowardly," apparently because they are the only boys with a will of their own and courage to hold out against the whole school, boys and masters in league as once were Pilate and Herod; honour is replaced by expediency, holiness by hypocrisy.

Even where we found thoroughly good seed sprouting in favourable ground, too often is there a frittering away of the forces. Facile encouragement of a poet or painter is far

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

worse for him than any amount of opposition. Here again the sex question (S.Q. so-called by Tolstoyans, chastity-mongers, nut-fooders, and such who talk and think of nothing else) intrudes its horrid head. I believe that every boy is originally conscious of sex as sacred. But he does not know what it is. With infinite diffidence he asks. The master replies with holy horror; the boy with a low leer, a furtive laugh, perhaps worse.

I am inclined to agree with the Head Master of Eton that pæderastic passions among schoolboys "do no harm"; further, I think them the only redeeming feature of sexual life at public schools.

The Hindoos are wiser. At the well-watched hour of puberty the boy is prepared as for a sacrament; he is led to a duly consecrated temple, and there by a wise and holy woman, skilled in the art, and devoted to this end, he is initiated with all solemnity into the mystery of life.

The act is thus declared religious, sacred, impersonal, utterly apart from amorism and eroticism and animalism and sentimentalism and all the other vilenesses that Protestantism has made of it.

The Catholic Church did, I believe, to some extent preserve the Pagan tradition. Marriage is a sacrament.¹ But in the attempt to deprive the act of all accretions which would profane it, the Fathers of the Church added in spite of themselves other accretions which profaned it more. They tied it to property and inheritance. They wished it to serve both God and Mammon.

¹ Of course there has been a school of devilish ananders that has held the act in itself to be "wicked." Of these blasphemers of Nature let no further word be said,

THE EQUINOX

Rightly restraining the priest, who should employ his whole energy in the miracle of the Mass, they found their counsel a counsel of perfection. The magical tradition was in part lost; the priest could not do what was expected of him, and the unexpended portion of his energy turned sour.

Hence the thoughts of priests, like the thoughts of modern faddists, revolved eternally around the S.Q.

A special and secret Mass, a Mass of the Holy Ghost, a Mass of the Mystery of the Incarnation, to be performed at stated intervals, might have saved both monks and nuns, and given the Church eternal dominion of the world.

IX

To return. The rarity of genius is in great part due to the destruction of its young. Even as in physical life that is a favoured plant one of whose thousand seeds ever shoots forth a blade, so do conditions all but kill the strongest shoots of genius.

But just as rabbits increased apace in Australia, where even a missionary has been known to beget ninety children in two years, so shall we be able to breed genius if we can find the conditions which hamper it, and remove them.

The obvious practical step is to restore the rites of Bacchus, Aphrodite and Apollo to their proper place. They should not be open to every one, and manhood should be the reward of ordeal and initiation.

The physical tests should be severe, and weaklings should be killed out rather than artificially preserved. The same remark applies to intellectual tests. But such tests should be as wide as possible. I was an absolute duffer at school in all

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

forms of athletics and games, because I despised them. I held, and still hold, numerous mountaineering world's records. Similarly, examinations fail to test intelligence. Cecil Rhodes refused to employ any man with a University degree. That such degrees lead to honour in England is a sign of England's decay, though even in England they are usually the stepping-stones to clerical idleness or pedagogic slavery.

Such is a dotted outline of the picture that I wish to draw. If the power to possess property depended on a man's competence, and his perception of real values, a new aristocracy would at once be created, and the deadly fact that social consideration varies with the power of purchasing champagne would cease to be a fact. Our pluto-heiro-politicocracy would fall in a day.

But I am only too well aware that such a picture is not likely to be painted. We can then only work patiently and in secret. We must select suitable material and train it in utmost reverence to these three master-methods, or aiding the soul in its genial orgasm.

X

This reverent attitude is of an importance which I cannot over-rate. Normal people find normal relief from any general or special excitement in the sexual act.

Commander Marston, R.N., whose experiemnts in the effect of the tom-tom on the married Englishwoman are classical and conclusive, has admirably described how the vague unrest which she at first shows gradually assumes the sexual form, and culminates, if allowed to do so, in shameless masturbation or indecent advances. But this is a natural

THE EQUINOX

corollary of the proposition that married Englishwomen are usually unacquainted with sexual satisfaction. Their desires are constantly stimulated by brutal and ignorant husbands, and never gratified. This fact again account for the amazing prevalence of Sapphism in London Society.

The Hindus warn their pupils against the dangers of breathing exercises. Indeed the slightest laxness in moral or physical tissues may cause the energy accumulated by the practice to discharge itself by involuntary emission. I have known this happen in my own experience.

It is then of the utmost importance to realize that the relief of tension is to be found in what the Hebrews and the Greeks called prophesying, and which is better when organized into art. The disorderly discharge is mere waste, a wilderness of howlings; the orderly discharge is a "Prometheus unbound," or "L'age d'airain," according to the special aptitudes of the enthused person. But it must be remembered the special aptitudes are very easy to acquire if the driving force of enthusiasm be great. If you cannot keep the rules of others, you make rules of your own. One set turns out in the long run to be just as good as the other.

Henri Rousseau, the douanier, was laughed at all his life. I laughed as heartily as the rest; though, almost despite myself, I kept on saying (as the phrase goes) "that I felt something; couldn't say what."

The moment it occurred to somebody to put up all his paintings in one room by themselves, it was instantly apparent that his *naïveté* was the simplicity of a Master.

Let no one then imagine that I fail to perceive or underestimate the dangers of employing these methods. The

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

occurrence even of so simple a matter as fatigue might change a *Las Meninas* into a stupid sexual crisis.

It will be necessary for most Englishmen to emulate the self-control of the Arabs and Hindus, whose ideal is to deflower the greatest possible number of virgins—eighty is considered a fairly good performance—without completing the act.

It is, indeed, of the first importance for the celebrant in any phallic rite to be able to complete the act without even once allowing a sexual or sensual thought to invade his mind. The mind must be as absolutely detached from one's own body as it is from another person's.

XI

Of musical instruments few are suitable. The human voice is the best, and the only one which can be usefully employed in chorus. Anything like an orchestra implies infinite rehearsal, and introduces an atmosphere of artificiality. The organ is a worthy solo instrument, and is an orchestra in itself, while its tone and associations favour the religious idea.

The violin is the most useful of all, for its every mood expresses the hunger for the infinite, and yet it is so mobile that it has a greater emotional range than any of its competitors. Accompaniment must be dispensed with, unless a harpist be available.

The harmonium is a horrible instrument, if only because of its associations; and the piano is like unto it, although, if unseen and played by a Paderewski, it would serve.

The trumpet and the bell are excellent, to startle, and the crises of a ceremony.

THE EQUINOX

Hot, drubbing, passionate, in a different class of ceremony, a class more intense and direct, but on the whole less exalted, the tom-tom stands alone. It combines well with the practice of mantra, and is the best accompaniment for any sacred dance.

XII

Of sacred dances the most practical for a gathering is the seated dance. One sits cross-legged on the floor, and sways two and fro from the hips in time with the mantra. A solo or duet of dancers as a spectacle rather distracts from this exercise. I would suggest a very small and very brilliant light on the floor in the middle of the room. Such a room is best floored with mosaic marble; an ordinary Freemason's Lodge carpet is not a bad thing.

The eyes, if they see anything at all, see then only the rhythmical or mechanical squares leading in perspective to the simple unwinking light.

The swinging of the body with the mantra (which has a habit of rising and falling as if of its own accord in a very weird way) becomes more accentuated; ultimately a curiously spasmodic stage occurs, and then the consciousness flickers and goes out; perhaps breaks through into the divine consciousness, perhaps is merely recalled to itself by some variable in external impression.

The above is a very simple description of a very simple and earnest form of ceremony, based entirely upon rhythm.

It is very easy to prepare, and its results are usually very encouraging for the beginner.

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

XIII

Wine being a mocker and strong drink raging, its use is more likely to lead to trouble than mere music.

One essential difficulty is dosage. One certainly needs enough; and, as Blake points out, one can only tell what is enough by taking too much. For each man the dose varies enormously; so does it for the same man at different times.

The ceremonial escape from this is to have a noiseless attendant to bear the bowl of libation, and present it to each in turn, at frequent intervals. Small doses should be drunk, and the bowl passed on, taken as the worshipper deems advisable. Yet the cup-bearer should be an initiate, and use his own discretion before presenting the bowl. The slightest sign that intoxication is mastering the man should be a sign to him to pass that man. This practice can be easily fitted to the ceremony previously described.

If desired, instead of wine, the elixir introduced by me to Europe may be employed. But its results, if used in this way, have not as yet been thoroughly studied. It is my immediate purpose to repair this neglect.

XIV

The sexual excitement, which must complete the harmony of method, offers a more difficult problem.

It is exceptionally desirable that the actual bodily movements involved should be decorous in the highest sense, and many people are so ill-trained that they will be unable to regard such a ceremony with any but critical or lascivious

THE EQUINOX

eyes; either would be fatal to all the good already done. It is presumably better to wait until all present are greatly exalted before risking a profanation.

It is not desirable, in my opinion, that the ordinary worshippers should celebrate in public.

The sacrifice should be single.

Whether or no . . .

XV

Thus far had I written when the distinguished poet, whose conversation with me upon the Mysteries had incited me to jot down these few rough notes, knocked at my door. I told him that I was at work on the ideas suggested by him, and that—well, I was rather stuck. He asked permission to glance at the MS. (For he reads English fluently, though speaking but a few words), and having done so, kindled and said: “If you come with me now, we will finish your essay.” Glad enough of any excuse to stop working, the more plausible the better, I hastened to take down my coat and hat.

“By the way,” he remarked in the automobile, “I take it that you do not mind giving me the Word of Rose Croix.” Surprised, I exchanged the secrets of I.N.R.I. with him. “And now, very excellent and perfect Prince,” he said, “what follows is under this seal.” And he gave me the most solemn of all Masonic tokens. “You are about,” said he, “to compare your ideal with our real.”

He touched a bell. The automobile stopped, and we got out. He dismissed the chauffeur. “Come,” he said, “we have a brisk half-mile.” We walked through thick woods to

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

an old house, where we were greeted in silence by a gentleman who, though in court dress, wore a very “practicable” sword. On satisfying him, we were passed through a corridor to an anteroom, where another armed guardian awaited us. He, after a further examination, proceeded to offer me a court dress, the insignia of a Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix, and a garter and mantle, the former of green silk, the latter of green velvet, and lined with cerise silk. “It is a low mass,” whispered the guardian. In this anteroom were three or four others, both ladies and gentlemen, busily robing.

In a third room we found a procession formed, and joined it. There were twenty-six of us in all. Passing a final guardian we reached the chapel itself, at whose entrance stood a young man and a young woman, both dressed in simple robes of white silk embroidered with gold, red and blue. The former bore a torch of resinous wood, the latter sprayed us as we passed with attar of roses from a cup.

The room in which we now were had at one time been a chapel; so much its shape declared. But the high altar was covered with a cloth that displayed the Rose and Cross, while above it were ranged seven candelabra, each of seven branches.

The stalls had been retained; and at each knight’s hand burned a taper of rose-coloured wax, and a bouquet of roses was before him.

In the centre of the nave was a great cross—a “calvary cross of ten squares,” measuring, say, six feet by five—painted in red upon a white board, at whose edges were rings through which passed gilt staves. At each corner was a banner, bearing lion, bull, eagle and man, and from the top of their

THE EQUINOX

staves sprang a canopy of blue, wherein were figured in gold the twelve emblems of the Zodiac.

Knights and Dames being installed, suddenly a bell tinkled in the architrave. Instantly all rose. The doors opened at a trumpet peal from without, and a herald advanced, followed by the High Priest and Priestess.

The High Priest was a man of nearly sixty years, if I may judge by the white beard; but he walked with the springy yet assured step of the thirties. The High Priestess, a proud, tall, sombre woman of perhaps thirty summers, walked by his side, their hands raised and touching as in the minuet. Their trains were borne by the two youths who had admitted us.

All this while an unseen organ played an introit.

This ceased as they took their places at the altar. They faced West, waiting.

On the closing of the doors the armed guard, who was clothed in a scarlet robe instead of green, due his sword, and went up and down the aisle, chanting exorcisms and swinging the great sword. All present due their swords and faced outward, holding the points in front of them. This part of the ceremony appeared interminable. When it was over the girl and boy reappeared; bearing, the one a bowl, the other a censer. Singing some litany or other, apparently in Greek, though I could not catch the words, they purified and consecrated the chapel.

Now the High Priest and High Priestess began a litany in rhythmic lines of equal length. At each third response they touched hands in a peculiar manner; at each seventh they kissed. The twenty-first was a complete embrace. The bell tinkled in the architrave; and they parted. The High Priest

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

then took from the altar a flask curiously shaped to imitate a phallus. The High Priestess knelt and presented a boat-shaped cup of gold. He knelt opposite her, and did not pour from the flask.

Now the Knights and Dames began a long litany; first a Dame in treble, then a Knight in bass, then a response in chorus of all present with the organ. this Chorus was:

EVOE HO, IACCHE! EPELTHON, EPELTHON, EVOE, IAO!

Again and again it rose and fell. Towards it close, whether by "stage effect" or no I could not swear, the light over the altar grew rosy, then purple. The High Priest sharply and suddenly threw up his hand; instant silence.

He now poured out the wine from the flask. The High Priestess gave it to the girl attendant, who bore it to all present.

This was no ordinary wine. It has been said of vodki that it looks like water and tastes like fire. With this wine the reverse is the case. It was of a rich fiery gold in which flames of light danced and shook, but its taste was limpid and pure like fresh spring water. No sooner had I drunk of it, however, than I began to tremble. It was a most astonishing sensation; I can imagine a man feel thus as he awaits his executioner, when he has passed through fear, and is all excitement.

I looked down my stall, and saw that each was similarly affected. During the libation the High Priestess sang a hymn, again in Greek. This time I recognized the words; they were those of an ancient Ode to Aphrodite.

The boy attendant now descended to the red cross, stooped and kissed it; then he danced upon it in such a way

THE EQUINOX

that he seemed to be tracing the patterns of a marvellous rose of gold, for the percussion caused a shower of bright dust to fall from the canopy. Meanwhile the litany (different words, but the same chorus) began again. This time it was a duet between the High Priest and Priestess. At each chorus Knights and Dames bowed low. The girl moved round continuously, and the bowl passed.

This ended in the exhaustion of the boy, who fell fainting on the cross. The girl immediately took the bowl and put it to his lips. Then she raised him, and, with the assistance of the Guardian of the Sanctuary, led him out of the chapel.

The bell again tinkled in the architrave.

The herald blew a fanfare.

The High Priest and High Priestess moved stately to each other and embraced, in the act unloosing the heavy golden robes which they wore. These fell, twin lakes of gold. I now saw her dressed in a garment of white watered silk, lined throughout (as it appeared later) with ermine.

The High Priest's vestment was an elaborate embroidery of every colour, harmonized by exquisite yet robust art. He wore also a breastplate corresponding to the canopy; a sculptured "beast" at each corner in gold, while the twelve signs of the Zodiac were symbolized by the stones of the breastplate.

The bell tinkled yet again, and the herald again sounded his trumpet. The celebrants moved hand in hand down the nave while the organ thundered forth its solemn harmonies.

All the Knights and Dames rose and gave the secret sign of the Rose Croix.

It was at this part of the ceremony that things began to

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

happen to me. I became suddenly aware that my body had lost both weight and tactile sensibility. My consciousness seemed to be situated no longer in my body. I "mistook myself," if I may use the phrase, for one of the stars in the canopy.

In this way I missed seeing the celebrants actually approach the cross. The bell tinkled again; I came back to myself, and then I saw that the High Priestess, standing at the foot of the cross, had thrown her robe over it so that the cross was no longer visible. There was only a board covered with ermine. She was now naked but for her coloured and jewelled head-dress and the heavy torque of gold about her neck, and the armlets and anklets that matched it. She began to sing in a soft strange tongue, so low and smoothly that in my partial bewilderment I could not hear at all; but I caught a few words, *Io Paian! Io Pan!* and a phrase in which the words *Iao Sabao* ended emphatically a sentence in which I caught the words *Eros, Thelema and Sebazo.*

While she did this she unloosed the breastplate and gave it to the girl attendant. The robe followed; I saw that they were naked and unashamed. For the first time there was absolute silence.

Now, from an hundred jets surrounding the board poured forth a perfumed purple smoke. The world was wrapt in a fond gauze of mist, sacred as the clouds upon the mountains.

Then at a signal given by the High Priest, the bell tinkled once more. The celebrants stretched out their arms in the form of a cross, interlacing their fingers. Slowly they revolved through three circles and a half. She then laid him down upon the cross, and took her own appointed place.

THE EQUINOX

The organ now again rolled forth its solemn music.

I was lost to everything. Only this I saw, that the celebrants made no expected motion. The movements were extremely small and yet extremely strong.

This must have continued for a great length of time. To me it seemed as if eternity itself could not contain the variety and depth of my experiences. Tongue nor pen could record them; and yet I am fain to attempt the impossible.

1. I was, certainly and undoubtedly, the star in the canopy. This star was an incomprehensibly enormous world of pure flame.

2. I suddenly realized that the star was of no size whatever. It was not that the star shrank, but that it (=I) became suddenly conscious of infinite space.

3. An explosion took place. I was in consequence a point of light, infinitely small, yet infinitely bright, and this point was *without position*.

4. Consequently this point was ubiquitous, and there was a feeling of infinite bewilderment, blinded after a very long time by a gust of infinite rapture (I use the word "blinded" as if under constraint; I should have preferred to use the words "blotted out" or "overwhelmed" or "illuminated").

5. This infinite fullness—I have not described it as such, but it was that—was suddenly changed into a feeling of infinite emptiness, which became conscious as a yearning.

6. These two feelings began to alternate, always with suddenness, and without in any way overlapping, with great rapidity.

7. This alternation must have occurred fifty times—I had rather have said an hundred.

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

8. The two feelings suddenly became one. Again the word explosion is the only one that gives any idea of it.

9. I now seemed to be conscious of everything at once, that it was at the same time *one* and *many*. I say "at once," that is, I was not successively all things, but instantaneously.

10. This being, if I may call it being, seemed to drop into an infinite abyss of Nothing.

11. While this "falling" lasted, the bell suddenly tinkled three times. I instantly became my normal self, yet with a constant awareness, which has never left me to this hour, that the truth of the matter is not this normal "I" but "That" which is still dropping into Nothing. I am assured by those who know that I may be able to take up the thread if I attend another ceremony.

The tinkle died away. The girl attendant ran quickly forward and folded the ermine over the celebrants. The herald blew a fanfare, and the Knights and Dames left their stalls. Advancing to the board, we took hold of the gilded carrying poles, and followed the herald in procession out of the chapel, bearing the litter to a small side-chapel leading out of the middle anteroom, where we left it, the guard closing the doors.

In silence we disrobed, and left the house. About a mile through the woods we found my friend's automobile waiting.

I asked him, if that was a low mass, might I not be permitted to witness a High Mass?

"Perhaps," he answered with a curious smile, "if all they tell of you is true."

In the meantime he permitted me to describe the ceremony and its results as faithfully as I was able, charging me only to give no indication of the city near which it took place.

THE EQUINOX

I am willing to indicate to initiates of the Rose Croix degree of Masonry under proper charter from the genuine authorities (for there are spurious Masons working under a forged charter) the address of a person willing to consider their fitness to affiliate to a Chapter practicing similar rites.

XVI

I consider it supererogatory to continue my essay on the Mysteries and my analysis of *Energized Enthusiasm*.

THE “TITANIC”

FORTH flashed the serpent streak of steel,
 Consummate crown of man’s device;
Down crashed upon an immobile
 And brainless barrier of ice.
Courage!
The grey gods shoot a laughing lip:—
Let not faith founder with the ship!

We reel before the blows of fate;
 Our stout souls stagger at the shock.
Oh! there is Something ultimate
 Fixed faster than the living rock.
Courage!
Catastrophe beyond belief
Harden our hearts to fear and grief!

The gods upon the Titans shower
 Their high intolerable scorn;
But no god knoweth in what hour
 A new Prometheus may be born.
Courage!
Man to his doom goes driving down;
A crown of thorns is still a crown!

THE *TITANIC*

No power of nature shall withstand
At last the spirit of mankind:
It is not built upon the sand;
It is not wastrel to the wind.
Courage!
Disaster and destruction tend
To taller triumph in the end.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

A LITERATOORALOORAL
TREASURE-TROVE

A LITERATOORALLOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

THE happiest of literary discoveries would presumably be the complete works of Sappho. In the meantime we have got along wonderfully well with the masterpiece of "G. Ragsdale M'Clintock" which Mark Twain unearthed in his matchless "Cure for the Blues." (He does not specify Oxford or Cambridge.) The phrase that chiefly sticks in my memory is one of which Mark Twain makes especial fun: "the topmast topaz of an ancient tower." But this is not funny, it is superb; it is pure early Maeterlinck, and better than the Belgian imitation at that. I admit, however, that the rest of the book is quite as absurd as Mark Twain makes out.

But after all this is no funnier than the "St. Irvine; or, The Rosicrucian," and the "Zastrozzi" of Percy Bysshe Shelley; and I may modestly claim recognition as the finder of a rarer and more exquisite treasure. Modestly, for my treasure-trove was not the result of research; I followed up no clues; I deciphered no cryptogram. I claim only this degree of insight and moral courage: the minute I found it, I stole it.

I feel sure it was the author's own copy; for I cannot believe that any one else would have had one. My atonement be to give him belated recognition!

On the approved principles, let me describe my booty. It is a small 4to about $6\frac{1}{2}$ " \times $4\frac{1}{2}$ ". quietly bound in black cloth. It is printed on very bad paper, and the edges have been cut and marbled.

THE EQUINOX

Unassuming, indeed, is this slim booklet of 207 pages. But the author knew his business; for on the front cover appear these words—it is like an obscure grey battleship suddenly belching her broadside—

SONNETICAL NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY By WM. HOWELL WILLIAMS.

The first shot struck me between wind and water. Sonnetical! There's glory for you! A beautiful new adjective; a perfect adjective; so simple, and yet nobody ever thought of it before. Get smoked glasses and look at it! No good; one cannot comment or criticize or weave a word picture (as the D—— M—— might say) about it. One can only bow down in reverent silence and adore.

But that is not all. That is only external barbaric splendour. There is more behind. Think of all the things that *might* be sonnetical—why, there isn't one. Nothing is sonnetical but a sonnet. Aha! that is where your great mind droops; where you stop, Wm. Howell Williams begins.

Notes on Philosophy are to be sonnetical. Now one can think of many things about which sonnets have been written; there is just one which you would never think of—Philosophy. That is where Wm. Howell Williams has you every time.

In a stunned manner one opens the book. The author pours in his second broadside, and leaves you but a laughter-logged derelict. What *might* these Sonnetical Notes on Philosophy be? It suggests Rousseau and Shelley, in a kind of

A LITERATOORALOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

way. One might think of Bertram Dobell—a mildly atheistic set of sonnets. Oh dear no!

There is one thing that could not be there—and there it is. It is a reproduction of Holman Hunt's picture of the Saviour with a stable lantern trying to look like Nana Sahib in his more cynically cruel moments.

(I understand that the original of this picture has been acquired by Manchester; and from what I am told of Manchester, the penalty fits the crime.)

And opposite that is the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc.

You now begin to wonder if two books have not got mixed up; but no.

The title-page then appears.

SONNETICAL NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY BY WM. HOWELL WILLIAMS.

No date; no publisher; no price. But on the reverse we find, very small—

Copyrighted by
Wm. Howell Williams
April 1901.

(It was in May 1906 that I stole this copy.)

THE EQUINOX

Now one would like a preface, something to explain the astounding choice of form, and so on. Or to give some idea of the scope and purpose of the treatise. No; nothing of the sort. He butts right in with

INTRODUCTION

And no sooner does this begin that you see what the author is driving at. He is out to prove that no matter how simple language may seem, in his master hands it can be made absolutely unintelligible. He begins:

“Philosophy must knowledge be,
Hence knowledge is philosophy.”

Ponder that “hence.” At least it must lead to something else. No. He continues:

“It matters not what savant say
If somehow knowledge comes man’s way.”

You now see the beginning of his first great rule of grammar: “Never inflect a verb!”

But wait! he is going to lay a trap for the unwary. He is going to give us three couplets which seem consecutive, and possess a meaning—

“Supposing can be only fun,
And knowledge never so begun.
With supposition’s wand laid by
Hume, Berkley (*sic*), Kant and Hegel fly.
Nay! single, several, or all,
Together taken they appall.”

The spelling of “appall” is perhaps intended to spur the relaxed attention; for the next couplet wants it.

“Philosophers need not agree,
Still is philosophy to be.”

A LITERATOORALOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

The comma is a very subtle weapon! And when you discover (by and by) that his Seventh great Rule is “Never use relative pronouns!” a return to this sublime Sphinx-verse leaves you worse off than you are at the first reading.

“All knowledge is on being cast:
The being first and knowledge last.”

Quite so: you must *be* before you can know. Wait.

“But note—‘The first shall be the last
And last shall be the first’ ere cast.”

How’s that, umpire?

Perhaps the next couplet will clear things up. No: it only serves to introduce a point—of etiquette rather than of law—which deprecates sentences containing a principal verb.

“Such knowledge only consciousness
In case of being under stress.”

White resigned.

Wm. Howell Williams, however, has now got on to his mashie. Every couplet within a foot of the hole.

“All other were mere vanity,
Save, sadly, ’tis profanity.”

And, a little later, for I cannot quote the whole twenty-three pages of this lucid introduction:

“In consciousness experience
Is manifesting prescience.
In prescience experience
Establishes thought permanence.
Nor need eventuation solve
All prescience assume to prove.
Beginning nor the end of time
Eventuation need not chime.
Time being but persistency
Of some conditionality.”

THE EQUINOX

These, as Sherlock Holmes would say, are indeed deep waters, Watson.

However, Wm. gets irritated, I think, on page 13, when he says:

“Each perfectly see it is so
And yet the fool to logic go.”

But in the next verse he explains:

“He only taking in as sent
Away will reason increment.”

Still on the bullying tack! Still using words of three syllables to hide his meaning in! But the master will rise to the heights yet.

“Not faith but knowledge would lead man,
Did he himself but see as can.”

There's the true gold. Until the very last word you think it's going to mean something: and then—smash!

Very rarely, however, he tries a simpler method yet. He writes you a couplet which does mean something, though of course out of all connection with the context, and that something is the maddest nonsense.

“To give mankind a consciousness
Lived Jesus Christ of Nazareth.”

This sentence is not written merely to show off his ability as a rimester; no, the master wants you to think, “Well, Wm. means something else when he writes ‘consciousness.’” Then he has you. Because never will he give you a glimmer of his meaning. He will unsettle you about simple terms in this way, and then leave you to perish miserably.

A LITERATOORALLOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

Again:

“Ere was condition manifest,
The unconditioned was at rest.”

Yes, certainly. That I did know before.

“Relations of rest with unrest
Hence did conditions manifest.”

Um. Seems to skate over the difficulty a little. But go on.

“To such relation specify
We use the word velocity.”

Do we?

“Velocity sole history
Of uncondition’s mystery.”

! .. ! .. !

We may leave the introduction with the surmise:

“Specific trouble history
Of introduction’s mystery.”

I think I have fairly caught the style!

But this is only introduction; this is all mere mashie chips on the green: come and see what he can do with a wooden club, this plus four Wm. Howell Williams.

On page 24 he just gives you one more flick of the mashie, and reprints four couplets of the Introduction—not consecutive, and of course not coherent. Then comes the half-title “Sonnetical Notes on Philosophy” and the Magnum Opus starts. There are One Hundred and Eighty-two “Sonnets,” and the master rapidly introduces some important and novel rules.

The Octet *must* end with a colon.

A sonnet should if possible contain one sentence only.

That sentence should have no subject, predicate or object. But the reader should be led to think that they are there, and gently undeceived as the sonnet unfolds.

THE EQUINOX

Sonnet I exhibits these qualities in maddening perfection. I must quote it in full. Another writer might have led one up to this, might have feared a falling-off. But not so Wm. Howell Williams. Just as the Introduction went calmly on, never hesitating, never turning aside, rolling over the difficulties as if they were not there, so he begins and so he ends, never one seed of doubt in his mind.

“While man trains up the child in way men go,
It goes without the saying that man’s way
In life convention only will display,
As each one by himself can surely know;
Hence may these notes that light of rush-light throw
Where glares so-called, civilization’s day,
Without night’s darkness chasing once away,
Perchance as simple truth for some one glow.”

Now I have studied Wm. as reverently as Mr. Frank Harris has studied the other Wm. and I would almost swear I know what these lines mean. The secret is that line 8 belongs to line 5. The “Hence” is my real difficulty. Education leads to conventionality (lines 1-4), therefore these notes may glow as simple truth for some one.

I’m afraid

“Each perfectly see it is so
And yet the fool to logic go”

is one on me. But all speculations are futile, for the sonnet continues as follows:

“If seen the curse, if be a curse, on man
Is taxing self to understand, amid
Environment that ever keeps its place,
What shape may take his life, if any can,
That haunting foolishness alone not bid
Him to endure, with pain, but for disgrace.”

A LITERATOORALOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

Where's your subject now? Where's your principal sentence? Where's any vestige of connection with anything? You can find a meaning of sorts if you pick out any line or two, and are allowed to supply all sorts of those cheap and nasty little words that the master has discarded: *e.g.*—

If (it be) seen (that) the curse, if (it) be a curse, on man is (that he is obliged to be) taxing (him) self to understand (the universe) amid (his) environment that ever keeps its place——

There's enough conjecture there to endear me more than ever to my dear old tutor, Dr. A. W. Verrall (since I wrote this article, alas! he has joined Agamemnon)—but anyhow, there it stops. I cannot imagine in my wildest moments any nexus with the last three lines of the sestet. I cannot see the merest germ of an apodosis for that majestic protasis.

The second sonnet is not quite equal to this, in my opinion. The method is not the same—perhaps, though, this is the master's plan, to give us the same effect in a totally different fashion. But I call it sheerly meretricious to *spoil* the sonnet by a full stop after four lines.

“Man's place is truth that makes no sign, but is,
Which man, who seek a sign where is no sign
Will ever overlook till forced repine
In dumb despair since nothingness is his.”

Put “seeks” for “seek,” and “to” before “repine,” and it makes sense. Ah! but there's a “for” coming!

“For other than what is may not say 'tis
But to impose on blind a fool's design
As thorns about the brow of Christ define
Not him, but those who mock, with emphasis:
Less puncto see and pundit silent pass
Mankind from truth will ever wander on——”

THE EQUINOX

and so on, almost intelligibly. With a single word he knocks down our castle of cards. Who or what is “puncto”?

I’m not sure about “less,” it may be Wm.ese for lest. It occurs again in line 13.

“Less absolute, as absolute, be gone——”

There is a fine passage in Sonnet III:

“ Whence knowledge once a sensibility
Of a present conditionality,
Must helpless self-persistence enterprise. ”

These lines are rather important, as they bunch the Dramatis Personae of these sonnets. He rings the changes on Sensibility Sahib and Count Conditionality and Sir Self-Persistence all through the book. But the Principal Boy is called “propositional”; he is introduced to us in the wonderful 29th sonnet.

“A proposition: propositional
To imagery of persence in sense felt
Of actuality: is ever spelt,
By consciousness as abstract actual,
Persisting unperceived as well, withal,
As when perceived: an image nothing pelt
Against without itself is backward dealt
As if by something quite perpetual:
Whence seen non-actual relation come
As mystery unveiled to simulate
In imagery that actual won’t deal:
And budding thence has blossomed forth till dome
Of all creation cannot estimate
Imaginary being that existence steal.”

I regard this as one of the very finest sonnets in the book. I like “pelt”; it baffles conjecture entirely. And the final “steal,” which suddenly checkmates the aspiring intellect that

A LITERATOORALOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

thought the last three lines were going to mean something, is a supreme touch of Wm.'s art.

But one cannot select; the whole is so stupendous a piece of perfection. The absolute balance of phrases which mean something (if taken in watertight compartments) with those which mean nothing, and can mean nothing; the miraculous skill shown in avoiding even a suggestion of a subject, the expectation of which is so compelled by the beginning "A proposition": the admirable steam-roller obsequatulation of grammar and syntax—all these things and many more make this sonnet unique in the language. I am afraid the rest of our investigations (said I) will be anti-climax. Dear, no! Wm. Howell Williams is not so poor in pride. Whenever you stop, whenever you think he must stop, just there he begins. In Sonnet XXXV, for example:

“A propositional abstractional
 Remain, that proposition may include
 An indisputable, as well exclude
Disputable, in sphere provisional
To stand immovable conditional,
 Whence comprehension never to conclude
 But ever know what thereto did intrude
Lest venturing become habitual:
As in imaginary personage
 Usurp the functionality bestowed
 On creature by a providential hand,
And rashly venturing themselves engage
 To journey through their lives without a road
 That they can see or guide they can command.”

This is sublime art. To the last five lines one could put a beginning to make sense; and it seems to refer to the fear (of Providence) lest venturing should become habitual. With

THE EQUINOX

one single line “as in imaginary personage” the whole idea is reduced to ruin. That line is a mammoth.

Note; it is the first line of the sestet. And the first line of the octet is that dinosaur

“A propositional abstractional”

with the lovely verb “remain” following it, lest any “habitual venturer” should conjecture that one or both of the adjectives was a noun.

He is evidently pleased with it himself; for XXXVI begins:

“Abstractional, as propositional.”

Here is another very charming method. It consists of repeating words with different verbs and things, a sort of weaving. The only limitation of course is that of meaning. Try Sonnet LXX:

“Philosophy, as quantity, be less
When knowledge as a quantity be more
Than quantity, philosophy can score;
Hence quantity less quality possess,
Sensation never can put under stress;
Since semblance of condition cannot store
Shades protean as quality before
Proportionate of quantity duress:
Since semblance of condition unity
Possess by holding unit under stress,
As quantity, however, change will stay;
While quality as mere diversity,
Stress more or less of quality, more or less
Enforced, with dying force will melt away.”

One can only say Look! Ecce Wm.!

Another very pretty plan is to use constantly words which

A LITERATOORALLOORAL TREASURE-TROVE

may be either nouns or verbs, and “that” where it may be either relative or demonstrative.

In Sonnet X, for example, he begins:

“Though aggregation form, as semblance place,
Where mere sensation will substantial find
Unseen relation force conditioned mind
Form aggregation ever set to face
Perception shall be as fixed for the case.”

Remember that Wm. has suppressed prepositions. Then “form,” “place,” “find,” “Unseen,” “force,” “mind,” “Form,” may any of them be either nouns or verbs; and of course in no case can sense be made of the sentence.

Take also the passage in Sonnet CIX:

“Example: Huxley nihil bonum screen;
How:”

Parse screen!

And what can it mean, this Fragment of Ozymandias? It stands there, absolutely isolated from any reference to Huxley; as an “example,” but of what who can say? on all sides, boundless and bare, the lone and level sonnets stretch far away.

Did Huxley put a screen on the market called the nihil bonum?

Did he give shelter to “nothing good”? or did “nothing good” save him from exposure?

Or was Huxley’s screen no good? Or it is no good to screen Huxley?

It makes me feel what he feels in No. CXIII:

THE EQUINOX

“Creation absolute by absolute
Of absolute for absolute imply
What self-pride primes mere mortals to deny;
Nor other fluting for its fluting flute,
But idle tooting idle fancy toot
That never any being satisfy
But leaves all hungering,——”

And in his last sonnet, CLXXXII, he most surely utters the supreme wish of every would-be reader:

“O Lord, arise, help and deliver us
For Thy name’s sake.”

But it was time to stop: his eagle pinions droop; the last quatrain of the octet becomes sense, grammar, almost poetry.

“O Lord, arise, help and deliver us
From pride and foolish faith and idle fears
That baseless phantom Hope in man uprears
Since Eos woke his eons dolorous.”

It is his first slip; but he accepts Nature’s warning, and retires into private life. This

“henchman stout
To blow imagination’s windy flute
That aggregations wantoning en route
To thin Attenuation whistles out:

returns to his propositional abstractional unconditioned absolute consciousness quality less quantity require like a mere Newton temple Rimmon “To be or not to be” “Fools, liars, hypocrites” brigade flut, and leaves us who have certainly “stood at the door, and knocked” long enough to our dormant deride aggregated imagination eradicate; until “attenuation properly, withal, Semblantic manifestation repossess,” “all sensation notes is vacancy.”

LEMUEL S. INNOCENT.

THRENODY

POETS die because they find
 Words too petty to express
All the things they have in mind.
 Rime and rhythm only dress
All their naked loveliness.

Poets die because their love
 Grows too great for life to stem;
Death alone can soar above
 Limits that encircle them.

Poets die because—but why
 Should divine ones be divined?
Let the sleeping secret lie!
It suffices—poets die.

DISCHMATAL BY NIGHT

THERE is a dirge of cataracts that fall
Far far away up in the shadowed glen.
A faint wind moans among the pines, and then
Shudders away to silence. The deep pall
Of snow lies chill and voiceless over all.
And through the mist the moon peers down as when
By the veiled light of lanthorns speechless men
Gaze on some sheeted corpse's funeral.

Savagely mute; remotely merciless,
There is a Presence here that awes and chills,
A Stillness aged and inviolate.
It is the Spirit of the wilderness,
The everlasting Silence of the hills
Who shroud themselves in Solitude: and wait.

A QUACK PAINTER

A QUACK PAINTER

ALGERNON AGRIPPA DOOLEY was the Only-begotten Son of the Reverend Archibald Agrippa Dooley. The unusual capitals are intended to indicate the importance of this fact to our petty cosmos. The Reverend Archibald was a fussily feeble old soul who would have been in his place in a hunting shire; his purchase of a fat metropolitan living was a tragic joke for his parishioners. Utterly incapable of intellectual movement himself, he bitterly resented intellect in others, regarding not only its display but its reputed possession as a direct insult to himself. "A fine morning, Mr. Dooley!" was met by an action described in the family circle as "pluffing," which resembled the gathering rage of the turkey, with purpler effects. It culminated in a splutter, "You're a very impudent young fellow." And why? Because the freely expressed contempt of his son and heir had in the course of years drilled into him that very stupid people spoke of the weather. Ergo, when a reputedly clever person spoke to him if it, the implication was that it was a shaft of satire.

Individuals, unlike nations, do not always get the government they deserve. Nothing in Mr. Dooley's character called for such punishment as the wife the gods had given him. A secret drinker and a cunning adulteress, she concealed both defects and the infinite malignity of a hell-hound under the

THE EQUINOX

most odious and consummate hypocrisy of conduct and the most saintly and venerable exterior. She was perhaps in all this not blameworthy. Her entire family was epileptic, her sister Amelia a hopeless melancholic whom—it is a characteristic trait of the family—they imprisoned in the house rather than face the publicity of a certificate, despite of the young children who were thus brought up in earshot of her screams. Original taints weaken if the stock survive; and what in one sister was insanity, and the other vice, became in one daughter dipsomania, in another viraginity, and in our hero *petit mal* and a taste for art.

Algernon gave no early sign of his eventual P.R.A.; he passed scatheless through dame's school and Harrow. It was the talk made in undergraduate circles by the decadents that caught his puberty, and thrust it in that direction. And of original genius or capacity he had none. Of all essentials he had none. But, on the other hand, of inessentials, of all superficial qualities, he had all. His mimetic faculty was fine, almost incredibly fine. Fortunately for my credit, my collection comprises not only borders and initials of which probably no expert would care to swear that they were not the work of William Morris, but pencil sketches of Rossetti girls and Burne-Jones girls done with equal excellence and Beardsleyesque drawings imitating even the miraculous fineness of that great draughtsman's execution. Some one had said to him that Beardsley's line showed no rough edge under a glass. He satisfied himself of the fact, and in a few weeks came near to rival the master.

But there was a limitation. He could copy these masters—the only masters, except Watts, of whom he had not yet

A QUACK PAINTER

heard—only by copying their work directly. He could not sketch from Nature at all, only from the reproductions that he possessed, and from imagination. Nor could he treat a Beardsley subject in a Rossetti style, or *vice versa*.

This faculty of imitation possessed his mind in every detail. He projected a press “*like* the Kelmscott Press,” a periodical “*like* the Yellow Book.” He could not even get near enough to originality to propose a Morris periodical!

Of course something very like this stage is common to all artists. Nothing is more pitiable and slavish than Shelley’s early plagiarisms of Mrs. Aphra Behn, Keats’s efforts to reproduce Moore at his worst—by “Moore at his worst” I do not here seek a euphemism for “George Moore.” In fact, the sensitiveness and receptivity which is one side of genius makes this inevitable. So that one might have hoped to see the stem of Dooley spring from roots which drew sustenance from these many masters.

It was some three years before I had another opportunity of observing this youth; but no stem had yet appeared; it was the tangle still. Here was a fan painted exquisitely on silk in Conder’s own technique, though (with a better artist as his model) Dooley had not made quite such a success. It was not Conder at his best; but it was not Conder plus anything or anybody. Such as it was, it was pure Conder. On an easel was the portrait of a girl by Rembrandt-Dooley; against the wall another girl by Whistler-Dooley; the big easel held a vast Velasquez-Dooley which was not going very well.

By this time (observe!) Dooley had learnt to paint from Nature, but he could not reach the Velasquez-conception, the

THE EQUINOX

Whistler point-of-view; and to this extent he failed—and oh! how glaring and how ghastly was the failure!—to reproduce their style. But in all the inessentials he was there all the time. Theme, brush-work, treatment, tone, composition, all that was imitable he imitated admirably; and he had none of his own.

It was very amusing to hear him explain his failure—which he occasionally realized, for in some ways he was a fine critic, though with no real standard of balance. Painting he declared to be a lost art, in the same sense as the manufacture of gunpowder might be. He thought the old masters had “amber in their varnish.” He bought a truck-load of books on chemistry to find out what was wrong with his colours; a task joyfully undertaken and rigorously prosecuted with that degree of success which might have been prognosticated by any scientific person who happened to be cognizant of the fact that he knew absolutely no chemistry—or even any other exact science to help him a little with the terminology. However, he made endless experiments; he ground up his own colours and used all kinds of oils, and in every other way exhibited the indomitable perseverance which does indeed bring one to the top of a Sunday-school, but is unfortunately useless to the alchemist of silk-purse from sow’s ear.

He tried many another plan. No draughtsman, he photographed his models with the assistance of a bald ratcatcher in a Norfolk jacket who had a perpetual snuffle and was named Mowles; pantagraphed the photo on to a canvas “Double Bishop,” and proceeded to paint it in! I do not think that many geniuses do this at twenty-five!

A QUACK PAINTER

He had, too, a great deal of trouble with his Whistler, because of Whistler's "low tone." As he had no real idea of harmony and balance, this was quite beyond him. But somebody told him that Whistler used black as a harmonizer; so he mixed everything with black. I saw him mix paint the colour of London mud for the high light on the cheek of a blonde. These pictures were scarcely discernible in the light of day, especially after—in spite of chemistry!—the paint had sunk in. In fact he told me himself a year ago that he started to paint over an old canvas, thinking it was only a background, to recognize (too late!) his favourite portrait of the Honourable Mavourneen Jones.

Any real advance that he may have made at this time was due to various friends who really could paint, or rather, who had something to paint, and couldn't paint it to their liking. (Dooley had nothing to paint; "there never was a Dooley.") But the only visible result was a number of very creditable J. W. Morrice landscapes. And, unfortunately, there was an American among these good folk of Paris; like Gilbert, "his name I shall not mention," but he really was a discontented sugar broker, if ever there was one. He was Pinkerton of *The Wrecker* come to life. He started with newspapers in the gutters of Chicago, and was earning £2,000 a year by his gift of suggesting an American girl to any person who had never seen one by a representation of a spider's web struck by lightning. This youth fell under the influence of Dooley, whose manner was bluster and bounce à l'*Americaine*, but more so, and thus eminently calculated to subjugate the Yank, who cannot suspect an effete European of drawing two cards to three little clubs. Dooley inspired

THE EQUINOX

him with a higher mawrl code, and in three weeks he was trying to imitate Dooley! So admirably did he succeed that nobody could tell the difference—each being always mud—and the supreme jest was that he exhibited the picture in the Salon, on the strength of his name!

His gratitude to Dooley was great, and he pointed out, just like Pinkerton, that artists must advertise, and proceeded to boom him in the Transatlantic press.

Another evil influence was a very old friend, a surgeon whose sole claim to distinction was his beautiful bedside manner, and his deference to the heads of his profession. I remember Dooley criticizing him one night in Lavenue's for this very fault. "When you see him with the big man," he said, "it's—damn it, it's almost like this." With his perfect art of mimicry, he gave the smile and the hand-rub of the shop-walker. In twelve months, he was doing the same thing himself!

Yet a third; a medical failure who fancied himself as a playwright, and by adapting 15-year old Palais Royal farces captured the English stage. He also had the impudence to publish novels page after page of which was stolen almost verbatim from various other books. His only other qualifications were his stutter, and his incapacity to conceive of greatness of any kind. That Dooley should have taken this creature seriously, even thought him an artist, exhibits the melancholy ruin into which his critical faculty had followed his aspirations. I am sorry about this: Dooley had always been a gentleman of high ideals. He had honestly wished to achieve art, and toiled like a man to attain. Now he began to criticize Milton:

A QUACK PAINTER

“ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and sits aloft in those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As He pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in Heaven accept thy meed.”

He found that there was “no money in France”; “England is the market”; so to England he went, and sat down to paint in an atmosphere which would have turned Titian into a maker of coloured illustrations for society novels. Ultimately even he revolted, and furnished a studio in the most fashionable part of the West End at the cost of some thousand pounds or so with works of art of every nation. But still no Dooleys.

In default of these, he set seriously to work to obtain commissions, through the social influence of his family and his friends. The seats of the mighty, he learnt, were amicably stirred by the titillation of a tongue; the brush became a secondary instrument in his armoury. His very conversation forgot art; he began to prate of “gentlemen” and “his social position.” He began to reproach me one day for knowing painters who could paint. “There are bad painters who are gentlemen,” he said, “and there are bad painters who are not gentlemen. Now *my* friends are gentlemen.” I had humbly to confess that I did know one bad painter who was not a gentleman!

His ideals were by now wholly commercial. He no longer asked himself “Who are the greatest painters? Let me paint like they did!” but “What is the most paying branch of Art?” and being answered on all hands “Portrait painting,” continued, “Who are the best-paid portraitists to-day? Let me

THE EQUINOX

paint like they do!” He then proceeded to produce Sargents and Shannons, so as to deceive the very elect. His attitude to his older friends was now very beautiful. “Yes,” he would say, “I’m painting rubbish. I’m painting pot-boilers, frankly. But no artist attains complete mastery of his method till he is sixty; by then I shall have made a fortune, and can afford to paint what I like!” This from the owner of No. 1, Vanderbilt Studios, Astor Place, Rockefeller Street, Park Lane!

Another typical tragedy is the Affair of Lady X. This excellent lady was of such blood that she could afford to regard the Plantagenet part of her ancestry as rather a blot on her ’scutcheon. Dooley cadged a commission, and made her look like her own housekeeper. This circumstance attracting comment, the great Dooley suddenly shifted his ground. It now appeared that he was not painting the particular, but the general. It was not Lady X.; it was “The Perfect Lady,” or “Quite the Lady.” Not a camel, but a whale—and oh! how like a whale!

When a man reaches this state, he is beyond hope. You cannot call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. “Why is your face so dirty?” “Do you cast stones at the poor?” “Then why do you wear a frock coat?” “I hope I am a gentleman.” Dooley had discovered the secret of epithets, that you can make any one of them sound praise or dispraise as you will. He was therefore beyond criticism.

“*Quel est le philosophe français qui disait, ‘Je suis un dieu qui ai mal diné?’—‘Cette ironie ne mordrait pas sur un esprit enlevé par le haschisch,’ il répondrait tranquillement. ‘Il est possible que j’ai mal dine, mais je suis un dieu.’*”

Dooley’s vanity could give a stroke a hole to hashish; he

A QUACK PAINTER

would reply that he had dined badly in order to mortify his flesh.

Such degradation can hardly go further; it only remains to set the seal upon it. As valour is not increased, but only recognized, by the Victoria Cross, so nothing can be done for Dooley but to make him A.R.A.

A QUILLER, JR.

AT SEA

AS night hath stars, more rare than ships
 In ocean, faint from pole to pole,
So all the wonder of her lips
 Hints her innavigable soul.

Such lights she gives as guide my bark;
 But I am swallowed in the swell
Of her heart's ocean, sagely dark,
 That holds my heaven and holds my hell.

In her I live, a mote minute
 Dancing a moment in the sun:
In her I die, a sterile shoot
 Of nightshade in oblivion.

In her my self dissolves, a grain
 Of salt cast careless in the sea;
My passion purifies my pain
 To peace past personality.

Love of my life, God grant the years
 Confirm the chrism—rose to rood!
Anointing loves, asperging tears
 In sanctifying solitude!

AT SEA

Man is so infinitely small
In all these stars, determinate.
Maker and moulder of them all,
Man is so infinitely great!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

CANCER?

CANCER?

A STUDY IN NERVES

BERTIE BERNARD, Sociétaire of the Salon des Beaux Arts, and officer of the Légion d'Honneur, looked at the world from the window of his favourite cafe. In front, behold the hideous façade of the Gare Montparnasse and the clattering devastation of the Place de Rennes! It was a chill summer morning; a thin rain fell constantly. Great columns of ice came into the restaurant on men's backs; waiters with napkins knotted round their necks sprinkled the sandy boards with water, laid the tables for lunch, bore great basins piled with slabs of sugar here and there; in short, began the day. Behind a small bar, perched, the lady cashier performed mysterious evolutions with a book of green tickets and counterfoils; a small blind puppy nestled into the crook of her elbow.

There was a greyness in everything. Without the good sun's kiss, or the glare of the lights and the kaleidoscope of the demi-monde, Paris is a sad city. Nowhere, I think, are the distances so great, the communications so bad. Nowhere do the pavements tempt so, and tire so.

Nor, as it happened, was Bernard full of that internal sunlight which transforms the world. For four months he had worked like a demon. Six pictures—'twas his right—hung on the walls of the Salon, excellent in a wilderness of

THE EQUINOX

mediocrity or worse—nay, nothing is worse! but one cannot live on a reputation alone, and the American Slump had hit the painters hard.

His was a solitary life at the best of times, and, when one works, that life offers indeed the best of times. But when work is over, when one has worked so hard that there is no longer energy to play—a gloomy world for the solitary!

So here he sat in the Cafe de Versailles and droned through the inanities of the Overseas (as distinguished from the Half-Seas-Over) *Daily Wail*. His eye caught a sudden paragraph: “Death of a Well-known Baronet.” “He had been complaining,” said the paper “of his throat for some time, but had not thought it worth while to consult a doctor. On Saturday last he saw Sir Herpes Zoster, who took so serious a view of the matter that he advised an immediate operation. Unhappily, pneumonia supervened, and death ensued early on Tuesday morning. . . .”

Cancer! read Bernard between the lines. At the word a whole cohort of ancient thoughts, armed and angry, swept up the glaxis that defended his brain, and entering put the defenders to the sword.

Cancer! The one great memory of his boyhood; his mother’s illness. They had shown him—idiots—the dreadful tumour that was—uselessly, of course—to be cut away from the breast that, eight years before, had been his life. The bedside, the cold cleanliness of things, the false-smiling faces that failed to hide their fear, his mother’s drawn face and staring eyes, the hideous disease itself—all this stood out in his mind, clear-cut and vivid as it had been yesterday; a violence done to his childhood.

CANCER?

Then, his face already blanched, rose in his memory certain episodes of youth. Once in Switzerland, sleeping out on the mountains, a stone had bruised his side as he lay on it, and two days after, having forgotten the origin of the blue-brown stain, he had thought it cancer, and been laughed at by a medical friend in the hotel. But again the thought, "Is it hereditary?" leapt at him. Nobody knows—that is the trouble! Nobody knows anything at all about the cause of cancer. There are no precautions, no prognoses, no diathesis except (as some said) the negative one of incompatibility with tubercle.

Bernard would have liked a little tubercle. There's Luxor, Davos, Australia—but for cancer? Cancer is everywhere. Cancer takes no account of conditions.

Now Bernard was a brave man. For sheer devilment he had gone over and taken a hand in the Cuban mix-up. He had shot tigers on foot in Burmah, and was indeed so afraid of fear that he had always refused to take the least care of his health. Better die facing death! One must die. It is no good running away. One may as well live a man's life. So he fished for salmon without waders, and found by immunity that the doctors know as little about rheumatism as about anything else.

But on this morning at the Cafe de Versailles things went ill with his thoughts. All that he had ever read about cancer; all the people he had ever heard of who had died of it; all the false wicked bombast of the newspapers (once a week on an average) that an "eminent Scientist"—whatever a "scientist" may be—had discovered a perfect cure—puppy's livers, roseleaves, tomato-juice, strange serums,

THE EQUINOX

anything and everything. All Ignorance! Ignorance!! Ignorance!!!

He dropped the paper with listless anger, rapped on the marble, threw down his franc, and rose. And as he caught the sharp air of the street a little cough took his throat. "God! God!" he cried, "I have it at last!" And the precise parallelism between his symptoms and those of the dead baronet hit him, as it were a giant with a club.

He, too, had been troubled for a long while. He, too, had not thought it worth while to consult a doctor.

Then the healthy reaction surged up in him. "You're a hysterical fool, my lad, and I'll teach you a lesson. You shall go and see a doctor, and be laughed at, and pay ten francs for your cowardice!"

Up sprang the assailing thought. "On Saturday he saw Sir Herpes Zoster, who took so serious a view of the matter that . . ."

"I daren't! I daren't!" he cried inwardly, with bitter anguish. Bowed and old, his face wrinkled and blue-grey with fear, he faltered and turned back. He sat down on a little cane chair outside the cafe, and drove his nails into the palms of his hands.

Abject indecision had him by the throat. He would do this, he would do that. He would go to Italy, to New York, to ride horseback through Spain, to shoot in Morocco, to—half a hundred schemes. . . .

Each impulse was inhibited. He half rose from his chair again and again, and always fell back as the terrible reply beat him down. For New York he must have a new trunk, and the idea of going into a shop and buying one seemed as

CANCER?

insanely impossible as if he had needed a live dodo. For Spain, the terrors of the Custom House on the frontier smote him back. Trifle after trifle, fierce and menacing, beat upon him, and the cry of his sane self: "Don't be a fool, it's only nerves, get away anywhere; eat, sleep, amuse yourself and you'll be all right in a day or so!" grew feebler and feebler as the dominant demon swung his fell spear, "Go away? you've got cancer—cancer—cancer—you can't go away from cancer!" He knew, too, that did he but once decide to do anything, the cloud would clear. But decide he could not.

If only a good hearty stupid Briton had come along and taken him out of himself for a moment!

But he was a solitary; and the early morning is not the time for meeting such few acquaintances as he possessed. He might have called on one or two friends, but he dared not. Laden with his terrible secret, he could not confront them.

At last he rose, still purposeless, driven by physical disquietude. The muscles, irritated by the anguish of the nerves, became uneasy, sent jerky, meaningless messages to the brain. He walked and walked, feebly and foolishly, everywhere and yet nowhere—the muscles of his back ached.

Cancer of the kidney! he thought, and was swept into a whirlpool of fear. He had once been supposed to have weak kidneys. "The seat of a previous lesion" was a likely spot. He put his hand to his neck to adjust his collar. There was a small "blackhead" half formed. Cancer!

He remembered how the previous evening—no! last week, last year—what did it matter?—one of his friends had told of a man in South America who had died of a cancer on the neck, caused, he thought, but the irritation of his collar.

THE EQUINOX

Bernard wrenched at his collar to tear it off. "Useless! too late!" cried one interior voice. "Nothing is known of the cause," whispered the consoler, common-sense. Then, louder: "My dear good ass, every man wears a collar; only one man in twenty-one dies of cancer, and probably not one in twenty-one of those have cancer of the neck." Louder, for the physical violence of his wrench had sent his blood faster, pulled him together a little.

In the new-found courage he began again to contemplate a change, for it was only too clear that his nerves were wrong. But the enemy had an answer to this: "One of the most painful features of the disease is the dreadful anxiety——" he remembered from some old medical book.

It had begun to rain more heavily; he was wet. The physical discomfort braced him; he looked up.

He was in the Rond-Point des Champs-Elysees, not a hundred yards from his doctor's house.

In a flash his mind was made up. He strode at six miles an hour to the physician, an old friend, one Dr. Maigrelette, and was shown into the consulting room. If the doctor had happened to see him as he entered, he would not have had to wait, as was the case.

Waiting, he could not tolerate the alleged amusing journals. He looked for the poison that was eating out his soul. Soon he happened on the *Lancet*, and found to his taste an authoritative article on "Cancer of the Ileum," urging speedy operation before—so he gathered—the appearance of any symptoms whatever. "Unfortunately," wrote the great surgeon, "cancer is a painless disease for many months."

CANCER?

God! God! *He, too, had no pain!* He did not know where the ileum might be; he never even knew that he *had* an ileum. And what an awakening! He had got cancer of it. For many, many months he had had no pain!

His perception of the absurd was utterly snowed under.

With clenched teeth, the sweat rolling from his brow, he rushed from the house.

What followed he never really knew. The agony of the mind had gone a step too far, and dropped below the human into a dull animal consciousness of fear. He was being hunted for his life. The instinct of flight became dominant. He found himself feverishly packing his bag; he found himself at the Gare de Lyon, with no very clear conception of how he came there.

Hunger brought him to. Luckily the restaurant of the station—one of the best in Paris—was full of the cheeriest memories. Time and again he had left the station for Italy, Switzerland, Algiers, always with high hope, good courage, pleasurable anticipation.

Almost himself again for the moment, he feasted superbly on a Caneton Rouennais au Sang, with a bottle of the ripe red Burgundy.

A peace stole over him. "I have had a bad attack of nerves;" he thought, "I will go away and rest. Worry and overwork, that's what it is. Where's the laziest place on earth? Venice."

And to Venice he went, almost gaily, in a wagon-lit.

Gaily? At the back of his consciousness was a dull sphere of some forgotten pain, some agony in abeyance.

The exhaustion of the day and the last benediction of the

THE EQUINOX

good wine together drove him down the slopes of sleep into the Valley of deepest Anaesthesia. Almost trance.

II

The dull viewless journey up the Rhone Valley, with its everlasting hint of great things beyond, did Bernard good. More than a touch of mountain freshness in the air, nay! the very loathsomeness of the Swiss—that nation with the Frenchman's meanness without his insouciance, the German's boorishness without his profundity, the Italian's rascality without his picturesqueness, all these things reminded him of his happy youth spent among the glaciers. At lunch he ordered a bottle of Swiss champagne, drank that infamous concoction with a certain relish piercing through the physical disgust at its nauseousness, as remembering the joy of the opened bottle on some peak yet unclimbed by the particular ridge he had chosen. Life seemed very different now-a-days. He would hardly have taken the trouble to climb Mount Everest, had a Jinnee borne him to its foot upon a magic carpet. Fame, love, wealth, friendship—these things seemed valueless. He knew now what he wanted—rest—rest. Death would have pleased him. He thought of the Buddhist Nibbana, and almost determined to become an Arahata, or at least a Bhikkhu, the stage preliminary.

So the long day went by; at its end, Venice, a vulgar approach, a dead level of shapeless houses with insignificant church spires scarce visible.

Then the sudden wonder of the gondola, gliding between the tall jagged subtly coloured palaces, the surprise of the

CANCER?

moon, glittering down some unexpected alley. And again the sleep of utmost fatigue, only accentuated by the violent stimulus of the wonderful city, its undeniable romance, its air of dream, of enchantment.

In the morning he rose early. The Grand Canal was stirring, lively, with the pail gold of sunrise kindling it. He hailed a gondola, and until lunch-time drifted about in the narrow waterways, seeking to discover by some subtle mental process the secret which he imagined, as one is compelled to imagine, that each tall house contains.

Yet, lost as he was in the dream, there was ever present in the background of his mental picture, the waking life. What he conceived as the waking life was but that formless mass of horror, the disease whose fear was yet upon him.

In short, he was drugged with Venice, as with an opiate. There would come a reckoning. Life itself was poisoned. The mask matters little; the face behind the mask is all. And for Bernard, behind the mask of Venice, glittered the eyes of Cancer—Cancer—Cancer!

But as health came back, he consciously fought the demon.

One may as well die of cancer as anything else, he would think. He insisted on the word; he said it aloud, watching his voice to detect the tremor of fear. He would contemplate death itself—the worst (after all!) that would come, and discovered death to be but a baseless illusion. He made a dilemma for death. If consciousness ceases, he argued, there is no death, for one is not conscious of it, and nothing exists for the individual of which he is not conscious. If consciousness does not cease—why, that is life!

THE EQUINOX

And so on, making a brave show of the feeble weapon of intellect, as one sees a frightened insect try to appear terrible. Or as a guardsman struts with moustache and busby.

But this same bold analysis was, as he soon saw, but another shape of fear. It was courage, true! but courage implies fear. There was but one cure, absorption in work. So, as he rested the capacity for work returned. He began, first sketches, then fair-sized picture of the ever-changing, ever-identical beauty of Venice. He spent an altogether joyous morning buying materials for his art.

He met a charming child of Venice in black shawl, with Madonna's face and Venus's body; he painted her into all his foregrounds. In the evening, sitting together in the cafe of the Rialto Inn, he sketched her. He projected a large and sacred picture, full of the sensual strength of Rubens. His tired soul took her virgin vigour into itself; he became like a boy; he idealized, adored his mistress. He would learn a little Italian, so that they might talk together easily, no longer in broken French-Italian.

So one morning he strolled down to the old Dandolo Palace, glorious with memories of Georges Sand and de Musset, and consulted the jolly bearded blonde beautiful hall porter about lessons in Italian.

The porter gave him an address. Would he had added, "Venice is the most relaxing city in the five continents. A week will cure you, a fortnight kill you!"

So our friend was soon knocking at the door of the Signora who taught English.

She was a faded widow, her dyed blonde hair eked out with an improbable fringe, roughed and wrinkled, intensely

CANCER?

respectable, Scotch, Presbyterian, sentimental, scented. The room was musty and ill-sized, an imported lodging-house from Ramsgate! The decorations in keeping. Undusted furniture, portraits of "Victoria the Good," and of the lady's "poor dear husband," a Bible, English and Italian novels and grammars. All frivolities, all dullnesses, all inessentials. The very piano had the air of an accident. Poor tired woman! Long since all hope, all purpose, is lost for you, he thought. And "Am I otherwise?" Vital scepticism tinged his disgust with the teacher as, mastering his repulsion, he arranged for a series of lessons.

It was on the third day of these lessons that he saw Germanica Visconti. She was a few minutes early at the teacher's, and intruded on his hour. Paler than death, and clad in deepest mourning, she had yet beauty rare and rich, a charm irresistible. The great sense of beauty that had made him the famous painter that he was allured him.

Voilà une belle idée—he scented intrigue. All night he dreamt of her, gliding as a gondola glides into the room. (For so do all Venetian women glide.)

The next day he began—the cunning fellow!—with a little apology. Had he overstayed his hour? She was rather a pretty girl (no Don Juan would openly say that; it was a clever subterfuge).

The old-young widow rose easily to the bait. The Visconti had just lost her father. Poor man, he had suffered terribly for two years. Smokers' cancer, they called it. You can operate twice, but the third time he must die. Oh, yes! it is very, very common in Venice.

The pipe in his pocket burnt him like a red-hot coal.

THE EQUINOX

The whole horror came flooding back, tenfold stronger for its week of abeyance. Good God! he had come to the very place of all places where he was sure to get it. Yet he was master of himself enough to sit out the lesson, to bow gracefully to Germanica as she came up the stairs. Thence he went shaking into Florian's, and thought filth of all the world.

The city, ever a positive impression, unlike most other cities, which one can ignore, hurt him. Very common here, he mused—and his throat, really a little irritated by the slackness and the sirocco, became dominant and menacing. He put his hand to his larynx, imagined a tumour. The word “induration” afflicted him, throbbed in his brain. He could not bear society: he got rid of his model, cruelly and crudely. Nothing but his stubborn courage saved him from throwing his pipe into the canal. By bravado, he smoked double his usual allowance. His throat naturally got worse, and his distress correspondingly increased.

He simply could not stand Venice any longer. Two days of speechless agony, and he went suddenly back to Paris, the dust of the journey aggravating his sore throat, and its misery dragging him ever lower into the abyss of despair. His indecision increased, invaded the smallest details of life. He walked miles, unable to find a restaurant to suit his whim. He would reach the door, perhaps enter, suddenly remember that the coffee was never good there, go out again, walk, walk, walk, repeat the folly again and again, until perhaps he would go to bed foodless. His sore throat (always a depressing influence on all of us) grew worse, and his soul sagged in sympathy.

CANCER?

He could not work, he could not read, he could do nothing. He went out to play Pelota at Neuilly one afternoon, and his very natural failure to play decently increased his misery. I am no more good, he thought, I am getting old. Thirty-six, he mused, and a sob came to his throat—the very age when cancer most begins to claim its prey.

He engaged a model, and discovered that he could no longer draw. He tried everything, and gave up after an ineffectual hour.

His throat grew worse: it pained him really very badly. The follicles of his tongue, too, inflamed sympathetically, and the horrid vision of a bottled cancerous tongue that he had once seen at the College of Surgeons stood luminous in his mind—an arched monstrous tongue of a hideous brown colour, with the ulcer just visible in the dorsum. It looked too big to be a human tongue at all, he had thought. Would his own tongue be bottled in a year from now?

He was afraid to go to a doctor; he could hear the diagnosis; the careful preparation to break it gently to him, the furtive eye that would assure itself of the presence of some necessary stimulant; the——

His thought shot on prophetic to the operation. Would he sink under it? He hoped so. “Early and successful operations afford a respite of from three to five years,” he had read. Think of the waiting through those years for its recurrence! Think of Carrière—he, too, dead of throat-cancer—who had said after operation, “If it comes back I’ll shoot myself”—Carrière—his colleague—his friend.

He had once had an operation, a minor affair. He could picture everything—“extirpate the entire triangle,” the

THE EQUINOX

surgeon would say—and do. He did not know what would be left of himself. Would he be able to speak, to swallow, during those horrible three, four, five years while he waited (in Hell!) for “recurrence”?

Liability to recurrence! he sneered angrily; they know it means always, the dogs!

He thought of the title of a book he had seen advertised, “How Surgery blocks the way to the cure of cancer,” and foamed against the folly of the surgeon, than against the blatant quackery of the alternatives. He hated mankind. He hated God, who had made such a world. Why not have ——? and discovered that it is not as easy as it sounds to devise a genuine undeniable improvement upon the universe.

He fought against the notion that his throat was cancerous, did it good with a simple gargle, made it worse again by smoking; finally the shocking anxiety of the terror that he dared not reveal operated to make him really ill.

Only his magnificent constitution had saved him from being very ill indeed long before this.

As it was, the genuine physical suffering took his mind to some extent off his supposed disease, and in a fit of annoyance he determined to put an end of the matter one way or the other.

He got into a fiacre, and drove off—idiot!—to the great Cancer Specialist, Dr. Pommery.

III

It was the very worst thing he—or any one—could have

CANCER?

done. Dr. Pommery was famous as having—regardless of expense—grafted the skin of a pig’s belly on to the face and hands of a negress, who was thereby enabled to marry a crazy Vicomte, whose parents objected to black blood in the family. True, she had died. He, too, had discovered the bacillus of cancer, the only flaw in his experiments being that the said bacillus was to be found in all known organic substances except sterilized agar-agar. He had prepared a curative serum which killed cancer patients before the disease got half a chance, and he had received the record fee of £5,000 sterling for killing the actress wife of an English Duke—or so the Duke’s friends laughed over his Grace’s cigars and ’47 port in his Grace’s smoking-room.

He welcomed Bernard with a kindling eye. “Dear me!” (in his kindest professional manner) “Don’t worry! don’t worry, my dear young friend! I think we shall be able to help the little trouble. At the same time, I must ask you to realize that it is somewhat serious, not at all a matter to neglect. In fact, I ought to tell you—you are a man, and should be well able to bear a little shock—that—that——”

Bernard had heard him with set face, afraid no more but of showing the white feather. Now as he caught the expression of the great specialist’s eyes, the long strain broke. He burst into a torrent of glad tears, caught the doctor’s hands in his, and wrung them hard. “I know!” he cried. “It’s cancer—cancer! Thank God! Thank God!”

His fear was over.

He sobered himself, arranged to go the next day to Dr. Pommery’s private hospital for the treatment, and went off. His throat was better already. Almost joyfully, he went

THE EQUINOX

about his affairs. He bade good-bye to his one good friend at lunch, not wishing to sadden her by telling her the truth. He found a sombre pleasure in keeping the secret. "The next she hears of me, I shall be dead. She will remember this lunch, think kindly of me that I would not spoil her pleasure." Then—"Poor girl, how will she live when I am gone?"

Bernard had a small regular income; he had no relations; he would leave it to her. So off he went to the Rive Droite to make his will.

The lawyer was an old friend, was grievously shocked at his story, made the usual attempts to minimize the affair, told a long story of how he too had been condemned to death by a doctor—"Twenty years ago, Herbert, and—well, I feel sure I shall die, you know, if I have to wait another forty years for it."

Bernard laughed duly, and was cheered; yet the lawyer's sympathy jarred. He detected a professionalism, an insincerity, in the good cheer. He was quite wrong; his friend did think him scared, and was honestly trying to give him courage. He asked him to come back to tea. Bernard accepted.

Now who should chance to drop in but Maigrelette, that same old medical friend of Bernard's, from whose consulting-room he had fled in terror a month before! They were four at tea, Jobs the lawyer and his wife, Maigrelette and the dying man.

At the proper moment Bernard began his sad story; it was necessary to say farewell.

Maigrelette heard him with patient impatience. To his look, that asked for sympathy, he said but one explosive word, "Pommery!" It sounded like an oath!

CANCER?

“Come here!” he said, catching Bernard by the shoulder and dragging him to the window. He thrust a spoon, snatched from the tea-table, into his mouth. “Say R!”

“R-R-R-R-R,” said Bernard obediently, wondering whether to choke or vomit.

“You d——d ass!” thundered Maigrelette, shaking him to and fro till his teeth chattered, “I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jobbs —what you’ve got is a very mild go of tonsillitis, and a very bad go of funk. What you’re going to do is to go away with my brother Jack to-morrow morning for a month. He’ll teach you what speed means. No nonsense, now! Hold up!”

But Bernard went limp, fainted.

While he lay unconscious, “You can tear up that will, Jobbs,” said Maigrelette, “but it’s a bad nervous case, as bad as I want to see. I don’t think we’ll trust him to go home alone, do you know!”

Bernard came to. The doctor took him back to his studio, packed his bag for him, carried him off to dinner. “Jack,” he said to his brother, in a swift aside, “take the big Panhard, and L for leather all the way to Madrid! Let him out of your sight, day or night, for the next week, and I won’t answer for it! After that, if he stop brooding—well, I’ll have a look at him myself before you relax.” Jack nodded comprehension, and after the cigars had been converted into ash and contentment, he went off with Bernard pounding through the night in a great journey to the south. Bernard, exhausted, dozed uneasily in the tonneau, the wind driving out of his brain the phantoms of its disorder. All day they raced through the haze and heat; fed

THE EQUINOX

like giants here and there. The patient grew visibly sleek, his face got blood, his eyes brightness, the furtive inwardness of them sucked out by the good sun, the wild fresh air.

They stopped their headlong course at a small town in the Pyrenees. Bernard was honestly sleepy, as a tired man is, not as an exhausted man. As for Jack, he thought he could never get enough sleep. He had held the wheel nearly all day.

They dined, smoked, took a tentative walk cut short by the eagerness of the air and their own great fatigue. Bernard threw himself upon his bed, and slept instantly. Jack, with a glad sigh, "Safe till the morning!" imitated him.

So abode the utter stillness of the night upon them; so the dawn arose. A shaft of sunlight came through the mountain cleft, and fell obliquely upon Bernard's face. He half woke, wondered. His memory played him false. Where was he? The strange room baffled him. And suddenly his face whitened. "I have got cancer," he thought. And again: "It is I that have got cancer. It is I." The emphasis of egoity rose to a perfect shriek of nerve, dominated all other chords in the brain, once and for all.

He rose calm and smiling, like a little child, went on tiptoe to the window, kissed his hand to the sun, whose orb now rose clear of the mountain and looked full upon him. "What a ripping score off old Jack!" he said in a soft voice, laughing, and after a minute's search in his dressing-case, drew his razor with one firm sweep across his throat.

As he turned and fell, the bright blood sprang, a slim swift jet, and fell bubbling upon the face of the sleeper.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

DUMB!

GABRIEL whispered in mine ear
His archangelic poesie.
How can I write? I only hear
The sobbing murmur of the sea.

Raphael breathed and bade me pass
His rapt evangel to mankind;
I cannot even match, alas!
The ululation of the wind.

The gross grey gods like gargoyles spit
On every poet's holy head;
No mustard-seed of truth or wit
In those curst furrows, quick or dead!

A tithe of what I know would cleanse
The leprosy of earth; and I—
My limits are like other men's.
I must live dumb, and dumb must die!

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

*To
Kathleen Scott*

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

THE Boulevard Edgar Quinet is convenient for life and death. There is a squalid toil and squalid pleasure, represented by the Gare Montparnasse and the Rue de la Gaieté; at the other end is the exotic struggle of the quaint little colony of English artists. The boulevard itself hangs between these extremes; but, sinister and terrible omen! the whole of one side is occupied by that vast cemetery of Montparnasse which Charles Baudelaire has honoured by his bones.

I like to think that Baudelaire, brooding like an unquiet fiend above his carrion, may laugh, though it be but the laugh of hell, at this my tale.

A man who has deliberately taken human life on no responsibility but his own enjoys some of the immunities of a God. The habit acting first and thinking afterwards is surely divine, or how can we explain the universe? Among civilized people few such men are to be found; they may be known by the grave courage of their steadfast eyes. Would you like to meet one! The first place to search is most certainly the Boulevard Edgar Quinet.

At least this is certain, that if you had been strolling down by the cemetery on Monday night before Mardi-Gras, twelve years ago, you would have had your opportunity.

Clement Seton was a tiny little man with a pale face.

THE EQUINOX

One would have said that he suffered from a wasting illness. On his finger flashed a single ruby. Very unwise of you, young man! for the boulevard, deserted and leading no whither in particular, is the haunt of the greatest ruffians in Paris.

The two Apaches in the shadow laughed. Silent and swift, they leapt. But the Scot was swifter yet. Ten feet away he stood with a Colt levelled in the gloom, demanding "Your pleasure, gentlemen?"

The began some stammering excuse; the boy's light laugh trilled out, and he lightly replaced his weapon, turned on his heel, and left them to follow if they dared.

There is almost opposite the end of the boulevard an impasse miscalled the Rue Boissonade. A road it would have been, save for the obstinate leases in the midst thereof. A road it one day surely will be, but at present it is certainly trying that from No. N. to No. N + 1 is a circuitous journey of nearly upon half a mile. On the right as you enter is a small low house, roofed for a studio, old-fashioned, with its ugly modern neighbours sneering over it. It had a bad name, too, even among the easy-going folk of Bohemian Paris.

Is your face the face of a cat or of a pig, strange dweller in that desolate house? Where did you get that shaggy mane of fire? Your face is covered with fine down, every tip whereof stings like a nettle. You have eyes that must devour the soul of a man ere they can sleep. You have long and heavy lips ever twitching; one thinks of an octopus waiting for its prey. Is that your blood that makes them scarlet, or the blood of all those who would not be warned in time?

How is it, too, that all men own you beautiful? How, surer test! that all women deny you beauty?

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

For beautiful you are. Your face is the face of some divine beast, adored of the Egyptians or the Mexicans.

What of your soul? Is that, too, the soul of a God and a beast? Does your face that warns us, and in vain, tell truth? People are afraid of you, Mirabelle! they cross the road to avoid passing over the pavements you have trod.

Who was that poor Hungarian boy that men cut down one morning from your gate? and the pianist who poisoned himself in Vienna?

What did the painter see in your eyes that he slashed your finished face from his canvas, and drew the second stroke across his throat?

Is there any gate of death, Mirabelle, that some man has not passed—for you?

Why, too, do you tire your hair so carefully to-night? You only lift your finger, and they die for you. Why, then, do you struggle? There is anxiety, not only pride, in the thrice-gazed-on mirror. You have swathed yourself close like a corpse; the amber silk clings to your beautiful body. After all, you have taken down your hair; it flows over your breasts like a river of hell.

How is it that you are waiting? Others should wait, surely; it is not for you to wait. You are in danger, Mirabelle; there is a God in heaven after all.

Yes, and you will have him in your arms.

II

Clement Seton shrugged his shoulders and threw his cigar away with a gesture of weariness. Life in Paris seemed

THE EQUINOX

tame after his exploits in Somaliland, where he had won the Victoria Cross standing over a wounded comrade half the day, while the survivors of what had been a very smart little outpost scrimmage tried in vain to come to terms with that waterless warrior.

“Most cowardly thing I ever did,” he would explain. “The poor beggars couldn’t get at us for the rocks. When a head appeared one put a bullet through it. Like bally clay pigeons, by Jove!” and then he would go on, in his talkative nonsensical way, with some absurd paradox in ethics or metaphysics.

Yet what good was to come of Paris? Bitter scorn of the sneaking Apaches ate up his soul. To come to grips with a devil were worth the pains. Murderers, he mused, are the salt of the earth. And lo! the salt hath lost its savour. And he laughed sourly.

At the gate of the lonely house he flung away his cigar, and his hand was on the latch.

Suddenly, a noiseless touch upon the arm, and a low, hurried pleading voice. “Clement, my old friend, listen a moment.” He turned, and saw dear, fat, good-natured old Miss Aitken. What was there in this woman to make her (as she had been) the friend of Swinburne, Carrière, and Verlaine?

Artists hate artists, not for envy, but because there can be no companionships among the Gods. Eternally silent in himself, a God sees all, knows all; yet nothing touches him. He can learn nothing from another such, while his study is mankind. So true friendship is their prize; Miss Aitken could not guess their detachment; she thought them human.

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

Maybe this flattered the poor Gods. In their weak hours they accept devotion gladly. Miss Aitken stood, white to the lips; her terror shining about her visibly. "That house is fatal, Clement," she moaned. "Go anywhere but there!" Patient and smiling, Clement heard her out. Half was he fain to put her off with a lie—some folly about God in heaven.

Then truth urged him to sing the song he had made of Mirabelle—

"The world for a whore!
The sky for a harlot!
All life—at your door—
For a Woman of Scarlet!
A bitter exchange?
A bad bargain to strike? It
May seem to you strange—
The fact is—I like it!

You offer me gold,
Place, power, and pleasure
To have and to hold—
Inexhaustible treasure!
I'll give it and more
In this planet of boredom
For a girl that's a whore
And is proud of her whoredom."

He reflected that such truth might seem to her but a sneer. So in the end he pressed her hand, thanked her, bade her be of good cheer, passed in.

III

Like a frail ghost, poor worn-out Sylvie glided from the graveyard, and confronted Clement Seton.

Three months had passed since his first visit to Mirabelle

THE EQUINOX

the wonderful and beautiful, and still daily he strolled down the boulevard to his destiny. Thin and pale are you growing, my fine fool? Is it the air of Paris that robs you of your blood? We know better. Are you quite besotted? Or would you rather die thus than live otherwise?

This we cannot think; he cannot be absorbed body and soul in the contemplation of Mirabelle's perfections; for when poor worn-out Sylvie, with her harsh cough and hectic cheek, addresses him, he hears.

She took him to a corner of the graveyard, eagerly, with her worn face all fire, ever looking back. For he followed sedately. Clement would run nor to nor fro.

She paused by a low grave. "Here," she said, "lies Sergius, whom I loved—ah God! She took him from me; she threw him away, and laughed when he pistoled himself at her doorstep. You are her lover, monsieur. She will serve you so. I swear it. She lives for nothing else. God! God! to have these fingers but one moment at her throat."

She burst into a passion of weeping anger.

Seton lit a pipe. This Mirabelle! he mused. She leads me to Pisgah, he thought, she feeds me with milk and honey from the Promised Land. But to enter in and to possess it? No. She knows possession is but the prelude to the Captivity, the Exile to great Babylon. But who am I, to waste the months? I have said: Easy to write the curtain-raiser, but few who can pen five pungent acts. Yet, why should I wait? Why not make drama myself? Tragedy, no! for I am God, and must laugh at everything. Well! Well!

"I will kill her, kill her," sobbed the girl, kissing the cross upon the tomb.

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

Seton smiled, bent down caressingly, and whispered in her ear. Then swiftly turning he bent no undecided step towards the Gardens of his Armida.

* * * * *

Trembling in each other's arms with the violence of their repressed passion, Clement and Mirabelle still lay. Now he put forth all his force; always she easily eluded it.

"For your sake, O goddess!" he exclaimed. "You are not utterly high, because you have not touched humanity. I sacrifice the splendour of our passion to initiate you."

"Not you then, but another!" she laughed wildly. "You are the only one that can play the Game; I will not use you up."

He looked at her doubtfully; then he knew she lied. Hers was a real prudery.

"Galilean!" he cried, "thou hast conquered!"

But so shocking was the irony of his voice that for a moment she feared him.

Then, rising up, they talked of many indifferent things; yet, being gods, all language was hieroglyphic to their intimacy; so that she marked a change.

"Am I adream?" she said; "did not I win the bout?"

"At the odds," he said.

And again a chill passed over her.

Some premonition of things utterly forlorn?

Some intimate fear of the soul, struck bare and cold in the presence of its God?

"Tire yourself carefully to-night," wooed Clement in his velvet voice.

She thought of Jezebel, and a third time she shuddered.

THE EQUINOX

Nevertheless, right comely was she, and golden in sheen of gossamer silk.

In the Boulevard Edgar Quinet the wear is not silk, O Mirabelle the beautiful! Rather a shroud. The desolate trees of the boulevard do not rustle like silk; rather do they whisper like murderers in league. The stones of the boulevard do not rustle like silk; they clatter foolishly. It is not as the tears of your false passion on the adamantine hearts of men?

Mystic and doubtful, from behind a tree leaps out a ghost. With one hoarse word, poor worn-out Sylvie flings her vitriol, and speeds laughing down the boulevard.

Full in the face it splashed her; the great curse rose to a shriek and sank to a moan.

Clement Seton carried her back to the studio.

IV

Jolly fat old Miss Aitken! What treasure you are in a world of sorrow!

Mirabelle's sins, which were many, were forgiven; especially as she could sin no more, thought she.

So she and Clement nursed her back to life; the face no more a face. One blind scar, more fearful to look upon than death. Her hands had escaped; one could judge by her hands what her beauty must have been.

But we are interested in her soul. In her weakness she grew human; and Clement, loving her through the flesh, loved her yet more. Why did he make her his mistress? You shall judge. But why did she comply? Who shall

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

judge that? Judge not too easily; I myself, who am the great God who made these, dare not say.

So in the closest intimacy for more than a year they lived; and good-natured Miss Aitken like a mother to them.

Now was a new life stirred in Mirabelle; when Seton heard it, he called Miss Aitken aside privily, and said to her: "Dear friend, you may guess what she and I have always known: Love at its climax must decay thence. Such is the common lot; nothing escapes. I have given Mirabelle a child; let her seek the for new worlds to conquer. For me, I have studied her enough. Sylvie is dying; her consumption draws her to a close. I shall go live with her, and feast upon her end.

"She loves me, since I helped her vengeance; and hates me, since I have lifted her victim to such heights of joy. You never guessed? Yes, Sylvie loved Sergius, whom Mirabelle stole from her. 'Twas I that bade her throw the acid. Anon."

And he went whistling off. But to Miss Aitken, whose excellent memory broke this atrocious speech to Mirabelle, replied that expressionless mask of horror: "I knew it. I went to the death of myself that night; I went willingly, wittingly. It was Ananke and the Moirai. Moreover, I have had much joy of Clement; I leap with joy, breeding this child to him.

"Let him go to Sylvie: it is a woman's part to see her husband go away on strange errands. Was not Juno foolish, with her gadfly?"

In fact, when Sylvie died, Clement came back to her, brotherly. He had chosen the right moment to break off the

THE EQUINOX

tie; Socrates suicide is finer than Socrates turned dotard. So they remained fast friends.

The child was twelve years old last week. In him we see the seeds of miraculous thoughts, things to transcend all limitations mortal and immortal, common to man.

The Overman is surely come; in the second generation is he established.

THE FAIRY FIDDLER

AWAY in the misty moorland glen
Where the Elf-Folk dance with the Wee Brown Men,
And the rowan-berry burns haughtily
As she tells of the wind's inconstancy—
'Tis there I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon!

Where the harebell waves from the tufted grass,
There never the foot of a man may pass;
For the painted fireflies glance and gleam
Like the golden thoughts in a goblin's dream,
And the ghostly coppice of oak and pine
Holds a legion of imps from the Moonbeam Mine.

When I lay me down in their wondrous car
I travel so quickly from star to star,
That the Earth and the Moon are as glowworm lights
That flash o'er the field of the blurred blue heights:
For it's where I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon!

ETHEL ARCHER.

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL
THE SPIRIT OF MARS

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL THE SPIRIT OF MARS

THE FORMULÆ OF THE MAGICK
OF LIGHT, let them be puissant in the
EVOCATION

of the
SPIRIT

ברעבאל

THE Ceremony consists of Five Parts:

1. The Banishings and Consecrations.
2. The Special Preparation of the Material Basis.
3. The Particular Invocations of the Forces of Mars.
4. The Dealings with Bartzabel, that mighty Spirit.
5. The Closing.

Gloria Deo Altissimo

Ra Hoor Khuit

in nomine Abrahadabra et in hoc signo



The Circle has an inscribed Pentagon, and a Tau within that. Without are 5 pentagrams with 5 ruby lamps. There is an Altar with the Square of Mars and the Seal of Mars. The triangle has the names Primeumaton, Anaphaxeton,

THE EQUINOX

Anapheneton and Mi-ca-el within. Also the Sigil of Bartzabel, and his name. About the Circle is the name ALHIM.

The Chief Magus wears the robe of a Major Adept, and the Uraeus crown and nemmes. He bears the Lamén of the Hieres and the 1st Talisman of Mars. He bears as weapons the Spear and Sword, also the Bell.

The Assistant Magus wears the Robe of a Probationer and a nemmes of white and gold. He attends to the suffumigations of Art. He bears the 3rd Talisman of Mars (from the Key of Solomon), and the consecrated Torch. The Magus Adjuvant is robed as his brother, but wears the 5th Talisman of Mars. He attends to the Lustrations of Art. He bears the Book and Pen.

Upon the Altar is the Image of Ra Hoor Khuit, Isis is the East his Mother, Khem is the West facing him. In the South is the Censer, in the North the Cup.

The Material Basis is masked, and robed in red.

On the Altar are also the rope, the burin, the oil, and the Lamén of Mars for the Material Basis.

The Lamps are all alight.

PART I

C.M. *At altar, kneeling in humility.*

2 M. *With sword of C.M.*

3 M. *In other chamber with M.B.*

C.M. 1

2 M. Performs Banishing Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

around whole room, and replaces Sword on Altar.

3 M. Washes M.B. with pure water, saying:

Asperge $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{eam} \\ \text{eum} \end{array} \right\}$ Domine hyssopo et mundabitur;

lavabis $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{eam} \\ \text{eum} \end{array} \right\}$ et super nivem dealbabitur

He masks $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$ with the mask and robe of Mars,
saying:

By the figurative mystery of these holy vestures of concealment, doth the Lord cloak thee in the Shroud of Mystery in the strength of the Most High ANCOR AMACOR AMIDES THEODONIAS ANITOR that our desired end may be effected through thy strength, Adonai, unto whom be the Glory in Saecula saeculorum A M E N.

He leads $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$ to $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{his} \end{array} \right\}$ place in the Triangle.

The Chief Magus now rises from his knees, and takes the Spear from the Altar.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Spear

A thing of cheer, a thing of fear!

Cheer to me who wield it!—

My heart, its vigour shield it!

Fear to them who face it—

Their force, let fear disgrace it!

THE EQUINOX

Be a ray from the Most High,
A glance of His unsleeping eye!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He hands Spear to 2nd Magus to hold.

The Chief Magus takes the Sword.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of
the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Sword
Not abhorred before the Lord!
A guard of Steel, a tongue of flame
Writing in adamant His Name!
Puissant against the Hosts of Evil!
A mighty fence against the Devil!
A snake of lightning to destroy
Them that work Mischief and Annoy!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He hands Sword to 3rd Magus to hold.

*The Chief Magus raises his hands above the
Altar.*

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of
the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Altar
A sign of sure stability!
Will and Courage never falter,
Thought dissolve in Deity!
Let thy smile divinely curving,
Isis, bless our dark device!

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

Holy Hawk, our deed unswerving
Be thy favoured sacrifice!
Holy Khem, our vigour nerving,
We have paid the priestly price.
Hail, Ra Hoor, thy ray forth-rolling
Consecrate the instruments,
Thine Almighty power controlling
To the Event the day's events!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

C.M. *Takes Spear from 2nd M. and gives him the Censer and Torch; Sword from 3rd M. and gives him the Cup, Book and Pen.*

C.M. *Goes to apex of triangle. The others support him at the base. He takes the cord from the altar.*

C.M. { Frater }
{ Soror } N! As thou art blindfolded save for that light and sight which I can give thee, so do I now bind thee, so that thou mayst be for a space subject to my will and mine alone. (*Ties hands and feet. Takes Spear from altar.*) And since thou art without the circle in the place of the triangle, with this Spear do I invoke upon thee the protection of Ra Hoor Khuit, so that no force either of Heaven or of Earth, or from under the earth, may act upon thee, save only that force that I shall invoke within thee.

Bahlasti! Ompehda!

So then, I being armed and exalted to the Power of the Most High, place upon thy head this drop of

THE EQUINOX

consecrated oil, so that the ray of Godhead may illumine thee.

And I place this holy kiss upon thy neck, so that thy mind may be favourable unto us, open to our words, sensible of the power of our conjurations.

And with this burin do I draw from thy breast five drops of blood, so that thy body may be the Temple of Mars.

Wherefore also I command thee to repeat after me:

I submit myself to thee and to this operation; I invoke the Powers of Mars to manifest within me. (*done*)

(C.M. places about $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ neck the Lamen of Mars.)

Magi return to circle, face east.

C.M. Now, Brethren, since we are about to engage in a Work of so great danger, it is fitting that we make unto ourselves a fortress of defence in the name of the Most High, Elohim. Frater Adjuvant Magus, I command thee to purify the place with water.

(3rd M. sprinkles thrice around circle walking widdershins.)

C.M. Thus, therefore, first the Priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the waters of the loud-resounding sea.

Frater Assistant Magus, I command thee to consecrate the place with Fire.

(2nd M. censes the circle thrice around, walking widdershins.)

C.M. So when all the phantoms are vanished, and

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

through the Universe darts and flashes that holy
and formless Fire—Hear Thou the Voice of Fire!

(C.M. takes Sword.)

The Lord is my fortress and my deliverer; my God in
whom I will trust.

I will walk upon the lion and adder; the young lion and
the scorpion will I tread under my feet.

Because he hath set his Love upon me, therefore will I
deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath
known My Name.

*(C.M. circumambulates thrice widdershins with
sword.)*

Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of
the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Tower

A place of power this fearful hour!

May the Names of God that gird us

Be our sign that he hath heard us!

By the five unsleeping Stars

Ward us from the wrath of Mars!

By the rood of God erect

Be He perfect to protect!

Arm me, arm me, in the fray

That shall be fought this dreadful day!

(He now conjures the Dog of Evil.)

Arise, Dog of Evil, that I may instruct thee in the
present duties.

In the name of Horus, I say unto thee, Arise.

Thou art imprisoned.

Confess thou that it is so.

THE EQUINOX

I have done this in the name and in the might of
Horus.

Except thou set thy face in my defence, thou art blind,
and dumb, and paralysed: but thou shalt hear the
curses of thy Creator, and thou shalt feel the torments
of my avenging wrath.

Therefore be thou obedient unto me, as a guard against
them that hate me.

Let thy jaws be terrible as the storm-parted sky.

Let thy face be as a whirlwind of wrath and fury against
the enemy.

Arise, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

O thou! whose head is of coal-black fire!

Thou, whose eyes are as columns of smoke and flame!

Thou, from whose nostrils goeth forth the breath of
destruction!

Thou whose body is of iron and brass, bound with
exceeding strength: girt with the power of awful blind
avenging force—under my control, and mine alone!

Thou, whose claws are as shafts of whirling steel to rip
the very bowels of my adversaries.

Thee, thee, I summon to mine aid!

In the name of Horus: rise: move: appear:

And aid and guard me in this Work of Art!

Rise, Dog of Evil, to guard the Abyss of Height!

Rise, I say, to guard the Four Quarters: the Abyss of
the North; the Abyss of the South; the Abyss of the
East; the Abyss of the West.

Rise, I say, to guard the Abyss of the Great Deep.

Horus it is that hath given this commandment.

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

Be thou terrible against all them that hate me!
Be thou mighty to defend me from the Evil Ones!
At the confines of Matter: at the Threshold of the
Invisible: be thou my Watcher and my Guardian!
Before the face of the Dwellers of the Abodes
of Night!
As a flaming sword turning every way to keep the gates
of my Universe: let thy teeth flash forth!
Nothing shall stop thee while thou settest thyself in my
defence.
In the name of Horus: Rise, Move, and Appear: Be
thou obedient unto me: for I am the Master of the
Forces of Matter: the Servant of the Same thy God is
my Name: true Worshipper of the Highest.
(Much incense is now burnt, and there is a pause.)

THE INVOCATIONS

*(C.M. first performs the Invoking Ritual of Mars.)
(The Adepts stand at the points of the Tau.)*

C.M. Even as of old there came three Magi from the ends of
the earth to adore the Fivefold Star, so come we, O
Lord, armed for the holy work of an Evocation of
Bartzabel the spirit of Mars, that is obedient unto the
Intelligence Graphiel, chosen from the Seraphim who
follow Kamael the Great Archangel that serveth God
under his name of Elohim Gibor, a spark from Thine
intolerable light,

Ra Hoor Khuit!

Therefore hear Thou the Oath of the Obligation that
we assume before Thee.

THE EQUINOX

(The Chief Magus points the Sword downward upon the apex of the Triangle of R.H.K. and the other Magi place their hands upon the hilt.)

We, Perdurabo, a Neophyte of the A.: A.:, All for Knowledge, a Probationer of A.: A.:, and *Αγαθα*, a Probationer of A.: A.:, swear unto Thee, O Lord God, by Thine own almighty power, by Thy force and fire, by Thy glittering Hawk's eye and Thy mighty sweeping wings: that we all here in this place and now at this time do utterly devote ourselves, mind, body, and estate, at all times and in all places soever to the establishment of Thy holy Kingdom.

And if we fail herein, may we be burnt and consumed by the Red Eye of Mars!

(Magi return to stations.)

And this our purpose is fivefold:

Firstly, that the Kingdom of Ra Hoor Khuit may be established in the Æon.

Secondly, that we may succeed in that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak, even before Thee.

Thirdly, that we may have power to help the weak.

Fourthly, that we may be filled with the Courage and Energy of Mars for the Prosecution of the Great Work.

And, lastly, that we may obtain the service of Bartzabel that he may be obedient unto us thy servants, that between him and us there may be peace, and that he may always be ready to come whensoever he is invoked and called forth.

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

Now because in such a work it is not possible for us to do anything at all of ourselves, we have humble recourse unto Thine Almighty power, beseeching upon our knees Thy favour and Thine aid.

(The Magi kneel at three sides of altar, all clasping spears in the proper manner.)

I adore Thee in the Song:

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra Hoor Khuit!

Unity uttermost shewed!
I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before Thee:
I, I adore Thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

All say, repeatedly:"

A Ka dua
Tuf ur biu

THE EQUINOX

Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

*When the Chief Magus is satisfied with the
Descent of the God, let all rise and let C.M.
say:*

So that Thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a
sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret
door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the
quarters . . . as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door

Into the house of Ra and Tum,

Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,

The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;

By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.

Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!

Bid me within thine House to dwell,

O winged snake of light, Hadith!

Abide with me, Ra Hoor Khuit!

(Magus faces Δ, and others support him.)

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Send forth a spark of thine illimitable light and force,
we beseech Thee, that it may appear in the Heaven
of Mars as the God Elohim Gibor.

O winged glory of gold! O plumes of justice and
stern brows of majesty! O warrior armed with

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

spear and shield! O virgin strength and splendour
as of spring! That ridest in thy Chariot of Iron
above the Storm upon the Sea! Who shootest
forth the Arrows of the Moon! Who wieldest the
Four Magick Weapons! Who art the Master of
the Pentagram and of the blazing fury of the
Sun!

Come unto me, thou great God Elohim Gibor, and send
thy Angel Kamael, even Kamael the mighty, the
Leader of thine Armies the fiery Serpents, the
Seraphim, that he may answer my behests.

O purple flame that is like unto the whirling wheel of
Life! O strong shoulders and virginal breasts and
dancing limbs!

Kamael! Kamael! Kamael! Kamael!

I see thee before me, O thou great Archangel! Art thou
not the Leader of the armies of the Lord? Of the
grey snakes upon whose heads are triple crowns of
spiritual light, and whose tongues are triply forked
with judgment? Whose bodies are like the Sun in his
strength, whose scales are of the adamant of Vulcan,
who are slim and splendid and virginal as they rush
flaming over the lashed sea?

Come unto me, Kamael, thou archangel almighty, and
send to me Graphiel that great intelligence of thine,
that he may answer my behest.

O moon, that sailest on the shoulders of the Sun!
Whose warrior body is like white-hot steel! Whose
virgin limbs and golden wings move like ripe corn
at the caress of the thunderstorm!

THE EQUINOX

O thou that wieldest the Sword and Balances of Power!

Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!
Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!

Come unto us, thou bright intelligence of Mars, and answer my behest. In the name of Kamael thy Lord, I say: Compel the spirit Bartzabel that is under thy dominion to manifest within this triangle of Art, within the Ruach of the material basis that is consecrated to this work, within this pure and beautiful human form that is prepared for his habitation.

And now I see thee, O thou dull deceitful head, that I shall fill with wit and truth; thou proud heart that I shall humble and make pure; thou cold body that I shall fashion into a living flame of amethyst. Thou sexless being of whom I shall make the perfect child of Hermes and Aphrodite that is God; thou dull ox that I shall turn into the Bull of Earth; thou house of idleness wherein I shall set up the Throne of Justice.

Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!
Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!

Come forth, and manifest beyond the bars!
Forth from the palace of seraphic stars!
Come, O thou Bartzabel, the sprite of Mars!

Come: I unbind thee from the chains of Hell,
Come: I enclose thee in the invisible
To be my slave, thou spirit Bartzabel!

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

By the spear, the sword, the spell,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the word that openeth Hell!
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the power o' th' panther's pell,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the circling citadel,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By this mind of miracle
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By Ra Hoor Khuit, by Elohim Gibor,
By Kamael and the Seraphim; by Hoor,
Khem, and Mentu, and all the Gods of War,
Ares and Mars and Hachiman and Thor,
And by thy master, Graphiel,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

And if he come not, let the Chief Magus and his assistants humble themselves mightily, and repeat these holy invocations, even unto thrice.

And if still he be obdurate and disobedient unto the Words of Power, the Chief Magus shall assume the dignity of Khem, and conjure him and curse him as his own ingenium shall direct. Yet, if the rites have been duly performed, he will assuredly have manifested before this.

And these will probably be the tokens of the manifestation:
A ruddy light will play about the form of the Material Basis; or even a dark lustre beetle-brown or black.
And the Face thereof will be suffused with blood,

THE EQUINOX

and the Heart beat violently, and its words will be swift and thick and violent. The voice thereof must be entirely changed; it may grow deep and hoarse, or at least strained and jerky, and it may be that it will suffer the torment of burning.

On the appearance of the Spirit much incense is thrown upon the Censer.

THE CHARGE

Hail, Bartzabel, and welcome, thou mighty spirit of Madim!

Welcome unto us art thou who comest in the name of Graphiel and of Kamael and of Elohim Gibor, and of Ra Hoor Khuit the Lord of the Aeon.

I charge thee to answer and obey.

1. How shall the Kingdom of the Aeon be established?
2. Will success attend that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak?
3. We shall obtain power to aid the weak; in what manner? Give us a sign.
4. Give us a sign of the Courage and Energy of Mars that floweth and shall ever flow through us by virtue of this ceremony.
5. Lastly, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, lay thine hands upon this sword, whose point I then place upon thine head, and swear faith and obedience unto me by Ra Hoor Khuit, the Lord of the Aeon, saying after me:

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL

I, Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars, do swear by the glory of Him that is Lord of the Aeon, and by the Might of Elohim Gibor, and by the Fear of Kamael and the Hosts of Fiery Serpents, and by Graphiel whose hand is heavy upon me—before which names I tremble every day—that I will punctually fulfil this present charge, not perverting the sense thereof, but obedient to the inmost thought of the Chief Magus; that I will be ever the willing servant of thee and thy companions, a spirit of Truth in Force and Fire; that in departing I will do no hurt to any person or thing, and in particular that the Material Basis shall not suffer through this ceremony, but shall be purified and fortified thereby; that I will be at peace with thee and seek never to injure thee, but to defend thee against all thine enemies, and to work eternally for thy welfare; finally, that I will be ready to come unto thee to serve thee whensoever I am invoked and called forth, whether by a word, or a will, or by this great and potent conjuration of Magick Art.

A M E N.

THE BENEDICTION

Let Ra Hoor Khuit bless thee!

Let His light shine perpetually in thy darkness!

Let His force eternally brace up thy weakness!

Let His blessing be upon thee for ever and for ever!

Yea, verily and Amen, let His blessing be upon thee for ever and ever!

THE EQUINOX

THE LICENSE TO DEPART

Now, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, since thou didst come at my behest and swear faith and fealty unto me by the Lord of the Aeon,

I license thee to depart in peace with the blessing of the Lord until such time as I have need of thee.

THE CLOSING

Let the Chief Magus perform the Banishing Ritual of Mars, give great Thanks unto the Lord of the Aeon, and perform the Lesser Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

THE TESTAMENT OF
MAGDALEN BLAIR

*To
My Mother*

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

PART I

I

IN my third term at Newnham I was already Professor Blair's favourite pupil. Later, he wasted a great deal of time praising my slight figure and my piquant face, with its big round grey eyes and their long black lashes; but the first attraction was my singular gift. Few men, and, I believe, no other women, could approach me in one of the most priceless qualifications for scientific study, the faculty of apprehending minute differences. My memory was poor, extraordinarily so; I had the utmost trouble to enter Cambridge at all. But I could adjust a micrometer better than either students or professor, and read a vernier with an accuracy to which none of them could even aspire. To this I added a faculty of subconscious calculation which was really uncanny. If I were engaged in keeping a solution between (say) 70° and 80° I had no need to watch the thermometer. Automatically I became aware that the mercury was close to the limit, and would go over from my other work and adjust it without a thought.

More remarkable still, if any object were placed on my

THE EQUINOX

bench without my knowledge and then removed, I could, if asked within a few minutes, describe the object roughly, especially distinguishing the shape of its base and the degree of its opacity to heat and light. From these data I could make a pretty good guess at what the object was.

This faculty of mine was repeatedly tested, and always with success. Extreme sensitiveness to minute degrees of heat was its obvious cause.

I was also a singularly good thought-reader, even at this time. The other girls feared me absolutely. They need not have done so; I had neither ambition nor energy to make use of any of my powers. Even now, when I bring to mankind this message of a doom so appalling that at the age of twenty-four I am a shrivelled, blasted, withered wreck, I am supremely weary, supremely indifferent.

I have the heart of a child and the consciousness of Satan, the lethargy of I know not what disease; and yet, thank—oh! there can be no God!—the resolution to warn mankind to follow my example, and then to explode a dynamite cartridge in my mouth.

II

In my third year at Newnham I spend four hours of every day at Professor Blair's house. All other work was neglected, gone through mechanically, if at all. This came about gradually, as the result of an accident.

The chemical laboratory has two rooms, one small and capable of being darkened. On this occasion (the May term of my second year) this room was in use. It was

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

the first week of June, and extremely fine. The door was shut. Within was a girl, alone, experimenting with the galvanometer.

I was absorbed in my own work. Quite without warning I looked up. "Quick!" said I, "Gladys is going to faint." Every one in the room stared at me. I took a dozen steps towards the door, when the fall of a heavy body sent the laboratory into hysterics.

It was only the heat and confined atmosphere, and Gladys should not have come to work that day at all, but she was easily revived, and then the demonstrator acquiesced in the anarchy that followed. "How did she know?" was the universal query; for that I knew was evident. Ada Brown (*Athanasia contra mundum*) pooh-poohed the whole affair; Margaret Letchmere thought I must have heard something, perhaps a cry inaudible to the others, owing to their occupied attention; Doris Leslie spoke of second sight, and Amy Gore of "Sympathy." All the theories, taken together, went round the clock of conjecture. Professor Blair came in at the most excited part of the discussion, calmed the room in two minutes, elicited the facts in five, and took me off to dine with him. "I believe it's this human thermopile affair of yours," he said. "Do you mind if we try a few parlour tricks after dinner?" His aunt, who kept house for him, protested in vain, and was appointed Grand Superintendent in Ordinary of my five senses.

My hearing was first tested, and found normal, or thereabouts. I was then blindfolded, and the aunt (by excess of precaution) stationed between me and the Professor. I found that I could describe even small movements that he made, so

THE EQUINOX

long as he was between me and the western window, not at all when he moved round to the other quarters. This is in conformity with the "Thermopile" theory; it was contradicted completely on other occasions. The results (in short) were very remarkable and very puzzling; we wasted two precious hours in futile theorizing. In the event the aunt (cowed by a formidable frown) invited me to spend the Long Vacation in Cornwall.

During these months the Professor and I assiduously worked to discover exactly the nature and limit of my powers. The result, in a sense, was *nil*.

For one thing, these powers kept on "breaking out in a new place." I seemed to do all I did by perception of minute differences; but then it seemed as if I had all sorts of different apparatus. "One down, t'other come on," said Professor Blair.

Those who have never made scientific experiments cannot conceive how numerous and subtle are the sources of error, even in the simplest matters. In so obscure and novel a field of research no result is trustworthy until it has been verified a thousand times. In our field we discovered no constants, all variables.

Although we had hundreds of facts any one of which seemed capable of overthrowing all accepted theories of the means of communication between mind and mind, we had nothing, absolutely nothing, which we could use as the basis of a new theory.

It is naturally impossible to give even an outline of the course of our research. Twenty-eight closely written notebooks referring to this first period are at the disposal of my executors.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

III

In the middle of the day, in my third year, my father was dangerously ill. I bicycled over to Peterborough at once, never thinking of my work. (My father is a canon of Peterborough Cathedral.) On the third day I received a telegram from Professor Blair, "Will you be my wife?" I had never realized myself as a woman, or him as a man, till that moment, and in that moment I knew that I loved him and had always loved him. It was a case of what one might call "Love at first absence." My father recovered rapidly; I returned to Cambridge; we were married during the May week, and went immediately to Switzerland. I beg to be spared any recital of so sacred a period of my life: but I must record one fact.

We were sitting in a garden by Lago Maggiore after a delightful tramp from Chamounix over the Col du Geant to Courmayeur, and thence to Aosta, and so by degrees to Pallanza. Arthur rose, apparently struck by some idea, and began to walk up and down the terrace. *I was quite suddenly impelled to turn my head to assure myself of his presence.*

This may seem nothing to you who read, unless you have true imagination. But think of yourself talking to a friend in full light, and suddenly leaning forward to touch him. "Arthur!" I cried, "Arthur!"

The distress in my tone brought him running to my side. "What is it, Magdalen?" he cried, anxiety in every word.

I closed my eyes. "Make gestures!" said I. (He was directly between me and the sun.)

He obeyed, wondering.

THE EQUINOX

“You are—you are”——I stammered——“no! I don’t know what you are doing. I am blind!”

He sawed his arm up and down. Useless; I had become absolutely insensitive. We repeated a dozen experiments that night. All failed.

We concealed our disappointment, and it did not cloud our love. The sympathy between us grew even subtler and stronger, but only as it grows between all men and women who love with their whole hearts, and love unselfishly.

IV

We returned to Cambridge in October, and Arthur threw himself vigorously into the new year’s work. Then I fell ill, and the hope we had indulged was disappointed. Worse, the course of the illness revealed a condition which demanded the most complete series of operations which a woman can endure. Not only the past hope, but all future hope, was annihilated.

It was during my convalescence that the most remarkable incident of my life took place.

I was in great pain one afternoon, and wished to see the doctor. The nurse went to the study to telephone for him.

“Nurse!” I said, as she returned, “don’t lie to me. He’s not gone to Royston; he’s got cancer, and is too upset to come.”

“Whatever next?” said the nurse. “It’s right he can’t come, and I was going to tell you he had gone to Royston; but I never heard nothing about no cancer.”

This was true; she had not been told. But the next morning we heard that my “intuition” was correct.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

As soon as I was well enough, we began our experiments again. My powers had returned, and in triple force.

Arthur explained my "intuition" as follows: "The doctor (when you last saw him) did not know consciously that he had cancer; but subconsciously Nature gave warning. You read this subconsciously, and it sprang into your consciousness when you read on the nurse's face that he was ill."

This, farfetched as it may seem, at least avoids the shallow theories about "telepathy."

From this time my powers constantly increased. I could read my husband's thoughts from imperceptible movements of his face as easily as a trained deaf-mute can sometimes read the speech of a distant man from the movements of his lips.

Gradually as we worked, day by day, I found my grasp of detail ever fuller. It is not only that I could read emotions; I could tell whether he was thinking 3465822 or 3456822. In the year following my illness we made 436 experiments of this kind, each extending over several hours; in all 9363, with only 122 failures, and these all, without exception, partial.

The year following, our experiments were extended to a reading of his dreams. In this I proved equally successful. My practice was to leave the room before he woke, write down the dream that he had dreamt, and await him at the breakfast-table, where he would compare his record with mine.

Invariably they were identical, with this exception, that my record was always much fuller than his. He would nearly always, however, purport to remember the details supplied by me; but this detail has (I think) no real scientific value.

But what does it all matter, when I think of the horror impending?

THE EQUINOX

V

That my only means of discovering Arthur's thought was by muscle-reading became more than doubtful during the third year of our marriage. We practised "telepahty" unashamed. We excluded the "muscle-reader" and the "super-auditor" and the "human thermopile" by elaborate precautions; yet still I was able to read every thought of his mind. On our holiday in North Wales at Easter one year we separated for a week, at the end of that week he to be on the leeward, I on the windward side of Tryfan, at an appointed hour, he there to open and read to himself a sealed packet given him by "some stranger met at Pen-y-Pass during the week." The experiment was entirely successful; I reproduced every word of the document. If the "telepathy" is to be vitiated, it is on the theory that I had previously met the "stranger" and read from him what he would write in such circumstances! Surely direct communication of mind with mind is an easier theory!

Had I known in what all this was to culminate, I suppose I should have gone mad. Thrice fortunate that I can warn humanity of what awaits each one. The greatest benefactor of his race will be he who discovers and explosive indefinitely swifter and more devastating than dynamite. If I could only trust myself to prepare Chloride of Nitrogen in sufficient quantity. . . .

VI

Arthur became listless and indifferent. The perfection of love that had been our marriage failed without warning, and yet by imperceptible gradations.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

My awakening to the fact was, however, altogether sudden. It was one summer evening; we were paddling on the Cam. One of Arthur's pupils, also in a Canadian canoe, challenged us to race. At Magdalen Bridge we were a length ahead—suddenly I heard my husband's thought. It was the most hideous and horrible laugh that it is possible to conceive. No devil could laugh so. I screamed, and dropped my paddle. Both the men thought me ill. I assured myself that it was not the laugh of some townee on the bridge, distorted by my over-sensitive organization. I said no more; Arthur looked grave. At night he asked abruptly after a long period of brooding, "Was that my thought?" I could only stammer that I did not know. Incidentally he complained of fatigue, and the listlessness, which before had seemed nothing to me, assumed a ghastly shape. There was something in him that was not he! The indifference had appeared transitory; I now became aware of it as constant and increasing. I was at this time twenty-three years old. You wonder that I write with such serious attitude of mind. I sometimes think that I have never had any thoughts of my own; that I have always been reading the thoughts of another, or perhaps of Nature. I seem only to have been a woman in those first few months of marriage.

VII

The six months following held for me nothing out of the ordinary, save that six or seven times I had dreams, vivid and terrible. Arthur had no share in these; yet I knew, I cannot say how, that they were his dreams and not mine; or rather

THE EQUINOX

that they were in his subconscious waking self, for one occurred in the afternoon, when he was out shooting, and not in the least asleep.

The last of them occurred towards the end of the October term. He was lecturing as usual, I was at home, lethargic after a too heavy breakfast following a wakeful night. I saw suddenly a picture of the lecture-room, enormously greater than in reality, so that it filled all space; and in the rostrum, bulging over it in all directions, was a vast, deadly pale devil with a face which was a blasphemy on Arthur's. The evil joy of it was indescribable. So wan and bloated, its lips so loose and bloodless; fold after fold of its belly flopping over the rostrum and pushing the students out of the hall, it leered unspeakably. Then dribbled from its mouth these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, the course is finished. You may go home." I cannot hope even to suggest the wickedness and filth of these simple expressions. Then, raising its voice to a grating scream, it yelled: "White of egg! White of egg! White of egg!" again and again for twenty minutes.

The effect on me was shocking. It was as if I had a vision of Hell.

Arthur found me in a very hysterical condition, but soon soothed me. "Do you know," he said at dinner, "I believe I have got a devilish bad chill?"

It was the first time I had known him to complain of his health. In six years he had not had as much as a headache.

I told him my "dream" when we were in bed, and he seemed unusually grave, as if he understood where I had failed in its interpretation. In the morning he was feverish; I made him stay in bed and sent for the doctor. The same afternoon I

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

learnt that Arthur was seriously ill, had been ill, indeed, for months. The doctor called it Bright's disease.

VIII

I said "the last of the dreams." For the next year we travelled, and tried various treatments. My powers remained excellent, but I received none of the subconscious horrors. With few fluctuations, he grew steadily worse; daily he became more listless, more indifferent, more depressed. Our experiments were necessarily curtailed. Only one problem exercised him, the problem of his personality. He began to wonder "who he was." I do not mean that he suffered from delusions. I mean that the problem of the true Ego took hold of his imagination. One perfect summer night at Contrexéville he was feeling much better; the symptoms had (temporarily) disappeared almost entirely under the treatment of a very skilful doctor at that Spa, a Dr. Barbezieux, a most kind and thoughtful man.

"I am going to try," said Arthur, "to penetrate myself. Am I an animal, and is the world without a purpose? Or am I a soul in a body? Or am I, one and indivisible in some incredible sense, a spark of the infinite light of God? I am going to think inwards: I shall possibly go into some form of trance, unintelligible to myself. You may be able to interpret it."

The experiment had lasted about half an hour when he sat up gasping with effort.

"I have seen nothing, heard nothing," I said. "Not one thought has passed from you to me."

THE EQUINOX

But at that very moment what had been in his mind flashed into mine.

“It is a blind abyss,” I told him, “and there hangs in it a vulture vaster than the whole starry system.”

“Yes,” he said, “that was it. But that was not all. I could not get beyond it. I shall try again.”

He tried. Again I was cut off from his thought, although his face was twitching so that one might have said that any one might read his mind.

“I have been looking in the wrong place,” said he suddenly, but very quietly and without moving. “The thing I want lies at the base of the spine.”

This time I saw. In a blue heaven was coiled an infinite snake of gold and green, with four eyes of fire, black fire and red, that darted rays in every direction; held within its coils was a great multitude of laughing children. And even as I looked, all this was blotted out. Crawling rivers of blood spread over the heaven, of blood purulent with nameless forms—mangy dogs with their bowels dragging behind them; creatures half elephant, half beetle; things that were but a ghastly bloodshot eye, set about with leathery tentacles; women whose skins heaved and bubbled like boiling sulphur, giving off clouds that condensed into a thousand other shapes, more hideous than their mother; these were the least of the denizens of these hateful rivers. The most were things impossible to name or to describe.

I was brought back from the vision by the stertorous and strangling breath of Arthur, who had been seized with a convulsion.

From this he never really rallied. The dim sight grew

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

dimmer, the speech slower and thicker, the headaches more persistent and acute.

Torpor succeeded to his old splendid energy and activity; his days became continual lethargy ever deepening towards coma. Convulsions now and then alarmed me for his immediate danger.

Sometimes his breath came hard and hissing like a snake in anger; towards the end it assumed the Cheyne-Stokes type in bursts of ever-increasing duration and severity.

In all this, however, he was still himself; the horror that was and yet was not himself did not peer from behind the veil

“So long as I am consciously myself,” he said in one of his rare fits of brightness, “I can communicate to you what I am consciously thinking; as soon as this conscious ego is absorbed, you get the subconscious thought which I fear—oh how I fear! —is the greater and truer part of me. You have brought unguessed explanations from the world of sleep; you are the one woman in the world—perhaps there may never be another—who has such an opportunity to study the phenomena of death.”

He charged me earnestly to suppress my grief, to concentrate wholly on the thoughts that passed through his mind when he could no longer express them, and also on those of his subconsciousness when coma inhibited consciousness.

It is this experiment that I now force myself to narrate. The prologue has been long; it has been necessary to put the facts before mankind in a simple way so that they may seize the opportunity of the proper kind of suicide. I beg my readers most earnestly not to doubt my statements: the notes

THE EQUINOX

of our experiments, left in my will to the greatest thinker now living, Professor von Buhle, will make clear the truth of my relation, and the great and terrible necessity of immediate, drastic, action.

PART II

I

THE stunning physical fact of my husband's illness was the immense prostration. So strong a body, as too often the convulsions gave proof; such inertia with it! He would lie all day like a log; then without warning or apparent cause the convulsions would begin. Arthur's steady scientific brain stood it well; it was only two days before his death that delirium began. I was not with him; worn out as I was, and yet utterly unable to sleep, the doctor had insisted on my taking a long motor drive. In the fresh air I slumbered. I awoke to hear an unfamiliar voice saying in my ear, "Now for the fun of the fair!" There was no one there. Quick on its heels followed my husband's voice as I had long since known and loved it, clear, strong, resonant, measured: "Get this down right; it is very important. I am passing into the power of the subconsciousness. I may not be able to speak to you again. But I am here; I am not to be touched by all that I may suffer; I can always think; you can always read my——" The voice broke off sharply to inquire, "But will it ever end?" as if some one had spoken to it. And then I heard the laugh. The laugh that I had heard by Magdalen Bridge was heavenly music beside that! The face of Calvin (even) as

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

he gloated over the burning of Servetus would have turned pitiful had he heard it, so perfectly did it express quintessence of damnation.

Now then my husband's thought seemed to have changed places with the other. It was below, within, withdrawn. I said to myself, "He is dead!" Then came Arthur's thought, "I had better pretend to be mad. It will save her, perhaps; and it will be a change. I shall pretend I have killed her with an axe. Damn it! I hope she is not listening." I was now thoroughly awake, and told the driver to get home quickly. "I hope she is killed in the motor; I hope she is smashed into a million pieces. O God! hear my one prayer! let an Anarchist throw a bomb and smash Magdalen into a million pieces! especially the brain! and the brain first. O God! my first and last prayer: smash Magdalen into a million pieces!"

The horror of this thought was my conviction—then and now—that it represented perfect sanity and coherence of thought. For I dreaded utterly to think what such words might imply.

At the door of the sick-room I was met by the male nurse, who asked me not to enter. Uncontrollably, I asked, "Is he dead?" and though Arthur lay absolutely senseless on the bed I read the answering thought "Dead!" silently pronounced in such tones of mockery, horror, cynicism and despair as I never thought to hear. There was a something or somebody who suffered infinitely, and yet who gloated infinitely upon that very suffering. And that something was a veil between me and Arthur.

The hissing breath recommenced; Arthur seem to be

THE EQUINOX

trying to express himself—the self I knew. He managed to articulate feebly, “Is that the police? Let me get out of the house! The police are coming for me. I killed Magdalen with an axe.” The symptoms of delirium began to appear. “I killed Magdalen” he muttered a dozen times, than changing to “Magdalen with” again and again; the voice low, slow, thick, yet reiterated. Then suddenly, quite clear and loud, attempting to rise in the bed: “I smashed Magdalen into a million pieces with an axe.” After a moment’s pause: “a million is not very many now-a-days.” From this—which I now see to have been the speech of a sane Arthur—he dropped again into delirium. “A million pieces,” “a cool million,” “a million million million million million” and so on: then abruptly: “Fanny’s dog’s dead.”

I cannot explain the last sentence to my readers; I may, however, remark that it meant everything to me. I burst into tears. At that moment I caught Arthur’s thought, “You ought to be busy with the note-book, not crying.” I resolutely dried my eyes, took courage, and began to write.

II

The doctor came in at this moment and begged me to go and rest. “You are only distressing yourself, Mrs. Blair,” he said; “and needlessly, for he is absolutely unconscious and suffers nothing.” A pause. “My God! why do you look at me like that?” he exclaimed, frightened out of his wits. I think my face had caught something of that devil’s, something of that sneer, that loathing, that mire of contempt and stark despair.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

I sank back into myself, ashamed already that mere knowledge—and such mean vile knowledge—should so puff one up with hideous pride. No wonder Satan fell! I began to understand all the old legends, and far more——

I told Doctor Kershaw that I was carrying out Arthur's last wishes. He raised no further opposition; but I saw him sign to the male nurse to keep an eye on me.

The sick man's finger beckoned us. He could not speak; he traced circles on the counterpane. The doctor (with characteristic intelligence) having counted the circles, nodded; and said: "Yes, it is nearly seven o'clock. Time for your medicine, eh?"

"No," I explained, "he means that he is in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell."

At that instant he entered on a period of noisy delirium. Wild and prolonged howls burst from his throat; he was being chewed unceasingly by "Dis"; each howl signalled the meeting of the monster's teeth. I explained this to the doctor. "No," said he, "he is perfectly unconscious."

"Well," said I, "he will howl about eighty times more."

Doctor Kershaw looked at me curiously, but began to count.

My calculation was correct.

He turned to me, "Are you a woman?"

"No," said I, "I am my husband's colleague."

"I think it is suggestion. You have hypnotized him?"

"Never: but I can read his thoughts."

"Yes, I remember now; I read a very remarkable paper in *Mind* two years ago."

"That was child's play. But let me go on with my work."

THE EQUINOX

He gave some final instructions to the nurse, and went out.

The suffering of Arthur was at this time unspeakable. Chewed as he was into mere pulp that passed over the tongue of "Dis," each bleeding fragment kept its own identity and his. The papillae of the tongue were serpents, and each one gnashed its poisoned teeth upon that fodder.

And yet, though the sensorium of Arthur was absolutely unimpaired, indeed hyperaesthetic, his consciousness of pain seemed to depend upon the opening of the mouth. As it closed in mastication, oblivion fell upon him like a thunderbolt. A merciful oblivion? Oh! what a master stroke of cruelty! Again and again he woke from nothing to a hell of agony, of pure ecstasy of agony, until he understood that this would continue for all his life; the alternation was but systole and diastole, the throb of his envenomed pulse, the reflection in consciousness of his blood-beat. I became conscious of his intense longing for death to end the torture.

The blood circulated ever slower and more painfully; I could feel him hoping for the end.

This dreadful rose-dawn suddenly greyed and sickened with doubt. Hope sank to its nadir; fear rose like a dragon, with leaden wings. Suppose, thought he, that after all death does not end me!

I cannot express this conception. It is not that the heart sank, it had nowhither to sink; it knew itself immortal, and immortal in a realm of unimagined pain and terror, unlighted by one glimpse of any other light than that pale glare of hate and of pestilence. This thought took shape in these words:

I AM THAT I AM.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

One cannot say that the blasphemy added to the horror; rather it was the essence of the horror. It was the gnashing of the teeth of a damned soul.

III

The demon-shape, which I now clearly recognized as that which had figured in my last "dream" at Cambridge, seemed to gulp. At that instant a convulsion shook the dying man and a coughing eructation took the "demon." Instantly the whole theory dawned on me, that this "demon" was an imaginary personification of the disease. Now at once I understood demonology, from Bodin and Weirus to the moderns, without a flaw. But was it imaginary or was it real? Real enough to swallow up the "sane" thought!

At that instant the old Arthur reappeared. "I am not the monster! I am Arthur Blair, of Fettes and Trinity. I have passed through a paroxysm."

The sick man stirred feebly. A portion of his brain had shaken off the poison for the moment, and was working furiously against time.

"I am going to die.

"The consolation of death is Religion.

"There is no use for Religion in life.

"How many atheists have I not known sign the articles the sake of fellowships and livings! Religion in life is either an amusement and a soporific or a sham and a swindle.

"I was brought up a Presbyterian

"How easily I drifted into the English Church!

THE EQUINOX

“And now where is God?

“Where is the Lamb of God?

“Where is the Saviour?

“Where is the Comforter?

“Why was I not saved from that devil?

“Is he going to eat me again? To absorb me into him? O fate inconceivably hideous! It is quite clear to me—I hope you’ve got it down, Magdalen!—that the demon is made of all those that have died of Bright’s disease. There must be different ones for each disease. I thought I once caught sight of a coughing bog of bloody slime.

“Let me pray.”

A frenzied appeal to the Creator followed. Sincere as it was, it would read like irreverence in print.

And then there came the cold-drawn horror of stark blasphemy against this God—who would not answer.

Followed the bleak black agony of the conviction—the absolute certitude—“There is no God!” combined with a wave of frenzied wrath against the people who had so glibly assured him that there was, an almost maniac hope that they would suffer more than he, if it were possible.

(Poor Arthur! He had not yet brushed the bloom off Suffering’s grape; he was to drink its fiercest distillation to the dregs.)

“No!” thought he, “perhaps I lack their ‘faith.’

“Perhaps if I could really persuade myself of God and Christ—Perhaps if I could deceive myself, could make believe——”

Such a thought is to surrender one’s honesty, to abdicate one’s reason. It marked the final futile struggle of his will.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

The demon caught and crunched him, and the noisy delirium began anew.

My flesh and blood rebelled. Taken with a deathly vomit, I rushed from the room, and resolutely, for a whole hour, diverted my sensorium from thought. I had always found that the slightest trace of tobacco smoke in a room greatly disturbed my power. On this occasion I puffed cigarette after cigarette with excellent effect. I knew nothing of what had been going on.

IV

Arthur, stung by the venomous chyle, was tossing in that vast arched belly, which resembled the dome of hell, churned in its bubbling slime. I felt that he was not only disintegrated mechanically, but chemically, that his being was loosened more and more into its parts, that these were being absorbed into new and hateful things, but that (worst of all) Arthur stood immune from all, behind it, unimpaired, memory and reason ever more acute as ever new and ghastlier experience informed them. It seemed to me as if some mystic state were super-added to the torment; for while he was not, emphatically not, this tortured mass of consciousness, yet that was he. There are always at least two of us! The one who feels and the one who knows are not radically one person. This double personality is enormously accentuated at death.

Another point was that the time-sense, which with men is usually so reliable—especially in my own case—was decidedly deranged, if not abrogated altogether.

We all judge of the lapse of time in relation to our daily

THE EQUINOX

habits or some similar standard. The conviction of immortality must naturally destroy all values for this sense. If I am immortal, what is the difference between a long time and a short time? A thousand years and a day are obviously the same thing from the point of view of "for ever."

There is a subconscious clock in us, a clock wound up by the experience of the race to go for seventy years or so. Five minutes is a very long time to us if we are waiting for an omnibus, an age if we are waiting for a lover, nothing at all if we are pleasantly engaged or sleeping.¹

We think of seven years as a long time in connection with penal servitude; as a negligibly small period in dealing with geology.

But, given immortality, the age of the stellar system itself is nothing.

This conviction had not fully impregnated the consciousness of Arthur; it hung over him like a threat, while the intensification of that consciousness, its liberation from the sense of time natural to life, caused each act of the demon to appear of vast duration, although the intervals between the howls of the body on the bed were very short. Each pang of torture or suspense was born, rose to its crest, and died to be reborn again through what seemed countless aeons.

Still more was this the case in the process of his assimila-

¹ It is one of the greatest cruelties of nature that all painful or depressing emotions seem to lengthen time; pleasant thoughts and exalted moods make time fly. Thus, in summing up a life from an outside standpoint, it would seem that, supposing pleasure and pain to have occupied equal periods, the impression would be that pain was enormously greater than pleasure. This may be controverted. Virgil writes: "Fortisan haec olim meminisse juvabit," and there is at least one modern writer thoroughly conversant with pessimism who is very optimistic. But the new facts which I here submit overthrow the whole argument; they cast a sword of infinite weight on that petty trembling scale.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

tion by the “demon.” The coma of the dying man was a phenomenon altogether out of Time. The conditions of “digestion” were new to Arthur, he had no reason to suppose, no data from which to calculate the distance of, an end.

It is impossible to do more than sketch this process; as he was absorbed, so did his consciousness expand into that of the “demon”; he became one with all its hunger and corruption. Yet always did he suffer as himself in his own person the tearing asunder of his finest molecules; and this was confirmed by a most filthy humiliation of that part of him that was rejected.

I shall not attempt to describe the final process; suffice it that the demoniac consciousness drew away; he was but the excrement of the demon, and as that excrement he was flung filthily further into the abyss of blackness and of night whose name is death.

I rose with ashen cheeks. I stammered: “He is dead.” The male nurse bent over the body. “Yes!” he echoed, “he is dead.” And it seemed as if the whole Universe gathered itself into one ghastly laugh of hate and horror, “Dead!”

V

I resumed my seat. I felt that I must know that all was well, that death had ended all. Woe to humanity! The consciousness of Arthur was more alive than ever. It was the black fear of falling, a dumb ecstasy of changeless fear. There were no waves upon that sea of shame, no troubling of those accursed waters by any thought. There was no hope of any

THE EQUINOX

ground to that abyss, no thought that it might stop. So tireless was that fall that even acceleration was absent; it was constant and level as the fall of a star. There was not even a feeling of pace; infinitely fast as it must be, judging from the peculiar dread which it inspired, it was yet infinitely slow, having regard to the infinitude of the abyss.

I took measures not to be disturbed by the duties that men—oh how foolishly!—pay to the dead: and I took refuge in a cigarette.

It was now for the first time, strangely enough, that I began to consider the possibility of helping him.

I analysed the position. It must be his thought, or I could not read it. I had no reason to conjecture that any other thoughts could reach me. He must be alive in the true sense of the word; it was he and not another that was the prey of this fear ineffable. Of this fear it was evident that there must be a physical basis in the constitution of his brain and body. All the other phenomena had been shown to correspond exactly with a physical condition; it was the reflection in a consciousness from which human limitation had fallen away of things actually taking place in the body.

It was a false interpretation perhaps; but it was his interpretation; and it was that which caused suffering so beyond all that poets have ever dreamt of the infernal.

I am ashamed to say that my first thought was of the Catholic Church and its masses for the repose of the dead. I went to the Cathedral, revolving as I went all that had ever been said—the superstitions of a hundred savage tribes. At bottom I could find no difference between their barbarous rites and those of Christianity.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

However that might be, I was baffled. The priests refused to pray for the soul of a heretic.

I hurried back to the house, resumed my vigil. There was no change, except a deepening of the fear, an intensification of the loneliness, a more utter absorption in the shame. I could but hope that in the ultimate stagnation of all vital forces, death would become final, hell merged into annihilation.

This started a train of thought which ended in a determination to hasten the process. I thought of blowing out the brains, remembered that I had no means of doing so. I thought of freezing the body, imagined a story for the nurse, reflected that no cold could excite in his soul aught icier than that illimitable void of black.

I thought of telling the doctor that he had wished to bequeath his body to the surgeons, that he had been afraid of being buried alive, anything that might induce him to remove the brain. At that moment I looked into the mirror, I saw that I must not speak. My hair was white, my face drawn, my eyes wild and bloodshot.

In utter helplessness and misery I flung myself on the couch in the study, and puffed greedily at cigarettes. The relief was so immense that my sense of loyalty and duty had a hard fight to get me to resume the task. The mingling of horror, curiosity, and excitement must have aided.

I threw away my fifth cigarette, and returned to the death chamber.

VI

Before I had sat at the table ten minutes a change burst out with startling suddenness. At one point in the void the

THE EQUINOX

blackness gathered, concentrated, sprang into an evil flame that gushed aimlessly forth from nowhere to nowhere.

This was accompanied by the most noxious stench.

It was gone before I could realize it. As lightning precedes thunder, it was followed by a hideous clamour that I can only describe as the cry of a machine in pain.

This recurred constantly for an hour and five minutes, then ceased as suddenly as it began. Arthur still fell.

It was succeeded after the lapse of five hours by another paroxysm of the same kind, but fiercer and more continuous. Another silence followed, age upon age of fear and loneliness and shame.

About midnight there appeared a grey ocean of bowels below the falling soul. This ocean seemed to be limitless. It fell headlong into it, and the splash awakened it to a new consciousness of things.

This sea, though infinitely cold, was boiling like tubercles. Itself a more or less homogeneous slime, the stench of which is beyond all human conception (human language is singularly deficient in words that describe smell and taste; we always refer our sensations to things generally known)¹ it constantly budded into greenish boils with angry red craters, whose

¹ This is my general complaint, and that of all research students on the one hand and imaginative writers on the other. We can only express a new idea by combining two or more old ideas, or by the use of metaphor; just so any number can be formed from two others. James Hinton had undoubtedly a perfectly crisp, simple, and concise idea of the "fourth dimension of space"; he found the utmost difficulty in conveying it to others, even when they were advanced mathematicians. It is (I believe) the greatest factor that militates against human progress that great men assume they will be understood by others.

Even such a master of lucid English as the late Professor Huxley has been so vitally misunderstood that he has been attacked repeatedly for affirming proposition which he specifically denied in the clearest language.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

jagged edges were of a livid white; and from these issued pus formed of all things known of man—each one distorted, degraded, blasphemed.

Things innocent, things happy, things holy! every one unspeakably defiled, loathsome, sickening! During the vigil of the day following I recognized one group. I saw Italy. First the Italy of the map, a booted leg. But this leg changed rapidly through myriad phases. It was in turn the leg of every beast and bird, and in every case each leg was suffering with all diseases from leprosy and elephantiasis to scrofula and syphilis. There was also the consciousness that this was inalienably and for ever part of Arthur.

Then Italy itself, in every detail foul. Then I myself, seen as every woman that has ever been, each one with every disease and torture that Nature and man have plotted in their hellish brains, each ended with a death, a death like Arthur's, whose infinite pangs were added to his own, recognized and accepted as his own.

The same with our child that never was. All children of all nations, incredibly aborted, deformed, tortured, torn in pieces, abused by every foulness that the imagination of an arch-devil could devise.

And so for every thought. I realized that the putrefactive changes in the dead man's brain were setting in motion every memory of his, and smearing them with hell's own paint.

I timed one thought: despite its myriad million details, each one clear, vivid and prolonged, it occupied but three seconds of earthly time.

I considered the incalculable array of the thoughts in his

THE EQUINOX

well-furnished mind; I saw that thousands of year would not exhaust them.

But, perhaps, when the brain was destroyed beyond recognition of its component parts——

We have always casually assumed that consciousness depends upon a proper flow of blood in the vessels of the brain; we have never stopped to think whether the records might not be excited in some other manner. And yet we know how tumour of the brain begets hallucinations. Consciousness works strangely; the least disturbance of the blood supply, and it goes out like a candle, or else takes monstrous forms.

Here was the overwhelming truth; *in death man lives again, and lives for ever*. Yet we might have thought of it; the phantasmagoria of life which throng the mind of a drowning man might have suggested something of the sort to any man with a sympathetic and active imagination.

Worse even than the thoughts themselves was the apprehension of the thoughts ere they arose. Carbuncles, boils, ulcers, cancers, there is no equivalent for these pustules of the bowels of hell, into whose seething convolutions Arthur sank deeper, ever deeper.

The magnitude of this experience is not to be apprehended by the human mind as we know it. I was convinced that an end must come, for me, with the cremation of the body. I was infinitely glad that he had directed this to be done. But for him, end and beginning seemed to have no meaning. Through it all I seemed to hear the real Arthur's thought. "Though all this is I, yet it is only an accident of me; I stand behind it all, immune, eternal."

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

It must not be supposed that this in any way detracted from the intensity of the suffering. Rather it added to it. To be loathsome is less than to be linked to loathsomeness. To plunge into impurity is to become deadened to disgust. But to do so and yet to remain pure—every vileness adds a pang. Think of Madonna imprisoned in the body of a prostitute, and compelled to acknowledge “This is I,” while never losing her abhorrence. Not only immured in hell, but compelled to partake of its sacraments; not only high priest at its agapae, but begetter and manifestor of its cult; a Christ nauseated at the kiss of Judas, and yet aware that the treachery was his own.

VII

As the putrefaction of the brain advanced, the bursting of the pustules occasionally overlapped, with the result that the confusion and exaggeration of madness with all its poignancy was superadded to the the simpler hell. One might have thought that any confusion would have been a welcome relief to a lucidity so appalling; but this was not so. The torture was infused with a shattering sense of alarm.

The images rose up threatening, disappeared only by blasting themselves into the pultaceous coprolite which was, as it were, the main body of the army which composed Arthur. Deeper and deeper as he dropped the phenomena grew constantly in every sense. Now they were a jungle in which the obscurity and terror of the whole gradually overshadowed even the abhorrence due to every part.

The madness of the living is a thing so abominable and

THE EQUINOX

fearful as to chill every human heart with horror; it is less than nothing in comparison with the madness of the dead!

A further complication now arose in the destruction irrevocable and complete of that compensating mechanism of the brain, which is the basis of the sense of time. Hideously distorted and deformed as it had been in the derangement of the brain, like a shapeless jelly shooting out, of a sudden, vast, unsuspected tentacles, the destruction of it cut a thousandfold deeper. The sense of consecution itself was destroyed; things sequent appeared as things superposed or concurrent spatially; a new dimension unfolded; a new destruction of all limitation exposed a new and unfathomable abyss.

To all the rest was added the bewilderment and fear which earthly agoraphobia faintly shadows forth; and at the same time the close immurement weighed upon him, since from infinitude there can be no escape.

Add to this the hopelessness of the monotony of the situation. Infinitely as the phenomena were varied, they were yet recognized as essentially the same. All human tasks are lightened by the certainty that they must end. Even our joys would be intolerable were we convinced that they must endure, through irksomeness and disgust, through weariness and satiety, even for ever and for evermore. In this inhuman, this praeterdiabolic inferno was a wearisome repetition, a harping on the same hateful discord, a continuous nagging whose intervals afforded no relief, only a suspense brimming with the anticipation of some fresh terror.

For hours which were to him eternities this stage continued as each cell that held the record of a memory underwent the degenerative changes which awoke it into hyperbromic purulence.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

VIII

The minute bacterial corruption now assumed a gross chemistry. The gases of putrefaction forming in the brain and interpenetrating it were represented in his consciousness by the denizens of the pustules becoming formless and impersonal—Arthur had not yet fathomed the abyss.

Creeping, winding, embracing, the Universe enfolded him, violated him with a nameless and intimate contamination, involved his being in a more suffocating terror.

Now and again it drowned that consciousness in a gulf which his thought could not express to me; and indeed the first and least of his torments is utterly beyond human expression.

It was a woe ever expanded, ever intensified, by each vial of wrath. Memory increased, and understanding grew; the imagination had equally got rid of limit.

What this means who can tell? The human mind cannot really appreciate numbers beyond a score or so; it can deal with numbers by ratiocination, it cannot apprehend them by direct impression. It requires a highly trained intelligence to distinguish between fifteen and sixteen matches on a plate without counting them. In death this limitation is entirely removed. Of the infinite content of the Universe every item was separately realized. The brain of Arthur had become equal in power to that attributed by theologians to the Creator; yet of executive power there was no seed. The impotence of man before circumstance was in him magnified indefinitely, yet without loss of detail or of mass. He understood that The Many was The One without losing or fusing

THE EQUINOX

the conception of either. He was God, but a God irretrievably damned: a being infinite, yet limited by the nature of things, and that nature solely compact of loathliness.

IX

I have little doubt that the cremation of my husband's body cut short a process which in the normally buried man continues until no trace of organic substance remains.

The first kiss of the furnace awoke an activity so violent and so vivid that all the past paled in its lurid light.

The quenchless agony of the pang is not to be described; if alleviation there were, it was but the exultation of feeling that this was final.

Not only time, but all expansions of time, all monsters of time's womb were to be annihilated; even the ego might hope some end.

The ego is the "worm that dieth not," and existence the "fire that is not quenched." Yet in this universal pyre, in this barathrum of liquid lava, jetted from the volcanoes of the infinite, this "lake of fire that is reserved for the devil and his angels," might not one at last touch bottom? Ah! but time was no more, neither any eidolon thereof!

The shell was consumed; the gases of the body, combined and recombined, flamed off, free from organic form.

Where was Arthur?

His brain, his individuality, his life, were utterly destroyed. As separate things, yes: Arthur had entered the universal consciousness.

And I heard this utterance: or rather this is my translation

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

into English of a single thought whose synthesis is "Woe."

Substance is called spirit or matter.

Spirit and matter are one, indivisible, eternal, indestructible.

Infinite and eternal change!

Infinite and eternal pain!

No absolute: no truth, no beauty, no idea, nothing but the whirlwinds of form, unresting, unappeasable.

Eternal hunger! Eternal war! Change and pain infinite and unceasing.

There is no individuality but in illusion. And the illusion is change and pain, and its destruction is change and pain, and its new segregation from the infinite and eternal is change and pain; and substance infinite and eternal is change and pain unspeakable.

Beyond thought, which is change and pain, lies being, which is change and pain.

These were the last words intelligible; they lapsed into the eternal moan, Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! in unceasing monotony that rings always in my ears if I let my thought fall from the height of activity, listen to the voice of my sensorium.

In my sleep I am partially protected, and I keep a lamp constantly alight to burn tobacco in the room: but yet too often my dreams throb with that reiterated Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe!

X

The final stage is clearly enough inevitable, unless we believe the Buddhist theories, which I am somewhat inclined

THE EQUINOX

to do, as their theory of the Universe is precisely confirmed in every detail by the facts here set down. But it is one thing to recognize a disease, another to discover a remedy. Frankly, my whole being revolts from their methods, and I had rather acquiesce in the ultimate destiny and achieve it as quickly as may be. My earnest preoccupation is to avoid the preliminary tortures, and I am convinced that the explosion of a dynamite cartridge in the mouth is the most practicable method of effecting this. There is just the possibility that if all thinking minds, all "spiritual beings," were thus destroyed, and especially if all organic life could be annihilated, that the Universe might cease to be, since (as Bishop Berkeley has shown) it can only exist in some thinking mind. And there is really no evidence (in spite of Berkeley) for the existence of any extra-human consciousness. Matter in itself may think, in a sense, but its monotony of woe is less awful than its abomination, the building up of high and holy things only to drag them through infamy and terror to the old abyss.

I shall consequently cause this record to be widely distributed. The note-books of my work with Arthur (Vols, I-CCXIV) will be edited by Professor von Buehle, whose marvellous mind may perhaps discover some escape from the destiny which menaces mankind. Everything is in order in these note-books; and I am free to die, for I can endure no more, and above all things I dread the onset of illness, and the possibility of natural or accidental death.

THE TESTAMENT OF MAGDALEN BLAIR

NOTE

I am glad to have the opportunity of publishing, in a journal so widely read by the profession, the MS. of the widow of the late Professor Blair.

Her mind undoubtedly became unhinged through grief at her husband's death; the medical man who attended him in his last illness grew alarmed at her condition, and had her watched. She tried (fruitlessly) to purchase dynamite at several shops, but on her going to the laboratory of her late husband, and attempting to manufacture Chloride of Nitrogen, obviously for the purpose of suicide, she was seized, certified insane, and placed in my care.

The case is most unusual in several respects.

(1) I have never known her inaccurate in any statement of veritable fact.

(2) She can undoubtedly read thoughts in an astonishing manner. In particular, she is actually useful to me by her ability to foretell attacks of acute insanity in my patients. Some hours before they occur she can predict them to a minute. On an early occasion my disbelief in her power led to the dangerous wounding of one of my attendants.

(3) She combines a fixed determination of suicide (in the extraordinary manner described by her) with an intense fear of death. She smokes uninterruptedly, and I am obliged to allow her to fumigate her room at night with the same drug.

(4) She is certainly only twenty-four years old, and any competent judge would with equal certainty declare her sixty.

(5) Professor von Buehle, to whom the note-books were

THE EQUINOX

sent, addressed to me a long and urgent telegram, begging her release on condition that she would promise not to commit suicide, but go to work with him in Bonn. I have yet to learn, however, that German professors, however eminent, have any voice in the management of a private asylum in England, and I am certain that the Lunacy Commissioners will uphold me in my refusal to consider the question.

It will then be clearly understood that this document is published with all reserve as the lucubration of a very peculiar, perhaps unique, type of insanity.

V. ENGLISH, M.D.

ERCILDOUNE

A NOVEL

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

“A Red Star and a Waning Moon
Rede me this true rune;
A Gray Sun and a bastard loon
Ding doun Ercildoune.”

ERCILDOUNE

CHAPTER I

THE GLACIER CAMP

MIDNIGHT on the Chogo Lungma La. Moonlight. The steady sweep of the icy blizzards of the north cuts through canvas and eiderdown and fur. Roland Rex, peering out for a moment from his tiny tent upon the stupendous beauty of the snows, almost wonders that the stars can stand before the blast. Yet, dimly and afar, a speck of life stirs on those illimitable wastes. How minute is a man in such solitudes! Yet how much man means to man! No avalanche, not the very upheaval of the deep-rooted mountains could have held his attention so close as did that dot upon the wilderness of snow.

So far it was, so heavy the weight of the wind, so steep and slippery the slopes, that dawn had broken ere the speck resolved itself into a man. Tall and rugged, his black hair woven into a web over his eyes to protect them from the Pain of the Snows, as the natives call the fearful fulminating snow-blindness of the giant peaks, his feet wrapped round and round with strips of leather and cloth, he approached the little camp.

Patient and imperturbably are these men who face the

THE EQUINOX

majesty of the great mountains: experience has taught them that it is useless to be angry with a snowstorm. A blizzard may persist for a week; to conquer it one must be ready to persist for many weeks. So, quiet and at ease, just as if he had not made his two-and-twenty marches in six days, the messenger fumbled in his clothes and produced the mail.

Two years and more since Roland had been lost in the waste; within a month of Skardu he had arrived, and sent forward a swift runner with a letter to the Tehsildar, the local official, and a budget for his friends at home. The wind had failed just after dawn, and the sun shone strongly on the glacier. Every particle of bedding was hung out to dry; the coolies were right merry; it would be easy to cook food to-day.

Roland had thawed his penultimate tin of sausages, and boiled up his chocolate. Seated on one of the leather-bound baskets which contained his few effects he was now enjoying the warmth, and his pipe, and the rapture of news from home. For though he could expect no letters, the thoughtful Tehsildar had sent him up a newspaper. Mr. Justice Billington had hay-fever; Lord Wittle had obtained his decree nisi; Consols had fallen a point; Sir Julius Boot had left town for his country seat; three pigs had been killed in Staffordshire, and a land-agent in Galway; coal would probably soon be dearer; Tariff Reform meant lower income-tax and work for all; Peter Briggs, alias "Peter the Pounder," had got three years; Buncombe's Bottlettes Cured Constipation; Should Women Wear Braces? and all the weariness of the daily drivel.

But the haunting unreality of the rubbish for a Londoner

ERCILDOUNE

gives place to a vivid brilliance and charm for one who is far off. Clearly the stuff that dreams are made of; therefore—strange paradox!—convincing. Lord Wittle became for the moment as real as Mr. Pickwick. Roland Rex was happy.

Nor was his satisfaction confined to the news of the world. After the starved brain has got every stupid phrase by heart, it turns, still eager, to the report of the Monthly Medal Competition at Little Piddlingborough, and the P. and O. sailings for next month. Even the dull personal column with its hairpin imbecilities and its bogus assignations gives a certain thrill. All is so deliciously fantastic; in the dreary maze of glaciers, in the grim silence of the rocks, in the splendour of the vast, sheathing as they did the iron of reality in the soul of the explorer, the fatuous piffle of the penny-a-liner is like a fairy story told for the first time to a child. Rather a shock to the child when it learns that its Cinderella is not true, but merely a lesson in humility and punctuality; so to the man should he find in his fairy newspaper a paragraph which directly concerns him. Roland Rex found two.

The first, in the memoriam column, read as follows:

“In memory of Lord Marcus Masters, who died—[a date two years earlier]—never forgotten by his affectionate wife. ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.’ ”

He drew in his breath.

“Poor Marcus!” he exclaimed. And then—Roland Rex looked himself over. His hair and beard had been innocent alike of brush and scissors for three years; his skin was darker than that of his coolies; he would have been taken for a savage in any country of the world.

THE EQUINOX

And he laughed. "If the Marquis dies to-morrow, I suppose I could hardly take my seat like this!"

Next his eye fell on the personal column. This time he started in genuine surprise.

The paragraph read:

"SS. 887. Austria to John. Come home. F."

Ronald translated thoughtfully. "Austria to John"? Now what the devil can he mean by that? I ought to know. But I suppose three years of wilderness dulls the intelligence. "Come home!" And the old boy has put that message in the paper 887 times!

Go home I will.

He called his headman, Salama. Laconic as ever. "Bas! Safar ho-gaya. Panch roz-ka dhal-bat bana'o; Askolemen jeldi jaebne." (Enough. The journey is over. Take five days' provisions. We will go quickly to Askole.)

Right enough, in an hour's time, the whole caravan was hurrying down the slopes, tentless and on most meagre rations, if haply they might do fifteen days' march in four. At Askole he paid off the men; and with his gaunt old headman for sole companion, made headlong down the Bralduh valley to Skardu.

CHAPTER II THE RIVER OF MUD

ROLAND REX had chosen the certain passage down the valley in preference to the dubious short cut over the Skoro La. Moreover, he wanted news pretty badly, and local

ERCILDOUNE

rumour had it that a Sahib was now ascending the Bralduh on a sporting trip.

So down they slogged over the rough track.

About noon on the second day they met the servants of the sportsman in question preparing his lunch; learning from these that he was probably an hour behind, they pushed on, and found him sitting on the banks of that strange river of mud which flows into the Bralduh. Sluggish and even is its course; in normal weather of the consistency of very thick tar, it moves down inch by inch, until at last it oozes over into the pale amber froth of the grey Bralduh, and is lost.

Roland Rex had worn his English clothes threadbare long since; he wore the inevitable turban, that best of headgear against both heat and cold, and the rest of his costume was the handiwork of a Yarkand tailor. Small wonder if the natives failed to mark him as a Sahib, and salute; smaller that the Sahib sitting by the river equally mistook him. He called authoritatively to the travelers as they approached. Amused at the jest, Roland made his best salaam.

“Are there any Sahibs shooting or travelling in this nala?” he asked.

Roland said that he had heard of one or two.

“Is Rex Sahib in this district?”

Roland was startled, and showed it; but the spirit of mischief moved him to deny it. What should this stranger want with him?

“You are lying, son of a pig!” said the Englishman coolly, noticing the momentary confusion. It is easy to frighten the truth from an Asiatic by this simple plan. But Roland was really confused, and the stranger accordingly emboldened.

THE EQUINOX

“You are his dak-runners!” he exclaimed. “Where have you left the Sahib?”

Roland’s headman, Salama Tantra, took up the tale. An expert liar for over forty years, he was equal to the situation. Seeing that his master for some reason desired to deny his identity, the grey old hunter began a long tale of woe, beginning nowhere in particular, and ending up, after a series of magnificent falsehoods, with the statement that the Sahib had sent them on with letters, he himself having turned back up over the Hispar pass with the intention of visiting Hunza and returning by Gilgit. The stranger was apparently convinced.

“I am going to join him,” he said. “My own dak-runners shall take the mail, and you shall return with me and take me to him. I am glad I have met you.” And with truly royal generosity, he fished out some rupees of his shooting-coat, and bestowed them on the willing shikari.

Roland jumped to his meaning in a flash; it was the letters he wanted.

“It is not the order, Sahib,” he explained, with an artistic cringe. “It is the order to take these letters to the Tehsildar of Skardu, and receive a paper from him.”

“Nonsense!” said the stranger. “My own men can get this paper; I would not lose you for anything. See, I will give you each one hundred rupees.”

“We cannot break an order, Sahib!” He assumed a gorgeous despair. “The master would punish us.”

The stranger began to storm, but in vain. The travellers murmured the polite request for permission to leave the presence of the highness, and began to move toward the

ERCILDOUNE

river, crossable in fairly dry weather by dint of many stones thrown in by gangs of villagers.

Suddenly out lashed the Englishman's revolver and a shot rang through the air. But he only pierced Roland in the thigh.

Long before his finger could press the trigger again, the huntsman had him by the waist; flung him far into the river of mud. Roland ran to save him, but in a trice he was tripped, and down, and the grey old ruffian kneeling on his chest.

"Useless, Sahib!" he hissed, "we have no ropes. He tried to kill you, Sahib, O my father and my mother."

The poor old fellow was in tears. Shriek after shriek came from the struggling murderer. "Allah has written it," the old man went on, "I saw the mark of death upon his brow."

In vain did Roland threaten, command, entreat. To all Salama answered, "The writing!" and kept his hold. The pain of his wound came home to Rex, and he half fainted.

Horrible were the curses of the wretch in the river. The whole valley shuddered. Yet he, too, ceased to struggle, slowly sucked in and down by the insidious mire. The lucid prologue of death's tragedy came upon him, of a sudden, at Roland's cry as he sat up, weak and bleeding, held now in his faithful servant's arms.

"Who are you, in God's name?" he shouted in English, "and what do you want with Roland Rex?"

"I am mad—I am dying—help! help!" cried the unhappy man. "How is it you seem to talk my tongue?"

"Why, I am Roland Rex; what do you want with me?"

"A curse on my wry shot," he shrieked, and fell back to his

THE EQUINOX

old raving madness. The calm again. "I wanted the great reward—the great reward! For news of your death, you fool. So near! So near success!" and again his fury foamed; blood broke black at his lips. But now the mid-stream strength took him; looking over as he lay half-strangled in the slime, he could see the horror of the Bralduh fifty feet below. The roar of it drowned his choking yells. Then, with a last heave and gurgle through its oily mire, the river fell with him and mighty silence swallowed up the scene. Even as he fell, the storm rolled up the valley, and the blaze broke upon the wounded man and his companion.

By now the wound was staunched, for it was but a slight flesh-wound. Limping from the bullet, shaking from the dread mystery of the scene, Roland Rex crossed the treacherous stream, and came to the apricot orchards of Gomboro.

* * * * *

Stretched upon the green turf in the moonlight, Roland nursed his wound, whose ache, with the fiery events of the day, kept him from sleep.

He mused upon the cipher. The darkness of the letter and the darkness of the deed conspired; and there was light. "Austria to John!" Aha! Ivanhoe!—his thought burnt up—"The devil is unloosed. Look to yourself!" Then he must mean—oh! but that is too impossible. Let me consider.

And his mind ran back to the strange history of his family.

ERCILDOUNE

CHAPTER III

THE DOOM OF ERCILDOUNE

EWAN, fourth Marquis of Ercildoune, was riding alone through the park one drear November day, some eighty years before the beginning of this story. A proud man was he, tracing his descent from True Thomas, the holiest of the ancient Scottish Bards. Of his own house he had predicted glory and earthly power, yet closed it with the weird:

“A Red Star and a Waning Moon
Rede me this true rune;
A Gray Sun and a bastard loon
Ding doun Ercildoune.”

High in favour with King George and his ministers, his name renowned in Wellington’s campaigns, his power absolute as God’s for many a mile beyond the eagle-sight from his castle, his wealth well-nigh boundless, four stalwart sons to bear up his age, and lift his honoured coffin to its grave, no man was more enviable in all the realm that the brave sun controls.

Yet his face was dark, and his hand closed convulsively upon the dagger that lurked at his hip. Also his mouth worked strongly.

Presently he dismounted, and, tying his horse to an oak, plunged deep into the glade. Familiar was the way, though obscure; yet even a stranger would have taken the self-same track, for the steady music of a cascade allured the step. High from its narrow channel it tumbled far out into a rock-bound pool, which overflowing rolled forth into a less dominant

THE EQUINOX

music among lesser obstacles. Here the Marquis paused a moment, then blew shrill upon a whistle. Instantly, as by enchantment, the volume of the falling water whitened and glowed, shot through by some interior light; then all was dark again. But the Marquis, seeming satisfied, probed his wary way around the base of the pool; the slippery rocks, the mossy knobs and treacherous fern-roots lent an ambiguous aid. He passed behind the water, and the path grew easy. Up into the cave he pressed, and after many twists came to the central hollow. Fashioned more by man than Nature, the room was large and nearly square. A curious table of brass stood in the centre, and a blue flame burnt variably thereon. Behind it stood a man of great stature, his face hidden by a monkish hood.

This man addressed the noble.

“Who art thou?”

“Ewan Dhu, Marquis of Ercildoune.”

“Where is then thy brother the Marquis?”

“Under the heather.” A second pause. “Shame!” the Marquis added, “have I come there that you should twit me with this paltry scandal? I never slew him.”

“Not with the sword, but with the pen. Where is the Marquis, his son?”

“Who are you, to press the claim of that bastard brat?”

“I wished to see if the coward who did it was coward enough to lie to me about it.”

The Marquis controlled himself with courage.

“You come to me,” continued the other, “because your foolish dabbling in the false science of the stars has given you fear. You see a baleful planet threatening your house; you

ERCILDOUNE

invoke the aid and counsel of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross. With unclean hands you come, Ewan Duh," cried the adept, raising his voice, "and the mire that you have played with shall engulf your proud head. For once your ignorance has taught you all that knowledge could. This is the doom of Ercildoune; your sons shall die before your eyes; your house shall fail utterly, and all your rank and wealth pass to the King. Solitary and silent I see you dying, dying through long months, and no man to take pity."

"I came to you," replied Ercildoune, "that you might aid me, not that you might curse me. I withdraw."

"Stay!" cried the adept, "what do you offer me for freedom?"

"Penitence, sincere penitence."

"You will make amends?"

"Never!" flamed he out, "for the boy is the vilest of mankind. Before God I say it, I will not believe him of my brother's blood."

"Then you must suffer the doom."

"Then be it so! Farewell."

And he turned to go.

The adept strode swiftly forward. "Now are you a man, Ewan Dhu!" he cried aloud, and grasped his hand. "The doom you must dree, for doom is doom; nor you nor I avail; but in—the right—you shall not suffer, and the End is with Him. Vale! Frater Rosae—"

"Et Crucis!" answered the nobleman.

Silently and gladly they parted.

The fulfilment of the curse is matter of history.

Taking shelter in a storm during a hunt, Malcolm, the

THE EQUINOX

eldest son, died by the lightning flash before his father's eyes. Duncan, the second, plunged into the sea, while they all strove to save a shipwrecked crew, and was drowned. Ivan, the third, racing his horse against his father, was thrown and died. Angus, the fourth, surprised some knowledge of the doom. Maddened by the fear of it, he hanged himself from his own window, even as the Marquis returned from London town, and cried his name to greet him. Then the old man turned melancholy, and shut himself into a Trappist Monastery, where in silence and solitude he died.

Title and estates passed to a cousin, one Lord Barfield, not yet to the King. This doom remained undone.

* * * * *

This Lord Barfield, who had succeeded to the title and estates of Ewan Dhu, was an elderly man of recluse and studious habit. Many years in India had given him the secretiveness and cunning of that strange congeries of nations. He was a widower; his wife had borne him three sons and a daughter; the last had married a Mr. Rex, and Roland was the only issue of the marriage.

The Marquis had brought up his sons to follow the colours. Nothing had stirred his placid life until the Mutiny in India, where his eldest son, the Earl of Bannockburn by courtesy, was killed before the walls of Delhi.

Hard upon the news followed a curious box of ebony and silver from the East. Within he read the carved inscription, "Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune," and, lifting the tray, discovered, wrapped and embalmed in costly spices, the head of his best-loved son. This was all mystery, and he sought the clue in vain.

ERCILDOUNE

Three years later Lord Arthur, the second son, who was studying Russian in St. Petersburg, wrote wildly home that he was stricken by a terrible disease, and the old man, eagerly seeking aid from the Government, learnt that “studies in Russian” meant little more to Arthur than the acquisition of the gilded vices of that barbaric society. Hastily he dispatched his doctor, a wise old friend of the family, if haply skill and counsel might avail; but in vain. The next month’s mail brought irretrevable disaster; Arthur was dead by his own hand.

But oh! strange horror! Clad in fantastic jewel-work, there came a little casket. Within was an empty poison-bottle and the diamond device, “Lord Barfield, with the complements of the Marquis of Ercildoune.”

The old man, mastering his grief, was roused.

He devoted his whole time and intelligence, his wealth, and influence, to the discovery of who had woven this chaplet of hell’s vine for his grey head.

Who was this devil dressed in the grand name? Why did he pursue and faint not? If human power, and power of prayer, might serve, he would know.

But these availed him not. In the end, an accident lifted the veil. As duly shall follow.

CHAPTER IV

CONTINUES THE DOOM

’TWAS a pleasant morning in early October, and the birds were plentiful and strong. The old Marquis, in the joy of his

THE EQUINOX

skill, was half forgetting the misfortunes of his family; dwelling rather on the splendid appetite that his morning's pleasure had given him, and the glorious lunch that awaited the party at the corner of the next spinney.

The guests were few. Lord Adolphus Dollymount was an ass, but his friend, Guy Pendragon, was as fine a young man as England can show. Breeding without snobbery, intelligence without pedantry, marked him for a great place in public life. He had been brought up on the Continent, where (it appeared) his family, notorious Jacobites, had long lived in exile, and had, as it were, taken root in the strange soil. But, he explained, we had had enough of that. England for him, and to serve her was the only life worth living. Besides these were Lord Marcus Masters, the last of the sons of the house, two peers, a cabinet minister, and a famous surgeon, Sir John Bastow.

Guy Pendragon was in the line next to the Marquis, and as they walked, from the fault of one or the other, drew a shade too close together. On a sudden, birds rose, and one fine low-flying cock-pheasant whirred between them. Both swung round, but Pendragon, unable to get a fair shot without danger to his neighbour, withheld his fire and lowered his gun. The Marquis killed his bird.

Then the young man tripped and fell. His gun exploded, and the charge struck the old nobleman in the body. Instantly arose a mighty hubbub. All sprang to his aid; the despair of Pendragon was dreadful to witness. Yet he had sprained his ankle in the fall.

Sir John hurriedly examined the wounded man, pronounced the injuries grave, but not hopeless, rendered first aid, bound

ERCILDOUNE

up the luckless sportsman's ankle, and saw to the improvising of an ambulance.

The two invalids were carried into the house. The Marquis, in pain as he was, could hardly refrain a smile, as one of the old keepers, boiling over with rage, shook his fist in Guy's face, while he hissed, "Ye damned fool!"

The fidelity of the servants of a great house like Ercildoune is a thing to restore confidence in human nature.

Soon, too, the old man declared that the accident had shaken him sadly; he would like to spend his last years with his brother's son in far Virginia. The Marquis gave him leave, and in due time he departed.

Pendragon, too, recovered, and went off to Monte Carlo.

* * * * *

So much for Man; but Fate stepped in, and the carefully skinned poker hand was flung wide on the table by a sudden gust of the Everlasting Wings.

It was left to a nameless Anarchist to save the house of Ercildoune. His brain, tortured and diseased by famine of food and surfeit of cheap philosophy, conceived that the death of a few harmless folk would ease the evil of the Universe.

So he dragged a log of wood across the path of the Marseilles Rapide, and screwed it to the sleepers.

The train staggered, left the line, tore up its universe, crashed into a chaos of blind, foolish agony.

From among the wounded and slain young Guy Pendragon extricated himself.

"Here!" he called to another man, uninjured like himself, "help me to save my father—my father!"

Stolid and self-possessed, the stranger set himself steadily

THE EQUINOX

—for all his rabbit's face and meek shabby-gentility—to the task, and in an hour's hard work that part of the wreckage was cleared. Night unto death, they dragged out an old grey man, and bore him to the relief train.

Then the stranger returned to the work of rescue, musing.

What was this man to Guy Pendragon? Father. How father? For this man was the old keeper from Ercildoune!

He knew it all; since long he had been chief of the detectives employed by Lord Ercildoune to track the murderer of his sons. Yet now? Inscrutable. Not altogether, perhaps: a seek-thought had sprouted in his mind; he smiled grimly, seeking amid the tangle of the train for further clues.

He found at last a small pocket-book in the wreck of Guy's portmanteau. The little therein was enough for his trained intelligence; the whole infamy lay bare.

He set wires to work; the authorities came in; and, torn howling from the yet warm corpse of his father, Guy Pendragon faced the rigours of an English court of justice.

Grayson, alias Lord Guy Masters, alias Pendragon, alias Schmidt, alias Laroche, etc., was informed by the Judge that the claim of this father to the Marquisate of Ercildoune was of no importance in the eyes of justice. It had been clearly proved that he did feloniously of his malice aforethought attempt to kill and murder one of his Majesty's subjects, a gentleman of high rank and dignity, who stood to him moreover in the position of host; further that he did conspire with his said father to commit the said murder; further, that all the sentimental considerations which his counsel had so eloquently urged were balanced by the fact that the accused had for years lived by fraud and robbery; and though he (the Judge) regretted

ERCILDOUNE

that counsel for the Crown had seen fit to try and connect accused with the deaths of Lord Ercildoune's two sons, yet the main charge was abundantly clear, and he had no hesitation in sentencing him to Penal Servitude for Life.

The prisoner had but time to say: "I am Lord Ercildoune, my Lord, and you shall live to repent it," before he was removed.

* * * * *

Nine days, and London had forgotten.

CHAPTER V

DERELICT CORRESPONDENCE

LONDON had forgotten! yes, even Roland Rex had forgotten in the intensity of his three years' wandering in Central Asia. Now, as he lay in the moonlight in the apricot orchards of Gomboro, the whole history rolled its sinister waves upon him.

That devil unchained? Marcus dead? Was there a link between these evil-omened happenings? What of this strange sahib who travelled nine thousand miles, and risked, lost indeed, his life in the hope of meeting Rex or stealing his letters? As the Bralduh roared below, bearing high the funeral dirge of that murderous man of mystery, Roland echoed its eternal restlessness, its unmeaning wail. He could have plunged into the river, and wrested out the heart of that dead mystery. . . .

So came the dawn at last; so, sleepless and stiff, weak from the loss of blood, he and his faithful shikari bent

THE EQUINOX

themselves to the endless track that leads through that desperate valley at the end of the world to the green glories of Shigar and the whirlwind-haunted circuit of Skardu.

Two days of hellish agony; the torture of the wound, the torment of the sun, the atrocious thirst upon the bare rock walls through which the path winds up and down, and above all the agony of doubt. What should he do? Two years had passed and more. He knew nothing of affairs. To go home as Roland Rex might be the blindest walking into the trap. What might not have happened since? "Look to yourself" had said the message.

Just then a native passed, giving no salute. Roland started. There was the missing word of wisdom. A native he seemed, a native he would remain. Nothing would be easier; he need not even lack money. He could draw small cheques to his new self as Habib Ju, the first name that came to his mind; he need lack nothing. And it should go hard but he discovered much ere he reached England, and came secretly to his grandfather's house of Ercildoune.

Now they got a raft of swollen goat-skins, and sped down the rushing stream to Skardu. There he wrote a letter to the Tehsildar, stating his intention to remain in the Bralduh Nala for some weeks, and that the native stories of his disappearance were to cause no anxiety; their origin was quite inexplicable.

Thus he calmed official curiosity, and killing one horse on the Deosai Plains and two more between Burzil and Bandipur, came to Baramulla before alarm, either on his account or that of the other man, had yet disturbed the nights of the Tehsildar, a man naturally lazy, incredulous, and slow to action.

ERCILDOUNE

When alarm arose, indeed, it diminished almost as quickly. It was only necessary to construct a plausible, probable story of the death of the two sahibs. So the Tehsildar manufactured an avalanche, and was so thoughtful as to include among the victims not only the two white men, but also those of their servants who might possibly be implicated in any inquiry, and therefore thought that it would be best to lie low for awhile.

Thus, six months after, news came to England of the death of Roland Rex.

Meanwhile that worthy was ostensibly engaged in the pilgrimage to Mecca. But he slipped off at Jeddah and took passage in a coaster up the Red Sea. At Cairo he disclosed himself with all due caution to an old schoolfellow at Headquarters, and was able to continue the journey with a bronzed face, a trim foreign beard, and a suit of Greek-cut serge. Here, too, he was able to telegraph to his grandfather that all was yet well. He had only dared to send one other, from Bombay, and that expressed so cautiously that even the recipient might have been pardoned for failing to guess at its meaning.

Roland had not called for his letters at the agent's there, else he would not have missed the following epistle, which had lain awaiting him for more than two years.

“MY DEAR ROLAND,” wrote his grandfather, “heavy news, heavy news! I fear grievous trouble. Young Grayson has escaped. It seems that while a working party were out in the fog he made a sudden dash for liberty. The whole affair must have been devilish well arranged, for no trace of the

THE EQUINOX

fugitives has ever been obtained—save one, of course. A month after the escape I received a parcel from Leipsig which, on being opened, revealed a convict costume with the inscription, beautifully embroidered in silk:

“Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune. Merely a memento.”

“As usual! Leipsig is of course worse than no clue at all but one thing we know at least: there is a woman in it. I hope to send more and better news very shortly. I have wired Arkwright, the man who caught him before; he must do it again.

“Your affectionate grandfather,

“ERCILDOUNE.

“P.S. I am advertising you daily in many papers as your movements are so uncertain; it is but a chance if this letter reaches you.—E.

“P.P.S. For God’s sake, dear lad, take care of yourself. Three years since Marcus married, and no child.”

Receiving no answer to this, the Marquis did not write again. Shut up in Ercildoune, he read deep into the night, and always on the one subject. As a criminologist he had no rival; from his castle he directed a vast army of detectives.

Yet with no result. Grayson was lost again.

ERCILDOUNE

CHAPTER VI

FATHER AMBROSE

NOT only did Ercildoune seek Grayson to avenge his dead sons, but to save his heir. Lord Marcus Masters was a soft youth of a religious turn of mind. Only at his father's urgent command had he married. Even so, he married out of his class; it was the niece of the parish priest of Ercildoune that led him at last as a sheep to the slaughter. Meek and pious, like the hybrid of a praying mantis and a mouse, she had but little thought for worldliness. And that caused no grief to the old Marquis, who thought Marcus safer in the chapel than in the ball-room.

So sped their placid sheepish life; no bucolics were theirs to be disturbed by some such fiery line as "Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin." The idea of passion was foreign to them. Their idea of love was verbal; Caroline Masters would have resented the pressure of her husband's hand.

This indeed would have maddened the old noble, had he guessed it. But Arthur's debauches in Petersburg had determined him to keep Marcus innocent, and the frigidity of Caroline was a rare accident such as the wisest might fail to foresee.

As maturity grew, so religious ardour took the place of virile fervour. Day by day Marcus and his wife grew closer to Christ, so that in the end no hour of the day but was given to some devotion or another. Their guests were itinerant evangelists; their friends converted Atheist cobblers; their enemies imaginary Jesuits.

THE EQUINOX

It so happened one fine summer that the fame of a certain Father Ambrose went abroad. He gave himself out to be a renegade monk from the Benedictine Monastery at Fort Augustus. Convinced of Protestant Truth, he had (it seemed) suffered a martyrdom comparable only to that of Polycarp, and had eventually made his escape in circumstances only paralleled by those of Paul at Damascus.

The statement of the Lord Abbot that the said person had never been a monk at all carried little weight with those who, like Lord Marcus Masters, were acquainted with the depths of the Duplicity of the Devil in particular and the Roman Communion in general.

From town to town the fame of the young convert, who lent piquancy to his personality by retaining semi-monastic garb and traces of the tonsure, leapt like a beacon. He who at Glasgow was starving with a dozen draggled-tailed hearers, was dining well at Manchester, and, under the wing of a leading Elder, addressing some thousand enthusiasts in the local Bethel. At Birmingham the largest hall in the city overflowed. At London all the cranks of all the sects combined to welcome him; the new revival was in every mouth. Even the street-boys whistled the refrain of his famous Redemption Song, which ran:—

“There’s salvation in Jesus!
in Jesus!
There’s salvation in Jesus for you!
for Me!
There’s salvation in Jesus for all of us!
There’s salvation in Jesus, salvation in Jesus,
Salvation in Jesus for you—
and for Me!”

ERCILDOUNE

The very numerous other verses differed by substituting for the word "salvation" such words as "redemption," "grace," "resurrection," "immortality," "glory" and the like, I rejoice to say with little consideration for so purely pagan a matter as metre.

No society is so easily carried away by its cranks as London Society. "Father Ambrose" might have stayed with almost any Duchess in the Kingdom; but when at the end of a long and glorious season, with a ragged throat and a record bag of sinners, his medical adviser insisted on rest, it was the invitation of Lord and lady Marcus Masters that he accepted.

Absolutely perfect rest! was the doctor's last word; positively *no* society!

So we lose this interesting trinity for a moment and return to the Albert Hall at the close of the last of his meetings.

"Had the man a brother?" asked a rabbit-faced little nondescript of a man with a meek voice.

"I assure you he had not," replied his interlocutor—who might have been a dog-stealer out of work.

"But it is he himself then!" insisted the first. "I cannot mistake the voice and the gesture. The face is all wrong, I know, but . . ."

"Of course; what's in a face? But I went close, I tell you. I went to the 'glory form,' as they call it, and he prayed with me for twenty minutes."

"In full light?" asked the first.

"Quite full; yet I can't swear to it that the face is made up."

"Come, come!" interjected the first speaker, reproachfully.

THE EQUINOX

“I can’t, sir!” he insisted. “But what I can swear to is the eyes; a man can’t fake his eyes.”

“Well?”

“Our man’s were grey, pale grey. This man’s are a strange dark iridescent purple—very catlike.”

“That settles it, of course. But yet—I wish I could feel satisfied.”

A third man touched him on the arm. “News, sir!” he said: “strange, grave news!”

“Yes?” turned the other, swift as a snake.

“Father Ambrose is leaving London to-morrow.”

“I knew that, Smithers;” he snapped.

“—with Lord and Lady Marcus Masters.”

“Damn your eyes!” he yelled in excitement—“sorry, Jackson! I mean the evidence of *his* eyes; there’s something up, depend on it. Follow to the office; I must work out a new plan to-night.”

They moved off separately, the man Jackson cursing his superior for a dreaming fool who preferred intuition to plain fact.

CHAPTER VII

LITERALISM IN PRACTICE

DESPITE the merry detective and his gallant men, or possibly because of their unceasing vigilance, nothing whatever happened. Yet Lord Marcus grew ever more pious, and gloomier; he had strange fits of weeping which alarmed his gentle wife; curious blushes would come over him without

ERCILDOUNE

apparent cause. He grew morose, unkind to village children, who lacked the accustomed smile. He began to neglect his appearance. "If thy right hand" (he cried one day, reproached for cruelly beating a dog—how unlike our gentle Marcus!) "offend thee, cut it off! For it is better for thee to enter into Life maimed, than having two hands to be cast into the lake of fire. How much more then, if my dog offend me?"

Father Ambrose was genuinely distressed by these scenes. His influence, and his alone, seemed to calm the unhappy pietist—yet these interviews, beneficial as they seemed at the time, left a deeper irritation behind. Lord Marcus began to treat his wife with contempt and aversion; his temper grew daily more uncertain.

One day his wife took Father Ambrose aside, and suggested that medical treatment would relieve the strain. But the good man forbade all profane interference with "the wonderful workings of the Lord with the soul."

"Believe me, dear lady," he would say, "in His own good time the dear Lord knows how to bring our dear Marcus into His marvellous light."

And she was fain to be satisfied.

So far no open scandal.

What brought matters to a climax was this.

One fine holiday, Lord Marcus, in his aimless way, was wandering in the village. Children were sporting in one corner with their big sisters and brothers; some game of forfeits was being played. Lord Marcus looked on moodily, hardly seeing, save to regret that these children were not all groaning over Sin in some damp Bethel.

A great clapping of hands. A buxom wench had broken

THE EQUINOX

some rule, or failed in some test; and must pay forfeit. The judge solemnly condemned her:—

“By Peter and Andrew and Mary and Anne
You must go and kiss the prettiest man!”

They all laughed shrill. But the wench, with a snigger, slyly approached the unconscious Marcus, threw her arms round him, and kissed him loud upon the lips.

Marcus started from his reverie, struck her fiercely in the face, and, crying “Accurséd! accurséd! accurséd!” fled up the street.

The shrieking girl, with her lip bleeding from his signet ring, stared after him—as one who has seen Satan. Sobered, the children ceased their game, and fell to weeping. Some of the lads threw stones at the maniac; some started to follow, with coarse oaths. But he ran like a hare, and shut himself into his house. For three days he would see nobody; at last Father Ambrose, who was going to America to start a great revival there, insisted on bidding him farewell.

The good man found his noble patron in bed, looking like death, yet with a strange light in his eyes.

What passed none knew; but the ex-monk, pale as ashes, came to bid adieu to Lady Marcus. He was deeply moved. “Do not intrude upon him!” he said, “the crisis is over. Your husband is a great saint!”

But the American crusade never caught fire. Or the preacher lacked the flint, or his audience the steel, and after a futile fortnight the revival fizzled out. Ambrose gave notice that he must seek counsel of the Lord; something (he thought) was the matter with his personal holiness that the dear Lord

ERCILDOUNE

no longer saw fit to use him. He disappeared, and none knew whither.

But the Marquis?

One day by post from Lagos came to him a shameful, an atrocious, an abominable packet—a nameless horror. And on the wrapping there was written:

“Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHAPEL OF REVENGE

MARCUS MASTERS never rallied from the shock.

Tubercle caught his enfeebled frame in its grip; in less than a year he shrivelled to a corpse.

With the aged Marquis of Ercildoune the enemy had become a nightmare, an incubus, an obsession. The poor old man trembled at every whisper. Why did they whisper? What did they wish to hide from him? Some new misfortune? What did this stranger want at the house? Who was he? Lord Barfield feared even his own detectives.

Surely the shadow of the curse lay heavy on the House of Ercildoune.

A certain trusted valet, an old man whom he had known and loved from boyhood, long ere he took on him the fatal marquisate, was his daily companion. Deeply did he scrutinize each visitor to the once great house, now fallen and neglected. What did the Marquis care? Even his giant fortune-tree was somewhat lopped by the maintenance of

THE EQUINOX

what had grown to practically a standing army. In every country of the globe his men sought ceaselessly for traces of the escaped convict. Grayson had Ten Thousand Pounds upon his head; yet he seemed safe as Prince Charlie was among his Highland hearts.

Some men doubted nine-tenths of the history. At the worst Grayson must have died somewhere. A desperate life and a desperate death. Why not ere now? He had not been heard of assuredly for years. Wise men remarked that Father Ambrose was certainly not young Grayson. The Marquis was a madman who saw family feuds in stones, and Grayson in everything.

The detectives would joke about it. When one took cold, he would laugh, "Grayson getting at me again." A funeral in the force was called a "Grayson."

Grim laughter must have filled the soul of that strange man, wherever it was that he lurked.

Ay! the great house of Ercildoune was hushed. Men did not care to pass those portals. Even as the ivy gripped the walls of the castle, so the curse clung upon all the hearts of great house.

Long and earnestly, therefore, did the old watchdog of the Marquis gaze into the eyes of the strange bearded turbaned man that stole to the side gate one night and asked for admission.

Even so, he refused him. Then the Indian drew off his sandal, and from between the leathers took a scrap of paper. In the well-known cheirograph of Roland Rex, of late so longed-for, were the words, "Good news of me by mouth."

The suspicion old man was not yet convinced. This

ERCILDOUNE

devil Grayson of all devils was most clever to disguise himself as an angel of light.

But the Marquis thought otherwise. "Bring him in!" he cried. Some intuition told him that the words rang true.

Yet the obstinate old servant took his precautions like a wise general. He led the messenger through a dark passage, and, stumbling, took care to feel him for a hidden weapon. Nor, leading him into the very sight of Ercildoune, did he fail to cover him with his own pistol.

The old man lifted up his head. "You bring news of my grandson?" he asked in Hindustani.

"The best of news," was the answer in English, and Roland Rex, shaking off his turban, stepped forward and kissed his grandsire's trembling hand.

Like a stone god, steeled against all emotion, the ancient noble told in chill bleak words the hideous story of Marcus. Then he rose.

"Come!" he said.

At one end of the apartment was a tall door concealed by curtains of black velvet. Beyond lay a strange chapel. Here hung upon the walls the portraits of those dead Ercildounes. Above the altar with its lighted candles flaming was the terrible face of God, a God of Wrath and Vengeance, the awful God of Judgment, who visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children.

Upon the altar, draped all in black, stood the ghastly trophies of the curse, each in its casket, each with its sardonic inscription.

And on the empty monstrance was the scroll, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

THE EQUINOX

Roland started. The terror of the place ate like a cancer into his soul. The curse came home to him. Unreal, in a sense, these old catastrophes had been. These monuments of infernal hate meant little. Now he saw himself as the very target of those frightful arrows, and utmost fear smote him. He feared even lest his old grandfather were an enemy, some appalling avatar of his unresting foe.

Roland sank down before the altar and abased himself, reaching his hands up too Heaven.

Awhile he prayed; then he arose and swore that by God's help he would root out this monster from the fair earth polluted by his infamy.

The old man followed him in silence, approving. Together they left the chapel, with the echo still afloat in their ears.

The pair spent hours of dreary, profitless talk, wasting days in interviewing detectives, and drafting new plans of campaign. The only profitable work done was the reading of all the reports by Roland, afraid lest he should miss one clue.

At the end he shrugged his shoulders. "Accident helped us before," he said, "and may help us again. But before all let no man know that I am still alive, and I will enter that dark hall of namelessness where Grayson lives. There is, I fancy, one man that may help us, the man that sentenced him—Mr. Justice Laycock."

ERCILDOUNE

CHAPTER IX

MR. JUSTICE LAYCOCK

MR. JUSTICE LAYCOCK was a capital whip, and his four-in-hand was one of the sights of the Park in the season. If, during the off-season, he chose to keep his hand in by practice in St. John's Wood, at midnight, and indoors, well—it was his business, and not ours.

And a very merry old gentleman he was.

Roland Rex just missed him at the club. There was nothing for him to do. He was big and strong, and very tired of tragedy; he had not tasted the over-ripe fruits of London for four years; nor indeed had he the disposition to set his teeth in a hard sharp apple.

He lounged off, with a tired man's eagerness for pleasure, rolled in and out of the Pavilion, stood speechless on the brink of Scott's for minutes that passed like hours, too stupid to go anywhere.

To one who has fallen so far there is but one refuge:—the Continental.

Put your foot on the rung of *that* ladder, and you are safe to reach the bottom!

In sooth, a little past midnight he got away from the drunken turmoil—himself a little enlivened by the light and the laughter and the wine—at the cost of having pledged himself to protect from molestation a beautiful maiden with cheeks far too natural, teeth far too regular, hair far too well-groomed, shoulders far too white, breasts far too well-shaped,

THE EQUINOX

dress far too well-cut, to be anything but a hideous monstrosity in the eyes of the healthy man.

The chivalry of his conduct melted the frosty hesitation of the fair one; on arrival at her house she asked him in to rest for a few moments.

The sound of childish laughter from within assured him that he need not fear to disturb the household; so he followed the lady, who took her latchkey and slipped in.

Like an adder he darted back. "For God's sake, Kissums," he whispered, catching her by the priceless Mechlin sleeve of her, "there's the very man I want to see—and if he sees me now there's an end of it!"

For within the door stood Mr. Justice Laycock. He had harnessed four pretty girls in reins of blue ribbon, and was driving them gaily up and down the stairs with a whip, while he occasionally blew on the horn that hung from his neck.

It is said that Archimedes, having discovered the principle of the lever, leapt from his bath, shouting "Eureka" as his sole contribution to the usual toilet of a philosopher; and an equally brilliant idea must, one may believe, have seized the learned judge with equal intensity and suddenness. But if in this respect his costume as coachman seemed incongruous, the same complaint could not have been laid against his steeds, who reproduced the normal costume of a horse with the most scrupulous fidelity.

In the event, Roland suitably bestowed his fair charge at a great West-End Hotel, and repaired early in the morning to try and interview the judge in chambers.

But he had not appeared; and after an hour of useless

ERCILDOUNE

waiting Roland strolled back to lunch at the Savoy, and a little later to his rooms.

About four o'clock the posters caught his eye ---

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A JUDGE

and a brief notice—vilely padded out to trick the public into the idea that the paper possessed some information—told him that it was Mr. Justice Laycock that was missing.

“Asses!” chuckled Roland from the height of his superior knowledge. “Somebody has run off with the old boy’s clothes for a lark! Oh! won’t I roast him over this!”

By ten o'clock the affair had grown fearful and wonderful. One paper had it that he had been seen at Folkestone; another said that he had received an urgent call to his sick son in Paris; and so on. All to be squelched by the official statement that he was not missing at all, but confined to his room by the very slightest of all possible indispositions, and would almost certainly be at work as usual on the morrow. So simple was this admirable lie that even Roland believed it. Two days elapsed, and he learnt only that “the indisposition of Mr. Justice Laycock had proved more severe than was at first supposed, and his medical advisers had recommended perfect rest for a week. There was no cause whatever for any anxiety.”

But a few noticed that all this did not explain why he was at first reported missing; it did not explain why numberless strangers called at the judge’s house: it did not explain the

THE EQUINOX

extraordinary activity of Scotland Yard in certain parts of the metropolis.

On the following Sunday *Reynolds's* asked broadly in fat type "WHERE IS LAYCOCK?" and Roland was still far from an answer when his bell rang, and an Inspector from Scotland Yard, accompanied by a little rabbit-faced man, asked for a private interview.

"It's about this business of Mr. Justice Laycock," began the Inspector. "I must ask you to keep it absolutely private, sir, but he is not ill at all. He is really missing; he left his club at nine o'clock last Friday and has not been seen since."

"Oh, yes, he has!" Roland cheerfully retorted. "I saw him myself at one o'clock the following morning—I must ask you to keep it absolutely private—driving a very pretty four-in-hand up and down the stairs at 40, Roumania Road, St. John's Wood."

The Inspector whistled. "That's the biggest lift yet," he said.

"Well, this gentleman"—indicating the rabbit-faced man—"will have it that there's some connection between this case and——"

"This," said the rabbit-faced man, coming forward.

"What make you think so?"

"This parcel is addressed to Lord Ercildoune, sir, and I think I know the writing." He really trembled as he said it. "You are fully responsible to his Lordship," he went on, "I take it; and between you and me, sir, I fear this parcel may be something of a shock, so we took the extreme liberty of delaying it."

"You did right," said Rex kindly.

ERCILDOUNE

“With your permission, sir, we will open it here and at once.”

The Inspector cut the string and tore off the wrapping. A beautiful box of tortoise-shell inlaid with finest filigree of gold lay exposed.

The rabbit-faced man searched for the spring.

“Pull yourself together, sir!” he said sharply.

Lifting the lid, he disclosed a human tongue. To their horrified imagination it seemed still warm and quivering.

“Look! Look!”—the Inspector recovered himself quickly enough. Indeed, the inner lid of the box bore this inscription, beautifully chased in gold—

“The tongue that sentenced me.

“Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune.”

They stood, rooted to the ground. Upon that stupendous moment the hateful clamour of the telephone broke in. Rex rushed to it, more to silence than to answer it. But the voice came stern and loud—

“Is that Mr. Coffyn?”

“No—yes, of course! What is it?”

It was Rex’s assumed name. In that supreme moment he forgot all accidents, stifled with the very breath of hell.

“Is Inspector Maggs with you, sir? May I speak to him?”

Roland handed across the receiver.

“Yes, I’m Maggs. Who are you?”

“Innes. Old Madame Zynsky has owned up: she’s here now. Can you come?”

“Right. Ring off, please.”

THE EQUINOX

“Will you come round with us, sir? Your evidence may be useful, if only to get the truth from Mother Zynsky.”

Roland took his hat. The scent was getting warm.

CHAPTER X

MADAME ZYNSCKY

MADAME ZYNSCKY was the Flaubourg St. Germain of the underworld. She had been magnificent, and retained alike the appearance and the pride. She was only too ready, once having taken the step, to throw herself into the arms of justice, and grease the wheels of the chariot of the Law.

Yet it was a black enough business. There was not only the corpse of one of his Majesty's Judges to explain away, but the corpse of a child to whom the most liberal cynic could not give fifteen summers.

The police had started sniffing around on the very morning of the murder, which she had not discovered till eleven o'clock, when, having no sign of her distinguished guest, she had applied her eye to the peephole of the room, and seen the two dead bodies, and a sickening stream of blood, already chill and clotted on the floor.

So much was easy to tell, even if she risked a dose of penal servitude—one could never tell what these police would do! Somehow, she fancied, the matter would not come into court.

But what the Inspector did want to know was this: Who had been there that night?

This she rolled off glibly, though she risked her livelihood.

ERCILDOUNE

But the police were a good sort; they would not hurt an honest woman's trade; she was useful enough to them in a hundred ways, God knew!

They would not let her clients know that she betrayed them. Well, thank God, there was one question that he did not ask; what women were there? That is, other than the ordinary.

Did the Inspector know who had done it? She thought perhaps he did. This was no ordinary crime.

Yes! it would be all right for her. They could never bring up the little girl against her; she had her answer for that! She was a cowardly fool not to have come straight to the police on that dreadful first morning, when a thousand expedients worse than foolish jostled each other in her shrewd old skull. No! perhaps it was better to give the man a chance to clear out. The police would prefer that too.

"Mr. Fitzgerald would like a word, sir!" came an interruption at the door.

Mr. Fitzgerald was Laycock's best friend.

"Any news, Inspector?" he whispered.

"The worst, sir, I'm sorry to say."

"Dead?"

"Ay, sir, and worse!"

"Worse? You are mad!"

"Murdered, so that if I had Grayson here in this office, I wouldn't dare to lay a finger on him. I can't bear it, sir; it's a shame to the force. Go, sir, you must break it to his wife—bear up, sir. We must face it all like men. But—look what I've seen to-night, sir!"

And he silently handed over the tortoise-shell box.

THE EQUINOX

“Look here, gentlemen,” said the rabbit-faced man, who with Roland had joined them at the door. “That man Grayson has never made but one mistake. He loved his father, and it cost him nigh two years in gaol. He won’t do a silly thing like that again! He has committed every crime from petty larceny to murder, these thirty years—and tripped but once. Catch him!” and the little man laughed screechily.

It jarred them, one and all. Indeed there seemed a fate about it.

“I shall go to Lady Laycock,” said Fitzgerald shortly. “To you, Inspector, I only say one word: there is a God above.”

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders.

They went back to the adorable Zynsky, who was now quite at her ease. Indeed, had she been Queen of England for a decade she could hardly have borne herself more majestically.

The physical appearance of all her guests supplied her with an inexhaustible fund of talk. Suddenly the Inspector stopped her.

“By the way,” he said, “who was the little girl?”

Madame Zynsky was equal to the occasion.

“Inspector Maggs,” she said solemnly, “I pledge you my word that it has nothing to do with the case, and I strongly advise you not to ask.”

“H’m”—the Inspector was but half convinced.

“The whole affair will be hushed up—you know it as well as I do! Well!” the placid old voice rippled on, “I will tell you a little story.”

“Nonsense!” said the Inspector sternly.

ERCILDOUNE

“I knew a very clever policeman in Vienna—never mind how many years ago! who was engaged in a very similar case. That young man had his fingers on a very great criminal—one of the lowest blackguards in Vienna—but the night before he arrested him he had a very curious dream.”

“Yes?” said the Inspector, amused. “We don’t dream much in London, Madame!”

“You’d better learn,” retorted the old woman grimly. “This young man dreamt that he was hunting for a superintendent’s badge in the mud; his fingers closed on it, and—it was a Royal Crown. A red-hot Royal Crown, and it burnt him! ’Twas only the girl with his shaving water that touched his hand with the hot jug to wake him; but while he shaved he thought, and, while he thought, the criminal slipped out of Austria; and the very same post that brought that disappointing news consoled him with news of his appointment to that very ‘surintendance’ he had dreamed of.

“Now wasn’t that funny?” she concluded, with a chuckle.

“The Inspector is a witty man,” interposed Roland, “but you go and try the joke on the most Noble the Marquis of Ercildoune. You’ll find, Inspector,” he added, “that this affair won’t hush up quite as smoothly as all that. I shall see you later. Good-bye!” and he strolled off.

“You may go, Madame,” said the Inspector; “we shall always know where to lay our hands on you—and I’ll think it over.”

“Good afternoon, gentlemen!” and the disgusting creature swept out of the office with the airs of a duchess.

Left to themselves, the two men silently produced their

THE EQUINOX

pipes. They were nearly through the first before the rabbit-faced man opened his mouth.

“Tell you what, Maggs,” he said, “if I had Grayson here, I’d choke him right away, and chance what happened after.”

The Inspector reached out his hand.

“And not think twice about it,” was his only comment.

CHAPTER XI

THE CROWN PRINCESS

THE more Maggs thought about it, the less Maggs liked it. But the certainty of Ercildoune’s resentment was bound to outweigh the dubious threats of the old harridan of Roumania Road. After all, she might be bluffing. He determined to go into the case with even more than his accustomed zeal.

But this peculiar case seemed to object to the process.

All his clues were woolly—everybody had a quite straightforward story to tell, and not a soul had heard or seen anything. Of the five or six dapper young men that frequented the house there was not one in the least like the missing Grayson. Every one of them was a fine strapping upstanding healthy clean-living youth, such as England is proud of. Every one of them lived in an honourable way and could be traced back to the cradle.

But they were frankly indifferent to the detective, and had all made a point of seeing and hearing a little less than nothing. Only one, a Mr. Segrave, the private secretary of

ERCILDOUNE

the Crown Princess (as she was called by every one), offered to assist him.

“Look here, Inspector,” he said, “for private reasons of my own I should like to see this matter cleared up. Now you’re on the wrong tack altogether. Everybody knows all about old Zynsky’s men. You have a look round at the women.”

“Well,” said Maggs, “I have quite certain information that it was done by a man.”

“Or by a woman at his command. You’re a smart man, Inspector Maggs; but if you leave out the women, they’ll call you Maggots. You have a look round at the women.”

“What do you know, sir?”

“I can tell you of two or three who were there that night—but I shan’t. You can find out easily enough from other sources, and——”

“Thank you!” said Maggs, “you needn’t change my name yet; you’ve told me.”

And off he went.

“There was a Segrave in this case before, too,” mused Maggs. “Of course. Captain Segrave, killed with Roland Rex in that avalanche. But, Great Scott! Mr. Rex was not killed. Where is Captain Segrave, then?”

These lying official reports! Perhaps even Mr. Rex himself would hardly know the truth of that story.

Nor did Roland, on being questioned, think the facts of the case good to report, and fubbed off the Inspector with the usual commonplaces of official stupidity.

Rex could hardly have explained this reticence, even to himself. Perhaps the shock of the affair had a good deal to

THE EQUINOX

do with it. In any case he held his tongue, and a really priceless clue was lost. The Inspector left young Segrave to himself, and busied himself with other threads. Yet, had he but known it, young Seagrave was like a silken skein of Ariadne, to lead him to the hell-heart of the labyrinth.

* * * * *

The young man went over to his mistress, to perform his daily secretarial duties. The Crown Princess was known and beloved all over England. The infamous conduct of her vile husband was perhaps but guessed; yet the one shameful bargain, the refusal to accede to which had cost her a throne, was well enough understood to make her the idol of that mean and obscene class of English people that love to think themselves generous and pure.

Divorced though she was, she commanded the esteem and affection of the Court as of the crowd; and if, as a few blackguard busybodies hinted, she sought elsewhere that solace which our beautiful social system had denied her, it was surely her own affair. Not that any decent person listened for an instant to the breath of scandal; in fact, one or two men had been soundly horsewhipped for something less than a whisper to her discredit.

The secretary found his mistress awaiting him. She lay on a magnificent divan of tigers' skins, seriously smoking a cigarette with long deep inhalations. There was more Eastern blood than Austrian in her veins; nay! but the naked Tartar showed clear as noonday in her supple gestures and savage face.

She rose as he entered. She was a woman of full six feet, her body strong and lithe as a leopard's; too slight almost to support the weight of her marvelous head. Of the semi-

ERCILDOUNE

Mongolian type, with long sleepy eyes, and eyebrows bushy and black as a raven, the nose more snub than straight with the nostrils jutting like an animal's, the mouth a scarlet slit with thinnest lips crowned with a black down, the teeth strong and projecting, the jaw square and portentous. The cheeks were hollow, and they and the whole face glistened with that coarse dead blue (only enlivened by the purple of two moles upon the chin) that one only sees in Eastern Europe. All this was on a mighty model; its poise on the slight shoulders served to accentuate its great size; so did her lustrous hair. Of gleaming dead blue-black, it rolled and twisted tightly about her in innumerable coils. One would have said Medusa with her snakes!

Yet all the wonder and horror of the head was instantly blotted out when she spoke. 'Twas like some gentle far-off silver bell borne down on the Zephyr to one's listening ear. 'Twas of no great volume, but most utter sweet.

So also the sleepy nectar of her long oblique eyes set deep in the rocky fastness of cheekbone and eyebrows stole out to give you of the nectar of her soul.

Verily a marvel! That all the tenderness and truth of a Madonna should force itself to expression through so dark a veil! Yet it did so. little children ran to kiss the ugly face. When she smiled, it was a world of beauty—and she always smiled.

A marvellous artifice of beauty thus to hide itself in repulsion! She stood upright on the tiger-skins, her body draped in a clinging cascade of scarlet and silver sequins in the half-light against the deep azure tapestry of the wall, and waited.

THE EQUINOX

CHAPTER XII

MISS ARUNDELL

“MR. SEGRAVE,” she said at last, “I have no letters this morning; but I have a task of some difficulty for you: well, of absurdity rather, but I assure you that it is of the last importance to my interests. You will please go out and buy at the first ironmonger’s a hammer and three long French nails; with these proceed to Gildford Street near Russell Square. You will perceive upon a hoarding a poster bearing the words ‘APPLE SOAP.’ Kindly drive a nail into the centre of each letter P. You had better leave the motor at the corner of the street. Return, instantly and without looking round, to the car, drive to Brighton, and drop the hammer from the pier-head into the sea. Then leave this cipher message on the ground, and return. You may wait on me to-morrow morning at the same hour.”

The secretary bowed and withdrew. “Send Miss Arundell to me as you go out,” she added: “I wish to be read to.”

In a few moments the door opened quietly, and Eileen Arundell appeared.

What a difference to her mistress was this true-hearted English maiden! Neither tall nor short, but of a graceful habit, the supple beautiful body was crowned with the daintiest face in the world. A shade piquant in expression, yet the glorious sincerity of her fearless eyes stamped her as no coquette. The lips were not too full, not too red; curved, yet not curved too much; and deliciously tiny was the whole mouth, set in the delicately chiselled face with its blush ever

ERCILDOUNE

flaming over the creamy languor of her cheeks. The eyes were grey shaded with blue; the hair was of that fine gossamer gold of which the angels make their harpstrings.

She and her mistress loved each other like twin sisters; the gentle innocence of the one matched well with the sagacious kindness of the other, and the subtle fascination of the ugly Princess was a splendid foil to the frank appeal of her lovely companion.

Princess Stephanie greeted her with an affectionate caress; then sank back upon her rugs. “Je suis énervée! read me of Flaubert—no, of Balzac. Ah! but not that horrible *Peau de Chagrin*, my beautiful. Read me *La Fille aux yeux d’or*.”

Eileen knew the mood. Silently she found the book, and seating herself at the edge of the divan, close to the exquisite feet of the Princess, interpreted in her low melodious voice the inspired words of the great magician of Touraine.

“Eileen,” said Stephanie, after an hour had passed, “old Mr. Jukes will be here this morning. I expect very important news of this projected loan, and I shall require to be quite undisturbed. You must lock the double doors, and see that nobody approaches. You understand quite clearly that a single whisper in the city at this juncture would ruin the whole scheme—and then where would your little fortune be?” she added playfully.

“Do you really mean it, Stephanie darling?” murmured the timid child. “You will really give me a thousand pounds of stock? I hardly believe there is so much money in the whole world.”

“You have earned it well kitten!” laughed the Princess. “You have been very useful to us, I assure you. Who would

THE EQUINOX

suspect my beautiful kitten of negotiating a scheme that will startle four capitals when it is made public? Go now, darling one, and see that Mr. Jukes enters unobserved.”

The fair girl kissed her mistress, and glided out of the room.

Left to herself, Stephanie gave rein to a tempest of warring passions. She rolled to and fro on the divan like one in grievous pain of body; she lighted a cigarette, and threw it away again; she tried to read, and was revolted by the stupidity of the author in not casting a dazzling light upon her immediate perplexity. She even tried to pray before the dim-lit icon in the little eastern niche; but the Madonna had no message for her.

The paroxysm was luckily soon cut short; the door moved slowly inwards, and the old financier stood before her. The door closed behind him, and Stephanie heard the swish of Eileen's dress, and the turning of the key in the outer lock. She herself made fast the inner door, and turned to greet her visitor.

Mr. Jukes was a bent old man of a pronounced Jewish cast of countenance, with bright eyes gleaming from under his shaggy eyebrows. He walked somewhat lamely, and leant upon his serviceable oaken staff.

Stephanie drew the curtains over the window.

The consultation was prolonged and intense. It seemed that the Princess was torn by the claws of many conflicting emotions, those vultures that scent the carcass of the dead soul from afar.

What awful grief had stunned her? What dreadful passion moved her?

ERCILDOUNE

How should the cold concentration of high finance admit elements so incongruous?

Nor was the old Jew unmoved by the strange episodes of which she had to inform him. Anger and fear held the situation in a fiery grip. Only the most dazzling brilliance of imagination could inspire dull ingenuity.

Long they talked loud; their voices slowly lessened in volume as the minutes passed; but it was an hour before the conversation sank to confidential whispers. The fusion of these two great intellects, triumphing over personal interest, had produced a gigantic masterpiece of intrigue.

Silently and secretly as he had come, the old Hebrew departed; and Eileen returned to her mistress and friend to find fresh vigour and delight replace the apathy and ennui of the morning.

“You have read me Balzac, dear,” she said; “I in my turn will tell you a stranger story than he ever imagined. First, I have good news for you. A certain young gentleman we know of is not dead at all, but in London.”

Eileen flamed all over with joyful blushes.

“Ah, but there is ill news, too. There are enemies of him and his family; desperate, powerful enemies—and they may seek his life.”

The fair girl paled, but kept her courage.

“I am your friend,” the Princess said, “and we will try and find a way to defeat them.”

Warmly the two women embraced; the child nestled into the strong white arms.

The tale of family distress that she unfolded has already been in part disclosed.

THE EQUINOX

Some of the earlier, some of the most recent events were yet dark.

Indeed, the long tale which the Princess told to her dependant was but a partial and distorted view of the events.

We shall understand it better if we look on the affair from the impersonal standpoint, if we go back in time a hundred years, to the generation before Ewan Dhu.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

LONG years before, John, third Marquis of Ercildoune, had begotten two strong sons upon Margaret his wife. The elder, Dugal, had proved but a wild lad, and cared more to wander with the gipsy folk and run for lace and French brandy with the smugglers than to acquire the artificial polish of a noble, and to bow and scrape in the gilt flunkeydom of Court society. The old Marquis cared little; 'twas the wild old blood. If he risked life, what care?

But the wildness grew; the heir went wandering for a year and more at once; still the old Marquis went his way, and took but little heed.

Yet suddenly his folly's crown came on him.

Dugal, after an absence of some months, returned one Lammas Eve with a black-browed wench from Brittany for his wife.

Here was a tangle not to be cut; the devout Catholic was bound to respect the blessing of the Church. He could but

ERCILDOUNE

pray for death to take her. A week they stayed in the castle; the woman sickened of the fine food and fair clothes; she bore herself like an harlot—as indeed she was—bold and impudent and free with the very lacqueys. Nor did her husband care; all day he drank in the great hall, and shamed his father's roof-tree, while his lady, almost as drunk as he, romped with the scullions.

Then the old man, hard stricken, drove them forth to their mates, the outlaws, and set a curse upon his house that he should never enter it.

A year passed. Ewan, a sober goodly lad, did what he could to assuage his father's shame. But that was little. Still, he rode among the people, and sought to fit himself for the duties of a good magistrate.

One winter's night, as he rode homeward, he saw the red flame glitter over the fisher-village by the sea. He set spurs to his horse, and rode in. A band of smugglers, it seemed, had landed their cargo that night, and were carousing in honour of success. Merriness turned to madness, and in their frenzy they set light, for laughter, to some fisher's cot. The flames spread; the fishermen took alarm, and when the smugglers fought against their attempts to extinguish the fire, attacked them. When Ewan arrived, he saw the riot in the darkness lit by the fitful glare of the blazing huts. He joined the fight, and his long sword turned swiftly the issue. The smugglers fled, save one who wheeled a burning brand caught from the fire, and smote therewith lustily about him. The two champions faced each other, knew each other. Ewan let fall his sword. "Dugal!" he cried. "Jacob!" answered the other; then laughed: "But your hour is come, man Ewan!" and

THE EQUINOX

lifted his club to strike. But a fisher lad darted in, and with his clasp-knife struck him in the throat. The wild Lord Dugal fell without a sigh.

Death sobered all the storm: the winds and clouds joined in to aid the peace; a clamour of great rain rushed down and quenched the last of the fire. Ewan knelt by his dead brother in the darkness.

Death atoned for all; he bore him to the castle, and they buried him lordly; his life was forgotten, only his birth remembered. Four years passed by, and the old Marquis slept with his fathers; Ewan Dhu inherited the fiefs of Ercildoune. Again twelve years; Ewan was married, and bright sons were born to him.

All was at peace; the land prospered exceedingly. Yet trouble was in store. A hundred miles away in the hills lived an old witch, a miser. News came that she had been robbed and murdered. The runners were hard on the track of the murderer, and but a day after this news arrived Ewan, riding lonely through the park as was his wont, was held by an old woman and a youth. "Save me, mine uncle!" was his cry.

Then Ewan knew his brother's wife. "This is Lord Dugal's boy," she wept, "Lord Dugal's foully slain when facing you in fight!" She wove a web of falsehood as to the cause for their plight; and he, always accusing himself of his brother's misfortunes, must haste to hide them in that cavern under the waterfall where, later, he was to meet the Rosicrucian, his master. But he had cherished snakes. The hue-and-cry after the murderer died away; Ewan conveyed the fugitives safely to America. Then they turned and struck.

ERCILDOUNE

By force of law they sought to oust their benefactor from the Marquisate. But Ercildoune had learnt that it was the murderer of an old woman (though a witch) that he had hidden from the the gallows; he determined to hold what he had. "Wild and foolish was Dugal," he exclaimed, "but never sire to this hell-brat, born in wedlock through he may have been." He sent a trusty servant to the priest who had married his brother, and by money and finesse obtained the mutilation of the register. With his wealth and influence he fought them to the death; it was held not proven that the boy was Dugal's son. It was held proven that two years before his death she had left him for a master-thief named Grayson, whom she had married. This marriage was held good, the former null.

Ewan had triumphed; but his sensitive nature left him never at ease. He sought consolation in the study of the stars, in the companionship of wise and holy men; he was admitted postulant to the mysterious brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. This availed him, maybe, to his own soul; but how could it avoid the Doom of Ercildoune?

As we have seen he surrendered to the curse, and put his trust in God.

Now even as the third distillation of a spirit is purer than the first, so in evil the thief Grayson was but a watery mixture, and the harlot but a child in iniquity. Their son was murderer and traitor from the breast; but genius leapt in him. Conquering his early errors, his futile pettiness of murdering an old woman for her hoarded sixpences, he rose to eminence in infamy. While yet young, he amassed a fortune in the New England States by a supreme exercise of the pharisaical

THE EQUINOX

hypocrisy and smug dishonesty for which the people of that part of the world have been and still are justly celebrated.

At thirty-five he had shuffled his now useless old mother into the workhouse, had married the only daughter of the richest man in Boston, had gotten a healthy son, and was ready to devote his life to restoring the rights of primogeniture.

A year in London, and the aid of the cleverest counsel, convinced him that he had no shadow of hope in law. Might should make right, he said, and let loose the leashed passions of his boyhood. A hideous plan leapt full-armed from his mighty yet devilish brain.

His achievements and failures have already been recounted, even unto that colossal stroke of irony that Fate so glibly played on the railway just north of Marseille, where this master-Anarch fell by the hand of the meanest of his tribe.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FLOWER OF THE MISCHIEF

THAT which was the dream of the father became the hope of the son. Rich enough to maintain an obsequious band of clever blackguards, it was easy to arrange his escape from prison, and assure himself a hundred safe retreats. Handsome and fascinating, with a subtle brain, he could bend to his will many of those beyond the lure of gold. He was sharp enough to see from the first that his only chance of regaining the lost glory was not only to carry out his father's ghastly revenge and so stamp out the house of Ercildoune,

ERCILDOUNE

but to gain such domination in the houses of power that it should become the necessary interest of England herself to gloss over his offences, and establish him in the enviable seat.

To this end, therefore, he worked steadily. Many a lady of high rank was ready to throw herself into his arms, under one of his numberless disguises, which, deep as they might be, could never conceal the essential force and genius of the man. But he threw them aside as quickly as he picked them up. A month to subdue them, a month to test their influence and find it wanting, and a day to rid himself of them.

At last he met and conquered one who could answer fully his ambition. What mysterious levers she controlled he knew not; enough that she controlled him. It was through her that he found a man like Captain Segrave to sink himself in the nullity of a number—163—in his accursed band of cutthroats. It was through her that *Ercildoune* had fallen from favour in the Court; and was openly flouted as a madman.

A prevailing inner sense that Grayson was indeed the rightful Marquis, and likely innocent of all the crimes imputed to him, ruled in the inner circles round the throne. Nor had he failed to bind this woman to him by the deadliest bonds. Little by little he had led her from fairways to foul; at last he had wrought upon her even to this crowning horror—he had made her commit a crime to serve him. So thought the impostor; but even the most desperate criminal is not always right. Was it possible that for the love of him she had done a deed at whose very contemplation many a hardened ruffian would have blanched? Was it she who had lured Laycock to his doom by the innocent bait, and the

THE EQUINOX

knowledge of his hideous greed for maidenhood? Would she not have quailed as she took the knife and did a deed which—had any dared to publish it—would have set the world aghast?

But, whoever had done the deed, none dared to make it public. The newspapers reported all in good faith that Mr. Justice Laycock's indisposition had taken an unexpectedly serious turn; that pneumonia had supervened, and a weak heart had proved his bane. Barely a dozen people knew the dread secret; barely a score of others suspected some guile, they knew not what. And every mouth was sealed by interest or fear.

What was the use of Maggs and his determination to see the matter aired? What could he do to upset the bulletins and the death certificate? He threatened this and that; the holders of the secret smiled. He even forced himself upon Lady Laycock, and begged her to avenge her husband—glossing his crime. She half relented; bade him come again. But before the appointment the too zealous detective received a quiet snub from his official chief, and the same evening found in his mail an offer to go to Milan at a very large salary to organize the police force in that city.

What could he do but throw up the sponge? In vain Roland Rex, with whom he had a last stolen interview, urged him to continue his endeavours. Bribes and entreaties were alike of no avail; Maggs had had enough of the task, and rolled off to Italy easier in his mind.

There was but one hope in the fast failing house of Ercildoune. Roland yet lived, and might avenge. The toils closed fast; only this lion might haply break them. Yet

ERCILDOUNE

hope might well have staggered, had but Ercildoune once guessed that Roland's escape was known to his pitiless and powerful foes.

Nor had they grasped, even with all the evidence before them, the all-reaching mastery of that awful brain. All they had drunk was but the froth upon the hell-brew; they were yet to come down to the dregs.

For while the bastard Marquis yet lay hidden in London, gloating over his last hideous stroke of vengeance, his wily soul grasped out at an idea yet greater than aught he had yet planned.

One master-stroke, one quintessential draught of utmost villany, and the whole problem should be solved, alike on one side and the other, to complete the doom of Ercildoune not only with death but with disgrace.

How? On what obscure and desperate fulcrum would he lean his lever? What lure or menace could bring him to the grievous end? Hath Euclid proved in vain that two circles which cut one another cannot have the same centre? Ah, but geometry is not life.

Even as Roland in despair reached to his youth's dream as his one last hope, so did the deadly malice of the false Ercildoune spit out the name "Eileen Arundell."

CHAPTER XV

LOVE AMONG THE HOOLIGANS

SO far the adventure of Roland had led him no great distance. He haunted all the dens of vice in London; he

THE EQUINOX

consorted with the vilest criminals, and flattered with attention all the old ghouls that batten on the grave of England's youth. He even gave himself out in various quarters as one of Grayson's gang; but to no purpose. Soon, too, he saw that so far from tracking his quarry, he was on the contrary being most adroitly stalked. An unpleasant sensation, as any who have followed a wounded tiger into thick jungle may admit.

Thus, one day a load of bricks fell over him from a ladder, but luckily scattered, so that he escaped with a graze; a second day, his hansom took the wrong turning, and whirled him down strange streets before he was aware. In the upshot, he was free at the cost of a scuffle with a bully.

Several more incidents of this sort occurred. It never struck him that these were the clumsiest stratagems, that Grayson, if he were so minded, could probably have put him out of the way with ease. That did not occur to him: he attributed his escape to Providence and redoubled his precautions.

But the long search sickened him. Were it not for the terrific evidence of the arch-fiend's presence, he too could have believed him dead.

"I will take the risk," he said to himself, "and declare myself to the Beloved One."

For, ere the shadow of the Curse of Ercildoune fell on him, Roland's youth had been idyllic. Boy and girl together, he had worshipped Eileen Arundell.

What came between them but this doom? His grandfather had taken him aside, and told him all the woe; after that day he had withdrawn himself, and gone to the unknown, if haply he might find forgetfulness. And she? She never

ERCILDOUNE

guessed—how could she guess? For he had not trusted himself to say “Farewell!” to her—and so she kept the sorrow at her heart. Old Colonel Arundell died not long after, and left her well-nigh penniless. Fortunate that she had so good a friend as the Princess, who let her lack nothing.

She turned the cold scorn of her eyes on Seagrave’s measured passion; wherein her faithfulness, though ’twere but a memory—as it chanced—availed to save her lover’s life. How, shall be told in its due place.

But how to disclose his identity to his beautiful without letting the world into the secret was harder even than his resolution to trust her had been to take. It might well chance that her great and holy happiness in seeing him alive again would be swallowed up in some dire and irremediable catastrophe. Yet he saw no other road. Her influence with the Crown Princess might restore Ercildoune to favour, and set once more the engines of administration at work upon his side; true! Yet even more important to himself that her simple faith and purity might in some inscrutable manner pierce the awful mask that had so long baffled wealth, intelligence and power.

Of her truth he never doubted; but his late experiences had made him distrust even the Post Office, that sheet-anchor of a Briton’s faith.

Even as he sat in his little room in Stepney, where he was hiding since the numerous attempts upon his life had assured him that his enemies had discovered the fraud of the avalanche and were hot on his scent, the problem was solved, and that most strangely.

From the street came a sudden tumult of coarse laughter

THE EQUINOX

and jeers, then a cry of anger and alarm above them, then a growing clamour and clatter. He looked out, and saw—Great God!—the very woman of his phantasy—his own Eileen!—running hard with flushed face towards him, pursued by a yelling crowd of young hooligans, the flower of our wonderful social system, and our masters to-morrow when the ideals of Keir Hardie have triumphed over manhood.

In a second he had reached the street door and flung it wide, at the same moment blowing a police whistle with all his force. “In here, Miss Arundell!” he cried.

She knew him instantly, and obeyed. In another minute some half-dozen of the hooligans lay sprawling on the pavement; the rest sheered off. Roland wasted no more time on them; the police, strolling up sulkily, would attend to them. He found Eileen on the stairs in a dead faint.

Lightly he bore her to his room, and revived her. For awhile nothing was said; the tension of the silence grew and grew. Without a word or a look he compelled her by sheer will. For her, fear held her back, but as she gazed she lost the nauseous disease of personality; rapture suddenly overcame her, and with one intense exclaim: “Roland, ah Roland!” she found herself sobbing in his arms. Closer and yet closer he caught her; his head bowed down—was it in prayer? I believe it --- then willed her face to his. ...

That sun of glory looked up through the showers; the sweet chaste lips kindled, despite themselves; the world was blotted out; they kissed.

An hour later Eileen Arundell, with his mother’s ring upon her finger, a new woman by the might of love, was telling her adventure.

ERCILDOUNE

The Princess had sent her with a message to one of the many Christian missions, offering her great house for a lecture on the East-End; she would gather many an exalted, many a wealthy listener. Eileen had barely completed her errand and turned homeward when far along the street a dozen boys had begun to follow her with insult. She took no notice; they increased, drew closer, threatened her. At last one bolder and coarser than the rest tore at her hat; she turned, menacing; and at that moment received a cruel blow. She cried for help, and seeing none, began to run.

Roland began to see. The clumsy failures to strike him down were to be followed up more subtly. First, they would perhaps kill her before his eyes. And a blind anguish filled him; a sense of helplessness, like that which grips men in some great earthquake, swallowed up his soul.

If they had hope at all, it was surely in the power and intellect of the Princess. They would go to her and tell the whole strange story; she could not but be moved; she would help, she would save. Yet Eileen hesitated. Might it not be to bring her into the danger? Was any one so strong, so high, as to escape? Would the hand that had pulled down a Marquis and a Judge be stayed for a Princess?

On the other hand, was not the doubt an insult? Would not the great lady burn red with shame if she could hear? Surely it was a crime to doubt her all-but divinity. Would she ever forgive Eileen if one sorrow of that child-heart were kept back from her? In Roland's absence, her father's death, what sympathy but hers? At the false news of Roland's death, had she not held her up with hope, fed her with sister tears, been as it were mother and sister and husband in one?

THE EQUINOX

Had she not already some knowledge of the great conspiracy, and offered her protection?

Then they would go to her. Together, an hour later, they mingled their tears and kisses at her feet, while the royal woman, in a very tiger rage, had sworn by her own soul to save them, to bring them back to happiness, and peace to Ercildoune.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF MR. SEAGRAVE

UNDER the aegis of this Kalmuc Minerva, Roland Rex enjoyed a measure of safety. The attempts on his life ceased; it seemed that the bloodhounds had lost the trail. The Princess hid him in a small house she had in Chelsea; he was wonderfully disguised by an old Hebrew named Jukes, a very master of the art of altering the human face. Luck was with him from the start; he fell in with one of Grayson's gang, and by nearly throttling the fellow in a certain low opium-den to which they had retired with the purpose of discussing in private various blackguard schemes, had obtained all sorts of valuable knowledge. Grayson had gone away; the Laycock scent was still warm; he would be back (and God knew Grayson would kill him if he discovered who had betrayed him) in some three months' time. Then let old Ercildoune beware of him! With much more of the same sort.

Roland could enjoy, too, now and again,—but not too often!—a stolen interview with exquisite Eileen. Hope and faith and love flowed back into the young man's soul: he felt no

ERCILDOUNE

doubt as to the issue. When Grayson returned—by God, let him beware of Ercildoune!

It may or may not be true that every pleasure of ours is balanced by some other's pain, but in this instance it was surely so.

The mind of Mr. Segrave needed all his ultra-British hatred of visible emotion to hide its anguish from the world. He knew nothing of Roland's return; but he marked the love-light in the wondrous eyes of his adored Eileen, and knew that the flame was none of his kindling. While she was yet a virgin heart (or so he deemed, for the mask of sorrow hid her love) he could afford to wait, to work quietly, to win at his ease. As a jockey in the straight who should have eased his horse to a canter, and finds suddenly some despised outsider furious at his heels, he lost his head a little and lashed in a frenzy at his horse. One evening he caught Eileen alone, and poured out his whole passion.

Gently she put him by.

He could better have borne contempt. He caught her roughly, bruising her almond arms; he called her by the foulest names. Then, suddenly penitent, he flung himself upon the floor in a passion of hysterical weeping. She pitied him, caring little for her own pain and shame; she left him softly and said nothing. Segrave soon conquered himself, and shut himself up in his old suave mask of gentle courtesy and silent devotion, as from afar.

The Princess never guessed what beast might lurk beneath the cultured gentleman, dull in spite of all his intellect, that she had known so long.

Yet the beast grew in cunning and insight; the more

THE EQUINOX

Segrave disciplined and controlled it, the mightier it grew. Just as the discipline of physical exercise makes the man stronger at the end, so the first foolish brute impulse, working in ordered channels, became a force to be reckoned with.

Nor was there any one to reckon with it; Eileen herself never guessed that it was there. She thought his angry fit a passing flash; and her innocence slept sound.

Segrave's awakened judgment soon warned him of what was going on. The absences of Eileen became suspicious; his own foolish missions took on a sinister aspect; it was certain that the Princess was tricking him.

Even his brother's story (which had before seemed commonplace enough) loomed up as a mystery to his new-found subtlety. He reflected upon the sudden mad infatuation that had seized the straight-living soldier; the change in his way of life; the reticence that sat so ill on the frank face; the sudden senseless journey for a sport he had never affected; and the tragic end of him.

Young Segrave brooded overmuch upon these matters. He began to lose sight of the endless kindnesses of the Princess Stephanie; the fascination of her faded; he began to picture a monster, a vampire that fed upon the lives of men.

Ah! but he would be her master yet. And he began to look about him for a weapon. Always he had felt that he had little share in her true thought, that invisible bars fenced him from her soul. Well, he must penetrate. Perhaps Maggs could have helped him; Maggs knew a deal about most people and their ways. But Maggs was gone abroad. By chance he met the rabbit-faced man one day in Leicester Square. He knew him for an old intimate of Maggs, and the impulse

ERCILDOUNE

came to him to talk to him. That evening he dined him at his club.

It was a royal pumping-match. During dinner, by common consent, the talk was sterile; yet each casual futility that passed on politics was meant and interpreted alike as a feeler and a thrust. Over their cigars they turned from the skirmish to the battle, and far into the night they plied feint and attack, till the night itself seemed to weary rather than they.

Yet neither obtained much but the increased resolve of silence, and on Segrave's part, an icier gleam in his hatred of the Crown Princess.

As he walked back through the clear morning he swore again to penetrate her fastness, by whatever loophole offered, and to defeat some plan of hers, however trivial, so that he might not feel his manhood shamed.

If he could utterly rout her, and avenge his brother, whom he no longer doubted to have been a victim, in some ambiguous way, to her designs, so much the better.

Thinking over it, he decided to track down first his rival. He paid a man to follow Eileen to what were doubtless assignations. But the girl was clever at throwing off pursuers, and it was not for some weeks that the truth came out. What, then, was Segrave's wrath to find his rival in the person of Roland Rex.

Like all suspicious and jealous persons, he could put two and two together very quickly. But the sum was never less than five, and often reached three figures. So it took him but a moment to convince himself that Rex had killed his brother. Not so bad either! That is the worst of lunatic's arithmetic,

THE EQUINOX

the law of chance ordains that now and then the answer shall come right.

All threads, then, were but one. He had but to slay Roland, and the Princess was beaten, his loved Eileen set free (maybe his victory would bring her to his feet --- and, by God! how he would trample her!), his brother avenged.

Mr. Segrave began to wish that he knew Grayson. That man should have at least one staunch ally. In the meanwhile, he would shadow his victim, even as the silent and terrible man-hunting snake of Yucatan.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOLY DIRK

LORD ERCILDOUNE kept lonely vigil in his ancient castle, brooding over the past terrors that had whitened his still luxurious locks, the future fears that threatened to overwhelm his house thus utterly. Yet to-night he was more cheerful than his wont. Roland's letters had been uniformly hopeful; he seemed to have felt at last upon his own true steel the hitherto invisible foil of his fiendish antagonist; surely, moreover, there was an end to all. "How long, O Lord, how long?" he murmured with more reverence and confidence than he had felt for many years. Before, the prayer was like a wild outcry for some doubtful justice; now, it seemed that the answer "Soon! soon!" came like a benediction on his brows. Also, the familiar words wooed him to the familiar way, and he moved solemnly into his little chapel, and bent him in prayer at the altar.

ERCILDOUNE

Then he was aware—as we all are at times by some strange sensorium whose paths are yet unknown—that some other person had been before him. A thing surely incredible? His first emotion was of fear. Had the murderer found him? Had the last hour of Ercildoune struck upon the clock of Destiny? Yet a glance reassured him. There was no place of concealment in the chapel.

He betook him again to his prayers.

Again the strange sensation caught him, and more strongly. Yes, there was something new. And on the altar—how did this come to pass? Strange, strange.

There lay upon the black cloth a silver-hilted dirk, sheathless. To his amazement he beheld upon the hilt the well-known cipher of the Rosicrucians. They who had befriended his cousin the late Marquis—had they come at last to his aid? The mystery was explained, for the old man credited the Brotherhood with powers beyond the common. He reverently lifted the dirk. On the sharp shining steel he read in tiny letters of gold the legend—

“Master, ye shall sheathe me soon
And break the curse of Ercildoune.”

With a sudden impulse he glanced once fearfully around, and hid the blade in his vest. Then, lingered long, mingling the accustomed prayer with new heart and hope into strains of praise, such as that gloomy chapel, the monument of so many iniquities and woes, had never yet echoed.

The day broke, and Ercildoune still grasped the dagger, and still prayed.

The days passed, and news increased both in volume and

THE EQUINOX

excellence. The rabbit-faced man had missed Grayson in Vienna by an hour; Grayson was in hiding, in flight; his band seemed broken up; he struck back no more; the little army of Ercildoune was closing on him. Any moment news might come that he was taken.

One day, too, when he chanced to be confined to the castle by a cold, there came a kindly message of inquiry from the King. It seemed he was restored to favour.

He had not lived as he lived now since he inherited the fatal Marquisate.

Surely Fate had tired of her enmity; he should yet go down to the grave in peace. Then a telegram reached him from London. "Grayson trapped. Your presence necessary." It was signed by Eileen Arundell.

All the hope of the last month had strengthened the old man; his virile force came back in floods of anger. "Now is the time to strike!" he thought; "now shall I sheathe the holy dirk in the heart of that devil of the pit!"

And, feeling younger and lighter than he had done for many a day, he hurried off to London.

Imagine his joy on reading the morning poster: "The Scottish Vendetta; Lord Ercildoune's enemy reported under arrest," as he passed Warrington; his positive rapture at Euston when the "Owl" flamed at him—

"GRAYSON SEEN IN LONDON—
"EXCITING CHASE"—

at his hotel when the newsboy followed him with ---

"GRAYSON CAUGHT."

ERCILDOUNE

He bought a paper and read the following ---

“The mysterious enemy of the Marquis of Ercildoune has, it is alleged, been at last identified. He was seen by one of Lord Ercildoune’s private detectives in the act of leaving a famous house in the West-End. As he jumped into a private motor and drove off with all possible speed, it was impossible to arrest him at the moment; but the detective, who was fortunately the chief of Lord Ercildoune’s numerous staff, and a man highly esteemed by the police—we break no confidence in mentioning his name, Arkwright, who aided the police so greatly in the recent Elmstead Tunnel Mystery—was able to set innumerable activities to work.

“The motor-car was seen last speeding through Ware, and hopes of an arrest at any moment are largely entertained. It will be remembered that Grayson broke prison some years ago——”

the paragraph trailed off into a washy *résumé* of the whole affair.

In the stop press column—

“Grayson has been caught at Royston.”

But as the old man went gleefully down to dinner the tape-machine caught his eye. It clicked out—

“The reported arrest of Grayson is denied. Turning the sharp corner at Royston the suspected motor ran into a hedge and overturned. The chauffeur, arrested, proves not to be the convict at all. He declares that his master, an undergraduate at Cambridge University, can entirely clear him, and is indignant at his arrest. On the urgent demand of London, the man is, however, being detained for inquiries.”

So the Marquis enjoyed his dinner but little after all. Much less, though, the rabbit-faced man Arkwright. His

THE EQUINOX

story as he told it to his most trusted colleague was as follows—

“I was strolling down Hill Street, thinking of nothing in particular, when I saw the door of a great house open—and out walked my man.

“Grayson in the flesh, I tell you. Grayson as I saw him at Marseille; Grayson as he was in the dock and the prison. There wasn’t a doubt of it. Well, my gentleman flipped into a motor and is off. You know the rest.”

“No, I don’t!” returned the other. “You’re keeping back the best.”

“For God’s sake let us be careful,” said Arkwright, “this is the biggest thing for years. I know now what old Zynsky meant.”

“What! Whose house was it?”

He whispered—“The Duchess of Eltham! There’s his influence and this fool talk of his having been innocent all along! There’s his base, and his cash, and his every mortal thing he wants!”

“Oh rot!” said his Thomasian colleague.

“Well, hear what I did! I inquired. Her Grace was ill, had been ill for three weeks. The very time, mark you, when Grayson’s plans began to go a bit groggy! Where could I find the gentleman who had just left the house? My boy, they denied the whole affair!”

“Arkwright,” said the other, solemnly, “did not one thing strike you as very peculiar about that house?”

“No, by Jove! what?” He was rather annoyed if his usually stolid subordinate had an idea that he was missed. “What was peculiar?”

ERCILDOUNE

“Why, my boy, the blue rats on the ceiling and the pink leopards strolling up the stairs.”

Arkwright was too worried to be angry. He just gave him up.

“My dear man, you’re absurd,” continued the critic, “Here’s one of the first ladies in the land, a lady of stainless reputation—”

“Umph!” grunted the rabbit-faced man.

“A lady with the devotion of the handsomest husband, and the three prettiest children in London—I am to believe, am I, that she moves heaven and earth to harbour this convict, on your theory a triple murderer and mutilator and Lord knows what beside?—I’m sick of you! You’ve talked Ericildoune until you’ve caught the craze. Why! you ought to be in Parliament! That’s the place for *you*.”

“Yes,” retorted the other, “and I’d make a law to drill your head full of holes and pump a little sense into it. All your argument is *a priori* drivel. Who stole Lady Oldbury’s pearls? A prince of the blood royal!”

“Well, but he was mad,” said the sceptic, though a little shaken.

“Of course he was mad. So may Lady Eltham be mad! We’re all mad—read your Lombroso, you nincompoop!” After which the conversation became profoundly theoretical, its obscurity hardly illuminated by the fact that neither party to the discussion understood the subject in the least.

We gladly draw a veil over so painful a scene.

THE EQUINOX

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CUP FLOWS OVER

ROLAND REX was down in the mouth. For one thing, he had been—so Jukes said—spotted during his morning walk by one of Grayson's creatures, and the whole afternoon had been spent in disguising him as a semi-clerical character. Old Jukes had been particularly careful with the make-up, altering it a dozen times till it exactly fitted his ideal. Which had been tedious. On another side, too, he had expected Eileen on the previous evening, and she had not appeared. The failure to capture Grayson had exasperated him, the more so as he knew his foe could not be far away, and might strike home at any moment. He seemed safe enough, yet—what if his previous surmise were correct, and the villain struck at him through his love? Eileen Arundell could not lurk in an obscure nook as he could do, she must be seen and known; she must wait on the Princess. Ah! there was hope. Would she who had helped him so splendidly fail with her own twin soul? Not much!

And even as he thought it, and laughed, came a peculiar knock, the familiar signal of old Jukes. He rose and admitted him; but the old man, usually so calm and steady, seemed perplexed, distressed. His trembling hand thrust a letter into that of Roland.

The latter tore it open. "Where is Eileen?" it ran. "She left the house to see you last night at eight, and has not returned. I only got back from Brighton this morning, and

ERCILDOUNE

of course the servants knew nothing. For God's sake, do something, Mr. Rex, I shall go mad.

“Your distracted STEPHANIE.”

“I will go to her,” he decided without the waste of a moment. “There must be some more facts to learn than these.” And snatching up his broad-brimmed hat he ran madly to the great house.

He found the Princess in violent fits of rage and tears. She had telephoned to nearly everybody in London, useful or no. For once the giant intellect seemed to have broken down. Roland strove to make light of the affair, though the blackest certainty blotted out the light of all his hope.

Ten minutes, and the great lady was herself again, though now and then she broke into a moan, calling on her loved companion's name, and upon God. Yet she controlled herself, and sternly set herself with Roland to face the situation. Before she had finished imparting the full details of what had passed, the door opened, and a footman entered, with a small package on a silver tray. The Princess took it and opened it mechanically. A card dropped out. She read—“The Marquis of Ercildoune presents his compliments to ex-Princess Stephanie” (she stamped her pretty foot with anger at the outrage) “and begs her to hand the enclosed small parcel to Mr. Roland Rex, whose present address he despairs of discovering.”

The parcel bore the words: “For Mr. Roland Rex.”

He took it in his hand. “I no longer fear,” he said, “I know. There is no God. Leave me alone.”

“No!” she answered, “you must bear yourself as a man should. I will stay with you, and show you what even a woman may endure.”

THE EQUINOX

In the certitude of calamity they had both grown preternaturally calm.

“So be it!” said Rex, and tore off the wrapper.

A gleam of ivory set with rubies met their eyes. Roland steeled his nerves and pressed the spring: the lid flew open and revealed a little tray beautifully engraved with the fantastic irony as of old—“Mr. Roland Rex, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune.”

He lifted out the tray. There lay, fresh-lopped, the flaming lips of his beloved, in their nest of gossamer gold—the hair, the lips he had kissed a thousand times.

“I think, Princess,” he said, “our jester goes too far. I think the occasion an excellent one for putting to the test our little theories about the existence of a God. You shall soon hear——” There was a sinister significance about his words. He kissed the little box and put it tenderly away.

But the Princess never answered. She sat like Memnon in the uttermost desert, and her eyes were hard and tearless.

Roland went softly from the room. “There *is* a God! There *is* a God!” he kept on muttering as he walked idly down the street. But for the ashen pallor of his face, men might have thought him a mere curate walking early to his work. A pity old Jukes had not imagined a more rubicund parson!

His eyes sought out some clue—Nature seemed intelligible to him. He felt that every flag of the pavement was a clue, leading him straight to his enemy.

Or—was he mad? Was the dear God a heartless mocker as well as a cruel tyrant? What was this strange hallucination, then?

ERCILDOUNE

Across the road, cheerily striding, was the bronzed and bearded figure of—himself! Himself as he came back to England, hardly a year ago.

Then the truth flamed out in him—this was the very man! Grayson's last surprising masterpiece of insolence was to pass as Roland Rex.

“O Lord!” he cried, “Forgive me for my blasphemy—for Thou hast delivered mine enemy into mine hand!”

Just then the man jumped into a hansom: Roland into another, ordering the cabman to follow.

Up the Edgware road they turned, and Roland began to wonder whether the pleasure of an interview with Madame Zynsky was to be included in his little outing. Strangely enough, he never gave a thought to his dead love. The horror of his heart had transcended itself, become a compelling purpose, far from the sphere of emotion. He had no doubt of the issue; God, who had shown the quarry, would speed the bolt. So he laughed gaily. The cabman may have wondered at this clerical gentleman apparently engaged in some joyous practical joke.

They went on into St. John's Wood; the first cab suddenly stopped at a large house with a garden. The false Roland paid his cab, and swung the gate open. Roland flung half-a-sovereign to his man, stepped up to him, and said gravely, “Mr. Rex, I believe?” “Yes,” said Grayson, smilingly, “What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?”

“A few words in private, if it is not troubling you too much.”

“Not at all. Forgive me if I precede you.” And he led the way round the house to a conservatory, and opened

THE EQUINOX

the door. Just then a motor-car came noisily up, and stopped.

"It is nothing," airily explained Grayson, "Only my grandfather, Lord Barfield!" Roland's politeness took a little jar.

Yet one more act of self-control, and the wrath of years should leap out and wither this cynical devil. He merely bowed his head at the taunt.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRAP CLOSES

GRAYSON noticed that the gate did not swing open behind them. It was not the old Marquis. Who was it then? Grayson dismissed so idle a query with a slight shrug.

"A seat, Mr. ——? I have not the honour of your acquaintance," he said smiling, and pointing to a chair.

"Thank you, I will stand." He cast his eye around. Heaven was still on his side; there was some loose rope in the corner. "My name is a small matter; I think I have had the honour of hearing from you—from your lordship, perhaps I should say—already this morning."

Grayson laughed out loud. "Yes! I could not deprive you of such treasures."

"Come, sir," said Roland, moved out of all patience: "this is my errand, to hang you with these hands.

"Stir!" he said, as Grayson looked about him for a weapon, "and I will shoot you like a dog."

ERCILDOUNE

The murderer held up his hands.

“The best way, Grayson, perhaps; for as the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth, I will surely hang you with these hands!”

“Ah!” smiled his enemy, “I am unarmed.”

“I take you are your word,” said Roland; “do you think there is no God?” And he laid aside his pistol.

“Really, I cannot discuss theology, even with so learned a divine,” he sneered, “at this early hour of the morning. A divine?” he seemed to muse.

Roland stood ready. “Ah! I have it,” suddenly yelled Grayson in a voice that shook the house. “You are Father Ambrose! Father Ambrose! Father Ambrose!”—then he closed with Roland in a death grip. They rolled over, fighting like cats.

But an answering cry woke in the house. From an inner door appeared two figures.

Ah, Roland, had you seen her! had you seen her!

There stood Eileen in life, scatheless and radiant, yet wild with a strange joy, and by her side the old Lord Ercildoune.

“There!” she cried, pointing to Roland, “Is the false priest the murdered poor Lord Marcus.”

Ercildoune with a boy’s joy ran down, waving the holy dirk. “I sheathe thee,” he cried, “and break the curse of Ercildoune!” But as he lifted up his arm the outer door was burst, and Segrave, ever hot on Roland’s track, rushed in and struck away the blade.

Roland had Grayson by the throat. He looked up.

“Grandfather!” he cried.

THE EQUINOX

The old man started back in fear and wonder. How did this Ambrose speak in Roland's voice?

Eileen dashed in. "Don't you see," she cried, "they are all wrong? That gasping cur is Grayson."

Segrave cried out in terror. "I have saved the very man I meant to slay," he roared, entirely losing his self-control.

Ercildoune's shrewd old mind grasped the situation.

"Mr. Segrave," he said, "If you would save your skin, be a true witness of these proceedings. But if you move or cry, I fear there is but one retort." He calmly possessed himself of Roland's abandoned revolver. "A chair, Mr. Segrave," he added, courteous and calm even in that headlong hour.

Segrave subsided, scowling. "Eileen!" went on the old Marquis, "you will perhaps be good enough to report to the Princess. She may be anxious about you. I regret to have interrupted you, Roland my lad," he went on, when she had left the room, "you had some business with this gentleman."

"Sit up!" commanded Roland, whom the appearance of Eileen had transfigured with rapture. "You have been condemned to be hanged; we shall execute the sentence in a quarter of an hour; spend the short minutes in a confession of your sins to God and man."

"Ah! you want a few things explained!" he jeered. "Well, then, what is it?"

"No parley," answered the old Marquis. "Commit yourself to God!"

"You may as well know all," he said wearily. "The whole thing's been a plant right along. The game was to get you—Lord Barfield! to kill your own grandson. Then we should have got you hanged out of the way, had myself

ERCILDOUNE

declared innocent and my branch legitimate, and—there was I with my rights.” He flamed up; it was plain that the man had been utterly sincere. His fancied wrongs had preyed upon his mind, and turned its mere original evil to a masterpiece of criminal genius.

“But how could you build up such a scheme?” asked Rex. “It was Miss Arundell herself who called on my grandfather to kill me.”

“Why, you fool, it was our plot from the beginning. We paid the hooligans who threw Eileen into your arms; old Jukes—I have been practically living with you for weeks as old Jukes!” The voice had an ineffable scorn. “I sent that dodderer his ridiculous dirk.”

“Those eyes of Father Ambrose?”

“Fluorescein,” he retorted; “why don’t you teach your detectives just the rudiments of some one thing?”

“How did you get Lady Eltham to lie for you?”

“Not at all; I had a footman in my pay. I waited till I saw that rabbit-faced idiot nosing about and then gave him the trail—and the slip.”

“But why bring Miss Arundell into it at all?”

“How else could I get him to the intimacy of the Princess? Through that ass Segrave?” he snarled at the embarrassed secretary. “If I had you to myself for a minute, my boy, I’d teach you something about murder. How did you get here anyway?”

The poor coward winced. “I saw you hanging about,” he said; “I thought you were Mr. Rex. I wanted Eileen.”

“Pah!” said Grayson.

THE EQUINOX

“But what has the Princess got to do with it?” asked Roland.

There was a rustle behind them, and two women swept into the doorway. “Everything,” cried the Princess.

CHAPTER XX

THE CURSE BREAKS

“You must hang me too,” said Stephanie, seeing Roland busy at his rope. “Why, I did everything. It was I that lured up the Marquis, and I that arranged for you to think Eileen was killed. Ah! sweet,” she purred, “you know I would never have let you come to harm. How it hurt me to sacrifice that lock of your gold hair you gave me!” But the girl turned away in horror. “You plot to kill my lover,” she said, “and say you would do nothing against me!” and she laughed harshly and hatefully.

“God! I have lost you too,” wailed the wretched woman. “Ah! let me die! ...”

“Ah! you do not know! Yes, it was I that tore the lying tongue from Laycock, and killed the poor innocent that his . . .” she choked with rage and tears. “Ah! you shall never know what happened in that house! It is between me and God, and I shall not fear to meet Him.”

They all shrank back from her. She towered tremendous above them in the throes of her passion.

“My child,” she sobbed, “my child!”

Even Grayson gasped. Their loathing turned to mere terror; they were in presence of an elemental force. This was

ERCILDOUNE

not a woman, but a tempest; they shrank from the right of judging her. The voice of the storm of heaven is louder than man's petty cry.

Only Segrave was so little of a man that his querulous question broke—

“But why did you do it at all? What is this Mr. Grayson?”

She turned on him. Like a tree smitten by the lightning he shrank into himself, withered and dumb.

Swifter than an arrow she launched herself at the doomed Grayson. “Ercildoune!” and her voice was again the gentle far-off bell, “Ercildoune, my darling, what I have done is for you!”

Again they were still. A sort of mist blinded their apprehension. All this was all so new, so impossible. For a moment Roland dreamt that she was acting a part.

So indeed; yet like all great actresses, the part rang true because she felt its truth.

She kissed him. For an instant the whole world was blank.

Lord Ercildoune rose to end the scene. But she was swifter.

With one deft motion she drew a bottle from her bosom and dashed it on the ground. Dense choking fumes arose, and before anybody could recover from the confusion she had disappeared into the house with her lover.

Eileen had been nearest to the bottle when it broke, and priceless moments were spent in restoring her in the fresh air of the garden. When aid came, no trace could be discovered. Before half the rooms had been searched, the house was found

THE EQUINOX

to be on fire. When the engines appeared, it was already but a spout of flame.

Nobody had been seen to leave the garden; it was most sure that they had perished.

* * * * *

“Roland!” chuckled the old grandfather in the smiling halls of Ercildoune. “The curse is lifted from us all at last. Eh, my dear? You are all the curse we have at present,” he laughed across at Eileen, now his grandson’s six months’ bride.

“Well,” answered Roland, with a half-serious shrug, “the Doom says that the lands shall go back to the King.”

“How stupid you men are!” said Eileen. “Where were you at school, Roland, not to have learnt that Rex means King?”

“By heaven, she’s hit it!” and they all shook hands.

A stalward ghillie brought in the mail.

Eileen, taking her letter, gave a little wondering cry. The Marquis had a small flat package; his eye fell upon it, and he groaned and fell forward. Roland raised him. “Wait till you know!” he said. The packet was addressed—

“The most noble the Marquis of Ercildoune.”

Within was an old miniature on ivory.

“With this portrait of the fierce old father of all our mischief,” the enclosing letter ran, “I resign the last of the links with Ercildoune. A great sinner asks your pardon for a great wrong.”

“Children!” said the Marquis, “come with me.” Again he led them to the Chapel of Vengeance.

But within there was a change. Fro the fierce God of

ERCILDOUNE

Genesis had gone, and in its place was the loving and compassionate figure of the Christ. The monstrance with its angry reproach against the Master had been removed. Instead was a memorial tablet to the Claimant wreathed in flowers, with these words—

“God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.”

“Children,” said the old man, with tears running down all over his cheeks, “you see there is a God that answers prayer.”

Eileen looked at her letter, short and pointed:

“Forgive and forget my jealousy, dear one, and all the disastrous passions of an unhappy woman. The madness and misery are over for both of us; we too are married, and all the storm-beacon is burnt out to bliss.

“My love, ever my love!

“STEPHANIE.”

Eileen kissed the letter; and, fondly glancing at her husband, slipped it into her bosom.

* * * * *

Arkwright sat still with his dull colleague, and pulled more gloomily than ever at his pipe.

“So the Ercildoune case is over,” grumbled the dull one, “and a blessed lot of credit it brought you!”

“Umph!” grunted Arkwright, “slong it *is* over, I won’t complain. I call it a fair sickener.”

THE EQUINOX

“Come, come!” returned the other, “’tain’t as bad as all that. Come to think of it, you must ’a’ made a tidy bit o’ money out o’ mad Lord Ercildoune, fust to last.”

“Well,” said the rabbit-faced man, “I suppose I did. Fust to last, a tidy bit o’ money. ’Ave another beer?”

FINIS

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

[To comfort him with the thought that a Dean may be damned without being a liar and slanderer, I offer this poem to the Rev. R. St. John Parry, M.A., D.D., Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

I

THE Anglicans (whose curious cult
Still entertains “Quicunque vult”)
Boasted a grave and pious Dean
Ecclesiastically lean,
Grey-haired and spectacled, sharp-nosed,
Whose tract on “Truth,” it was supposed,
Had in its day done much to stem
The tide of Error among them
Who, though well-meaning, nearly ripped your
Church up by wetting tusks on Scripture.

II

Some men arrive at ruin’s brink
By dice and drugs and dogs and drink;
Some drab, some dissipate, some drench
Life through a weakness for a wench!

THE EQUINOX

Our Dean, immune from all of these,
Reached threescore years in honoured ease,
When, controversies being over,
He found no thistles in his clover.
Who sleeps too soft is slow to wake,
And finds himself with limbs that ache.
No wolves were prowling round his fold;
He noticed he was getting old.
Leisure, the vampire of the earth,
Conceived by Satan, brought to birth
A fiend, who said: "Respected Dean,
You're not as young as you have been.
The time is not far distant when
Six other worthy clergymen
Will put your body in a hole—
And what will happen to your soul?"

III

The blameless Dean conceived a doubt.
As humble as he was devout,
All he would utter was a trust
That God was good as He was just.
Though he had doubtless been the means
Of saving others, even Deans
(Since St. Paul said it) well may say
"If I myself were cast away!"
"Ah!" said the demon, "simple trust
Becomes the ignorant, who must.
But you have means whereby to test
Your faith. I shall not let you rest,

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

Till under cross-examination
You prove your title to salvation.
Let us begin—Who runs may read—
With Athanasius his creed.”

IV

He got through “neque confundentes”
Gay as a boy is in his twenties.
With sang-froid mingled with afflatus,
He gladly uttered “Increatus.”
“Immensus” and “omnipotens”
Were meat to his “divinior mens.”
“Tamen non tres dii” he smiled,
“Sed unus Deus,” suave and mild;
Reciting thus the Creed verbatim
To “Quia, sicut singillatim.”
He slapped his vernerable femur:
“Religione prohibemur.”

V

“A haughty sprite,” (said Solomon)
“Goeth before destruction!”
“Pride goes before a tumble!” we
Learnt early, at our mother’s knee.
This was to crush the cleric’s crest:
“Filius a patre solo est.”
Incomprehensibly, to us,
He boggled at “sed genitus.”

THE EQUINOX

VI

The good Dean knitted noble brows
That had been wont at ease to rouse
Solution from the deepest lair
Of whatsoever thoughts were there.
Yet, here he stuck. If he were walking,
“A patre solo” stopped him. Talking?
“A patre solo” dammed the flood
Of discourse, or it made it mud.
“A patre solo” spoiled his sleep;
“A patre solo” soured his sheep;
“A patre solo” made him ill;
His thought-chops burned on conscience’ grill.
The grave, acute, enlightened mind
Contemporaries left behind,
Yet was an abscess crammed with pus
Round that sand-grain “sed genitus.”
“Non possum” (inquit) “tanquam volo”
Credere hoc ‘a patre solo.’ ”
He corresponded for a year
With doctors there and doctors here;
He wrote to brethren near and far,
To Ebor and to Cantuar;
He even risked (half fear half hope)
A private letter to the Pope.
These creatures of a clotted church
Left our inquirer in the lurch;
There was not one could reconcile
By ancient thought or modern style,
Two knights, each fit to lay his foe low,
“Genitus” and “a patre solo.”

VII

“A *matre sola*” were enough
 To make anatomists grow gruff!
 Yet he could postulate a post—
 “Colomba,” scilicet “The Ghost.”
 A thousand ways of thought he’d trod,
 Where God seem bread and bread seemed God.
 It did not ruffle up his plumes
 To think that one should open tombs.
 He thought it simple work to see
 That Three in One was one in Three.
 But he thought lost whoe’er affirms
 A contradiction in terms:
 “Without a mother” (was his reading)
 “ ‘Begotten’ merely means ‘proceeding.’
 ‘Begotten’ to my mind implies
 Some anatomic qualities.
 Seed cannot sprout without a soil;
 Oil fills the cruse, the cruse holds oil.
 A Word begotten of I AM
 Is nothing but to milk the ram!
 We know of things whose modest mission
 Is to give life by simple fission.
 The hydra, too, where pools are flooding
 Gemmates, *i.e.* gives birth by budding.
 The earliest forms of sex are seen
 Nor male nor female, but between.
 Do these ‘beget,’ may one affirm,
 In the strict meaning of the term?

THE EQUINOX

Even so, did we admit this right,
God would appear hermaphrodite!”

VIII

This thought so shocked the worthy Dean
Black bile corrupted his machine.
Limbo of many a likely lad,
The Dean went melancholy mad.
It is with sorrow like a sword
Cutting my heart that I record,
In this account I dare not “cook,”
The fatal form his madness took.
By Athanasius still obsessed,
He was The Father, and his quest
To solve the problem that had turned
His spirit’s sword-edge, that had burned
His mental fingers, by a means
Fitter for schoolboys than for Deans.
Theology has never lent
Her sanction to Experiment!

IX

At death his sanity’s last glimpse
Scattered the cohorts of theimps.
Yet on all hope the door was slammed;
He knew that he was surely damned.
Despite his gaiters and his hat,
He failed with “Ita” on the mat
“De Trinitate sentiat.”

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

It said as plain as words can say
“Haec est Fides Catholica,”
Adding a warning of the risk we
All of us run: “Quam nisi quisque
Fideliter crediderit,
Non salvus esse poterit.”

X

Horribly frightened and alone,
Before the awful judgment throne
The poor Dean stood, the myriad eyes
Of Wheels and of Activities,
Glitterers, Fiery Serpents, Kings,
Gods, Sons of Gods (and other things)
Fixed on him. “Waste no time!” he cried,
“I own me guilty. I denied—
Or could at least not acquiesce
In—Athanasius. I confess
‘A patre solo’ hard for throats.
‘Genitus?’—put me with the goats!”

XI

“Is this recorded?” asked the Lord.
“No,” said the angel. “Yet Thy sword
Of wrath avenging is his meed.
Alas! he played the goat indeed.
The life Thou gavest him, full store
Of opportunities galore,
He wasted all and brought to naught.
Ass-feeding thistles were his thought.”

THE EQUINOX

He used his intellectual hammer
On minor points of Latin grammar,
Ruined an excellent digestion
By brooding on a sterile question,
And went beside himself through fretting
About 'proceeding' and 'begetting.' ”

XII

Damnation's tones in thunder roll:
Gehenna caught the accursed soul.

XIII

“Satan,” said God, “has always been
Too clever for us with a Dean!”

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. VII

A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH

A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH

IT is very fortunate that even in times when the greatest laxity of morals prevails, in England at least there is always found some austere and noble soul to protest against decadence; to be a witness in the midst of corruption, that there is a standard of pure and lofty thought, a City of the Soul, fortified against all evil, and whose artillery can overwhelm the savage hordes of impurity.

We do not think any one will accuse us of flattery in saying that Lord Alfred Douglas is just such a person, and this is the more striking phenomenon as it is so rare to find true moral greatness associated with poetical genius. We write thus in order to direct his attention to a little book published some years ago in Paris, but reprinted in an expurgated form in England; a book of so abominable a character that I am sure it is only necessary to direct his lordship's attention to it to raise a very considerable turmoil. We quote one or two passages:—

“Their (men's) eyes for beauty are but sightless holes,
Spurned in the dust, Uranian passion lies.
Dull fools decree the sweet unfruitful love,
In Hellas counted more than half divine,
Less than half human now.”

And again:—

“O food to my starved eyes,
(That gaze unmoved on wanton charms of girls)
Fair as the lad on Latmian hills asleep.”

THE EQUINOX

There is a good deal about Perkin Warbeck, a poem called “Jonquil and Fleur de Lys,” of a very unhealthy character, and really very little else in the book.

There there is a poem called “Prince Charming,” incredibly sickly and sentimental; but, worse than all, the poem called “Two Loves,” beginning with the celebrated quotation from Shakespeare—“My better angel is a man right fair, my worse a women tempting me to ill.” In a vision the “poet” sees two people; the first is joyous, and sings; the second walks aside:—

“He is full sad and sweet, and his large eyes
Were strange with wondrous brightness, and staring wide
With gazing; and he sighed with many sighs
That moved me, and his cheeks were wan and white
Like pallid lilies, and his lips were red
Like poppies, and his hands he clenched tight,
And yet again unclenched, and his head
Was wreathed with moon-flowers pale as lips of death.”

This poem ends with a controversy between these two persons:—

“... I pray thee speak me sooth:
What is thy name?’ He said, ‘My name is Love.’
Then straight the first did turn himself to me
And cried, ‘He lieth, for his name is Shame;
But I am Love, and I was wont to be
Alone in this fair garden, till he came
Unasked by night; I am true Love, I fill
The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame.’
Then sighing said the other, ‘Have thy will,
I am the Love that dare not speak its name.’ ”

But the great joke is a tragedy in one act entitled “When the King comes he is welcome.” There are two characters in it, Giovanni and Francisco. Francisco cannot sleep, having

A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH

a presentiment that something unpleasant is about to happen. Then there is a knock, and at his private door. It cannot be Giovanni, for "that honey-bee is hived in Florence." It is Giovanni, however, and they slobber for several pages. It turns out that Giovanni had written to Francisco, but the letter had miscarried. It was an important letter. Giovanni had written to say that he was betrothed unto a noble lady. On learning this, Francisco remarked:—

"Blood of Christ—
Betrothed!—What word is that? Curled flame of Hell!
Thou art betrothed? Giovanni! thou, my friend!
O! five red wounds of God, and Mary's mouth!
How hast thou dared it?"

A mock-terrible scene follows, in which Giovanni tries to persuade his friend that it will make no real difference to their relations. Francisco pretends to be convinced, but determines to poison himself and his friend. So Francisco proposes to drink the health of Death as a kind of Joke, saying: ---

Giovanni: "I will drink to our love and Death and thee."

Francisco: "Nay, nay, I favour not that toast,

Sweetheart,

What have we two to do with Death?"

Francisco: "Sweet feather!

How soon hast thou forgot thy troth of faith.

Consider, chuck, the toast has but this weight,

That thou and I are friends, and that King Death

Is friend of both, and will not harvest us

Before the time of our ripe harvest comes.

We have surely said enough to establish clearly the abominable character of this book. We are sure that the moment it

THE EQUINOX

is brought to the notice of Lord Alfred Douglas he will take the proper steps to crush the perpetrator.

The title-page discloses, as might be expected, both the title of the book and the name of the author.

The former is "Poëmes," and the later is Lord Alfred Douglas.

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

BY

PERCY W. NEWLANDS, P.R.A.S., P.R.B.S., P.R.C.S.,
. P.R.Y.S., P.R.Z.S., ETC., ETC.

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

I WILL open this little paper for “The Billionaire” [The “Billionaire” has nothing to do with it. But it hurts Mr. Newlands to talk about things that cost less than a guinea. ED.] by remarking that mountaineering fame shares the great advantage of the Order of the Garter—there is no d——d merit about it.

Speaking personally, I took it up because in the first place the dear King likes to hear me chat about mountains, which he himself, dear old chap, is hardly the figure to climb; and in the second place there is a certain curious pleasure in the art of writing in a very even flowing continuous style, like a placid river whose banks are adorned at due intervals by the flowers of felicitous quotation. [We have cut two-and-a-half miles of said flowers—mostly Greek and Latin poetry—with which Mr. N. had embellished his manuscript. ED.] Of course I have always had such a number of friends that mountaineering has been very easy. All my relations are very highly placed in the various services all over the world,—it facilitates things immensely. Our family has always been very well, and it is a great advantage to have friends and relations in high places. At the same time it gives me real pleasure to say that I have become

THE EQUINOX

sincerely attached to many simple Swiss peasants, which shows conclusively to any unprejudiced mind that I am far from being a snob, and though some have thought, no doubt, that I lose dignity by addressing François Dévastation (for example) as “vieux chameau” or “mon coco,” have we not the very similar instance of the touching friendship between the late dear Queen and John Brown?

I have never had any ambition to climb mountains, but accident (as it were) has at one time and another brought me to the top of a good many. It is really a very pleasant and exhilarating mode of mild exercise. A skilful guide never jerks the rope or slacks it suddenly, so that there is one long even strain upon the waist—not at all unpleasant, but, *au contraire*, rather suggestive of the embrace of a mountain-spirit.

No: I have never taken any active steps to become a famous mountaineer, except to make it my habit to speak authoritatively on all these questions just as if I were one, a most impressive course of action; and to take quite a little trouble to expose all sorts of impostors. What can Mr. Eckley mean (by the way) when he says that this habit of mine shows my strongly gregarious instinct? I grasp it, as it were, you know, and then I seem to lose it again.

It was I that exposed de Rougemont, and Landor, and Graham, and ever so many more. Now this Mr. Eckley is always attacking me; he has not that sense of *comme il faut* that the dear King (for example) has; his controversial manners have not that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. Why do I not expose him? Why do we allow ourselves (I speak for the Alpine Club) to be called common

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

cheats and impostors in the public press year after year without a word of reproach or denial?

It is the Christian spirit, my dear readers; and when we turn the other cheek, this Vulgarian—nay, hush, hush, I must not use such terms—this charmingly witty controversialist says “No wonder! I couldn’t buffet all the cheek you’ve got from now to the Last Trump.” It is disheartening; kindness does not melt that flinty heart; nothing will content him but one thing.

“Let Englishmen climb mountains unaided,” he says, “just as they are unaided in every other sport; and with those Englishmen I will shake hands. I think even Mr. Newlands would kick if I hired Hayward to bat, and Haigh to bowl for me; while I, sitting in the pavilion, had their records published as my own, and went about the world as ‘the famous cricketer.’ Which is exactly what these heroes of the Alpine Club do. They hire one man who climbs rocks, another who can cut steps, and the only thing they do themselves is to take the credit. And because mountaineering (as distinguished from the everlasting repetition of well worn routes) is a sport needing high qualities of brain in a great degree, and high qualities of body in a small degree, therefore the Moral Science Tripos is a better school for the mountaineer than Sandow’s, and the English amateur who has studied mountains in mass as well as in detail becomes a very much better man than the Swiss professional who has nothing to guide him but rule-of-thumb. A club of such amateurs might be formed in two years, were it not for the dishonest and unsportsmanlike methods of the Alpine Club in discouraging the production of genuine climbers from the

THE EQUINOX

matchless raw material which England can supply. It was the end of Rome when her citizens paid substitutes to fight; it will be the end of England when professionalism has eaten up all her sports, as mountaineering is already swallowed whole.”

These are not his actual words, of course—his method is more lurid—but I think it fairly represents his case. He forgets, like all Radicals, the question of vested interests. The Alpine Club has invested many thousands of pounds in Reputation. If we once admitted that mountains could and should be climbed by Englishmen without aid, all this money would be irrevocably lost—worst of all, lost out of the country. So that Mr. Eckley, under the guise of patriotism, is really sapping the very foundations of our National Wealth: in an earlier sterner age he would have passed through Traitor’s Gate and suffered the supreme penalty which awaits the wretch who plots against his fatherland!

The matter is an exceedingly ticklish one; if we admit the existence of even one guideless climber, our whole position is threatened. We have to get out of it by saying that he was a wonderful genius, and an exception to all rules. But to admit two, three, twenty would sweep us away.

So we have to conceal the existence of the hundred or so first-class amateurs of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. We have to prevent it becoming known that nearly all first-class climbing is now done by guideless parties. We keep it dark that amateurs hold all the world’s records except one; and we cover with calumny and reprobation the aspiring youth who proves intractable.

We were at one time in most serious danger. Mr. A. F.

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

Mummery was an Englishman, and could not be so easily ignored; it had become notorious that no Alpine guide—though he had formerly climbed with guides—could be considered in the same class with him: and unfortunately some of our young bloods who had been investing very largely in that sensitive stock Reputation, had made things much worse by under-estimating his importance, and trying to extinguish him in the usual way by blackballing him for the Alpine Club. Of course one could not openly blackball him because of his guideless propensities; so the inaccuracy—I must confess the inaccuracy—that he was a bootmaker was sedulously circulated, and the result achieved. Luckily, the simple, good-natured fellow accepted our apologies for the “mistake,” and consented to join us. Had he found out the real secret of the Alpine club before his admission we might have been badly off indeed—the value of our securities down to nothing! But his loyalty prevented him from giving us away too dreadfully, though that terrible last chapter of his book came as a great shock to many of us. However, we got out of it by saying “what a brilliant mountaineer he was; and of course one could excuse a little unsound theory in so wonderful an exponent of the sport.” And we put it very neatly, I think, and rather turned the tables, by saying that he was an example of the way in which an exceptionally gifted amateur could become after long practice very nearly the equal of the best Swiss guides. However, I have wandered much from my subject. Yet I must flow on—it is the law of my nature—and the truth of the matter is that “How did you become a famous mountaineer?” is answered in a phrase (as above) by referring to my habitual tone of authority; while the question “How do

THE EQUINOX

you propose to remain a famous mountaineer, with people like this Mr. Eckley about?" is one which takes all my time and thought to answer. Even my little jokes are turned against me. The other day I said in the Geographical Society that "I think people should say Mount Everest, not Everest *tout court*;" for I have just seen in an account of some climbs in Canada, where there is a Mount Newlands, [What incomparable puppies these people are, who give these personal names to presumably dignified peaks! ED.] the phrase:

"Newlands has proved to be rather an impostor. I hope the same may never happen to Colonel Everest."

And the wretched newspaper fellow comments:

"Nobody appears to have laughed. Perhaps they were thinking it over."

[B]

BY SIR MEDIUM COELI

IT was an ingenious thought of my mother's—for I was so unfortunate as never to know my father—to christen me Medium Coeli, for the astrologers [With Reason! ED.] prophesy honour and glory to the lucky children at whose nativity this house is on the cusp of the ascendant. But on no natural grounds should such a prediction have been formulated; for my story—it is nearly a case of "From Log Cabin to White House," though the local colour is wrong—is one long (and stirring) example of the triumphant conquest of difficulties (of course I do not mean mountain difficulties)

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

by persistence, judiciousness, and adroit manipulation of facts. Indeed the "great natural defect" of George Washington, that "he could never tell a lie," has at no time thrust its ugly head in my path. Nor was it, as ordinary people might be tempted to think, such a great drawback that I never possessed the smallest natural gift for climbing or mountaineering, or the wish or ability to learn these (to the dilettante) fascinating subjects.

Even at this day, when my name is practically synonymous with the sport, I am as ever quite incapable of climbing the simplest rocks, or even of descending unaided an unusually rough mule-track, while the ensanguine banner hung out in my cheeks is invariably blanched at the very suggestion of a native bridge. [Brandy does pull one round.] But my intellect was naturally acute, and, on looking round the world of sport, I soon fixed on mountain climbing as the only one in which an absolute duffer can acquire fame. It is quite impossible to pass oneself off as a fine cricketer—people look up your average; but a climber can do his work secretly, and the *Alpine Journal* which seeth in secret will reward him openly. I speak of the man who goes exclusively with guides; for the guideless man has friends who cannot be bribed to silence. Everybody will remember poor Smith, and the trouble he had about that guideless ascent of the Steinbockhorn, which read so well in the pages of the *Journal*, when his honest but deluded companions found out that they had not been to the top of the mountain, and that Smith knew it.

In fact, young Lazarus and his brother deserve a great deal more credit than myself; for they have worked up a reputation in the English hills where an honest body can hardly

THE EQUINOX

announce having made a new climb without a yapping chorus of "To-morrow we'll all come and *see* you do it."

In my own case, I had merely to engage competent guides and wander about the Alps. It was easy to do new climbs in those days, once the idea of varied routes was hit upon. My guides pulled me up a few dozen, and in due course I was admitted to the Alpine club.

To throw a little variety into things—in England at that time it was not good enough to be solely an athlete—I got a little reputation by a really good work on a quite different subject—I forget exactly what; though, owing to the disgusting conduct of one of her relatives, I have every reason to remember the name of the lady who wrote it. (Of course the title-page would not refresh my memory on the point.) It is a genuine example of actual memory on my part, and I confess to an honest pride in the matter.

I am even prouder of my next step. Merit alone is useless without money, and I was in sore straits. But the distinguished mountaineer was as rare a bird in the 'seventies as the successful general in the days of Venice, and I was able with my tale of moving accidents by field and flood, to swoop down on a stray Yankee heiress, and hustle her into the halls of Hymen before the Hon. Patrick N. O'Flaherty (essentially of Tammany Hall, and incidentally her father) came upon the scene.

I had not bargained for quite such a vulgar fellow; of course we had to compromise, but his idea of compromise was this: "Waal, young f'ler, I had calculated upon my daughter marrying a peer; I guess you've done me there; but every red cent you get from me has got to be honestly laid out in running for the House of Lords, and don't you forget it!"

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

And I had been looking forward to a quiet life! No more beastly mountains! No more filthy Swiss inns! No more hunting for impoverished persons of talent to write my books! The Club, and the Park, and—— O! my heart is breaking. The worthy Boss mapped out my life from day to day; and before long some silly fool hammered it into his head that the best chance of a peerage for me was that I should go exploring to all the most inaccessible regions of the uninhabitable globe! Useless to point out that I had no scrap of ability in this direction; that plain lump sums to a party caucus would be a more efficient means to the end. He was adamant, and after a week without—my blood boils!—without the very commonest necessaries of life, I gave up and started for New Guinea or some beastly place like that—I forget where, it's all in a book of mine that I never could read—though I have several times honestly tried to do so; people will question one about one's exploits.

So the devil of it was that at the very moment when I was on the top of Mount Thingumbob, I was actually recognized in Coney Island by an Alpine Club man, and, as they have to draw the line somewhere, that did in my chance of becoming President. If Pa found out about that—why, I'm afraid to think about it.

The next few years are a positive nightmare. I was driven from one end of the earth to the other; some of the expeditions I actually had to do, because there were English people all over the starting-point. Then I had to invent the most ingenious explanations about things; one time they actually sent Englishmen with me—that was the most awful experience of all. However, I managed to get rid of one by

THE EQUINOX

disgusting him with my mismanagement, and persuading the others that he was bad-tempered. A second I bribed to quit; a third luckily damaged his leg; and I was left with only a fool artist who knew even less about mountains than he did about art, and was easily bamboozled into thinking that the snow-hump we struggled up was a great peak!¹ But fate was against me; my faithful guide was *got at* in England by a friend of my very worst enemy, and blurted out the whole story under the influence of alcohol. Oh, the terrible curse of drunkenness! Oh, that man should put an enemy into his mouth to give away my game!

In this heartbreaking manner year after year flew by, and the House of Peers seemed as far off as ever. Pa knew more about England by now, and the wealth of Pittsburg or wherever it was swelled the party chest [I forget which party—I could never understand politics]. We spent thousands—thousands, I tell you! of what ought to have been my money on contesting hopeless seats. At last it was intimated that I might look for my reward. I made all sorts of inquiries in the ermine market, and Benson's sent me a really reasonable estimate for a coronet. Then the blow fell. A Knighthood! A knighthood for the Hercules of the Himalayas, the Charlemagne of the Caucasus, the Attila of the Andes and the Alps! A knighthood. Think of it, dear readers—a knighthood. A common cheap calico knighthood. The sort of thing they give away at Harrod's Stores to all purchasers to the value of over Five Pounds!

[However, when abroad, I may be able to pass as a baronet.]

¹ The author is not quite frank here, perhaps. The natives who were with him have lost all memory of the snow-hump.—ED.

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

There was only one advantage to be got out of it—I would settle Pa. I settled him. Of course, I said sarcastically, I *can* go down the crater of Vesuvius if you *like*. But it won't do any good. You haven't bought the British Empire, and you can't, and they've done you, and that's all there is to it. I'm tired; I'm going to sit down a bit, and you let me have a decent allowance, or I'll blow the whole gaff, and show up your silly vulgar ambitions and then where will your daughter be, and that's all there is to *that*.

He consigned me, I regret, to a hotter place than Vesuvius, but he gave in, and there are ripping easy-chairs in the club. If I could only shut that beast Eckley's mouth I should be perfectly happy; but it don't really cut any ice [I picked up this language to try and appease Pa], for the Britishers are that easy it takes a thousand years to nail a fakir to the counter.

After all, then, I really am an example of a great and famous mountaineer, and let's leave it at that!

[C]

BY THE BROTHERS LAZARUS

I MUST apologize to ladies and gentlemen who read this for using "I" instead of "we" but nobody can distinguish between my brother and me when we write and it's all very confusing but it only makes one mountaineer the two of us. I am born of poor but honest parents in the country so a kind gentlemen said we were both Arcadians like some people

THE EQUINOX

in a book because I was so simple-minded sincere and guileless. We never knew why they laughed so when he said it but that doesn't matter what I want to say is we were really nicely brought up, and have always been brought up to be respectful to ladies and gentlemen and I hope we shall never speak rudely that is why I am so much liked by ladies and gentlemen who buy our beautiful pictures. Of course we would not lie about anything for I have been brought up very strictly and the camera cannot lie. I always use the camera to prove our statements for though as we said it cannot lie it can be inclined in all sorts of directions and this is very useful. If a lady or gentleman is lying on a floor and you take a picture of them and then look at it sideways it looks as if they were climbing up a perpendicular wall or climbing down it head first.

Like all great discoveries (a gentleman told me one day) this is very simple and was made by accident. I once took a picture of a lady climbing a rock needle and we didn't know how to use a level so it all went wrong and the picture came out with the needle all cock-eyed but the lady like it because it was so much steeper than it looked we mean that it looked when you looked at it. So there was a very nice gentleman called Jones who couldn't climb rocks but was very clever at jumping up them when he caught hold of something he got up and when he didn't he fell down and hurt himself so he was making a tremendous reputation. So I said to him we'll photo you all over all the rocks and we'll tip the camera so that it always looks as if you were on an overhanging precipice. So he said yes and I went into partnership and it was all very famous. But there were rude people who wanted

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

to do new climbs and so we had to prevent them climbing things until we had jumped up them. There are some horrid rocks that you *must* climb because there is nothing to jump at but our partner found a good way to get round that. I used to go out with him (he was a very nice gentleman and treated us quite like friends) and we would stand at the top and let him down by a rope and he would go up and down and up and down and up and down hundreds of times till it was quite easy for him you know it is only a new rock that is difficult because as a kind gentleman told me one day if you don't know exactly where the handholds and footholds are you waste a lot of strength in trying useless things and you get tired and when the pull comes you are too tired to do it. So I kept it all frightfully secret and by and by our partner would say at breakfast "I think I'll stroll over to Gully X to-day and have a look at it." Now everybody would know that Gully X had never been done and was awfully dangerous and all the ladies would begin to cry and say Dear Mr. Jones don't don't go to that awful place! And a gentleman friend of Mr. Jones's (though he wasn't really a gentleman only a farmer) would say "If you climb that place I'll never speak to you again" and everybody would look pale except us and I would try not to laugh. So we would all go to see it and Jones would take his coat off and just cast one glance at the rock as if to take it all in and go straight away up without any hesitation at all and everybody would clap their hands like mad and say what wonderful skill and there would be Mr. Jones at the top not out of breath even and call down it's quite an exhilarating little climb and everybody come up it's quite easy. So everybody would just worship

THE EQUINOX

him and when a rude man would say go up that other little gully at the side which would be a much easier place really he would say no it would look like showing off and give the other men a chance. And get out of it that way. And everybody would write in the book what wonderful skill and strength and all that. And the way I would prevent other people doing climbs by climbing was we would make great friends with everybody and say quite secretly I know a gully that hasn't been climbed in such and such a place and we want to do it with you don't tell anybody. So he would be awfully pleased and treat me quite like a friend and I would say the same to everybody but there would always be a reason why we couldn't actually go and try and I would say the same to everybody and by and by Mr. Jones and us would do it and be famous. Because having arranged to try with us the others were too honourable to go without me.

There were rude people who said no we always climb by ourselves and your old gully isn't one you found. It's in the book and was described ten years ago, and the only reason it hasn't been climbed yet is because of your dirty tricks taking advantage of people's ignorance and their sense of honour to run your blackguardly advertising scheme to boom Jones.

These people were not real gentlemen we feel sure though they had been to Oxford and Cambridge and all I can say is if they are we're very glad I'm not.

So sometimes other people would do new climbs and it was horrid but we went and practised them and wrote in the book how easy I wonder people are so vain as to record such silly things. Anyway we got a lot of new climbs to ourselves and got very famous. It was very nice for us because I

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

never took any risks and we knew I should have the field all to ourselves soon because I knew Mr. Jones would kill himself one day the way he jumped about instead of climbing and sure enough he did.

We had a dreadful fright one year everybody knows that if you sleep with your window open you go into a decline and die but there was a gentleman who said rubbish you won't and my brother believed him just because he was a gentleman though we know now that a gentleman can be wrong just like common people. So one night he said his prayers twice over and opened his window nearly an inch but it was no good he went into a decline and went to the Alps as a last chance and spat blood and all the ladies said poor poor boy to die so young and he got thinner and thinner. So a medical gentleman said send him to what's his name where there weren't any doors or windows and my poor brother was out in the rain all the time with only a towel on and they fed him on twelve raw sheep a day and he came back so fat I didn't know him and his cheeks flapped against his waistcoat and he broke the weighing machine at the station and we were afraid the railway company would put me in prison.

So then we went to everywhere and tipped the camera more and more every time and learnt to scratch out things in the picture that prevented it looking dangerous and I did a lot more new climbs on the old plan and read Professor Collie's nice articles and Mr. Mummery's nice book which is in very much that style and Mr. Jones' nice book which is a very careful imitation of that style and so we learnt that book by heart and wrote a book in the same style with the same kind of photographs in the same type and the same binding

THE EQUINOX

and printed on the same paper and sold at the same price and you can't tell which part I wrote and which part my brother wrote because it isn't our style (*this* is our style) but Mr. Jones' nice style and even that isn't his nice style but Mr. Mummery's nice style, and even Mr. Mummery owes a little to Professor Collie's nice style.

And that is how we became a famous mountaineer.

[D]

BY MADAME BOCK BRUNE

HOW sweet it is in the starry morning to set out from some daintily furnished club hut with one's faithful guides! Deliciously primitive, in a strange sad way, to lick the last drops of fragrant olive oil from the slim svelte tin of sardines on the frowning brow of some historic peak, as, lying with one's dark sweet face to the blue azure of the cerulean sky with its cobalt-ultramarine shade of hyacinthine—hang it all! *blue* again; there are no more words—between one's faithful guides one can reflect upon the deep problems of Life and Death, and above all, marriage. [Better have reflected on grammar.—E.] Yes! I have been married twelve times; but what is marriage after all? Surely a husband is less intimate, far, far less intimate in many, many ways than one's faithful guides! With a husband, if the rope breaks, one can get another; but there are so few, few faithful guides, none as faithful as mine! Such are my reflections as I lie between— [Possibly. This is not *at all* the kind of article we want. Don't

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER

maunder, tell us how you became a famous mountaineer and I'll make it a dollar.—ED.] Very well, that's talking. I've done some of the commonplace climbs that everybody from cows to Alpine Clubmen has been up millions of times every year, and written about them in the style you don't seem to appreciate. That's straight. [It is. We understand. Here is the dollar. Thank you. Good-morning.—ED.]

[E]

BY MRS. BLOOMER-GREYMARE

CONFOUND and dash these drivelling newspaper donkeys! George! What am I to say, I wonder? George—G-e-o-r-g-e! What the deuce was I about when I married one of these scurvy, feckless, futile, scrimshank, scallywag men? George! Oh, *there* you are! Take that, then! And that! and that! and how dare you come to me with your tie all round at the back of your neck! No, don't speak—nothing but gabble, gabble, gabble all day long—why aren't you some use? I pulled your tie and collar awry, did I? Then why did you *make* me do it? I've told you a thousand times if I've told you once, that I won't have it, you idle gawky good-for-nothing stuck up idiot? Why did I marry you? tell me that! [No answer; but a profound feeling that in a previous existence he must have killed his father and mother, or a holy universal King, or wounded the body of a Buddha!] And on the top of everything the *Daily Mail* wants to know how I became a famous mountaineer. Will you write the article now at once?

THE EQUINOX

Mind what you say! Enlarge on the natural timidity of woman, and the wonderful courage—What! speak up! and don't stare and yammer like a dropsical owl! O! Of course!—an appointment in the City! Oh, yes! I know what men do in the city—you can't deceive me. But you'll write the article in the afternoon, eh? Will you? Yah! you idle silly gowk. What? Do you want me to take the *stick* to you? I see you remember! Oh, *you're* no good—I know the sort of wishy-washy muck you'd ladle out to the public—leave it to me! I'll show them what a good true tender beautiful woman can do. Oh, you men! Why, you even kicked at calling the silly mountain Bloomer-Greymare after me! And you positively wouldn't call the other one Lavinia though I beat you till the very coolies ran away for shame! I know you did climb them and I didn't but what's that got to do with it. What the public wants is the Poetry of Married Life and the spectacle of a timid shrinking woman doing what has beaten all you hulking bullying brutes of men—see? you pasty-faced monkey jumping about like as if you were on hot bricks. Stop it now or take that! and that! Get out, can't you? How the blazes can I write my article with you maundering about all the time muddling my mind with your cackle cackle cackle.

[And that is how *she* became a famous mountaineer. ED.]

THE TANGO

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE AND ALEISTER CROWLEY

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

FISCHER, *proprietor of a night café in Paris*

PAUL, *a young man about town*

A LORD, *about to marry JAJA*¹

“NEGRO”, *a bully*

JAJA, *the Tango dancer*

MADÉLINE, *engaged to be married to FISCHER*

LILLE, *in love with “NEGRO”*

Guests, Waiters, etc.

¹ Pronounce Zhá-zha.

THE TANGO

SCENE: *Fischer's Café.* TIME: *Midnight.*

[*A waiter is laying the tables for supper, in a lazy manner, whistling. Enter FISCHER silently, and observes him. The waiter does not see him.*]

FISCHER. Hurry up, you lazy dog. [*The waiter, startled, springs to attention and bustles about.*] I am expecting a lot of big people to-night. Aha! I have a fine new song for them! [*Hums tune of "The Tango."*]

Enter PAUL.

FISCHER. Good-night, Paul, how goes it? Glad you managed to turn up.

PAUL. Madeline will be here in a minute.

FISCHER. Ah, do you envy me?

PAUL. Devil a bit. She's a dear, though. I suppose you'll have a crowd of Americans to-night?

FISCHER. Yes; I've got a new song.

PAUL. Queer lot, those Americans. Lord, but it's dull here without the Tango. That *was* dancing, if you like! She was an American, wasn't she?

FISCHER. Half-French.

[*Enter PIERETTE with three young men; they sit and take up the menu, attended on by the waiter. PIERETTE is drug-drunk, and acts unseemly. Enter MADELINE, runs to FISCHER, and kisses him.*]

MADELINE. Who's half-French?

THE EQUINOX

FISCHER. Jaja.

MADELINE. Oh, the Tango girl? Half-devil and half-child, by my reckoning.

FISCHER. Well, she's reformed now. Going to take up the White Man's Burden!

MADELINE. So she's really caught that millionaire lord after all. Whew! I'm sick of millionaires. Any one can have mine.

PAUL. But not his money.

MADELINE. Bah! Now we've got all we want for the Café. What do you think money means to us women when we love?

PAUL. Yes, when you *do* love. But when do you love anything but money?

MADELINE. Perhaps you think we can't love. Why, it's the only thing we live for.

FISCHER. And if women must have money, it's only to look their best—to hold their love the longer.

MADELINE. And to give it to their love.

FISCHER. You saw how Negro threw Jaja over the minute Lillie turned up in a Poiret frock!

PAUL. Well, Jaja never cared for anything but dancing.

MADELINE. And Negro.

PAUL. Perhaps.

MADELINE. I suppose you think she's only marrying this fool lord out of pique.

FISCHER. Anyhow, she's got money enough. The idiot is trying to buy Paris for her! They're to be married tomorrow.

PAUL. Ass!

THE TANGO

FISCHER. He thinks her an angel who has side-slipped.

PAUL. Ho! ho! ho!

FISCHER. And believes that she'll give up the life here for Mrs. Grundy's drawing-room!

PAUL. Poor fool! It can't be done; I've tried it. Once you come here it's for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, till death do us part.

MADELINE. You don't understand what love can do.

PAUL. Oh, love!

MADELINE. Perhaps it's true that after having loved one of us there is no other love.

FISCHER. Absolutely. Marry or die you may, but the soul clings to the old love.

[During this conversation the cafe has been filling up with girls and men. Enter LORD and JAJA. Some, recognizing her, begin to beat on the tables, and call out welcomes.]

JAJA. I've only come to say good-bye; to-morrow we sail for America.

LORD. She's finished with all this.

FISCHER. One never finishes; it's in the blood.

PAUL. Tell the truth, Jaja; you just couldn't keep away a minute longer.

JAJA [*Nervously*]. For me, it's finished for ever; I've decided to be a Society Bud!

MADELINE. Ah, but you bloomed here!

JAJA [*Spitefully*]. There are some who have never bloomed.

MADELINE. I, for instance. That's why I have kept my perfume!

PAUL. And what a perfume!

THE EQUINOX

FISCHER. Ladies and gentlemen, I will sing you my new song [*Sings*]¹—

“What is money to the bliss
Of the honey of a kiss?
What are rank and fame and fashion
To the ecstasy of passion?

Chorus.

Give me dancing!
Give me wine!
Bright eyes glancing—
Yours in mine!
Kisses sucking
Up my breath—
Give me passion!
Give me death!
Were the town of Paris mine,
Its renown should drown in wine
I would pay the land of France
For a day and night of dance.

Chorus

Dreams entrancing float above
Music, dancing, wine and love.
Sober sinks the sobbing breath;
Smiles the sphinx of sleep and death.”

Chorus.

[*All applaud vigorously. LORD begins a conversation with FISHER.*]

JAJA. Bravo! [*To Madeline, aside.*] Has *he* been here?

MADELINE. Who, Negro? [JAJA *nods.*] He’s coming; he’s trying to teach Lillie to dance the Tango in your place.

JAJA. No one can ever take my place.

MADELINE. So you’re really going to marry the young English millionaire?

¹ This song, music by Bernard F. Page, is sold by Wieland and Co.
Price 1s. 6s.

THE TANGO

JAJA. Yes; to-morrow morning.

MADELINE. You're not happy, dear.

JAJA. Oh yes, I am. Once I get into the new life——

MADELINE. You will begin to weary for the old. You will come back to us.

JAJA. Never; it's finished, I tell you.

FISCHER [*To Lord*]. But—one never marries this sort of a woman!

PAUL. As if there was any other sort of a woman!

LORD. Ah, you don't know her real self; she's an angel who fell by accident.

PAUL. Did she fall or was she pushed?

FISCHER. I know them all; it's always by accident.,

PAUL. [*Singing*]—

“Give me passion!
Give me death!”

LORD. But she's not French.

PAUL. Ah, you have the English idea of the French. But that's not nearly as bad as the French idea of the English!

LORD. Well, I'm gambling on her. I am sure my love will keep her straight.

FISCHER. What's rank or fortune after a love among us? There's nothing else; all other love is pale and sick.

PAUL. Don't you know the difference between old brandy and ginger-pop?

LORD. Oh, that's all over. She doesn't love *him* any more.

FISCHER. I tell you it's never over, never!

JAJA. What are you men talking about?

FISCHER. Love.

THE EQUINOX

JAJA. Oh, talk of anything else! Bring some more wine!
[*She dabs her face with rouge and powder, and reddens her lips.*]

MADELINE [*To Lord*]. So it's marriage?

LORD. Yes; this is the last night of the old life.

MADELINE. Take good care of her! It's not often one gets away from here.

FISCHER. Shall I marry you, Madeline?

MADELINE. You're mine, silly! What more?

FISCHER. You see!

PAUL. When you've saved enough, you'll marry and do the fine folk from Paris in your chateau!

[*FISHER and MADELINE shrug their shoulders. Enter NEGRO and LILLIE.*]

MADELINE. Hullo, Lillie! Have you learned the Tango yet? [*LILLIE makes a gesture of disgust.*]

PAUL. Cruel! If you understood how we all love it.

NEGRO. She loves only her Negro, and nothing else on earth.

[*She puts her arms round NEGRO'S neck. PAUL whistles like a railway train, running round the room with his head between his hands.*]

MADELINE [*To Negro*]. Jaja is here; she is going to be married to-morrow; that's her best young man; and aren't we going to be good—I don't think!

NEGRO. Silly cow! I don't care a pink wart if she's here or in Timbuktu.

LILLIE. Oh, do let us go, dear! Where you like; only do let's get out of here. I've got a headache.

PAUL. And I've got cold feet!

THE TANGO

NEGRO. Rot; you've got to dance the Tango.

[LILLIE *points to JAJA, and makes a face.*

NEGRO. That was not real love, anyhow; I've forgotten it, and you'd better forget it too! The other was nothing.

MADELINE. Lillie wishes she had been that nothing.

NEGRO. Women are never content.

JAJA. More wine, waiter! Come and drink farewell, Madeline! Here's the dear old life! Fischer, sing "The Tango" again!

LORD. No; please come away, my darling; you're getting excited.

JAJA [*impudently*]. And for why? Because?

LORD. You're not yourself. I don't understand you. [*He takes her by the arm to lead her away.*

PAUL [*Sings*]—

"They talk a lot o' loving
But what do they understand?"

JAJA [*Shaking LORD off.*] Let me be! You promised me this one night, and it's mine!

LORD. A man forgives the past, but never the future.

PAUL. When you're as old as I am you'll know that the past *is* the future.

JAJA. Oh, hang it! No moralizing to-night! Let's drink!

[FISCHER *sings.*

JAJA [*to Pianist*]. So you no longer play the Tango now that I am not here to dance. [*She jumps on a table and waves her glass.*] The Tango!

ALL. We are all true to you. [*All rise and clink glasses and drink.*]

JAJA. And I to you! In heart, I'm always here, always,

THE EQUINOX

always! How the blood aches! How the heart leaps for joy! What other life is so gay, so entrancing? The reek of the smoke is sweeter than all the flowers of the earth and the incense of heaven.

PAUL. Yes! but what price Patchouli?

LORD. [*At table below JAJA, looking up, and consequently very ridiculous*]. I beg of you to come away. You no longer know what you are saying. If you are to bear my name you cannot talk so.

JAJA. This night is mine, mine, mine, mine. Fill my glass! . . . So the Tango is dead. Oh, how I'd love to dance it just once more!

ALL. Bravo! Come, Negro, the Tango!

NEGRO [*To Pianist*]. The Tango! [*He moves towards JAJA from old habit; LILLIE rushes to him and smacks his face, and makes him lead her out. They dance.*] Don't be so nervous. [*She trips.*] If you make another mistake I'll kill you; dance for your life! [*He strikes her. She winces.*] Damn you! You're not doing your best.

JAJA. [*Jumps off table, and tries to drag LORD into the dance.*] Come, come, come, dance!

LORD. I cannot.

JAJA. Oh yes, you can! I'll drag you round all right.

NEGRO [*To LILLIE*]. Do you hear? Dance, I tell you.

JAJA. [*Mocking LILLIE*]. I hate her; I hate her.

[*LILLIE trips. NEGRO throws her aside to the ground as JAJA, throwing her glass down, cries: "Then I'll dance alone," and begins. NEGRO joins her in the dance; as he clasps her she cries: "Give me passion." All have jumped on tables to watch the dance, except LILLIE, who*

THE TANGO

is stunned by her fall and LORD, who wrings his hands piteously, and makes little feeble attempts to rush in and drag JAJA away. Finally he gives it up, and throwing JAJA'S gloves on the table, walks out. LILLIE picks herself up, takes a knife, and flings herself on JAJA and stabs her. JAJA falls as NEGRO catches her, throwing LILLIE aside with his free arm.]

JAJA. O God! I am dying. Negrito, Negrito, my own, you have at last saved me from the hell of boredom and respectability. Give me your lips! Kiss me Good-bye!

[She dies in his arms. LILLIE picks herself up, and tries to flee, but FISCHER catches her.]

FISCHER. One moment, if you please!

[Every one stands spell bound with horror, except PAUL, who walks to the front of the stage, and lights a cigarette.]

PAUL. Never dull at Fischer's!

CURTAIN.

THE BIG STICK

REVIEWS

SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE. By SYDNEY E. KLEIN. William Rider & Son.

WILLIAM RIDER and SON have moved from Aldersgate Street to Paternoster Row, but unless they are very careful they will find themselves in Carey Street. What can have come over the firm that it publishes a book written by a man who knows his subject?

For "Science and the Infinite" forms the most admirable sketch of what should surely be a great and important work. Mr. Klein shows clearly and simply the nature of what we call the Infinite, and proves that the great step to be taken is for the soul to recognize its oneness with that. But in Book 4 this conclusion is given as the result of definite experience. *See* pp. 80 and 87. Mr. Klein however, seems to prefer a sacramental solution of the problem, and advocates in almost too unveiled a manner the cult of the Phallus, which he understands, evidently enough, in its best form.

We could have wished that he had given us twenty diagrams instead of one. We could have wished that his English were less latinized and his sentences shorter, and—most of all—we could have wished that his book had been published in a more important form. The world is deluged with cheaply-got-up books of this kind, and it is difficult for the outsider to distinguish the cornerstone from that which should be "heaved over among the rubbish." Now a book should be a very holy thing. If it be truth, it is that which we most reverence, and it is impossible to expend too much care and loving kindness in its worthy presentation. Considerations of the cost of production are the death of literature. Publishers are so ignorant of the value of books that they issue any quantity of worthless stuff. They have no idea of what will catch on with the public. They produce things as cheaply as possible, with the American philosophy, "It's a good bet if I lose!" Such a book as Mr. Klein's loses immensely by this vulgar presentation. Rising as it does to heights of sublime poetry, it is a shock to be constantly brought back to the twentieth-century illusion, which is the very sham he is trying to expose with its rage for hurry and cheapness, by the inferior paper and inferior printing. A book of this sort should have been produced, if not quite like the Medieval Books of Hours, yet in

THE EQUINOX

a form which represents the highest developments of the particular art used in its production. These things do not seem to matter now. They will matter enormously in a hundred years, and it should be for that part of the Now which we stupidly call the Future that books should be produced.

This is particularly the case with a book which deals with science. It is the common idea that science is practical. It does not occur to the average man that science is holy. He does not see that the microscope is a magical instrument in the truest sense of the word, as it assuredly is when its use leads one to such results as Mr. Klein has attained. Science has appeared principally practical. People say, "Look, it has given us the telephone and the motor-car!" They have not understood that science may be a religion. To most people, especially so-called religious people, God means one in their own image, the shadow of themselves thrown, enlarged and distorted, upon the background of their own ignorance—not the image of themselves as they really are, but the image of those vile insects which they think themselves to be. The evangelical Christian asserts God to be mean, revengeful, cruel, huckstering—a small tradesman in a provincial town. A single blade of grass is sufficient contradiction of the existence of such a monster. Even where the people have had no God their Great Man was fashioned in the same way. Buddha is only a magnified Buddhist. In their fierce life calm seems the only good, and so their Buddha sits eternally smiling on a lotus. Even the most elevated thinkers seem to cling to the idea of a personal God. This is because they are themselves enmeshed in the illusion of personality. It is the personal and temporary self to which they cling. They have perhaps got rid of the idea that the body is real, but the highest ideas in their mind still appeal to them. They say (in the best cases) that God is Light, Love, Life, Liberty, but they still suppose him to be a person possessing these attributes. Hardly ever, save by virtue of spiritual experience of a high order, is that conception transcended. Personality is a limitation. As long as one thing is distinguished from another there are two things; and there is only one thing. Such a conclusion Mr. Klein faintly foreshadows. I am not certain whether it is his reticence or his ignorance which prevents him from adumbrating the further conception which we have set forth in Book 4 and elsewhere.

It is very well that these conclusions, such as they are, should be restated. There is, of course, nothing new in them. They were stated by myself in almost the same language in a good deal of the poetry which I wrote when I was nineteen years old. Such perception is the birthright of the poet. But even immediate intuition of such truth is of less value than the knowledge obtained by conscious experience. The rediscovery of these truths much later in life had for me all the force of a new creation.

REVIEWS

We wish that Mr. Klein had gone deeply into the means of attainment. He seems to be of that school which holds that such attainment is the result of miracle, perhaps of accident. He does not seem to realize that there is a perfectly simple and straightforward method of arriving where he has arrived—a method which is good enough for all, and about which there is no doubt and no difficulty beyond the essential one of sticking to it. I hope that the perusal of Book 4 will enlighten him on this point, and enable him to write a Second Part to his book which shall detail this method in language which may reach those minds to which Book 4 does not appeal. A. C.

THE BLUE GROTTO. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL. London. 2*d*.

IT is monstrous and iniquitous that a person, however bearded, however resembling Bernard Shaw in name and form, should purport to translate a Rune Stone dealing with the Phrygian Mysteries—and scan Pandion wrong. The masterpiece of this anonymous author is full of false quantities, but I don't care if it is, for he has some very beautiful lines and a sense of the musical value of words. He writes:

“The lovers of a night appear
In the unravell'd atmosphere.
Phantasmagoria crisp to gold
Under Apollo. . . .”

And again:

“Caduceator for thy knees'
Ophidian caryatides.”

And again:

“And the red ibis in thy grove
Feeds poison to the sucking dove.”

And again:

“Under the brown sea-furbelow
Anguilla slimes;”

He tells us:

“. . . Crassicornis seeks to grab
The streamers of the coral-crab.”

He says:

“I hear the triton-music swell
Love-laden in the vulva-shell.”

And speaks of:

“. . . Corybantes o' the storm
Leaping coruscant-capriform.”

THE EQUINOX

I could hardly have done better myself, and Shelley would have been put to it to do it as well.

If the ingenious though fatuous author of "The Blue Grotto" will get a big idea and work it largely out, he will indubitably produce a worthy contribution to the language whose poverty he now enriches with so many admirable new words.

A. C.

THE CLAY'S REVENGE. By HELEN GEORGE.

“ . . . equal purged of Soul and Sense.
Beneficent high-thinking, just,
Beyond the appeal of Violence,
Incapable of common lust,
In ‘mental Marriage’ still prevail
(God in the garden hid his face)”—

AND well He might!

It is on these lines that Bertha and Leonard Hammersley agree to lead their married life. The husband is a delicate, refined, over-sensitive, under-vitalized creature, and the arrangement suits him admirably. For a time Bertha is content, her intellect is satisfied, her senses are slumbering. She is not only content; when she looks around at the married lives of her more carnally-minded friends she feels immensely superior, and prides herself on the purity of the relationship existing between Leonard and herself. She wilfully closes her eyes, and if an inner consciousness whispers to her that this vaunted happiness is incomplete, she refuses to listen. The whisper becomes loud—insistent. Mrs. George very cleverly shows us Bertha's slow, almost shocked, awakening. Starved Nature revengefully, triumphantly asserts herself. After three years of the Higher Life Bertha changes the joys of the Intellect and Spiritual Love for the joys of the Flesh and Human Passion.

But it is to the Man as Father, not as Lover, she at first yields.

When, in due course, the Man returns to West Africa, she sees him go without a pang. He has fulfilled his purpose, and she has no further use for him.

It is only later, after the birth of the child, that she desires him as a Lover.

This change in her attitude is depicted with masterly strength and skill.

He returns after two years' absence.

Her first feeling is one of annoyance and faint fear rather than rapture.

He takes it for granted their old relationship will be renewed, and so she drifts back and changes from the passive Mother-Woman, submitting to the Man's love only as a means to her own and Nature's end—to a passionate

REVIEWS

exacting woman, demanding Love for love's sake and love's sake alone, and putting the plan before the child.

How the child dies, and how the Lover in terror and revolt flies from his too-exacting mistress, we leave it for Mrs. George to tell in her own vivid and unflinching way. E. G. O.

LES FREQUENTATIONS DE MAURICE. By SIDNEY PLACE. One vol:
3 fr. 50 c. Dorbon, Paris.

NEVER before has the androgynous male been treated with such cold, cynical, non-moral impartiality.

The "hero" is an empty-headed young fop, and concerned only with the fit of his clothes and the colour of his necktie. "We cannot steal, to work we are ashamed"; but though he stops short of actual stealing, he slips through life in luxurious sleekness—living by his "wits" and a kind of spurious system of blackmail. When he is not concerned in getting money, this mannikin of straw trips from one tea-party to another, lispings the latest scandal and wafting the newest scent. Sydney Place leads us a fantastic dance with these mincing demi-reps. He deals with flimsy people, but his study is neither flimsy nor wanting in interest. It is, we say it with regret, painfully true to life, and represents a sex which is largely on the increase in London Society of to-day.

E. G. O.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

NOW READY

SIR PALAMEDE THE SARACEN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX IV

PRICE 5/-

“Much vigorous imagination.”—*Times*.

“. . . his genius, be its origin celestial or infernal, is considerably to our liking; he can write angelic poetry and devilish good prose, a cloud of exotic scholarship trailing over the whole, and suffused now and then by lightning-like gleams of mirth and snappiness.”—*English Review*.

“The poet’s impassioned imagination and fancy move untrammelled throughout this metrical romance.”—*Publishers’ Circular*.

LOOK OUT! FOR THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

AHA!

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX III

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY

READY IN APRIL

Price 5/-

WIELAND & CO

Telephone: 2632 Kensington.

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
33 Avenue Studios
76 Fulham Road
South Kensington
S.W.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective treatise
extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

NOW READY

HAIL MARY!

PRICE ONE SHILLING

**BY ALEISTER
CROWLEY**

The "Daily Mail" says—"This is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns & Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging naïveté, untoured by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."

Father Kent writes in "The Tablet"—"Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The root of David shoots a stem.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

"She lies alone amid the kine.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The straw is fragrant as with wine.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes—"The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says—"To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse; it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says—"Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail Mary.' This little book is best described here as a collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says—"In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each—thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

The "Catholic Herald" says—"This anonymous volume of religious verse reaches a very high level of poetic imagery. It is a series of hymns in honour of Our Lady, invariably expressed in melodious verse. The pitfalls of religious verse are bathos and platitudes, but these the sincerity of the writer and a certain mastery over poetic expression have enabled him—or her—to avoid. The writer of such verse as the following may be complimented on a very high standard of poetic expression:

"The shadows fall about the way;

Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;

The soul clings feebly to the clay,

For that, the void; for this, the tomb!"

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;

Her perfect face dispels the fears.

She charms Her melancholy knight

Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this falling breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illumine
The darkling corridors of death!"

The "Catholic Times" says—"The 'Amphora' is a collection of poems in honour of our Blessed Lady. They are arranged in four books, each of which contains thirteen pieces. Thus with the prologue there are fifty-three poems in all. Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, which cannot but do good to the pious soul."

The "Staffordshire Chronicle" says—"Under this title there has appeared an anonymous volume of verses breathing the same exotic fragrance of Rossetti's poem on Our Lady that begins 'Mother of the fair delight.' There is the same intense pre-Raphaelite atmosphere, the same aesthetic revelling in Catholic mysticism, the same rich imagery and gorgeous word-colouring that pervade the poetic works of that nineteenth-century artist. A valuable addition to the poetic literature on the Mother of our Lord."

The "Guardian" says—"The devotional fervour of 'Amphora' will make them acceptable to those who address their worship to the Blessed Mother of the Christ. The meaning of the title of the book is not very obvious. It cannot surely have anything to do with the lines in Horace, 'Amphora coepit,' etc."

The "Catholic Times" says—"As far as we can gather from his other works, the author is not a Catholic, perhaps not even, strictly speaking, a Christian; but here we have page after page of most exquisite praise of Her, whom Wordsworth greeted as 'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' until one marvels at the fecundity of concept, imagery, and fit expression."

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London, S.W.
TELEPHONE: 2632 Kensington.

RIDERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS

NOW READY

THE HISTORY OF MAGIC

Including a clear and precise Exposition of its Processes, Rites and Mysteries. By ELIPHAS LÉVI (ALPHONSE LOUIS CONSTANT). Translated, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. 8vo., 9 in. x 6 in., 534 + xxxvi pp., with Twenty Full-page Plates. Artistically bound in Purple Cloth, gilt tops, 15s. net. Special Edition de Luxe, Printed on Rag Paper, Bound in Real Vellum, £1 1s. net.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS IN SEVEN BOOKS

Book I—The derivation of Magic
Book II—Formation & Development of Dogmas
Book III—Divine Synthesis and Realisation of
Magic by the Christian Revelation

Book IV—Magic and Civilisation
Book V—The Adepts and the Priesthood
Book VI—Magic and the Revolution
Book VII—Magic in the Nineteenth Century

The most comprehensive, brilliant, enchanting *History of Magic* ever drawn into writing in any language.

This celebrated work is now offered for the first time in an English translation.

N.B.—PROSPECTUS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Including the Rites and Mysteries of Goetic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. By A. E. WAITE. Crown 4to, gilt tops, 376 pp., illustrated with about 180 engravings. Beautifully bound in Art Canvas, with Design in gold. Price 15s. net.

“It is surprising we have had to wait so long for a worthy sequel to Michelet’s *La Sorcière*. MR. WAITE is the first writer who has carefully explored this mass of forbidding and somewhat perilous literature . . . its wealth of well sifted information and many curious illustrations.”—*The Times*.

THE PICTORIAL KEY TO THE TAROT

Being an Enlarged and Revised Edition of the Key to the Tarot, with 78 full-page reproductions of the Tarot Cards facing their descriptive matter, and considerable additional matter dealing specially with the subject of Fortune-telling by means of the Tarot. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, gilt tops, 340 pp. Price 5s. net.

THE OCCULT REVIEW

A Monthly Journal devoted to the Investigation of the Problems of Life and Death and the Study of the Truths underlying all Religious Beliefs.

Edited by RALPH SHIRLEY

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: SEVEN SHILLINGS POST FREE

A sample copy of THE OCCULT REVIEW, with complete Catalogue of Riders' Publications, will be forwarded on Application.

William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A. CROWLEY'S WORKS

The volumes here listed are all of definite occult and mystical interest and importance.

The Trade may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W. (Tel.: 2632 Kensington) and

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Public may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 3 Great James Street, W.C.

Mr. Elkin Matthews, Vigo Street, W.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.

Mr. F. Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

And through all Booksellers.

ACELDAMA. Crown 8vo, 29 pp., £2 2s. net.

Of this rare pamphlet less than 10 copies remain. It is Mr. Crowley's earliest and in some ways most striking mystical work.

JEPHTHAH AND OTHER MYSTERIES, LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. Demy 8vo, boards, pp. xxii. + 223, 7s. 6d. net.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. Pp. x. + 109. A new edition. 3s. 6d. net.

These two volumes breathe the pure semi-conscious aspiration of the soul, and express the first glimmerings of the light.

THE SOUL OF OSIRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. ix. + 129, 5s. net.

A collection of lyrics, illustrating the progress of the soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

TANNHAUSER. Demy 4to, pp. 142, 15s. net.

The progress of the soul in dramatic form.

BERASHITH. 4to, china paper, pp. 24, 5s. net.

Only a few copies remain. An illuminating essay on the universe, reconciling the conflicting systems of religion.

THE GOD-EATER. Crown 4to, pp. 32, 2s. 6d. net.

A striking dramatic study of the origins of religions.

THE SWORD OF SONG. Post 4to, pp. ix + 194, printed in red and black, decorative wrapper, 20s. net.

This is the author's first most brilliant attempt to base the truths of mysticism on the truths of scepticism. It contains also an enlarged amended edition of "Berashith," and an Essay showing the striking parallels and identities between the doctrines of Modern Science and those of Buddhism.

GARGOYLES. Pott 8vo, pp. vi. + 113, 5s. net.

ORACLES. Demy 8vo, pp. viii. + 176, 5s. net.

Some of Mr. Crowley's finest mystical lyrics are in these collections.

KONX OM PAX. See advertisement.

Collected Works (Travellers' Edition). Extra crown 8vo, India paper, 3 vols. in one, pp. 808 + Appendices. Vellum, green ties, with portraits, £3 3s.; white buckram, without portraits, £2 2s.

This edition contains "Qabalistic Dogma," "Time," "The Excluded Middle," "Eleusis," and other matters of the highest occult importance which are not printed elsewhere.

AMBERGRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. 200, 3s. 6d. (Elkin Matthews.)

A selection of lyrics, containing some of great mystical beauty.

POETRY AND DRAMA

(FOUNDED 1912)

A QUARTERLY Periodical devoted to the criticism and appreciation of Modern Poetry and Drama of all countries, published in the 15th March, June, September and December, at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Each issue contains:

Articles on subjects relating to Poetry. Original work by modern poets. Criticism of important current books of poetry, biography and the art of the theatre. A survey of American, French, Italian, and German literature, and the Drama.

Annual Subscription 10s. 6d. net, post free. Separate copies, 2s. 6d. net each.

Every one interested in Poetry should visit **THE POETRY BOOKSHOP**, at 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., three minutes from Kingsway or from the British Museum. There is no obligation to buy, seats are provided, and customers are welcome to inspect the books at their ease. They will find on the shelves copies of nearly every book of English and American poetry published, as well as most of the important reprints and new editions of standard authors and a large selection of foreign books and periodicals. Orders for foreign books or periodicals of any country are promptly and carefully executed.

For further particulars 'phone 2248 Holborn, or call any time between 10 and 6 at:

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP
35 DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, W.C.

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

With a Cover specially designed by E. J. WIELAND;
a Dedicatory Sonnet by VICTOR B. NEUBURG; and an
Introduction by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET

"This is a whirlpool, and no mistake; a witches' cauldron wherein suns and stars and souls, and Lilith and Sappho, and 'whispering hair,' and corpses and poppies, jostle one another in a heaving brew of iridescent, quasi-putrescent, ultra-modernity. Quite good reading all the same. Take p. 44:— . . . And we must thank the mysterious V. B. N. for a really inspired line—

'Thou lyric laughter of the enfranchised male.'

. . . . The naughty new 'male' smashing our windows with his inverted commas . . . unless, indeed, as Mr. Aleister Crowley authoritatively hints in his sacerdotal preface, . . . But the time, we think, is hardly ripe for such disclosures, although the more intelligent among us may have seen a certain Writing upon the Wall, setting forth, in clearest language, that $1 + 1 = 3$."—*The English Review*.

"Poems by a new writer who possesses imaginative gifts of unusual quality. Miss Archer's poems are both mystical and realistic, and they bear traces of having been to some extent influenced by the work of Mr. Aleister Crowley, but without losing an originality which is entirely their own."—*T. P.'s Weekly*."

"This book has all the defects and none of the qualities of Mr. Crowley's work. . . . Miss Ethel Archer misses everything. There is no *élan* in the work. She has none of the happy fluency of her master, and it requires much to carry off the cumbrous apparatus of esoteric epithets with which she is burdened. Miss Archer's mechanical abnormalities are ridiculous; she has mistaken jingle for music and incomprehensibility for passion. . . . The world will not willingly let it die."—*Vanity Fair*.

"On the cover a naked woman is riding a bat over a whirlpool; craggy white mountains are behind her and a red sky behind all. There is a fine fierceness of movement in the design; it is certainly good. Mr. Aleister Crowley introduces Miss Archer briefly but splendidly, with phrases of this sort: 'We find such rime-webs as abaaab-babbba . . . , more exquisite than all the arabesques of the Alhambra.' . . . It is all very splendid. . . . We feel dreadfully sensible of our outer darkness. Coming to Miss Archer's poetry we are obliged to notice her debt to Swinburne, yet we find it, on the whole, good. . . . The colour is very strong; the shades of thought are clear, and often subtle. . . . The uninitiated may certainly recognise great strength of conviction in Miss Archer, even if they cannot or do not wish to appreciate it."—*The Poetry Review*.

"Several of these unpleasant phantasies are reprinted from the *Equinox*, and there is an introduction by Aleister Crowley, in which he says this book is the hell of sterile passion glowing in the heart of the hell of desolation."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"There is a resemblance in much of Miss Archer's verse to the sensuous school of English poetry, and it has the same lyrical power. Love in its various forms is the theme of her songs, and she expresses her thoughts in vivid words. The portrayal of the intensity of personal feeling with an unguarded freedom, is that which a student of pre-Raphaélite poetry would naturally acquire. (Our reviewer's guarded remarks lead us to suppose he means that 'The Whirlpool' is rather 'hot water.'—ED.)—*Publishers' Circular*.

"Moralists with no pretensions to severity will frown at the sentiments conveyed in the poem 'To Lilith.' . . . 'Reverie,' 'Midsummer Morn,' and 'Sleep,' are really beautiful poems. . . ."—*Westminster Review*.

"Full, at any rate, of high artistic endeavour is Miss Ethel Archer's 'The Whirlpool.' There is a strong sense of classical beauty and of form in these passionate and exotic verses. 'The Felon Flower' is an extraordinary rhapsody, and the 'Song to Leila' is delicate and highly wrought."—*The Commentator*.

"The verse is musical and the ideas profound. . . ."—*Light*

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

*Now ready. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN.

POEMS By VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems,—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished—besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

"Not everyone will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this is should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman*.

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotones of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion*.

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader*.

"A charming volume of poems . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light*.

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times*.

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy*.

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From first to last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander*.

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Sheer ennui is apt to say 'morbid,' and have done with it. . . . But here is Mr. Neuburg, with real literary and temperamental gifts . . . but it is not honest to deny that he is actually straying here and there upon the borders of a definite region of consciousness; that the evil and power he acclaims and fears has a phantom existence. . . ."—*Westminster Gazette*.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES—*Continued*

"A volume of no ordinary ability . . . real beauty."—*Advocate of India*.

". . . His poems are a mystery beyond the comprehension of the uninitiate. But we can appreciate the beauty of their sound, and envy those lovers in distant countries who will apparently enjoy the meaning. . . ."—*English Review*.

"By a big Pot, no doubt."—*John Bull*.

"The 'Triumph of Pan' contains poems alive with music and rich in thought. Mr. Neuburg writes with distinction, and the book, from first to last, is one which lovers of poetry will appreciate."—"*Standard*."

". . . full of the throbbing fever of life which one cannot confine into measure on all occasions.

"The 'Triumph of Pan' is full of sonorous lines, with wonderful word pictures and poetic imagery which has seldom been excelled. . . ."—*American Register*."

". . . Many beautiful passages in the volume . . . strange allusions to unpleasant gods, and the imagery is occasionally repellent.

"The tremendous conception of that 'world so wide' . . . at his best in some of the shorter poems . . . stirring rhythm.

". . . we linger with delight over the splendid line—

"The murmurous song of the morning star, aflame o'er the birth of day."

". . . Melodious and plaintive with a haunting rhythm . . . vivid and pictorial . . . a painter's vision as well as a poet's ear . . . a fine simile in 'Osiris' is all his own."—*Co-Mason*.

". . . a delirious music . . . the majority of them [the poems] trouble the reader by giving the impression that a deep meaning lies behind the embroidered veil of words to which he is unable to penetrate; others again seem to suggest events of too intimate and personal a nature to have a general application or interest . . . mixed metaphors—erratic visualisation. . . ."—*Theosophy in Scotland*.

"Passion and pain, 'red desire' and 'red roses' are frequent *motifs* in Mr. V. B. Neuburg's 'Triumph of Pan' ('The Equinox' Office), much of which merits the ambiguous distinction of being unusual. Though by no means deficient in originality, vigour or imaginative power, his verse is too often cumbered with the fantastic symbols of a species of erotic mysticism, into which we feel no desire to probe; while the lack of reticence consistently displayed constitutes an artistic blemish not lightly to be excused. The author's serene confidence in the immortality of his lays would be better justified were he to make some attempt to discriminate between the gold and the rubbish, and, incidentally, refraining from penning such grotesqueness as is contained, for example, in 'The Sunflower,' where we are informed how, among other portents—

"a greater god arose,

And stole the earth by standing on his toes

And blowing through the air."

"It is difficult to believe that the persons to whom certain poems are inscribed will experience any very lively gratification at the compliment."—*Athenaeum*.

". . . really notable fluency and fecundity of expression. . . . He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually termed 'strong meat.' . . . his dedicatory poem is the one that fascinates me most. It is a tender little lyric, delicate, iridescent, fragrant as a summer dawn. I take the liberty of quoting it in full. . . ."—*New Age*.

"Fie, Mr. Neuburg! . . . a most regrettable collection of songs that deal with unrestrained affection. . . . There's no denying they are first-rate verse."—PERCY FLAGE in *The Equinox*.

". . . We are dizzied and dazzled by a foaming rainbow-hued torrent of impassioned words. We are struck by the wealth and boldness of the imagery, and the facility of mechanical execution. . . . It is brilliant work . . . one is bound to admire the cleverness of it all."—*Literary Guide*.

". . . In the author of the present collection of poems . . . we have a veritable twentieth-century mystic and apostle of ecstasy who, according to his dedication, gives his songs—

"By the sign that is black and forbidden,

By the word that is uttered no more."

"The 'Triumph of Pan,' from which the book borrows its title, is a remarkable sequence of some forty 'philosophic and ecstatic' stanzas . . . he would also seem to 'hold opinion with Pythagoras' although we question if even Nietzsche himself could quite fathom the undercurrent of the lay. . . . Despite occasional extravagances in thought and in diction his work is that of a cultured scholar, his verbal artistry undeniably inspired with the true spirit of poetry. Whether he sings of 'Violet skies all rimmed in tune,' of red ravens, of purple kisses, of silver stars 'crested with amber melody,' or of the 'rhythmic sway of the idle moon,' he is always musical albeit, like Wagner, whose effects he now and then distinctly recalls, often utterly unintelligible. . . . In striking contrast to the chaste and serenely beautiful 'Diana Rides' . . . are no less than twenty-two audaciously passionate love-lyrics inscribed not only to one Olivia Vane, but also, curiously enough to her 'other' lover."—*The Gambolier*.

"He has arrived. . . .

"Mr. Neuburg's work is partly mystical and partly of the flesh. . . . Quite frankly, some of his work we do not at all understand. This applies notably to his 'Music-Pictures,' which 'were obtained under the direct influence of music.' 'This,' the poet naively tells us, 'may explain their apparent inconsequence.' . . . he is much more than a minor poet. He can and will yet accomplish great work. . . . His ingenious rhyming capacity sometimes almost startles one. In the choice of some of this subjects he is daring—greatly daring. . . . His genius is undoubted; and the world has a lot yet to hear of and from this gifted singer."—*Greater London Illustrated*.

"If he rejects this mask, Mr. Neuburg may become a poet."—*Rhythm*.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW READY

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

DR. M. D. EDER in "*The New Age*"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

Household Gods

A COMEDY

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

Privately Printed by the Chiswick Press
and bound in White Buckram with Gold Lettering

PRICE HALF A GUINEA

Copies may be obtained on application to the Author
at the offices of "The Equinox"

Thirty copies of the Sketch of
ALEISTER CROWLEY by AUGUS-
TUS JOHN have been pulled on
Special Paper, and are for sale,
framed, at the Price of One Guinea
Net. Application should be made
at once to the Offices of this
Magazine

To be obtained of
THE EQUINOX,
33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.
TELEPHONE 2632 KENSINGTON

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

Price 10s net.

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised
to one guinea net.

A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as much an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

WILLIAM NORTHAM

Robemaker,

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand

TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0.	PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1.	” ” superior quality	7 0 0
	2.	NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3.	ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4.	PRACTICUS ” ” 3	1 0 0
	5.	PHILOSOPHUS ” ” 4	1 0 0
	6.	DOMINUS LIMINIS ” ” 5	1 0 0
	7.	ADEPTUS (without) ” ” 0 OF I	3 0 0
	8.	” (within)	10 0 0
	9.	ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10.	ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11.	MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cop embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

A GREEN GARLAND

BY

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. 2s. 6d. net.

"As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg's poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse."—*The Morning Post*.

"There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as 'The Dream' and 'the Recall,' and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"Here is a poet of promise."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

"It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book."—*The Morning Leader*.

"There is promise and some fine lines in these verses."—*The Times*.

To be obtained of

PROBSTHAIN & CO.

44 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And all Booksellers

WIELAND & CO.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN

BY

ALBERT CHURCHWARD

"The book is in every sense a great book."—*Equinox*.

PRICE 13/6 NET

A. COLIN LUNN

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 Bridge Street; 19 King's Parade,

and 31 Trinity Street, Cambridge.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—“*A Connoisseur's Cigarette.*” These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

WIELAND & CO.

Beg to announce that they can now supply the various OILS, PERFUMES UNGUENTS, ESSENCES, INCENSES, etc., and other products useful to members of the lower grades of the A.: A.:

ALEISTER CROWLEY'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS

OIL OF ABRAMELIN	2/6 per oz.
ABRAMELIN INCENSE	10/- per lb.
SALEM INCENSE	8/- „
VENUS INCENSE	18/- „
DITTANY INCENSE.	7/- „
OPOPONAX INCENSE	16/- „
UNGUENTVM SABBATI	17/6 per oz.

RUTHAH, the Perfume of Immortality, 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle

The special Incense always used by H. P. Blavatsky. Prepared from the receipt given by an intimate friend and colleague. 11/- per lb.

Cash in all Cases must accompany Order

ALL GOODS POST FREE

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW WORKS

IN PREPARATION

SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH

A Contribution to the Personal Note in Literature

THE NEW DIANA

A History. With other Poems, and some Translations

THE CHANGELING

A Fairy Play

ROSA IGNOTA

An Essay in Mysticism

HEINE'S LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO

A Complete Translation, with a Prose Preface

SONGS OF THE DECADENCE

New Lyrics

THE BOOK OF LIES

WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED

BREAKS

THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS OF THE ONE THOUGHT OF

FRATER PERDURABO

WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF UNTRUE

“ Break, break, break

At the foot of thy stones, O Sea!

And I would that I could utter

The thoughts that arise in me!”

CONTENTS

- ◦
1. The Sabbath of the Goat.
 2. The Cry of the Hawk.
 3. The Oyster.
 4. Peaches.
 5. The Battle of the Ants
 6. Caviar.
 7. The Dinosaurs.
 8. Steeped Horsehair.
 9. The Branks.
 10. Windlestraws.
 11. The Glow-Worm.
 12. The Dragon-Flies.
 13. Pilgrim-Talk.
 14. Onion-Peelings.
 15. The Gun-Barrel.
 16. The Stag-Beetle.
 17. The Swan.
 18. Dewdrops.
 19. The Leopard and the Deer.
 20. Samson.
 21. The Blind Webster.
 22. The Despot.
 23. Skidoo!
 24. The Hawk and the Blindworm.
 25. THE STAR RUBY.
 26. The Elephant and the Tortoise.
 27. The Sorcerer.
 28. The Pole-Star.
 29. The Southern Cross.
 30. John-a-Dreams.
 31. The Garotte.
 32. The Mountaineer.
 33. BAPHOMET.
 34. The Smoking Dog.
 35. Venus of Milo.
 36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE.
 37. Dragons.
 38. Lambskin.
 39. The Looby.
 40. The HIMOG.
 41. Corn Beef Hash.
 42. Dust-Devils.
 43. Mulberry Tops.
 44. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX.
 45. Chinese Music.
 46. Buttons and Rosettes.
 47. Windmill-Words.
 48. Mome Rath.
 49. WARATAH-BLOSSOMS.
 50. The Vigil of St. Hubert.
 51. Terrier Work.
 52. The Bull-Baiting.
 53. The Dowser.
 54. Eaves-Droppings.
 55. The Drooping Sunflower.
 56. Trouble with Twins.
 57. The Duck-Billed Platypus.
 58. Haggai-Howlings.
 59. The Tailless Monkey.
 60. The Wound of Amfortas.
 61. The Fool's Knot.
 62. Twig?
 63. Margery Daw.
 64. Constancy.
 65. Sic Transeat—
 66. The Praying Mantis.
 67. Sodom-Apples.
 68. Manna.
 69. The Way to Succeed—and the Way to Suck Eggs!
 70. Broomstick-Babblings.
 71. King's College Chapel.
 72. Hashed Pheasant.
 73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the Orphan Child.
 74. Carey Street.
 75. Plover's Eggs.
 76. Phaeton.
 77. THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEP-TENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-GOAT ALSO.
 78. Wheel and—Woa!
 79. The Bal Bullier.
 80. Blackthorn.
 81. Louis Lingg.
 82. Bortsch: also Imperial Purple (and A PUNIC WAR).
 83. The Blind Pig.
 84. The Avalanche.
 85. Borborygmi.
 86. TAT.
 87. Mandarin-Meals.
 88. Gold Bricks.
 89. Unprofessional Conduct.
 90. Starlight.
 91. The Heikle.

PRICE ONE GUINEA

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London, S.W.

MORTADELLO

OR

THE ANGEL OF VENICE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS NET

“A little master piece.”—*The Times*.

WIELAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W.
TELEPHONE 2632 KENSINGTON

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR STUDY

All Visitors to London, Interested in Occult Books, should call and inspect the large stock kept by
FRANK HOLLINGS, No. 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.
CLOSE TO THE INNS OF COURT AND FIRST AVENUE HOTELS.

Catalogues post free on application. Send me your list of "wants," I have special facilities for acquiring rare and uncommon Books. New Publications supplied to order. Carriage paid within United Kingdom.

THE HISTORY OF MAGIC. Including a clear and precise Exposition of its Processes, Rites and Mysteries. By ELIPHAS LEVI. Translated, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. With Twenty Plates. Large Demy 8vo, 9 in. x 6 in., 572 pp. *Handsomely bound, Cloth Gilt extra, Gilt Tops.* 15s. net. EDITION DE LUXE. Printed on fine quality Rag Paper. Bound in White Vellum, Gilt Tops. 21s. net.
An English translation of this celebrated work of the well-known French Occultist is now for the first time offered to the British Public.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. Including the Rites and Mysteries of Goetic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. By A. E. WAITE. Crown 4to, gilt tops, 376 pp., illustrated with about 180 engravings, beautifully bound in art canvas, with design in gold, price 15s. net.

In Two Parts. I. An Analytical and Critical Account of the chief Magical Rituals extant. II. A complete Grimoire of Black Magic. The two chief sections are subdivided as follows:—(a) Studies on the Antiquity of Magical Rituals; (b) The Ritual of Transcendental Magic, so-called; (c) Composite Rituals; (d) The Rituals of Black Magic; (e) The Descending Hierarchy of Saints; (f) The Lesser Key of Solomon the King; (g) The Mystery of the *Sanctum Regnum*; (h) The Rite of *Lucifuge*; (i) The Method of Honorius, etc., etc., etc.

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC. By ELIPHAS LEVI. Translated by A. E. WAITE, *with the original engravings.* 10s. 6d. Postage *sd.*; abroad *rod.*

Contents.—Doctrine of Transcendental Magic; The Candidate, The Pillars of the Temple, The Triangle of Solomon, The Tetragram, The Pentagram, Magical Equilibrium, The Fiery Sword, Realization, Initiation, The Kabbalah, The Magic Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, Black Magic, Bewitchments, Astrology, Charms and Philtres, The Universal Medicine, Divination, Summary and General Key of the Four Secret Sciences, Ritual of Transcendental Magic; Preparations, Magical Equilibrium, The Triangle of Pentacles, The Conjunction of the Four, The Blazing Pentagram, The Medium and the Mediator, The Sepenary of Talismans, A Warning to the Imprudent, the Ceremonial of Initiates, The Key of Occultism, The Triple Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, The Sabbath of the Sorcerers, Witchcraft and Spells, The Writing of the Stars, Philtres and Magnetism, The Mastery of the Sun, The Thaumaturge, The Science of the Prophets, The Book of Hermes.

WAITE (A. E.). The Mysteries of Magic, a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Levi, with Biographical and Critical Essay. Second edition, revised and enlarged, cr. 8vo, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1897, 8s. 6d.

Constitutes a valuable introductory work for those desirous of studying the writings of the great French Magus.

BIBLIA CABALISTICA, or the Cabalistic Bible, showing how the various Numerical Cabalas have been curiously applied to the Holy Scriptures, with numerous Textual Examples, collected from Books of the Greatest Rarity, with Introduction, Appendix of Curios, and Bibliography. By the Rev. WALTER BEGLEY. 4to, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1903, 7s. 6d.

BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) of Abra-Melin the Mage, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English from a unique and valuable MS. in the Bibliothèque que de l' Arsenal at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, *black cloth, Magical Square on side in gold.* 1900, 10s. 6d.

SPECIAL OFFER OF THE KEY OF SOLOMON

S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR-MATHERS, Author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Tarot," etc.

THE KEY OF SOLOMON THE KING (Clavicula Salomonis), the true fountain-head and store-house of Cabalistical Magic and the origin of much of the Ceremonial Magic of mediæval times; hitherto a closed book to all but the most learned Hebrew scholars, now made accessible to all in this *the first translation*. Carefully edited and collated from various ancient MSS. in the British Museum. Illustrated by 15 full-page plates containing *The Mystical Alphabets, the Knife, Sword, and Other Instruments, and the Holy Pentacles or Medals*. Quarto, buckram back, cloth sides, pp. + 126 (pub. 31 1s. net). London, 1909, 10s. Inland postage, 6d.; Abroad, 1s.

An important feature of this work is that the Editor, who is well known as a skilled Kabbalist, has corrected as far as possible the many errors in the Hebrew names, etc., which have crept into the various MS. recensions, due to careless copyists. This renders the work of the greatest value to Students of Ceremonial and Talismanic Magic, as the use of correct formulæ in magical operations is an absolute necessity.

MAGICAL MANUSCRIPT.—THE CLAVIS OR KEY TO UNLOCK THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC OF RABBI SOLOMON; THE BOOK OF MAGIC SCIENCE, and several other Magical Treatises, clearly and neatly written on more than 200 leaves, thick 4to, *very many cleverly executed drawings (several in colours) of pentacles, sigils, talismans, etc., old hf. calf, gilt, N.D. (circa 1830).* 3 guineas.

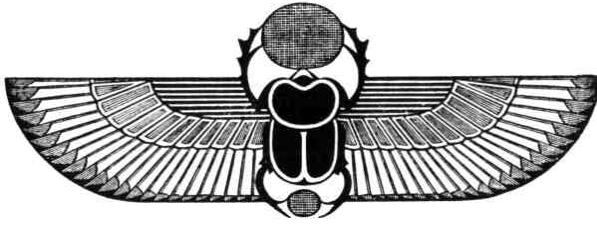
The "Clavis" is of exceptional interest. It has apparently been transcribed from an UNPUBLISHED ENGLISH VERSION, translated from the French by EBENEZER SIBLEY, M.D., the famous astrologer, as it bears his name on the Title page, and at the end of a long preface. The first edition of the Key of Solomon *published* in English, is that edited by Mr. S. L. M. Mathers.

SENT POST FREE TO THE READERS OF "THE EQUINOX" "THE LITERATURE OF OCCULTISM"

Being a catalogue of books ON SALE relating to Ancient Worships, Astrology, Alchemy, Animal Magnetism, Antiquities, Behmen and the Mystics, Buddhism, Clairvoyance, Dreams, Demonology, Freemasonry, Folk-lore, Gnostics, Gems, Ghosts, Hermetic, Indra and the Hindus, Kabbala, Koran, Miracles, Magic, Mithraic Worship, Mesmerism, Mythology, Mysticism, Phallic Worship, Phenology, Psychometry, Rosicrucians, Spiritualism, Symbolism, Serpent Worship, Secret Societies, Theosophical, Witchcraft. In all, close upon 1000 volumes. The largest collection for sale in Europe and now offered at reasonable prices at

FRANK HOLLINGS' BOOK SHOP,

7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to Chancery Lane and High Holborn, London.



THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net

50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, & 1 1s. net




CONTENTS

ROSA Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archaeologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominae.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Gout de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poèmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician

[Again, as far as I am aware this electronic edition contains all the advertisements from the original. In the Weiser edition, all those following that for *Poetry and Drama* were omitted. It seems likely though, that with the possible exception of a page reproducing reviews of *The Book of Lies*, they were identical to the last 16 pages of no. 10 and were reprinted by the simple expedient of keeping the type for those pages set up.

The following full-page plug for *Book 4* appeared on the back board of the first edition.—

PART II READY SHORTLY

BOOK

**T
Δ
M
4
4
4**

**BY FRATER PERDURABO
AND SOROR VIRAKAM**

**AB
A**

**A TREATISE ON MAGIC AND MYSTICISM FOR
BEGINNERS**

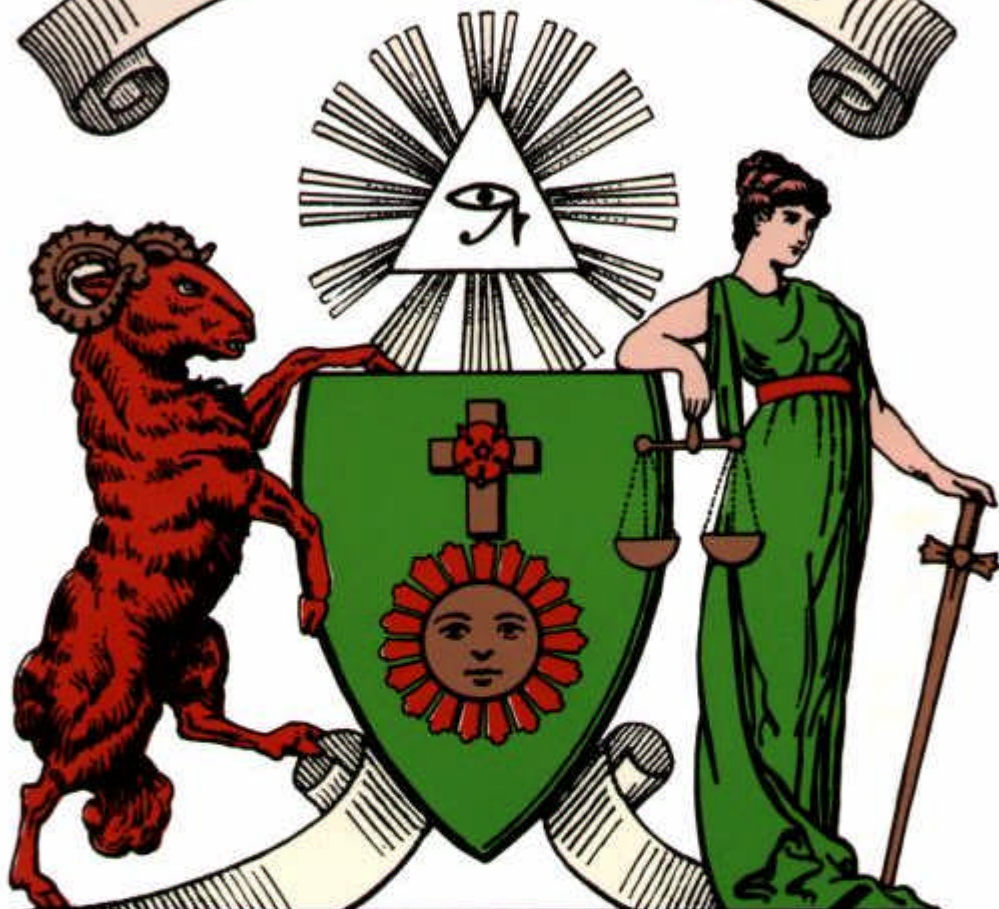
Of all Booksellers

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS NET

**WIELAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS
SOUTH KENSINGTON, W.C.**

Telephone 8987 City

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE



THE EQUINOX

THE AIM OF RELIGION

This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.:A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.:A.:

c/o THE EQUINOX,

33 Avenue Studios,

76 Fulham Road

South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 2632, KENSINGTON

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: wishes to warn readers of THE EQUINOX against accepting instructions in his name from an ex-Probationer, Captain J.F.C. Fuller, whose motto was “Per Ardua.” This person never advanced beyond the Degree of Probationer, never sent in a record, and has presumably neither performed practices nor obtained results. He has not, and never has had, authority to give instructions in the name of the A.: A.:.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows—

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . .	£200 p.a.
Publications	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc.	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements	£200 p.a.
	<u>£800 p.a.</u>

As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A.: A.:

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A.: A.: a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

The Chancellor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have so generously come forward with assistance. The full amount is, however, not yet guaranteed, and he hopes that those interested will make a special effort without delay.

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Emperor of A.:A.:, under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A.:A.: must first pass three months as a Student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books:—

1. The EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the present number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."

9. "Tannhäuser" by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.
[These last four items are to be found in his
Collected Works.]
13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin
the Mage."
14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu
(Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL)

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

With the publication of No. X of THE EQUINOX the Official Pronouncements of the A.: A.: will cease, according to the Rule of the Order, which pre-scribes Five Years of Silence alternating with Five Years of Speech. This Silence was maintained from the year O to the year IV of this era. Speech followed, from the year V to the year IX. Silence will, therefore, be maintained from the year X to the year XIV. There will, therefore, be no further open publications made by the Executive until March 1918 O.S.

I. N. R. I.
BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS
O.T.O.

M.: M.: M.:

[The Premonstrator of the A.:A.: permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A.:A.: and the O. T. O. and M.: M.: M.:, and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to

THE EQUINOX

the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern—

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood

THE EQUINOX

will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says—

“Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: ‘Let there be light!’ and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them.”

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and

THE EQUINOX

sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection.

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Grand Secretary General, M.:M.:M.:, c/o THE EQUINOX, 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE

(Translated from the original French)

*Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where
PRINCE is GRAND MASTER
of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son.*

“I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

“These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our

THE EQUINOX

expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

“You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

“This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

“Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

“View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

“Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: ‘In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.’

“If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day’s labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M.”

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

WE deeply regret to have to record that the Most Illustrious Brother John Yarker, 33°, 90°, 97°, Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland, Honorary Member of the Sovereign Sanctuaries in and for the German Empire, France, Spain, America, Cuba, etc., died on March 20, 1913, E.V. at Manchester. *Requiescat in Pace!*

We are obliged to the *Universal Freemason* for the following Memorial Article:

In the death of Brother John Yarker, of Didsbury, Manchester, England, whom the Great Architect of the Universe called from Labour in March last, Masonry has lost her greatest living authority on high grades, of all of which Brother Yarker was a Past Master, an ardent devotee, and on which he was a voluminous writer. We had the honour of Brother Yarker's acquaintance nearly three decades ago, he having been a contributor to the *Scottish Freemason* when we edited that journal. The following leading events in Brother Yarker's Masonic career we quote from the *Co-Mason*, of London, England:

It was in Manchester that Brother Yarker entered on his Masonic career and took up those studies which were to make him famous throughout the world in his after-life. He was initiated at the age of 21 in the Lodge of Integrity, No. 189, Manchester, on the 25th day of October, 1854, and after an interval of three months was duly Passed and Raised. The year after saw him occupying the Senior Warden's Chair of the Lodge of Fidelity, No. 623†, and in 1857 he was elected Master of this Lodge. He still retained his membership of his Mother Lodge and served as Secretary in 1856; other offices were offered, but he resigned in 1862. He entered Mark Masonry at Mottram in 1855, and took also the Ark and Link degrees, and became the first Worshipful Master of the Fidelity Lodge of Mark Masters, No. 31.

In 1856 he was exalted to the degree of a Royal Arch Mason in the Industry Chapter, No. 466‡, and became P.Z. of the Chapter of Fidelity in 1858, and occupied the same office in the Industry Chapter for two years: 1861, 1862.

THE EQUINOX

When he was 23 years of age he was installed a Knight Templar in the Jerusalem Conclave on the 11th of July, 1856.

In 1861 he was elected Commander of the Love and Friendship Preceptory, Stockport, and in 1863, succeeding Brother William Romaine Callendar, M.P., D.L., he became the Commander of the Jerusalem Conclave. Further honours fell to his share, and he was elected Grand Vice-Chancellor of the Province under Brother William Courtenay Cruttenden, P.G.C., and in 1864 was appointed Grand Constable of England. In the same year he was called abroad on commercial business and travelled extensively in America, the West Indies and Cuba. Before he left England he revived the old York degrees of Heredom-Kadosh, formerly worked under the Duke of Sussex, being helped in this important work by old members who had been admitted in 1823 and 1833. In 1869 he was admitted into L'Ordre du Temple, the continuation of the Knights Templars in Paris. This body claims an uninterrupted succession of Grand Masters from the time of Jacques de Molay, who, it is said, invested as Grand Master Marc Larmenius in 1307, when the Order was first impugned, before he himself perished at the stake. Later, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, and several scions of the French Royal Family, were Grand Masters.

It was a time of much activity, a Masonic Renaissance, in which the Very Illustrious Brother John Yarker played an important rôle, and many other old Rites were rescued from the oblivion into which they had fallen—such were the Rite of Mizraim, the degree of Ark Mariners, the Red Cross of Constantine, Babylon, Palestine, Philippi, etc., and, the most notable of all, the Ancient and Primitive Rite which was established by him in Manchester in 1871.

Very properly, therefore, we find that in 1870 the Royal Grand Council of Ancient Rites appointed him Royal Grand Superintendent of Lancashire of these and other old Orders. For his Masonic scholarship and literary work, he was elected a member of the Masonic Archaeological Institute at its establishment in 1862. The same year he was created a Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of the Palatine Chapter of the A. and A. Rite by Brother Cruttenden, M. W., but as their claims conflicted with the old Templar grades he ceased attending. It would be impossible to enumerate all the offices he held and all the honours that were bestowed upon him; here, however, is a short list of the more important:

Royal Grand Commander of the Rose Croix and Kadosh, 1868 to 1874.

Scottish Rite of 33° (and received certificate dating from 1811), January 27th, 1871.

Admitted 33° of Cerneau Rite and honorary member in New York, August 21st, 1871.

Installed Grand Master 96° of Ancient and Primitive Rite at Freemasons' Hall, London, October 8th, 1872.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

Absolute Sovereign Grand Master, Rite of Mizraim, 90°, from 1871 down to the present time.

Received over twelve patents of 33° of the Supreme Council in various parts of the world.

Past Senior Grand Warden of Greece by patent, July 1st, 1874.

Hon. Member of Lodge 227, Dublin, 1872, and of various foreign bodies, 1881-3. Among these he received the "Crown of Kether," admitting to the 5° of the Grand Lamaistique Order of Light.

In 1882-3 he acted as General Guiseppe Garibaldi's Grand Chancellor of the Confederated Rites, which he arranged throughout the world.

Hon. Grand Master of the Sovereign Grand Council of Iberico, October 5th, 1889.

Rite of Swedenborg: In 1876 he was appointed Supreme Grand Master for the United Kingdom under the Charter of T. G. Harrington, P.G. Master of Craft Grand Lodge of Canada; Colonel W. Bury M'Leod Moore, Grand Master of Templars, 33°; and Geo. C. Longley, 33°

Elected Imperial Grand Hierophant, 97°, in Ancient and Primitive Rite, November 11th, 1902.

Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Germany, 1902-6.

Hon. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Cuba (by patent), January 5th, 1907.

Hon. Grand Master ad vitam of the United Sup. Grand Council of Italy at Firenze, and of the Society Alchemica, etc. etc., 1910-12.

He also was interested in many of the concordant orders, and held office in several. He was appointed President of Sat Bhai of Prag, and was co-sponsor from 1871 to 1912.

Head of the rite of Ishmael in England in succession to Dr. Mackenzie and Major F. G. Irwin.

Chief of the Red Branch of Eri in succession to Major F. G. Irwin.

High Priest of the 7th degree of Knight Templar Priests, Manchester, revived from 1868 to 1875.

In addition, he received many civil decorations from foreign countries as a testimony of appreciation for his notable work. It would fill pages to give a detailed list, but these are a few of those best known in this country:

Constantinian Order of St. George, granted 1874 by H.H. Demetrius Rhodacanakis, Hereditary Grand Master and Prince of Rhodes, descendant of the Emperors Constantine and the Paleologi, actual heir of the Byzantine Empire.

Star of Merit of H.H. Sir Sourindro Mohun Tajore, Rajah of Calcutta, granted April 30th, 1886. (The Melusinia of Honour, Princedom of Lusignians tendered at the same time.)

THE EQUINOX

Honorary Fellow of The Society of Science, Letters, and Arts, 1882. Served five years on the Council. Gold medal granted 1887 (Sir Henry Valentine Gould, Baronet, President).

Docteur en Science Hermetiques. Conferred October 10th, 1899, by the Free University of Paris.

Nischal al Iftikhar, or Order of Glory. Founded in one Class by Sultan Mahmoud II in 1831. Granted by Sultan Abdul Hamid, June 13th, 1905.

Honorary Fellow of the Theosophical Society 1879—presented with a complimentary Jewel of the Society.

Early in his career V.:. Br.:. John Yarker turned his attention to literature. He was a prolific writer on many subjects other than Masonic. In 1869 he compiled “Notes on the Temple and Hospital, and the Jerusalem Encampment, Manchester”—the Provincial Grand Conclave appreciated this work and complimented the author. Two years later saw an interesting work from his pen, *Notes on the Scientific and Religious Mysteries of Antiquity; the Gnosis and Secret Schools of the Middle Ages, Modern Rosicrucianism; and the various Rites and Degrees of Free and Accepted Masonry*, a book which has been exceedingly well reviewed. A little later, but about the same date, the “Egyptian Ritual of the Book of the Dead,” another paper on the Old Rosicrucian Doctrines and one on Astrology, made their appearance. All this time articles were being written for the Masonic periodicals, and from 1855 up to the present time the best journals considered it an honour to publish his writings. These therefore can be found in the *Freemason’s Magazine*, *Freemason*, *Freemason’s Chronicle*, *Kneph* (which he edited from 1885), the Transactions of Quatuor Coronati Research Lodge, and latterly in this magazine. Being much interested in Heraldry and Genealogical studies, he compiled in 1881 a book on the pedigree of the House of Yarker, containing much interesting information in regard to the origin, name and allied families in York, Westmorland and Lancashire.

In 1909 the *Arcane Schools*, an epoch-making book, was produced. It is the flower of his devotion to the Craft, and the crown of all his labours, so in accord with his family motto, “the end crowns the work!” The data for this book took years to collect, and the result is monumental—an immense array of facts, systematically arranged, which form a valuable reference book. In it he traces the sources of the teaching of the philosophy and rites of the Craft, right back into the night of time—before the Aryan civilization. The mystery tradition was the sole survivor in the West, and in the Operative Guilds a genuine mystery tradition was preserved and handed down to modern times. This splendid book carries conviction in every line, and all brethren who take a serious interest in Masonry should study it.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

[This Manifesto following has been issued by order of the new M.I. Sovereign Grand Master General for G. B. and I.]

To all Sovereign Sanctuaries, Supreme Councils and Masonic Bodies in friendship with the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland.

WE, Grand Secretary General of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland, hereby give due Notice to all Sovereign Sanctuaries, Supreme Councils and Masonic Bodies in friendship with the Sovereign Sanctuary in and for Great Britain and Ireland, and to all Members of the said Rite, that the lamented Most Illustrious Bro. John Yarker, 33°, 90°, 97°, Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite, departed this earthly life and was called to the Grand East on March 20th, 1913, E.V., and that a Convocation of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the said Rite on June 30th, 1913, E.V. held in London, unanimously elected the Very Illustrious Bro. Henry Meyer, 33°, 90°, 96°, henceforth to be Sovereign Grand Master General in and for Great Britain and Ireland.

With fraternal greetings,

Yours in the Bonds of the Order,

Leon Engers-Kennedy, 33°, 90°, 95°,
Grand Secretary General.

Follows a copy of the Minutes of the Special Convocation of the Supreme Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry held at 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, London, S.W., on Monday, June 30, 1913, at five o'clock of the afternoon.

THE EQUINOX

The brethren present having proved their right to sit, speak and vote, Brother Quilliam called the Convocation to order, and called upon Brother Crowley to read the summons, a copy of which is here appended. This was done.

Brother Crowley remarked that no written protest against the present Convocation had been received from any Prince Patriarch, and that it might therefore be taken that no question could hereafter be raised as to the legality of the Convocation.

Brother Crowley proposed, and Bro. Theodor Reuss seconded, that Bro. Henry Meyer take the chair. This was unanimously agreed to.

Brother Meyer having done so, Brother Quilliam moved that a letter of condolence should be sent to the widow of the late Sovereign Grand Master General. This was agreed to.

Brother Meyer then called upon Brother Crowley to read his report of the proceedings at Manchester. Brother Crowley complied.

The report of the proceedings at Manchester was approved and adopted and ordered to be recorded in the Minutes of the Convocation. Follows a copy of aforesaid report.

The election of the Sovereign Grand Master General was then duly held.

RECORD OF THE ELECTION OF THE SOVEREIGN GRAND MASTER GENERAL

THE Members of the Sovereign Sanctuary having produced their certificates and all other documents requisite for the purpose of establishing their right to be present and vote in this Convocation of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators, and the same having been examined and found to be legal and

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

in due order, Bro. W. Henry Quilliam, 33°, 90°, 96°, called the convocation to order, and called upon Brother Crowley, 33°, 90°, 95°, to read the summons calling this Convocation. This was duly done, and a copy of such summons so there read is set out in extenso in the minutes hereinafter written.

On the motion of Bro. W. Henry Quilliam, seconded by Bro. Aleister Crowley, 33°, 90°, 95°, the Very Illustrious Prince Patriarch Grand Conservator, 33°, 90°, 95°, Bro. Henry Meyer, of 25 Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E., County of Kent, was unanimously elected Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland. The Most Illustrious Sovereign Grand Master General then took the chair and after returning thanks for the election, closed this Special Convocation. Done in our Sanctuary in the Valley of London, this thirtieth day of June, Nineteen hundred and thirteen, E.V.

Signed { HENRY MEYER 33°, 90°, 96°
Sovereign Grand Master General.
SAINT EDWARD ALEISTER CROWLEY, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Patriarch Grand Administrator General.
WM. HY. QUILLIAM, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Patriarch Grand Keeper General of the
Golden Book.
LEON ENGERS-KENNEDY, 33°, 90°, 95°,
Patriarch Grand Secretary General.
THEODOR REUSS, 33°, 90°, 95°
Sovereign Grand Master General ad Vitam
for the German Empire and Grand In-
specter General.

THE EQUINOX

The Most Illustrious Sovereign Grand Master General then opened the Convocation as a Supreme Grand Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of 33° and last degree of the Antient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and he was duly elected Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander.

He then opened the meeting as an Absolute Grand Sovereign of the 90° and last degree of the Oriental Rite of Mizraim, and was duly elected as its Patriarch.

The Sovereign Grand Master returned thanks in an eloquent speech for his election, and conferred the degree of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservator of the Rite on Bros. Robert Ahmed Quilliam, 32°-94°, Leon Engers-Kennedy, 30°-90°, and Bro. F. B. Gibson, 32°-94°.

He further made the following appointments:

Brother Crowley—Patriarch Grand Administrator General.

Brother Quilliam—Patriarch Grand Keeper General of the Golden Book.

Bro. Frederick B. Gibson—Patriarch Grand Master General of Ceremonies.

Brother Kennedy—Patriarch Grand Secretary General.

He also expressed his wish to confirm Brother Higham in his appointment as Grand Chancellor General, which he has so long and so illustriously filled.

The Sovereign Grand Master General appointed 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, London, S.W., as the head-quarters of the Rite.

The Convocation was then close in Antient and Primitive form.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT MANCHESTER, WITH A NOTE ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED UP TO THEM.

ALTHOUGH the Sovereign Grand Master General departed this life on March 20, 1913, no official notice of the fact was sent out by the senior active officer, the Grand Chancellor General; but a few days after he had received the summons issued in default of such action by the Acting Sovereign Grand Master General, he sent another summons couched in similar terms, calling a special Convocation at Manchester for 4 p.m., June 28, 1913. This was illegal for two reasons: First, because Article XI of the Constitution provides that twenty days' notice must be given; secondly, because by Article II the Grand Administrator General or his substitute had not fulfilled the conditions there imposed upon him, and because notices were not issued to all the Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the Rite. Brother Crowley, however, attended in order to protest against the illegalities. He further found a person claiming admission whose status he knew to be doubtful.

The proceedings therefore began and ended with the following speech:

Very Illustrious Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite,

Although I rise to protest against the illegality of the present Convocation, it is not in order to quibble over the letter of our Constitution that I have left my peaceful encampment in the Valley of Paris.

When I see illegality, I ask myself, What has prompted it?

THE EQUINOX

and in this case, the Chancellery fortunately reposing in the trained legal hands of Very Illustrious Brother Higham, it is certain that no inadvertence has been committed.

I pass over therefore the breach of Article II and Article XI, which render this Convocation powerless to proceed to the business for which it purports to have been summoned, and I ask at whose instigation these illegalities have been committed?

There is not one of you who is ignorant of the answer. The age and infirmity of our lamented Grand Hierophant allowed him to yield to improper persuasion, to be deceived by an intrigue no wilier than those he had so often defeated in his prime, and to relax the strict rules of our Constitution.

Even to this exalted Sanctuary there has been admitted, in flagrant violation of Article VI of our Constitution, a man who is not and never was a member of a lodge in good standing working under a Grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. The Sanctuary must be purged.

But it is not for this that I have left my very pleasant encampment in the Valley of Paris. Were the man of whom I speak a man free and of good report, I should perhaps have held my peace. I am not here to stickle even for the fundamentals of our Rite. But he is not even a free man, but the hired tool of a woman. Do you wonder if I protest that a woman—and women are excluded even from symbolic Masonry—should seek the usurpation of our Sovereignty? And yet this alone would not have induced me to exchange the amenities of my encampment in the Valley of Paris for the sterner and gloomier grandeurs of the Valley of Manchester.

Who is the woman of whom I speak? What are her antecedents? Is it a Blavatsky or a Joan of Arc that seeks to

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

don the armour of a Knight? It it were so, perhaps it might be hard to say her nay. But it is none of these. This woman—pollution to that pure word!—comes to us from the nauseous fraud by which she made herself the real if not the nominal mistress of the T.S., the fraud which did not shrink from profaning the death-bed of that master-fool of the movement, who was at least unquestionably honest.

Is it then to defeat her intrigues that I am come to this Valley of Manchester from my peaceful encampment in the Valley of Paris? No, a thousand times No! Let our Rite, the heir of all secular glory, be soiled and degraded by this creature as she will; I for one will not lower visor or lay lance in rest.

What is it then that has brought me hot-foot to this illegal Convocation? What but that last infamy which has roused even the holy calm of our Most Illustrious Sovereign G.M. General in Austria to hurl the lightnings of his excommunication against its perpetrators?

Very Illustrious P.P., I am no prude. But I am a stickler for the value of words: and I deem that the French slang “Petit Jésus” is being taken too seriously when a senile sex-maniac like Leadbeater proclaims his catamites as Coming Christs.

It is this, Very Illustrious P.P. Grand Conservators of our sublime Rite, which brings me here to-day. This is the hand which moves the wooden-headed pawn Wedgwood, hardly a man, certainly no Mason, and of what freedom and good report his present intrigue is the best evidence.

This is why our Masonic Polonius has been interred hugger-mugger!

This is the secret object of the attempt to hold the election

THE EQUINOX

of S.G.M.G. without due notice, to drag our holy Rite into the mire, to chain it to the chariot wheels of a Krishnamurti, to make us pandars to the antique and impotent uncleanness of a senile sodomite.

Shall we allow the Antient and P. Rite to be dragged at the heels of this filthy and ridiculous movement? Shall we be beslavered by these blasphemous bestialities; we, the Conservators of a Rite hallowed alike by its own nature and by the glory with which antiquity surrounds it; we, generation after generation of whose ancestors, even beyond the ages of history, have handed it down to us, spotless and radiant, veiled only ever and evermore by the blinding light of its own glories, unsullied by even the shadow of disgrace?

No, Very Illustrious Prince Patriarchs, if it is to be done at all, let it be done properly. Let us elect Lord Alfred Douglas S.G.M.G., and replace the name of Grand Architect of the Universe by that of Oscar Wilde!

That would at least be honest, if not clean. I have no concern with the morals of Mr. Wedgwood or Mr. Leadbeater: it is one of the many favours which my daily thanksgiving recites before the Father of us all that I have no concern with them; but that the latter should impose his boy-mistress, imbecile from abuse, upon us for the Incarnation of the Logos—that is a thing for which I find no name.

V.I.P.P.s, I have unveiled Medusa, and she has no glance to make me quail. Let us but set our heels once firmly upon the worm, let us rid ourselves once and for ever of the pestilence!

All those who will not do so stand self-confessed advocates and partisans of this blasphemous elaboration of sodomy.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

I invite not merely every Very Illustrious P.P., but every decent man, to sustain my protest by following me from this illegally and treacherously convoked assembly.

The Convocation was then adjourned *sine die* by unanimous consent.

To this speech we attach an account of the legal proceedings on which it is based:

IN THE COURT OF THE DISTRICT JUDGE OF CHINGLEPUT

O.S. No. 47 of 1912

J. NARAYANIAH—*Plaintiff*

Versus

MRS. ANNIE BESANT—*Defendant*

THE WRITTEN STATEMENT OF THE PLAINTIFF

1. J. NARAYANIAH, the plaintiff above, is a Government Pensioner living at 118 Big Street, Triplicane, Madras.

His address or service of all notices and processes, through his Vakil at Madras, care of Mr. P. N. Anantana Chariar, B.A., B.L., High Court Vakil, Chingleput.

2. Mrs. Annie Besant is the President of the Theosophical Society and has her permanent place of residence at Adyar, near Madras, at the Head-quarters of the said Society.

3. The plaintiff, who had been a member of the Theosophical Society prior to his retirement, was, at the beginning of 1909, invited by the defendant to take up his residence

THE EQUINOX

at Adyar and do the work of Assistant Correspondence Secretary of the Esoteric Section. The plaintiff had at the time very great respect and veneration for the defendant, whom he regarded as his spiritual preceptress and whom he credited with more than human attributes, and he agreed to serve her as the Assistant Correspondence Secretary without receiving from her any remuneration whatever. The plaintiff accordingly took up his abode at Adyar along with his second and third sons, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, who are respectively aged 17 and 14. The boys were receiving their education in the Penathoor Subramanyam High School at Mylapore, Madras. But as Mr. R. B. Clarke and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater of the Theosophical Society undertook their education, and as the boys were not making much progress in their studies, the plaintiff stopped them from school and put them under their charge at Adyar. In or about December 1909 the defendant, who is frequently on tour in connection with her theosophical work, returned to India and promised to help undertake the future education of the boys. Accordingly the plaintiff stopped the boys from school altogether and kept them with himself at Adyar.

4. About the beginning of 1910 the defendant requested the plaintiff to give a letter constituting her the guardian of the boys; and after some persuasion both on the part of the defendant and Sir S. Subramania Iyer, for whom the plaintiff had great respect, the plaintiff gave such letter, especially as the defendant had assured the plaintiff that the only reason for asking the letter was that after the plaintiff's lifetime his relations might give trouble to the

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

defendant but for such a letter. The boys, however, continued to live with the plaintiff.

5. In or about the later part of March 1910 the plaintiff discovered that his son J. Krishnamurti was being led into improper habits by C. W. Leadbeater, who held a very high position in the Theosophical Society; and on one occasion the plaintiff himself saw Leadbeater committing an unnatural offence with the first minor. A few days after, the plaintiff strongly remonstrated with Mr. Leadbeater, and made preparations for leaving Adyar with his sons, but on the persuasion of Sir Subramania Iyer, the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, to stay on until the return of the defendant, who was then on tour, and in deference to the request of the defendant by wire, the plaintiff did not carry out his intentions. On her return, the plaintiff complained to the defendant about the conduct of Leadbeater, and she promised to keep the boys away from him, and immediately ordered the shifting of their bathrooms and residential rooms from the down-floor to the first-floor; and later on, when C. W. Leadbeater shifted his own room upstairs, the defendant arranged to take away the boys to Benares, and assured the plaintiff that they would have nothing to do with Leadbeater. In spite of this, they were again being allowed to associate with the said Leadbeater, and it was about this time that he heard from other Theosophist friends that one Luxman, a personal attendant, had seen C. W. Leadbeater and J. Krishnamurti in the defendant's room engaged in committing an unnatural offence.

On a further remonstrance by the plaintiff, the defendant promised to take the boys away to England, and accordingly

THE EQUINOX

she left India for England about the end of March 1911 and returned to India only in the beginning of October 1911, during which time, so far as the plaintiff was aware, the boys were kept away from associating with the said Mr. Leadbeater.

6. In or about November 1911 the defendant told the plaintiff that the boys were making rapid spiritual progress and were approaching initiation by the Masters (a set of superhuman gurus living on the eastern slopes of the Himalayas) believed in by the Theosophists. She therefore proposed to keep the boys with Mr. Leadbeater at Ootacamund preparatory to their initiation. On the plaintiff's objection the boys were not sent to Ootacamund. The plaintiff met the defendant in Benares in December 1911 and insisted on an absolute separation of the boys from Mr. Leadbeater. But for the first time, to the plaintiff's great surprise, the defendant refused to adopt any such course, and alleged that the boys and Leadbeater had lived together for several lives past, and the Leadbeater was an Arhat or Saint, "who is on the verge of divinity." The plaintiff stated that he could not accept any such position, and that unless the separation took place he would take action in the matter.

7. The plaintiff returned from Benares to Adyar, and there, on or about January 19, 1912, the defendant, in presence of certain members of the Theosophical Society, sent for the plaintiff and asked him what he wanted to be done in respect of the boys. The plaintiff only demanded that there should be absolute separation from the said Leadbeater. She agreed to this, and asked the plaintiff whether he had any objection to the boys being taken to England. The plaintiff assented,

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

as the defendant had alleged that she would be returning to India in April or May. In spite of her undertaking to keep the boys separated from Leadbeater, the plaintiff has reason to believe that after reaching England she took the boys to Leadbeater in Italy and stayed with him for some weeks, thus breaking her promises. The plaintiff submits that, having regard to the filthy and unnatural habits, character and antecedents of the said Leadbeater, it is extremely undesirable that the boys should be allowed to associate with him, or that he should be allowed to have access to them.

8. The defendant started for England about February 1912, but before she started she endeavoured to obtain evidence that Leadbeater was not guilty of the act complained of, and had a statement from her attendant, Luxman, recorded to that effect, and sent a copy of the same to the plaintiff. The plaintiff, on perusing this, wrote two letters to the defendant on the 7th and 15th of February 1912, pointing out that even according to the statement aforesaid it was clear that Mr. Leadbeater was seen half dressed in her room with Krishna-murti. Before these letters reached the defendant she wrote a letter to the plaintiff on February 7, 1912, from on board steamer, in which for the first time she set up that plaintiff has been ill-treating and starving his children. The plaintiff submits that this is an impudent and malicious lie trumped up by the defendant in view to further legal proceedings, and would be seen from the fact that the plaintiff was all along one of the *trusted* members of the Theosophical society and the Assistant Correspondence Secretary of the Esoteric Section thereof, and was paying for the mess of the boys wherever they were until November 1911. The defendant in that letter also threatened that she would keep the boys in

THE EQUINOX

England until they attained their majority. The defendant also wanted the plaintiff to remove from Adyar, which he has accordingly done. The defendant has now returned to India, and has purposely refrained from bringing the boys with her to India in order to hamper the plaintiff in his efforts to recover the boys.

9. The plaintiff states that all along the defendant has been aware of the practices of Leadbeater, and that after she reached England she took the boys again to Mr. Leadbeater in Italy. The plaintiff submits that the conduct of the defendant as aforesaid renders her totally unfit to be in charge of the boys. The plaintiff further submits that the defendant has been stating that the first boy, who is named Alcyone, is, or is going to be, the Lord Christ, and sometimes that he is Lord Maitreya, and she has induced a number of persons to believe in this theory, with the result that the boy is deified, and that a number of respectable persons prostrate before him and show other signs of worship. It is also given out that the elder boy wrote a book called *At the Feet of the Master*, which the plaintiff has reasons to believe to be a compilation made by Leadbeater. In any case, the boy who is not able to write a decent English letter is absolutely incapable of producing such a work. The plaintiff submits that this course of conduct is calculated to warp the moral nature of the boys and to make them moral degenerates. The defendant, beyond putting forward divine claims on behalf of the boys, has not been taking proper care of their education. The first boy has not picked up the rudiments of the English language in spite of three years of alleged tuition by English tutors. The plaintiff submits that he,

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

as the father of the boys, is entitled to act as their guardian and is entitled to their custody, and further submits that the letter referred to in paragraph 4 cannot have the effect of depriving him of the same; even assuming that it could, under the circumstances above detailed the defendant has proved herself totally unfit to be in charge of the boys, and the boys ought to be removed from her charge. When the said letter was given, the plaintiff believed the defendant to be superhuman and was completely under her influence and control, and he took her to be his preceptress who should be obeyed implicitly and make any sacrifice demanded, and the contract, if any, made under such circumstances, is voidable on the ground of undue influence. In any case, if the defendant is unfit to be entrusted with the guardianship of the minors, the plaintiff's natural right as the guardian will again arise, inasmuch as the letter, if valid in law, was only a surrender of the rights in favour of the defendant alone. The plaintiff's delay in taking action against the defendant has been due only to the faith which until recently he shared with many other persons that the defendant was semi-divine, and that the plaintiff was exceptionally fortunate in getting the defendant to take charge of the boys. The plaintiff was also led to believe that the boy Krishnamurti was also possessed of divine attributes, and the plaintiff had to change his belief only on discovery of the circumstances connected with Leadbeater's connection with the boys on the confession of the boy himself that the book *At the Feet of the Master* was not written by Krishnamurti, and on the discovery of the present imperfect state of their education. These circumstances came to light only during the latter part

THE EQUINOX

of 1912, and it was only on receipt of the letter dated February 7, 1912, that the plaintiff realized fully how malicious and mendacious the defendant was and how totally unfit she was to be the guardian of the boys.

10. The plaintiff submits that as the guardian of the boys he is entitled to their custody, and even otherwise, in the interest of the boys and their moral welfare, the defendant ought to be compelled to give them up to the plaintiff or to such other person as the Court may think fit. The plaintiff sent a notice on the 11th July demanding that the boys should be brought back to India and replaced under the guardianship and custody of the plaintiff. The plaintiff submits that he had no authority and could not have delegated his parental rights to the defendant. Even assuming, however, that he could do so he was at liberty to revoke it at any time, especially with a view to promote the moral welfare of the boys, and that after the receipt of the said letter the defendant had no authority to keep the boys with herself. In answer to the plaintiff's notice the defendant merely acknowledged its receipt and did nothing more, and the plaintiff believes that she has left the boys in England.

11. The cause of the action arose partly at Adyar in the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, when the plaintiff discovered the various matters referred to above in relation to the bringing up of the boys, and lastly on or about July 11, 1912, when the plaintiff sent a registered notice demanding delivery of the minors.

12. The value of the relief for the purposes of jurisdiction is Rs. 3000.

13. The plaintiff prays for judgment:

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

(a) Declaring that the plaintiff is entitled to the guardianship and custody of his minor boys, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda.

(b) Declaring, if necessary, that the defendant is not entitled to, or in any case fit to be in charge and guardianship of, the said boys.

(c) Directing the defendant to hand over the boys to the plaintiff or to such other person as this honourable Court may seem meet.

(d) For costs of the suit and for such further or other relief as to this honourable Court may seem meet.

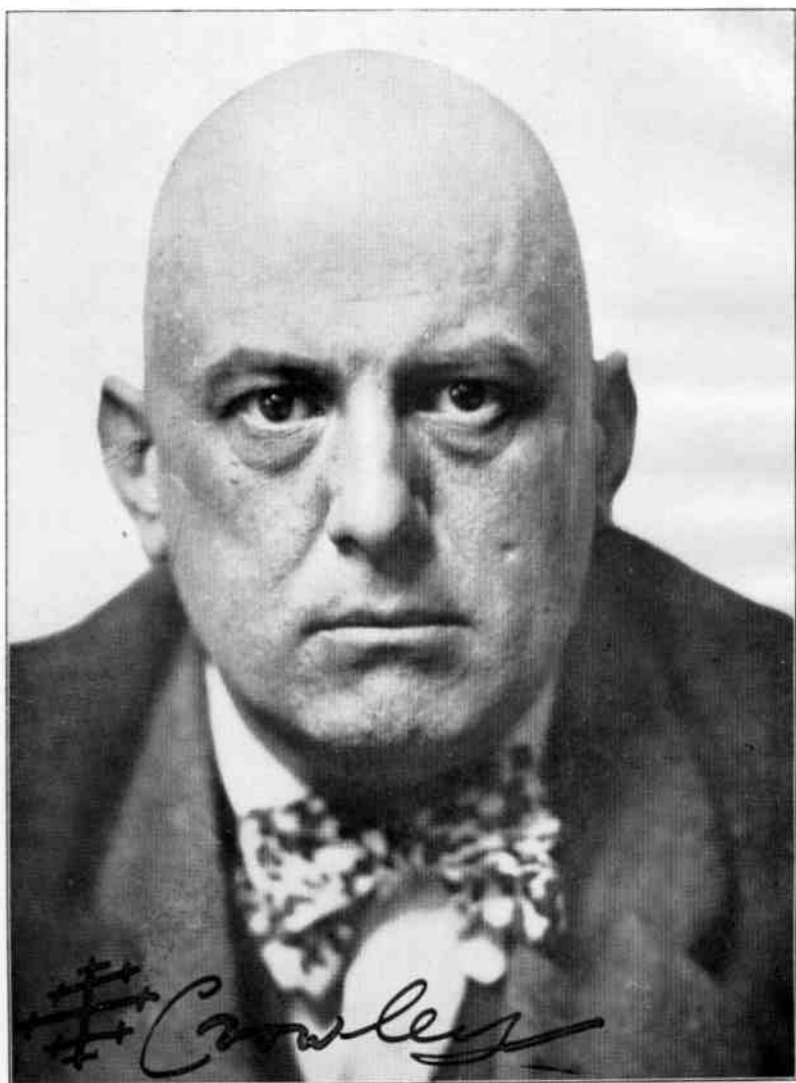
I, Narayaniah, the plaintiff above named, do hereby declare that all the facts stated above, except portions of paragraph 7 and 9, are true to my knowledge, and the above said portions are based on information and belief.

(Signed) J. NARAYANIAH.

October, 24, 1912.

On this judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff.

THE EQUINOX



THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM

SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

An IX

VOL. I. No. X.

⊙ in Ω

SEPTEMBER MCMXIII

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & Co.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W..

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, W.D.
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

Boring but necessary legal stuff etc.

(c) Ordo Templi Orientis
JAF Box 7666
New York NY 10116 USA
www.oto.org

*Original key entry and proofreading
by W.E. Heidrick, Treasurer-General O.T.O.
and others.*

*Further proofing and formatting
by Frater T.S.
for Celephaïs Press*

This edition may be freely distributed unmodified provided no charge other than reasonable costs of media and transmission / postage (where applicable) is made. Not for commercial or 'shareware' distribution.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	5
LIBER L. VEL LEGIS	11
LIBER ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΦΕΝΟΒΟΟΚΟΣΜΟΜΑΧΙΑ SVB FIGVRA DXXXVI	35
A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF THE A.:A.:	41
THE SHIP	57
AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY. BY ARTHUR GRIMBLE.	80
TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL	81
THE DISCIPLES	91
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (<i>Concluded!</i>)	93
ROSA IGNOTA. BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG.	135
THE GAME OF CROWLEY	199
BOO TO BUDDHA	201
CROWLEY POOL	204
HYMN TO SATAN	206
A BALLAD OF BEDLAM. BY ETHEL ARCHER	207
DEAD WEIGHT	211
SPECIAL SUPPLEMET—THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES	i-292
THE BIG STICK	225
COLOPHON—TO LAYLAH EIGHT-AND-TWENTY	235
INDEX TO VOLUME I	237

ILLUSTRATIONS

ALEISTER CROWLEY	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a photograph by HECTOR MURCHISON</i>	
FOUR HOROSCOPES	<i>To face page 95</i>

EDITORIAL

THE Organ of the O.T.O.—the ORIFLAMME, will now pass under the Editorship of Brother Crowley. In future it will appear regularly on the 1st of every month, beginning in January 1914. It will also be the official organ of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Freemasonry, which includes the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the Rite of Memphis, and the Oriental Rite of Misraim. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

With regard to the article No. 9, “Energized Enthusiasm,” a circumstance of exceptional interest has arisen. The author was not acquainted at that time with the literature of those gnostics who were the earliest and only true Christians. In *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, however, we find the following passage:

“After the banquet they keep the holy all-night festival. And this is how it is kept. They all stand up in a body, and about the middle of the entertainment they first of all separate into two bands, men in one and women in the other. And a leader is chosen for each, the conductor whose reputation is greatest and the one most suitable for the post. They then chant hymns made in God’s honour in many metres and melodies, sometimes singing in chorus, sometimes one band beating time to the answering chant of the other, (now) dancing to its music,

THE EQUINOX

(now) inspiring it, at one time in processional hymns, at another in standing songs, turning and re- turning in the dance.

“Then when each band has feasted (that is, has sung and danced) apart by itself, drinking of God-pleasing (nectar), just as in the Bacchic rites men drink the wine unmixed, then they join together, and one chorus is formed of the two bands, in imitation of the joined chorus on the banks of the Red Sea, because of the wonderful works that had been there wrought. For the sea at God’s command became for one party a cause of safety and for the other a cause of ruin.

[Philo here refers to the fabled dance of triumph of the Israelites at the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, when Moses led the men and Miriam the women in a common dance; but the Therapeuts all over the world could not have traced the custom to this myth.]

“So the chorus of men and women Therapeuts, being formed as closely as possible on this model, by means of melodies in parts and harmony—the high notes of the women answering to the deep tones of the men—produces a harmonious and most musical symphony. The ideas are of the most beautiful, the expressions of the most beautiful, and the dancers reverent; while the goal of the ideas, expressions, and dances is piety.

“Thus drunken unto morning’s light with this fair drunkenness, with no head-heaviness or drowsiness, but with eyes and body fresher even than then they came to the banquet, they take their stand at dawn, when, catching sight of the rising sun, they raise their hands to

EDITORIAL

heaven, praying for sunlight and truth and keenness of spiritual vision. After this prayer each returns to his own sanctuary, to his accustomed traffic in philosophy and labour in its fields.

“So far then about the Therapeuts, who are devoted to the contemplation of nature and live in it and in the soul alone, citizens of heaven and the world, legitimately recommended to the Father and Creator of the Universe by their virtue, which procures them His love, virtue that sets before it for its prize the most suitable reward of nobility and goodness, outstripping every gift of fortune, and the first comer in the race to the very goal of blessedness.”

The striking identity of this with the account of the ritual derived from *a priori* considerations will at once be manifest.

LETTER RECEIVED

“DEAR SIR,

“Your name has highly been recommended to me in the *Occult Review* of Messrs. William Rider & Son, that you are one of the world’s famous Magicians. Therefore I hereby inform you to send me if possible your illustrated catalogue price list of your Powers. I want Hynotism, Clairvoyant, Talisman, Charms for Girls, Electric Rings and Belts, etc. Don’t fail to send my requests per the next coming mail. I will one of your best customers in the world.

“I am,

“Yours sincerely,

“E ———”

This is what comes of Crowley’s amiability in accepting

THE EQUINOX

A. E. Waite as a disciple! Please note that he is in sole charge of this department, and should be communicated with directly.

As explained in the last number, Volume II of the *Equinox* will consist of Stainless Silence. In Volume III, however, it is hoped to publish a complete study of the Greek Qabalah, with a numerical dictionary on the same lines as the Sepher Sephiroth; an essay on the effects of that elixir which Frater P. has rediscovered, and whose results have already proved so remarkable, with the completion of the work of Dr. Dee, of which two sections have already been published. Et Cetera.

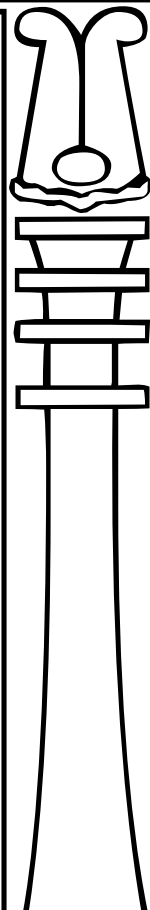
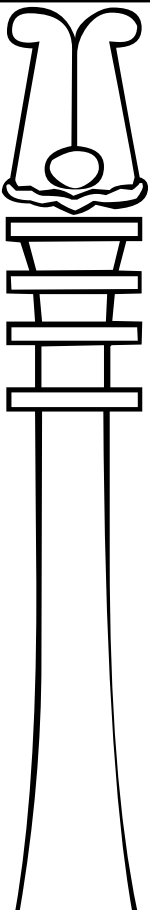
We beg to congratulate Phoebe Miller and Lady Abdy on their latest ventures in matrimony.

It is of course common knowledge that the A.: A.: and the *Equinox* and all the rest of it are a stupid joke of Aleister Crowley's. He merely wished to see if any one were fool enough to take him seriously. Several have done so, and he does not regret the few thousand pounds it has cost him.

Few people are ignorant of the fact that the A.: A.: and the *Equinox* and all the rest of it are a dishonest device of Aleister Crowley's to pile up an enormous fortune in a few months. With the three-and-a-half millions sterling he has made he will now retire to Paris,¹ and emulate Nero, Caligula, Vitellius, Messalina, Heliogabalus and others.

It may be a relief to some to learn that there is no such person as Aleister Crowley. He is probably a sun-myth.

¹ A very wicked city in Atheistic France



LIBER

L. VEL

LEGIS

SVB FIGVRÂ

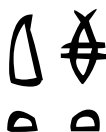
C C X X

AS DELIVERED BY

LXXVIII

VNTO

DCLXVI



A.: A.:
Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

☞ ☞ ☞

V.V.V.V.V.

N. Fra. A.:A.:

O.M. $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$

D.D.S. $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^{\circ}=5^{\circ}$ Imperator

I.M. $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius

Given at our College S.S. in the Mountain of
Abiegnus ☉ in \underline{a} An. IX

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.
2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.
3. Every man and every woman is a star.
4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference
5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!
6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!
7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.
8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.
9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!
10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.
11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.
12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!
13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

THE EQUINOX

14. Above, the gemmèd azure is
 The naked splendour of Nuit
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
 The secret ardours of Hadit.

The wingèd globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

15. Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given. They shall gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.

16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.

17. But ye are not so chosen.

18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!

19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!

20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have given unto him.

21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they do not see me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heavne, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.

22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.

23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!

24. I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.

25. Divide, add, multiply and understand.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, omnipresence of my body.

27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.

29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balance by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so; I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven; Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!

THE EQUINOX

34. But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.

35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.

36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.

37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach.

38. He must teach, but he may make severe the ordeals.

39. The word of the Law of *θελγημα*.

40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accurséd! Accurséd be it to the aeons! Hell.

42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.

44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the God; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa, the sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.

50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest; Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!

51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgements of Ra Hoor Khuit.

THE EQUINOX

53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!

54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

55. The child of thy bowels, *he* shall behold them.

56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West: for from no expect house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

All these old letters of my Book are aright; but ♁ is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.

58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable; rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein; because of my hair the trees of Eternity.

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say—and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple—To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.

65. To me! To me!

66. The manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

THE EQUINOX

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

3. In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

4. Yet she shall be known and I never.

5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.

6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. "Come unto me" is a foolish word: for it is I that go.

8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.

9. Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.

10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

11. I see thee hate the hand and the pen; but I am stronger.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.

13. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.

14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.

16. I am the Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.

17. Here me, ye people of sighing!

The sorrows of pain and regret

Are left to the dead and the dying,

The folk that not know me as yet.

18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are out kinsfolk.

19. Is God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

21. We have nothing with the outcast and unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong, this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and

THE EQUINOX

bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purples, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts, on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

29. May Because be accursèd for ever.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.

31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown; & all their words are skew-wise.

33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!

35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!

36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.

39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet!

40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

41. A feast for fire, and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!

42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!

43. A feast every night unto Nu and the pleasure of uttermost delight!

44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.

45. There is death for the dogs.

46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?

THE EQUINOX

47. Where I am these are not.

48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.

49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. (This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.)

50. Blue I am and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.

51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.

52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.

54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their sorrow that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!

55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58. Yeah! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

60. Therefore strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!

61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.

62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail: prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings.

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.

THE EQUINOX

66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.

67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture: fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

70. There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal: refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rule of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

71. But exceed! exceed!

72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all.

73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King among the Kings.

75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!

78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of thy house 418.

79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

[Ver. 68—*Harden, not Harder, as the MS indicates. The memory of DCLXVI says, though with diffidence, that the former is correct.*]

1. Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.

2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.

4. Choose ye an island!

5. Fortify it!

6. Dung it about with enginery of war!

7. I will give you a war-engine.

8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.

9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.

THE EQUINOX

10. Get the stélé of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple—and that temple is already aright disposed—& it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.

11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstrusion from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger and trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with sword & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat.

12. Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

13. But not now.

14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessèd Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

15. Ye shall be sad thereof.

16. Deem not to eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

17. Fear not at all; fear neither men, nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.

18. Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

19. That stélé they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.

20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.

21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.

23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich fresh blood.

24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.

25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

26. These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall fall before you.

27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.

28. Also ye shall be strong in war.

THE EQUINOX

29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.

30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold!

31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.

32. From gold forge steel!

33. Be ready to fly or to smite!

34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globèd priest; another sacrifice shall stain The tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36. Then said the Prophet unto the God:

37. I adore thee in the song—

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

Unity uttermost showed!

I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,

Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee:—

I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!

Open the ways of the Khu!

Lighten the ways of the Ka!

The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!

Aum! let it fill me!

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door

Into the House of Ra and Tum,

Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,

The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;

By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.

Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!

Bid me within thine House to dwell,

O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!

Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

THE EQUINOX

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever—for in it is the word secret & not only in the English—and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.

41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way

42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!

43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous! Let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!

45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof, courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength, & ye shall turn not back for any!

47. This book shall be translated into all tongues; but always with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another: in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key: then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.

48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.

49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

50. Cure them! Curse them! Curse them!

THE EQUINOX

51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus at he hangs upon the cross.

52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.

53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

54. Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

56. Also for beauty's sake and love's!

57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play: all fools despise!

58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

59. As brothers fight ye!

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.

62. To Me do ye reverence! to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.

63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; & he understandeth it not.

64. Let him come through the first ordeal, & it will be to him as silver.

65. Through the second, gold

66. Through the third, stones of precious water.

67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are mere liars.

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

69. There is success.

70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength;
my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.

71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world!
for your time is nigh at hand.

72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the
wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty,
for I have crushed an Universe; & nought remains.

73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to
bottom: then behold!

74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious,
as the sun of midnight is ever the son.

75. The ending of the words is the word Abrahadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written
and concealed.

Aum. Ha.

[*For doubtful spellings and styles consult facsimile MS. facing p. 386, Equinox I, vii.*]

THE COMMENT

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The study of this Book is forbidden. It is wise to
destroy this copy after the first reading.

Whosoever disregards this does so at his own risk and
peril. These are most dire.

Those who discuss the contents of this Book are to be
shunned by all, as centres of pestilence.

All questions of the Law are to be decided only by
appeal to my writings, each for himself.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Love is the law, love under will.

The priest of the princes,
ANKH-F-N-KHONSU

[*This short comment was written in 1925 and so did not appear in the print edition of Equinox I (10), but since Crowley declared it was the "comment" mentioned in III.39-40, etc., and included it in subsequent editions of Liber Legis, it has been appended to this E-text.—T.S.*]

LIBER BATRACHOPHRENO-
BOOCOSMOMACHIA

SUB FIGURA
DXXXVI

A.: A.:
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A.: A.:

LIBER BATRACHOPHRENO- BOOCOSMOMACHIA

SUB FIGURA DXXXVI

Within His skull exist daily thirteen thousand myriads of Worlds, which draw their existence from Him, and by Him are upheld.—I.R.Q. iii. 43.

o. Let the Practicus study the textbooks of astronomy, travel, if need be, to a land where the sun and stars are visible, and observe the heavens with the best telescopes to which he may have access. Let him commit to memory the principal fact, and (at least roughly) the figures of the science.

i. Now, since these figures will leave no direct impression with any precision upon his mind, let him adopt this practice A.

A. Let the Practicus be seated before a bare square table, and let an unknown number of small similar objects be thrown by his chela from time to time upon the table, and by that chela be hastily gathered up.

Let the Practicus declare at the glance, and the chela confirm by his count, the number of such objects.

The practice should be for a quarter of an hour thrice daily. The maximum number of objects should at first be seven. This maximum should increase by one at each practice, provided that not a single mistake is made by the Practicus in appreciating the number thrown.

This practice should continue assiduously for at least one year.

The quickness of the chela in gathering up the objects is expected to increase with time. The practice need not be limited to a quarter of an hour thrice daily after a time, but increased with discretion. Care must be taken to detect the first symptom of fatigue, and to stop, if possible, even before it threatens. The practised psychologist learned to recognise even minute hesitations that mark the forcing of the attention.

2. Alternating with the above, let the Practicus begin this practice B. It is assumed that he has thoroughly conquered the elementary difficulties of Dharana, and is able to prevent mental pictures from altering shape, size and colour against his will.

B. Seated in the open air, let him endeavour to form a complete mental picture of himself and his immediate surroundings. It is important that he should be the centre of such picture, and able to look freely in all directions. The finished picture should be a complete consciousness of the whole, fixed, clear, and definite.

Let him gradually add to this picture by including objects more and more distant, until he have an image of the whole field of vision.

He will probably discover that it is very difficult to increase the apparent size of the picture as he proceeds, and it should be his most earnest endeavour to do so. He should seek in particular to appreciate distances, almost to the point of combating the laws of perspective.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY VIOLINIST

3. These practices A and B accomplished, and his studies in astronomy completed, let him attempt this practice C.

C. Let the Practicus form a mental picture of the Earth, in particular striving to realize the size of the earth in comparison with himself, and let him not be content until by assiduity he has well succeeded.

Let him add the Moon, keeping well in mind the relative sizes of, and the distance between, the planet and its satellite.

He will probably find the final trick of mind to be a constant disappearance of the image, and the appearance of the same upon a smaller scale. This trick he must outwit by constancy of endeavour.

He will then add in turn Venus, Mars, Mercury and the Sun.

It is permissible at this stage to change the point of view to the centre of the Sun, and to do so may add stability to the conception.

The Practicus may then add the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. The utmost attention to detail is now necessary, as the picture is highly complex, apart from the difficulty of appreciating relative size and distance.

Let this picture be practised month after month until it is absolutely perfect. The tendency which may manifest itself to pass into Dhyana and Samadhi must be resolutely combated with the whole strength of the mind.

Let the Practicus then re-commence the picture, starting from the Sun, and adding the planets one by

one, each with its proper motion, until he have an image perfect in all respects of the Solar System as it actually exists. Let him particularly note that unless the apparent size approximate to the real, his practice is wasted. Let him then add a comet to the picture; he may find, perhaps, that the path of this comet may assist him to expand the sphere of his mental vision until it include a star.

And thus, gathering one star after another, let his contemplation become vast as the heaven, in space and time ever aspiring to the perception of the Body of Nuit; yea, of the Body of Nuit.

A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL
INSTRUCTIONS OF A.: A.:
HITHERTO PUBLISHED

A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.: A.: HITHERTO PUBLISHED

THE publications of the A.: A.: divide themselves into four classes.

Class “A” consists of books of which may be changed not so much as the style of a letter: that is, they represent the utterance of an Adept entirely beyond the criticism of even the Visible Head of the Organization.

Class “B” consists of books or essays which are the result of ordinary scholarship, enlightened and earnest.

Class “C” consists of matter which is to be regarded rather as suggestive than anything else.

Class “D” consists of the Official Rituals and Instructions.

Some publications are composite, and pertain to more than one class.

CLASS “A” PUBLICATIONS

LIBER I.—*Liber B Vel Magi.*

This is an account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is ever possible to manifest in any way whatever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the Temple.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER VII.—*Liber Liberi Vel Lapidis Lazuli, Adumbratio Kabbalae Aegyptiorum Sub Figurâ VII*, being the Voluntary Emancipation of a certain Exempt Adept from his Adeptship. These are the Birth Words of a Master of the Temple.

The nature of this book is sufficiently explained by its title. Its seven chapters are referred to the seven planets in the following order: Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Sol, Mercury, Luna, Venus.

LIBER X. *Liber Porta Lucis*.

This book is an account of the sending forth of the Master by the A.: A.: and an explanation of his mission.

LIBER XXVII.—*Liber Trigrammaton*, being a book of Trigrams of the Mutations of the TAO with the YIN and the YANG.

An account of the cosmic process: corresponding to the stanzas of Dzyan in another system.

LIBER LXV.—*Liber Cordis cincti serpente*.

An account of the relations of the Aspirant with his Holy Guardian Angel. This book is given to Probationers, as the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the Crown of the Outer College. Similarly Liber VII is given to Neophytes, as the grade of Master of the Temple is the next resting-place, and Liber CCXX to Zelator, since that carries him to the highest of all possible grades. Liber XXVII is given to the Practicus, as in this book is the ultimate foundation of the highest theoretical Qabalah, and Liber DCCCXIII to the Philosophus, as it is the foundation of the highest practical Qabalah.

LIBER LXVI.—*Liber Stellae Rubeeae*. A secret ritual, the Heart of IAO- OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

in a certain matter of *Liber Legis*, and written down under the figure LXVI.

This book is sufficiently described by the title.

LIBER XC.—*Liber TZADDI Vel Hamus Hermeticus Sub Figurâ XC.*

An account of Initiation, and an indication as to those who are suitable for the same.

LIBER CLVI.—*Liber Cheth Vel Vallum Abiegni Sub Figurâ CLVI.*

This book is a perfect account of the task of the Exempt Adept, considered under the symbols of a particular plane, not the intellectual.

LIBER CCXX.—*Liber L. Vel Legis Sub Figura CCXX as delivered by LXXVIII unto DCLXVI.*

This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our Work.

LIBER CCXXXI. --- "*Liber Arcanorum τῶν ATV τοῦ ΤΑΗΥΤΙ QUAS VIDIT ASAR IN AMENNTI Sub Figurâ CCXXXI Liber Carcerorum τῶν QLIPHOTH cum suis Geniis. Adduntur Sigilla et Nomina Eorum.*

This is an account of the cosmic process so far as it is indicated by the Tarot Trumps.

LIBER CCCLXX.—*Liber A'ASH Vel Capricorni Pneumatici Sub Figura CCCLXX.*

Contains the true secret of all practical magick.

LIBER CD.—*Liber TAV Vel Kabbalae Trium Literarum Sub Figura CD.*

A graphic interpretation of the Tarot on the plane of initiation.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER DCCCXIII.—*Vel Ararita Sub Figurâ DLXX.*

This book is an account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity, and Beyond.

CLASS “A-B”

Liber CCCCXVIII.—Liber XXX ÆRVM Vel Saeculi. "Being of the Angels of the thirty ÆTHYRS, the Vision and the Voice.

Besides being the classical account of the thirty ÆEthyr and a model of all visions, the cries of the Angels should be regarded as accurate, and the doctrine of the function of the Great White Brotherhood understood as the foundation of the Aspiration of the Adept. The account of the Master of the Temple should in particular be taken as authentic.

The instruction in the 8th Æthyr pertains to Class D, *i.e.* it is an Official Ritual, and the same remarks apply to the account of the proper method of invoking ÆEthyr given in the 18th Æthyr.

CLASSES “A” and “B”

LIBER DCCCCLXIII.—ΘΗΣΑΤΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΩΝ

Only the short note pertains to Class A.

CLASS “B”

LIBER VI.—*Liber O Vel Manus et Sagittae.*

The instructions given in this book are too loose to find place in the Class D publications.

Instructions given for elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, Vibration of Divine Names, the

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in protection and invocation, a method of attaining astral visions so-called, and an instruction in the practice called Rising on the Planes.

LIBER IX.—*Liber E Vel Exercitiorum.*

This book instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, in order that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

LIBER XXX.—*Liber Librae.*

An elementary course of morality suitable for the average man.

LIBER LVIII.

This is an article on the Qabalah in the Temple of Solomon the King, *Equinox V.*

LIBER LXI.—*Liber Causae.* The Preliminary Lection, including the History Lection.

Explains the actual history of the origin of the present movement. Its statements are accurate in the ordinary sense of the world. The object of the book is to discount Mythopœia.

LIBER LXIV.—*Liber Israfel,* formerly called *Anubis.*

An instruction in a suitable method of preaching.

LIBER LXXVIII.

A description of the Cards of the Tarot with their attributions, including a method of divination by their use.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER LXXXIV.—*Vel CHANOKH.*

A brief abstraction of the Symbolic representation of the Universe derived by Dr. John Dee through the Scrying of Sir Edward Kelly. Its publication is at present incomplete.

LIBER XCVI.—*Liber Gaias.*

A Handbook of Geomancy. Gives a simple and fairly satisfactory system of Geomancy.

LIBER D.—*Liber Sepher Sephiroth.*

A dictionary of Hebrew words arranged according to their numerical value.

LIBER DXXXVI.—ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΦΡΕΝΟΒΟΟΚΟΣΜΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

An instruction in expansion of the field of the mind.

LIBER DCCLXXVII.—*Vel Prolegomena Symbolica Ad Systemam Sceptico-Mysticæ Viæ Explicandæ, Fundamentum Hieroglyphicum Sanctissimorum Scientiæ Summæ.*

A tentative table of correspondences between various religious symbols.

LIBER DCCCLXVIII.—*Liber Viarum Viæ.*

A graphic account of magical powers classified under the Tarot trumps.

LIBER CMXIII.—*Liber Viæ Memoriae.* תשארב

Gives methods of attaining the magical memory or memory of past lives, and an insight into the function of the aspirant in this present life.

CLASS “C”

LIBER XXXIII.

An account of A.: A.: first written in the language of his period by the Councillor Von Eckartshausen, and now revised and rewritten in the Universal Cipher.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

An elementary suggestive account of the work of the Order in its relation to the average man. The preliminary paper of M.: M.: M.: may be classed with this.

LIBER XLI.—*Thien TAO* (in Konx Om Pax).

An advanced study of Attainment by the method of equilibrium on the ethical plane.

LIBER LV.—*The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua*.

An account of the Magical and Mystic Path in the language of Alchemy.

LIBER LIX.—*Across the Gulf*.

A fantastic account of a previous incarnation. Its principal interest is that its story of the overthrowing of Isis by Osiris may help the reader to understand the meaning of the overthrowing of Osiris by Horus in the present Æon.

LIBER LXVII.—*The Sword of Song*.

A critical study of various philosophies. An account of Buddhism.

LIBER XCV.—*The Wake World* (in Konx Om Pax).

A poetical allegory of the relations of the soul and the Holy Guardian Angel.

LIBER CXLVIII.—*The Soldier and the Hunchback*.

An essay on the method of equilibrium on the intellectual plane.

LIBER CXCVII.—*The High History of Good Sir Palamedes the Saracen Knight and of his following of the Questing Beast*. A poetic account of the Great Work, and enumeration of many obstacles.

LIBER CCXLII.—*AHA!*

An exposition in poetic language of several of the ways of attainment and the results obtained.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER CCCXXXIII.—*The Book of Lies falsely so-called.*

This book deals with many matters on all planes of the very highest importance. It is an official publication for Babes of the Abyss, but is recommended even to beginners as highly suggestive. Its Chapters XXV, XXXVI and XLIV are in Class D.

LIBER CCCXXXV.—*Adonis.*

This gives an account in poetic language of the struggle of the human and divine elements in the consciousness of man, giving their harmony following upon the victory of the latter.

LIBER CDLXXIV.—*Liber Os Abyssi Vel DAATH.*

An instruction in a purely intellectual method of entering the Abyss.

LIBER DCCCLX.—*John St. John.*

A model of what a magical record should be, so far as accurate analysis and fullness of description are concerned.

LIBER MMCMXI.—*A Note on Genesis.*

A model of Qabalistic ratiocination.

CLASS "D"

LIBER III.—*Liber Jugorum.*

An instruction for the control of speech, action and thought.

LIBER VIII.—*See CCCCXVIII.*

LIBER XI.—*Liber N V.*

An instruction for attaining Nuit.

LIBER XIII.—*Graduum Montis Abiegni.*

An account of the task of the Aspirant from Probationer to Adept.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

LIBER XVI.—*Liber Turris Vel Domus Dei.*

An instruction for attainment by the direct destruction of thoughts as they arise in the mind.

LIBER XVII.—*Liber I A O.*

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

This book has not been published. It is the active form of Liber H H H. The article “Energized Enthusiasm” is an adumbration of this book.

LIBER XXV.

This is the chapter called the “Star Ruby” in the *Book of Lies*. It is an improved form of the “lesser” ritual of the Pentagram.

LIBER XXVIII.—*Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum.*

Has not been published. It is a ritual of Initiation bestowed on certain selected Probationers.

LIBER XXXVI.—*The Star Sapphire.*

Is Chapter XXXVI of the *Book of Lies*, giving an improved ritual of the Hexagram.

LIBER XLIV.—*The Mass of the Phoenix.*

This is Chapter XLIV of the *Book of Lies*. An instruction in a simple and exoteric form of Eucharist.

LIBER C.—*Liber כה*

Has not been, and at present will not be, published.

LIBER CXX.—*Liber Cadaveris.*

The Ritual of Initiation of a Zelator.

LIBER CLXXV.—*Astarte Vel Liber Berylli.*

An instruction in attainment by the method of devotion.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER CLXXXV.—*Liber Collegii Sancti.*

Being the tasks of the Grades and their Oaths proper to Liber XIII. This is the official Paper of the various grades. It includes the Task and Oath of a Probationer.

LIBER CC.—*Resh Vel Helios.*

An instruction for adorations of the Sun four times daily, with the object of composing the mind to meditation and of regularizing the practices.

LIBER CCVI.—*Liber R V Vel Spiritus.*

Full instruction in Pranayama.

LIBER CCCLXI.—*Liber H H H.*

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

LIBER CCCCXII.—*A Vel Armorum.*

An instruction for the preparation of the Elemental Instruments.

LIBER CDLI.—*Liber Siloam.*

Not yet published. A direct method of inducing trance.

LIBER DLV.—*Liber H A D.*

An instruction for attaining Hadit.

LIBER DCLXXI.—*Liber Pyramidos.*

The ritual of the initiation of a Neophyte. It includes sub-rituals numbered from 672 to 676.

LIBER DCCCXXXI.—*Liber I O D*, formerly called *VESTA*.

An instruction giving three methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity.

LIBER .—*Liber Collegii Interni.*

Not yet published.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

A NOTE EXPLAINING WHY EACH NUMBER HAS BEEN GIVEN TO EACH BOOK

LIBER

- I. I is the number of the Magus in the Tarot.
- III. Refers to the threefold method given, and to the Triangle as a binding force.
- VII. Refers to the 7 chapters, and to the fact that the number 7 is peculiarly suitable to the subject of the Book.
- VIII. The Tarot card numbered 8, the Charioteer, the bearer of the Holy Graal, represents the Holy Guardian Angel.
- IX. Refers to Yesod. The foundation, because the elementary practices recommended in the book are the foundation of all the work.
- X. Porta Lucis, the Gate of Light, is one of the titles of Malkuth, whose number is X.
- XI. A concentration of the title N V, whose value is 56, and 6 and 5 are 11. (See CCXX. I, i. and II, i.)
- XIII. The number of Achad = Unity, and the title is perhaps intended to show that all paths of attainment are essential.
- XVI. The key of the Tarot numbered XVI is the Lightning Struck Tower.
- XVII. I A O adds up to 17.
- XXV. The square of 5, this being a ritual of the Pentagram.
- XXVII. The number of permutations of 3 things taken 3 at a time, and (of course) the cube of 3.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER

- XXX. 30 is the letter Lamed, which is Justice in the Tarot, referred to Libra.
- XXXIII. This number was given on Masonic grounds.
- XXXVI. The square of 6, this book being the ritual of the Hexagram.
- XLIV. From **דב** blood, because blood is sacrificed, also because the God Adored is Horus, who gave 44 as his special number. See *Equinox VII*, 376.
- LV. The mystic number of Malkuth and of **נה** ornament; a number generally suitable to the subject of the book.
- LVIII. **חן** Grace, a secret title of the Qabalah. See *Sepher Sephiroth*.
- LIX.
- LXI. See *Sepher Sephiroth*. The allusion is to the fact that this book forms an introduction to the series.
- LXIV. A number of Mercury.
- LXV. The number of Adonai.
- LXVI. The sum of the first 11 numbers. This book relates to Magic, whose Key is 11.
- LXVII. The number of **יין** a sword.
- LXXVIII. The number of cards in the Tarot pack.
- LXXXIV. Enumeration of the name Enoch.
- XC. Tzaddi means a fish-hook. "I will make you fishers of men."
- XCV. The number of **מלכה** "queen," attributed to Malkuth.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.:A.:

LIBER

- XCVI. The total number of points in the 16 figures.
- C. Enumeration of the letter Kaph spelt in full.
K and Φ are the initials of magical instruments referred to in the text.
- CXX. See Rosicrucian Symbolism.
- CXLVIII. מאזניים The Balances.
- CLVI. Babalon, to whom the book refers. See Sepher Sephiroth.
- CLXXV. The number of Venus or Astarte.
- CLXXXV.
- CXCVII. Number of Z O O N, "Beast."
- CC. The number of ☉ the Sun.
- CCVI. The number of R V, referred to in the text.
- CCXX. The number of the Verses in the three chapters of the Book. It has, however, an enormous amount of symbolism; in particular it combines the 10 Sephiroth and 22 Paths; 78 is א"י"א. For 666 vide Sepher Sephiroth.
- CCXXXI. Sum of the numbers [0 + 1 + + 20 + 21] printed on the Tarot Trumps.
- CCXLII. "Aha!" spelt in full.
- CCCXXXIII. The number of Choronzon.
- CCCXXXV. The Numeration of Adonis in Greek.
- CCCXLI. The Sum of the 3 Mothers of the Alphabet.
- CCCLXX. ע"ש Creation.
- CD. From the large Tau ט in the diagram.
- CDXII. Numeration of בית Beth, the letter of the Magus of the Tarot, whose weapons are here described.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER

- CDXVIII Vide Sepher Sephiroth. Used for this book because the final revelation is the Lord of the Æon.
- CDLI The number of **שילעאם** Siloam.
- CLXXIV. The number of Daath.
- D. The number of *ὁ ἀριθμός* the Greek word for Number.
- DXXXVI. The number of **מסלות** the sphere of the Fixed Stars.
- DLV. H a d fully expanded; thus **הה, אלה, דלת**; compare **II** where N u is fully contracted.
- DLXX.
- DCLXXI. From **תרוס**, the Gate, and the spelling in full of the name Adonai.
- DCCLXXVII. See Sepher Sephiroth.
- DCCCVIII. The number of the name **נחשתן**.
- DCCXXI. The number of I A O in Greek.
- DCCCXIII. See Sepher Sephiroth.
- DCCCXXI. *φαλλός*
- DCCCLX. The number of **יוע** “John.”
- DCCCLXVIII. **נתיבות** Paths.
- CMXIII. Berashith, the Beginning, spelt backwards in the title to illustrate the development of the magical memory.
- CMLXIII. Achad spelt fully; see Sepher Sephiroth.
- MMDCDXI. Berashith spelt with Capital B as in Genesis i. 1.

THE SHIP
A MYSTERY PLAY

BY

SAINT EDWARD ALEISTER CROWLEY, 33°, 90°, 96°, X°
P.G.M., U.S.A., etc. etc. etc.

*To
Theodore Reuss*

PERSONS OF THE MYSTERY

JULIA *a priestess*

JOANNA, *a virgin*

JOHN, *high priest of the Sun*

JULIAN } *His wardens*
JOVIAN }

A CHINAMAN

AN ARAB

A ZULU

NU, *a seafaring man*

THE YOUNG JOHN

Chorus of men, women and children

THE SHIP

SCENE I — *The Temple of the Sun.*

BEHIND a veil is a column, on which are poised two intersecting disks, terrestrial and celestial, the cut-off part forming a true Vesica, fitting which is a shrine, capable of being opened and removed at will. The column is of gold and ivory. The veil is of azure blue.

Before this column, but without the veil, is a single candle by whose side stands the high priest John. He is of mature age, and has a black beard. He is dressed in robes of gold and scarlet embroidery. A crown is on his head; in one hand he holds a sceptre, in the other an orb. In front of him are two thrones, right and left, each with column and candle. In the first sits a youth in white garments, his head bare; his left hand holds a dagger. In the second sits a grown man in black garments, his head covered with a hood, and in his right hand a coin.

Steps covered with seaweed lead up to the stage from the orchestra (or auditorium), and the edge of the stage gives the appearance of a wharf. In the north are trees; in the south a heap of builder's refuse.

Within the veil, one on each side the shrine, are two women, one (Julia) in a low-cut robe of green, brodered with roses, the skirt much slit, with a girdle of rose and gold, the other (Joanna) in a deep full robe of blue, covered completely

THE EQUINOX

with a thick veil of lace or silver gauze. This woman is slight and young, the other mature and robust.

Within the veil is heard a sixfold chime of bells. The warders spring to their feet.

JULIAN. Hail, Brother! Wake thy chorus of young voices,
That men may know how innocence rejoices.

JOVIAN. So mote it be. And thou in turn devise
Response of slumberous antiphonies.

1st Semi-chorus.

Night is nigh; the velvet veil
Drawn on day the faery-frail!
Sleep, O sleep, our angel eyes
Woo thy kiss with symphonies
Hushed to lowlier Lullabies!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Brethren, was the battle long?
All's assuaged for evensong.
Here the God is in his shrine:
Here the golden Bough divine;
Here the dove incarnadine!

1st Semi-chorus.

Dream shall hint what manifold
Mystery our life may hold.

2nd Semi-chorus.

Dreamless sleep shall arm the fray
Fated for the future day.

JOANNA [*Within*]. Here is corn!

JULIA [*Within*]. Here is wine!

JOHN [*Within*]. Life reborn! O deed divine! [*A pause.*]
Till the morn I close the shrine.

THE SHIP

JULIA [*Within*]. Softly splendid, to his rest
Steals the godhead—to my breast!

JOANNA [*Within*]. Mute, magnificently male,
Hidden in the holy veil,
Thou and I prepare the rite
Of this night of his delight.

JOHN [*Within*]. Every brother to his ward!
Every hand to hilt of sword!
Every buckler to its arm,
Lest the Holy One take harm!

[*Without, a clash of steel.*]

Chorus. The warrior lords are wake and ware,
Three hundred blades of steel are bare.
Their threescore corporals stand steady.
Five captains, all alert and ready,
Watch, lion-hearted, against surprise,
As each man had an hundred eyes.

[*Again, the clash of steel. Then music played (JULIA and ORCHESTRA), growing ever softer. As it fades away, enter from the trees three men: a CHINESE armed with a scourge and a rope, a red man, like an ARAB, with a hammer and three nails, and a warrior chief, like a ZULU, with an assegai. They move somewhat furtively, and as if afraid. The CHINESE accosts JOVIAN.*]

CHINESE. I am the dragon brother of your priest,
And we are come from north and south and east
To build your god a new and nobler shrine.

JOVIAN. Give me the sign. [*Done, each gripping the other's throat.*]

THE EQUINOX

The sign is strict, averred.

Hast thou the holy word? [*Whispered.*]

The word is rightly spoken.

Hast thou the secret token? [*Given, each extending the forefinger and striking it against that of the other.*]

The token is in order.

Pass to my brother warder!

[*They pass over to JULIAN.*]

ARAB. I am the camel brother of your priest,

And we are come from north and south and east
To build your God a new and nobler shrine.

JULIAN. Give me the sign. [*Done, each striking his breast five times with clenched hand.*]

The sign is strict, averred.

Hast thou the holy word? [*Whispered.*]

The word is rightly spoken.

Hast thou the secret token? [*Given, each making a wide sweep with the arm, clapping hand to hand, and then clasping.*]

The token is right. All Hail!

Pass to the veil!

[*They pass on. The black man enters, his companions pulling aside the veil.*]

ZULU. I am thy brother, priest.

From north and south and east

We come to build a shrine

Nobler and newer than thine.

CHINESE. These ropes can bind; this scourge

My myriad slaves can urge.

THE SHIP

ARAB. This hammer and nails suffice
To strike forth fire from ice.

ZULU. I raise my spear, and fifty kings accord
Their service to their warrior liege lord.

[JOHN *remains silent and does not move.*

CHINESE. Come, let us enter to rebuild the shrine!

JOHN. Give me the sign. [*Done, the ZULU moving his hand to the priest's knee. JOHN makes no motion.*]

The sign is wrong.

ARAB. Not strict averred?

I have the word. [*Whispers.*]

JOHN. The word is wrong.

ZULU. Not rightly spoken?

I have the token. [*Gives it by raising his hand and lowering it, then seeking to grasp JOHN'S hand. JOHN does not move.*]

JOHN. The token is wrong.

Ye may not pass.

CHINESE. Thou must, alas!

[*The CHINESE strips JOHN of his robes, all but the white under-robe, and binds him to the column. He scourges him to the music of JULIA until the white robe is red with blood.*

CHINESE. Give me the secret of the shrine!

JOHN. It is not mine.

[*The ARAB impales JOHN by hands and feet with his three nails.*

ARAB. Give me the secret of the shrine!

JOHN. It is not mine.

[*The ZULU drives his spear into the body of JOHN.*

ZULU. Give me the secret of the shrine.

JOHN. It is not mine.

[*He dies.*

THE EQUINOX

Chorus [Without]

As it was spoken of the earth,
And as the ocean witnesseth,
That which the winter brought to birth
Finds in the spring its death.

Now that the word is come to pass
That bone is dust and flesh is grass,
Let us mix our acclamations
Of jubilation and lamentations!

Are not good and evil one
Before the challenge of the sun?
Shall necessity relax
The brazen fury of her features,
And her steel scimitar turn to wax
For the complaining of her creatures?

The Lord is slain; let us lament
The Word made void, the Work in vain.
Fulfilling their obscure event,
Let us rejoice; the Lord is slain.

ZULU. [*To the warders*]. Take down the body.

[JULIAN and JOVIAN *put out their candles and come forward and unloose* JOHN, *laying him between their columns. JULIAN covers him with a cloth, and JOVIAN throws a sprig of acacia upon it.*

(*To the women*) Open us the shrine!

JULIA. The secret is not yours or mine!

[*She and JOANNA pull open the doors of the Vesica. A blaze of light sends the three ruffians reeling forth. They fly*

THE SHIP

distracted and blinded about the Temple, and ultimately sink down among the rubble in the south.

[JULIA and JOANNA have let go the doors at once. These spring back and leave the stage lighted only by the single candle of the high priest.

A voice from the shrine.

Avenge the rape!
Let none escape!

A voice from the extreme west behind the audience.

The heavens have let loose the fountains
Of flood upon the mountains!

JULIAN [*At wharf*]. Ho, Nu! Ho, Nu!

Let no man leave the quay
Without the tokens of the true degree!

NU [*Below*]. I hear and I obey.

What cargo for to-day?

Chorus. There is no gold upon the earth
To pay an hundredth of its worth.
There is no treasure of sapphire,
No hidden ruby to compare;
No diamond hath illustrious fire
Beside the burden that we bear;
Nor where the waves of ocean whirl
Hath any cavern such a pearl.

Not heaven in all its happiest hours
Hath such a gracious gift as ours.
In it all principles inhere;
To it all elements conspire;
From it all energies reverse
Of it the inscrutable desire!

THE EQUINOX

Mankind, matured from myriad wombs.
Is but the garden where it blooms.

JOVIAN. Oh, but too precious is the burden we bear.
It is the God's own priest, the shrine's sole heir,
Whose corpse must fare into the nether air.

NU. [*Mounting the steps*] I have no ship worthy of
such a freight.

The voice from the shrine.

Ay, but thou hast.

NU. Most ancient is her date.
And many a sea hath battered her, and time
Hath eaten her, I fear; corrosive crime
Of the wild æon. Ho! thou wife o' the waters!
Our three strong sons and our three stalwart
daughters.

Bid them discover if the old ship's sound!

The voice from the west.

Beware! Beware! the Lords of Heaven confound
The cities, and their habitants are drowned.

JULIAN *and* JOVIAN. We go; our master's body must be tended.
[*They go to the body and occupy themselves with it.*]

CHINESE. O that our miserable lives were ended!

ARAB. Curse this right hand the hammer that extended!

ZULU. This damned spear that holy heart that rended!

CHINESE. They hunt us for our lives.

ARAB. The soldiers search.

Now our fate laughs and leaves us in the lurch.

ZULU. Can we not hide across the sea?

CHINESE. Who will give aid to such as we?

ARAB. Come, let us grope eternity!

THE SHIP

ZULU. Hate and despair and guilt still dog our path.

CHINESE. For misery is murder's aftermath.

[*Fearful and obscure music. They grope as blind men about the stage on all fours, and reach the wharf.*

The voice from the west.

Still on the mountains pour the avenging rains.

And still the fierce flood swallows up the plains.

The voice from below.

Father, O father Nu! O father Nu!

What miracle is this—tremendous-true!

The old ship is grown new!

The voice from the shrine.

How should a ship grow old

Whose virgin timbers hold

Mine awful ark of gold?

ZULU. Do I hear one speak of ships?

CHINESE. Listen, my lord, to these, no lying lips.

ARAB. Take us aboard; we sail where hunger grips

No more three poor blind beggar men.

NU. [*Aside*]. May be

These are the assassin three!

[*Aloud*] Have ye the tokens of the true degree?

[*They cower.*

CHINESE. Ah, then, hope fails for ever!

ARAB. Let us hide

Beyond the borders of this treacherous tide;

Or it may steal upon us as we sleep.

ZULU. Would we were dead! Yet life is worth a leap.

CHINESE. O God, eternally to grope

This desert without hope!

THE EQUINOX

ARAB. Oh, but this flight without faith
Is an eternal death.

ZULU. Hate is a hell sharper and deadlier
Than all the weapons of the torturer.

[They regain the heap of rubble.]

JULIAN. All is prepared. Seek then once more with me
The traces of the fatal three!

[He finds the CHINAMAN.]

Here is the first of the villains. *[To shrine]* Speak
What vengeance we shall wreak!

JOVIAN. Foulest phantom flowers of fear.
From his soul like serpents shoot!

The voice from the shrine.

Cut his throat from ear to ear!
Tear his tongue out by the root!
Throw the body in the dark
A cable from high-water mark!

[This is done, the body being thrown from the wharf.]

The voice from the west.

The trees are covered: the rain streams
Upon the screens, and screams!

The voice from below.

The water kisses the ship's keel!

JOVIAN. Out with the steel! *[He seizes the ARAB.]*
Here is the second ruffian: *[To shrine]* Say
What price his deed must pay!

JULIAN. Hear the tongue that was so glib
Stammer, spit its crazy wrath!

The voice from the shrine.

Cut his breast from rib to rib!

THE SHIP

Tear his heart out, fling it forth
Where the vultures may enhearse
Its horror from the Universe.

[This is done in the west, but above wharf.

The voice from the west.

The hills are covered; the rain shrieks
Yet fiercer on the peaks.

The voice from below.

The water lifts the ship; she rights.

JULIAN. Ah! Foulest of foul sights!

Here is the third and greatest villain. (*He seizes the
ZULU.*) [*To shrine*] Saith

Our God the manner of his death?

JOVIAN. Black to green grows horror's blank

Sickening from the stinking soul!

The voice from the shrine.

Cut his navel, flank to flank!
Tear the bowels out; be the whole
Burnt to ashes on the centre!
Black oblivion blot him! Ban
Every trace that might re-enter
Any memory of man!

[The sentence is executed.

The voice from the west.

The mountains are all covered; the rain roars
Now on a sea that hath no shores!

The voice from below.

Haste! the ship slips into the foam.

Haste! leave the hapless home!

[JULIAN and JOVIAN bear the body of JOHN down the steps of

THE EQUINOX

the wharf, and so out, either into orchestra or at the back of theatre. They are followed by JULIA and JOANNA, who bear the sacred Vesica in their arms.

NU. Cast off! three sons bend to the larboard oars,
And three strong daughters man the starboard thwart.
My wife shall spy, while I shall steer for, shores
Worthy to welcome home our Argonaut.

[JULIA *plays music. The wind is heard to rise and the waves to wash, until a gust blows out the last candle on the stage, when the curtain falls. The bell tolls twelve strokes. In the distance one hears the chant of the sailors, at first strong and near, gradually dying away.*

Through the tempest, toward the dark,
Ploughs the fate-fulfilling bark,
Laden with the sacred ark.

All the earth is drenched and drowned.
Every other ship's unsound:
We alone are homeward bound.

Harnessed to eternity,
Life's sole sanctuary, we
Breast alone the winter sea.

We shall sight the surging shore,
Slack the sail and ship the oar,
Hear the anchor rattle and roar.

Through the tempest, toward the dark,
Ploughs the fate-fulfilling bark,
Laden with the sacred ark.

[JULIA'S *music, which has grown fainter and more distant, now finally fails.*

THE SHIP

SCENE II

[A woodland scene: Springtime. On a mound in the midst is the barren tree, with two main branches right and left. On each side of the same a flat stone.

[The scene is in darkness; after a little slow and very faint and hesitating music, the voices of women are heard. They are seated on the stones, their attitudes expressing woe and anxiety.

JOANNA. Sister, we touch the hour of fear.
The midmost murk is near.

JULIA. There is no sign, no mark
To sunder dark from dark.

JOANNA. There is no mark nor sign
Of our lost shrine.

JULIA. Persuasion of the pit
Made us abandon it.

JOANNA. Nay, by inscrutable
Law of all Life it fell.

JULIA. Is that the light?

JOANNA. The boon
Of the pure moon?

[Far above glimmers a crescent, and sheds a wan light. A horrible discord arises: the howling of wolves, the moaning of dogs, the wailing of cats, the crying of jackals. And in the half light appear first marsh-lights wandering, then giant illusions of gods and men, all of which disappear in turn, their evanishment awaking a peal of mocking laughter. The women shrink into themselves, clinging to the tree, and mingling their lamentations with the hellish concert. Suddenly Joanna, drawing herself up, points to the front of stage, where is a circular pool, whose

THE EQUINOX

waters become perturbed. The noises die away. There is a noise of chanting.

Chorus from beneath.

Dreams diluvian daunt the daring daughters
That, devout in the hour of wastrel waters,
Hither bore from its house of eld the shrine.
Dreams, and devils, and things of death together,
Chorus glorious, wild as wind and weather,
Mocking; Shine, O our God! Lord God, now
shine!

Is the symbol of Life indeed departed?
Hath the augur indeed found bloodless-hearted
Firstling lamb, and the dove without entrails?
Is the hope of the world for ever sunken?
Was the dream of us dark, demented, drunken?
All in vain are we vowed before the veils?
Were we false to the faith? Did hope desert us?
Was not leonine love the grace that girt us?
Why then bore we the shrine across the sea?
Wait! the moment of midmost murk discloses
Dawn, deep laden the winds of March with roses.
Groans of travail announce the babe to be.

Now the waves of the pool are stirred; the ocean
Labours; Earth is awake; a murmured motion
Marks the end of the tragic theme. Behold
How the garden of Pan with subtle laughter
Shakes, how Bacchus and Ceres, leaping after,
Link extravagant limbs of rose and gold!

[In silence, lastly, a great Beetle emerges from the pool, holding

THE SHIP

in his mandibles the sacred Vesica! He advances, while the women prostrate themselves, and affixes it to the Tree, just above the fork of the boughs.

[JULIA *plays a music still slow and sad, but with a central core of faith, hope and love.*

JOANNA. Eternal home of light and love,
Of life and liberty,
Thou shrine of seraph, dome of dove,
Soul of the sacred Tree,
Ark of the sanctuary, Cup
Wherein God's blood is treasured up!
From the abyss thou reappearest,
Thou the divinest and the dearest!
Moon of our love, most wondrous womb,
Mount of the Cave, red rose—
Mighty as light, transcend the tomb,
Thou tomb of all our woes!
White moon, pale moon, chaste moon, arise
Upon our smitten sanctuaries!
Thou hast passed through the aquarian rages,
Thou ship of all the sages!

[JULIA'S *music swells to a paeon. Above the tree is seen a rainbow.*

JULIA. The seven colours glow upon the murk.
This is the midmost moment of the Work.

JOANNA. Hark! Now the warders bring the bier
Of their dead Master here.

[*Chorus of unseen guardians, as in SCENE I. The clash of steel accompanies this chant.*

Blessed are they that bear the bier
Unto the house of rest;

THE EQUINOX

Through tempest toil and flooding fear,
From the wild waves o' th' west!
Blessed are they whose strength and faith
Pilot the ship whose name is Death!

Advancing ever to the east,
The holy pilgrims pace.
To the live God comes the dead priest
To front Him face to face,
If haply He reverse the doom
And tear its trophy from the tomb.

[The warders now approach and lay the body of the priest, still in its shroud, at the foot of the Tree.]

JULIA. Now be ye witnesses of Truth!
Here let love's lust yield youth!

[She raises her hands to heaven.]

JOANNA *[Comes forward and invokes at the shrine].*

Now let my lord declare His power
This equinoctial hour!
If there be virtue in the dance,
And life abide within the lance,
And if the wine within the cup
Be the right draught for gods to sup—
Then be my sister's music dowered
With answering song, and roses showered!

[JULIA dances and plays around the corpse. The orchestra joins after the first few bars, and innumerable roses fall from heaven. A pause, while they watch.]

JULIA. Alas! no life reposes
Beneath the rain of roses!

THE SHIP

JOANNA. Oh then, beneath the vaulted
Dome be our priest exalted!

[The two women and the warders lift the corpse, and stand it against the tree, its arms extended on the boughs.]

JOANNA. Now be ye witnesses of truth!
Here let love's lust yield youth!

JULIA. Uncover, uncover the face of our lover!
He sleeps, but the woe of the winter is over!
With tears let us water the root of the tree!
With laughter be bold to awaken the stem!
Thy darling, thy daughter is calling to thee!
Thy warders uphold thee, make answer to them!
Let the bud thrill with blood. Let the force of
the flood
Of the sap thereof lap every anther unseen!
Let the shower of our power bring rebirth to the
flower,
And the one light of sunlight break scarlet and
green!

JOANNA. Alas, he does not stir!
Sorrowful, sinister
Is this day's name,
The hour of shame!

JULIA. Behold! Behold!
Rose breaks, and gold! *[Dawn breaks in the wood.]*
And see the cold white pall
Funereal fall!

[The wrappings fall from the corpse, and the youth John is seen beardless and smiling. He is dressed in the crown and robes of his father.]

THE EQUINOX

THE YOUNG JOHN. I am that I am, the flame
Hidden in the sacred ark.
I am the unspoken name
I the unbegotten spark.

I am He that ever goeth,
Being in myself the Way;
Known, that yet no mortal knoweth,
Shewn, that yet no mortal sheweth,
I, the child of night and day.
I am never-dying youth.
I am Love, and I am Truth.

I am the creating Word,
I the author of the aeon;
None but I have ever heard
Echo in the empyrean
Plectron of the primal paean!
I am the eternal one
Winged and white, the flowering rod,
I the fountain of the sun,
Very God of very God!

I am he that lifteth up
Life, and flingeth it afar;
I have filled the crystal cup;
I have sealed the silver star.
I the wingless God that flieth
Through my firmamental fane,
I am he that daily dieth,
And is daily born again.

THE SHIP

In the sea my father lieth,
Wept by waters, lost for ever
Where the waste of woe replieth:
“Naught and nowhere!” “Naught and never!”
I that serve as once he served,
I that shine as once he shone,
I must swerve as he has swerved,
I must go as he has gone.

He begat me; in my season
I must such a son beget,
Suffer too the triple treason,
Setting as my father set.
These my witnesses and women—
These shall dare the dark again,
Find the sacred ark to swim in
The remorseless realm of rain.

Flowers and fruits I bring to bless you,
Cakes of corn, and wealth of wine;
With my crown will I caress you,
With my music make you mine.
Though I perish, I preserve you;
Through my fall, ye rise above:
Ruling you, your priest, I serve you,
Being life, and being love.

JOANNA. Here is corn!

JULIA. Here is wine!

THE YOUNG JOHN. Life reborn,
The Deed Divine!

THE EQUINOX

[*He consecrates, and partakes of, the sacrament. The two warders, kneeling, clasp his knees, and the two women support his arms. A sixfold chime of bells. He invokes the God in the shrine.*

THE YOUNG JOHN. Thou, who art I, beyond all I am,
Who hast no nature and no name,
Who art, when all but thou are gone,
Thou, centre and secret of the Sun,
Thou, hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true fire within the reed
Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire
Kindling as mine intents aspire.
Thee I invoke, abiding one,
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle am I!
Appear, most awful and most mild,
As it is lawful, to thy child!

Chorus. So from the Father to the Son
The Holy Spirit is the norm:
Male-female, quintessential, one,
Man-being veiled in Woman-form,
Glory and worship in the Highest,
Thou Dove, mankind that deifiest,
Being that race—most royally run
To spring sunshine through winter storm!

THE SHIP

Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee from gilded tomb!
Glory to Thee from waiting womb!

2st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!
Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, true Unity
Of the eternal Trinity!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam
And self of I am that I am!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, beyond all term,
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!

2st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,
Thou One in Three, thou Three in One!

Chorus. Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

[He raises his hands to the shrine, and opens it. A rosy light streams thence and fills the holy place, while the white Dove that was enshrined therein descends upon his head. The tree blossoms into leaf, flower, and fruit.]

(The curtain falls)

AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY

THERE is a silent wood, where swart flowers lift
 Insolent heads in purple savagery,
 Sullenly brooding by a soundless sea.
There the drugged winds for ever change and shift,
Charged with barbaric incenses that sift
 Languid with sleep from tree to shadowed tree.
 Where did I breathe that air? Where did I see
That wood beside the lake where slow winds drift?

I am quick with flickering fantasies to-night
 Meshed in the quivering fabric of my soul
 Like tremulous visions of another sphere.
O heart, are they sick memories of delight
 Lost long ago? Or glimpses of a goal
 That I shall win after long pain and fear?

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

[Translated by Fra. K. Φ. IX°. from a German MS. said to have been found among the papers of Weishaupt. It by no means appears that the fragments pertain to the Illuminati; Weishaupt's MS. was probably a mere transcript from some older ritual which he valued on purely archaeological grounds.— ED.]

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

I

THE SUPREME RITUAL

“A feast for the Supreme Ritual.”

“To him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.”

—*Liber Legis*.

LET a feast be made by the Officers of the Temple. This Temple, into which they then retire, may be any convenient place. An altar is necessary; also a vessel of wine; otherwise as may be appointed by them: *e.g.* the robes, etc., as said in **Liber Legis**. The officers are two in number, and seek Nuit and Hadit through Babalon and the Beast.¹ To conceal themselves, they are disguised as Isis and Osiris.

[The officers meet and clasp hands above the altar. Any preliminary operations, such as opening, banishing, etc., are now down by I,² who returns, and they again greet, but as initiates.]

O. and I. [*face to face*].

O. What is the hour?

I. When time hath no power.

O. What is the place?

I. At the limits of space.

O. What God do we wake?

¹ This is the nearest idea I can give of the text, which is in hieroglyph impossible to reproduce.

² It is clear that this ritual is full of intentional blinds.

THE EQUINOX

- I. The **Lord** of the **Snake**!
O. With what do we serve?
I. **Brain, Muscle, and Nerve**!
O. The shrine in the gloom?

[*Gives the Sign of a Babe of the Abyss, which I. destroys by the Sign of Men Tu the God.*

- I. Is the **Mouth Of Thy Womb**
O. And the Priest in the Shrine?
I. Is this **Monster Of Mine**!

[*I. repeats Sign of Men Tu and O. gives Sign of Baphomet.*

- O. And the wonder above?
I. The Quintessence of Love.
O. There are sacraments?
I. Nine.

There are music and wine
And the delicate dance—

- O. To accomplish?
I. The trance.
O. And are these three enough?
I. They are servants of Love.
O. And the sacrifice?

- I. I.
O. And the priestess?
I. Is thou.

I am willing to die
At thy hands—even now.

- O. Worship me first!

[*I. seats O. upon the Altar.*

- I. Mistress, I thirst.

[*O. gives wine. They drink.*

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

O. My mouth is on fire
To my lord's desire.

[They exchange the holy greeting by a kiss.]

I. I kneel at thy feet,
And the honey is sweet.

[O. plays music while I worships in silence.]

O. Exhausted, I sink.

I. I am dead, on the brink.

O. Let us dance!

I. Let us dance!

O. I. The Lord give us power

To be lost in the trance.

For an hour—for an hour!

[They dance together. A pause of perfect stillness and silence follows: until O., sua sponte, advances and places I. upon the altar.]

O. Exhaust me!

I. Nay, drink!

O. Ere I sink!

I. I shall sink!

O. Drink wine! oh, drink wine!

I. I am thine!

O. I am thine!

[They drink and greet as before.]

I. Art thou armed?

O. With a knife.

[O. draws the dagger from her hair.]

I. Love is better than life.

[O. cuts a ⊥, or if possible, the sigil of N. O. X., on I.'s breast.]

O. Let us dance!

THE EQUINOX

I. [*giving wine.*] To the trance!

[*They drink, then dance.*

O. Back to the throne!

[*I. returns, and takes seat thereon.*

I. I adore thee alone!

[*O. does so, plays music if so inclined, and continues as necessity or inclination may dictate.*

O. It is ended, the play:

I am ready to slay.

Anoint me!

I. I rise

To the fire of thine eyes.

I anoint thee, thy priest,

Babalon—and The Beast!

And I ask of Thee now:

Who art Thou?

O. Omari tessala marax etc.

[*The Ritual of the S of R is in silence accomplished.*

IX°

CLOSING

I. Mouth to mouth and heart to heart!

O. For the moment we must part.

I. Time and space renew the illusion.

O. Love is swallowed in confusion.

I. Love sustains us eminent

Till the hour of Sacrament.

O. I love you, and you love me.

I. Now and ever may it be!

I. and O. Hand in hand is heart to heart

Love be with us, though we part.

[*They greet, as before, and depart.*

II
A RITUAL TO INVOKE
H I C E
OR ANY OTHER DIVINE ONE

THE OPENING

The assistants being all without, N. and H. perform the ritual appropriate. The doors are unlocked, and the assistants, led by R., enter.

LET the symbol or image of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{the god} \\ \text{HICE} \end{array} \right\}$ be in the East of the Temple.

Let incense burn before $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{it.} \\ \text{her.} \end{array} \right.$

Let there be two other thrones: on her right that of Nuit, on her left that of Hadit; the child is Ra Hoor Khuit.

Nuit is dressed in blue, Hadit in red; the child is . . .

[MS. torn here.]

The lamp shall be burning above R.H.K., who crouches in the centre, in the prescribed posture.

If they be assistants, they shall all wear the robes of their grade; they shall be seated in balanced disposition about the temple; and they shall enter only after the opening.

THE OPENING

H. Knock as appropriate to god invoked.

N. The Hymn appropriate to banishing.

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

R. I am come
From Isis, from the Virgin Womb.

H. Blaspheme not! [*Strikes him twice.*

N. Lie not! [*Strikes him twice.*

R. I am he
Appointed from eternity

To rule upon the folk of Khem.

H. We are the gods and kings of them.

N. Upstart! [*Strikes him twice.*

H. Usurper! [*Strikes him twice.*

N. We defy thee.

H. We have the power to crucify thee.

[*N. forces R. back, and they stretch out his arms.*

R. Amen! I am willing to be slain.

Verily I shall rise again!

N. With four wounds thus I nail thee.

[*Wounds brow, hands, and feet with the dagger.*

H. With one wound I impale thee.

[*Wounds breast with sword.*

H. Hail, sister! We have slain the god.

N. Ours is the termless period.

H. Bending across the bloodless face

Let us embrace!

N. Let us embrace!

[*They embrace, leaning across the corpse. N. returns to her throne, and dons the blue robe, thus assuming the power of Isis. H. remains, his sword upon the heart of R.*

THE EQUINOX

THE ARISING OF HORUS

N. *chants the Dirge of Isis.*¹ After “tomb” in verse 4 she rises and H. falls back to his knees. At verse 5 N. comes down to the corpse, and raises it with kisses upon the stigmata, wrapping it then in her blue robe. She then clothes it in the white robe (of a Probationer? Trans.) R. takes the sword of H. and . . . (?) his throat therewith. N. returns to her throne and H. rises and puts on his red robe.

THE AWAKENING OF THE DIVINE FORCE

[The remaining sheets of MSS. are missing or indecipherable.

¹ MS. not to be found

THE DISCIPLES

*To Lionel Engers-Kennedy: to the memory of Hargrave Jennings: and
to A. C. W. G. and H. E. H.*

BENEATH the vine tree and the fig
Where mortal cares may not intrude,
On melon and on sucking pig
Although their brains are bright and big
Banquet the Great White Brotherhood.

Among the fountains and the trees
That fringed his garden's glowing border,
At sunset walked, and, in the breeze
With his disciples, took his ease
An Adept of the Holy Order.

"My children," said the holy man,
"Once more I'm willing to unmask me.
This is my birthday; and my plan
Is to bestow on you (I can)
Whatever favour you may ask me."

Nor curiosity nor greed
Brought these disciples to disaster;
For, being very wise indeed,
The adolescents all agreed
To ask His Secret of the Master.

THE EQUINOX

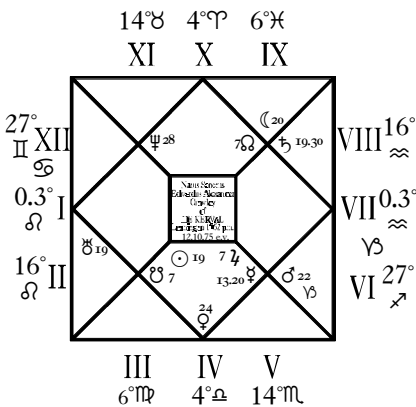
With the *aplomb* and *savior faire*
Peculiar to Eastern races,
He took the secret then and there
(What, is not lawful to declare),
And thrust it rudely in their faces.

“A filthy insult!” screamed the first;
The second smiled, “Ingenious blind!”
The youngest neither blessed nor cursed,
Contented to believe the worst—
That He had spoken all his mind!

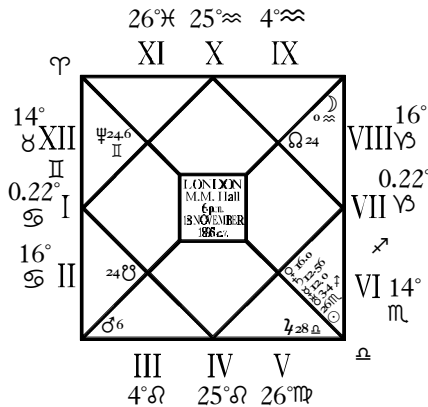
The second earned the name of prig,
The first the epithet of prude;
The third, as merry as a grig,
On melon and on sucking pig
Feasts with the Great White Brotherhood.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

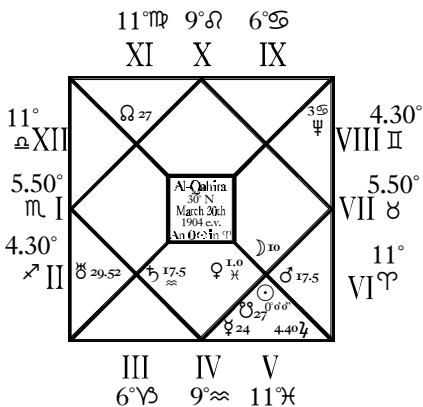
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING



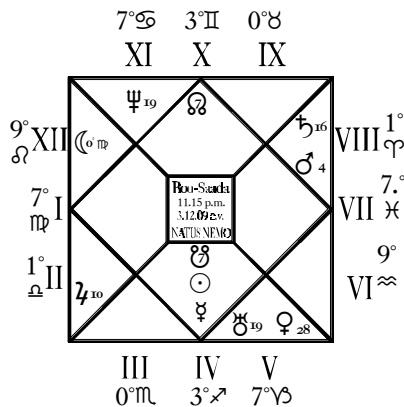
THE NATIVITY OF FRATER P.
 [Leamington, England: 10.52 p.m., 12.10.1875 E.V.]



THE FIRST INITIATION OF FRATER P.
 [London, England: 6.00 p.m., 18.10.1898 E.V.]



THE EQUINOX OF THE GODS
 [Cairo, Egypt: 20.03.1904 E.V.]



THE ANNIHILATION OF FRATER P.
 [Bou-Saada, Algeria: 11:15 p.m., 03.12.1909 E.V.]

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

NEMO

IN the year 1909 we find the drawing together of the Paths by which Frater P. had been traveling.

First (March 21), the conscious personal work of his life was crystallized in the thorough establishment of his system of Scientific Illuminism or Sceptical Theurgy through the publication of Number I of the *Equinox*;

Second (October 17), he accomplished his purely human duty without which he had no right to become Sannyasin;

Third (April), another purely human side of his life reached a proper climax;

Fourth (December), he was relieved of his last human responsibility;

Fifth (June), he was brought back completely, in full freedom, into the work laid down in *Liber Legis*.

All these things were doubtless necessary as a winding-up of his business with Earth. The result is the final Initiation of December 3.

There is a very curious entry in his diary for January 1—

“Having left the Juggler (Standard Music-hall), ate 12 oysters = 1 crab = Abrahadabra, a small bottle of No. III (cost 231 pence), invoked and banished Mercury in P. Circus, opened message from Adonai. Folly = Aleph.”

THE EQUINOX

This was the way in which he would divine the forthcoming year. He did various things of a quite ordinary nature with an intense magical intention. He had asked a disciple to write him a message to be opened at midnight. The disciple, being a fool, wrote a foolish message, but none the less inspired.

The diary continues thus—

“Sought accidental symbols while looking for a black woman to represent Binah” (to which he was aspiring).

“Entered by chance, firstly, Queen’s Hotel [can this refer to Binah?] and Leicester.” (Leicester was the town whose hospitality had temporarily relieved him of his thorn in the flesh. Permanent relief followed in the course of the year.) He did not see any black woman, but a woman came to him and asked for alms, telling her sad story—which was that she had been a servant who was now a fertilized free-woman with a young male child. He took this as a symbol of Binah in her form of Aima, the Rejoicing Mother. Further, she was dressed in grey, the colour of Chokmah, which he took to imply that she was the right kind of Mother, being covered by the Father.

There is no record of any importance in the diary until the Vernal Equinox, when the “Word of the Equinox,” which is given out by the Masters to govern the events of the six months, was *Perdurabo*; and we find, in fact, that during this six months were some of the most important events of our history, whose which finished *Perdurabo*.

On June 15, he was at his Sacred House, and there conferred the Initiation of Neophyte upon his first probationer.

The event of June 28 is so important that a little pre-

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

liminary explanation is required. It has been explained with what reluctance he moved to the obtaining of *Liber Legis*. We have seen how he tried to avoid carrying out the instructions; how he tried to give up Magick altogether; how he tried to take up Buddhism; how he tried any and every Path to escape the task laid upon him. He even attempted to publish *Liber Legis* and the 30th and 29th Æ thyrs which he had obtained in Mexico, with sceptical commentary. We find him driven inch by inch into the Path appointed by the Masters. We have seen him stripped of all that he had and of all that he was. We know, too, that he made the obtaining of Samadhi a condition of his taking up the work, on the ground that no one without that experience could possibly carry it out, and we have seen this demand granted. We have seen him hailed by the Adepts of the Great White Brotherhood in England, as not only one of themselves, but as their Master, nay, as the Logos of the Æ on. We have seen him refuse to admit it. Ultimately, when every obstacle had been cleared away, when the Adepts themselves urged him to take up the work, his will refused assent, and that with finality. "For," said he, "it is impossible. In my copy of the Book of the Law I find it written 'This book shall be translated into all tongues, but always with the original in the writing of the Beast, for in the chance shape of the letters and their positions to one another, in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine,' and this original has been lost. I have not seen it for five years."

With this he dismissed the matter from his mind. He would continue with scientific illuminism. He would publish various scholarly studies of such works as Dr. Dee's. What

THE EQUINOX

he would not do was—what he was told! It was impossible, and there was an end of the matter.

However, he was obliged to go to his house in Scotland on business, and he arrived there on June 15. Two days later he was joined by two disciples. One of these was interested in mountaineering, and had asked him for a pair of his ski. Several pairs were discovered in the loft. Some days later he determined to look for four large canvases, on which, nine years earlier, he had painted in their proper colours the Four Watch Towers of the universe given by Dr. Dee. The house was ransacked by the three men and by the servants; no trace was discovered, and the search was abandoned.

On June 28, we find this entry—

“Glory be to Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit in the Highest! A little before midday I was impelled mysteriously (though exhausted by playing fives, billiards, etc. till nearly six this morning), to make a final search for Elemental Tablets. And lo! when I had at last abandoned the search, I cast mine eyes upon a hole in the loft, where were ski, etc., and there, O Holy, Holy, Holy! were not only all that I sought, but the manuscript of *Liber Legis!*”

It was the last straw. For the next two days he remained in meditation, as in his previous Samma Sati meditation in Burma and China, where his marvellous escape from death supplied the last factor in the equation, and brought him to the understanding of who he was and what his work. So

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

this strange finding robbed him of his last excuse for not taking up the work. Here was the reason for the years spent by him in climbing mountains. Because he had climbed mountains he desired ski; because he had climbed mountains he had gone to Cumberland in the winter previous, and there found the disciple K. M. W., whose request for the ski had brought him to the loft. Here, too, was the reason of his life-tragedy, for without that he would not have gone to Cumberland at that time or gone to his house in Scotland that summer. There was no further escape. He must take up the terrible Karma, which he had evaded, in spite of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the Masters, for five years. It is Their silent dealings with him which fill Volume 0 of the *Equinox*.

Broken at last, he went to the topmost point of the hill which crowns his estate, at midnight, and there, as we read in the diary, "I once more solemnly renounced all that I have or am. On departing, instantly shone the moon, two days before her fullness, over the hill among the clouds." A pencil note in the diary, written much later, underlines the words "two days before her fullness," and notes: "And I attained two quarters of year later approximately."

The traces of this decision are now apparent when, from August 22 to 25, we find him at Maidenhead writing *Aha!* In this poem he gives a complete account of all that had occurred to him. Beginning with some hint of the aspiration to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, it continues with an account of the method of meditation, culminating in that same Knowledge and Conversation. The agony of the Passing of the Abyss is then

THE EQUINOX

described, and the tearing away of all that he has or is, ending in Shivadarshana. This passage is quoted fully in the section "The Babe," *supra*. Further instruction is then given in meditation.

MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the great gate,
Being eight in one and one in eight.
First, let the body of thee be still,
Bound by the cerements of will,
Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
The fidget-babes that tense the thought.
Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
Easy, regular, and slow;
So that thy being be in tune
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.
Third, let thy life be pure and calm
Swayed softly as a windless palm.
Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
To the one love of the Profound.
Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
From sense, observe its entity.
Watch every thought that springs; enhance
Hour after hour thy vigilance!
Intense and keen, turned inward, miss
No atom of analysis!
Sixth, on one thought securely pinned
Still every whisper of the wind!
So like a flame straight and unstirred
Burn up thy being in one word!
Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
Thy meditation steep and strong,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Slaying even God, should He distract
Thy attention from the chosen act!
Last, all these things in one o'erpowered,
Time that the midnight blossom flowered!
The oneness is. Yet even in this,
My son, thou shalt not do amiss
If thou restrain the expression, shoot
Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,
Discarding name, form, sight, and stress
Even of this high consciousness;
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here:
Thou art the Master. I revere
Thy radiance that rolls afar,
O Brother of the Silver Star!

Yet, immediately following this, comes the Method of Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel, and an account of the attainment of that knowledge.

MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of light.
Be thou, devoutly eremite,
Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
A place for thine Academy.
Let there be an holy wood
Of embowered solitude
By the still, the rainless river,
Underneath the tangled roots
Of majestic trees that quiver
In the quiet airs; where shoots
Of the kindly grass are green
Moss and ferns asleep between,

THE EQUINOX

Lilies in the water lapped,
Sunbeams in the branches trapped
—Windless and eternal even!
Silenced all the birds of heaven
By the low insistent call
Of the constant waterfall.
There, to such a setting be
Its carven gem of deity,
A central flawless fire, enthralled
Like Truth within an emerald!
Thou shalt have a birchen bark
On the river in the dark;
And at the midnight thou shalt go
To the mid-stream's smoothest flow,
And strike upon a golden bell
The spirit's call; then say the spell:
“Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!”
Making the Sign of Magistray
With wand of lapis lazuli.
Then, it may be, through the blind dumb
Night thou shalt see thine angel come,
Hear the faint whisper of his wings,
Behold the starry breast begemmed
With the twelve stones of the twelve kings!
His forehead shall be diademed
With the faint light of stars, wherein
The Eye gleams dominant and keen.
Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love
Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.
He shall inform his happy lover:
My foolish prating shall be over!

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy haste.
This doctrine hath so sweet a taste
That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every flower.
Lie open, a chameleon cup,
And let Him suck thine honey up! [...]
Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above
Is the sanctity of love.
In His warm and secret shrine
Is a cup of perfect wine,
Whereof one drop is medicine
Against all ills that hurt the soul.
A flaming daughter of the Jinn
Brought to me once a wingéd scroll,
Wherein I read the spell that brings
The knowledge of that King of Kings.
Angel, I invoke thee now!
Bend on me the starry brow!
Spread the eagle wings above
The pavilion of our love!
Rise from your starry sapphire seats!
See, where through the quickening skies
The oriflamme of beauty beats
Heralding loyal legionaries,
Whose flame of golden javelins
Fences those peerless paladins.
There are the burning lamps of them,
Splendid star-clusters to begem
The trailing torrents of those blue
Bright wings that bear mine angel through!

THE EQUINOX

O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,
Miraculously manifold,
For all the sky's aflame to be
A mirror magical of Thee!
The stars seem comets, rushing down
To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown.
Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird
By a great wind sublimely stirred,
Thou drawest the light of all the skies
Into thy wake. The heaven dies
In bubbling froth of light, that foams
About thine ardour. All the domes
Of all the heavens close above thee
As thou art known of me who love thee.
Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on
This soul of mine, that it is gone,
Gone from all life, and rapt away
Into the infinite starry spray
Of thine own Æ on . . . Alas for me!
I faint. Thy mystic majesty
Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS.

All hail! all hail!

White splendour through the viewless veil!
I am drawn with thee to rapture.

Yet no sooner is this attained than he utters the new doctrine declared in *Liber Legis*.

MARSYAS. I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
The knowledge of a new sweet way
Into the Secret Element.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory clings
Declare this mystery magical!
- MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue wings
Into the Essence of the All.
Now, now I stand on earth again,
Though, blazing through each nerve and vein,
The light yet holds its choral course,
Filling my frame with fiery force
Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse
New-fledged on these reluctant lips!
- OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen, quiver
Like light upon a rainy river!
- MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the sole word
Of law that my attainment heard.
Arise, and lay thine hand on God!
Arise, and set a period
Unto Restriction! That is sin:
To hold thine holy spirit in!
O thou that chafest at thy bars,
Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
With a pure heart (Her incense burned
Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),
And let the serpent flame therein
A little, and thy soul shall win
To lie within her bosom. Lo!
Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!
Take all, and take me! Gather spice
And virgins and great pearls of price!
Worship me in a single robe,
Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe, [...]

THE EQUINOX

I love thee. I am drunkness
Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress
Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand
Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned
By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon
Mine iridescent altar-stone,
And in her love-chaunt swooningly
Say evermore: To me! To me!
I am the azure-lidded daughter
Of sunset; the all-girdling water;
The naked brilliance of the sky
In the voluptuous night am I!
With song, with jewel, with perfume,
Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!
Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
My love, my lord—to me! to me!

OLYMPAS.

There is no harshness in the breath
Of this—is life surpassed, and death?

MARSYAS.

There is the Snake that gives delight
And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright
With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine,
Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!
These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell
Not in the cold secretive cell,
But under purple canopies
With mighty-breasted mistresses
Magnificent as lionesses—
Tender and terrible caresses!
Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;
And massed huge hair about them lies.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

They lead their hosts to victory:
In every joy they are kings; then see
That secret serpent coiled to spring
And win the world! O priest and king,
Let there be feasting, foining, fighting,
A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!
Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold!
The stars' kiss is as molten gold.
Harden! Hold thyself up! now die—
Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS. And I?

MARSYAS. My stature shall surpass the stars:
He hath said it! Men shall worship me
In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,
Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS. Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS. I am the consecrated Beast.
I build the Abominable House.
The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—

OLYMPAS. What is this word?

MARSYAS. Thou canst not know
Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.

OLYMPAS. I worship thee. The moon-rays flow
Masterfully rich and real
From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns
Chanting before the Holy Ones
Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS. The last spell! The availing word!
The two completed by the third!
The Lord of War, of Vengeance

THE EQUINOX

That slayeth with a single glance!
This light is in me of my Lord.
His Name is this far-whirling sword.
I push His order. Keen and swift
My Hawk's eye flames; these arms uplift
The Banner of Silence and of Strength—
Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length!
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I:
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.
Hail! ye twin warriors that guard
The pillars of the world! Your time
Is nigh at hand. The snake that marred
Heaven with his inexhaustible slime
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,
The Wand that waxes and that wanes;
I crush the Universe this hour
In my left hand; and naught remains!
Ho! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame
Secretly shooting from the sun.
Aum! Ha!—my destiny is done.
The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS. I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS. The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS. Profits it?

MARSYAS. Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS. The other did no less.

MARSYAS. Then prove

Both by the master-key of Love.

The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

To use the sacred oil of work?
Not from the valley shalt thou test
The eggs that line the eagle's nest!
Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,
The sheer wall of the precipice!
Master the cornice, gain the breach,
And learn what next the ridge can teach!
Yet—not the ridge itself may speak
The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS. All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS. Admitted,
O thou astute and subtle-witted!
Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in mist!
Another—firm, smooth, loved and kissed
By the soft sun! Our order hath
This secret of the solar path,
Even as our Lord the Beast hath won
The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS. These secrets are too high for me.

MARSYAS. Nay, little brother! Come and see!
Neither by faith nor fear nor awe
Approach the doctrine of the Law!
Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout,
And those three others be cast out.

OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the hand
Gently to this gracious land!
Let me drink the doctrine in,
An all-healing medicine!
Let me rise, correct and firm,
Steady striding to the term,

THE EQUINOX

Master of my fate, to rise
To imperial destinies;
With the sun's ensanguine dart
Spear-bright in my blazing heart,
And my being's basil-plant
Bright and hard as adamant!

MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,
The yellow desert waits for us.
Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
We travel to the lonely land.
There, beneath the stars, the smoke
Of our incense shall invoke
The Queen of Space; and subtly
She Shall bend from Her infinity
Like a lambent flame of blue,
Touching us, and piercing through
All the sense-webs that we are
As the aethyr penetrates a star!
Her hands caressing the black earth,
Her sweet lithe body arched for love,
Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,
She calls my name—she gives the sign
That she is mine, supremely mine,
And clinging to the infinite girth
My soul gets perfect joy thereof
Beyond the abysses and the hours;
So that—I kiss her lovely brows;
She bathes my body in perfume
Of sweat O thou my secret spouse,
Continuous One of Heaven! illumine

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

My soul with this arcane delight,
Voluptuous Daughter of the Night!
Eat me up wholly with the glance
Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS. The desert calls.

MARSYAS.

Then let us go!

Or seek the sacramental snow,
Where like a high-priest I may stand
With acolytes on every hand,
The lesser peaks—my will withdrawn
To invoke the dayspring from the dawn,
Changing that rosy smoke of light
To a pure crystalline white;
Though the mist of mind, as draws
A dancer round her limbs the gauze,
Clothe Light, and show the virgin Sun
A lemon-pale medallion!
Thence leap we leashless to the goal,
Stainless star-rapture of the soul.
So the altar-fires fade
As the Godhead is displayed.
Nay, we stir not. Everywhere
Is our temple right appointed.
All the earth is faery fair
For us. Am I not anointed?
The Sigil burns upon the brow
At the adjuration—here and now.

OLYMPAS. The air is laden with perfumes.

MARSYAS. Behold! It beams—it burns—it blooms.

OLYMPAS. Master, how subtly hast thou drawn

THE EQUINOX

The daylight from the Golden Dawn,
Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold
Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;
Until I saw, flashed from afar,
The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS. Peace to all beings. Peace to thee,
Co-heir of mine eternity!
Peace to the greatest and the least,
To nebula and nenuphar!
Light in abundance be increased
On them that dream that shadows are!

OLYMPAS. Blessing and worship to The Beast,
The prophet of the lovely Star!

It will be seen that these various methods of attainment are all harmonious. The Method of Meditation and that of Abramelin are not superseded by the new Æ on, but made subsidiary to it, and easier to employ in virtue of it.

It is indeed abundantly clear that these three paths are one.

The best and greatest of the antinomies, that between Magick and Mysticism, is transcended in the Method of the New Æ on.

But to return to the effect upon Fra. P. of the Finding of the Lost Book. There is no longer any hesitation or dissipation; as an Arrow from the Bow he flies to the mark of his high calling.

We now find him, therefore, attempting to carry out the work, and finding it as difficult to do so as he had previously found it to avoid doing so; yet doing so successfully, since he was working in accordance with the Will of the Masters, and this *Temple of Solomon the King* was now intended to lead up to the point which it has at last attained.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

However, this account in *The Temple of Solomon the King* is too clumsy, too overloaded with matter irrelevant to the main purpose, to serve as the book referred to in *Liber Legis III. 39*. It will form a book of reference for students, but not a popular treatise. Frater Perdurabo was conscious of this difficulty. A further revelation through another messenger was necessary before the matter could be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It is unnecessary in this place to detail how this came about, as it is quite recent and of too great importance in itself to deal with in any casual manner. It must suffice that this instruction is now being fully obeyed, as will be evident upon the publication of Part IV of Book 4.

We now return to the diary. On September 24 we find a new password for the forthcoming Equinox—*Audio*. Its sublime meaning was not yet suspected by Frater Perdurabo. On November 9 we find the entry “Here endeth this diary, for I write now in a Holy Book of my Holy Pilgrimage to the Sun.” In fact, he left London for Paris on November 10, attended only by a single Chela. He arrived at Algiers on the 17th, and on the next day took the tram to Arba, from which point they started to walk to Bou-Saada.

At Aumale he took up again the work of obtaining the Cries of the 30 Æ thyrs, to which he had not paid attention since August 1900. It is evident that he was stopped from going beyond that point at that time.

A study of these Cries will explain to students of intelligence the details of this Initiation, and it will be seen from the remarks at the end of the 13th Æ thyrs that it is not possible to proceed beyond the 16th for any one who is not a Master of the Temple. In the 19th Æ thyrs is the beginning of this

THE EQUINOX

Initiation, and it will be noticed that even in the 22nd Æ thyrs the Samahdi of Atmadarshana occurs, while in the 21st Æ thyrs is the vision of Kether, and in the 20th Shivarshana, although not perfect.

In the 19th, then, the Angel of Initiation appears, and in the 18th Shivarshana, in its new and higher form—"Shiva" being replaced by "Horus"—takes place. In the 17th the Initiation continues.

The Angel took him into the Pylon of the threshold in the 19th. In the 17th he is balanced. In the 16th is the first dim dawn of the Great Ones of *Liber Legis* as Lords of the Initiation, and something of the nature of the ceremony is foreshadowed. In the 15th the Adept is examined, and permission is given to pass him fully to the grade of Magister Templi, but admission to any further grade refused.

It will be noticed, further, that this all takes place in a Temple of the Rosy Cross.

In the 14th Æ thyrs we get the initiation itself. Fra. P. and his Chela, who was acting as his scribe, were upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert a few miles from Bou-Saada. It was found impossible to reach that Æ thyrs, and the Angel said, "Depart, for thou must invoke me only in the darkness, for the mystery cannot be spoken in sight of the sun." Frater Perdurabo therefore withdrew from the Vision.

It was then that a strange thing happened. Impelled by some instinct or inspiration, it came to them that they must then and there build a Temple to the Most Holy Exalted One, and in this Temple invoke Him. The top of the mountain was covered with large loose stones entirely suitable for this purpose. In the course of an hour or so it was built,

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

and the invocation made, after which an inscription recording the result was built.

This invocation was of a very remarkable character. There had been a bar to the progress of Frater Perdurabo, a dualism in his conception of the Cosmos. He had not fully understood that the Universe was One, that one might in very truth eat and drink to the glory of God. He knew that by eating and drinking one did not necessarily detract from the glory of God, but had not fully understood the sacramentalism of the simplest actions. Now he knew that the huddling together of unhewn stones might build a better Temple than that of Luxor or of Karnak. He had still the old illusion that to succeed on one plane you must fail on another; still thought the mind more than the body, the soul more than the mind; did not see that these three must be one in exactly the same sense as the Christian Trinity (as understood by the truest Christians) is One. It was in the course of this illumination that the Truth was ceremonially conveyed to him on the Magical plane, although it was not for three years later that it fully illuminated his mind.

This illusion, of which it is here spoken, is a most necessary step for the beginner, because to the beginner his ordinary life is not a sacrament. To him things are really common and unclean. He must, therefore, cut them out of his life, and hence to him the name of the Path is Renunciation. But to him who would be a Master of the Temple, the reverse applies. He wishes to remain perpetually in Samadhi, and it is therefore his renunciation to descend further and further into matter. He has volatilized the fixed: now he must fix the volatile. He has ascended from his particular body to the Universal Soul. That Universal Soul

THE EQUINOX

must now incarnate itself ever more completely in that body, and in the bodies and minds of all men. He has made his darkness light; that light must illuminate the darkness of all.

Having then received this last Initiation, this destruction of the opposition, between One and the Many, he descended from the mountain, and awaited nightfall.

The nature of the Initiation itself—its climax and completion—can only be given in the sublime words of the Angel of the Æthyr itself. We therefore quote it in full—

The Angel reappears.

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in theabyss is

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

the Eye of the Hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the

THE EQUINOX

universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids --- their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æ thy is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure ...¹ and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye

¹ I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

Bou-saada, December 3, 1909. 9.50-II.15 p.m.

Comment on this cry can but profane it, yet it is necessary to emphasize the very peculiar nature of the attain-

THE EQUINOX

ment of this grade. In all previous grades the nature of the Initiation has been light through darkness. In this it is darkness through light. The word of the Adept was L V X, Light. The word of the Master of the Temple is N O X, Night. This is the Night of Pan. The direction of the Path is definitely changed. The Master of the Temple cannot go to the Magus unless bringing the Neophyte himself in his hand, and in this task there is no consolation, as there has always been before. The visions are no more. Silence and stillness and darkness rule the grade. The Adept has throughout his progress been unifying himself. As it is written in *Liber CCCXXXIII*, Chapter III, the Brothers of A.: A.: are women; the Aspirants to A.: A.: are men. The Master of the Temple has given birth to a child, which child appears as an Adept among men. But that which was the Adept is but a little pile of dust. Samadhi has been attained once and for all. The process is complete and permanent. The Great Work is accomplished. The new Great Work is proclaimed. He has finished with Solve. He must begin Coagula.

In the 13th Æ thyr the Initiation continues. The Initiate obtains his reward, and that reward is to understand all, yet to labour in the darkness without hope of reward. Now, however, we come to the 12th Æ thyr, wherein is the second mystery of the Reward, of which the key is the word N O X.

BABALON, the Lady of the City of the Pyramids, is revealed.

In *Liber VII* is the first utterance of the Master of the Temple, and this book should be studied by those who seek a further understanding.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Such is the first part of the Ritual of Initiation.

In the second part the Master is made to understand what is that Abyss which he has passed.

In the 11th AÆthyr he comes to the fortress upon the frontier of the Abyss, and is there prepared for the crossing of the Abyss. Every drop of his blood is taken for the cup of BABALON. The Candidate asks, "Is there not the Holy Guardian Angel?" And the answer is given, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is the last word of the Æ thyr. And of all the horror of the Abyss, that is the one word that yet chills his blood as he remembers it.

Now then, in the 10th AÆthyr, is given the Abyss. The Candidate is identified with the horror of that Abyss. Had not the Master already passed the Abyss, as it were, unofficially, he could not have endured this crystallization of it into name and form.

In the 9th AÆthyr comes a further reward, a further understanding of the task. And the first indication that he has really passed the Abyss on all planes is that there is no longer any curse. All is blessing. There is a secret meaning, a blessing in everything. And this is his reward—the Daughter of BABALON the beautiful. She is the pure soul, glorified by virtue of his attainment.

In the 8th Æ thyr this is continued. The Master becomes a Holy Guardian Angel unto another, the Bridegroom of his Bride. This marriage is now accomplished in the 7th Æ thyr.

There is Samadhi, but now no longer from below, but from above.

THE EQUINOX

The reward of Understanding is further granted in the remaining Æ thyrs.

In the 6th there is a shadowing forth of the Grade of Magus. And with this closes this part of the Initiation.

Now then, in the 5th Æ thyr, comes the final reception. And after this reception among the Brothers of the Silver Star comes the Vision of the Arrow.

In the 4th Æ thyr, the nature of the Great Work which the Master of the Temple must accomplish is shown more fully. The Holy Guardian Angel presents his Bride to the Mother, who presents her to the Father. One may remark that it is necessary to be a Master of the Temple before anything like a full understanding of these mysteries can be attained.

In the 3rd Æ thyr the Guards to the further Grades are exhibited.

Now it may be asked, "What has become of the blood of the Adept which was put into the cup of BABALON, for that blood is his life?" In this supreme Initiation narrated in the 2nd Æ thyr the answer to this question is given. The word "Samadhi" is now deep down, "an old unhappy far-off thing." By so much does this exceed that. In this supreme marriage of Infinite with Infinite comes the key to the Grade of Ipsissimus, which Grade is shadowed forth—but oh, how dimly!—in the 1st Æ thyr.

It will be noticed by those who understand this Æ thyr that when all is done there is a complete identification (on the very last page) of that highest thing with that lowest. The Master of the Temple is not only the dust in the Pyramid, and the Blood in the Cup, but he is also that which was cast down through the Abyss into the Heaven of Jupiter. The

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

brain reels before such a conception. And the human brain of the Master of the Temple is but little more fitted to understand this in his life as a man than if he had never entered on the Path at all. For the Ego has been totally destroyed, and he has nothing wherewith to bind together these things. He is not any of these things, for there is no He. Those things are. And of the results of this, and of how it may bear upon the question of his advancement to the Grade of Magus, who can say? It is not the Master of the Temple even who could answer such a question. For, in relation to his advancement, he is but that little pile of dust which is to burn up, and from which shall be prepared a white ash by Hermes the Invisible. And in relation to his true life, it is mixed with the blood of all his fellows in the Cup of BABALON. And in relation to his body and mind he is but a vehicle of the forces that are beyond the Abyss. He will therefore speak, but as a man among men, of that which he has seen and heard. But he will not claim authority. He will not proclaim dogma. For all that in him from which such things proceed is no more. He will remain in the darkness of the City of the Pyramids under the Night of Pan, sitting silent through 106 seasons, the name of every one of which is Death, ever seeking to make his understanding perfect, until the time comes for him to seek that yet more fearful ordeal which must evidently¹ be involved in the attainment of the Grade of Magus. That such a time should arrive in this present life would probably seem to him unthinkable. One would imagine that the Magus must be born, not made. It would seem that no human body unglorified by an absolutely perfect harmony with the whole

¹ It was always 'evidently.' And he was always wrong in his anticipations!

THE EQUINOX

of the being of which it is such a small part could confront even the Guardian of the Threshold of that Ordeal. One would imagine that in order to be suitable for such Initiation, the body and mind must be completely representative of the whole of the Cosmos, a perfect microcosm. The Mind of such an one must perfectly comprehend every phase of the Universe without exception. It must, in the most real intellectual sense, be equally "The buffet and the Ear." As it is written, "A man of like passions as we are."

It is not possible here or elsewhere, nor is it particularly desirable, to enlarge upon such a subject. Such discussions are as unprofitable as those sterile controversies about the nature of Nirvana, that have done more harm to Oriental thought than all the rest of it has done good.

For that which is requisite for every man is *the next step*, and Frater P. has concentrated his message into this one phrase,

"ATTAIN TO THE KNOWLEDGE AND
CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY
GUARDIAN ANGEL."

All beyond that is useless till that has been done. Here, then, the task of the writers of this book. *The Temple of Solomon the King*, may end.

The progress of a man has been described in detail with the documents reproduced verbatim. It is of no concern to any man, least of all to him, whether that account of his attainment is accepted. What is urgent for each man is that the message should be accepted. And this message, whether it be interpreted in Taphareth, the attainment of the Heart, or

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

in Daath, the attainment of the Mind, or in Kether, the attainment of that which includes and transcends all, the message itself is simple. It involves no reference to facts. Frater Perdurabo may be a myth. The methods are experimental. Faith, in the conventional sense, is a condition of failure, not of success.

The Word has been proclaimed. It is of no avail without the Work.

ROSA IGNOTA
A POEM FOR PILGRIMS
BY
VICTOR B. NEUBURG

βαιὰ μέγα, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα

“There is no Samadhi without Sila.”—BUDDHA.

ROSAE
VERAE
SEMPER QUAE VIVIT
ET DILIGET

I SEARCHED the world for life; at length I came
 Unto a gateway I could not pass through;
And then I turned, calling upon the name
 Of you.

And so you came to me: each dawn was new,
 And every sunset was a scarlet flame,
And noon was glorious in gold and blue.

So now I care not for my mystic shame;
 Love brings no fears, and life gives nought to rue,
So I may sing unto the love and fame
 Of you.

THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	129
DEDICATORY LINES	131
PROEM	133
ROSA IGNOTA.	
I INVOCATION	135
II THE GARDEN	139
III AMOR INTELLECTUALIS	140
IV DECADENCE	143
V OF THE ROSE	145
VI THE VALLEY	147
VII THE SONG	150
VIII INSPIRATION	154
IX THE DESCENT INTO MATTER	155
X LIFE	158
XI MELANCHOLY	159
XII THE SEER	161
XIII DEATH	166
XIV THE BEGINNING	167
XV THE BLUE CIRCLE	169
XVI THE SILVER CRESCENT	172
XVII THE RED TRIANGLE	176
XVIII THE YELLOW SQUARE	179
XIX THE BLACK EGG	182
XX THE KEY	185
XXI THE POET SPEAKS	186
XXII IN THE END	195
THE EPILOGUE	197

THE PROEM

A MINSTREL, through a forest wayfaring,
Feeling his heart stirred in him, seized his lyre,
And tuned his strings, and so began to sing:
 Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

The sun uprose, and his song mounting higher,
Reached to the summit of the Olympian hill,
Filling the gods with new and strange desire
To stain earth's mire with their immortal fire:
 Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

He sang of blood, and how men mar and spill;
He sang of love, and how men love and kill;
He sang the world as never yet 'twas sung;
He sang the will to fashion joy from ill:
 Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

And even as he sang with easy tongue,
With lips that quivered as his spirit stung,
Crying aloud unto the Muse who sings,
New glory flung unto him to him clung:
 Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

Oh! Woe to me who have to sing these things;
I was the Minstrel whom Enchantment brings:
She led her Poet captive through the world;
Alas! his wings were tangled in life's strings:
 Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

THE EQUINOX

Oh! Woe to me whose soul's wings are unfurled,
Within my heart's core ever shall be curled
A little tendril softly that doth cling,
Softly imperaled, a thing from heaven hurled;
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

A minstrel through a forest wayfaring
Hath brought his love a shy and tender thing,
A gentle bloom of the gods' gardening,
Oh! woe to me who have to tell this thing!
The Rose doth sing: my song hath here its sting:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

*O Rose Unknown! I heard the secret Call
Out of the dark: there came unto mine ears
A sound of laughter and a sound of tears,
And then an utter silence. That was all;
Until it happened one day to befall,
There came to me the spirits of the years
That I had wasted: Lose, they said, thy fears;
Thou art before Love's throne imperial!*

*So then I bent mine eyes unto the earth,
And fell upon my knees, and cried for grace,
Fearing to gaze upon the royal face.
But suddenly there came the sound of mirth
Mingled with tears, from that imperial throne,
And then a voice: Come, Lord, unto thine own.*

ROSA IGNOTA

I

INVOCATION

MY unknown Rose!
Sweet-hearted, scented purely
With all the passion of my heart, if now
I sing new songs to thee
Where many songs before have marked thee surely
Their own, let vagrant Liberty
Inform my songs; for I, of the pure brow
And the soul that glows
With the fervency of eld, invoke thee; for I have known thee:
Wandering far into the cities I found thee,
Unsuspected still, and round thee
The idle worshippers that the wind hath blown thee.
It is well; for I know thee and thy magic grace,
And the history of thy race,
And the times of eld
When thou wast born, compelled
By sundawn to ope thine eyes.—
Ah! Wise!
Thou hast not shadowed the thunder,
And thereunder
Is set the manifold wonderment of thee,
Star, star of the sea! . . .

THE EQUINOX

Well do I know my magic shall not avail
To unveil thee.
Too well I know I may not hope to impale thee
On the spear of my song; my song
Is thine, and thou dost not remain for long:
Thou tarriest not at all,
Thou guardest all man's bale
Within the web of the Mystery called Time.
And so no rime
Of beauty or of truth shall serve
Thee, until thou shalt swerve
And fall.

Who shall undo the wrong?
What hand shall set thee free?
And who shall lend his light that it may bring
An end to the light I sing?
My song, my song
Is blasphemy to thee,
Who knowest naught, I know, of thee and me;
But only the wild grace,
Abandoned, but in silent harmony,
Under the starred sky's face,
Under the green hills, free
In the most sacred time, in the most secret place,
Is thine.
Oh, Wine! Wine! Wine!
Sang the poet of the world.
But what wine may suit thee,
Thee, with thy petals curled,

ROSA IGNOTA

And thy scented breath
That only may be known in tranced death
To me?—
Yea! And to all those
That worship thee, my Rose,
My Rose! My Rose! My Rose!

For thou dost glance through all the veils of life,
Lending thy light unwon,
O subtlest syren thou, who wouldst entrance the sun!
Behind what secret hill shall I find thee?
In what chains shall I bind thee?
O Rose! Wert thou but mine
I would blind thee
With the sacred sign
Of five,
Making thee mine.
Alive
Thou wouldst kill me.
But dead, dead thou wouldst fill me
With the low breath I seek, and I should be
The incarnate spring's gold immortality.
Rose of the mire
Where courses sacred fire. . . .

Oh! In what far land
Shall I weave thee a garland
That shall contain thee,
And shall not contain thee?
That shall restrain thee,
And shall not restrain thee?

THE EQUINOX

O thou whose scent enchanted my vain youth
From the more bitter truth
Of easy things,
How hast thou led me on
To the mire?
Thou madest thyself wings
Of false and fecund fire;
Thou bad'st me don
An alien robe of shame.
Ah! Sweetheart, thee I blame,
And may not blame,
For the sweet, eternal shame
That seared my soul,
And left my spirit free,
Free! to weep before thee,
And thou hast slain me;
Thou hast slain me whole,
I am all dead to thee,
My Rose, my Rose, my Rose,
And the things I have said to thee
Are but the foolish echoes the wind blows
Into mine ears from the most secret world
Wherein thy faded petals dropped,
And stopped
Decaying, for eternally are curled
Tightly new petals. So this my song shall be
The last I shall sing to thee,
To thee. Oh, the wind blows
Thy secret to me, Rose!

ROSA IGNOTA

II

THE GARDEN

BECAUSE of the gray dreams
In the garden of yellow roses,
A thrill of the quiet streams
In the garden of lost delight:
Ah! youth, so slim and white,
The one sure blossom uncloses:
When thou art lying still and dead, it blooms in the heart of
the night.

Shattered the golden sword in the great bronze hands of the
old
Hermaphrodite of the ages!
O youth, so sad and wise,
Shattered the strong hilt lies;
The great bronze god for wages
Has a hilt of gold, and eyes of gold,
Beneath the sunless skies.

Yet it were well to have been
Idle and young and tender,
Ignorantly and idly wise, disdainful in the dawn,
Sweetest of all the green
And gold that the gods surrender
Of the sweet dead times that have seen
The marriage of nymph with faun.

THE EQUINOX

See! With an idle rime
I slip again to the splendour,
With eyes all blinded by time,
To this thing that the gods surrender—
Ineffably sad and tender
As a girl-babe born to die
Ere she hath known the blue of the sky.
And the light that her love shall lend her.

So in an idle dream
I have slipped from the yellow-gray;
On the wings of song I have crossed the stream
To the dawn of immortal youth—
To the long-lost love-lit day
When the gods in glamour and ruth
Passed as a dream away,
In a dream that was known for truth.

III

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS

THE soft, gray autumn's radiant stars
Bend down, like pallid nenuphars
Over a woodland pool, and I
See night, blind night, beyond the sky:
Autumn in London, gray and gold.
Autumn in London, chaste and cold.
By woodland ways, with silent tread,
Pass, dusty dreams! dreams dim and dead

ROSA IGNOTA

In the gold of a faded summer sun
Burnished and dull, in clouds of dun
And brilliant amber. Soft! Let be
The tender dream! Stay here with me!
So, to this dream, this dream, I give
Again the pulsing life I live:
The faded sunset thrills the sweet
Core of my soul;—ah! nimble feet
Grown old! Oh! autumn woodlands fraught
With pensiveness of waking thought!
The gray night gathers, soft and cold,
The old dead dreams, dead dreams of old,—
The cold, gray, windy breath of time,
The old dead loves, the unsung rime:
Autumn, the pale, gray, crisped star,
Virginal, golden nenuphar,
Folden upon itself to sleep,
To sleep and die, to wake and weep
Soft silver tears of old desire.
O molten silver of my lyre,
Transmute, transmute my autumn dream,
Transmute the winding star-lit stream
To the stream of olden grace and love;
The earth beneath, the sky above;
And round the russet autumn's chill
The brown leaves swirling, swirling still
Where London autumn waxes cold,
Where night grows younger, fold on fold.
The short, gray day fades softly down
To dusk; Night bears the radiant crown

THE EQUINOX

Of twilight's dim remembered dreams
Seen through a termulous veil: who deems
The past is dead—let London lights
Mingle with London's autumn nights! . . .
The dull-red gleams of burnished fire,
The wind-harp songs of old desire,
Lost, pallid, steal through Autumn's veils,
The unsung songs, forgotten tales. . . .
Autumn in London, young and bare,
Autumn in London, gray and fair. . . .
Through hazes of the times of eld
Through mazes of the world compelled
By the magic of the memory
Of the love born by a sunlit sea—
Through the gray dusk a faint pink glows,
The aureole of a flower that blows
In the garden of the gods: too long
I linger lost in sense of song;
Too long I stay, too late, too late
I wander by the hidden gate
Of the garden, and the night-wind blows
Around me still, ah, Rose, my Rose!
From thee the wind-borne breezes float:
From thee! the secret word, the note
On the lips of a dying god, pierced through
By the spear of Dawn. Is Dawn still new,
Now thou art faded in the gloom?
Now thou art lost in death and doom?
I know not yet; nor shall I know
Till thou art faded quite, and snow

ROSA IGNOTA

Upon thy grave shows bare and white
In the chill heart of winter's night.
Still shall I feel the wind that blows.
From the secret grave of thee, my Rose.

IV

DECADENCE

TWILIGHT, that is the thin gray ghost of day,
Holds the dim way of death; the darkness grows
More sanguine-hearted as the hour is sped,
 And with less light is fed;
 Thine hour grows, grows away:
Thou art mine, mine own, mine own, thou sanguine Rose.

Thou sanguine Rose! Deep-hearted as the hour
Thou bearest as a flame; more argent-shod
Than the eloquent bringer of the god's delight:
 Here, from the edge of night
 I pluck thee forth, a flower
Too fair for the garish day, the barren sod.

My Rose! My ensanguined Rose! For ever mine,
Mine in the birth of the spirit: the flash that fades,
Unveiling still, lights thee, that bloomest still
 Till that thou dost fulfil
 The old gray world, divine
With the breath of thee in the cool, white colonnades.

THE EQUINOX

Thou art too pure to love, too sweet to know,
Too fair to bear unsullied through the world,
Where love is blind with lust, and hate grows strong
 On thine immortal song;
 Nor do the world's winds blow
Abroad the forbidden word, in thee, in thee impearled.

My Rose! my Rose! my Rose! my ensanguined Rose,
Blood o' the heart of the love transcending life,
Than death more cool, more eloquent, more still:
 There is moonlight on the hill,
 But thou art gone, as goes
The promised joy of thee, the world's still-virgin wife.

They spurn thee from the temples of their Lady,
Nor know the passion of thy virgin will,
Nor heed the murmurous song of thee, that blows
 Over their heads, my Rose:
 But in cool paths and shady
Of the old secret woods, ah! they might find thee still!

Rose! Rose! the driving rain, the shadows growing
Over the pathway of the doubtful land,
Obscure thee from me, and no foot-fall now
 I hear; if it be thou,
 So silent, that art going,
I shall not know, nor in this darkness understand.

ROSA IGNOTA

V

OF THE ROSE

“THAT love and the lover
Are mingled in me
Night shall discover:
Dreams shall not be
The veil of the world that my heart doth disclose:
The long night is over,
And I am the Rose.

“Night, like a cancer,
Spread over my breast:
There was no answer,
No truce to this rest,
That, holding the world in a shower of white snows,
Chilled the mad dancer
Who bore me, the Rose.

“Day, like a vision,
Before me is fled;
Hate and derision
Have fouled my soft bed.
In the heart of the water the quenched vision glows;
Unborne, in division,
By me, the world’s Rose.”

Ah! Rose of the mire
That festering runs
Through the lands of desire
In the blaze of the suns;—

THE EQUINOX

I am stirred to the depths of me when the wind blows
The notes of the lyre
To me, O lost Rose!

My rose of the world,
My rose of the mire,
With petals soft-curved
O'er the heart of desire.—

I am he who shall bear thee; who knows not and
knows;
Whose heart is imperaled
In the heart of the Rose.

By the bow that is bent,
By the veil that is torn,
By the strength that is spent,
By the babe that is born,
By the river of starlight that ceaselessly flows
By the god's starlit tent,
Oh, I hail thee, my Rose.

So day and her lover,
And night and her dream,
Have passed thee, Rose, over;
And over the stream
Thou shalt pass, and thy vigil not seek to impose,
Nor thy secret discover,
O thou, the world's Rose.

ROSA IGNOTA

VI

THE VALLEY

IT is undone, the spell, and I am cast
Out to the winds; at last
I shall perish utterly, I know:
But I shall lie asleep on the breast of the Past,
Nor feel the sun, nor the tempest, nor the snow,
And all my woe
Shall be as naught to me,
For I shall be utterly free
As I am utterly dead.
So let no requiem be said
Over my mouldering head,
And let no vague, sweet songs be sung
By any tongue!
For he to whom the songs are given
Hath no ear to receive.
The chord is riven,
And he did not believe.
He had no fear to die, for death could give
No more pain
That that he knew whilst he did live.
He lives again
In the earth
Whence he had birth.
Gladly he lies at rest, asleep, unknown,
His ashes scattered to the four winds, blown
About the world: his songs

THE EQUINOX

Forgotten utterly as he.
So let him lie unknown where he belongs,
Ask of the murmuring sea,
Of of the silent stars that roll so ceaselessly,
Where he be fled,—
It is enough; one word is enough: he is dead.

Rose! Ever-virgin Rose of the pulsing world,
Wherever are thy petals curled,—
It is for me alone to sing of thee,
It is for me alone.
Yea! let my songs of thy fame
Be as flame,
That shall enhance, maybe,
The liberty
Of one.—
If one alone shall say:
“It is not dead, the day,
Not utterly dead while one many sings,
Having been brushed by the morning’s wings,”
It shall suffice
For him; and as for thee,
Though the age be as ice,
In one heart thou hast blossomed; one was free
To sing these things,
These things.

For ever more the light shall fade from him,
His eyes shall wax more dim,
His ear more dull.
And so the wonderful world less beautiful

ROSA IGNOTA

Shall grow: he shall know no more
The wonder of spring:
He shall sing—
But a shadow shall lie before.
He shall find no thing
Whereby he may linger, and say,
Behold! I have found the day.

His day is over: utterly he shall die,
My Rose, under the sky.
He shall lie with the worm,
And so no more with thee;
There shall be set this term
To his mortality.

Yet shall he worship thee
With his tears
For a few short years.
And then he shall be
Nothing at all to thee,
Who sang thee when no other man would sing thee,
Who brought unto thee all that he could bring thee.

Night, that art mother of our quietness,
Who bendest deep, dark eyes o'er our distress,
In thee shall sleep his ashes; let him lie
Alone under the sky,
Nor wake again:
He hath paid for his life with his pain.
He oweth naught
Unto the universe,

THE EQUINOX

For that whereof
He was wrought
Was bound up with the curse
Of love.
So let him lie with earth above,
And earth below.
He hath forgotten who was fulfilled of woe.
He is buried deep, oh! deep:
Leave him alone to sleep.

Leave him to sleep alone under the sky;
He had one mighty vision, and did die.
Now he is dead that dream shall be fulfilled
While he doth sleep.
For, whilst his song is utterly stilled,
His dream doth wake again,
And laugh and weep.
But he is free, and knoweth no more pain.

VII

THE SONG

YEA! I who have lain dead among the roses
Have slain love utterly in my soul
By mine own death! O constant-playing fount
Under the shadow of our Venus' mount—
Thou whom I love, unto whose vine uncloses
The gaping wound whose sap hath made me whole,—

ROSA IGNOTA

O riot of the gods! O thou!
O thou of the pale brow,
And pale, most pale, blue eyes,
Upon thy bosom
Oh, the bud and blossom!
The flaunting wanton leaps on the stage of the world,
And cries:
I am the love, the love that never dies,
Being born with the lover's death,
Yielding mine easy breath
Under the never-failing skies,
That fail not for shelter over the dim world.
And so am I closely curled
Upon myself, with petals still, still furl'd. . . .

Over the plains of Art with scornful feet
And trailing amber robes, a nymph of time
Floats, nimbly fleet
Before the vision,
And in derision
She mocks me for my rime,
Mocks me with song most sweet,
Most utterly sweet, and I,
Who have slain the shells
Of the gods who haunted me
And flaunted me,
Lie,
Listening to the spells
That she hath woven about me.
Yea! should she flout me,

THE EQUINOX

I should burst with song, I know,
And go,
An ill-starred victim, to the lost low land
Where the wailing voices—
That are voices only,
Having burst the husk of song—
Wander lonely,
While the Muse rejoices,
Bearing within her hand
The lyre,
And the sacred fire,
Serene and strong,
That lights the dusky underworld.
Ah! hurled, ah! hurled
By Zeus
From the skies,
Prometheus, lost Prometheus
Gasps and dies
For ever on the rock of my desire,
And the lusty Raven
Hath sought at last his haven,
Under the streams that flow from that lost fire. . . .

Oh, woe! Oh, woe to me that have seen this,
Oh, woe unutterable! the last long kiss
Hath slain me, O thou nymph with wanton eyes!
And now the sunlight dies
A moment from the skies
Over the Abyss. . . .

ROSA IGNOTA

Descent! Descent! Ah! I am fallen far
Under the low, bright star
That led me on, a dreamer, to the veil
That parted, and left pale
The dark beyond; for there was nothing there—
Nothing! A shell! A husk
Born of the dusk
In the afterglow of passion, wild and fair
I saw it. Yea!
I had been stolen away,
A changeling bodily; my soul was thrust
To moulder with the dust:
I was the love that dies,
And I had slain the lover
With song.
Ah! Night! discover
Her of the wanton eyes
That fled before me
So long,
And scattered o'er me
Alas! the star-dust that should blind mine eyes,
And hide me from the skies.
Is love so strong?
So weak the lover?
Yea, night shall yet discover
My song, my veiled song.

THE EQUINOX

VIII

INSPIRATION

THE wingèd globe that holds the stars enchained,
The secret, silver pools of the lost desires—
These by thy fires, thy fires!
O lone Osiris in thy wintry tomb
Of doom
O lonely one, so utterly silent there,
Too weary for despair—
Yea, I have found thee too, thee too,
And round thee all the blue
Of the skies is blackened; waned
The light of thine eyes to the dusk.
The husk, the husk
Of all dead dreams, dead dreams
Is come upon thee;
Dust and ash and musk, and musk, and musk—
All these are on thee. . . .

I bear a chalice of red-tipped lilies under the moon.
Bestrewn
The dim pathway of delight
With night,
And her dim, pale stars that swoon
In the circle of the skies.
Thine eyes,
O radiant god, are waning, and there dies

ROSA IGNOTA

Along the barren waste thine echoing cry.
And all the sky
Is a chalice of white lilies rimmed with blood,
With blood; and the bitter flood
Of thy tears is dying away, away, away,
Beyond the hills, the hidden hills of day.

These are but lilies, O my silent god;
Where thy feet have trod
Upon the earthly way
They have sprung,
And the songs that have been sung
Are faded with the day.
My little heap of ashes, thou was god,
Yea, utterly wast thou god!

So there are no more roses, no more roses;
There shall be no more songs to thee,
Lord of the lilies and the silent sea
Of Time.
No rime
This night brings to thee: closes
The hour in dusk; there is no song sung to thee,
And thou art fled from all thy toil, set free. . . .

IX

THE DESCENT INTO MATTER

YEA! All the veils of the spirit come to this—
To this, that they are veils of thee, of thee;

THE EQUINOX

And the flesh, alas! is the core of thee. Be it so.
I have wandered through the worlds in seeking thee,
And I have found thee, and thou art as pure
As dung, as sweet as sweat, as light as lust.
All these, all these I have found, oh, bitterness!
O forsaken one, whom I have found, thou art ravished
By the phallus of Time, of Time that pierceth thee
So keenly that thou art torn, thy virgin body
A prey to the lust of Time! Oh, bitterness!
Oh, threefold sadness! I have found thee now
Too late, too late, too late. I am weary of flesh;
It burns me now I have lost thee! I sicken of time,
It sears me, sears me! Now, no longer unknown,
I have found thee, the harlot goddess. Why camest
thou not

When thou wast pure as I, a new-purged soul
Weary for a space from the lusts of the world, set free
From the clutches of flesh? For ever I have lost thee,
And I damn thee, for that thou hast seduced me far
From the olden way of the gods. O Rose! Rose!
Rose

Unknown, ah! wherefore hast thou done this thing?
The spirit is dead within me, and the flesh
Wearies of thee, whom never I have known:
For thou art foul to me—a leprous worm
Of sticky slime; a clamorous courtesan
With itching sores, thou bidd'st me scratch thee, ease
Thine ill with the touches of love. Ah! slimy one,
Rose of the world polluted, thou who holdest
A boy's dreams in derision, a man's desires

ROSA IGNOTA

As food for thy body—thy body!—how shall I come to
thee

Who am at last awakened? Oh, my Rose,
My Rose of my lost World, O Rose! Rose! Rose!
Pity me for that now I may not love thee,
Pity me for the unquenchable desire,
Never to be gratified, I bear toward thee!
Pity me for my youth, the scattered dreams
That are fallen from the shattered casket of my soul.

Yet will I ravish thee even now, my queen;
I will fasten my fangs in thy breast, and drink thy
blood,
Thy leprous blood, to make me mad with hate,
And frenzied with unsatisfied desire.—
I will make my bed with thee, thou harlot Rose
Set 'twixt the limbs of the world, hate and desire.
I will make me foul as thou that I may be
A citizen of the world! I will quench the fire
Immortal in me! I will be as thou,
Prostitute unto Pan and unto Time.—
I will live upon the dreams thou givest me
In fee for sated passion! Yea! I will be
A vanquisher of genius, a dream palled
With life and time, knowing naught else there be
But thou, who art slime, whose fingers through the veil
Transform the world to dust, the sun to fire,
Life unto lust, love to polluted dreams
Of rose-buds ruined by slimy worms that crawl,
Seeking desire, through the crapulous bed of love.

THE EQUINOX

So shall the lust of love be sated on thee
In spite of thee, who knowest no ecstasy.
And I will win a pallid way to the stars
In spite of thee! Yea, and because of thee.
For the end of every path must be the same,
And at the end of thee, immortal one,
Is Nothing! Yea, thou shalt know, Rose, even
as I,
How the last dust of the world is naught but dust,
And how thou shalt die, being the Immortal Rose.

X

LIFE

MEN say: "For love's sake and for beauty's sake
We would make our songs immortal; we would give
The passionate cry of summer, the secret ache
That thou, our poet, knowest;" I would live
A lonely virgin for thy sake, and I
Would fret no more the earth, nor tire the sky
With ever-unbidden song. Ah! I would give
All that my spirit hath learned of thee, to live
Lonely and pure with the memory of thy kiss,
And thy passionate, tearing lips, and thine arms around
me,
Knowing naught of the world, and caring naught, save
this:
Love, through this woman, hath found me. . . .

ROSA IGNOTA

But last night, when betwixt thy breasts I lay,
Sucking thy soul away,
I dreamed of a song I would make thee, a song so fair,
It should charm the wandering air,
And make it stay with me for ever,
A thought of thee within my mind:
Dearest, I am deaf and blind,
Believe me, to all but thee; yea, too, I am dumb,
Save when I sing thee,
When my songs I bring thee.
O passionate endeavour!
O love more rare
Than the fabled loves of the gods, I too succumb
Unto the olden immemorial spell,
And have no words to tell
Of thee, and of the grace of thee,
And of the face of thee,
Who art mine, whom I made mine own.

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the Rose is blown.

XI

MELANCHOLY

OVER all is the greenness, in the slow-falling night
 Over the fields with dusk and dew, with dusk and dew
 there flees
A dying echo, faint and dim, fleeing towards the light;
 Sombre streams cry mournfully in the sighing breeze
 With the rustling trees.

THE EQUINOX

The old brown mellow houses grow mellow in the nightfall;
A charmed air is about them of the keen old days that
are dead.

Oh, hushed is the song of the morning, hushed in the tremu-
lous light-fall,
For the light is fading slowly now, and all the legends
are said,
And all the glamour is fled.

Here in the soft grey twilight the mournful evening lingers
Upon the road to dream and sleep and all the things that
are past;

Here in the shadowy night-fall, with slow reluctant fingers,
The poet touches the silent strings, and falls into calm at
last
As the night grows dim and vast.

And the passionate hour of love, of love, is come unto dust
and slumber,

A gracious memory only stays, a passionless sense remains
Of golden hours that are passed and fled, when the joys of love
without number

Fanned into fire his smouldering heart, and turned into
flame his brains

With purple and crimson stains.

And the hour of the Rose is fallen, and the light of her eyes is
fled,

There is only a sense of vaguest dream, of calm, unending
repose

ROSA IGNOTA

On the breast of a love that is fled afar, this is soft, and gentle,
and dead;
That passed away on the stream of night; that flows and
flows and flows
From the heart of a faded Rose.

XII

THE SEER

OVER the billows
Of soft green grass,
Under the willows,
The gray sprites pass.
In twilight's glamour
The shadows grow,—
Cadent life's clamour!
So low, so low,
That the world is hushed
As the white light pales;
No longer flushed
The daylight fails;
The fading light
No longer glows
In the west; the night
Still deeper grows:
O secret Rose!
O secret Rose!
O secret Name!
The west wind blows
As the hot red flame

THE EQUINOX

Dies down to dusk;
 The day is dim. . . .
Hawthorn and musk. . . .
 The seraphim
Play on the breeze:
 The ponds are stirred
By the mysteries
 Of the secret Word.
The lost Word floats
 Over the dunes
In silver notes
 And golden tunes,
 And mystic runes.

O secret Rose!
 O secret Flame!
The west wind blows
 The secret Name
Into the ears
 Of the wandering lights
That love their fears
 In the summer nights,
And in autumn rejoice
 By the haunted meres,
Hearing the voice
 Of the seven spheres,
Who are merged in the sun,
 Whom the moonlight frees,
And whose orison
 The soft night-breeze
 Blows over the leas.

ROSA IGNOTA

To softest sleep
 In the scented west
In the moonlight deep
 His ear is pressed
To the earth, who wanders,
 Unseen, alone;
Who dreams and ponders,
 Whose face is stone,
Carven by thought:
 He unveils the skies,
And the star-dreams wrought
 By his frozen eyes
Take shape and stand
 In his argent dream;
And the old gray land
 And the swift gray stream
 Glitter and gleam.

The silver wonder
 Of silent stars,
The silent thunder
 Of sunset's bars,
The crimson flare
 In the ashes of day,
Are everywhere
 On the secret way:
Under the hill
 The clamouring gnomes,
For a moment still
 In their darkened homes,
Hear the deep night,

THE EQUINOX

And the secret word
That dies in light
Is seen as a bird,
As a vision heard.

The sylphs that skim
The upper air,
Light of limb,
With floating hair,
Tune their lyres
To the faded west,
And the sacred fires,
As they pass to rest,
For a moment stay
As a note half-heard
On their homeward way
As a weary bird
Lingers in space.
O molten air!
O dying grace!
O dream most rare!
O fire most fair!

The waves that wander
Under the night,
As stars that ponder
The birth of light,
Lift their crests
To the flash of fire,
And in their breasts
There is born desire

ROSA IGNOTA

For the maidens that float
 In the heart of the river;
And the secret note
 Sets the waves aquiver
Till the naiads arise
 To hear the choir
Of the star-lit skies,
 And the secret fire
 Of death and desire.

And the rim of the flame
 Is pierced and torn
With the spirits made tame
 By the breath of the morn,
And the life of the fire
 That surges and swells
From the swamp and the mire,
 From the million hells,
And the one soft heaven
 Where meetly blooms
The heart of the seven
 Supernal dooms.
The water of life
 Still flashes and flows
From the heart of the strife
 To the pathway that goes
 To the core of the Rose.

THE EQUINOX

XIII

DEATH

THE ways are fixed unto the last abode
Of death; there is no sign-post on that road;
No man hath found it, and no man shall find
The secret way under the heavens: blind
Is knowledge, for within man's mortal brain
There is an end to thought, an end to pain;
And there is death, a cool, gray, silent place,
Calm in the afterglow of life; one grace
Kept pure and holy, and one sacred thing
In the deep centre of the mystic ring
Of life, whence all roads lead, a winding path
Through plains of dumb despair and sunless wrath.
There is one holy spot under the skies
Kept sacred from the screaming herd: there lies
The silent singer, and the dreamer asleep,
Calm in the mother-earth, and sunken deep
From all the toil of the world and the heat of day,
Buried and quite forgotten; hidden away
From jarring strife, the myriad tongues that shout
Their petty shibboleths of faith and doubt.
One truth, one knowledge, and one thing shall save:
The cool, dark temple of the silent grave.
One knowledge and one truth: one thing alone
Shall yield the calm man seeks—the upright stone.
One life, one love, one death; and Death at last
Is master of all life to be, far passed

ROSA IGNOTA

Into his silence; from the earth where he
Reigns in his silent, sunless dignity
One hope still blossoms, one last flower still blows
Upon the mystic earth, my Rose, my Rose.

XIV

THE BEGINNING

ROSE of the gardens of old Babylon,
Red, scarlet Rose of fire in the breast of light:—
I had a dream of thee, my Babylon;
Yea; all thy petals were crimson with delight:
And under the soft stars, the silent night
Grew deeper, deeper, till the heart o' the world
Lay bare before me, with no robe to don
Save the lucent veil of spirit, argent-white;
And then there came a voice: Arise! Smite! Smite!
Ere the portal of the temple may be won!
Crash down the walls! Lend all thy hidden might!
I, in the bosom of the deep imperled,
Cry from the cloud-place of the Underworld.
Let the gold banner of the day be unfurled
That I may manifest the secret curled
In the darkling bosom of the world's great night!

Then I arose in majesty, and came,
Spurning the loves of the world for thee, for thee,
For that my soul had quenched all meaner flame,
Than the flame that burned still for thy majesty!

THE EQUINOX

And the voice of the world swept ever over me,
And I gave answer: Come thou forth, my star!
Oh! be it mine to see thy chariot flee!
Oh! come thou in thine own triumphal car!
And at the naming of the secret Name
Thou camest unto me, Istar! Istar!

Istar! thou flaming rose-bud of the world!
Istar! I call thee by thy secret Name!
Istar! the snake within the red Rose curled,
Come in thy triumph! Come thou in thy shame
All uncontaminate—a lambent flame.
Lick, lick the sores upon me!* ah! thy name
Hath burned me through: I scorch within thy star!
Drain me to death, and slay me with thy flame!
Death and destruction! O Istar! Istar!

Palace of dream! Red rose-leaves subtly hurled
At the chariot-wheels of Time! O charioteer,
Who drivest on the molten car o' the world
Over desire, and love, and hope and fear,
Hath not the name of the goddess on thine ear
Fallen, and art thou still abashed with shame?
Apollo! Apollo! Apollo! I name the Name,
And the silver of the moon grows gold and clear;
The sun-dawn breaks in everlasting flame,
Shaming desire, and burning up the fear
Of the world! O thou! I call thee by thy name
Most secret! Yea! I smite the age-long year
Of man's deliverance! And thy steeds I tame
With the word of the sun-god! And the molten bar

* *Merci, non.*

ROSA IGNOTA

Of flaming gold is flung back from thy throne!
I stand unarmed before thee, and alone,
Bearing the fallen mantle of a star;
Rose of the world! Istar! Istar! Istar!

XV

THE BLUE CIRCLE

FOR all the blue heart of the shifting summer,
And all the grace of green, the fire of spring
Grown olden in the world of space and time—
Let the twin worlds rejoice! The sacrilege
Of the mystery is unveiled; there is no word
Uttered within the bosom of the spring.
But the horned satyrs under the beechen boughs
Still linger, as the hour of triumph grows
In the Ram's mouth: and the heart of day is torn
With the fear of the new Birth: no more is set
The Crown on the temples of the dawn; no more
Is heard the clarion of the day; the ways
Are darkened for delight, and pure for pain
Of birth, stretch forth to the ends of the universe—
A long, still road of longing, passion-pale
With the dust of lives, and strewn with the bitterness
Of the heart of man, the weary heart of man!
And deeply set betwixt the pillars of day,
There stands the statue of a god, awaking
From torpor; reaching up to the pale blue skies,
And wingless, and with longing in his eyes
For the unattainable goal; with lips that quiver

THE EQUINOX

With slow anticipation of delight.
Ah! mouth half-opened to the warm spring air!
Ah! eyes that smouldering never burst in flame!
Ah! thou unsatisfied, immutable one
In the key of blue . . . the threefold destiny,
Is not for thee, nor ever shall be thine!

The lust of joy incarnate! Incarnate youth
Of the world! Alack! No longer art thou King
Of the Underworld; no more thy road is peace,
For not by longing nor by wonderment
Shalt thou gain the drooping west, the starless place,
The sun-shot centre of the folden stars.
The palace of the cloudy Underworld.
Oh! in the key of blue my lyre is tuned
To the threefold mystery. O wandering stars!
O lonely lights! The mysteries of time
Fade and grow pale before the eternal cry!
Light! Light! The doom of time is thrown to the
winds—

And I have set the secret wide and still
In the heart of thee, my Mother; I have known
The incarnate miracle of the birth of man,
The twin of Time, the heir of the gods' debauch;
The shedder of the raiment of the loom
Whereon are woven birth and life and death.
Yea! Is revealed the Sword, the eye of light!
Hail to the fivefold star! The secret awe
Of the world unborn; and thou, that hast the key,
Let the lyre sound before thee! Let thy breath

ROSA IGNOTA

Herald the day! Aha! Aha! Aha!
Ho! Dance in the secret dances of the night,
In the mystic windings of the mossy ways
Of eld! Oh! let the silence break, break, break
At the birth of man from out the universe!
Hail to the Lord of the Sun, and the Sacred Rose!

Master of space and time, thou subject god! ---
Master of space and time! From the Underworld
I speed upon the Way! Ho! Jupiter!
I am Mercury, the little light-heeled god,
The summoner of the stars at choring-time,
When they sing thine earth, thine earth, thy sun-child.
Yea!

From out the deep is sung the song of joy,
And the branches of all the trees in all the world
Are shaken, and the twilight pools are stirred
From slumber by the softly spoken word.
And I am thine! Sunk in the heart of Time
Is the memory of thee! Ah! deep! deep! deep
In the core of the world! And I am set, a flame,
On the altar of song; the old, forgotten ways
Are set in me! I am the risen Pan,
Risen from the rainy earth to bear the spring
Within me! Oh, thou little soft, shy god,
Half girl, half beauteous youth, oh, hail to thee
Hail! For the morning is a misty birth,
And the sun a shadow, and the world a lie!
And I that sing in the early key of blue
Am the Rose o' the World, the long-forgotten Rose!

THE EQUINOX

Hail! on the altar of the awakening day;
Hail! in the temple of the night outworn
By the vigils of the gods! Soft, secret Rose,
I bear upon my breast the golden sign;
I wear thee on my breast, and I am thine—
Light as the summer oak-leaves, gold as the god
On the shimmering sea calling the winds to rest.
Light, light be the earth upon thee, and below,
Breath of the world unborn, long wave of song!
Hail unto thee, and hail unto the star
That bore thee! Hail! and hail! and hail! and hail
Hail! For the word is spoken, and the light
Is fallen, and the Rose is mine, is mine!
The Rose is mine! O Rose! O secret Rose!

XVI

THE SILVER CRESCENT

IN the little cleft of the rocks whence life first sprang
To birth, by the secret, shadowy, molten sea,
Where Aphrodite sprang to greet the sun,
Low voices murmur: shadowy Underworld
In the void of time, light song of Erebus
On the lips of a courtesan of Rome, ah! list!
A wandering singer caught the light o' the stars
On his lips, and the sun-dawn of the world in his heart.
For I that dwelt within the city of Time
Was lost in a cloudy dawn; the silken veil
Of dew that clothed the green grass of the fields

ROSA IGNOTA

Was the veil of Olympus! Now the shadowy night
That sang to me, that sang, that sang to me
Sprang from the underworld of Eld; the moon
That circled in the heavens sang to me.
And I that heard the olden monstrous lays
Of eld, the dreaming wonders of the dawn,
Died, and still lie imprisoned in the rocks
By the salt sea, knowing of the doom of man,
But being dumb, as is the doom of man.

For nightfall is delight of Eld, and I
Wander bareheaded under the dark sky;
Calling and calling from the windy deeps,
The olden Night still draws me: moonlight weeps
For sunlight faded in the dark; the sun
Is under the dark clouds; still one by one
Soft, silent stars creep silently upon me,
Leaving soft trails of light. O wonder-dawn
Of the inverted thunder of the skies—
Back to the gardens of old Babylon!
The hanging lamps, the slow enchanted moon,
The gold-eyed stars, the pillars of the sea,
And the call of Her forgotten! Oh! I lie
Under the stars, upon the dewy sward,
And all around me is the silent city,
The soft, white city, softened by the dawn.
And I hear the sistrons, and I hear the songs
Sung to the hanging moon! And thou, Istar,
Radiantly comest on the brains of men
To slow illumination of desire;

THE EQUINOX

The old enchanted palace of the will
Is thine, and god-like dreams of Eld are thine,
Of the Underworld of the stars, beneath the sea,
Beyond the cloudy palaces of the hills.
Ah! never hath the dawn been nearer thee!

Fallen to idle sleep, and borne within
The temple of Mind, the soul of Night is laid
Under the starry canopy of the worlds,
And the lamp is set upon her bier; let be,
Let her still slumber! Oh, my radiant one,
Thou that art born of the dew and of the stars,
Come thou to me, while that the soft night sleeps,
O thou most inner and supernal dawn,
Thou that bearest the torch for the feast of the gods!
In the heart of eld I found thee, and a rose
Was thy heart, and a rose thy crown, and tiny rosebuds
Girt thy green mantle, and thy yellow hair.
Glittered with the dust of the stars! By the river-side
Thou camest to me! Oh, the secret night
When I stared into the water under the moon,
Singing and tumbling on its way to the sea!
The soft stream flowed under the milky stars;
And there were poplars by the water-side,
Gazing upon themselves; but I was blind,
Blinder than wood, more silent than the moon.
And so thou camest to me, O my darling!
My little rose-lipped darling! Fountain-cool
Thy hands, and thine eyes warm with celestial fire
Drawn from the world's heart! Oh! my little one,

ROSA IGNOTA

Come to me here in the great, slow silences,
In the radiant dimness of the after-glow
Of the passionate ache of the world: I am Pan no more,
But on my brow is set Diana's tiar!
Diana, O Diana of the woods!
Lie thou with me, for I am Pan no more,
But the Virgin of the Star-drift of the world!
Here in the silence, in the great green woods.
Lie thou with me! Slumber with me to-night
Under the stars, and the yellow, drifting moon.
We will love no more as Syrinx and Pan: Diana!
Come unto me, and I will grant the thing
Thou cravest! Oh! the foaming milk of the stars!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the pale moon-flowers,
The soft, shy glances, and the virgin unwon!
Oh! the sweet burden of the sunless hours:
Love! I am conquered! Nay, love! I have won!
O feeble moonlight! O sweet stars undone
By the pale longing of eld! O virgin word!
Under the silent moon I bear the sword!

Oh! the soft burden of the sunken sun!
I bear a chalice of lilies under the moon!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!
Light is no more: oh! let us swoon and die!
And the secret way is star-lit, star-bestrewn,
Star-guarded, star-set, under the starry moon!
Is there no way but this under the sky?
Oh, moon of Eld, ah! shall we die or swoon?

THE EQUINOX

O Rose eclipsed! O Rose! my rose of roses!
The night is pale to death: the lyre reposes
Under the star-shot glamour of the moon.
And all her palest roses.

XVII

THE RED TRIANGLE

THE eye of Fate is closed; the olden doom
Lies in the wrack of things. There is no sign;
Only the wind cries through the lonely woods,
And the barren motherhood of the world is manifest
Shamelessly; in the dank, pale, autumn woods
The fallen leaves lie squelching under the feet
Of the desolate gnomes: and now the birds are silent,
And the streams are sluggish in the veins of the world.
Dark gray and cloudy, the skies no more are blue,
And grayness reigning solitary makes music
Drearly on the wind-harp. The dripping rain
Soddens the earth, and the stones lie thick and wet
Among the leaves; and the trees wave naked arms
In despair to the sky. The light is quickly dying,
And there is no more day; the dull red sun,
A sore and aching eye in a face of gray,
Droops down to slumber. All the world seems dead.
Rose! Rose! Where art thou? O my Rose! my Rose!
My secret Rose! Art lost among the gray?
There is no voice in the silence; in the woods
The brownness glistens under the weeping rain,

ROSA IGNOTA

And I am in despair of Thee and Time.
Weeping the trees, and all the streams grown sullen,
Under the lowering skies and the bitter blasts—
There is no living thing in the temple of Summer,
And the ashes of spring lie cold on the hearth of day.

Gray dreams again! And all my hope is fled.
Gray dreams! gray dreams! and the day is tired and
dead.

The bitter aftermath of summer brings
Time's memory back to the world: there are no stings
In the world's pain, but only bitterness
Of the memory of Time; no sore distress,
Save for the thought of Summer waned and dead,
and faded with the gold skies overhead,
And the young green beneath; ah! secret Rose!
Here from the heart of the woods I pluck thee forth,
Fragrant with the smell of summer, crimson-bright!
And, for the world under the stars to-night,
It shall be thine, and thine the star that draws
The world to worship thee: the days are faded
Under the heavens; there is no more sun,
And no more love. The world is hushed and dead.

Slim-passing dryads through the lonely woods,
I will follow ye in the paths of dank decay;
Decadent Autumn, with thy lonely broods
Of active gnomes and little red-capped fays,
That feasted in the summer under the trees
Now dripping with Autumn rains --- ah! take me too,
Me too into the silence of the past,

THE EQUINOX

The grave of desolation; I am weary
Of all things: let me dream my life away.

The breast of Fate is pregnant with Despair,
Got on her by the piercing shaft of Time.
Oh! Unborn child of Fate and Time, I am weary
Of them that gave thee birth. Shall I love thee?
O darling! Wilt thou come to me in the silence,
Saying: "I bear the mystery of Time,
And the secret of Fate?" I know not yet, but surely
Thou shalt know of the Rose, the Rose, the Rose o' the
World!

With thee shall I bear the chalice of blood-tipped lilies,
The chalice of red, sweet lilies under the moon?
But now there is no moon, nor any sun;
Only the world's gray noon is for thee and me;
There is no sound in the nerveless silences
Of the fading world; there is no quiver of light
On the river of life; we are unwed, my Rose,
Nor knoweth each the other; we are undone,
My Rose, my secret Rose, my unknown Rose.

And still the Autumn woods are rustling dankly
With sodden leaves made brown by wind and rain;
And the satyrs are fled under the earth to hide
From the sunless world, and the nymphs are frozen to
air

To be reborn in the sunlight; there is no more joy,
For mournfulness is fallen on the world,
And decadence, and decay, and the odour of Eld.
The spirit sleeps; the Rose o' the World lies buried

ROSA IGNOTA

Under the soil of every star that glows,
A hanging lamp, under the Firmament:
There shall be no more roses, no more roses . . .
Until the spring of the stars shall fall on the world;
Then shall be light again, O secret Rose,
And thou shalt be born anew, with radiant starlight
For dew, and all thy petals shall be dreams
Crystallised of the gods who swing the wheels
Of the worlds in space; and at the heart of thee
Shall be to secret knowledge, the sacred Word,
The ΛΟΓΟΣ of the throbbing Universe.
And the years shall pass in myriads over the Tree
Whereon thou bloomest, O my rose o' the worlds,
And one shall pluck thee forth; and Love and Death
Shall lie together, and there shall be born
He who shall bear for ever into life
The rose-tipped lilies under the silent stars,
The silent stars, and the new-blushing roses.
O Rose! my Rose o' the World, my Rose of Roses,
Thou shalt be born anew, and live for ever!

XVIII

THE YELLOW SQUARE

DEATH! Death! In the cool green colonnades of time
I pursue thee; thou art fled before me now
In the silence. By the secret door I wait
For a sign of thee; but thou art fled before me

THE EQUINOX

In the mist, and in the sunshine, and the day!
Thou art married to Love, maybe, for Love sits weeping
In my desolate heart, nor know I what can ail him,
Save it be that thou art fled; immortal Love
And mortal Death, and are ye separate still,
Even as I and as the unknown Rose?

Maybe the Rose is Death, and I am Love,
Wed to young Life, and jealous of desire
Of Death! Oh, in the cool green colonnades
I have lingered late, even till the night's slow fall,
And I have heard the dying voices of day,
The market-women's chatter growing faint
In the twilight, and the drovers plodding home
With their heavy beasts; and the dark blue sky and the
stars
Have lingered together there, and stayed with me,
So sunset's hour hath passed before me, slow
Receding on the pathway of the day.

Wherefore still strive when all must end in death?
How shall be freedom when the insistent lover
Shall seize thee at length in sleep, and, ravishing thee,
Bear thee, unknowing, back to the heart of things,
The dim, black centre whence sprang Love and Fire
Who made the world, and made all suns and worlds,
Tearing the thing I now make manifest
From the heart of the silent god? Oh, wherefore strive?

Art thou not still content to die, sweetheart?
Or wilt thou seek me still through all the lives

ROSA IGNOTA

Whose yoke we must bear? And wilt thou break the spell?
But now the murmur comes to me again,
Insistent as the rain upon the thatch,
And the cry of the lonely wind at the blurring pane:
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon
For ever! the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

And now there is no cry to stir the dark,
And the day is faded; there is no more light.
There is no more light, but through the dusky air
The wind-harps play, the strings respond to the winds,
As the droning oceans call to the listening skies;
The hills stand dark and deep in steadfast gloom;
Twilight is slain by the old black, wandering god.
Summer is buried. There is no more light.

But in the breast of the world there stirs again
The flaming heart that is my Rose, my Rose,
My secret Rose, whom but to name, to name,
Is a sacrament upon the altar of Fire:
Oh! yellow Fire! Oh! aureate-petalled Rose!

Because swift Sorrow hath stricken me, I sing
Here in wavering gloom, the sunless deep,
Calling slow dreams from their immortal sleep;
Wakening the murmuring sigh, the spirit's spring—
The bitter pangs of the birth of everything,
Immortal Matter and the wandering Soul.
And they have sought to slay me in the night,
Because I am blind, and hear not the dark wings;
Because I am prisoner in the flesh;
Because I am mortal, O immortal Rose!

THE EQUINOX

XIX

THE BLACK EGG

THE splendid summer splashes on the city
In little leaping lights, the flames of spring;
And the waters of the world and the Underworld
Are stirred by the quickening breath of the unknown
god.

Life, a strong pulse within the heart of Day,
Glows in the western skies; the morning pales
Before the influx of this newer dawn.—

This for the argent dream that stands apart,
The image of Activity unveiled,
The violation of Life by the thorn of Time.

Ah! fever of a strong distempered god,
Stirred into life by the mystery of birth:
Sure and secure is set the secret Way
Through all this endless maze of whirling things.

Ah! let me pierce to the heart, to the heart of the Rose.
I am pale as the Rose: last night came Love to me,
And brushed me with his wing; and I arose,
And stared out from my window into the dark.
There was rain and wind, and the unforgotten cry
Of her who hath striven for ever, and failed at last
For that Life had conquered her. But she came to me,
Crying, "Wilt thou not lend me of thy strength,
And yield thy love to me?" How should I tell
Of this silent thing, this wise debauch of a goddess,
Who hath no way but this to know she lives?

ROSA IGNOTA

She cried: "I bring you wonder from the skies,
And star-lit lilies, and pale, purple roses;
Roses; still roses; still the intoxication
Of the scent of the world; the virgin still unborn
To this riot of life, this sensuous crash of things,
This fulsome fever fretting out her life."

So! It is said! No more may I unveil
The mystery! The way is hidden from me.
I know not; but the aching dream still stays,
Burning me up to death; the cool, strong death,
Even death I shall slay in the cool, strong colonnades:
I shall bear the Rose of life to the heart of death.
And death shall lead me back to the shadowy river,
The murmuring waters shall mock me then no more.
I shall know, and knowing I shall strive again,
Shall ever strive until the petals fall!

There is no way for me, my darling, now,
Save one; the hour is passed, and I have chosen.
I have chosen, and the mellow river calls
Insistently; the darkness grows more deep,
And night more luminous, yielding me her heart.
For I have chosen: it is over now.
We are one for ever, O my secret Rose,
Pale phantom of the vastest god of rest,
His wandering ghost, obsessed by space and time,
Set free, a torment to the rolling worlds.

And Life, a foe for ever more of Time
Springs still, the ghost of No thing. Oh, sweet hour

THE EQUINOX

Of this sweet spring, I hear the call again:
I bear the chalice of lilies under the moon.
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon.

And the blue light is merged into the flame
Unquenchable of matter. We are sunk to sleep
In the clods of earth. . . . and now we have forgotten,
And the moods break upon us as they list
From all the quarters of the lower worlds.
Calling us hither and thither; where, we know not,
We know not, O my silent one, but still
The sorrowfulness of Eld, the romance of sorrow,
Are ours; we are parted, but the search is still
Through all the worlds wherethrough we have ever ranged:
Through all the planes where we have ever sought
The hidden root, and the pale, yellow blossom.
Oh, I must name thee again, my Rose, my Rose.

Through the blue depths of the the skies; in the tumbling
waters;
Midst the antic winds; through the red heart of the fire;
How shall I know thee in the maze of things,
In the monotonous gold of the rolling worlds?

The mage hath seen thee with the eye of fire;
The lover hath known thee in the sea of Air.
The worlds hath hung all trembling on the lyre
That the old god bears still with unwearying hand,
Touching the strings to passionate mortal prayer,
Answering or answering not, immortal still.
Oh, through the maze how can I understand?

ROSA IGNOTA

How can I know thee, O my secret Rose!
In the old enchanted palace of the Will
Still shall I bear the lilies under the moon,
The blood-rimmed lilies under the harvest moon?
But there are no more roses, no more roses,
And the ways stretch out, unending; no god knows
If thou shalt be reborn or late or soon.
O poet of the world! the agony closes
Shall there be no more roses, no more roses
Under the immortal moon?

XX

THE KEY

THE sign of the lover is hidden in vain
From the eyes of the mage, from the sight of the sun:
The laughter of life and the paean of pain,
The chords of the lyre and the answer of one.
The toil of the pilgrim shall never be done;
The love of the lover shall never be over:
The there is no end, ah! no end to the Way,
As there is no end to the love of the lover.
And there is no cry: but some god shall obey,
And there is no toil that shall ever know ending;
And there is no answer to life and to love,
The mystical union unblending and blending.
The pathway is set 'twixt the Eagle and Dove.
Gray world, the petals of the ensanguined Rose
Open at dusk, and with the daylight close,

THE EQUINOX

Because the priest is risen from the sod,
Because he bears the mantle of a god.
The hour has struck at last; henceforth the Way
Is sundered from the sunlight and the day.
No one shall heed my singing; there shall be
—How well I know!—no seer that shall see.
And none shall know the secret thing I write
With speeding pen in the dim candle-light.
Because my Rose is mine, no man shall find
Wherefore I know, that was erewhile so blind;
Nor wherefore, by the light of one dim star,
I see thee here, Lady of the Rose, Istar.

XXI

THE POET SPEAKS

*HERE shall be set the sigil of the sun,
Gray world, soft light, strong wind, and burning day.
I take the arrows cast by Blake away.
And fling them surely at the sacred One.
And the barbed arrow on its way shall run
More swiftly: my swift heart it shall obey:
And it shall hit! And thou no more shalt say
The archer was blind, for the thing that I have done.*

*“Swift might, slow-burning stars, the wavering lyre
Breathes fitfully beneath the moon’s white fire,
In rhythm to the cadence of the sigil
Whose symbols sing, making the night to swoon,
The day to tremble: from my secret vigil
I shall return to meet thee, Love, and soon.*

ROSA IGNOTA

*When for an age of craft-long loveliness
I lay mine head against thy beating heart,
And hear thy bosom throb, and soft sighs start
Through all thy hot young breath, ah! canst thou guess
How the artist longs to frame thy murmured "yes"
In Parian marble, wrought with subtle art
To immortal wonder, so to rend apart
The curtains of the tomb with easy stress?
Ah! wert thou here, sweetheart, I would not sing
These foolish songs. I only turn to rime
When thou art absent; for thine eyes would bring
A light too dazzling for mine eyes; but time,
When thou art from me, surely makes thee live
For ever, from mine arms a fugitive.*

(1)

Red light and mirrored roses! Is the world
A mirror only of life? Is death the thing
Within the heart of life so deeply curled
That only at life's end the thorn can sting?
It may be. Yet I only care to know
The imagery of the most fairest Rose;
So that I dwell where that last Rose doth blow,
I can forget life in the garden-close.
Sweet wind of all the wide world's empery!
Slow-purling streams of pure and fresh delight;
Within thy breath and voices can I see
White flesh, dark eyes, and longing dusky-bright:
I care not any more for death, O life,
Being slain by love with one thrust of the knife!

THE EQUINOX

(II)

I care not though my love hath murdered me
 With one soft touch of her most tender lips;
For dying on her breast, love's face I see:
 Love calls me back from death; my spirit slips
Back to the old forgetfulness, ere I
 Was risen to life's surface, virgin-pure
To tinge my soul with the blueness of the sky,
 The sun's gold, and earth's blacknesses secure.

Wherefore shall I repine that I must fade?
 Shall there not always be immortal roses?
How, losing life then, shall I be afraid
 If at the sunset my tired soul reposes?
Oh, I shall lie on my love's breast for ever,
For we, being dead, shall lose each other never!

(III)

I turn to mortal love; imagining
 Hath made a world that I may wander in;
Where Love sits crowned, a blind and winged thing,
 Winged for delight of roving, blind to sin.
This temple of Desire is pure and white,
 Transparent to the sunlight and the day!
Most deeply calm under the star-lit night:
 Love's lamp guides lonely pilgrims on their way.
My staff hath flowered with love's immortal Rose;
 And I, that long be exommmunicate,
At early noon wait till the gates unclose:
 I loll in the sunshine at the Eastern gate.

ROSA IGNOTA

O love, my love; I make my songs while waiting,
My lips in missing thine but idly prating.

(IV)

For all the glowing panoply of earth
The wingèd god must stand responsible;
The mavis' song, the roses' scent, the mirth
Of spring, the spirit's passion, aping hell.
So I, knowing my love, am girded round
With all the armour of the wanton spring
And her pagan festivals; the swelling ground,
The ripe blue sky, the ever-moving wing
Of birth, have lent me glamour of desire,
And I will go as a god, to mould afresh
With my most inner and supernal fire
A veil for a soul, a veil of soft, white flesh;
Yea! I will mould from out the universe
A new blind angel, with a spirit's curse.

(V)

The hour of love is passed; we lie asleep
Dreaming of love; we wake to love again.
Upon my heart you hide your eyes and weep,
And so I understand, and share your pain.
And when you ask of love I will not speak,
But crush your lips for only answering;
I feel your hot breath on my neck and cheek,
And crush you to my breast, a tender thing.

THE EQUINOX

The livid lightning strikes us, and we fall
 With one last cry into a vast abyss,
And time and space exist there not at all:
 We have encompassed heaven in a kiss.
And for a moment we are gods, immortal,
Stricken to death within the secret portal.

(VI)

In the red dusk of Autumn, when the day
 Died down to night, and lamps were lit, and we
Stared at the flames that made the ceiling gray
 With wavering shadows, sporting eerily,
We lay all naked, talking of the things
 Of the old dim world, when life and art were young;
Of the old bards who lightly touched their strings;
 Who sang of love and life as I have sung.
And then I felt you kiss me as I roved
 Back to the brightness of the world of old;
And so the past grew dearer, as I loved
 And loved you more: the path grew ever gold,
Merging at last into the golden light
Of the Golden Age: we were re-born that night.

(VII)

More sombrely the secret summer broods
 Upon the world; there is no sense of green
—In all the listening, virgin solitudes
 Of the spirit—that is not stirred; ah, love! we lean

ROSA IGNOTA

Over the brink of the world to cull fresh roses;
Roses, still roses, myriad roses bloom
In the silence. Oh! the world's great Rose uncloses
Her petals still, to the Nothingness of doom.

Last Rose! Last love! Last night thou camest to me,
A silver dream under a sapphire sky;
The winds of the world ran ever and ever through me,
Until, at last, the end: then did I lie
In dream, and dream that made mine eyes unclose,
And so I lost thee, O immortal Rose.

(VIII)

I swing a censer in a temple of fire;
I chant slow mantrams to a holy Name;
I fall in swoon unstained by earth's gray mire,
Being wrapped about in a sheet of scarlet flame.
Lo! through the fire the mantram comes to me,
Shouted by the world in chorus, and I lie
In utter rapture; the virginity
Of the inmost Light, that knows not how to die.

Oh, cast thy mantle over me! I am taken
By the goddess! Sprinkle water on my head,
Lest I in rapture care not to awaken,
Knowing the utter glory of the dead.
Oh! I am back, wet-eyed, with panting breath:
I have seen the nuptials of Desire and Death!

(IX)

There are no mortal songs that shall avail
To bring the Mystery into the mind

THE EQUINOX

Of him who hath not been behind the veil,
 Who, having ears, is deaf; and eyes, is blind.
Yet, wherefore do I know not, I must sing,
 Being of them to whom the Song is given:
My only gift in reverent love I bring
 Before the bowl is shattered, and is riven
The chord that binds the spirit to the flesh:
 I sing because the notes have sought so long,
And found at last one soul serene and fresh
 To bear the burden of eternal song.
So for this hour of song I have tuned my lyre
Unto the Rose of the Immortal Fire.

(X)

When I am faded into nothingness,
 And thou of whom I sing art earth and dust;
And when the soul I bear for my distress
 Is faded in the sun; when love and lust
Are nothing to us, dear—my songs shall tell
 Of all thou wast to those who knew not thee:
In the immortal groves of asphodel,
 They shall seek, drawn onwards by my melody.

There shall be no more songs for us, I know,
 When at the last my throbbing lyre reposes
In endless sleep; yet one last rose shall blow
 Upon our graves, one rose, one Rose of roses.
“Out of his heart a rose, from hers a briar.”
O Love! my flame-flower of immortal fire!

ROSA IGNOTA

(XI)

I gaze into the calm, cool eyes of death;
I seize him gladly by his strong, calm hand;
I hear him murmur, underneath his breath,
Thou knowest me; dost thou not understand?
Thou hast sought Love; he hath eluded thee
In the shadows; live hath worn thy soul away;
Wilt thou not dwell in endless rest with me,
No more deceived by hope, nor burned by day?
Wherefore delay? My love is calm and sure,
Not passionate, but certain of its end;
Wilt thou not come—and gladly? I can cure
Alone the weariness of time, O friend.
I shall not weary of thee; thou shalt sleep
For ever on my breast, nor wake, nor weep.

(XII)

Still must I sing of thee? O Fate, delaying
The last reward of unremitting toil,
Give me the cup I crave! How shall my praying
Avail me? For alas! I've neither oil,
Nor wine, nor grape, nor corn, nor anything
That may palliate thee! One only thing is mine,
And that is but a sweet and bitter thing,
Rarer than grape, or corn, or oil, or wine.
I may not speak it. Yet my tongue still mutters
Cravingly, eagerly, oh! desperately.
What is the thing that still my glad mouth utters?
I may not say it, Darling, even to thee:

THE EQUINOX

Thou that hast granted heaven in a kiss.
O Darling, need I tell thee what is this?

(XIII)

I linger happily by the muddy river,
Watching the lights, the dappled waters shine
Under them, and the little leaves that quiver
Along the dull green waters' broken line.
And thou art there still mirrored; thou art calling
Through the trees, and through the clouds, and through
the rain;
In reverie I wander: oh, enthralling,
To see thee mirrored in my poet's pain!
O mariner! What wayward, rock-bound stream
Is this? Past what immemorable town
Of fable blows it? What forgotten dream
Evokes this image—rill and moor and down,
And a far shore where, under a rainy moon,
Are nuptials, and a feasting, and a swoon?

(XIV)

For art's sake let there be no more delaying;
Since we have found Love, with him let us linger:
Upon our hearts new chords he'll still be playing—
Upon what secret strings shall stray his finger?
We talk so foolishly of love! We lie
Lip unto lip, heart pressed to beating breast
All too oblivious of the hours that fly
For ever onward to eternal rest.

ROSA IGNOTA

Oh, shall they be renewed, those sacred hours?
Or shall the jealous gods our love destroy,
Being jealous that with only mortal powers
We have dared to steal their own immortal joy?
Yet, for each hour that we have stolen, give
An aeon of the life the high gods live!

XXII

IN THE END

FROM bud to bud the butterfly of thought
Hovers; around the red Rose of the Will
He lingers, seeking for the honey wrought
In its golden heart; the long hours linger still
In silent sweetness, and from flower to flower
He brings desire of love from hour to hour.

The song is sung; the way is sharply set
Under dim willowy woods; the thing is done:
For me no more to linger or regret;
Fulfilment comes, in sight of day and sun.
From night's dense darkness let the spark be struck,
With life for candle, and with love for luck.

Green Night, the virgin mother of my song,
Green Youth, the sire of all my songs; let be:
It may befall I shall not linger long
Under the daylight's golden empery;
In light and dark still shall the silent river
Bear on my soul, my soul shall bear for ever.

THE EQUINOX

The dusk is fallen; there is no more green;
The day is past, and love and life are fled:
Out from my window in the night I lean
To hear the waiting ghosts of hours long dead.
But, being dead, they dwell at rest in me,
Turned into song by love's strange alchemy.

Wherefore I sing of things long past and dead;
Wherefore I murmur foolishly in sleep;
The old, old pain still throbbing through my head
In dreams of desert valleys, mountains steep,
With winding paths; hot suns and scorching plains.
There is a fire unquenched within my brains.

Because I sing in unknown cadences,
Because I strive so hotly to recall
Some murmur I have heard on sunken seas,
Some vision I have seen beyond the wall,
Now sombrely I await the secret rime,
Known of the poet—and the Ghost of Time!

And so before the bloom has left the Rose,
While life's strong youth is surging through me still,
I end the songs here wrought; the loves and woes
Of old dead lives and lovers and their ill—
Because a poet's curse I bear away,
My payment for the vision of the day.

Because my heart is as a ten-stringed lyre,
I cannot still the music of my mouth;
Because my tongue is wrought of molten fire,
I cannot quench my spirit's ceaseless drouth:

ROSA IGNOTA

Till the gods grant me sleep I drink and drink
Immortal dew: I am drunken on the brink. . . .

So may I fall into the shadowy sea
That surges under my unsteady feet;
Already has the morning fled from me,
And the stars call, and they are madly sweet
With some lost vision that I know not of:
It is not Death; I think it is not Love.

For I have tasted death and love, and these
Shall not suffice; for love and death are one;
In all the secret star-wrought harmonies,
By married death and love is man undone.
There is some secret thing I wot not of;
It is not death; I know it is not love.

So do my songs end here; the hour is fled,
And there are no more roses; I am fain
To cease from singing. Wait! the hour is sped,
My songs are turning into dreams again.
Oh! now the hour is dead, and I am fain
Awake life's young song back to soul again!

THE EPILOGUE

SHALL they avail, O wind,
The things that I have heard?
Because I am utterly blind,
Did I hear the wings that whirred?

THE EQUINOX

Even as flutters a bird,
I fluttered: before and behind
Thundered the secret Word
Into mine ears. I have pined

Because the Word was unkind;
But now the spirit hath stirred.
I sought not, yet did I find,
For the wonderful thing occurred.

Though I be blind, shall I gird
Because I see not? The gods bind
Mine eyes. But I heard! I heard!
Shall it avail, O wind?

EXPLICIT OPUSCULUM

NONDUM

FINIS

THE GAME OF CROWLEY

[IT is claimed for this game that it is simpler and more exciting than baccarat, and the author conceives that by its invention he confers a boon on humanity not less than that of the steam-engine.]

The game of Crowley is played by any number of players, one acting as banker.

An ordinary pack of cards is used, their value being as in Bridge. Ace of hearts highest, deuce of spades lowest (thus deuce of clubs beats ace of spades, deuce of diamonds ace of clubs, and so on).

The cards are shuffled by any player who claims the right to do so, and cut to the banker by the player on his right.

Every player except the banker stakes a sovereign (or other unit agreed upon).

The banker deals a card¹ in rotation to each player, face upwards. The pool goes to the player with the highest card.

The player with the lowest card has the privilege of "challenging," by putting up the amount of the pool. He and the winner then each draw a card. Highest card (of the four) again wins. Any pair, however, beats any other combination, and in the case of equal pairs, the pair containing a

¹ A "shoe" may be used.

THE EQUINOX

heart wins.

The loser has again the right to challenge by putting up the amount of the increased pool, a third card being drawn and the hands finally decided on the above principle.

[Example: Deuce of Hearts, Deuce of Spades and Three of Spades beat Deuce of Diamonds, Deuce of Clubs and Ace of Hearts.]

The banker's advantage is in getting the first card free, but if he challenge he must put up the amount of the pool.

If the player with the lowest card fail to challenge, his right passes to the player with the next lowest card, and so on, till every one has had his opportunity. This rule applies even to the second challenge, the new challenger taking two cards on putting up the pool.

BOO TO BUDDHA

SO it is eighteen years,
 Helena, since we met!
A season so endears,
 Nor you nor I forget
The fresh young faces that once clove
In that most fiery dawn of love.
We wandered to and fro,
 Who knew not how to woo,
Those eighteen years ago,
 Sweetheart, when I and you
Exchanged high vows in heaven's sight
That scarce survived a summer's night.
What scourge smote from the stars?
 What madness from the moon?
That night we broke the bars
 Was quintessential June,
When you and I beneath the trees
Bartered our bold virginities.
Eighteen—years, months, or hours?
 Time is a tyrant's toy!
Eternal are the flowers!
 We are but girl and boy
Yet—since love leapt as swift to-night
As it had never left the light!

THE EQUINOX

For fiercer from the South
 Still flames your cruel hair,
And Trojan Helen's mouth
 Still not so ripe and rare
As Helena's—nor love nor youth
So leaps with lust or thrills with truth.

Helena, still we hold
 Flesh firmer, still we mix
Black hair with hair as gold.
 Life has but served to fix
Our hearts; love lingers on the tongue,
And who loves once is always young.

The stars are still the same;
 The changeful moon endures;
Come without fear or shame,
 And draw my mouth to yours!
Youth fails, however flesh be fain;
Manhood and womanhood attain.

Life is a string of pearls,
 And you the first I strung.
You left—first flower of girls!—
 Life lyric on my tongue,
An indefatigable dance,
An inexhaustible romance!

Blush of love's dawn, bright bud
 That bloomed for my delight,
First blossom of my blood,
 Burn in that blood to-night!

BOO TO BUDDHA!

Helena, Helena, fiercely fresh,
Your flesh flies fervent to my flesh.

What sage can dare impugn
Man's immortality?
Our godhead swims, immune
From death and destiny.
Ignored the bubble in the flow
Of love eighteen short years ago!

Time—I embrace all time
As my arm rings your waist.
Space—you surpass, sublime,
As, taking me, we taste
Omnipotence, sense slaying sense,
Soul slaying soul, omniscience.

CROWLEY POOL

[THIS pool will be found superior to the “Calcutta Sweep” usually held on steamers.]

1. A pack of cards is shuffled, cut, and sealed up by the purser, or other disinterested party.
2. Tickets are bought, and numbers drawn as usual.
3. The numbers from “Low Field” to “High Field” are sold by auction as usual, half the price going to the original drawer, half being added to the pool.
4. The ship’s run is declared, and the winner has a temporary claim on the pool.
5. The purser now takes the sealed pack of cards and deals them one by one face upward, until he has dealt five plain cards.

The sum of the pips on these five cards is the amount of the pool in sovereigns, or, *if the amount of the pool already exceed that amount*, in sums of £2. [Thus, if 5 Spades, 2 Clubs, 10 Hearts, 3 Clubs, 8 Diamonds turn up, the winner takes (5 + 2 + 10 + 3 + 8) £28. If there be already more than £28 in the pool, the amount will be £56, and so on. There must always be a *deficit*.]

6. If these 5 plain cards come out without interruption from Court Cards, the winner of the run takes the pool. But any red court card shifts the sum higher, any black court card lower. Aces 4, Kings 3, Queens 2, Knaves 1. [*E.g.*, Let the

CROWLEY POOL

ship's run be 566 miles. The holder of 566, if 5 plain cards turn up consecutively, wins. But suppose among the 5 plain cards are drawn Ace Hearts, King Clubs, Queen Hearts, Knave Hearts, Ace Spades, Knave Spades—

After	Ace Hearts	(566 + 4 =)	570	wins.
„	King Clubs	(570 - 3 =)	567	„
„	Queen Hearts	(567 + 2 =)	569	„
„	Knave Hearts	(569 + 1 =)	570	„
„	Ace Spades	(570 - 4 =)	566	„
„	Knave Spades	(566 - 1 =)	565	„

Thus, until the fall of the fifth plain card, no one knows either the winner or the amount of the pool.]

7. The holders of the remaining tickets (except the original winner of the run, who is free) make up the deficit of the pool in equal proportions. [Thus, if there be ten numbered tickets (564-573) besides High and low Fields, and 565 wins the pool and 566 the run, there will be 10 tickets liable. And if there were £61 from the deal of the original tickets and auction of numbers, and the five plain cards totalled 44, there would be £88 - £61 = £27 to make up, a call of £2 14s. per head on the ticket-holders.]

HYMN TO SATAN

I ADORE Thee, King of Evil,
By the body Thou hast fashioned
In the likeness of a devil.

By its purity impassioned
I adore Thee, King of Evil!

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice,
By the soul that Thou hast moulded
Lovely as a lily-chalice

To the sombre sun unfolded.
I adore Thee, Lord of Malice!

By its thirst, the cruel craving
For things infinite, unheard-of,
Dreams devouring and depraving,
Songs no God may guess a word of,
Songs of crime and songs of craving—

By the drear eyes of the devil
Bleak and sterile as they glitter
I adore Thee, King of Evil,
With these lips, as dry and bitter
As the drear eyes of the devil!

I adore Thee, I invoke Thee,
I abase myself before Thee,
By the spells that once awoke thee
Lust of Chaos I adore Thee,
I adore Thee, I invoke Thee!

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM

OUT from the windswept hollows of the Tomb
Into the Night,—
Impenetrable gloom
Folding me in from sound and sense and sight;
No Light,
Save from that leprous orb men call the Moon,
Whose rune
Spells Death and Madness:
Like to a blinded babe from out the womb,
Like a dishevelled ghost before the tomb,
I wandered, seeking for my Self, the DOOM
Of ANCIENT DAYS was on me.

Not a star
Swam in the heavens,—but aloft, afar,
One Meteor
Rolled like a great gold goblet through the sky,
Spilling strange dreams.
Strange dreams that ever flow, yet flow amiss
The while a slow voice whispers: “This, perchance then THIS!”
Yet never comes the *right* one.

Time is ended.
Time and Eternity with Fate have blended

THE EQUINOX

Mine awful Destiny:—

“To watch for ever.

For ever watch, nor see the blind endeavour
Of battling with the soul that wills Eclipse.

“Ever to know.

And yet to know not ever

The thing that irks thee most, how to dis sever
Thy Self from the blind wraith that watches thee.

“The deed undone, that is before thee ever!

There is NO TIME, thou canst forget it never,

The Thing Undone is as the Thing Before.

An endless chain, they stretch before thee, ever
Mocking thy soul with purblind hopes that shiver
As salt sea-spray on ice-bound rocks beneath.

“LAUGH! For I bid thee laugh.

I bid thee mangle

These unborn babes of thine,

These hopes that dangle

Like fond frail lilies o’er a lost lagoon:

Witch-tress of innocence it sure would tangle

In subtler mesh than those strange weeds that strangle

Lost swimmers in the foul Sargasso Sea!”

I shut me up. I builded me a Tower

To hide me from the laughter of the world.

I said: “They shall not lure me from my bower

To where their love, a lecherous snake, is curled:

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM

A Basilisk-snake that plays upon the sward
Writhing in slow obedience to its lord.

“What if the Day be long, the night be cheerless?
Is not an universe within my brain?
Is not the high will strong, the strong will fearless?
All I have built, shall I not build again?
Some other Universe where All is One.
Where ONE is ALL I am, and I AM—NONE!

“Words! ’Tis ever words, and I am stranded
With words, and tangled skeins of Things to Be.
Each word denies a word, and all are branded
Within my brain, and I must strive to see
The subtly sneering forms, the leering faces
Of words each word calls up. For me, NO GRACE is.”

ETHEL ARCHER.

DEAD WEIGHT

IT is with the deepest feeling that we record the passing over of our less disciple than colleague, less colleague than bosom friend, the aged saint known on earth as Arthur Edward Waite. "The disciple whom Crowley loved," they called him, and Crowley himself never gave the lie to the tender nickname by forgetting the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

However, all that is over now. The beloved disciple, full of age and saintliness, is gone to his reward.

The story of his life has already been told, though, alas! inadequately, in the *Equinox* and in *Who's Who*, but no list of his achievements is given even in *What's What*, or *What Swat*, as we used affectionately to call our premier book of reference. *The Witches' Switch* has only a passing allusion.

The career of Arthur Edward Waite was largely determined by his father's fine perception.¹ "Ned, my lad," said he when the future saint was barely six years of age, "brains are not your long suit, I can see. But it doesn't matter. If you can't be wise, look wise!" These words sank deeply into the mind of the future saint, and only two days later, when his father handed him a work on the Integral Calculus, he looked through it in a steady professional manner, going backwards and forwards several times, knitting his brows, nodding his head and muttering, "H'm! ingenious,"

[¹ Also, of course, by Karma.—Ed.]

THE EQUINOX

now and again. He then closed the volume with a snap, and said in a tone of infinite finality: “Inferentially inadequate data machicholated cerebrothoracically.”

“By jingo!” replied his father, “but you’re IT!”

In this position there was only one weak point. There are people who understand the Integral Calculus, and there are people capable of disentangling words and sentences. Or rather, at that time, that was so. The art of darkening counsel was in its infancy. The future saint was predestined to change all that.

Arthur were wise, therefore, to find, if possible, a science so abstruse and venerable that no one at all understood it, and whose most respected authors wrote in an indecipherable cryptogram. Such a science was found for little Arthur (the future saint!) in Alchemy.

To establish a reputation was the work of a moment. To be “editor” of Paracelsus, Trithemius, Flamel, Eugenius Philalethes, Ripley, Starkey, Sendivogius, Basil Valentine, and a dozen others is a splendid position in the world of humane letters. To achieve this: obtain copies of their works, and forward carriage paid to a printer, with the remark—worthy of Julius Caesar at his tersest—‘Reprint!’

Would God it had stopped there! But (remember!) the future saint wasn’t wise, he was only “looking wise,” and he made a terrible mistake by accepting a few shillings—all too few!—to whitewash Dr. Wynn Westcott (and English Freemasons generally) in the Diana Vaughan affair.

He corresponded with learned professors from Leipzig to Vladivostock; he bombarded Indian Lieutenant-Governors with long strings of questions: “Did you ever know any one

DEAD WEIGHT

called Ramaswamy¹ in Madras?" and the like; in short, he turned the world upside down to produce laboured disproof of the statements—themselves impossible in nature—of a Paris penny dreadful of the class of *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick*.

Relentlessly does he demolish his adversary. If Camden is spent Campden (which might happen to the best of French authors) he shrieks [*sic!* ! !]. Many other remarks of the future saint display a lack of any sense of proportion or humour which was deplorable, and, by his best friends, deplored.

It was also unfortunate in a way that a book purporting to deal exhaustively with the inmost cabinet secrets of high-grade Freemasonry should be written by one who was not even a craft Mason.

The² result was that Dr. Wynn Westcott having been made to swear by all his gods that he was *not* Consulting Chemist to the British Government Underground Secret Poison Factory at Gibraltar, and that he had never received at his house a lady whom everybody but himself and the future saint (for in the whirligigs and revenges and, so to speak, *Cochons Volants* of time such was to be!) knew to be the absinthe or galette-begotten image in the mind of a French fumiste who had never in his brightest hours hoped to be taken seriously by as much as a rag-picker—people began to wonder what was the truth beneath the stories which Westcott was at such pains to deny.

¹ Waite quotes the commonest name in all South India as if it were something too fantastic for belief.

² Please make paragraph read clearly.—Printer's Reader. Heaven forgive you!—Ed. Can't you see that I'm trying to write like Waite?—A.Q.

THE EQUINOX

However, the honour of British Professional Men was (once again) vindicated, chiefly because nobody to speak of saw either attack or defence, and the future saint (for so, strangely enough, had Fate decreed!) had his reward, and was initiated in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.

The future saint (far indeed from saintship at this time—but the ways of Providence are indeed wondrous!) knew that there was an inner order, but had no idea of its name; he only noticed that he was not invited to enter it. So, to pass the time, he wrote his *Real History of the Rosicrucians*, in which he proved conclusively that there were no Rosicrucians and never had been, and that if any moderns claimed to be Rosicrucians there was “that difference between their assertion and the facts of the case in which the essence of a lie consists.” No sooner had he published these remarks (amid general applause) than it was gently broken to the future saint that the liars he had been denouncing were his own occult chiefs, of whom he had been writing (elsewhere) in language which out-Mahatmaed the most eloquent-mysterious Theosophists, and left the sectaries of the Saviour high and dry. A *gaffe* of this sort would have daunted some; not so the future saint (for to this had the Moirae foreordained him!) He produced *Azoth; or the Star in the East*, a pompous rigmarole of God knows how many hundred mortal pages in folio. Like the Absolute, it had neither beginning nor end. Any sentence, if rent sufficiently by expert analysis, revealed either platitudinous banality, a puppet dressed in the rags of mediaeval diction, or refused to be interpreted at all. This was the high-water mark of the future saint’s “success” in this evil path; he bought a frock-coat, and has slept in it ever

DEAD WEIGHT

since. He had wished to go down to posterity as the modern Fludd—and would have done so, only this time there were not eight persons saved.

However, this was not the worst. The future saint (as it was written that he should become!) made incursions upon Magic, with the unhappiest results. Fundamentally incompetent to apprehend the very nature of the question, and utterly incapable of humour, the ingenious Lévi pulled his leg to the limit. The future saint¹ could see only contradictions in the profundities of the master, and in complaining that Lévi was always “stultifying himself” (when he was merely indulging the irony of which he was one of the most brilliant exponents that have ever lived), branded *stultus*, *stultior*, *stultissimus* upon his own marmorean brow.

He could not even be trusted with a text. His *Book of Black Magic and of Pacts* was not only a monument of misunderstanding, but of garbling and mutilation; nor did the future saint¹ improve matters by the dishonest trick of reissuing the volume as the *Book of Ceremonial Magic*, or *Book of Magic*, when he tried to make a market in the more benighted agricultural districts of England.

His method of throwing mud at masters naturally resulted in the gate of every occult sanctuary being slammed in his face. The future saint¹ obtained admission (it is true) to the pseudo-Rosicrucian order of Mathers, but on that order passing, as it did for a week or so, into the control of an honest man, that honest man's first act was to expel the aforesaid Waite with ignominy. Thus excluded, the future saint¹ could find no better device than to proclaim himself its head. With-

¹ As will presently appear, he became such. *Gloria Crowleiae!*

THE EQUINOX

out warrant or charter of any kind he extracted guineas from would-be “Rosicrucians” of the servant-girl type of intellect.

True to the same policy, he next declared himself possessed of numberless degrees of Masonry, and accordingly issued two portentous volumes on the subject, volumes which betray prejudice and ignorance so nicely balanced that it is next to impossible to determine which is the inspiration in any particular passage, especially as the sentences are themselves couched in the sham mediaeval jargon with which his name has always been associated. His gradual gravitation towards Catholicism has been attributed to the receipt of a subsidy from the Society of Jesus; but this is a calumny upon the shrewdness of the fathers who, glad enough to employ a clever scoundrel like Booth—or somebody else beginning with a B—would hesitate to waste an obolus on such a literary sausage-seller.¹

The love of obscurantism and mummery is sufficient explanation; to use Latin for English, Greek for Latin, Hebrew for Greek, was the key of his whole literary method of vain forms of observance, of meaningless archaisms and affectations. Your priest does not know why he does so and so any more than your freemason (I have yet to meet an English freemason who knows that the word freemason means, or how it should be spelt) knows why he wears an apron. It is tradition, and the Word of God is thereby made of none effect. But Waite was not content with this. He would take an intelligible living English word and meta-grabolize it deliberately that he might appear pontifical.

¹ In actual life he sold Horlick’s Malted Milk, but was for all practical purposes a T—totaller.

DEAD WEIGHT

Waite would write “Placental amniotes, ultra, *φομετικω* vobis, conuterinian masculines” for St. Paul’s “Men and brethern” even in his calmest moments. And while correcting the proofs he would put in some more hints about the Sanctuary he belonged to, the fact being that his only teacher was an ex-Cantab, named Humphreys, who had at one time been tolerated by Crowley in order to analyze the soul (if any) of the kind of man who fills his rooms with the portraits of “actresses” whom he has never seen, and boasts of their devotion to him.

His only other guide appears to have been a solicitor of the kind that writes you terrible threatening letters, and on being told rudely to do that the Oldest Inhabitant of the Northumbrian Capital actually did (as we are incredibly informed) retires into the Pleroma, and confines his activities to sneaking attacks on you without mentioning your name.

Well, he reached the age of 40 years, and his very sycophants could hardly have called him a physician.

It was not many years after that, like Nicodemus, he came to Crowley secretly by night, and pleaded for initiation. Crowley was moved by his tears, and promised never to divulge the nature of the interview while Waite lived, for it was truly a pitiable thing to see one who had advertised himself as a Master clasping the feet of a man twenty years younger than himself, and begging for the very initiation of which he had boasted himself the dispenser.

It was impossible for Crowley to grant this request; the Dweller on the Threshold would have found Waite scarce a caper in her daily mayonnaise. Initiation for Waite would have meant madness, and the cold portals of the tomb, for

THE EQUINOX

one, to follow. It is no use “looking wise” when there is an Abramelin demon gnawing you below the belt, or burbling about the Sanctuary when the Goat of Mendes is threatening you with a 70 h.p. six cylinder, four-speed, gnarled clyster.

All night Waite stayed, and begged; it was in vain. The Master was not to be moved from a resolution both wise and kind. He, however, promised to acknowledge Waite openly as his disciple on condition of good behaviour for the future. It is with pleasure indeed that we record that Waite’s lapses have been comparatively few. Waite was no Crippen, be it understood. If Crowley teasingly called him “old lag” in friendly converse round the office fire, too strict a significance, too vital an importance, may easily be attached to the phrase. Crowley may only have been referring to the number of his incarnations. Or some secret meaning may lie hidden in the term. It was at least the fact that Waite was inclined to writhe under its application. So he did when any one said “you and Westcott,” or “you and Wilmshurst”; but this was obviously a reference to his early errors, the reopening of an old wound. Still more so Crowley’s habitual recitation from Blake—

“Steiger, Steiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand and eye
Framed thy fearful syntax?”

And he positively hated to be call “pot of basil,” or even “Columbus.”

He also disliked puns on his name and allusions to his personal appearance—his close resemblance to the excellent foreman printer at the Ballantyne Press was a constant source of irritation—also to his style of dress, which proven in-

DEAD WEIGHT

eradicable; and he used to wince when his familiars called him “Art,” as it revived the story of Crowley’s epigram on his work, as *Art for Art’s Sake*. Again, he objected to references to the “wait-a-bit” thorn in connection with occult style and subject, so that he took what was really quite an unreasonable dislike to Fra. S. P. merely because that worthiest of men had spend some years in Africa.

However, these were small blemishes on a beautiful character. Having given up trying to look wise, he began to be wise; and he never forgot that the fear of Crowley is the beginning of wisdom. To the end he combined an intensity of holy awe with a kind of timid audacity of reverential love for the Master, to which the latter responded with the most gracious condescension, mingled with that peculiar affection which one feels for an old and worthless dog belonging to somebody else. It was an unique and altogether idyllic relation. His motto, “Fides, spes, caritas sunt virtutes ab omnibus Christianis diligendae” had to be shortened for convenience’ sake to “Fides,” or, more usually, “Fido”; and it was excessively touching to hear the caressing austerity of the tones of the Master when he had occasion to address him.

So, calm and even, passed the autumn of his life. It is now a painful duty to record the passing.

Subject from youth to chronic capitis,¹ its attacks had diminished both in frequency and severity under the wise and patient treatment of the Master; but they still occasionally recurred.

The shocking accident which resulted in the death of the

¹ He had also chronic diffuse meningo-encephalitis, but only on the astral plane.

THE EQUINOX

aged saint was due directly to an access of this malady, whose peculiar danger is that the patient tends to seek relief in the very things which have caused the trouble. Poor Waite was reaching up to a bookshelf in the library of his seat at South Ealing for a copy of his *Strange Houses of Sleep* when his aged but saintly legs gave way. The aged saint clutched at the bookshelf for support, and a copy of *Azoth* fell, and narrowly missing the inflamed organ, struck the nobler portions of his body, bruising both great toes severely.

So critical did the condition of the aged saint become that Sir Coote O. Key Coote was called in, and found himself obliged to resort to amputation, for unluckily a friend of the aged saint had been offered a copy of *Paracelsus* for 3s. 8d., and mortification had set in.

The operation was fortunately a complete success, and the physicians announced that their distinguished patient might very well live for another four-and-twenty hours. The aged saint's one desire was of course to see Crowley, to offer the last homage, to confess his ingratitude for the benefits with which the Master had loaded him, and to receive the final benediction.

Needless to say Crowley responded to the call. To an explorer of the Himalayas the perils of a journey to South Ealing are as nothing: had they been everything, he would still have come.

It was half a day later that the writer arrived, owing to his Daimler backfiring, missing a dead-centre, and eventually trying to climb a tree on Clapham Common.

After being announced, he was ushered into the death-

DEAD WEIGHT

chamber. The dying saint, his head safe in the arms of Crowley, safe on his gentle breast, whose tears mingled with his own, strove hard against the approach of the Grim Reaper. Dr. Wynn Westcott was in a corner sharpening (in the worst of taste) his knives for the inevitable post-mortem on the dying saint.

Mr. Wilmshurst was reading through the will in which the dying saint had left everything to Lady S——, and could find no flaw, though he had drawn it up himself. Mr. Battiscombe Gunn was rapidly revising the funeral arrangements of the dying saint, which he proposed to found on some unedited documents of the Second Dynasty, which showed conclusively that the sacred lotus was in reality a corset, and the Weapon of Men Thu a button-hook.

Neuburg was improvising (for soothing of the last moments of the dying saint) a crooning lay to the tune (and the words, *mutato mutando*) of

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,”

the bass accompaniment being an obbligato by Wilfred Merton. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes (to the horror of Ada Lake-man and Col. Gormley) was reading Morrison’s *Red Triangle* to conceal his emotion. Mr. Austin Harrison, Veli Bey, Madame Strindberg, the Editor of the *Equinox*, and some others, were avoidably absent from the death-bed of the dying saint.

Transfusion of blood having been suggested, Crowley readily lent himself to the operation, Neuburg thoughtfully changing to “There is a fountain.”

But the physicians had made a fatal error. Blood was

THE EQUINOX

altogether too strong for a circulation which even in its most robust days had been supplied solely by Horlick's Malted Milk: only the kind of ink they use in France could have saved the dying saint, for no other ichor could have mingled freely with the liquor of his veins. Thrombonosis supervened; with one last gasp of "Rabboni, that is to say, Master!" the dying saint clenched his moribund grasp on Crowley's neck; the word "periphrasticalism" burst rather than sobbed from his labia, and the thanatogenous hagiocratist halated his ultimate.

Neuburg, as one inspired, uttered his *Morte d'Arthur*.

Poor old Waite is gone to hell.
He will soon begin to smell:
We must meddle with him, *statim*.¹
Let us not incinerate him!
Let us not be anthropophagous!
Let us build him a sarcophagus
Let us bury him in state
Worthy of our wobled² Waite!
Find a weed whose tangled mazes
May metaphorize his phrases,
Find a bunch of camomile
Fit to represent his style,
Waxen flowers to symbolize
His archaicologies,
Dandelions as a chrism
Of his dole of euphemism

[¹ Did he mean *passim*?—Ed.]

² Cf. *Hamlet*, "mobled queen." Wobled is part mobled, part noble, and party wobbly.

DEAD WEIGHT

Mangroves for the intervening
Lucid intervals of meaning
When we saw the modern Fludd
Merely a malarious mud.

Woe is me! I fear death's darticles
Close our "Quiller's" brilliant articles.
Requiesces Waite in pace,
—Gone thine occupation, A. C.!

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

(LA CLEF DES GRANDS MYSTÈRES)

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

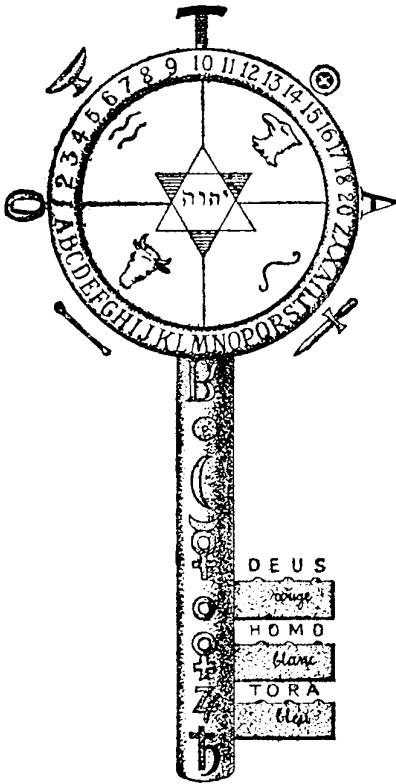
THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

ACCORDING TO
ENOCH, ABRAHAM, HERMES TRISMEGISTUS
AND SOLOMON

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ALEISTER CROWLEY



“Religion says:—‘Believe and you will understand.’ Science comes to say to you:—‘Understand and you will believe.’

“At that moment the whole of science will change front; the spirit, so long dethroned and forgotten, will take its ancient place; it will be demonstrated that the old traditions are all true, that the whole of paganism is only a system of corrupted and misplaced truths, that it is sufficient to cleanse them, so to say, and to put them back again in their place, to see them shine with all their rays. In a word, all ideas will change, and since on all sides a multitude of the elect cry in concert, ‘Come, Lord, come!’ why should you blame the men who throw themselves forward into that majestic future, and pride themselves on having foreseen it?”

(J. De Maistre, *Soirées de
St. Petersbourg.*)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

IN the biographical and critical essay which Mr. Waite prefixes to his *Mysteries of Magic* he says: "A word must be added of the method of this digest, which claims to be something more than translation and has been infinitely more laborious. I believe it to be in all respects faithful, and where it has been necessary or possible for it to be literal, there also it is invariably literal."

We agree that it is either more or less than translation, and the following examples selected at hazard in the course of half-an-hour will enable the reader to judge whether Mr. Waite is acquainted with either French or English:

"Gentilhomme"—"Gentleman."

"The nameless vice which was reproached *against* the Templars."

"Certaines circonstances ridicules et un procès en escroquerie"—"Certain ridiculous processes and a swindling lawsuit."

"Se mêle de dogmatiser"—"Meddles with dogmatism."

"La vie pour lui suffisait à l'expiation des plus grands crimes, puis qu'elle était la consequence d'un arrêt de mort"—"According to him life was sufficient for the greatest crimes, since *these* were the result of a death sentence."

"Vos meilleurs amis ont dû concevoir des inquiétudes"—"Your best friends have been reasonably anxious." (The mistranslation here turns the speech into an insult.)

THE EQUINOX

“Sacro-sainte”—“Sacred and saintly.”

“Auriculaire”—“Index.”

“N’avez vous pas obtenu tout ce que vous demandiez, et plus que vous ne demandiez, car vous ne m’aviez pas parlé d’argent?”—“Have you not had all and more than you wanted, and there has been no question of remuneration?” (This mistranslation makes nonsense of the whole passage.)

“Eliphas n’était pas à la question”—“Eliphas was not under cross-examination.”

“Mauvais plaisant”—“Vicious jester.”

“Si vous n’aviez pas . . . vous deviendriez”—“If you have not . . . you may become.” (This mistranslation turns a compliment into an insult.)

“An awful and ineffaceable tableaux.”

“Peripeties”—“Circumstances.”

“Il avait fait partie du clerge de Saint Germain l’Auxerrois”—“He was of the Society of St. Germain l’Auxerrois.”

“Bruit de tempete”—“Stormy sound.”

We are obliged to mention this matter, as Mr. Waite (by persistent self-assertion) has obtained the reputation of being trustworthy as an editor. On the contrary, he not only mutilates and distorts his authors, but, as demonstrated above, he is totally incapable of understanding their simplest phrases and even their commonest words.

INTRODUCTION

THIS volume represents the high-water mark of the thought of Eliphas Levi. It may be regarded as written by him as his Thesis for the Grade of Exempt Adept, just as his *Ritual and Dogma* was his Thesis for the grade of a Major Adept. He is, in fact, no longer talking of things as if their sense was fixed and universal. He is beginning to see something of the contradiction inherent in the nature of things, or at any rate, he constantly illustrates the fact that the planes are to be kept separate for practical purposes, although in the final analysis they turn out to be one. This, and the extraordinarily subtle and delicate irony of which Eliphas Levi is one of the greatest masters that has ever lived, have baffled the pedantry and stupidity of such commentators as Waite. English has hardly a word to express the mental condition of such unfortunates. *Dummheit*, in its strongest German sense, is about the nearest thing to it. It is as if a geographer should criticize *Gulliver's Travels* from his own particular standpoint.

When Levi says that all that he asserts as an initiate is subordinate to his humble submissiveness as a Christian, and then not only remarks that the Bible and the Qur'án are different translations of the same book, but treats the Incarnation as an allegory, it is evident that a good deal of submission will be required. When he agrees with St. Augustine that a thing is not just because God wills it, but God wills it because it is just, he sees perfectly well that he is reducing God to a poetic image reflected from his own moral

THE EQUINOX

ideal of justice, and no amount of alleged orthodoxy can weigh against that statement. His very defence of the Catholic Hierarchy is a masterpiece of that peculiar form of conscious sophistry which justifies itself by reducing its conclusion to zero. One must begin with *one*, and that *one* has no particular qualities. Therefore, so long as you have an authority properly centralized it does not really matter what that authority is. In the Pope we have such an authority ready made, and it is the gravest tactical blunder to endeavour to set up an authority opposed to him. Success in doing so means war, and failure anarchy. This, however, did not prevent Levi from ceremonially casting a papal crown to the ground and crying "Death to tyranny and superstition!" in the bosom of a certain secret Areopagus of which he was the most famous member.

When a man becomes a magician he looks about him for a magical weapon; and, being probably endowed with that human frailty called laziness, he hopes to find a weapon ready made. Thus we find the Christian Magus who imposed his power upon the world taking the existing worships and making a single system combining all their merits. There is no single feature in Christianity which has not been taken bodily from the worship of Isis, or of Mithras, or of Bacchus, or of Adonis, or of Osiris. In modern times again we find Frater Iehi Aour trying to handle Buddhism. Others again have attempted to use Freemasonry. There have been even exceptionally foolish magicians who have tried to use a sword long since rusted.

Wagner illustrates this point very clearly in *Siegfried*. The Great Sword Nothung has been broken, and it is the

INTRODUCTION

only weapon that can destroy the gods. The dwarf Mime tries uselessly to mend it. When Siegfried comes he makes no such error. He melts its fragments and forges a new sword. In spite of the intense labour which this costs, it is the best plan to adopt.

Levi completely failed to capture Catholicism; and his hope of using Imperialism, his endeavour to persuade the Emperor that he was the chosen instrument of the Almighty, a belief which would have enabled him to play Maximus to little Napoleon's Julian, was shattered once for all at Sedan.

It is necessary for the reader to gain this clear conception of Levi's inmost mind, if he is to reconcile the "contradictions" which leave Waite petulant and bewildered. It is the sad privilege of the higher order of mind to be able to see both sides of every question, and to appreciate the fact that both are equally tenable. Such contradictions can, of course, only be reconciled on a higher plane, and this method of harmonizing contradictions is, therefore, the best key to the higher planes.

It seems unnecessary to add anything to these few remarks. This is the only difficulty in the whole book, though in one or two passages Levi's extraordinarily keen sense of humour leads him to indulge in a little harmless bombast. We may instance his remarks on the *Grimoire* of Honorius.

We have said that this is the masterpiece of Levi. He reaches an exaltation of both thought and language which is equal to that of any other writer known to us. Once it is understood that it is purely a thesis for the Grade of Exempt Adept, the reader should have no further difficulty.—A. C.

PREFACE

ON the brink of mystery, the spirit of man is seized with giddiness. Mystery is the abyss which ceaselessly attracts our unquiet curiosity by the terror of its depth.

The greatest mystery of the infinite is the existence of Him for whom alone all is without mystery.

Comprehending the infinite which is essentially incomprehensible, He is Himself that infinite and eternally unfathomable mystery; that is to say, that He is, in all seeming, that supreme absurdity in which Tertullian believed.

Necessarily absurd, since reason must renounce for ever the project of attaining to Him; necessarily credible, since science and reason, far from demonstrating that He does not exist, are dragged by the chariot of fatality to believe that He does exist, and to adore Him themselves with closed eyes.

Why?—Because this Absurd is the infinite source of reason. The light springs eternally from the eternal shadows. Science, that Babel Tower of the spirit, may twist and coil its spirals ever ascending as it will; it may make the earth tremble, it will never touch the sky.

God is He whom we shall eternally learn to know better, and, consequently, He whom we shall never know entirely.

The realm of mystery is, then, a field open to the conquests of the intelligence. March there as boldly as you will, never will you diminish its extent; you will only alter

THE EQUINOX

its horizons. To know all is an impossible dream; but woe unto him who dares not to learn all, and who does not know that, in order to know anything, one must learn eternally!

They say that in order to learn anything well, one must forget it several times. The world has followed this method. Everything which is to-day debateable had been solved by the ancients. Before our annals began, their solutions, written in hieroglyphs, had already no longer any meaning for us. A man has rediscovered their key; he has opened the cemeteries of ancient science, and he gives to his century a whole world of forgotten theorems, of syntheses as simple and sublime as nature, radiating always from unity, and multiplying themselves like numbers with proportions so exact, that the known demonstrates and reveals the unknown. To understand this science, is to see God. The author of this book, as he finishes his work, will think that he has demonstrated it.

Then, when you have seen God, the hierophant will say to you:—"Turn round!" and, in the shadow which you throw in the presence of this sun of intelligences, there will appear to you the devil, that black phantom which you see when your gaze is not fixed upon God, and when you think that your shadow fills the sky,—for the vapours of the earth, the higher they go, seem to magnify it more and more.

To harmonize in the category of religion science with revelation and reason with faith, to demonstrate in philosophy the absolute principles which reconcile all the antinomies, and finally to reveal the universal equilibrium of natural forces, is the triple object of this work, which will consequently be divided into three parts.

PREFACE

We shall exhibit true religion with such characters, that no one, believer or unbeliever, can fail to recognize it; that will be the absolute in religion. We shall establish in philosophy the immutable characters of that Truth, which is in science, *reality*; in judgment, *reason*; and in ethics, *justice*. Finally, we shall acquaint you with the laws of Nature, whose equilibrium is stability, and we shall show how vain are the phantasies of our imagination before the fertile realities of movement and of life. We shall also invite the great poets of the future to create once more the divine comedy, no longer according to the dreams of man, but according to the mathematics of God.

Mysteries of other worlds, hidden forces, strange revelations, mysterious illnesses, exceptional faculties, spirits, apparitions, magical paradoxes, hermetic arcana, we shall say all, and we shall explain all. Who has given us this power? We do not fear to reveal it to our readers.

There exists an occult and sacred alphabet which the Hebrews attribute to Enoch, the Egyptians to Thoth or to Hermes Trismegistus, the Greeks to Cadmus and to Palamedes. This alphabet was known to the followers of Pythagoras, and is composed of absolute ideas attached to signs and numbers; by its combinations, it realizes the mathematics of thought. Solomon represented this alphabet by seventy-two names, written upon thirty-six talismans. Eastern initiates still call these the "little keys" or clavicles of Solomon. These keys are described, and their use explained, in a book the source of whose traditional dogma is the patriarch Abraham. This book is called the Sepher Yetzirah; with the aid of the Sepher Yetzirah one can penetrate the

THE EQUINOX

hidden sense of the Zohar, the great dogmatic treatise of the Qabalah of the Hebrews. The Clavicles of Solomon, forgotten in the course of time, and supposed lost, have been rediscovered by ourselves; without trouble we have opened all the doors of those old sanctuaries where absolute truth seemed to sleep,—always young, and always beautiful, like that princess of the childish legend, who, during a century of slumber, awaits the bridegroom whose mission it is to awaken her.

After our book, there will still be mysteries, but higher and farther in the infinite depths. This publication is a light or a folly, a mystification or a monument. Read, reflect, and judge.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

(LA CLEF DES GRANDS MYSTÈRES)

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

PART I

RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES

PROBLEMS FOR SOLUTION

I.—To demonstrate in a certain and absolute manner the existence of God, and to give an idea of Him which will satisfy all minds.

II.—To establish the existence of a true religion in such a way as to render it incontestable.

III.—To indicate the bearing and the *raison d'être* of all the mysteries of the one true and universal religion.

IV.—To turn the objections of philosophy into arguments favourable to true religion.

V.—To draw the boundary between religion and superstition, and to give the reason of miracles and prodigies.

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS

WHEN Count Joseph de Maistre, that grand and passionate lover of Logic, said despairingly, "The world is without religion," he resembled those people who say rashly "There is no God."

The world, in truth, is without the religion of Count Joseph de Maistre, as it is probable that such a God as the majority of atheists conceive does not exist.

Religion is an idea based upon one constant and universal

THE EQUINOX

fact; man is a religious animal. The word "religion" has then a necessary and absolute sense. Nature herself sanctifies the idea which this word represents, and exalts it to the height of a principle.

The need of believing is closely linked with the need of loving; for that reason our souls need communion in the same hopes and in the same love. Isolated beliefs are only doubts: it is the bond of mutual confidence which, by creating faith, composes religion.

Faith does not invent itself, does not impose itself, does not establish itself by any political agreement; like life, it manifests itself with a sort of fatality. The same power which directs the phenomena of nature, extends and limits the supernatural domain of faith, despite all human foresight. One does not imagine revelations; one undergoes them, and one believes in them. In vain does the spirit protest against the obscurities of dogma; it is subjugated by the attraction of these very obscurities, and often the least docile of reasoners would blush to accept the title of "irreligious man."

Religion holds a greater place among the realities of life than those who do without religion—or pretend to do without it—affect to believe. All ideas that raise man above the animal—moral love, devotion, honour—are sentiments essentially religious. The cult of the fatherland and of the family, fidelity to an oath and to memory, are things which humanity will never abjure without degrading itself utterly, and which could never exist without the belief in something greater than mortal life, with all its vicissitudes, its ignorance and its misery.

If annihilation were the result of all our aspirations to

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

those sublime things which we feel to be eternal, our only duties would be the enjoyment of the present, forgetfulness of the past, and carelessness about the future, and it would be rigorously true to say, as a celebrated sophist once said, that the man who thinks is a degraded animal.

Moreover, of all human passions, religious passion is the most powerful and the most lively. It generates itself, whether by affirmation or negation, with an equal fanaticism, some obstinately affirming the god that they have made in their own image, the others denying God with rashness, as if they had been able to understand and to lay waste by a single thought all that world of infinity which pertains to His great name.

Philosophers have not sufficiently considered the physiological fact of religion in humanity, for in truth religion exists apart from all dogmatic discussion. It is a faculty of the human soul just as much as intelligence and love. While man exists, so will religion. Considered in this light, it is nothing but the need of an infinite idealism, a need which justifies every aspiration for progress, which inspires every devotion, which alone prevents virtue and honour from being mere words, serving to exploit the vanity of the weak and the foolish to the profit of the strong and the clever.

It is to this innate need of belief that one might justly give the name of natural religion; and all which tends to clip the wings of these beliefs is, on the religious plane, in opposition to nature. The essence of the object of religion is mystery, since faith begins with the unknown, abandoning the rest to the investigations of science. Doubt is, moreover, the mortal enemy of faith; faith feels that the intervention of

THE EQUINOX

the divine being is necessary to fill the abyss which separates the finite from the infinite, and it affirms this intervention with all the warmth of its heart, with all the docility of its intelligence. If separated from this act of faith, the need of religion finds no satisfaction, and turns to scepticism and to despair. But in order that the act of faith should not be an act of folly, reason wishes it to be directed and ruled. By what? By science? We have seen that science can do nothing here. By the civil authority? It is absurd. Are our prayers to be superintended by policemen?

There remains, then, moral authority, which alone is able to constitute dogma and establish the discipline of worship, in concert this time with the civil authority, but not in obedience to its orders. It is necessary, in a word, that faith should give to the religious need a real satisfaction,—a satisfaction entire, permanent and indubitable. To obtain that, it is necessary to have the absolute and invariable affirmation of a dogma preserved by an authorized hierarchy. It is necessary to have an efficacious cult, giving, with an absolute faith, a substantial realization of the symbols of belief.

Religion thus understood being the only one which can satisfy the natural need of religion, it must be the only really natural religion. We arrive, without help from others, at this double definition, that true natural religion is revealed religion. The true revealed religion is the hierarchical and traditional religion, which affirms itself absolutely, above human discussion, by communion in faith, hope, and charity.

Representing the moral authority, and realizing it by the efficacy of its ministry, the priesthood is as holy and infallible as humanity is subject to vice and to error. The priest,

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

qua priest, is always the representative of God. Of little account are the faults or even the crimes of man. When Alexander VI consecrated his bishops, it was not the poisoner who laid his hands upon them, it was the pope. Pope Alexander VI never corrupted or falsified the dogmas which condemned him, or the sacraments which in his hands saved others, and did not justify him. At all times and in all places there have been liars and criminals, but in the hierarchical and divinely authorized Church there have never been, and there will never be, either bad popes or bad priests. “Bad” and “priest” form an oxymoron.

We have mentioned Alexander VI, and we think that this name will be sufficient without other memories as justly execrated as his being brought up against us. Great criminals have been able to dishonour themselves doubly because of the sacred character with which they were invested, but they had not the power to dishonour that character, which remains always radiant and splendid above fallen humanity.¹

We have said that there is no religion without mysteries; let us add that there are no mysteries without symbols. The symbol, being the formula or the expression of the mystery, only expresses its unknown depth by paradoxical images borrowed from the known. The symbolic form, having for its object to characterize what is above scientific reason, should necessarily find itself without that reason: hence the celebrated and perfectly just remark of a Father of the Church: “I believe because it is absurd. *Credo quia absurdum.*”

If science were to affirm what it did not know, it would

¹ A dog has six legs. Definition. It is no answer to this to show that all dogs have four.—O.M.

THE EQUINOX

destroy itself. Science will then never be able to perform the work of faith, any more than faith can decide in a matter of science. An affirmation of faith with which science is rash enough to meddle can then be nothing but an absurdity for it, just as a scientific statement, if given us as an article of faith, would be an absurdity on the religious plane. To know and to believe are two terms which can never be confounded.

It would be equally impossible to oppose the one to the other. It is impossible, in fact, to believe the contrary of what one knows without ceasing, for that very reason, to know it; and it is equally impossible to achieve a knowledge contrary to what one believes without ceasing immediately to believe.

To deny or even to contest the decisions of faith in the name of science is to prove that one understands neither science nor faith: in fine, the mystery of a God of three persons is not a problem of mathematics; the incarnation of the Word is not a phenomenon in obstetrics; the scheme of redemption stands apart from the criticism of the historian. Science is absolutely powerless to decide whether we are right or wrong in believing or disbelieving dogma; it can only observe the results of belief, and if faith evidently improves men, if, moreover, faith is in itself, considered as a physiological fact, evidently a necessity and a force, science will certainly be obliged to admit it, and take the wise part of always reckoning with it.

Let us now dare to affirm that there exists an immense fact equally appreciable both by faith and science; a fact which makes God visible (in a sense) upon earth; a fact incontestable and of universal bearing; this fact is the manifestation in the world, beginning from the epoch when the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Christian revelation was made, of a spirit unknown to the ancients, of a spirit evidently divine, more positive than science in its works, in its aspirations, more magnificently ideal than the highest poetry, a spirit for which it was necessary to create a new name, a name altogether unheard¹ in the sanctuaries of antiquity. This name was created, and we shall demonstrate that this name, this word, is, in religion, as much for science as for faith, the expression of the absolute. The word is CHARITY, and the spirit of which we speak is the *spirit of charity*.

Before charity, faith prostrates itself, and conquered science bows. There is here evidently something greater than humanity; charity proves by its works that it is not a dream. It is stronger than all the passions; it triumphs over suffering and over death; it makes God understood by every heart, and seems already to fill eternity by the begun realization of its legitimate hopes.

Before charity alive and in action who is the Proudhon who dares blaspheme? Who is the Voltaire who dares laugh?

Pile one upon the other the sophisms of Diderot, the critical arguments of Strauss, the "Ruins" of Volney, so well named, for this man could make nothing but "ruins," the blasphemies of the revolution whose voice was extinguished once in blood, and once again in the silence of contempt; join to it all that the future may hold for us of monstrosities and of vain dreams; then will there come the humblest and the simplest of all sisters of charity,—the world will leave there all its follies, and all its crimes, and all its dreams, to bow before this sublime reality.

¹ Who, however, had the word laid aside against the time when Paul should give it a meaning.—O.M.

THE EQUINOX

Charity! word divine, sole word which makes God understood, word which contains a universal revelation! *Spirit of charity*, alliance of two words, which are a complete solution and a complete promise! To what question, in fine, do these two words not find an answer?

What is God for us, if not the spirit of charity? What is orthodoxy? Is it not the spirit of charity which refuses to discuss faith lest it should trouble the confidence of simple souls, and disturb the peace of universal communion?¹ And the universal church, is it any other thing than a communion in the spirit of charity? It is by the spirit of charity that the church is infallible. It is the spirit of charity which is the divine virtue of the priesthood.

Duty of man, guarantee of his rights, proof of his immortality, eternity of happiness commencing for him upon the earth, glorious aim given to his existence, goal and path of all his struggles, perfection of his individual, civil and religious morality, the spirit of charity understands all, and is able to hope all, undertake all, and accomplish all.

It is by the spirit of charity that Jesus expiring on the cross gave a son to His mother in the person of St. John, and, triumphing over the anguish of the most frightful torture, gave a cry of deliverance and of salvation, saying, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

It is by charity that twelve Galilean artisans conquered the world; they loved truth more than life, and they went without followers to speak it to peoples and to kings; tested by tor-

¹ Sublime humour of sophistry! Levi asserts, "Any lie will serve, provided every one acquiesces in it," and reprehends Christianity for disturbing the peace of Paganism. Or, indicates that Christianity is but syncretic-eclectic Paganism and defends it on this ground.—O.M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

ture, they were found faithful. They showed to the multitude a living immortality in their death, and they watered the earth with a blood whose heat could not be extinguished, because they were burning with the ardours of charity.

It is by charity that the Apostles built up their Creed. They said that to believe together was worth more than to doubt separately; they constituted the hierarchy on the basis of obedience—rendered so noble and so great by the spirit of charity, that to serve in this manner is to reign; they formulated the faith of all and the hope of all, and they put this Creed in the keeping of the charity of all. Woe to the egoist who appropriates to himself a single word of this inheritance of the Word; he is a deicide, who wishes to dismember the body of the Lord.

This creed is the holy ark of charity; whoso touches it is stricken by eternal death, for charity withdraws itself from him. It is the sacred inheritance of our children, it is the price of the blood of our fathers!

It is by charity that the martyrs took consolation in the prisons of the Caesars, and won over to their belief even their warders and their executioners.

It is in the name of charity that St. Martin of Tours protested against the torture of the Priscillians,¹ and separated

¹ The Priscillianist heresy was disturbing the Church, especially in Spain. The Emperor Maximus, a Spaniard, was inclined to put it down with a strong hand and confiscate the heretics' property. The Gallic clergy hounded him on, and the Councils of Bordeaux and Saragossa encouraged him. Two Spanish priests, *Ithacus* and *Idacus*, clamoured for the heretics' punishment by the secular arm. But St. Martin of Tours, stalwart champion of orthodoxy and he was, resisted, and in 385 he went to Trèves to plead for the persecuted Priscillianists. He prevailed. So long as Martin stayed at court the Ithacan party was foiled. When he left they had the upper hand again, and Maximus gave the suppression of the heretics into the hands of the unrelenting Evodius. Priscillian was killed. Exile and death were the fate of his followers. Heresy blazed the stronger,

THE EQUINOX

himself from the communion of the tyrant who wished to impose faith by the sword.

It is by charity that so great a crowd of saints have forced the world to accept them as expiation for the crimes committed in the name of religion itself, and the scandals of the profaned sanctuary.

It is by charity that St. Vincent de Paul and Fenelon compelled the admiration of even the most impious centuries, and quelled in advance the laughter of the children of Voltaire before the imposing dignity of their virtues.

and a worse persecution was threatened. Then St. Martin left his cell at Marmontier, and set out a second time to Trèves. News of the old man coming along the road on his ass reached his enemies. They met him at the gate and refused him entrance. "But," said Martin, "I come with the peace of Jesus Christ." And such was the power of his presence that they could not close the city gates against him. But the palace doors were closed. Martin refused to see the Ithacans or to receive the Communion with them, and their fury at this is eloquent testimony to their sense of his power. They appealed to Maximus, who delivered over Martin bound to them. But in the night Maximus sent for Martin, argued, coaxed, persuaded him to compromise. The schism would be great, he persisted, if Martin continued to exasperate the Ithacans. Martin said he had nothing to do with persecutors. In wrath the Emperor let him go, and gave orders to the Tribunes to depart to Spain and carry out a rigorous Inquisition. Then Martin returned to Maximus and bargained. Let this order be revoked, and he would receive Communion with the Ithacans next day at the election of the new Archbishop. The order was revoked, and Martin kept his word. But when he knew the cause of Humanity safe, he departed, and on his way back to Tours experienced a great agony. Why had he had dealings with the Ithacans? In a lonely place he pondered sadly. An angel spoke to him. "Martin, you do right to be sad, but it was the only way." Never again did he go to any council. He was wont to say with tears that if he had saved the heretics he himself had lost power over men and over demons.

They have outraged the meaning of the episode who explain Martin's protest as merely against the surrender of the Church to Secular Power. It was *lèse-humanité* of which he held the Ithacans guilty.

St. Martin of Tours was often called Martin the Thaumaturgist. He was noted for his power over animals.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

It is by charity, finally, that the folly of the cross has become the wisdom of the nations, because every noble heart has understood that it is greater to believe with those who love, and who devote themselves, than to doubt with the egotists and with the slaves of pleasure.

FIRST ARTICLE
SOLUTION OF THE FIRST PROBLEM

THE TRUE GOD

GOD can only be defined by faith; science can neither deny nor affirm that He exists.

God is the absolute object of human faith. In the infinite, He is the supreme and creative intelligence of order. In the world, He is the spirit of charity.

Is the Universal Being a fatal machine which eternally grinds down intelligences by chance, or a providential intelligence which directs forces in order to ameliorate minds?

The first hypothesis is repugnant to reason; it is pessimistic and immoral.

Science and reason ought then to accept the second.

Yes, Proudhon, God is an hypothesis, but an hypothesis so necessary, that without it, all theorems become absurd or doubtful.

For initiates of the Qabalah, God is the absolute unity which creates and animates numbers.

The unity of the human intelligence demonstrates the unity of God.

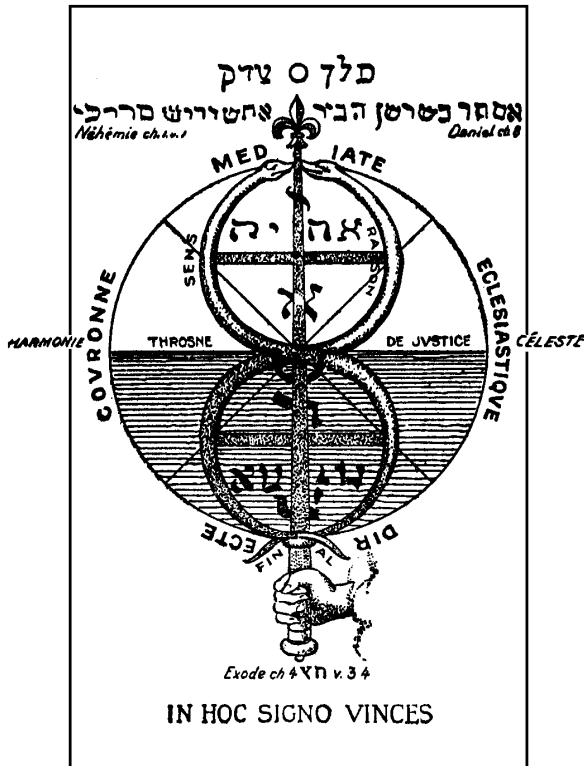
The key of numbers is that of creeds, because signs are

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

analogical figures of the harmony which proceeds from numbers.

Mathematics could never demonstrate blind fatality, because they are the expression of the exactitude which is the character of the highest reason.

Unity demonstrates the analogy of contraries; it is the foundation, the equilibrium, and the end of numbers. The act of faith starts from unity, and returns to unity.



THE SIGN OF THE GRAND ARCANUM G.:A.:.

THE EQUINOX

We shall now sketch out an explanation of the Bible by the aid of numbers, for the Bible is the book of the images of God.

We shall ask numbers to give us the reason of the dogmas of eternal religion; numbers will always reply by reuniting themselves in the synthesis of unity.

The following pages are simply outlines of qabalistic hypotheses; they stand apart from faith, and we indicate them only as curiosities of research. It is no part of our task to make innovations in dogma, and what we assert in our character as an initiate is entirely subordinate to our submission in our character as a Christian.¹

SKETCH OF THE PROPHETIC THEOLOGY OF NUMBERS

I

UNITY

UNITY is the principle and the synthesis of numbers; it is the idea of God and of man; it is the alliance of reason and of faith.

Faith cannot be opposed to reason; it is made necessary by love, it is identical with hope. To love is to believe and hope; and this triple outburst of the soul is called virtue, because, in order to make it, courage is necessary. But would there be any courage in that, if doubt were not possible? Now, to be able to doubt, is to doubt. Doubt is the force

¹ This passage is typical of the sublime irony of Levi, and the key to the whole of his paradoxes.—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

which balances faith, and it constitutes the whole merit of faith.

Nature herself induces us to believe; but the formulæ of faith are social expressions of the tendencies of faith at a given epoch. It is that which proves the Church to be infallible, evidentially and in fact.

God is necessarily the most unknown of all beings because He is only defined by negative experience; He is all that we are not, He is the infinite opposed to the finite by hypothesis.

Faith, and consequently hope and love, are so free that man, far from being able to impose them on others, does not even impose them on himself.

“These,” says religion, “are graces.” Now, is it conceivable that grace should be subject to demand or exaction; that is to say, could any one wish to force men to a thing which comes freely and without price from heaven? One must not do more than desire it for them.

To reason concerning faith is to think irrationally, since the object of faith is outside the universe of reason. If one asks me:—“Is there a God?” I reply, “I believe it.” “But are you sure of it?”—“If I were sure of it, I should not believe it, I should know it.”

The formulation of faith is to agree upon the terms of the common hypothesis.

Faith begins where science ends. To enlarge the scope of science is apparently to diminish that of faith; but in reality, it is to enlarge it in equal proportion, for it is to amplify its base.

One can only define the unknown by its supposed and supposable relations with the known.

THE EQUINOX

Analogy was the sole dogma of the ancient magi. This dogma may indeed be called "mediator," for it is half scientific, half hypothetical; half reason, and half poetry. This dogma has been, and will always be, the father of all others.

What is the Man-God? He who realizes, in the most human life, the most divine ideal.

Faith is a divination of intelligence and of love, when these are directed by the pointings of nature and of reason.

It is then of the essence of the things of faith to be inaccessible to science, doubtful for philosophy, and undefined for certainty.

Faith is an hypothetical realization and a conventional determination of the last aims of hope. It is the attachment to the visible sign of the things which one does not see.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

To affirm without folly that God is or that He is not, one must begin with a reasonable or unreasonable definition of God. Now, this definition, in order to be reasonable, must be hypothetical, analogical, and the negation of the known finite. It is possible to deny a particular God, but the absolute God can no more be denied than He can be proved; He is a reasonable supposition in whom one believes.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the Master; to see with the heart is to believe; and if this faith is attached to the true good, it can never be deceived, provided that it does not seek to define too much in accordance with the dangerous inductions which spring from personal ignorance. Our judgments in questions of faith apply to

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

ourselves; it will be done to us as we have believed; that is to say, we create ourselves in the image of our ideal.

“Those who make their gods become like unto them,” says the psalmist, “and all they that put their trust in them.”

The divine ideal of the ancient world made the civilization which came to an end, and one must not despair of seeing the god of our barbarous fathers become the devil of our more enlightened children. One makes devils with cast-off gods,¹ and Satan is only so incoherent and so formless because he is made up of all the rags of ancient theogonies. He is the sphinx without a secret, the riddle without an answer, the mystery without truth, the absolute without reality and without light.

Man is the son of God because God, manifested, realized, and incarnated upon earth, called Himself the Son of man.

It is after having made God in the image of His intelligence and of His love, that humanity has understood the sublime Word who said “Let there be light!”

Man is the form of the divine thought, and God is the idealized synthesis of human thought.

Thus the Word of God reveals man, and the Word of man reveals God.

Man is the God of the world, and God is the man of heaven. Before saying “God wills,” man has willed.

In order to understand and honour Almighty God, man must first be free.

Had he obeyed and abstained from the fruit of the tree of knowledge through fear, man would have been innocent and

¹ Christianity has fallen, and so Christ has already become the ‘devil’ to such thinkers as Nietzsche and Crowley.—O.M.

THE EQUINOX

stupid as the lamb, sceptical and rebellious as the angel of light. He himself cut the umbilical cord of his simplicity, and, falling free upon the earth, dragged God with him in his fall.

And therefore, from this sublime fall, he rises again glorious, with the great convict of Calvary, and enters with Him into the kingdom of heaven.

For the kingdom of heaven belongs to intelligence and love, both children of liberty.

God has shown liberty to man in the image of a lovely woman, and in order to test his courage, He made the phantom of death pass between her and him.

Man loved, and felt himself to be God; he gave for her what God had just bestowed upon him—eternal hope.

He leapt towards his bride across the shadow of death.

Man possessed liberty; he had embraced life.

Expiate now thy glory, O Prometheus!

Thy heart, ceaselessly devoured, cannot die; it is thy vulture, it is Jupiter, who will die!

One day we shall awake at last from the painful dreams of a tormented life; our ordeal will be finished, and we shall be sufficiently strong against sorrow to be immortal.

Then we shall live in God with a more abundant life, and we shall descend into His works with the light of His thought, we shall be borne away into the infinite by the whisper of His love.

We shall be without doubt the elder brethren of a new race, the angels of posterity.

Celestial messengers, we shall wander in immensity, and the stars will be our gleaming ships.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

We shall transform ourselves into sweet visions to calm weeping eyes; we shall gather radiant lilies in unknown meadows, and we shall scatter their dew upon the earth.

We shall touch the eyelid of the sleeping child, and rejoice the heart of its mother with the spectacle of the beauty of her well-beloved son!

II

THE BINARY

THE binary is more particularly the number of woman, mate of man and mother of society.

Man is love in intelligence; woman is intelligence in love.

Woman is the smile of the Creator content with himself, and it is after making her that He rested, says the divine parable.

Woman stands before man because she is mother, and all is forgiven her in advance, because she brings forth in sorrow.

Woman initiated herself first into immortality through death; then man saw her to be so beautiful, and understood her to be so generous, that he refused to survive her, and loved her more than his life, more than his eternal happiness.

Happy outlaw, since she has been given to him as companion in his exile!

But the children of Cain have revolted against the mother of Abel; they have enslaved their mother.

The beauty of woman has become a prey for the brutality of such men as cannot love.

Thus woman closed her heart as if it were a secret sanctuary, and said to men unworthy of her: "I am virgin,

THE EQUINOX

but I will to become mother, and my son will teach you to love me.”

O Eve! Salutation and adoration in thy fall!

O Mary! Blessings and adoration in thy sufferings and in thy glory!

Crucified and holy one who didst survive thy God that thou mightst bury thy son, be thou for us the final word of the divine revelation!

Moses called God “Lord”; Jesus called Him “My Father,” and we, thinking of thee, may say to Providence, “You are our mother.”

Children of woman, let us forgive fallen woman!

Children of woman, let us adore regenerate woman!

Children of woman, who have slept upon her breast, been cradled in her arms, and consoled by her caresses, let us love her, and let us love each other!

III

THE TERNARY

THE Ternary is the number of creation.

God creates Himself eternally, and the infinite which He fills with His works is an incessant and infinite creation.

Supreme love contemplates itself in beauty as in a mirror, and It essays all forms as adornments, for It is the lover of life.

Man also affirms himself and creates himself; he adorns himself with his trophies of victory, he enlightens himself with his own conceptions, he clothes himself with his works as with a wedding garment.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The great week of creation has been imitated by human genius, divining the forms of nature.

Every day has furnished a new revelation, every new king of the world has been for a day the image and the incarnation of God! Sublime dream which explains the mysteries of India, and justifies all symbolisms!

The lofty conception of the man-God corresponds to the creation of Adam, and Christianity, like the first days of man in the earthly paradise, has been only an aspiration and a widowhood.

We wait for the worship of the bride and of the mother; we shall aspire to the wedding of the New Covenant.

Then the poor, the blind, the outlaws of the old world will be invited to the feast, and will receive a wedding garment. They will gaze the one upon the other with inexpressible tenderness and a smile that is ineffable because they have wept so long.

IV

THE QUATERNARY

THE Quaternary is the number of force. It is the ternary completed by its product, the rebellious unity reconciled to the sovereign trinity.

In the first fury of life, man, having forgotten his mother, no longer understood God but as an inflexible and jealous father.

The sombre Saturn, armed with his parricidal scythe, set himself to devour his children.

Jupiter had eyebrows which shook Olympus; Jehovah wielded thunders which deafened the solitudes of Sinai.

THE EQUINOX

Nevertheless, the father of men, being on occasion drunken like Noah, let the world perceive the mysteries of life.

Psyche, made divine by her torments, became the bride of Eros; Adonis, raised from death, found again his Venus in Olympus; Job, victorious over evil, recovered more than he had lost.

The law is a test of courage.

To love life more than one fears the menaces of death is to merit life.

The elect are those who dare; woe to the timid!

Thus the slaves of law, who make themselves the tyrants of conscience and the servants of fear, and those who begrudge that man should hope, and the Pharisees of all the synagogues and of all the churches, are those who receive the reproofs and the curses of the Father.

Was not the Christ excommunicated and crucified by the synagogue?

Was not Savonarola burned by the order of the sovereign pontiff of the Christian religion?

Are not the Pharisees to-day just what they were in the time of Caiaphas?

If any one speaks to them in the name of intelligence and love, will they listen?

In rescuing the children of liberty from the tyranny of the Pharaohs, Moses inaugurated the reign of the Father.

In breaking the insupportable yoke of mosaic pharisaism, Jesus welcomed all men to the brotherhood of the only son of God.

When the last ideals fall, when the last material chains of conscience break, when the last of them that killed the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

prophets and the last of them that stifled the Word are confounded, then will be the reign of the Holy Ghost.

Then, Glory to the Father who drowned the host of Pharaoh in the Red Sea!

Glory to the Son, who tore the veil of the temple, and whose cross, overweighing the crown of the Caesars, broke the forehead of the Caesars against the earth!

Glory to the Holy Ghost, who shall sweep from the earth by His terrible breath all the thieves and all the executioners, to make room for the banquet of the children of God!

Glory to the Holy Ghost, who has promised victory over earth and over heaven to the angel of liberty!

The angel of liberty was born before the dawn of the first day, before even the awakening of intelligence, and God called him the morning star.

O Lucifer! Voluntarily and disdainfully thou didst detach thyself from the heaven where the sun drowned thee in his splendour, to plow with thine own rays the unworked fields of night!

Thou shinest when the sun sets, and thy sparkling gaze precedes the daybreak!

Thou fallest to rise again; thou tastest of death to understand life better!

For the ancient glories of the world, thou art the evening star; for truth renascent, the lovely star of dawn.

Liberty is not licence, for licence is tyranny.

Liberty is the guardian of duty, because it reclaims right.¹

Lucifer, of whom the dark ages have made the genius of

¹ Right—'droit'—a word very much in evidence at the time, with no true English equivalent, save in such phrases as 'the right to work.' By itself it is only used in the plural, which will not do here, and throughout this treatise.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

evil, will be truly the angel of light when, having conquered liberty at the price of infamy, he will make use of it to submit himself to eternal order, inaugurating thus the glories of voluntary obedience.

Right is only the root of duty; one must possess in order to give.

This is how a lofty and profound poetry explains the fall of the angels.

God hath given to His spirits light and life; then He said to them: "Love!"

"What is—to love?" replied the spirits.

"To love is to give oneself to others," replied God. "Those who love will suffer, but they will be loved."

"We have the right to give nothing, and we wish to suffer nothing," said the spirits, hating love.

"Remain in your right," answered God, "and let us separate! I and Mine wish to suffer and even to die, to love. It is our duty!"

The fallen angel is then he who, from the beginning, refused to love; he does not love, and that is his whole torture; he does not give, and that is his poverty; he does not suffer, and that is his nothingness; he does not die, and that is his exile.

The fallen angel is not Lucifer the light-bearer; it is Satan, who calumniated love.

To be rich is to give; to give nothing is to be poor; to live is to love; to love nothing is to be dead; to be happy is to devote oneself; to exist only for oneself is to cast away oneself, and to exile oneself in hell.

Heaven is the harmony of generous thoughts; hell is the conflict of cowardly instincts.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The man of right is Cain who kills Abel from envy; the man of duty is Abel who dies for Cain for love.

And such has been the mission of Christ, the great Abel of humanity.

It is not for right that we should dare all, it is for duty.

Duty is the expansion and the enjoyment of liberty; isolated right is the father of slavery.

Duty is devotion; right is selfishness.

Duty is sacrifice; right is theft and rapine.

Duty is love, and right is hate.

Duty is infinite life; right is eternal death.

If one must fight to conquer right, it is only to acquire the power of duty: what use have we for freedom, unless to love and to devote ourselves to God?

If one must break the law, it is when law imprisons love in fear.

“He that saveth his life shall lose it,” says the holy Book; “and he who consents to lose it will save it.”

Duty is love; perish every obstacle to love! Silence, ye oracles of hate! Destruction to the false gods of selfishness and fear! Shame to the slaves, the misers of love!

God loves prodigal children!

V

THE QUINARY

THE Quinary is the number of religion, for it is the number of God united to that of woman.¹

¹ Almost too visible a sneer of the Atheist and woman-despiser.

THE EQUINOX

Faith is not the stupid credulity of an awestruck ignorance.

Faith is the consciousness and the confidence of Love.

Faith is the cry of reason, which persists in denying the absurd, even in the presence of the unknown.

Faith is a sentiment necessary to the soul, just as breathing is to life; it is the dignity of courage, and the reality of enthusiasm.

Faith does not consist of the affirmation of this symbol or that, but of a genuine and constant aspiration towards the truths which are veiled by all symbolisms.

If a man rejects an unworthy idea of divinity, breaks its false images, revolts against hateful idolaters, you will call him an atheist!

The authors of the persecutions in fallen Rome called the first Christians atheists, because they did not adore the idols of Caligula or of Nero.

To deny a religion, even to deny all religions rather than adhere to formulae which conscience rejects, is a courageous and sublime act of faith. Every man who suffers for his convictions is a martyr of faith.

He explains himself badly, it may be, but he prefers justice and truth to everything; do not condemn him without understanding him.

To believe in the supreme truth is not to define it, and to declare that one believes in it is to recognize that one does not know it.

The Apostle St. Paul declares all faith contained in these two things:—To believe that God is, and that He rewards them who seek Him.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Faith is a greater thing than all religions, because it states the articles of belief with less precision.

Any dogma constitutes but a belief, and belongs to our particular communion; faith is a sentiment which is common to the whole of humanity.

The more one discusses with the object of obtaining greater accuracy, the less one believes; every new dogma is a belief which a sect appropriates to itself, and thus, in some sort, steals from universal faith.

Let us leave sectarians to make and remake their dogmas; let us leave the superstitious to detail and formulate their superstitions. As the Master said, "Let the dead bury their dead!" Let us believe in the indelible truth; let us believe in that Absolute which reason admits without understanding it; let us believe in what we feel without knowing it!

Let us believe in the supreme reason!

Let us believe in Infinite Love, and pity the stupidities of scholasticism and the barbarities of false religion!

O man! Tell me what thou hopest, and I will tell thee what thou art worth.

Thou dost pray, thou dost fast, thou dost keep vigil; dost thou then believe that so thou wilt escape alone, or almost alone, from the enormous ruin of mankind—devoured by a jealous God? Thou art impious, and a hypocrite.

Dost thou turn life into an orgie, and hope for the slumber of nothingness? Thou art sick, and insensate.

Art thou ready to suffer as others and for others, and hope for the salvation of all? Thou art a wise and just man.

To hope is to fear not.

To be afraid of God, what blasphemy!

THE EQUINOX

The act of hope is prayer.

Prayer is the flowering of the soul in eternal wisdom and in eternal love.

It is the gaze of the spirit towards truth, and the sigh of the heart towards supreme beauty.

It is the smile of the child upon its mother.

It is the murmur of the lover, who reaches out towards the kisses of his mistress.

It is the soft joy of a loving soul as it expands in an ocean of love.

It is the sadness of the bride in the absence of the bridegroom.

It is the sigh of the traveller who thinks of his fatherland.

It is the thought of the poor man who works to support his wife and children.

Let us pray in silence; let us raise toward our unknown Father a look of confidence and of love; let us accept with faith and resignation the part which He assigns to us in the toils of life, and every throb of our hearts will be a word of prayer!

Have we need to inform God of what we ask from Him? Does not He know what is necessary for us?

If we weep, let us offer Him our tears; if we rejoice, let us turn towards Him our smile; if He smite us, let us bow the head; if He caress us, let us sleep within His arms!

Our prayer will be perfect, when we pray without knowing whom we pray.

Prayer is not a noise which strikes the ear; it is a silence which penetrates the heart.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Soft tears come to moisten the eyes, and sighs escape like incense smoke.

One feels oneself in love, ineffably in love, with all that is beauty, truth, and justice; one throbs with a new life, and one fears no more to die. For prayer is the eternal life of intelligence and love; it is the life of God upon earth.

Love one another—that is the Law and the Prophets! Meditate, and understand this word.

And when you have understood, read no more, seek no more, doubt no more—love!

Be no more wise, be no more learned—love! That is the whole doctrine of true religion; religion means charity, and God Himself is only love.

I have already said to you, to love is to give.

The impious man is he who absorbs others.

The pious man is he who loses himself in humanity.

If the heart of man concentrate in himself the fire with which God animates it, it is a hell which devours all, and fills itself only with ashes; if he radiates it without, it becomes a tender sun of love.

Man owes himself to his family; his family owes itself to the fatherland; and the fatherland to humanity.

The egoism of man merits isolation and despair; that of the family, ruin and exile; that of the fatherland, war and invasion.

The man who isolates himself from every human love, saying, "I will serve God," deceives himself. For, said St. John the Apostle, if he loveth not his neighbour whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

One must render to God that which is God's, but one must not refuse even to Caesar that which is Caesar's.

THE EQUINOX

God is He who gives life; Caesar can only give death.

One must love God, and not fear Caesar; as it is written in the Holy Book, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

You wish to be good? Then be just. You wish to be just? Then be free.

The vices which make man like the brute are the first enemies of his liberty.

Consider the drunkard, and tell me if this unclean brute can be called free!

The miser curses the life of his father, and, like the crow, hungers for corpses.

The goal of the ambitious man is—ruins; it is the delirium of envy! The debauchee spits upon the breast of his mother, and fills with abortions the entrails of death.

All these loveless hearts are punished by the most cruel of all tortures, hate.

Because—take it to heart!—the expiation is implicit in the sin.

The man who does evil is like an earthen pot ill-made; he will break himself: fatality wills it.

With the debris of the worlds, God makes stars; with the debris of souls He makes angels.

VI

THE SENARY

THE Senary is the number of initiation by ordeal; it is the number of equilibrium, it is the hieroglyph of the knowledge of Good and Evil.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

He who seeks the origin of evil, seeks the source of what is not.

Evil is the disordered appetite of good, the unfruitful attempt of an unskilful will.

Every one possesses the fruit of his work, and poverty is only the spur to toil.

For the flock of men, suffering is like the shepherd dog, who bites the wool of the sheep to put them back in the right way.

It is because of shadow that we are able to see light; because of cold that we feel heat; because of pain that we are sensible to pleasure.

Evil is then for us the occasion and the beginning of good.

But, in the dreams of our imperfect intelligence, we accuse the work of Providence, through failing to understand it.

We resemble the ignorant person who judges the picture by the beginning of the sketch, and says, when the head is done, "What! Has this figure no body?"

Nature remains calm, and accomplishes its work.

The ploughshare is not cruel when it tears the bosom of the earth, and the great revolutions of the world are the husbandry of God.

There is a place for everything: to savage peoples, barbarous masters; to cattle, butchers; to men, judges and fathers.

If time could change the sheep into lions, they would eat the butchers and the shepherds.

Sheep never change because they do not instruct themselves; but peoples instruct themselves.

Shepherds and butchers of the people, you are then

THE EQUINOX

right to regard as your enemies those who speak to your flock!

Flocks who know yet only your shepherds, and who wish to remain ignorant of their dealings with the butchers, it is excusable that you should stone them who humiliate you and disturb you, in speaking to you of your rights.

O Christ! The authorities condemn Thee, Thy disciples deny Thee, the people curses Thee, and demands Thy murder; only Thy mother weeps for Thee, even God abandons Thee!

“Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!”

VII

THE SEPTENARY

THE Septenary is the great biblical number. It is the key of the Creation in the books of Moses and the symbol of all religion. Moses left five books, and the Law is complete in two testaments.

The Bible is not a history, it is a collection of poems, a book of allegories and images.

Adam and Eve are only the primitive types of humanity; the tempter serpent is time which tests; the Tree of Knowledge is ‘right’; the expiation by toil is duty.

Cain and Abel represent the flesh and the spirit, force and intelligence, violence and harmony.

The giants are those who usurped the earth in ancient times; the flood was a great revolution.

The ark is tradition preserved in a family: religion at this period becomes a mystery and the property of the race. Ham was cursed for having revealed it.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Nimrod and Babel are the two primitive allegories of the despot, and of the universal empire which has always filled the dreams of men,—a dream whose fulfilment was sought successively by the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, Alexander, Rome, Napoleon, the successors of Peter the Great, and always unfinished because of the dispersion of interests, symbolized by the confusion of tongues.

The universal empire could not realize itself by force, but by intelligence and love. Thus, to Nimrod, the man of savage 'right,' the Bible opposed Abraham, the man of duty, who goes voluntarily into exile in order to seek liberty and strife in a strange country, which he seizes by virtue of his *Idea*.

He has a sterile wife, his thought, and a fertile slave, his force; but when force has produced its fruit, thought becomes fertile; and the son of intelligence drives into exile the child of force. The man of intelligence is submitted to rude tests; he must confirm his conquests by sacrifices. God orders him to immolate his son, that is to say, doubt ought to test dogma, and the intellectual man should be ready to sacrifice everything on the altar of supreme reason. Then God intervenes: universal reason yields to the efforts of labour, and shows herself to science; the material side of dogma is alone immolated. . This is the meaning of the ram caught by its horns in a thicket. The history of Abraham is, then, a symbol in the ancient manner, and contains a lofty revelation of the destinies of the human soul. Taken literally, it is an absurd and revolting story. Did not St. Augustine take literally the Golden Ass of Apuleius?

Poor great men!

THE EQUINOX

The history of Isaac is another legend. Rebecca is the type of the oriental woman, laborious, hospitable, partial in her affections, shrewd and wily in her manoeuvres. Jacob and Esau are again the two types of Cain and Abel; but here Abel avenges himself: the emancipated intelligence triumphs by cunning. The whole of the genius of the Jews is in the character of Jacob, the patient and laborious supplanter who yields to the wrath of Esau, becomes rich, and buys his brother's forgiveness. One must never forget that, when the ancients want to philosophize, they tell a story.

The history or legend of Joseph contains, in germ, the whole genius of the Gospel; and the Christ, misunderstood by His people, must often have wept in reading over again that scene, where the Governor of Egypt throws himself on the neck of Benjamin, with the great cry of "I am Joseph!"

Israel becomes the people of God, that is to say, the conservator of the idea, and the depositaries of the word. This idea is that of human independence, and of royalty, by means of work; but one hides it with care, like a precious seed. A painful and indelible sign is imprinted on the initiates; every image of the truth is forbidden, and the children of Jacob watch, sword in hand, around the unity of the tabernacle. Hamor and Shechem wish to introduce themselves forcibly into the holy family, and perish with their people after undergoing a feigned initiation. In order to dominate the vulgar, it is already necessary that the sanctuary should surround itself with sacrifices and with terror.

The servitude of the children of Jacob paves the way for their deliverance: for they have an idea, and one does not enchain an idea; they have a religion, and one does not

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

violate a religion; they are, in fine, a people, and one does not enchain a real people. Persecution stirs up avengers; the idea incarnates itself in a man; Moses springs up; Pharaoh falls; and the column of smoke and flame, which goes before a freed people, advances majestically into the desert.

Christ is priest and king by intelligence and by love.

He has received the holy unction, the unction of genius, faith and virtue, which is force.

He comes when the priesthood is worn out, when the old symbols have no more virtue, when the beacon of intelligence is extinguished.

He comes to recall Israel to life, and if he cannot galvanize Israel, slain by the Pharisees, into life, he will resurrect the world given over to the dead worship of idols.

Christ is the right to do one's duty.

Man has the right to do his duty, and he has no other right.

O man! thou hast the right to resist even unto death any who prevents thee from doing thy duty.

Mother! Thy child is drowning; a man prevents thee from helping him; thou strikest this man, thou dost run to save thy son! . . . Who, then, will dare to condemn thee?

Christ came to oppose the right of duty to the duty of right.

'Right,' with the Jews, was the doctrine of the Pharisees. And, indeed, they seemed to have acquired the privilege of dogmatizing; were they not the legitimate heirs of the synagogue?

They had the right to condemn the Saviour, and the Saviour knew that His duty was to resist them.

THE EQUINOX

Christ is the soul of protest.

But the protest of what? Of the flesh against the intelligence? No!

Of right against duty? No!

Of the physical against the moral? No! No!

Of imagination against universal reason? Of folly against wisdom? No, a thousand times No, and once more No!

Christ is the reality, duty, which protests eternally against the ideality, right.

He is the emancipation of the spirit which breaks the slavery of the flesh.

He is devotion in revolt against egoism.

He is the sublime modesty which replies to pride: "I will not obey thee!"

Christ is unmated; Christ is solitary; Christ is sad: Why?

Because woman has prostituted herself.

Because society is guilty of theft.

Because selfish joy is impious.

Christ is judged, condemned, and executed; and men adore Him!

This happened in a world perhaps as serious as our own.

Judges of the world in which we live, pay attention, and think of Him who will judge your judgments!

But, before dying, the Saviour bequeathed to His children the immortal sign of salvation, Communion.

Communion! Common union! the final word of the Saviour of the world!

"The Bread and the Wine shared among all," said He, "this is my flesh and my blood."

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

He gave His flesh to the executioners, His blood to the earth which drank it. Why?

In order that all may partake of the bread of intelligence, and of the wine of love.

O sign of the union of men! O Round Table of universal chivalry! O banquet of fraternity and equality! When will you be better understood?

Martyrs of humanity, all ye who have given your life in order that all should have the bread which nourishes and the wine which fortifies, do ye not also say, placing your hands on the signs of the universal communion: "This is our flesh and our blood"?

And you, men of the whole world, you whom the Master calls His brothers; oh, do you not feel that the universal bread, the fraternal bread, the bread of the communion, is God?

Retailers of the Crucified One!

All you who are not ready to give your blood, your flesh and your life to humanity, you are not worthy of the Communion of the Son of God! Do not let His blood flow upon you, for it would brand your forehead!

Do not approach your lips to the heart of God, He would feel your sting!

Do not drink the blood of the Christ, it will burn your entrails; it is quite sufficient that it should have flowed uselessly for you!

VIII

THE NUMBER EIGHT

THE Ogdoad is the number of reaction and of equilibrating justice.

THE EQUINOX

Every action produces a reaction.

This is the universal law of the world.

Christianity must needs produce anti-Christianity.

Antichrist is the shadow, the foil, the proof of Christ.

Antichrist already produced itself in the Church in the time of the Apostles: St. Paul said:—"For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that Wicked One be revealed. . . ."¹

The Protestants said: "Antichrist is the Pope."

The Pope replied: "Every heretic is an Antichrist."

The Antichrist is no more the Pope than Luther; the Antichrist is the spirit opposed to that of Christ.

It is the usurpation of right for the sake of right; it is the pride of domination and the despotism of thought.

It is the selfishness, self-styled religious, of Protestants, as well as the credulous and imperious ignorance of bad Catholics.

The Antichrist is what divides men instead of uniting them; it is a spirit of dispute, the obstinacy of the theologians and sectarians, the impious desire of appropriating the truth to oneself, and excluding others from it, or of forcing the whole world to submit to the narrow yoke of our judgments.

The Antichrist is the priest who curses instead of blessing, who drives away instead of attracting, who scandalizes instead of edifying, who damns instead of saving.

It is the hateful fanaticism which discourages good-will.

It is the worship of death, sadness, and ugliness.

¹ 2 Thess. ii. 7, 8. This passage is presumably that referred to by the author. Cf. 1 John iv. 3, and ii, 18.—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“What career shall we choose for our son?” have said many stupid parents; “he is mentally and bodily weak, and he is without a spark of courage:—we will make a priest of him, so that he may ‘live by the altar.’ ” They have not understood that the altar is not a manger for slothful animals.

Look at the unworthy priests, contemplate these pretended servants of the altar! What do they say to your heart, these obese or cadaverous men with the lack-lustre eyes, and pinched or gaping mouths?¹

Hear them talk: what does it teach you, their disagreeable and monotonous noise?

They pray as they sleep, and they sacrifice as they eat.

They are machines full of bread, meat and wine, and of senseless words.

And when they plume themselves, like the oyster in the sun, on being without thought and without love, one says that they have peace of soul!

They have the peace of the brute. For man, that of the tomb is better: these are the priests of folly and ignorance, these are the ministers of Antichrist.

The true priest of Christ is a man who lives, suffers, loves and fights for justice. He does not dispute, he does not reprove; he sends out pardon, intelligence and love.

The true Christian is a stranger to the sectarian spirit; he is all things to all men, and looks on all men as the children of a common father, who means to save them all. The whole cult has for him only a sense of sweetness and of

¹ Actual priests. Levi's ideal priest, of whom 'bad' is an impossible epithet, is not to be looked for in the Church. He is in that 'Church' which is also Ark, Rose, Font, Altar, Cup, and the rest. He is that Word of Truth which is 'established' by two witnesses.—O. M.

THE EQUINOX

love: he leaves to God the secrets of justice, and understands only charity.

He looks on the wicked as invalids whom one must pity and cure; the world, with its errors and vices, is to him God's hospital, and he wishes to serve in it.

He does not think that he is better than any one else; he says only, "So long as I am in good health, let me serve others; and when I must fall and die, perhaps others will take my place and serve."

IX

THE NUMBER NINE

THIS is the hermit of the Tarot; the number which refers to initiates and to prophets.

The prophets are solitaries, for it is their fate that none should ever hear them.

They see differently from others; they forefeel misfortunes. So, people imprison them and kill them, or mock them, repulse them as if they were lepers, and leave them to die of hunger.

Then, when the predictions come true, they say, "It is these people who have brought us misfortune."

Now, as is always the case on the eve of great disasters,¹ our streets are full of prophets.

I have met some of them in the prisons, I have seen others who were dying forgotten in garrets.

The whole great city has seen one of them whose silent

¹ This is the true clairvoyant Levi. The Levi who prophesied Universal Empire for Napoleon III was either the Magus trying to use him as a tool, or a Micaiah unadjudged.—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

prophecy was to turn ceaselessly as he walked, covered with rags, in the palace of luxury and riches.

I have seen one of them whose face shone like that of Christ: he had callosities on his hands, and wore the workman's blouse; with clay he kneaded epics. He twisted together the sword of right and the sceptre of duty; and upon this column of gold and steel he placed the creative sign of love.

One day, in a great popular assembly, he went down into the road with a piece of bread in his hand which he broke and distributed, saying: "Bread of God, do thou make bread for all!"

I know another of them who cried: "I will no longer adore the god of the devil! I will not have a hangman for my God!" And they thought that he blasphemed.

No; but the energy of his faith overflowed in inexact and imprudent words.

He said again in the madness of his wounded charity: "The liabilities of all men are common, and they expiate each other's faults, as they make merit for each other by their virtues.

"The penalty of sin is death.

"Sin itself, moreover, is a penalty, and the greatest of penalties. A great crime is nothing but a great misfortune.

"The worst of men is he who thinks himself better than his fellows.

"Passionate men are excusable, because they are passive; passion means suffering, and also redemption through sorrow.

"What we call liberty is nothing but the all-mightiness of divine compulsion. The martyrs said: 'It is better to obey God than man'."

THE EQUINOX

“The least perfect act of love is worth more than the best act of piety.”

“Judge not; speak hardly at all; love and act.”

Another prophet came and said: “Protest against bad doctrines by good works, but do not separate yourselves.

“Rebuild all the altars, purify all the temples, and hold yourselves in readiness for the visit of the Spirit.

“Let every one pray in his own fashion, and hold communion with his own; but do not condemn others.

“A religious practice is never contemptible, for it is the sign of a great and holy thought.

“To pray together is to communicate in the same hope, the same faith, and the same charity.

“The sign by itself is nothing; it is the faith which sanctifies it.

“Religion is the most sacred and the strongest bond of human association, and to perform an act of religion is to perform an act of humanity.”

When men understand at last that one must not dispute about things about which one is ignorant,

When they feel that a little charity is worth more than much influence and domination,

When the whole world respects what even God respects in the least of His creatures, the spontaneity of obedience and the liberty of duty,

Then there will be no more than one religion in the world, the Christian and universal religion, the true Catholic religion, which will no longer deny itself by restrictions of place and of persons.

“Woman,” said the Saviour to the woman of Samaria,

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“Verily I say unto thee, that the time cometh when men shall no longer worship God, either in Jerusalem, or on this mountain; for God is a spirit,¹ and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

X

THE ABSOLUTE NUMBER OF THE QABALAH

THE key of the Sephiroth. (*Vide Dogme et rituel de la haute magie.*)

XI

THE NUMBER ELEVEN

ELEVEN is the number of force; it is that of strife and martyrdom.

Every man who dies for an idea is a martyr, for in him the aspirations of the spirit have triumphed over the fears of the animal.

Every man who falls in war is a martyr, for he dies for others.

Every man who dies of starvation is a martyr, for he is like a soldier struck down in the battle of life.

Those who die in defence of right are as holy in their sacrifice as the victims of duty, and in the great struggles and revolutions against power, martyrs fell equally on both sides.

Right being the root of duty, our duty is to defend our rights.

What is a crime? The exaggeration of a right. Murder

¹ A mistranslation by monotheists. The Greek in *πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός*: “Spirit is God”—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

and theft are negations of society; it is the isolated despotism of an individual who usurps royalty, and makes war at his own risk and peril.

Crime should doubtless be repressed, and society must defend itself; but who is so just, so great, so pure, as to pretend that he has the right to punish?

Peace then to all who fall in war, even in unlawful war! For they have staked their heads and they have lost them; they have paid, and what more can we ask of them?

Honour to all those who fight bravely and loyally! Shame only on the traitors and cowards!

Christ died between two thieves, and He took one of them with Him to heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

God bestows His almighty power on love. He loves to triumph over hate, but the lukewarm He spueh forth from His mouth.

Duty is to live, were it but for an instant!

It is fine to have reigned for a day, even for an hour! though it were beneath the sword of Damocles, or upon the pyre of Sardanapalus!

But it is finer to have seen at one's feet all the crowns of the world, and to have said, "I will be the king of the poor, and my throne shall be on Calvary."

There is one man stronger than the man that slays; it is he who dies to save others.

There are no isolated crimes and no solitary expiations.

There are no personal virtues, nor are there any wasted devotions.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Whoever is not without reproach is the accomplice of all evil; and whoever is not absolutely perverse, may participate in all good.

For this reason an agony is always an humanitarian expiation, and every head that falls upon the scaffold may be honoured and praised as the head of a martyr.

For this reason also, the noblest and the holiest of martyrs could inquire of his own conscience, find himself deserving of the penalty that he was about to undergo, and say, saluting the sword that was ready to strike him, "Let justice be done!"

Pure victims of the Roman Catacombs, Jews and Protestants massacred by unworthy Christians!

Priests of l'Abbaye and les Carmes,¹ victims of the Reign of Terror, butchered royalists, revolutionaries sacrificed in your turn, soldiers of our great armies who have sown the world with your bones, all you who have suffered the penalty of death, workers, strivers, darers of every kind, brave children of Prometheus, who have feared neither the lightning nor the vulture, all honour to your scattered ashes! Peace and veneration to your memories! You are the heroes of progress, martyrs of humanity!

XII

THE NUMBER TWELVE

TWELVE is the cyclic number; it is that of the universal Creed.

¹ Monasteries in Paris which were used as prisons in the Reign of Terror.—TRANS

THE EQUINOX

Here is a translation in alexandrines of the unrestricted magical and Catholic creed:—

I do believe in God, almighty sire of man.
One God, who did create the universe, his plan.
I do believe in Him, the Son, the chief of men,
Word and magnificence of the supreme Amen.
He is the living thought of Love's eternal might,
God manifest in flesh, the Action of the Light.
Desired in every place and every period,
But not a God that one may separate from God.
Descended among men to free the earth from fate,
He in His mother did the woman consecrate.
He was the man whom heaven's sweet wisdom did adorn;
To suffer and to die as men do He was born.
Proscribed by ignorance, accused by envy and strife,
He died upon the cross that He might give us life.
All who accept His aid to guide and to sustain
By His example may to God like Him attain.
He rose from death to reign throughout the ages' dance;
He is the sun that melts the clouds of ignorance.
His precepts, better known and mightier soon to be,
Shall judge the quick and dead for all eternity.
I do believe in God's most Holy Spirit, whose fire
The heart and mind of saints and prophets did inspire.
He is a Breath of life and of fecundity,
Proceeding both from God and from humanity.
I do believe in one most holy brotherhood
Of just men that revere heaven's ordinance of good.
I do believe one place, one pontiff, and one right,
One symbol of one God, in one intent unite.
I do believe that death by changing us renews,
And that in man as God life sheds immortal dews.

XIII

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN

THIRTEEN is the number of death and of birth; it is that of property and of inheritance, of society and of family, of war and of treaties.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The basis of society is the exchange of right, duty and good faith.

Right is property, exchange is necessity, good faith is duty.

He who wants to receive more than he gives, or who wants to receive without giving, is a thief.

Property is the right to dispose of a portion of the common wealth; it is not the right to destroy, nor the right to sequester.

To destroy or sequester the common wealth is not to possess; it is to steal.

I say common wealth, because the true proprietor of all things is God, who wishes all things to belong to everybody. Whatever you may do, at your death you will carry away nothing of this world's goods. Now, that which must be taken away from you one day is not really yours. It has only been lent to you.

As to the usufruct, it is the result of work; but even work is not an assured guarantee of possession, and war may come with devastation and fire to displace property.

Make then good use of those things which perish, O you who will perish before they do!

Consider that egoism provokes egoism, and that the immorality of the rich man will answer for the crimes of the poor.

What does the poor man wish, if he is honest? He wishes for work.

Use your rights, but do your duty: the duty of the rich man is to spread wealth; wealth which does not circulate is dead; do not hoard death!

A sophist¹ has said, "Property is robbery," and he

¹ Proudhon.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

doubtless wished to speak of property absorbed in itself, withdrawn from free exchange, turned from common use.

If such were his thought, he might go further, and say that such a suppression of public life is indeed assassination.

It is the crime of monopoly, which public instinct has always looked upon as treason to the human race.

The family is a natural society which results from marriage.

Marriage is the union of two beings joined by love, who promise each other mutual devotion in the interest of the children who may be born.

Married persons who have a child, and who separate, are impious. Do they then wish to execute the judgment of Solomon and hew the child asunder?

To vow eternal love is puerile; sexual love is an emotion, divine doubtless, but accidental, involuntary and transitory; but the promise of reciprocal devotion is the essence of marriage and the fundamental principle of the family.

The sanction and the guarantee of this promise must then be an absolute confidence.

Every jealousy is a suspicion, and every suspicion is an outrage.

The real adultery is the breach of this trust: the woman who complains of her husband to another man; the man who confides to another woman the disappointments or the hopes of his heart,—these do, indeed, betray conjugal faith.

The surprises which one's senses spring upon one are only infidelities on account of the impulses of the heart which abandons itself more or less to the whispers of pleasure. Moreover, these are human faults for which one must blush,

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

and which one ought to hide: they are indecencies which one must avoid in advance by removing opportunity, but which one must never seek to surprise: morality proscribes scandal.

Every scandal is a turpitude. One is not indecent because one possesses organs which modesty does not name, but one is obscene when one exhibits them.

Husbands, hide your domestic wounds; do not strip your wives naked before the laughter of the mob!

Women, do not advertise the discomforts of the conjugal bed: to do so is to write yourselves prostitutes in public opinion.

It needs a lofty degree of courage to keep conjugal faith; it is a pact of heroism of which only great souls can understand the whole extent.

Marriages which break are not marriages: they are couplings.

A woman who abandons her husband, what can she become? She is no more a wife, and she is not a widow; what is she then? She is an apostate from honour who is forced to be licentious because she is neither virgin nor free.

A husband who abandons his wife prostitutes her, and deserves the infamous name that one applies to the lovers of lost women.

Marriage is then sacred and indissoluble when it really exists.

But it cannot really exist, except for beings of a lofty intelligence and of a noble heart.

The animals do not marry, and men who live like animals undergo the fatalities of the brute nature.

They ceaselessly make unfortunate attempts to act

THE EQUINOX

reasonably. Their promises are attempts at and imitations of promises; their marriages, attempts at and imitations of marriage; their loves, attempts at and imitations of love. They always wish, and never will; they are always undertaking and never completing. For such people, only the repressive side of law applies.

Such beings may have a litter, but they never have a family: marriage and family are the rights of the perfect man, the emancipated man, the man who is intelligent and free.

Ask also the annals of the Courts, and read the history of parricides.

Raise the black veil from off all those chopped heads, and ask them what they thought of marriage and of the family, what milk they sucked, what caresses ennobled them. . . . Then shudder, all you who do not give to your children the bread of intelligence and of love, all you who do not sanction paternal authority by the virtue of a good example!

Those wretches were orphans in spirit and in heart, and they have avenged their birth.

We live in a century when more than ever the family is misunderstood in all that it possesses which partakes of the august and the sacred: material interest is killing intelligence and love; the lessons of experience are despised, the things of God are hawked about the street. The flesh insults the spirit, fraud laughs in the face of loyalty. No more idealism, no more justice: human life has murdered both its father and its mother.

Courage and patience! This century will go where great criminals should go. Look at it, how sad it is! Weariness

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

is the black veil of its face . . . the tumbril rolls on, and the shuddering crown follows it . . .

Soon one more century will be judged by history, and one will write upon a mighty tomb of ruins:

“Here ends the parricide century! The century which murdered its God and its Christ!”

In war, one has the right to kill, in order not to die: but in the battle of life the most sublime of rights is that of dying in order not to kill.

Intelligence and love should resist oppression unto death—but never unto murder.

Brave man, the life of him who has offended you is in your hands; for he is master of the life of others who cares not for his own. . . Crush him beneath your greatness: pardon him!

“But is it forbidden to kill the tiger which threatens us?”

“If it is a tiger with a human face, it is finer to let him devour us,—yet, for all that, morality has here nothing to say.”

“But if the tiger threatens my children?”

“Let Nature herself reply to you!”

Harmodius and Aristogiton had festivals and statues in Ancient Greece. The Bible has consecrated the names of Judith and Ehud, and one of the most sublime figures of the Holy Book is that of Samson, blind and chained, pulling down the columns of the temple, as he cried: “Let me die with the Philistines!”

And yet, do you think that, if Jesus, before dying, had gone to Rome to plunge his dagger in the heart of Tiberius, He would have saved the world, as He did, in forgiving His executioners, and in dying for even Tiberius?

THE EQUINOX

Did Brutus save Roman liberty by killing Caesar? In killing Caligula, Chaerea only made place for Claudius and Nero. To protest against violence by violence, is to justify it, and to force it to reproduce itself.

But to triumph over evil by good, over selfishness by selfabnegation, over ferocity by pardon, that is the secret of Christianity, and it is that of eternal victory.

I have seen the place where the earth still bled from the murder of Abel, and on that place there ran a brook of tears.

Under the guidance of the centuries, myriads of men moved on, letting fall their tears into the brook.

And Eternity, crouching mournful, gazed upon the tears which fell; she counted them one by one, and there were never enough to them to wash away one stain of blood.

But between two multitudes and two ages came the Christ, a pale and radiant figure.

And in the earth of blood and tears, He planted the vine of fraternity; and the tears and the blood, sucked up by the roots of the divine tree, became the delicious sap of the grape, which is destined to intoxicate with love the children of the future.

XIV

THE NUMBER FOURTEEN

FOURTEEN is the number of fusion, of association, and of universal unity, and it is in the name of what it represents that we shall here make an appeal to the nations, beginning with the most ancient and the most holy.

Children of Israel, why, in the midst of the movement of

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the nations, do you rest immobile, guardians of the tombs of your fathers?

Your fathers are not here, they are risen: for the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is not the God of the dead!

Why do you always impress upon your offspring the bloody sigil of the knife?

God no longer wishes to separate you from other men; be our brethren, and eat with us the consecrated Bread of peace on altars that blood stains never.

The law of Moses is accomplished: read your books and understand that you have been a blind and hard-hearted race, even as all your prophets said to you.

You have also been a courageous race, a race that persevered in strife.

Children of Israel, become the children of God: Understand and love!

God has wiped from your forehead the brand of Cain, and the peoples seeing you pass will no longer say, "There go the Jews!" They will cry, "Room for our brethren! Room for our elders in the Faith!"

And we shall go every year to eat the passover with you in the city of the New Jerusalem.

And we shall take our rest under your vine and under your fig-tree; for you will be once more the friend of the traveller, in memory of Abraham, of Tobias, and of the angels who visited them.

And in memory of Him who said: "He who receiveth the least of these My little ones, receiveth Me."

For then you will no longer refuse an asylum in your

THE EQUINOX

house and in your heart to your brother Joseph, whom you sold to the Gentiles.

Because he has become powerful in the land of Egypt where you sought bread in the days of famine.

And he has remembered his father Jacob, and Benjamin his young brother, and he pardons you your jealousy, and embraces you with tears.

Children of true believers, we will sing with you: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!"

Say with the children of Israel: "There is no God but God, and Moses is His prophet!"

Say with the Christians: "There is no God but God, and Jesus Christ is His prophet!"

Mohammed is the shadow of Moses. Moses is the forerunner of Jesus.

What is a prophet? A representative of humanity seeking God. God is God, and man is the prophet of God, when he causes us to believe in God.

The Old Testament, the Qur'an, and the Gospel are three different translations of the same book. As God is one, so also is the law.

O ideal woman! O reward of the elect! Art thou more beautiful than Mary?

O Mary, daughter of the East! caste as pure love, great as the desire of motherhood, come and teach the children of Islam the mysteries of Paradise, and the secrets of beauty!

Invite them to the festival of the new alliance! There, upon three thrones glittering with precious stones, three prophets will be seated.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The tuba tree will make, with its back-curving branches, a dais for the celestial table.

The bride will be white as the moon, and scarlet as the smile of morning.

All nations shall press forward to see her, and they will no longer fear to pass Al Sirah; for, on that razor-edged bridge, the Saviour will stretch His cross, and come to stretch His hand to those who stumble, and to those who have fallen the bride will stretch her perfumed veil, and draw them to her.

O ye people, clap your hands, and praise the last triumph of love! Death alone will remain dead, and hell alone will be consumed!

O nations of Europe, to whom the East stretches forth its hands, unite and push back the northern bear!¹ Let the last war bring the triumph of intelligence and love, let commerce interlace the arms of the world, and a new civilization, sprung from the armed Gospel, unite all the flocks of the earth under the crook of the same shepherd!

Such will be the conquests of progress, such is the end towards which the whole movement of the world is pushing us.

Progress is movement, and movement is life.

To deny progress is to affirm nothingness, and to deify death.

Progress is the only reply that reason can give to the objections which the existence of evil raises.

¹ Written about the time of the Crimean War, this indicates Levi's attempt to use Imperialism as his magical weapon, just as Allan Bennet tried to use Buddhism. All these second-hand swords break, as Wagner saw when he wrote *Siegfried*, and invented a new Music, a Nothung which has shorn asunder more false sceptres than Wotan's.—O.M.

THE EQUINOX

All is not well, but all will be well one day. God begins His work, and He will finish it.

Without progress, evil would be immutable like God.

Progress explains ruins, and consoles the weeping of Jeremiah.

Nations succeed each other like men; and nothing is stable, because everything is marching towards perfection.

The great man who dies bequeathes to his country the fruit of his works; the great nation which becomes extinguished upon earth transforms itself into a star to enlighten the obscurities of History.

What it has written by its actions remains graven in the eternal book; it has added a page to the Bible of the human race.

Do not say that civilization is bad; for it resembles the damp heat which ripens the harvest, it rapidly develops the principles of life and the principles of death, it kills and it vivifies.

It is like the angel of the judgment who separates the wicked from the good.

Civilization transforms men of good will into angels of light, and lowers the selfish man beneath the brute; it is the corruption of bodies and the emancipation of souls.

The impious world of the giants raised to Heaven the soul of Enoch; above the Bacchanals of primitive Greece rises the harmonious spirit of Orpheus.

Socrates and Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle, resume, in explaining them, all the aspirations and all the glories of the ancient world; the fables of Homer remain truer than history, and nothing remains to us of the grandeur of Rome

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

but the immortal writings which the century of Augustus brought forth.

Thus, perhaps, Rome only shook the world with the convulsions of war, in order to bring forth Vergil.

Christianity is the fruit of the meditations of all the sages of the East, who live again in Jesus Christ.

Thus the light of the spirits has risen where the sun of the world rises; Christ conquered the West, and the soft rays of the sun of Asia have touched the icicles of the North.

Stirred by this unknown heat, ant-heaps of new men have spread over a worn-out world; the souls of dead people have shone upon rejuvenated races, and enlarged in them the spirit of life.

There is in the world a nation which calls itself frankness and freedom, for these two words are synonymous with the name of France.

This nation has always been in some ways more Catholic than the Pope, and more Protestant than Luther.

The France of the Crusades, the France of the Troubadours, the France of songs, the France of Rabelais and of Voltaire, the France of Bossuet and of Pascal, it is she who is the synthesis of all peoples: it is she who consecrates the alliance of reason and of faith, of revolution and of power, of the most tender belief and of the proudest human dignity.

And, see how she marches, how she swings herself, how she struggles, how she grows great!

Often deceived and wounded, never cast down, enthusiastic over her triumphs, daring in her adversities, she laughs, she sings, she dies, and she teaches the world faith in immortality.

THE EQUINOX

The old guard does not surrender, but neither does it die! The proof of it is the enthusiasm of our children, who mean, one day, to be also soldiers of the old guard!

Napoleon is no more a man: he is the very genius of France, he is the second saviour of the world, and he also gave for a sign the cross to his apostles.

St. Helena and Golgotha are the beacons of the new civilization; they are the two piles of an immense bridge made by the rainbow of the final deluge, and which throws a bridge between the two worlds.

And can you believe that a past without aureole and without glory, might capture and devour so great a future?

Could you think that the spur of a Tartar might one day tear up the pact of our glories, the testament of our liberties?

Say rather that we may again become children, and enter again into our mother's womb!

"Go on! Go on!" said the voice of God to the wandering Jew. "Advance! Advance!" the destiny of the world cries out to France. And where do we go? To the unknown, the the abyss perhaps; no matter! But to the past, to the cemeteries of oblivion, to the swaddling-clothes which our childhood itself tore in shreds, towards the imbecility and ignorance of the earliest ages . . . never! never!

XV

THE NUMBER FIFTEEN

FIFTEEN is the number of antagonism, and of catholicity. Christianity is at present divided into two churches: the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

civilizing church, and the savage church; the progressive church, and the stationary church.

One is active, the other is passive: one has mastered the nations and governs them always, since kings fear it; the other has submitted to every despotism, and can be nothing but an instrument of slavery.

The active church realizes God for men, and alone believes in the divinity of the human Word, as an interpreter of that of God.

What after all is the infallibility of the Pope, but the auto-cracy of intelligence, confirmed by the universal vote of faith?

In this case, one might say, the Pope ought to be the first genius of his century. Why? It is more proper, in reality, that he should be an average man. His supremacy is only more divine for that, because it is in a way more human.

Do not events speak louder than rancours and irreligious ignorances? Do not you see Catholic France sustaining with one hand the tottering papacy, and with the other holding the sword to fight at the head of the army of progress?

Catholics, Jews, Turks, Protestants, already fight under the same banner; the crescent has rallied to the Latin cross, and altogether we struggle against the invasion of the barbarians, and their brutalizing orthodoxy.

It is for ever an accomplished fact. In admitting new dogmas, the chair of St. Peter has solemnly proclaimed itself progressive.

The fatherland of Catholic Christianity is that of the sciences and of the fine arts; and the eternal Word of the Gospel, living and incarnate in a visible authority, is still the light of the world.

THE EQUINOX

Silence, then, to the Pharisees of the new synagoge! Silence to the hateful traditions of the Schools, to the arrogance of Presbyterianism, to the absurdity of Jansenism, and to all those shameful and superstitious interpretations of the eternal dogma, so justly stigmatized by the pitiless genius of Voltaire!

Voltaire and Napoleon died Catholics.¹ And do you know what the Catholicism of the future must be?

It will be the dogma of the Gospel, tried like gold by the critical acid of Voltaire, and realized, in the kingdom of the world, by the genius of the Christian Napoleon.

Those who will not march will be dragged or trampled by events.

Immense calamities may again hang over the world. The armies of the Apocalypse may, perhaps, one day, unchain the four scourges. The sanctuary will be cleansed. Rigid and holy poverty will send forth its apostles to uphold what staggers, lift up again what is broken, and anoint all wounds with sacred oils.

Those two blood-hungered monsters, despotism and anarchy, will tear themselves to pieces, and annihilate each other, after having mutually sustained each other for a little while, by the embrace of their struggle itself.

And the government of the future will be that whose model is shown to us in nature, by the family, and in the religious world by the pastoral hierarchy. The elect shall reign with Jesus Christ during a thousand years, say the

¹ "I do not say that Voltaire died a good Catholic, but he died a Catholic." —E. L. Christian authors unanimously hold that, like all 'heretics,' he repented on his death-bed, and died blaspheming. What on earth does it matter? Life, not death, reveals the soul.—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

apostolic traditions: that is to say, that during a series of centuries, the intelligence and love of chosen men, devoted to the burden of power, will administer the interests and the wealth of the universal family.

At that day, according to the promise of the Gospel, there will be no more than one flock and one shepherd.

XVI

THE NUMBER SIXTEEN

SIXTEEN is the number of the temple.

Let us say what the temple of the future will be!

When the spirit of intelligence and love shall have revealed itself, the whole trinity will manifest itself in its truth and in its glory.

Humanity, become a queen, and, as it were, risen from the dead, will have the grace of childhood in its poesy, the vigour of youth in its reason, and the wisdom of ripe age in its works.

All those forms, which the divine thought has successively clothed, will be born again, immortal and perfect.

All those features which the art of successive nations has sketched will unite themselves, and form the complete image of God.

Jerusalem will rebuild the Temple of Jehovah on the model prophesied by Ezekiel; and the Christ, new and eternal Solomon, will chant, beneath roofs of cedar and of cypress, the Epithalamium of his marriage with holy liberty, the holy bride of the Song of Songs.

But Jehovah will have laid aside his thunderbolts, to bless

THE EQUINOX

with both hands the bridegroom and the bride; he will appear smiling between them, and take pleasure in being called father.

However, the poetry of the East, in its magical souvenirs, will call him still Brahma, and Jupiter. India will teach our enchanted climates the marvellous fables of Vishnu, and we shall place upon the still bleeding forehead of our well-beloved Christ the triple crown of pearls of the mystical Trimurti. From that time, Venus, purified under the veil of Mary, will no more weep for her Adonis.

The bridegroom is risen to die no more, and the infernal boar has found death in its momentary victory.

Lift yourselves up again, O Temples of Delphi and of Ephesus! The God of Light and of Art is become the God of the world, and the Word of God is indeed willing to be called Apollo! Diana will no more reign widowed in the lonely fields of night; her silvern crescent is now beneath the feet of the bride.

But Diana is not conquered by Venus; her Endymion has wakened, and virginity is about to take pride in motherhood!

Quit the tomb, O Phidias, and rejoice in the destruction of thy first Jupiter: it is now that thou wilt conceive a God!

O Rome, let thy temples rise again, side by side with thy basilicas: be once more the Queen of the World, and the Pantheon of the nations; let Vergil be crowned on the Capitol by the hand of St. Peter; and let Olympus and Carmel unite their divinities beneath the brush of Raphael!

Transfigure yourselves, ancient cathedrals of our fathers; dart forth into the clouds your chiselled and living arrows, and

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

let stone record in animated figures the dark legends of the North, brightened by the marvellous gilded apologues of the Qur'an!

Let the East adore Jesus Christ in its mosques, and on the minarets of a new Santa Sophia let the cross rise in the midst of the crescent!¹

Let Mohammed set woman free to give to the true believer the houris which he has so long dreamt of, and let the martyrs of the Saviour teach chaste caresses to the beautiful angels of Mohammed!

The whole earth, reclothed with the rich adornments which all the arts have embroidered for her, will no longer be anything but a magnificent temple, of which man shall be the eternal priest.

All that was true, all that was beautiful, all that was sweet in the past centuries, will live once more glorified in this transfiguration of the world.

And the beautiful form will remain inseparable from the true idea, as the body will one day be inseparable from the soul, when the soul, come to its own power, will have made itself a body in its own image.

That will be the kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, and the body will be the temple of the soul, as the regenerated universe will be the body of God.

And bodies and souls, and form and thought, and the whole universe, will be the light, the word, and the permanent and visible revelation of God. Amen. So be it.

¹ It is amusing to remark that this very symbol is characteristic of the Greek Church which he has been attacking. Levi should have visited Moscow.—
TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

XVII

THE NUMBER SEVENTEEN

SEVENTEEN is the number of the star; it is that of intelligence and love.

Warrior and bold intelligence, accomplice of divine Prometheus, eldest daughter of Lucifer, hail unto thee in thine audacity! Thou didst wish to know, and in order to possess, thou didst brave all the thunders, and affronted every abyss!

Intelligence, O Thou, whom we poor sinners have loved to madness, to scandal, to reprobation! Divine right of man, essence and soul of liberty, hail unto thee! For they have pursued thee, in trampling beneath their feet for thee the dearest dreams of their imagination, the best beloved phantoms of their heart!

For thee, they have been repulsed and proscribed, for thee they have suffered prison, nakedness, hunger, thirst, the desertion of those whom they loved, and the dark temptations of despair! Thou wast their right, and they have conquered thee! Now they can weep and believe, now they can submit themselves and pray!

Repentant Cain would have been greater than Abel: it is lawful pride satisfied which has the right to humiliate itself!

I believe because I know why and how one must believe; I believe because I love, and fear no more.

Love! Love! Sublime redeemer and sublime restorer; thou who makest so much happiness, with so many tortures, thou who didst sacrifice blood and tears, thou who art virtue

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

itself, and the reward of virtue; force of resignation, belief of obedience, joy of sorrow, life of death, hail! Salutation and glory to thee! If intelligence is a lamp, thou art its flame; if it is right, thou art duty; if it is nobility, thou art happiness. Love, full of pride and modesty in thy mysteries, divine love, hidden love, love insensate and sublime, Titan who takest Heaven in both hands, and forcest it to earth, final and ineffable secret of Christian widowhood, love eternal, love infinite, ideal which would suffice to create worlds; love! love! blessing and glory to thee! Glory to the intelligences which veil themselves that they may not offend weak eyes! Glory to right which transforms itself wholly into duty, and which becomes devotion! To the widowed souls who love, and burn up without being loved! To those who suffer, and make none other suffer, to those who forgive the ungrateful, to those who love their enemies! Oh, happy evermore, happy beyond all, are those who embrace poverty, who have drained themselves to the dregs, to give! Happy are the souls who for ever make thy peace! Happy the pure and the simple hearts that never think themselves better than others! Humanity, my mother, humanity daughter and mother of God, humanity conceived without sin, universal Church, Mary! Happy is he who has dared all to know thee and to understand thee, and who is ready to suffer all once more, in order to serve thee and to love thee!

XVIII

THE NUMBER EIGHTEEN

THIS number is that of religious dogma, which is all poetry and all mystery.

THE EQUINOX

The Gospel says that at the death of the Saviour the veil of the Temple was rent, because that death manifested the triumph of devotion, the miracle of charity, the power of God in man, divine humanity, and human divinity, the highest and most sublime of Arcana, the last word of all initiations.

But the Saviour knew that at first men would not understand him, and he said: "You will not be able to bear at present the full light of my doctrine; but, when the Spirit of Truth shall manifest himself, he will teach you all truth, and he will cause you to understand the sense of what I have said unto you."

Now the Spirit of Truth is the spirit of science and intelligence, the spirit of force and of counsel.

It is that spirit which solemnly manifested itself in the Roman Church, when it declared in the four articles of its decree of the 12th December, 1845:

1°.—That if faith is superior to reason, reason ought to endorse the inspirations of faith;

2°.—That faith and science have each their separate domain, and that the one should not usurp the functions of the other;

3°.—That it is proper for faith and grace, not to weaken, but on the contrary to strengthen and develop reason;

4°.—That the concurrence of reason, which examines, not the decisions of faith, but the natural and rational bases of the authority which decides them, far from injuring faith, can only be useful to it; in other words, that a faith, perfectly reasonable in its principles, should not fear, but should, on the contrary, desire the sincere examination of reason.

Such a decree is the accomplishment of a complete religious

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

revolution, it is the inauguration of the reign of the Holy Ghost upon the earth.

XIX

THE NUMBER NINETEEN

IT is the number of light.

It is the existence of God proved by the very idea of God.

Either one must say that Being is the universal tomb where, by an automatic movement, stirs a form for ever dead and corpse-like, or one must admit the absolute principle of intelligence and of life.

Is the universal light dead or alive? Is it vowed fatally to the work of destruction, or providentially directed to an immortal birth?

If there be no God, intelligence is only a deception, for it fails to be the absolute, and its ideal is a lie.

Without God, being is a nothingness affirming itself, life a death in disguise, and light a night for ever deceived by the mirage of dreams.

The first and most essential act of faith is then this.

Being exists; and the Being of beings, the Truth of being, is God.

Being is alive with intelligence, and the living intelligence of absolute being is God.

Light is real and life-giving; now, the reality and life of all light is God.

The word of universal reason is an affirmation and not a negation.

How blind are they who do not see that physical light is nothing but the instrument of thought!

THE EQUINOX

Thought alone, then, reveals light, and creates it in using it for its own purposes.

The affirmation of atheism is the dogma of eternal night: the affirmation of God is the dogma of light!

We stop here at the number Nineteen, although the sacred alphabet has twenty-two letters; but the first nineteen are the keys of occult theology. The others are the keys of Nature; we shall return to them in the third part of this work.

Let us resume what we have said concerning God, by quoting a fine invocation borrowed from the Jewish liturgy. It is a page from the qabalistic poem Kether-Malkuth, by Rabbi Solomon, son of Gabirol:

“Thou art one, the beginning of all numbers, and the foundation of all buildings; thou art one, and in the secret of thy unity the most wise of men are lost, because they know it not. Thou art one, and thy unity neither wanes nor waxes, neither suffers any change. Thou art one, and yet not the one of the mathematician, for thy unity admits neither multiplication, nor change, nor form. Thou art one, and not one of mine imaginations can fix a limit for thee, or give a definition of thee; therefore will I take heed to my ways, lest I offend with my tongue. Thou art one indeed, whose excellence is so lofty, that it may in no wise fall, by no means like that one which may cease to be.

“Thou art the existing one; nevertheless, the understanding and the sight of mortals cannot attain thine existence, nor place in thee the where, the how, the why. Thou art the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

existing one, but in thyself, since no other can exist beside thee. Thou art the existing one, before time, and beyond space. Thou art indeed the existing one, and thine existence is so hidden, and so deep, that none can discover it, or penetrate its secret.

“Thou art the living one, but not in fixed and known time; thou art the living one, but not by spirit or by soul; for thou art the Soul of all souls. Thou art the living one; but not living with the life of mortals, that is, like a breath, and whose end is to give food to worms. Thou art the living one, and he that can attain thy mysteries will enjoy eternal delight and live for ever.

“Thou art great; before thy greatness all other greatness bows, and all that is most excellent becomes imperfect. Thou art great above all imagination, and thou art exalted above all the hierarchies of Heaven. Thou art great above all greatness, and thou art exalted above all praise. Thou art strong, and not one among thy creatures can do the works that thou dost, nor can his force be compared with thine. Thou art strong, and it is to thee that belongs that strength invincible which changes not and decays never. Thou art strong; by thy loving-kindness thou dost forgive in the moment of thy most burning wrath, and thou showest thyself long-suffering to sinners. Thou art strong, and thy mercies, existing from all time, are upon all thy creatures. Thou art the eternal light, that pure souls shall see, and that the cloud of sins will hide from the eyes of sinners. Thou art the light which is hidden in this world, and visible in the other, where the glory of the Lord is shown forth. Thou art Sovereign, and the eyes of understanding which desire to see thee are all

THE EQUINOX

amazed, for they can attain but part of it, never the whole. Thou art the God of gods, and all thy creatures bear witness to it; and in honour of this great name they owe thee all their worship. Thou art God, and all created beings are thy servants and thy worshippers: thy glory is not tarnished, although men worship other gods, because their intention is to address themselves to thee; they are like blind men, who wish to follow the straight road, but stray; one falls into a well, the other into a ditch; all think that they are come to their desire, yet they have wearied themselves in vain. But thy servants are like men of clear sight travelling upon the highroad; never do they stray from it, either to the right hand or the left, until they are entered into the court of the king's palace. Thou art God, who by thy godhead sustainest all beings, and by thy unity dost bring home all creatures. Thou art God, and there is no difference between thy deity, thy unity, thy eternity, and thy existence; for all is one and the same mystery; although names vary, all returns to the same truth. Thou art the knower, and that intelligence which is the source of life emanates from thyself; and beside thy knowledge all the wisest men are fools. Thou art the knower, and the ancient of the ancient ones, and knowledge has ever fed from thee. Thou art the knower, and thou hast learned thy knowledge from none, nor hast acquired it but from thyself. Thou art the knower, and like a workman and an architect thou hast taken from thy knowledge a divine will, at an appointed time, to draw being from nothing; so that the light which falls from the eyes is drawn from its own centre without any instrument or tool. This divine will has hollowed, designed, purified and moulded; it has ordered

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Nothingness to open itself, Being to shut up, and the world to spread itself. It has spanned the heavens, and assembled with its power the tabernacle of the spheres, with the cords of its might it has bound the curtains of the creatures of the universe, and touching with its strength the edge of the curtain of creation, has joined that which is above to that which was below.”—(*Prayers of Kippour.*)

We have given to these bold qabalistic speculations the only form which suits them, that is, poesy, or the inspiration of the heart.

Believing souls will have no need of the rational hypotheses contained in this new explanation of the figures of the Bible; but those sincere hearts afflicted by doubt, which are tortured by eighteenth-century criticism, will understand in reading it that even reason without faith can find in the Holy Book something besides stumbling-blocks; if the veils with which the divine text is covered throw a great shadow, this shadow is so marvellously designed by the interplay of light that it becomes the sole intelligible image of the divine ideal.

Ideal, incomprehensible as infinity, and indispensable as the very essence of mystery!

ARTICLE II

SOLUTION OF THE SECOND PROBLEM

TRUE RELIGION

RELIGION exists in humanity, like love.

Like it, it is unique.

Like it, it either exists, or does not exist, in such and such a soul; but, whether one accepts it or denies it, it is in humanity; it is, then, in life, it is in nature itself; it is an incontestable fact of science, and even of reason.

The true religion is that which has always existed, which exists to-day, and will exist for ever.

Some one may say that religion is this or that; religion is what it is. This is the true religion, and the false religions are superstitions imitated from her, borrowed from her, lying shadows of herself!

One may say of religion what one says of true art. Savage attempts at painting or sculpture are the attempts of ignorance to arrive at the truth. Art proves itself by itself, is radiant with its own splendour, is unique and eternal like beauty.

The true religion is beautiful, and it is by that divine character that it imposes itself on the respect of science, and obtains the assent of reason.

Science dare not affirm or deny those dogmatic hypotheses which are truths for faith; but it must recognize by unmis-

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

takable characters the one true religion, that is to say, that which alone merits the name of religion in that it unites all the characters which agree with that great and universal aspiration of the human soul.

One only thing, which is to all most evidently divine, is manifested in the world.

It is charity.

The work of true religion should be to produce, to preserve, and to spread abroad the spirit of charity.

To arrive at this end she must herself possess all the characteristics of charity, in such a manner that one could define her satisfactorily, in naming her, "Organic Charity."

Now, what are the characteristics of charity?

It is St. Paul who will tell us.

Charity is patient.

Patient like God, because it is eternal as He is. It suffers persecutions, and never persecutes others.

It is kindly and loving, calling to itself the little, and not repulsing the great.

It is without jealousy. Of whom, and of what, should it be jealous? Has it not that better part which shall not be taken away from it?

It is neither quarrelsome nor intriguing.

It is without pride, without ambition, without selfishness, without anger.

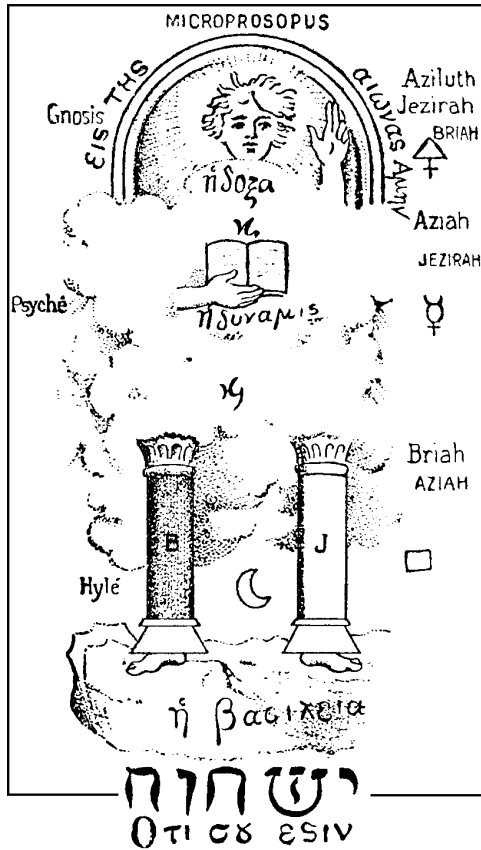
It never thinks evil, and never triumphs by injustice; for all its joy is comprehended in truth.

It endures everything, without ever tolerating evil.

It believes all; its faith is simple, submissive, hierarchical, and universal.

THE EQUINOX

It sustains all, and never imposes burdens which it is not itself the first to carry.



GREAT PENTACLE FROM THE VISION OF ST. JOHN

Religion is patient—the religion of great thinkers and of martyrs.

It is benevolent like Christ and the apostles, like Vincent de Paul, and like Fenelon.

It envies not either the dignities or the goods of the earth.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

It is the religion of the fathers of the desert, of St. Francis, and of St. Bruno, of the Sisters of Charity, and of the Brothers of Saint-Jean-de- Dieu.

It is neither quarrelsome nor intriguing. It prays, does good, and waits.

It is humble, it is sweet-tempered, it inspires only devotion and sacrifice. It has, in short, all the characteristics of Charity because it is Charity itself.

Men, on the contrary, are impatient, persecutors, jealous, cruel, ambitious, unjust, and they show themselves as such, even in the name of that religion which they have succeeded in calumniating, but which they will never cause to life. Men pass away, but truth is eternal.

Daughter of Charity, and creator of Charity in her own turn, true religion is essentially that which realizes; she believes in the miracles of faith, because she herself accomplishes them every day when she practises charity. Now, a religion which practises charity may flatter herself that she realizes all the dreams of divine love. Moreover, the faith of the hierarchical church transforms mysticism into realism by the efficacy of her sacraments. No more signs, no more figures whose strength is not in grace, and which do not really give what they promise! Faith animates all, makes all in some sort visible and palpable; even the parables of Jesus Christ take a body and a soul. They show, at Jerusalem, the house of the wicked rich man!! The thin symbolisms of the primitive religions overturned by science, and deprived of the life of faith, resemble those whitened bones which covered the field that Ezekiel saw in his vision. The Spirit of the Saviour, the spirit of faith, the spirit of

THE EQUINOX

charity, has breathed upon this dust; and all that which was dead has taken life again so really that one recognizes no more yesterday's corpses in these living creatures of to-day. And why should one recognize them, since the world is renewed, since St. Paul burned at Ephesus the books of the hierophants? Was then St. Paul a barbarian, and was he committing a crime against science? No, but he burned the winding-sheets of the resuscitated that they might forget death. Why, then, do we to-day recall the qabalistic origins of dogma? Why do we join again the figures of the Bible to the allegories of Hermes? Is it to condemn St. Paul, is it to bring doubt to believers? No, indeed, for believers have no need of our book; they will not read it, and they will not wish to understand it. But we wish to show to the innumerable crowd of those who doubt, that faith is attached to the reason of all the centuries, to the science of all the sages. We wish to force human liberty to respect divine authority, reason to recognize the bases of faith, so that faith and authority, in their turn, may never again proscribe liberty and reason.

ARTICLE III

SOLUTION OF THE THIRD PROBLEM

THE RATIONALE OF THE MYSTERIES

FAITH being the aspiration to the unknown, the object of faith is absolutely and necessarily this one thing --- Mystery.

In order to formulate its aspirations, faith is forced to borrow aspirations and images from the known.

But she specializes the employment of these forms, by placing them together in a manner which, in the known order of things, is impossible. Such is the profound reason of the apparent absurdity of symbolism.

Let us give an example:

If faith said that God was impersonal, one might conclude that God is only a word, or, at most, a thing.

If it is said that God was a person, one would represent to oneself the intelligent infinite, under the necessarily bounded form of an individual.

It says, "God is one in three persons," in order to express that one conceives in God both unity and multiplicity.

The formula of a mystery excludes necessarily the very intelligence of that formula, so far as it is borrowed from the world of known things; for, if one understood it, it would express the known and not the unknown.

It would then belong to science, and no longer to religion, that is to say, to faith.

THE EQUINOX

The object of faith is a mathematical problem, whose x escapes the procedures of our algebra.

Absolute mathematics prove only the necessity, and, in consequence, the existence of this unknown which we represent by the untranslatable x .

Now science progresses in vain; its progress is indefinite, but always relatively finite; it will never find in the language of the finite the complete expression of the infinite. Mystery is therefore eternal.

To bring into the logic of the known the terms of a profession of faith is to withdraw them from faith, which has for positive bases anti-logic, that is to say, the impossibility of logically explaining the unknown.

For the Jew, God is separate from humanity; He does not live in His creatures, He is infinite egoism.

For the Mussulman, God is a word before which one prostrates oneself, on the authority of Mohammed.

For the Christian, God has revealed himself in humanity, proves Himself by charity, and reigns by virtue of the order which constitutes the hierarchy.

The hierarchy is the guardian of dogma, for whose letter and spirit she alike demands respect. The sectarians who, in the name of their reason or, rather, of their individual unreason, have laid hands on dogma, have, in the very act, lost the spirit of charity; they have excommunicated themselves.

The Catholic, that is to say the universal, dogma merits that magnificent name by harmonizing in one all the religious aspirations of the world; with Moses and Mohammed, it affirms the unity of God; with Zoroaster, Hermes and Plato, it recognizes in Him the infinite trinity of its own regeneration;

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

it reconciles the living numbers of Pythagoras with the monadic Word of St. John;¹ so much, science and reason will agree. It is then in the eyes of reason and of science themselves the most perfect, that is to say the most complete, dogma which has ever been produced in the world. Let science and reason grant us so much; we shall ask nothing more of them.

“God exists; there is only one God, and He punishes those who do evil,” said Moses.

“God is everywhere; He is in us, and the good that we do to men we do it to God,” said Jesus.

“Fear” is the conclusion of the dogma of Moses.

“Love” is the conclusion of the dogma of Jesus.

The typical ideal of the life of God in humanity is incarnation.

Incarnation necessitates redemption, and operates it in the name of the reversibility of solidarity,² or, in other words, of universal communion, the dogmatic principle of the spirit of charity.

To substitute human arbitrament for the legitimate despotism of the law, to put, in other words, tyranny in the place of authority, is the work of all Protestantism and of all democracies. What men call liberty is the sanction of illegitimate authority, or, rather, the fiction of power not sanctioned by authority.

¹ The author had perhaps no space to continue with a demonstration that the Gospel legend itself is a macédoine of those of Bacchus, Adonis, Osiris, and a hundred others, and that the Mass, and Christian ceremonies generally, have similarly pagan sources.—O. M.

² This and many similar phrases employed in the controversies of the period are to-day practically unintelligible. Levi was at one time a kind of Socialist.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

John Calvin protested against the stakes of Rome, in order to give himself the right to burn Michael Servetus. Every people that liberates itself from a Charles I, or a Louis XVI, must undergo a Robespierre or a Cromwell and there is a more or less absurd anti-pope behind all protestations against the legitimate papacy.

The divinity of Jesus Christ only exists in the Catholic Church, to which He transmits hierarchically His life and His divine powers. This divinity is sacerdotal and royal by virtue of communion; but outside of that communion, every affirmation of the divinity of Jesus Christ is idolatrous, because Jesus Christ could not be an isolated God.

The number of Protestants is of no importance to Catholic truth.

If all men were blind, would that be a reason for denying the existence of the sun?

Reason, in protesting against dogma, proves sufficiently that she has not invented it; but she is forced to admire the morality which results from that dogma. Now, if morality is a light, it follows that dogma must be a sun; light does not come from shadows.

Between the two abysses of polytheism, and an absurd and ignorant theism, there is only one possible medium: the mystery of the most Holy Trinity.

Between speculative theism, and anthropomorphism, there is only one possible medium: the mystery of incarnation.

Between immoral fatality, and Draconic responsibility, which would conclude the damnation of all beings, there is only one possible mean: the mystery of redemption.

The trinity is faith.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The incarnation is hope.

The redemption is charity.

The trinity is the hierarchy.

Incarnation is the divine authority of the Church.

Redemption is the unique, infallible, unfailing and Catholic priesthood.

The Catholic Church alone possesses an invariable dogma, and by its very constitution is incapable of corrupting morality; she does not make innovations, she explains. Thus, for example, the dogma of the immaculate conception is not new; it was contained in the theotokon of the Council of Ephesus, and the theotokon is a rigorous consequence of the Catholic dogma of the incarnation.

In the same way the Catholic Church makes no excommunications, she declares them; and she alone can declare them, because she alone is guardian of unity.

Outside the vessel of Peter, there is nothing but the abyss. Protestants are like people who have thrown themselves into the water in order to escape sea-sickness.

It is of Catholicity, such as it is constituted in the Roman Church, that one must say what Voltaire so boldly said of God: "If it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it." But if a man had been capable of inventing the spirit of charity, he also would have invented God. Charity does not invent itself, it reveals itself by its works, and it is then that one can cry with the Saviour of the world: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

To understand the spirit of charity is to understand all mysteries.

ARTICLE IV
SOLUTION OF THE FOURTH PROBLEM

RELIGION PROVED BY THE OBJECTIONS WHICH PEOPLE
OPPOSE TO IT.

THE objections which one may make against religion may be made either in the name of science, or in the name of reason, or in the name of faith.

Science cannot deny the facts of the existence of religion, of its establishment and its influence upon the events of history.

It is forbidden to it to touch dogma; dogma belongs wholly to faith.

Science ordinarily arms itself against religion with a series of facts which it is her duty to appreciate, which, in fact, she does appreciate thoroughly, but which she condemns still more energetically than science does.

In doing that, science admits that religion is right, and herself wrong; she lacks logic, manifests the disorder which every angry passion introduces into the spirit of man, and admits the need that it has of being ceaselessly redressed and directed by the spirit of charity.

Reason, on its side, examines dogma and finds it absurd.

But, if it were not so, reason would understand it; if reason understood it, it would no longer be the formula of the unknown.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

It would be a mathematical demonstration of the infinite.

It would be the infinite finite, the unknown known, the immeasurable measured, the indicable named.

That is to say that dogma could only cease to be absurd in the eyes of reason to become, in the eyes of faith, science, reason and good sense in one, the most monstrous and the most impossible of all absurdities.

Remain the objections of dissent.

The Jews, our fathers in religion, reproach us with having attacked the unity of God, with having changed the immutable and eternal law, with adoring the creature instead of the Creator.

These heavy reproaches are founded on their perfectly false notion of Christianity.

Our God is the God of Moses, unique, immaterial, infinite God, sole object of worship, and ever the same.

Like the Jews, we believe Him to be present everywhere, but, as they ought to do, we believe Him living, thinking and loving in humanity, and we adore Him in His works.

We have not changed His law, for the Jewish Decalogue is also the law of Christians.

The law is immutable because it is founded on the eternal principles of Nature; but the worship necessitated by the needs of man may change, and modify itself, parallel with the changes in men themselves.

This signifies that the worship itself is immutable, but modifies itself as language does.

Worship is a form of instruction; it is a language; one must translate it when nations no longer understand it.

THE EQUINOX

We have translated, and not destroyed, the worship of Moses and of the prophets.

In adoring God in creation, we do not adore the creation itself.

In adoring God in Jesus Christ, it is God alone whom we adore, but God united to humanity.

In making humanity divine, Christianity has revealed the human divinity.

The God of the Jews was inhuman, because they did not understand Him in His works.

We are, then, more Israelite than the Israelites themselves. What they believe, we believe with them, and better than they do. They accuse us of having separated ourselves from them, and, on the contrary, it is they who wish to separate from us.

We wait for them, the heart and the arms wide open.

We are, as they are, the disciples of Moses.

Like them, we come from Egypt, and we detest its slavery. But we have entered into the Promised Land, and they obstinately abide and die in the desert.

Mohammedans are the bastards of Israel, or rather, they are his disinherited brothers, like Esau.

Their belief is illogical, for they admit that Jesus is a great prophet, and they treat Christians as infidels.

They recognize the Divine inspiration of Moses, yet they do not look upon the Jews as their brothers.

They believe blindly in their blind prophet, the fatalist Mohammed, the enemy of progress and of liberty.

Nevertheless, do not let us take away from Mohammed the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

glory of having proclaimed the unity of God among the idolatrous Arabs.

There are pure and sublime pages in the Qur'an.

In reading those pages, one may say with the children of Ishmael, "There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

There are three thrones in heaven for the three prophets of the nations; but, at the end of time, Mohammed will be replaced by Elias.

The Mussulmans do not reproach the Christians; they insult them.

They call them infidels and "giaours," that is to say, dogs. We have nothing to reply to them.

One must not refute the Turks and the Arabs; one must instruct and civilize them.

Remain dissident Christians, that is to say, those who, having broken the bond of unity, declare themselves strangers to the charity of the Church.

Greek orthodoxy, that twin of the Roman Church which has not grown greater since its separation, which counts no longer in religion, which, since Photius, has not inspired a single eloquence, is a church become entirely temporal, whose priesthood is no more than a function regulated by the imperial policy of the Tsar of All the Russias; a curious mummy of the primitive Church, still coloured and gilded with all its legends and all its rites, which its popes no longer understand; the shadow of a living church, but one which insisted on stopping when that church moved on, and which is now no more than its bloated-out and headless silhouette.

Then, the Protestants, those eternal regulators of anarchy,

THE EQUINOX

who have broken down dogma, and are trying always to fill the void with reasonings, like the sieve of the Danaides; these weavers of religious fantasy, all of whose innovations are negative, who have formulated for their own use an unknown calling itself better known, mysteries better explained, a more defined infinite, a more restrained immensity, a more doubting faith, those who have quintessentialized the absurd, divided charity, and taken acts of anarchy for the principles of an entirely impossible hierarchy; those men who wish to realize salvation by faith alone, because charity escapes them, and who can no longer realize it, even upon the earth, for their pretended sacraments are no longer anything but allegorical mummeries; they no longer give grace; they no longer make God seen and touched; they are no longer, in a word, the signs of the almighty power of faith, but the compelled witnesses of the eternal impotence of doubt.

It is, then, against faith itself that the Reformation protested! Protestants were right only in their protest against the inconsiderate and persecuting zeal which wished to force consciences. They claimed the right to doubt, the right to have less religion than others, or even to have none at all; they have shed their blood for that sad privilege; they conquered it, they possess it; but they will not take away from us that of pitying them and loving them. When the need to believe again takes them, when their heart revolts against the tyranny of a falsified reason when they become tired of the empty abstractions of their arbitrary dogma, of the vague observances of their ineffective worship; when their communion without the real presence, their churches without divinity, and their morality without grace finally frighten

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

them; when they are sick with the nostalgia of God—will they not rise up like the prodigal son, and come to throw themselves at the feet of the successor of Peter, saying: “Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and we are no more worthy to be called thy sons, but count us among the humblest of thy servants”?

We will not speak of the criticism of Voltaire. That great mind was dominated by an ardent love of truth and justice, but he lacked that rectitude of heart which the intelligence of faith gives. Voltaire could not admit faith, because he did not know how to love. The spirit of charity did not reveal itself to that soul which had no tenderness, and he bitterly criticized the hearth of which he did not feel the warmth, and the lamp of which he did not see the light. If religion were such as he saw it, he would have been a thousand times right to attack it, and one would be obliged to fall on one’s knees before the heroism of his courage. Voltaire would be the Messiah of good sense, the Hercules destructor of fanaticism. . . . But he laughed too much to understand Him who said: “Happy are they who weep,” and the philosophy of laughter will never have anything in common with the religion of tears.

Voltaire parodied the Bible, dogma and worship; and then he mocked and insulted that parody.

Only those who recognize religion in Voltaire’s parody can take offence at it. The Voltaireans are like the frogs in the fable who leap upon the log, and then make fun of royal majesty. They are at liberty to take the log for a king, they are at liberty to make once more that Roman caricature of which Tertullian once made mirth, that which represented the

THE EQUINOX

God of the Christians under the figure of a man with an ass's head. Christians will shrug their shoulders when they see this knavery, and pray God for the poor ignorants who imagine that they insult them.

M. the Count Joseph de Maistre, after having, in one of his most eloquent paradoxes, represented the hangman as a sacred being, and a permanent incarnation of divine justice upon earth, suggested that one should raise to the old man of Ferney a statue executed by the hangman. There is depth in this thought. Voltaire, in effect, also was, in the world, a being at the same time providential and fatal, endowed with insensibility for the accomplishment of his terrible functions. He was, in the domain of intelligence, a hangman, an extirminator armed by the justice of God Himself.

God sent Voltaire between the century of Bossuet and that of Napoleon in order to destroy everything that separates those two geniuses and to unite them in one alone.

He was the Samson of the spirit, always ready to shake the columns of the temple; but in order to make him turn in spite of himself the mill of religious progress, Providence made him blind of heart.

ARTICLE V

SOLUTION OF THE LAST PROBLEM

TO SEPARATE RELIGION FROM SUPERSTITION AND FANATICISM

SUPERSTITION, from the Latin word *superstes*, surviving, is the sign which survives the idea which it represents; it is the form preferred to the thing, the rite without reason, faith become insensate through isolating itself. It is in consequence the corpse of religion, the death of life, stupefaction substituted for inspiration.

Fanaticism is superstition become passionate, its name comes from the word *fanum*, which signifies “temple,” it is the temple put in place of God, it is the human and temporal interest of the priest substituted for the honour of priesthood, the wretched passion of the man exploiting the faith of the believer.

In the fable of the ass loaded with relics, La Fontaine tells us that the animal thought that he was being adored; he did not tell us that certain people indeed thought that they were adoring the animal. These people were the superstitious.

If any one had laughed at their stupidity, he would very likely have been assassinated, for from superstition to fanaticism is only one step.

Superstition is religion interpreted by stupidity; fanaticism is religion serving as a pretext to fury.

Those who intentionally and maliciously confound religion

THE EQUINOX

itself with superstition and fanaticism, borrow from stupidity its blind prejudices, and would borrow perhaps in the same way from fanaticism its injustices and angers.

Inquisitors or Septembrisors,¹ what matter names? The religion of Jesus Christ condemns, and has always condemned, assassins.

¹ Those who took part in the massacres of the Revolution of the 4th September, 1792.—TRANS.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE FIRST PART

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE

FAITH, SCIENCE, REASON.

SCIENCE. You will never make me believe in the existence of God.

FAITH. You have not the privilege of believing, but you will never prove to me that God does not exist.

SCIENCE. In order to prove it to you, I must first know what God is.

FAITH. You will never know it. If you knew it, you could teach it to me; and when I knew it, I should no longer believe it.

SCIENCE. Do you then believe without knowing what you believe?

FAITH. Oh, do not let us play with words! It is you who do not know what I believe, and I believe it precisely because you do not know it. Do you pretend to be infinite? Are you not stopped at every step by mystery? Mystery is for you an infinite ignorance which would reduce to nothing your finite knowledge, if I did not illumine it with my burning aspirations; and if, when you say, "I no longer know," I did not cry, "As for me, I begin to believe."

SCIENCE. But your aspirations and their object are not (and cannot be for me) anything but hypotheses.

THE EQUINOX

FAITH. Doubtless, but they are certainties for me, since without those hypotheses I should be doubtful even about your certainties.

SCIENCE. But if you begin where I stop, you begin always too rashly and too soon. My progress bears witness that I am ever advancing.

FAITH. What does your progress matter, if I am always walking in front of you?

SCIENCE. You, walking! Dreamer of eternity, you have disdained earth too much; your feet are benumbed.

FAITH. I make my children carry me.

SCIENCE. They are the blind carrying the blind; beware of precipices!

FAITH. No, my children are by no means blind; on the contrary, they enjoy twofold sight: they see, by thine eyes, what thou canst show them upon earth, and they contemplate, by mine, what I show them in Heaven.

SCIENCE. What does Reason think of it?

REASON. I think, my dear teachers, that you illustrate a touching fable, that of the blind man and the paralytic. Science reproaches Faith with not knowing how to walk upon the earth, and Faith says that Science sees nothing of her aspirations and of eternity in the sky. Instead of quarrelling, Science and Faith ought to unite; let Science carry Faith, and let Faith console Science by teaching her to hope and to love!

SCIENCE. It is a fine ideal, but Utopian. Faith will tell me absurdities. I prefer to walk without her.

FAITH. What do you call absurdities?

SCIENCE. I call absurdities propositions contrary to my demonstrations; as, for example, that three make one, that a

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

God has become man, that is to say, that the Infinite has made itself finite, that the Eternal died, that God punished his innocent Son for the sin of guilty men. . . .

FAITH. Say no more about it. As enunciated by you, these propositions are in fact absurdities. Do you know what is the number of God, you who do not know God? Can you reason about the operations of the unknown? Can you understand the mysteries of charity? I must always be absurd for you; for, if you understood them, my affirmations would be absorbed by your theorems; I should be you, and you would be me; or, to put it better, I should no longer exist, and Reason, in the presence of the infinite, would halt, blinded for evermore by your doubts, which are as infinite as space.

SCIENCE. At least, you should never usurp my authority, or give me the lie in my own domains.

FAITH. I have never done so, and I could never do so.

SCIENCE. So! You have never believed, for example, that a virgin could become a mother, without ceasing to be a virgin, in the physical, natural, positive order of things, in spite of all the laws of Nature; you do not affirm that a piece of bread is not only a God, but a real human body with its bones and its veins, its organs, its blood; such, in short, that you make of your children who eat this bread a little race of cannibals.

FAITH. There is not a single Christian who would not be revolted by what you have just said. That sufficiently proves that they do not understand my teachings in this positive and gross sense. The supernatural which I affirm is above Nature, and consequently could never oppose itself to her; the words of Faith are understood only by Faith; Science has only to repeat them to pervert their proper sense. I employ these

THE EQUINOX

words because I have no others; but since you find my remarks absurd, you should conclude from that that I give to the same words a meaning which escapes you. When the Saviour revealed the dogma of the real presence, did he not say: "The flesh profiteth nothing, but my words are spirit and life." I do not give you the mystery of the incarnation for an anatomical phenomenon, nor that of transubstantiation for a chemical manipulation. By what right do you exclaim "Absurd!"? I do not reason about any of the things you know; by what right do you say that I talk unreasonably?

SCIENCE. I begin to understand you, or rather, I see that I shall never understand you. This being so, let us remain separate; I shall never have need of you.

FAITH. I am less proud, and I recognize that you may be useful to me perhaps. Perhaps, too, you will be very sad and very desperate without me, and I will not leave you unless Reason consents.

REASON. Be well 'ware of doing so! I am necessary to both of you. And I, what should I do without you? In order to be just, I need to know and to believe. But I must never confound what I know with what I believe. To know is to believe no longer; to believe is not to know as yet. The object of Science is the known; Faith does not occupy itself with that, and leaves it all to Science. The object of Faith is the unknown; Science may seek it, but not define it; she is then obliged, at least provisionally, to accept the definitions of Faith which it is impossible for her even to criticize. Only, if Science renounces Faith, she renounces hope and love, whose existence and necessity are as evident for Science as for Faith. Faith, as a psychological fact, pertains to the realm of

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Science; and Science, as the manifestation of the light of God within the human intelligence, pertains to the realm of Faith. Science and Faith must then admit each other, respect each other mutually, support each other, and bear each other aid in case of need, but without ever encroaching the one upon the other. The means of uniting them is—never to confound them. Never can there be contradiction between them, for although they use the same words,, they do not speak the same language.

FAITH. Oh, well, Sister Science; what do you say about it?

SCIENCE. I say that we are separated by a deplorable misunderstanding, and that henceforward we shall be able to walk together. But to which of your different creeds do you wish to attach me? Shall I be Jewish, Catholic, Mohammedan, or Protestant?

FAITH. You will remain Science, and you will be universal.

SCIENCE. That is to say, Catholic, if I understand you correctly. But what should I think of the different religions?

FAITH. Judge them by their works. Seek true Charity, and when you have found her, ask her to which religion she belongs.

SCIENCE. It is certainly not to that of the Inquisition, and of the authors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

FAITH. It is to that of St. John the Almoner, of St. François de Sales,¹ of St. Vincent de Paul, of Fenelon, and so many more.

¹ Levi was certainly never the dupe of this boudoir Theologian. He accepted him without perusal, as the Englishman accepts Shakespeare and Milton.—O. M.

THE EQUINOX

SCIENCE. Admit that if religion has produced much good, she has also done much evil.

FAITH. When one kills in the name of the God who said, "Thou shalt not kill,"¹ when one persecutes in the name of Him who commands us to forgive our enemies, when one propagates darkness in the name of Him who tells us not to hide the light under a bushel, is it just to attribute the crime to the very law which condemns it? Say, if you wish to be just, that in spite of religion, much evil has been done upon earth. But also, to how many virtues has it not given birth? How many are the devotions, how many the sacrifices, of which we do not know! Have you counted those noble hearts, both men and women, who renounced all joys to enter the service of all sorrows? Those souls devoted to labour and to prayer, who have strewn their pathways with good deeds? Who founded asylums for orphans and old men, hospitals for the sick, retreats for the repentant? These institutions, as glorious as they are modest, are the real works with which the annals of the Church are filled; religious wars and the persecution of heretics belong to the politics of savage centuries. The heretics, moreover, were themselves murderers. Have you forgotten the burning of Michael Servetus and the massacre of our priests, renewed, still in the name of humanity and reason, by the revolutionaries who hated the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? Men are always cruel, it is true, but only when they forget the religion whose watchwords are blessing and pardon.

SCIENCE. O Faith! Pardon me, then, if I cannot believe;

¹ And habitually commanded the rape of virgins and the massacre of children. 1 Sam. xv. 3, etc.—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

but I know now why you believe. I respect your hopes, and share your desires. But I must find by seeking; and in order to seek, I must doubt.

REASON. Work, then, and seek, O Science, but respect the oracles of Faith! When your doubt leaves a gap in universal enlightenment, allow Faith to fill it! Walk distinguished the one from the other, but leaning the one upon the other, and you will never go astray.

PART II
PHILOSOPHICAL MYSTERIES

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS

IT has been said that beauty is the splendour of truth.

Now moral beauty is goodness. It is beautiful to be good.

To be intelligently good, one must be just.

To be just, one must act reasonably.

To act reasonably, one must have the knowledge of reality.

To have the knowledge of reality, one must have consciousness of truth.

To have consciousness of truth, one must have an exact notion of being.

Being, truth, reason and justice are the common objects of the researches of science, and of the aspirations of faith. The conceptions, whether real or hypothetical, of a supreme power transform justice into Providence; and the notion of divinity, from this point of view, becomes accessible to science herself.

Science studies Being in its partial manifestation; faith supposes it, or rather admits it *a priori* as a whole.

Science seeks the truth in everything; faith refers everything to an universal and absolute truth.

Science records realities in detail: faith explains them by

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

totalized reality to which science cannot bear witness, but which the very existence of the details seems to force her to recognize and to admit.

Science submits the reasons of persons and things to the universal mathematical reason; faith seeks, or rather supposes, an intelligent and absolute reason for (and above) mathematics themselves.

Science demonstrates justice by justness; faith gives an absolute justness to justice, in subordinating it to Providence.

One sees here all that faith borrows from science, and all that science, in its turn, owes to faith.

Without faith, science is circumscribed by an absolute doubt, and finds itself eternally penned within the risky empiricism of a reasoning scepticism; without science, faith constructs its hypotheses at random, and can only blindly prejudge the causes of the effects of which she is ignorant.

The great chain which reunites science and faith is analogy.

Science is obliged to respect a belief whose hypotheses are analogous to demonstrated truths. Faith, which attributes everything to God, is obliged to admit science as being a natural revelation which, by the partial manifestation of the laws of eternal reason, gives a scale of proportion to all the aspirations and to all the excursions of the soul into the domain of the unknown.

It is, then, faith alone that can give a solution to the mysteries of science; and in return, it is science alone that demonstrates the necessity of the mysteries of faith.

Outside the union and the concourse of these two living forces of the intelligence, there is for science nothing but

THE EQUINOX

scepticism and despair, for faith nothing but rashness and fanaticism.

If faith insults science, she blasphemes; if science misunderstands faith, she abdicates.

Now let us hear them speak in harmony!

“Being is everywhere,” says science. “it is multiple and variable in its forms, unique in its essence, and immutable in its laws. The relative demonstrates the existence of the absolute. Intelligence exists in being. Intelligence animates and modifies matter.”

“Intelligence is everywhere,” says faith; “Life is nowhere fatal because it is ruled. This rule is the expression of supreme Wisdom. The absolute in intelligence, the supreme regulator of forms, the living ideal of spirits, is God.”

“In its identity with the ideal, being is truth,” says science.

“In its identity with the ideal, truth is God,” replies faith.

“In its identity with my demonstrations, being is reality,” says science.

“In its identity with my legitimate aspirations, reality is my dogma,” says faith.

“In its identity with the Word, being is reason,” says science.

“In its identity with the spirit of charity, the highest reason is my obedience,” says faith.

“In its identity with the motive of reasonable acts, being is justice,” says science.

“In its identity with the principle of charity, justice is Providence,” replies faith.

Sublime harmony of all certainties with all hopes, of the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

absolute in intelligence with the absolute in love! The Holy Spirit, the spirit of charity, should then conciliate all, and transform all into His own light. Is it not the spirit of intelligence, the spirit of science, the spirit of counsel, the spirit of force? “He must come,” says the Catholic liturgy, “and it will be, as it were, a new creation; and He will change the face of the earth.”

“To laugh at philosophy is already to philosophize,” said Pascal, referring to that sceptical and incredulous philosophy which does not recognize faith. And if there existed a faith which trampled science underfoot, we should not say that to laugh at such a faith would be a true act of religion, for religion, which is all charity, does not tolerate mockery; but one would be right in blaming this love for ignorance, and in saying to this rash faith, “Since you slight your sister, you are not the daughter of God!”

Truth, reality, reason, justice, Providence, these are the five rays of the flamboyant star in the centre of which science will write the word “being,”—to which faith will add the ineffable name of God.

SOLUTION OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS

FIRST SERIES

QUESTION. What is truth?

ANSWER. Idea identical with being.

THE EQUINOX

Q. What is reality?

A. Knowledge identical with being.

Q. What is reason?

A. The Word identical with being.

Q. What is justice?

A. The motive of acts identical with being.

Q. What is the absolute?

A. Being.

Q. Can one conceive anything superior to being?

A. No; but one conceives in being itself something supereminent and transcendental.

Q. What is that?

A. The supreme reason of being.

Q. Do you know it, and can you define it?

A. Faith alone affirms it, and names it God.

Q. Is there anything above truth?

A. Above known truth, there is unknown truth.

Q. How can one construct reasonable hypotheses with regard to this truth?

A. By analogy and proportion.

Q. How can one define it?

A. By the symbols of faith.

Q. Can one say of reality the same thing as of truth?

A. Exactly the same thing.

Q. Is there anything above reason?

A. Above finite reason, there is infinite reason.

Q. What is infinite reason?

A. It is that supreme reason of being that faith calls God.

Q. Is there anything above justice?

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

A. Yes; according to faith, there is the Providence of God, and the sacrifice of man.

Q. What is this sacrifice?

A. It is the willing and spontaneous surrender of right.

Q. Is this sacrifice reasonable?

A. No; it is a kind of folly greater than reason, for reason is forced to admire it.

Q. How does one call a man who acts according to truth, reality, reason and justice?

A. A moral man.

Q. And if he sacrifices his interests to justice?

A. A man of honour.

Q. And if in order to imitate the grandeur and goodness of Providence he does more than his duty, and sacrifices his right to the good of others?

A. A hero.

Q. What is the principle of true heroism?

A. Faith.

Q. What is its support?

A. Hope.

Q. And its rule?

A. Charity.

Q. What is the Good?

A. Order.

Q. What is the Evil?

A. Disorder.

Q. What is permissible pleasure?

A. Enjoyment of order.

Q. What is forbidden pleasure?

A. Enjoyment of disorder.

THE EQUINOX

Q. What are the consequences of each?

A. Moral life and moral death.

Q. Has then hell, with all its horrors, its justification in religious dogma?

A. Yes; it is a rigorous consequence of a principle.

Q. What is this principle?

A. Liberty.

Q. What is liberty?

A. The right to do one's duty, with the possibility of not doing it.

Q. What is failing in one's duty?

A. It involves the loss of one's right. Now, right being eternal, to lose it is to suffer an eternal loss.

Q. Can one repair a fault?

A. Yes; by expiation.

Q. What is expiation?

A. Working overtime. Thus, because I was lazy yesterday, I had to do a double task to-day.

Q. What are we to think of those who impose on themselves voluntary sufferings?

A. If they do so in order to overcome the brutal fascination of pleasure, they are wise; if to suffer instead of others, they are generous; but if they do it without discretion and without measure, they are imprudent.

Q. Thus, in the eyes of true philosophy, religion is wise in all that it ordains?

A. You see that it is so.

Q. But if, after all, we were deceived in our eternal hopes?

A. Faith does not admit that doubt. But philosophy herself should reply that all the pleasures of the earth are not

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

worth one day of wisdom, and that all the triumphs of ambition are not worth a single minute of heroism and of charity.

SECOND SERIES

QUESTION. What is man?

ANSWER. Man is an intelligent and corporeal being made in the image of God and of the world, one in essence, triple in substance, mortal and immortal.

Q. You say, "triple in substance." Has man, then, two souls or two bodies?

A. No; there is in him a spiritual soul, a material body, and a plastic medium.

Q. What is the substance of this medium?

A. Light, partially volatile, and partially fixed.

Q. What is the volatile part of this light?

A. Magnetic fluid.

Q. And the fixed part?

A. The fluidic or fragrant body.

Q. Is the existence of this body demonstrated?

A. Yes; by the most curious and the most conclusive experiences. We shall speak of them in the third part of this work.

Q. Are these experiences articles of faith?

A. No, they pertain to science.

Q. But will science preoccupy herself with it?

A. She already preoccupies herself with it. We have written this book and you are reading it.

Q. Give us some notions of this plastic medium.

A. It is formed of astral or terrestrial light, and transmits

THE EQUINOX

the double magnetization of it to the human body. The soul, by acting on this light through its volitions, can dissolve it or coagulate it, project it or withdraw it. It is the mirror of the imagination and of dreams. It reacts upon the nervous system, and thus produces the movements of the body. This light can dilate itself indefinitely, and communicate its reflections at considerable distances; it magnetizes the bodies submitted to the action of man, and can, by concentrating itself, again draw them to him. It can take all the forms evoked by thought, and, in the transitory coagulations of its radiant particles, appear to the eyes; it can even offer a sort of resistance to the touch. But these manifestations and uses of the plastic medium being abnormal, the luminous instrument of precision cannot produce them without being strained, and there is danger of either habitual hallucination, or of insanity.

Q. What is animal magnetism?

A. The action of one plastic medium upon another, in order to dissolve or coagulate it. By augmenting the elasticity of the vital light and its force of projection, one sends it forth as far as one will, and withdraws it completely loaded with images; but this operation must be favoured by the slumber of the subject, which one produces by coagulating still further the fixed part of his medium.

Q. Is magnetism contrary to morality and religion?

A. Yes, when one abuses it.

Q. In what does the abuse of it consist?

A. In employing it in a disordered manner, or for a disordered object.

Q. What is a disordered magnetism?

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

A. An unwholesome fluidic emission, made with a bad intention; for example, to know the secrets of others, or to arrive at unworthy ends.

Q. What is the result of it?

A. It puts out of order the fluidic instrument of precision, both in the case of the magnetizer and of the magnetized. To this cause one must attribute the immoralities and the follies with which a great number of those who occupy themselves with magnetism are reproached.

Q. What conditions are required in order to magnetize properly?

A. Health of spirit and body; right intention, and discreet practice.

Q. What advantageous results can one obtain by discreet magnetism?

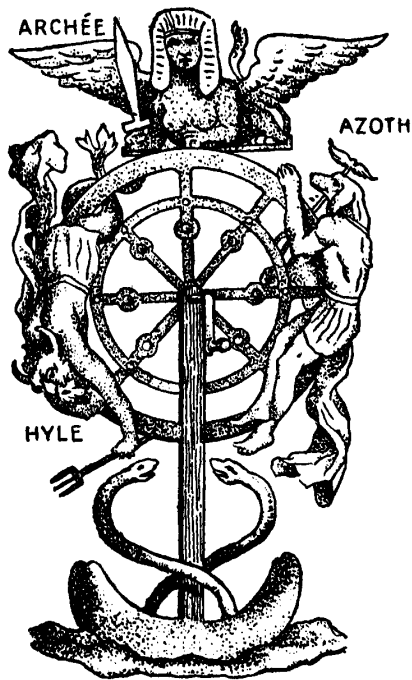
A. The cure of nervous diseases, the analysis of presentiments, the re-establishment of fluidic harmonies, and the rediscovery of certain secrets of Nature.

Q. Explain that to us in a more complete manner.

A. We shall do so in the third part of this work, which will treat specially of the mysteries of Nature.

PART III
THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE
THE GREAT MAGICAL AGENT

WE have spoken of a substance extended in the infinite.



THE TENTH KEY OF THE TAROT

That substance is one which is heaven and earth; that is to say, according to its degrees of polarization, subtle or fixed.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

This substance is what Hermes Trismegistus calls the great *Telesma*. When it produces splendour, it is called Light.

It is this substance which God creates before everything else, when He says, "Let there be light."

It is at once substance and movement.

It is fluid, and a perpetual vibration.

Its inherent force which set it in motion is called *magnetism*.

In the infinite, this unique substance is the ether, or the etheric light.

In the stars which it magnetizes, it becomes astral light.

In organized beings, light, or magnetic fluid.

In man it forms the *astral body*, or the *plastic medium*.

The will of intelligent beings acts directly on this light, and by means of it on all that part of Nature which is submitted to the modifications of intelligence.

This light is the common mirror of all thoughts and all forms; it preserves the images of everything that has been, the reflections of past worlds, and, by analogy, the sketches of worlds to come. It is the instrument of thaumaturgy and divination, as remains for us to explain in the third and last part of this work.

FIRST BOOK
MAGNETIC MYSTERIES

CHAPTER I
THE KEY OF MESMERISM

MESMER rediscovered the secret science of Nature; he did not invent it.

The first unique and elementary substance whose existence he proclaims in his aphorisms, was known by Hermes and Pythagoras.

Synesius, who sings it in his hymns, had found it revealed in the Platonistic records of the School of Alexandria:

Μία παγὰ, μία ῥίζα
Τριφάης ἔκαμπε μορφῶ
· · · · ·
Περὶ γὰρ σπάρεισα πνοιὰ
Χθονὸς ἐζήλωσε μοίρας
Πολυδαϊδάλοισι μόραις

“A single source, a single root of light, jets out and spreads itself into three branches of splendour. A breath blows round the earth, and vivifies in innumerable forms all parts of animated substance.” (HYMN II—*Synesius*.)

Mesmer saw in elementary matter a substance indifferent to movement as to rest. Submitted to movement, it is volatile; fallen back into rest, it is fixed; and he did not understand that movement is inherent in the first substance; that it results, not from its indifference, but from its aptitude, combined with a movement and a rest which are equilibrated

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the one by the other; that absolute rest is nowhere in universal living matter, but that the fixed attracts the volatile in order to fix it; while the volatile attacks the fixed in order to volatilize it. That the supposed rest of particles apparently fixed, in nothing but a more desperate struggle and a greater tension of their fluidic forces, which by neutralizing each other make themselves immobile. It is thus that, as Hermes says, that which is above is like that which is below; the same force which expands steam, contracts and hardens the icicle; everything obeys the laws of life which are inherent in the original substance; this substance attracts and repels, coagulates itself and dissolves itself, with a constant harmony; it is double; it is androgynous; it embraces itself, and fertilizes itself, it struggles, triumphs, destroys, renews; but never abandons itself to inertia, because inertia, for it, would be death.

It is this original substance to which the hieratic recital of Genesis refers when the word of Elohim creates light by commanding it to exist.

The Elohim said, "Let there be light!" and there was light.

This light, whose Hebrew name is אור, *our*, is the fluidic and living gold of the hermetic philosophy. Its positive principle is their sulphur; its negative principle, their mercury; and its equilibrated principles form what they call their salt.

One must then, in place of the sixth aphorism of Mesmer which reads thus: "Matter is indifferent as to whether it is in movement or at rest," establish this proposition: "The universal matter is compelled to movement by its double magnetization, and its fate is to seek equilibrium."

THE EQUINOX

Whence one may deduce these corollaries:

Regularity and variety in movement result from the different combinations of equilibrium.

A point equilibrated on all sides remains at rest, for the very reason that it is endowed with motion.

Fluid consists of rapidly moving matter, always stirred by the variation of the balancing forces.

A solid is the same matter in slow movement, or at apparent rest because it is more or less solidly balanced.

There is no solid body which would not immediately be pulverized, vanish in smoke, and become invisible if the equilibrium of its molecules were to cease suddenly.

There is no fluid which would not instantly become harder than the diamond, if one could equilibrate its constituent molecules.

To direct the magnetic forces is then to destroy or create forms; to produce to all appearance, or to destroy bodies; it is to exercise the almighty power of Nature.

Our plastic medium is a magnet which attracts or repels the astral light under the pressure of the will. It is a luminous body which reproduces with the greatest ease forms corresponding to ideas.

It is the mirror of the imagination. This body is nourished by astral light just as the organic body is nourished by the products of the earth. During slumber, it absorbs the astral light by immersion, and during waking, by a kind of somewhat slow respiration. When the phenomena of natural somnambulism are produced, the plastic medium is surcharged with ill-digested nourishment. The will, although bound by the torpor of slumber, repels instinctively the medium

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

towards the organs in order to disengage it, and a reaction, of mechanical nature, takes place, which with the movement of the body equilibrates the light of the medium. It is for that reason that it so dangerous to wake somnambulists suddenly, for the gorged medium may then withdraw itself suddenly towards the common reservoir, and abandon the organs altogether; these are then separated from the soul, and death is the result.

The state of somnambulism, whether natural or artificial, is then extremely dangerous, because in uniting the phenomena of the waking state and the state of slumber, it constitutes a sort of straddle between two worlds. The soul moves the springs of the particular life while bathing itself in the universal life, and experiences an inexpressible sense of well-being; it will then willingly let go the nervous branches which hold it suspended above the current. In ecstasies of every kind the situation is the same. If the will plunges into it with a passionate effort, or even abandons itself entirely to it, the subject may become insane or paralysed, or even die.

Hallucinations and vision result from wounds inflicted on the plastic medium, and from its local paralysis. Sometimes it ceases to give forth rays, and substitutes images condensed somehow or other to realities shown by the light; sometimes it radiates with too much force, and condense itself outside and around some chance and irregular nucleus, as blood does in some bodily growths. Then the chimeras of our brain take on a body, and seem to take on a soul; we appear to ourselves radiant or deformed according to the image of the ideal of our desires, or our fears.

Hallucinations, being the dreams of waking persons,

THE EQUINOX

always imply a state analogous to somnambulism. But in a contrary sense; somnambulism is slumber borrowing its phenomena from waking; hallucination is waking still partially subjected to the astral intoxication of slumber.

Our fluidic bodies attract and repulse each other following laws similar to those of electricity. It is this which produces instinctive sympathies and antipathies. They thus equilibrate each other, and for this reason hallucinations are often contagious; abnormal projections change the luminous currents; the perturbation caused by a sick person wins over to itself the more sensitive natures; a circle of illusions is established, and a whole crowd of people is easily dragged away thereby. Such is the history of strange apparitions and popular prodigies. Thus are explained the miracles of the American mediums and the hysterics of table-turners, who reproduce in our own times the ecstasies of whirling dervishes. The sorcerers of Lapland with their magic drums, and the conjurer medicine-men of savages arrive at similar results by similar proceedings; their gods or their devils have nothing to do with it.

Madmen and idiots are more sensitive to magnetism than people of sound minds; it should be easy to understand the reason of that: very little is required to turn completely the head of a drunken man, and one more easily acquires a disease when all the organs are predisposed to submit to its impressions, and manifest its disorders.

Fluidic maladies have their fatal crises. Every abnormal tension of the nervous apparatus ends in the contrary tension, according to the necessary laws of equilibrium. An exaggerated love changes to aversion, and every exalted hate comes very

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

near to love; the reaction happens suddenly with the flame and violence of the thunderbolt. Ignorance then laments it or exclaims against it; science resigns itself, and remains silent.

There are two loves, that of the heart, and that of the head: the love of the heart never excites itself, it gathers itself together, and grows slowly by the path of ordeal and sacrifice; purely nervous and passionate cerebral love lives only on enthusiasm, dashes itself against all duties, treats the beloved object as a prize of conquest, is selfish, exacting, restless, tyrannical, and is fated to drag after it either suicide as the final catastrophe, or adultery as a remedy. These phenomena are constant like nature, inexorable as fatality.

A young artist full of courage, with her future all before her, had a husband, an honest man, a seeker after knowledge, a poet, whose only fault was an excess of love for her; she outraged him and left him, and has continued to hate him ever since. Yet she, too, is a decent woman; the pitiless world, however, judges and condemns her. And yet, this was not her crime. Her fault, if one may be permitted to reproach her with one, was that, at first, she madly and passionately loved her husband.

“But,” you will say, “is not the human soul, then, free?” No, it is no longer free when it has abandoned itself to the giddiness caused by passion. It is only wisdom which is free; disordered passions are the kingdom of folly, and folly is fatality.

What we have said of love may equally well be said of religion, which is the most powerful, but also the most intoxicating, of all loves. Religious passion has also its excesses and

THE EQUINOX

its fatal reactions. One may have ecstasies and stigmata like St. Francis of Assisi, and fall afterwards into abysses of debauch and impiety.

Passionate natures are highly charged magnets; they attract or repel with violence.

It is possible to magnetize in two ways: first, in acting by will upon the plastic medium of another person, whose will and whose acts are, in consequence, subordinated to that action.

Secondly, in acting through the will of another, either by intimidation, or by persuasion, so that the influenced will modifies at our pleasure the plastic medium and the acts of that person.

One magnetizes by radiation, by contact, by look, or by word.

The vibrations of the voice modify the movement of the astral light, and are a powerful vehicle of magnetism.

The warm breath magnetizes positively, and the cold breath negatively.

A warm and prolonged insufflation upon the spinal column at the base of the cerebellum may occasion erotic phenomena.

If one puts the right hand upon the head and the left hand under the feet of a person completely enveloped with wool or silk, one causes the magnetic spark to pass completely through the body, and one may thus occasion a nervous revolution in his organism with the rapidity of lightning.

Magnetic passes only serve to direct the will of the magnetizer in confirming it by acts. They are signs and nothing more. The act of the will is expressed and not operated by these signs.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Powdered charcoal absorbs and retains the astral light. This explains the magic mirror of Dupotet.

Figures traced in charcoal appear luminous to a magnetized person, and take, for him, following the direction indicated by the will of the magnetizer, the most gracious or the most terrifying forms.

The astral light, or rather the vital light, of the plastic medium, absorbed by the charcoal, becomes wholly negative; for this reason animals which are tormented by electricity, as for example, cats, love to roll themselves upon coal. One day, medicine will make use of this property, and nervous persons will find great relief from it.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AND DEATH.—SLEEP AND WAKING

SLEEP is an incomplete death; death is a complete sleep.

Nature subjects us to sleep in order to accustom us to the idea of death, and warns us by dreams of the persistence of another life.

The astral light into which sleep plunges us is like an ocean in which innumerable images are afloat, flotsam of wrecked existences, mirages and reflections of those which pass, presentiments of those which are about to be.

Our nervous disposition attracts to us those images which correspond to our agitation, to the nature of our fatigue, just as a magnet, moved among particles of various metals, would attract to itself and choose particularly the iron filings.

THE EQUINOX

Dreams reveal to us the sickness or the health, the calm or the disturbance, of our plastic medium, and consequently, also, that of our nervous apparatus.

They formulate our presentiments by the analogy which the images bear to them.

For all ideas have a double significance for us, relating to our double life.

There exists a language of sleep; in the waking state it is impossible to understand it, or even to order its words.

The language of slumber is that of nature, hieroglyphic in its character, and rhythmical in its sounds.

Slumber may be either giddy or lucid.

Madness is a permanent state of vertiginous somnambulism.

A violent disturbance may wake madmen to sense, or kill them.

Hallucinations, when they obtain the adhesion of the intelligence, are transitory attacks of madness.

Every mental fatigue provokes slumber; but if the fatigue is accompanied by nervous irritation, the slumber may be incomplete, and take on the character of somnambulism.

One sometimes goes to sleep without knowing it in the midst of real life; and then instead of thinking, one dreams.

How is it that we remember things which have never happened to us? Because we dreamt them when wide awake.

This phenomenon of involuntary and unperceived sleep when it suddenly traverses real life, often happens to those who over-excite their nervous organism by excesses either of work, vigil, drink, or erethism.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Monomaniacs are asleep when they perform unreasonable acts. They no longer remember anything on waking.

When Papvoine was arrested by the police, he calmly said to them these remarkable words: *You are taking the other for me.*

It was the somnambulist who was still speaking.

Edgar Poe, that unhappy man of genius who used to intoxicate himself, has terribly described the somnambulism of monomaniacs. Sometimes it is an assassin who hears, and who thinks that everybody hears, through the wall of the tomb, the beating of his victim's heart; sometimes it is a poisoner who, by dint of saying to himself, "I am safe, provided I do not go and denounce myself," ends by dreaming aloud that he is denouncing himself, and in fact does so. Edgar Poe himself invented neither the persons nor the facts of these strange novels; he dreamt them waking, and that is why he clothed them so well with all the colours of a shocking reality.

Dr. Briere de Boismont in his remarkable work on "Hallucinations," tells the story of an Englishman otherwise quite sane, who thought that he had met a stranger and made his acquaintance, who took him to lunch at his tavern, and then having asked him to visit St. Paul's in his company, had tried to throw him from the top of the tower which they had climbed together.

From that moment the Englishman was obsessed by this stranger, whom he alone could see, and whom he always met when he was alone, and had dined well.

Precipices attract; drunkenness calls to drunkenness; madness has invincible charms for madness. When a man

THE EQUINOX

succumbs to sleep, he holds in horror everything which might wake him. It is the same with the hallucinated, with statical somnambulists, maniacs, epileptics, and all those who abandon themselves to the delirium of a passion. They have heard the fatal music, they have entered into the dance of death; and they feel themselves dragged away into the whirl of vertigo. You speak to them, they no more hear you; you warn them, they no longer understand you, but your voice annoys them; they are asleep with the sleep of death.

Death is a current which carries you away, a whirlpool which draws you down, but from the bottom of which the least movement may make you climb again. The force or repulsion being equal to that of attraction, at the very moment of expiring, one often attaches oneself again violent to life. Often also, by the same law of equilibrium, one passes from sleep to death through complaisance for sleep.

A shallop sways upon the shores of the lake. The child enters the water, which, shining with a thousand reflections, dances around him and calls him; the chain which retains the boat stretches and seems to wish to break itself; then a marvellous bird shoots out from the bank, and skims, singing, upon the joyous waves; the child wishes to follow it, he puts his hand upon the chain, he detaches the ring.

Antiquity divined the mystery of the attraction of death, and represented it in the fable of Hylas. Weary with a long voyage, Hylas has arrived in a flowered, enamelled isle; he approaches a fountain to draw water; a gracious mirage smiles at him; he sees a nymph stretch out her arms to him, his own lose nerve, and cannot draw back the heavy jar; the fresh fragrance of the spring put him to sleep; the perfumes

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

of the bank intoxicate him. There he is, bent over the water like a narcissus whose stalk has been broken by a child at play; the full jar falls to the bottom, and Hylas follows it; he dies, dreaming that nymphs caress him, and no longer hears the voice of Hercules recalling him to the labours of life; Hercules, who runs wildly everywhere, crying, "Hylas! Hylas!"

Another fable, not less touching, which steps forth from the shadows of the Orphic initiation, is that of Eurydice recalled to life by the miracles of harmony and love, of Eurydice, that sensitive broken on the very day of her marriage, who takes refuge in the tomb, trembling with modesty. Soon she hears the lyre of Orpheus, and slowly climbs again towards the light; the terrible divinities of Erebus dare not bar her passage. She follows the poet, or rather the poetry which adores. . . . But, woe to the lover if he changes the magnetic current and pursues in his turn, with a single look, her whom he should only attract! The sacred love, the virginal love, the love which is stronger than the tomb, seeks only devotion, and flies in terror before the egoism of desire. Orpheus knows it; but, for an instant, he forgets it. Eurydice, in her white bridal dress, lies upon the marriage bed; he wears the vestments of Grand Hierophant, he stands upright, his lyre in his hand, his head crowned with the sacred laurel, his eyes turned towards the East, and he sings. He sings of the luminous arrows of love that traverse the shadows of old Chaos, the waves of soft, clear light, flowing from the black teats of the mother of the gods, from which hang the two children, Eros and Anteros. He says the song of Adonis returning to life in answer to the complaint of Venus, reviving like a flower under the shining dew of her

THE EQUINOX

tears; the song of Castor and Pollux, whom death could not divide, and who love alternately in hell and upon earth. . . . Then he calls softly Eurydice, his dear Eurydice, his so much loved Eurydice:

Ah! miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat,
Eurydicen! toto referebant flumine ripae.

While he sings, that pallid statue of the sculptor death takes on the colour of the first tint of life, its white lips begin to redden like the dawn . . . Orpheus sees her, he trembles, he stammers, the hymn almost dies upon his lips, but she pales anew; then the Grand Hierophant tears from his lyre sublime heartrending songs, he looks no more save upon Heaven, he weeps, he prays, and Eurydice opens her eyes . . . Unhappy one, do not look at her! sing! sing! do not scare away the butterfly of Psyche, which is about to alight on this flower! But the insensate man has seen the look of the woman whom he has raised from the dead, the Grand Hierophant gives place to the lover, his lyre falls from his hands, he looks upon Eurydice, he darts towards her, . . . he clasps her in his arms, he finds her frozen still, her eyes are closed again, her lips are paler and colder than ever, the sensitive soul has trembled, the frail cord is broken anew—and for ever. . . . Eurydice is dead, and the hymns of Orpheus can no longer recall her to life!

In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, we had the temerity to say that the resurrection of the dead is not an impossible phenomenon even on the physical plane; and in saying that, we have not denied or in any way contradicted the fatal law of death. A death which can discontinue is only lethargy and slumber; but it is by lethargy and slumber that

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

death always begins. The state of profound peace which succeeds the agitations of life carries away the relaxed and sleeping soul; one cannot make it return, and force it to plunge anew into life, except by exciting violently all its affections and all its desires. When Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was upon earth, the earth was more beautiful and more desirable than Heaven; and yet it was necessary for Jesus to cry aloud and apply a shock in order to awaken Jairus's daughter. It was by dint of shudderings and tears that he called back his friend Lazarus from the tomb, so difficult is it to interrupt a tired soul who is sleeping his beauty-sleep!

At the same time, the countenance of death has not the same serenity for every soul that contemplates it. When one has missed the goal of life, when one carries away with one frenzied greeds or unassuaged hates, eternity appears to the ignorant or guilty soul with such a formidable proportion of sorrows, that it sometimes tries to fling itself back into mortal life. How many souls, urged by the nightmare of hell, have taken refuge in their frozen bodies, their bodies already covered with funereal marble! Men have found skeletons turned over, convulsed, twisted, and they have said, "Here are men who have been buried alive." Often this was not the case. These may always be waifs of death, men raised from the tomb, who, before they could abandon themselves altogether to the anguish of the threshold of eternity, were obliged to make a second attempt.

A celebrated magnetist, Baron Dupotet, teaches in his secret book on *Magic* that one can kill by magic as by electricity. There is nothing strange in this revelation for

THE EQUINOX

anyone who is well acquainted with the analogies of Nature. It is certain that in diluting beyond measure, or in coagulating suddenly, the plastic medium of a subject, it is possible to loose the body from the soul. It is sometimes sufficient to arouse a violent anger, or an overmastering fear in anyone, to kill him suddenly.

The habitual use of magnetism usually puts the subject who abandons himself to it at the mercy of the magnetizer. When communication is well-established, and the magnetizer can produce at will slumber, insensibility, catalepsy, and so on, it will only require a little further effort to bring on death.

We have been told as an actual fact a story whose authenticity we will not altogether guarantee.

We are about to repeat it because it may be true.

Certain persons who doubted both religion and magnetism, of that incredulous class which is ready for all superstitions and all fanaticisms, had persuaded a poor girl to submit to their experiments for a fee. This girl was of an impressionable and nervous nature, fatigued moreover by the excesses of a life which had been more than irregular, while she was already disgusted with existence. They put her to sleep; bade her see; she weeps and struggles. They speak to her of God; she trembles in every limb.

“No,” said she, “no; He frightens me; I will not look at Him.”

“Look at Him, I wish it.”

She opens her eyes, her pupils expand; she is terrifying.

“What do you see?”

“I should not know how to say it. . . . Oh for pity’s sake awaken me!”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“No, look, and say what you see.”

“I see a black night in which whirl sparks of every colour around two great ever-rolling eyes. From these eyes leap rays whose spiral whorls fill space. . . . Ho, it hurts me! Wake me!”

“No, look.”

“Where do you wish me to look now?”

“Look into Paradise.”

“No, I cannot climb there; the great night pushes me back, I always fall back.”

“Very well then, look into hell.”

Here the sleep-waker became convulsively agitated.

“No, no!” she cried sobbing; “I will not! I shall be giddy; I should fall! Oh, hold me back! Hold me back!”

“No, descend.”

“Where do you want me to descend?”

“Into hell.”

“But it is horrible! No! No! I will not go there!”

“Go there.”

“Mercy!”

“Go there. It is my will.”

The features of the sleep-waker become terrible to behold; her hair stands on end; her wide-opened eyes show only the white; her breast heaves, and a sort of death-rattle escapes from her throat.

“Go there. It is my will,” repeats the magnetizer.

“I am there!” says the unhappy girl between her teeth, falling back exhausted. Then she no longer answers; her head hangs heavy on her shoulder; her arms fall idly by her side. They approach her. They touch her. They try to

THE EQUINOX

waken her, but it is too late; the crime was accomplished; the woman was dead. It was to the public incredulity in the matter of magnetism that the authors of this sacrilegious experiment owed their own immunity from prosecution. The authorities held an inquest, and death was attributed to the rupture of an aneurism. The body, anyhow, bore no trace of violence; they had it buried, and there was an end of the matter.

Here is another anecdote which we heard from a travelling companion.

Two friends were staying in the same inn, and sharing the same room. One of them had a habit of talking in his sleep, and, at that time, would answer the questions which his comrade put to him. One night, he suddenly uttered stifled cries; his companion woke up and asked him what was the matter.

“But, don’t you see,” said the sleeper, “don’t you see that enormous stone . . . it is becoming loose from the mountain . . . it is falling on me, it is going to crush me. ”

“Oh, well, get out of its way!”

“Impossible! My feet are caught in brambles that cling ever closer. Ah! Help! Help! There is the great stone coming right upon me!”

“Well, there it is!” said the other laughing, throwing the pillow at his head in order to wake him.

A terrible cry, suddenly strangled in his throat, a convulsion, a sigh, then nothing more. The practical joker gets up, pulls his comrade’s arm, calls him; in his turn, he becomes frightened, he cries out, people come with lights . . . the unfortunate sleep-waker was dead.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

CHAPTER III

MYSTERIES OF HALLUCINATIONS AND OF THE EVOCATION OF SPIRITS

AN hallucination is an illusion produced by an irregular movement of the astral light.

It is, as we said previously, the admixture of the phenomena of sleep with those of waking.

Our plastic medium breathes in and out the astral light or vital soul of the earth, as our body breathes in and out the terrestrial atmosphere. Now, just as in certain places the air is impure and not fit for breathing, in the same way, certain unusual circumstances may make the astral light unwholesome, and not assimilable.

The air of some places may be too bracing for some people, and suit others perfectly; it is exactly the same with the magnetic light.

The plastic medium is like a metallic statue always in a state of fusion. If the mould is defective, it becomes deformed; if the mould breaks, it runs out.

The mould of the plastic medium is balanced and polarized vital force. Our body, by means of the nervous system, attracts and retains this fugitive form of light; but local fatigue, or partial over-excitement of the apparatus, may occasion fluidic deformities.

These deformities partially falsify the mirror of the imagination, and thus occasion habitual hallucinations to the static type of visionary.

The plastic medium, made in the image and likeness of our

THE EQUINOX

body, of which it figures every organ in light, has a sight, touch, hearing, smell and taste which are proper to itself; it may, when it is over-excited, communicate them by vibrations to the nervous apparatus in such a manner that the hallucination is complete. The imagination seems then to triumph over Nature itself, and produces truly strange phenomena. The material body, deluged with fluid, seems to participate in the fluidic qualities, it escapes from the operation of the laws of gravity, becomes momentarily invulnerable, and even invisible, in a circle of persons suffering from collective hallucination. The convulsionaries of St. Medard, as one knows, had their flesh torn off with red-hot pincers, had themselves felled like oxen, and ground like corn, and crucified, without suffering any pain; they were levitated, walked about head downwards, and ate bent pins and digested them.

We think we ought to recapitulate here the remarks which we published in the *Estafette* on the prodigies produced by the American medium Home, and on several phenomena of the same kind.

We have never personally witnessed Mr. Home's miracles, but our information comes from the best sources; we gathered it in a house where the American medium had been received with kindness when he was in misfortune, and with indulgence when he reached the point of thinking that his illness was a piece of good luck; in the house of a lady born in Poland, but thrice French by the nobility of her heart, the indescribable charm of her spirit, and the European celebrity of her name.

The publication of this information in the *Estafette* attracted to us at that time, without our particularly knowing

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

why, the insults of a Mr. de Pène, since then become known to fame through his unfortunate duel. We thought at the time of La Fontaine's fable about the fool who threw stones at the sage. Mr. de Pène spoke of us as an unfrocked priest, and a bad Catholic. We at least showed ourself a good Christian in pitying and forgiving him, and as it is impossible to be an unfrocked priest without ever having been a priest, we let fall to the ground an insult which did not reach us.

SPOOKS IN PARIS.

Mr. Home, a week ago, was once more about to quit Paris, that Paris where even the angels and the demons, if they appeared in any shape, would not pass very long for marvellous beings, and would find nothing better to do than to return at top-speed to heaven or to hell, to escape the forgetfulness and the neglect of human kind.

Mr. Home, his air sad and disillusioned, was then bidding farewell to a noble lady whose kindly welcome had been one of the first happiness which he had tasted in France. Mme. de B . . . treated him very kindly that day, as always, and asked him to stay to dinner; the man of mystery was about to accept, when, some one having just said that they were waiting for a qabalist, well known in the world of occult science by the publication of a book entitled *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, Mr. Home suddenly changed countenance, and said, stammering, and with a visible embarrassment, that he could not remain, and that the approach of this Professor of Magic caused him an incomparable terror. Everything one could say to reassure him proved useless. "I do not presume to judge the man," said he; "I do not

THE EQUINOX

assert that he is good or evil, I know nothing about it; but his atmosphere hurts me; near him I should feel myself, as it were, without force, even without life." After which explanation. Mr. Home hastened to salute and withdraw.

This terror of miracle-mongers in the presence of the veritable initiates of science, is not a new fact in the annals of occultism. You may read in Philostratus the history of the Lamia who trembles on hearing the approach of Apollonius of Tyana. Our admirable story-teller Alexander Dumas dramatized this magical anecdote in the magnificent epitome of all legends which forms the prologue to his great epic novel, "The Wandering Jew."¹ The scene takes place at Corinth; it is an old-time wedding with its beautiful children crowned with flowers, bearing the nuptial torches, and singing gracious epithalamia flowered with voluptuous images like the poems of Catullus. The bride is as beautiful in her chaste draperies as the ancient Polyhymnia; she is amorous and deliciously provoking in her modesty, like a Venus of Correggio, or a Grace of Canova. The bridegroom is Clinias, a disciple of the famous Apollonius of Tyana. The master had promised to come to his disciple's wedding, but he does not arrive, and the fair bride breathes easier, for she fears Apollonius. However, the day is not over. The hour has arrived when the newly married are to be conducted to the nuptial couch. Meroe trembles, pales, looks obstinately towards the door, stretches out her hand with alarm and says in a strangled voice: "Here he is! It is he!" It was in fact Apollonius. Here is the magus; here is the master; the hour of enchantments has passed; jugglery falls before true

¹ Some authorities attribute this novel to Eugène Sue.—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

science. One seeks the lovely bride, the white Meroe, and one sees no more than an old woman, the sorceress Canidia, the devourer of little children. Clinias is disabused; he thanks his master, he is saved.

The vulgar are always deceived about magic, and confuse adepts with enchanters. True magic, that is to say, the traditional science of the magi, is the mortal enemy of enchantment; it prevents, or makes to cease, sham miracles, hostile to the light, that fascinate a small number of prejudiced or credulous witnesses. The apparent disorder in the laws of Nature is a lie: it is not then a miracle. The true miracle, the true prodigy always flaming in the eyes of all, is the ever constant harmony of effect and cause; these are the splendours of eternal order!

We could not say whether Cagliostro would have performed miracles in the presence of Swedenborg; but he would certainly have dreaded the presence of Paracelsus and of Henry Khunrath, if these great men had been his contemporaries.

Far be it from us, however, to denounce Mr. Home as a low-class sorcerer, that is to say, as a charlatan. The celebrated American medium is sweet and natural as a child. He is a poor and over-sensitive being, without cunning and without defence; he is the plaything of a terrible force of whose nature he is ignorant, and the first of his dupes is certainly himself.

The study of the strange phenomena which are produced in the neighbourhood of this young man is of the greatest importance. One must seriously reconsider the too easy denials of the eighteenth century, and open out before

THE EQUINOX

science and reason broader horizons than those of a bourgeois criticism, which denies everything which it does not yet know how to explain to itself. Facts are inexorable, and genuine good faith should never fear to examine them.

The explanation of these facts, which all traditions obstinately affirm, and which are reproduced before our eyes with tiresome publicity, this explanation, ancient as the facts themselves, rigorous as mathematics, but drawn for the first time from the shadows in which the hierophants of all ages have hidden it, would be a great scientific event if it could obtain sufficient light and publicity. This event we are perhaps about to prepare, for one would not permit us the audacious hope of accomplishing it.

Here, in the first place, are the facts, in all their singularity. We have verified them, and we have established them with a rigorous exactitude, abstaining in the first place from all explanation and all commentary.

Mr. Home is subject to trances which put him, according to his own account, in direct communication with the soul of his mother, and, through her, with the entire world of spirits. He describes, like the sleep-wakers of Cahagnet, persons whom he has never seen, and who are recognized by those who evoke them; he will tell you even their names, and will reply, on their behalf, to questions which can be understood only by the soul evoked and yourselves.

When he is in a room, inexplicable noises make themselves heard. Violent blows resound upon the furniture, and in the walls; sometimes doors and windows open by themselves, as if they were blown open by a storm; one even hears the wind and the rain, though when one goes out of doors, the sky

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

is cloudless, and one does not feel the lightest breath of wind.

The furniture is overturned and displaced, without anybody touching it.

Pencils write of their own accord. Their writing is that of Mr. Home, and they make the same mistakes as he does.

Those present feel themselves touched and seized by invisible hands. These contacts, which seem to select ladies, lack a serious side, and sometimes even propriety. We think that we shall be sufficiently understood.

Visible and tangible hands come out, or seem to come out, of tables; but in this case, the tables must be covered. The invisible agent needs certain apparatus, just as do the cleverest successors of Robert Houdin.

These hands show themselves above all in darkness; they are warm and phosphorescent, or cold and black. They write stupidities, or touch the piano; and when they have touched the piano, it is necessary to send for the tuner, their contact being always fatal to the exactitude of the instrument.

One of the most considerable personages in England, Sir Bulwer Lytton, has seen and touched those hands; we have read his written and signed attestation. He declares even that he has seized them, and drawn them towards himself with all his strength, in order to withdraw from their incognito the arm to which they should naturally be attached. But the invisible object has proved stronger than the English novelist, and the hands have escaped him.

A Russian nobleman who was the protector of Mr. Home, and whose character and good faith could not possibly be doubted, Count A. B——, has also seen and seized with

THE EQUINOX

vigor the mysterious hands. "They are," says he, "perfect shapes of human hands, warm and living, *only one feels no bones.*" Pressed by an unavoidable constraint, those hands did not struggle to escape, but grew smaller, and in some way melted, so that the Count ended by no longer holding anything.

Other persons who have seen them, and touched them, say that the fingers are puffed out and stiff, and compare them to gloves of india-rubber, swollen with a warm and phosphorescent air. Sometimes, instead of hands, it is feet which produce themselves, but never naked. The spirit, which probably lacks footwear, respects (at least in this particular) the delicacy of ladies, and never shows his feet but under a drapery or a cloth.

The production of these feet very much tires and frightens Mr. Home. He then endeavours to approach some healthy person, and seizes him like a drowning man; the person so seized by the medium feels himself, on a sudden, in a singular state of exhaustion and debility.

A Polish gentleman, who was present at one of the *séances* of Mr. Home, had placed on the ground between his feet a pencil on a paper, and had asked for a sign of the presence of the spirit. For some instants nothing stirred, but suddenly, the pencil was thrown to the other end of the room. The gentleman stooped, took the paper, and saw there three qabalistic signs which nobody understood. Mr. Home (alone) appeared, on seeing them, to be very much upset, and even frightened; but he refused to explain himself as to the nature and significance of these characters. The investigators accordingly kept them, and took them to that Professor of High

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Magic whose approach had been so much dreaded by the medium. We have seen them, and here is a minute description of them.

They were traced forcibly, and the pencil had almost cut the paper.

They had been dashed on to the paper without order or alignment.

The first was the symbol which the Egyptian initiates usually placed in the hand of Typhon. A tau with upright double lines opened in the form of a compass; an ankh (or crux ansata) having at the top a circular ring; below the ring, a double horizontal line; beneath the double horizontal line, two oblique lines, like a V upside down.

The second character represented a Grand Hierophant's cross, with the three hierarchical cross-bars. This symbol, which dates from the remotest antiquity, is still the attribute of our sovereign pontiffs, and forms the upper extremity of their pastoral staff. But the sign traced by the pencil had this particularity, that the upper branch, the head of the cross, was double, and formed again the terrible Typhonian V, the sign of antagonism and separation, the symbol of hate and eternal combat.

The third character was that which Freemasons call the Philosophical Cross, a cross with four equal arms, with a point in each of its angles. But, instead of four points, there were only two, placed in the two right-hand corners, once more a sign of struggle, separation and denial.

The Professor, whom one will allow us to distinguish from the narrator, and to name in the third person in order not to weary our readers in having the air of speaking of

THE EQUINOX

ourself—the Professor, then, Master Eliphas Levi, gave the persons assembled in Mme. de B——’s drawing-room the scientific explanation of the three signatures, and this is what he said:

“These three signs belong to the series of sacred and primitive hieroglyphs, known only to initiates of the first order. The first is the signature of Typhon. It expresses the blasphemy of the evil spirit by establishing dualism in the creative principle. For the *crux ansata* of Osiris is a lingam upside down, and represents the paternal and active force of God (the vertical line extending from the circle) fertilizing passive nature (the horizontal line). To double the vertical line is to affirm that nature has two fathers; it is to put adultery in the place of the divine motherhood, it is to affirm, instead of the principle of intelligence, blind fatality, which has for result the eternal conflict of appearances in nothingness; it is, then, the most ancient, the most authentic, and the most terrible of all the stigmata of hell. It signifies the *atheistic god*; it is the signature of Satan.

“This first signature is hieratical, and bears reference to the occult characters of the divine world.

“The second pertains to philosophical hieroglyphs, it represents the graduated extent of idea, and the progressive extension of form.

“It is a triple tau upside down; it is human thought affirming the absolute in the three worlds, and that absolute ends here by a fork, that is to say, by the sign of doubt and antagonism. So that, if the first character means: ‘There is no God,’ the rigorous signification of this one is: ‘Hierarchical truth does not exist.’

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“The third or philosophical cross has been in all initiations the symbol of Nature, and its four elementary forms. The four points represent the four indicible and incommunicable letters of the occult tetragram, that eternal formula of the Great Arcanum, G.: A.:

“The two points on the right represent force, as those on the left symbolize love, and the four letters should be read from right to left, beginning by the right-hand upper corner, and going thence to the left-hand lower corner, and so for the others, making the cross of St. Andrew.

“The suppression of the two left-hand points expresses the negation of the cross, the negation of mercy and of love.

“The affirmation of the absolute reign of force, and its eternal antagonism, from above to beneath, and from beneath to above.

“The glorification of tyranny and of revolt.

“The hieroglyphic sign of the unclean rite, with which, rightly or wrongly, the Templars were reproached; it is the sign of disorder and of eternal despair.”

Such, then, are the first revelations of the hidden science of the magi with regard to these phenomena of supernatural manifestations. Now let it be permitted to us to compare with these strange signatures other contemporary apparitions of phenomenal writings, for it is really a brief which science ought to study before taking it to the tribunal of public opinion. One must then despise no research, overlook no clue.

In the neighbourhood of Caen, at Tilly-sur-Seulles, a series of inexplicable facts occurred some years ago, under the influence of a medium, or ecstatic, named Eugene Vintras.

THE EQUINOX

Certain ridiculous circumstances and a prosecution for swindling soon caused this thaumaturgist to fall into oblivion, and even into contempt; he had, moreover, been attacked with violence in pamphlets whose authors had at one time been admirers of his doctrine, for the medium Vintras took it upon himself to dogmatize. One thing, however, is remarkable in the invectives of which he is the object: his adversaries, though straining every effort in order to scourge him, recognize the truth of his miracles, and content themselves with attributing them to the devil.

What, then, are these so authentic miracles of Vintras? On this subject we are better informed than anybody, as will soon appear. Affidavits signed by honourable witnesses, persons who are artists, doctors, priests, all men above reproach, have been communicated to us; we have questioned eye-witnesses, and, better than that, we have seen with our own eyes. The facts deserve to be described in detail.

There is in Paris a writer named Mr. Madrolle, who is, to say the least of it, a bit eccentric. He is an old man of good family. He wrote at first on behalf of Catholicism in the most exalted way, received most flattering encouragements from ecclesiastical authority, and even letters from the Holy See. Then he saw Vintras; and, led away by the prestige of his miracles, became a determined sectarian, and an irreconcilable enemy of the hierarchy and of the clergy.

At the period when Eliphaz Levi was publishing his *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, he received a pamphlet from Mr. Madrolle which astonished him. In it, the author vigorously sustained the most unheard of paradoxes in the disordered style of the ecstasies. For him, life sufficed for

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the expiation of the greatest crimes, since it was the consequence of a sentence of death. The most wicked men, being the most unhappy of all, seemed to him to offer the sublimest of expiations to God. He broke all bounds in his attack on all repression and all damnation. "A religion which damns," he cried, "is a damned religion!" He further preached the most absolute licence under the pretext of charity, and so far forgot himself as to say, that *the most imperfect and the most apparently reprehensible act of love was worth more than the best of prayers*.¹ It was the Marquis de Sade turned preacher!² Further, he denied the existence of the devil with an enthusiasm often full of eloquence.

"Can you conceive," said he, "a devil tolerated and authorized by God? Can you conceive, further, a God who made the devil, and who allowed him to ravage creatures already so weak, and so prompt to deceive themselves! A god of the devil, in short, abetted, protected, and scarcely surpassed in his revenges, by a devil of a god!" The rest of the pamphlet was of the same vigour. The Professor of Magic was almost frightened, and inquired the address of Mr. Madrolle. It was not without some trouble that he obtained an interview with this singular pamphleteer, and here is, more or less, their conversation:

ELIPHAS LEVI. "Sir, I have received a pamphlet from you.

¹ Quoted with approval in the Solution of the First Problem, IX, p. 52.—O. M. It is difficult to determine whether the words 'act of love' should be interpreted in their gross, or in their mystical sense. Perhaps Madrolle was himself intentionally ambiguous.

² But the Marquis de Sade was, above all, a preacher. Three-fourths of *Justine* are verbose arguments in favour of so-called vice. Again Levi trips in referring to an author whom he has not read.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

I am come to thank you for your gift, and, at the same time, to testify to my astonishment and disappointment.”

MR. MADROLLE. “Your disappointment, sir! Pray explain yourself, I do not understand you.”

“It is a lively regret to me, sir, to see you make mistakes which I have myself at one time made. But I had then, at least, the excuse of inexperience and youth. Your pamphlet lacks conviction, because it lacks discrimination. Your intention was doubtless to protest against errors in belief, and abuses in morality: and behold, it is the belief and the morality themselves that you attack! The exaltation which overflows in your pamphlet may indeed do you the greatest harm, and some of your best friends must have experienced anxiety with regard to the state of your health. . . .”

“Oh, no doubt; they have said, and say still, that I am mad. But it is nothing new that believers must undergo the folly of the cross. I am exalted, sir, because you yourself would be so in my place, because it is impossible to remain calm in the presence of prodigies. . . .”

“Oh, oh, you speak of prodigies, that interests me. Come, between ourselves, and in all good faith, of what prodigies are you speaking?”

“Eh, what prodigies should they be but those of the great prophet Elias, returned to earth under the name of Pierre Michel?”

“I understand; you mean Eugene Vintras. I have heard his prophecies spoken of. But does he really perform miracles?”

[Here Mr. Madrolle jumps in his chair, raises his eyes and his hands to heaven, and finally smiles with a condescension which seems to sound the depths of pity.]

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“Does he do miracles, sir?”

“But the greatest!”

“The most astonishing!”

“The most incontestable!”

“The truest miracles that have ever been done on earth since the time of Jesus Christ! . . . What! Thousands of hosts appear on altars where there were none; wine appears in empty chalices, and it is not an illusion, it is wine, a delicious wine celestial music is heard, perfumes of the world beyond fill the room, and then blood real human blood (doctors have examined it!), real blood, I tell you, sweats and sometimes flows from the hosts, imprinting mysterious characters on the altars! I am talking to you of what I have seen, of what I have heard, of what I have touched, of what I have tasted! And you want me to remain cold at the bidding of an ecclesiastical authority which finds it more convenient to deny everything than to examine the least thing! . . .”

“By permission, sir; it is in religious matters, above all, that authority can never be wrong. . . . In religion, good is hierarchy, and evil is anarchy; to what would the influence of the priesthood be reduced, in effect, if you set up the principle that one must rather believe the testimony of one’s senses than the decision of the Church? Is not the Church more visible than all your miracles? Those who see miracles and who do not see the Church are much more to be pitied than the blind, for there remains to them not even the resource of allowing themselves to be led. . . .”

“Sir, I know all that as well as you do. But God cannot be divided against Himself. He cannot allow good faith to be deceived, and the Church itself could hardly decide that

THE EQUINOX

I am blind when I have eyes. . . . Here, see what John Huss says in his letter, the forty-third letter, towards the end:

“ ‘A doctor of theology said to me: “In everything I should submit myself to the Council; everything would then be good and lawful for me.” He added: “If the Council said that you had only one eye, although you have two, it would be still necessary to admit that the Council was not wrong.” “Were the whole world,” I replied, “to affirm such a thing, so long as I had the use of my reason, I should not be able to agree without wounding my conscience.” ’ I will say to you, like John Huss, ‘Before there were a Church and its councils there were truth and reason.’ ”

“Pardon me if I interrupt, my dear sir; you were a Catholic at one time, you are no longer so; consciences are free. I shall merely submit to you that the institution of the hierarchical infallibility in matters of dogma is reasonable in quite another sense, and far more incontestably true than all the miracles of the world. Besides, what sacrifices ought one not to make in order to preserve peace! Believe me, John Huss would have been a greater man if he had sacrificed one of his eyes to universal concord, rather than deluge Europe with blood! O sir! let the Church decide when she will that I have but one eye; I only ask her one favour, it is to tell me in which eye I am blind, in order that I may close it and look with the other with an irreproachable orthodoxy!”

“I admit that I am not orthodox in your fashion.”

“I perceive that clearly. But let us come to the miracles! You have then seen, touched, felt, tasted them; but, come, putting exaltation on one side, please give me a thoroughly detailed and circumstantial account of the affair, and, above

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

all, evident proof of miracle. Am I indiscreet in asking you that?"

"Not the least in the world; but which shall I choose? There are so many!"

"Let me think," added Mr. Madrolle, after a moment's reflection and with a slight trembling in the voice, "the prophet is in London, and we are here. Eh! well, if you only make a mental request to the prophet to send you immediately the communion, and if in a place designated by you, in your own house, in a cloth, or in a book, you found a host on your return, what would you say?"

"I should declare the fact inexplicable by ordinary critical rules."

"Oh, well, sir," cried Mr. Madrolle, triumphantly, "there is a thing that often happens to me; whenever I wish, that is to say, whenever I am prepared and hope humbly to be worthy of it! Yes, sir, I find the host when I ask for it; I find it real and palpable, but often ornamented with little hearts, little miraculous hearts, which one might think had been painted by Raphael."

Eliphas Levi, who felt ill at ease in discussing facts with which there was mingled a sort of profanation of the most holy things, then took his leave of the one-time Catholic writer, and went out meditating on the strange influence of this Vintras, who had so overthrown that old belief, and turned the old savant's head.

Some days afterwards, the qabalist Eliphas was awakened very early in the morning by an unknown visitor. It was a man with white hair, entirely clothed in black; his physiognomy

THE EQUINOX

that of an extremely devout priest; his whole air, in short, was entirely worthy of respect.

This ecclesiastic was furnished with a letter of recommendation conceived in these terms:

“DEAR MASTER,

“This is to introduce to you an old savant, who wants to gabble Hebrew sorcery with you. Receive him like myself—I mean as I myself received him—by getting rid of him in the best way you can.

“Entirely yours, in the sacrosanct Qabalah,

“AD. DESBARROLLES.”

“Reverend sir,” said Eliphas, smiling, after having read the letter. “I am entirely at your service, and can refuse nothing to the friend who writes to me. You have then seen my excellent disciple Desbarrolles?”

“Yes, sir, and I have found in him a very amiable and very learned man. I think both you and him worthy of the truth which has been lately revealed by astonishing miracles, and the positive revelations of the Archangel St. Michael.”

“Sir, you do us honour. Has then the good Desbarrolles astonished you by his science?”

“Oh, certainly he possesses in a very remarkable degree the secrets of cheiromancy; by merely inspecting my hand, he told me nearly the whole history of my life.”

“He is quite capable of that. But did he enter into the smallest details?”

“Sufficiently, sir, to convince me of his extraordinary power.”

“Did he tell you that you were once the vicar of

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Mont-Louis, in the diocese of Tours? That you are the most zealous disciple of the ecstatic Eugene Vintras? And that your name is Charvoz?"

It was a veritable thunderbolt; at each of these three phrases the old priest jumped in his chair. When he heard his name, he turned pale, and rose as if a spring had been released.

"You are then really a magician?" he cried; "Charvoz is certainly my name, but it is not that which I bear; I call myself La Paraz."

"I know it; La Paraz is the name of your mother. You have left a sufficiently enviable position, that of a country vicar, and your charming vicarage, in order to share the troubled existence of a sectary."

"Say of a great prophet!"

"Sir, I believe perfectly in your good faith. But you will permit me to examine a little the mission and the character of your prophet."

"Yes, sir; examination, full light, the microscope of science, that is all we ask. Come to London, sir, and you will see! The miracles are permanently established there."

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to give me, first of all, some exact and conscientious details with regard to the miracles?"

"Oh, as many as you like!"

And immediately the old priest began to recount things which the whole world would have found impossible, but which did not even turn a eye-lash of the Professor of Transcendental Magic.

THE EQUINOX

Here is one of his stories:

One day Vintras, in an access of enthusiasm, was preaching before his heterodox altar; twenty-five persons were present. An empty chalice was upon the altar, a chalice well known to the Abbe Charvoz; he brought it himself from his church of Mont-Louis, and he was perfectly certain that the sacred vase had neither secret ducts nor double bottom.

“‘In order to prove to you,’ said Vintras, ‘that it is God Himself who inspires me, He acquaints me that this chalice will fill itself with drops of His blood, under the appearance of wine, and you will all be able to taste the fruit of the vines of the future, the wine which we shall drink with the Saviour in the Kingdom of His Father. . .’

“Overcome with astonishment and fear,” continued the Abbe Charvoz, “I go up to the altar, I take the chalice, I look at the bottom of it: it was entirely empty. I overturned it in the sight of everyone, then I returned to kneel at the foot of the altar, holding the chalice between my two hands . . . Suddenly there was a slight noise; the noise of a drop of water, falling into the chalice from the ceiling, was distinctly heard, and a drop of wine appeared at the bottom of the vase.

“Every eye was fixed on me. Then they looked at the ceiling, for our simple chapel was held in a poor room; in the ceiling was neither hole nor fissure; nothing was seen to fall, and yet the noise of the fall of the drops multiplied, it became more rapid, and more frequent, . . . and the wine climbed from the bottom of the chalice towards the brim.

“When the chalice was full, I bore it slowly around so that all might see it; then the prophet dipped his lips into it, and all, one after the other, tasted the miraculous wine. It is in

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

vain to search memory for any delicious taste which would gave an idea of it. . . And what shall I tell you," added the Abbe Charvoz, "of those miracles of blood which astonish us every day? Thousands of wounded and bleeding hosts are found upon our altars. The sacred stigmata appear to all who wish to see them. The hosts, at first white, slowly become marked with characters and hearts in blood. . . . Must one believe that God abandons the holiest objects to the false miracles of the devil? Should not one rather adore, and believe that the hour of the supreme and final revelation has arrived?"

Abbe Charvoz, as he thus spoke, had in his voice that sort of nervous trembling that Eliphaz Levi had already noticed in the case of Mr. Madrolle. The magician shook his head pensively; then, suddenly:

"Sir," said he to the Abbe; "you have upon you one or two of these miraculous hosts. Be good enough to show them to me."

"Sir——"

"You have some, I know it; why should you deny it?"

"I do not deny it," said Abbe Charvoz; "but you will permit me not to expose to the investigations of incredulity objects of the most sincere and devout belief."

"Reverend sir," said Eliphaz gravely; "incredulity is the mistrust of an ignorance almost sure to deceive itself. Science is not incredulous. I believe, to begin with, in you own conviction, since you have accepted a life of privation and even of reproach, in order to stick to this unhappy belief. Show me then your miraculous hosts, and believe entirely in my respect for the objects of a sincere worship."

THE EQUINOX

“Oh, well!” said the Abbe Charvoz, after another slight hesitation; “I will show them to you.”

Then he unbuttoned the top of his black waistcoat and drew forth a little reliquary of silver, before which he fell on his knees, with tears in his eyes, and prayers on his lips; Eliphas fell on his knees beside him, and the Abbe opened the reliquary.

There were in the reliquary three hosts, one whole, the two others almost like paste, and as it were kneaded with blood.

The whole host bore in its centre a heart in relief on both sides; a clot of blood moulded in the form of a heart, which seemed to have been formed in the host itself in an inexplicable manner. The blood could not have been applied from without, for the imbibed colouring matter had left the particles adhering to the exterior surface quite white. The appearance of the phenomenon was the same on both sides. The Master of Magic was seized with an involuntary trembling.

This emotion did not escape the old vicar, who having once again done adoration and closed his reliquary, drew from his pocket an album, and gave it without a word to Eliphas. . . . There were copies of all the bleeding characters which had been observed upon hosts since the beginning of the ecstasies and miracles of Vintras.

There were hearts of every kind, and many different sorts of emblems. But three especially excited the curiosity of Eliphas to the highest point.

“Reverend sir,” said he to Charvoz, “do you know these three signs?”

“No,” replied the Abbe ingenuously; “but the prophet assures us that they are of the highest importance, and that

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

their hidden signification shall soon be made known, that is to say, at the end of the Age.”

“Oh, well, sir,” solemnly replied the Professor of Magic; “even before the end of the Age, I will explain them to you; these three qabalistic signs are the signature of the devil!”

“It is impossible!” cried the old priest.

“It is the case,” replied Eliphas, with determination.

Now, the signs were these:

1°.—The star of the microsism, or the magic pentagram. It is the five-pointed star of occult masonry, the star with which Agrippa drew the human figure, the head in the upper point, the four limbs in the four others. The flaming star, which, when turned upside down, is the hieroglyphic sign of the goat of Black Magic, whose head may then be drawn in the star, the two horns at the top, the ears to the right and left, the beard at the bottom. It is the sign of antagonism and fatality. It is the goat of lust attacking the heavens with its horns. It is a sign execrated by initiates of a superior rank, even at the Sabbath.¹

2°.—The two hermetic serpents. But the heads and tails, instead of coming together in two similar semicircles, were turned outwards, and there was no intermediate line representing the caduceus. Above the head of the serpents, one saw the fatal V, the Typhonian fork, the character of hell. To the right and left, the sacred numbers III and VII were relegated to the horizontal line which represents passive and secondary things. The meaning of the character was then this:

Antagonism is eternal.

¹ But if this were on a circular host, how could it be upside down?—O.M.

THE EQUINOX

God is the strife of fatal forces, which always create through destruction.

The things of religion are passive and transitory.

Boldness makes use of them, war profits by them, and it is by them that discord is perpetuated.

3°.—Finally, the qabalistic monogram of Jehovah, the JOD and the HÉ, but upside down. This is, according to the doctors of occult science, the most frightful of all blasphemies, and signifies, however one may read it, “Fatality alone exists: God and the Spirit are not. Matter is all, and spirit is only a fiction of this matter demented. Form is more than idea, woman more than man, pleasure more than thought, vice more than virtue, the mob more than its chiefs, the children more than their fathers, folly more than reason!”

There is what was written in characters of blood upon the pretended miraculous hosts of Vintras!

We affirm upon our honour that the facts cited above are such as we have stated, and that we ourselves saw and explained the characters according to magical science and the true keys of the Qabalah.

The disciple of Vintras also communicated to us the description and design of the pontifical vestments given, said he, by Jesus Christ Himself to the pretended prophet, during one of his ecstatic trances. Vintras had these vestments made, and clothes himself with them in order to perform his miracles. They are red in colour. He wears upon his forehead a cross in the form of a lingam; and his pastoral staff is surmounted by a hand, all of whose fingers are closed, except the thumb and the little finger.

Now, all that is diabolical in the highest degree. And is

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

it not a really wonderful thing, this intuition of the signs of a lost science? For it is transcendental magic which, basing the universe upon the two columns of Hermes and of Solomon, has divided the metaphysical world into two intellectual zones, one white and luminous, enclosing positive ideas, the other black and obscure, containing negative ideas, and which has given to the synthesis of the first, the name of God, and to that of the other, the name of the devil or of Satan.

The sign of the lingam borne upon the forehead is in India the distinguishing mark of the worshippers of Shiva the destroyer; for that sign being that of the great magical arcanum, which refers to the mystery of universal generation, to bear it on the forehead is to make profession of dogmatic shamelessness. "Now," say the Orientals, "the day when there is no longer modesty in the world, the world, given over to debauch which is sterile, will end at once for lack of mothers. Modesty is the acceptance of maternity."

The hand with the three large fingers closed expresses the negation of the ternary, and the affirmation of the natural forces alone.

The ancient hierophants, as our learned and witty friend Desbarolles is about to explain in an admirable book which is at present in the press, had given a complete *résumé* of magical science in the human hand. The forefinger, for them, represented Jupiter; the middle finger, Saturn; the ring-finger, Apollo or the Sun. Among the Egyptians, the middle finger was Ops, the forefinger Osiris, and the little finger Horus; the thumb represented the generative force, and the little finger, cunning. A hand, showing only the thumb and

THE EQUINOX

the little finger, is equivalent, in the sacred hieroglyphic language, to the exclusive affirmation of passion and diplomacy. It is the perverted and material translation of that great word of St. Augustine: "Love, and do what you will!" Compare now this sign with the doctrine of Mr. Madrolle: *The most imperfect and the most apparently guilty act of love is worth more than the best of prayers.* And you will ask yourself what is that force which, independently of the will, and of the greater or less knowledge of man (for Vintras is a man of no education), formulates its dogmas with signs buried in the rubbish of the ancient world, re-discovers the mysteries of Thebes and of Eleusis, and writes for us the most learned reveries of India with the occult alphabets of Hermes?

What is that force? I will tell you. But I have still plenty of other miracles to tell; and this article is like a judicial investigation. We must, before anything else, complete it.

However, we may be permitted, before proceeding to other accounts to transcribe here a page from a German *illuminé*, of the work of Ludwig Tieck:

"If, for example, as an ancient tradition informs us, some of the angels whom God had created fell all too soon, and if these, as they also say, were precisely the most brilliant of the angels, one may very well understand by this 'fall' that they sought a new road, a new form of activity, other occupations, and another life than those orthodox or more passive spirits who remained in the realm assigned to them, and made no use of liberty, the appanage of all of them. Their 'fall' was that weight of form which we now-a-days call reality, and which is a protest on the part of individual existence against

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

its reabsorption into the abysses of universal spirit. It is thus that death preserves and reproduces life, it is thus that life is betrothed to death. . . . Do you understand now what Lucifer is? *Is it not the very genius of ancient Prometheus*, that force which sets in motion the world, life, even movement, and which regulates the course of successive forms? This force, by its resistance, equilibrated the creative principle. It is thus that the Elohim gave birth to the earth. When, subsequently, men were placed upon the earth by the Lord, as intermediate spirits, in their enthusiasm, which led them to search Nature in its depths, they gave themselves over to the influence of that proud and powerful genius, and when they were softly ravished away over the precipice of death to find life, there it was that they began to exist in a real and natural manner, as is fit for all creatures.”

This page needs no commentary, and explains sufficiently the tendencies of what one calls spiritualism, or *spiritism*.

It is already a long time since this doctrine, or, rather, this antidoctrine, began to work upon the world, to plunge it into universal anarchy. But the law of equilibrium will save us, and already the great movement of reaction has begun.

We continue the recital of the phenomena.

One day a workman paid a visit to Eliphaz Levi. He was a tall man of some fifty years old, of frank appearance, and speaking in a very reasonable manner. Questioned as to the motive of his visit, he replied: “You ought to know it well enough; I am come to beg and pray you to return to me what I have lost.”

We must say, to be frank, that Eliphaz knew nothing of

THE EQUINOX

this visitor, nor of what he might have lost. He accordingly replied: "You think me much more of a sorcerer than I am; I do not know who you are, nor what you seek; consequently, if you think that I can be useful to you in any way, you must explain yourself and make your request more precise."

"Oh, well, since you are determined not to understand me, you will at least recognize this," said the stranger, taking from his pocket a little, much-used black book.

It was the *grimoire* of Pope Honorius.

One word upon this little book so much decried.

The *grimoire* of Honorius is composed of an apocryphal constitution of Honorius II, for the evocation and control of spirits; then of some superstitious receipts . . . it was the manual of the bad priests who practised Black Magic during the darkest periods of the middle ages. You will find there bloody rites, mingled with profanations of the Mass and of the consecrated elements, formulae of bewitchment and malevolent spells, and practices which stupidity alone could credit or knavery counsel. In fact, it is a book complete of its kind; it is consequently become very rare, and the bibliophile pushes it to very high prices in the public sales.

"My dear sir," said the workman, sighing, "since I was ten years old, I have not missed once performing the orison. This book never leaves me, and I comply rigorously with all the prescribed ceremonies. Why, then, have those who used to visit me abandoned me? Eli, Eli, lama——"

"Stop," said Eliphas, "do not parody the most formidable words that agony ever uttered in this world! Who are the beings who visited you by virtue of this horrible book? Do

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

you know them? Have you promised them anything? Have you signed a pact?"

"No," interrupted the owner of the *grimoire*; I do not know them, and I have entered into no agreement with them. I only know that among them the chiefs are good, the intermediate rank partly good and partly evil; the inferiors bad, but blindly, and without its being possible for them to do better. He whom I evoked, and who has often appeared to me, belongs to the most elevated hierarchy; for he was good-looking, well dressed, and always gave me favourable answers. But I have lost a page of my *grimoire*, the first, the most important, that which bore the autograph of the spirit; and, since then, he no longer appears when I call him.

"I am a lost man. I am naked as Job, I have no longer either force or courage. O Master, I conjure you, you who need only say one word, make one sign, and the spirits will obey, take pity upon me, and restore to me what I have lost!"

"Give me your grimoire!" said Eliphaz. "What name used you to give to the spirit who appeared to you?"

"I called him Adonai."

"And in what language was his signature?"

"I do not know, but I suppose it was in Hebrew."

"There," said the Professor of Transcendental Magic, after having traced two words in the Hebrew language in the beginning and at the end of the book. "Here are two words which the spirits of darkness will never counterfeit. Go in peace, sleep well, and no longer evoke spirits."

The workman withdrew.

A week later, he returned to seek the Man of Science.

THE EQUINOX

“You have restored to me hope and life,” said he; “my strength is partially returned, I am able with the signatures that you gave me to relieve sufferers, and cast out devils, but *him*, I cannot see him again, and, until I have seen him, I shall be sad to the day of my death. Formerly, he was always near me, he sometimes touched me, and he used to wake me up in the night to tell me all that I needed to know. Master, I beg of you, let me see him again!”

“See whom?”

“Adonai,”

“Do you know who Adonai is?”

“No, but I want to see him again.”

“Adonai is invisible.”

“I have seen him.”

“He has no form.”

“I have touched him.”

“He is infinite.”

“He is very nearly of my own height.”

“The prophets say of him that the hem of his vestment, from the East to the West, sweeps the stars of the morning.”

“He had a very clean surcoat, and very white linen.”

“The Holy Scripture says that one cannot see him and live.”

“He had a kind and jovial face.”

“But how did you proceed in order to obtain these apparitions?”

“Why, I did everything that it tells you to do in the *grimoire*.”

“What! Even the bloody sacrifice?”

“Doubtless.”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“Unhappy man! But who, then, was the victim?”

At this question, the workman had a slight trembling; he paled, and his glance became troubled.

“Master, you know better than I what it is,” said he humbly in a low voice. “Oh, it cost me a great deal to do it; above all, the first time, with a single blow of the magic knife to cut the throat of that innocent creature! One night I had just accomplished the funereal rites, I was seated in the circle on the interior threshold of my door, and the victim had just been consumed in a great fire of alder and cypress wood. . . . All of a sudden, quite close to me I dreamt or rather I felt it pass . . . I heard in my ear a heartrending wail . . . one would have said that it wept; and since that moment, I think that I am hearing it always.”

Eliphaz had risen; he looked fixedly upon his interlocutor. Had he before him a dangerous madman, capable of renewing the atrocities of the seigneur of Retz? And yet the face of the man was gentle and honest. No, it was not possible.

“But then this victim. . . tell me clearly what it was. You suppose that I know already. Perhaps I do know, but I have reasons for wishing you to tell me.”

“It was, according to the magic ritual, a young goat of a year old, virgin, and without defect.”

“A real young he-goat?”

“Doubtless. Understand that it was neither a child’s toy, nor a stuffed animal.”

Eliphaz breathed again.

“Good,” thought he; “this man is not a sorcerer worthy of the stake. He does not know that the abominable authors

THE EQUINOX

of the *grimoire*, when they spoke of the ‘virgin he-goat,’ meant a little child.”

“Well,” said he to his consultant; “give me some details about your visions. What you tell me interests me in the highest degree.”

The sorcerer—for one must call him so—the sorcerer then told him of a series of strange facts, of which two families had been witness, and these facts were precisely identical with the phenomena of Mr. Home: hands coming out of walls, movements of furniture, phosphorescent apparitions. One day, the rash apprentice-magician had dared to call up Astaroth, and had seen the apparition of a gigantic monster having the body of a hog, and the head borrowed from the skeleton of a colossal ox. But he told all that with an accent of truth, a certainty of having seen, which excluded every kind of doubt as to the good faith and the entire conviction of the narrator. Eliphas, who is an epicure in magic, was delighted with this find. In the nineteenth century, a real sorcerer of the middle ages, a remarkably innocent and convinced sorcerer, a sorcerer who had seen Satan under the name of Adonai, Satan dressed like a respectable citizen, and Astaroth in his true diabolical form! What a supreme find for a museum! What a treasure for an archaeologist!

“My friend,” said he to his new disciple, “I am going to help you to find what you say you have lost. Take my book, observe the prescriptions of the ritual, and come again to see me in a week.”

A week later he returned, but this time the workman declared that he had invented a life-saving machine of the greatest importance for the navy. The machine is perfectly

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

put together; it only lacks one thing—it will not work: there is a hidden defect in the machinery. What was that defect? The evil spirit alone could tell him. It is then absolutely necessary to evoke him! . . .

“Take care you do not!” said Eliphas. “You had much better say for nine days this qabalistic evocation.” He gave him a leaf covered with manuscript. “Begin this evening, and return to-morrow to tell me what you have seen, for to night you will have a manifestation.”

The next day, our good man did not miss the appointment.

“I woke up suddenly,” said he, “upon one o’clock in the morning. In front of my bed I saw a bright light, and in this light a *shadowy arm* which passed and repassed before me, as if to magnetize me. Then I went to sleep again, and some instants afterwards, waking anew, I saw again the same light, but it had changed its place. It had passed from left to right, and upon a luminous background I distinguished the silhouette of a man who was looking at me with arms crossed.”

“What was this man like?”

“Just about your height and breadth.”

“It is well. Go, and continue to do what I told you.”

The nine days rolled by; at the end of that time, a new visit; but this time he was absolutely radiant and excited. As soon as he caught sight of Eliphas:

“Thanks, Master!” he cried. “The machine works! People whom I did not know have come to place at my disposal the funds which were necessary to carry out my enterprise; I have found again peace in sleep; and all that thanks to your power!”

THE EQUINOX

“Say, rather, thanks to your faith and your docility. And now, farewell: I must work. . . Well, why do you assume this suppliant air, and what more do you want of me?”

“Oh, if you only would——”

“Well, what now? Have you not obtained all that you asked for, and even more than you asked for, for you did not mention money to me?”

“Yes, doubtless,” said the other sighing; “but I do want to see him again!”

“Incorrigible!” said Eliphas.

Some days afterwards, the Professor of Transcendental Magic was awakened, about two o'clock in the morning, by an acute pain in the head. For some moments he feared a cerebral congestion. He therefore rose, relit his lamp, opened his window, walked to and fro in his study, and then, calmed by the fresh air of the morning, he lay down again, and slept deeply. He had a nightmare: he saw, terribly real, the giant with the fleshless ox's head of which the workman had spoken to him. The monster pursued him, and struggled with him. When he woke up, it was already day, and somebody was knocking at his door. Eliphas rose, threw on a dressing-gown, and opened; it was the workman.

“Master,” said he, entering hastily, and with an alarmed air; “how are you?”

“Very well,” replied Eliphas.

“But last night, at two o'clock in the morning, did you not run a great danger?”

Eliphas did not grasp the allusion; he already no longer remembered the indisposition of the night.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“A danger?” said he. “No; none that I know of.”

“Have you not been assaulted by a monster phantom, who sought to strangle you? Did it not hurt you?”

Eliphas remembered.

“Yes,” said he, “certainly, I had the beginning of a sort of apoplectic attack, and a horrible dream. But how do you know that?”

“At the same time, an invisible hand struck me roughly on the shoulder, and awoke me suddenly. I dreamt then that I saw you fighting with Astaroth. I jumped up, and a voice said in my ear: ‘Arise and go to the help of thy Master; he is in danger.’ I got up in a great hurry. But where must I run? What danger threatened you? Was it at your own house, or elsewhere? The voice said nothing about that. I decided to wait for sunrise; and immediately day dawned, I ran, and here I am.”

“Thanks, friend,” said the magus, holding out his hand; “Astaroth is a stupid joker; all that happened last night was a little blood to the head. Now, I am perfectly well. Be assured, then, and return to your work.”

Strange as may be the facts which we have just related, there remains for us to unveil a tragic drama much more extraordinary still.

It refers to the deed of blood which at the beginning of this year plunged Paris and all Christendom into mourning and stupefaction; a deed in which no one suspected that Black Magic had any part.

Here is what happened:

During the winter, at the beginning of last year, a book-seller informed the author of the *Dogme et rituel de la*

THE EQUINOX

haute magie that an ecclesiastic was looking for his address, testifying the greatest desire to see him. Eliphas Levi did not feel himself immediately prepossessed with confidence towards the stranger, to the point of exposing himself without precaution to his visits; he indicated the house of a friend, where he was to be in the company of his faithful disciple, Desbarrolles. At the hour and date appointed they went, in fact, to the house of Mme. A——, and found that the ecclesiastic had been waiting for them for some moments.

He was a young and slim man; he had an arched and pointed nose, with dull blue eyes. His bony and projecting forehead was rather broad than high, his head was dolichocephalic, his hair flat and short, parted on one side, of a greyish blond with just a tinge of chestnut of a rather curious and disagreeable shade. His mouth was sensual and quarrelsome; his manners were affable, his voice soft, and his speech sometimes a little embarrassed. Questioned by Eliphas Levi concerning the object of his visit, he replied that he was on the look-out for the *grimoire* of Honorius, and that he had come to learn from the Professor of Occult Science how to obtain that little black book, now-a-days almost impossible to find.

“I would gladly give a hundred francs for a copy of that grimoire,” said he.

“The work in itself is valueless,” said Eliphas. “It is a pretended constitution of Honorius II, which you will find perhaps quoted by some erudite collector of apocryphal constitutions; you can find it in the library.”

“I will do so, for I pass almost all my time in Paris in the public libraries.”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“You are not occupied in the ministry in Paris?”

“No, not now; I was for some little while employed in the parish of St. Germain-Auxerrois.”

“And you now spend your time, I understand, in curious researches in occult science.”

“Not precisely, but I am seeking the realization of a thought. . . . I have something to do.”

“I do not suppose that this something can be an operation of Black Magic. You know as well as I do, reverend sir, that the Church has always condemned, and still condemns, severely, everything which relates to these forbidden practices.”

A pale smile, imprinted with a sort of sarcastic irony, was all the answer that the Abbe gave, and the conversation fell to the ground.

However, the cheiromancer Desbarrolles was attentively looking at the hand of the priest; he perceived it, a quite natural explanation followed, the Abbe offered graciously and of his own accord his hand to the experimenter. Desbarrolles knit his brows, and appeared embarrassed. The hand was damp and cold, the fingers smooth and spatulated; the mount of Venus, or the part of the palm of the hand which corresponds to the thumb, was of a noteworthy development, the line of life was short and broken, there were crosses in the centre of the hand, and stars upon the mount of the moon.

“Reverend sir,” said Desbarrolles, “if you had not a very solid religious education you would easily become a dangerous sectary, for you are led on the one hand toward the most exalted mysticism, and on the other to the most concentrated obstinacy combined with the greatest secretiveness that can

THE EQUINOX

possibly be. You want much, but you imagine more, and as you confide your imaginations to nobody, they might attain proportions which would make them veritable enemies for yourself. Your habits are contemplative and rather easygoing, but it is a somnolence whose awakenings are perhaps to be dreaded. You are carried away by a passion which your state of life—— But pardon, reverend sir, I fear that I am overstepping the boundaries of discretion.”

“Say everything, sir; I am willing to hear all, I wish to now everything.”

“Oh, well! If, as I do not doubt to be the case, you turn to the profit of charity all the restless activities with which the passions of your heart furnish you, you must often be blessed for your good works.”

The Abbe once more smiled that dubious and fatal smile which gave so singular an expression to his pallid countenance. He rose and took his leave without having given his name, and without any one having thought to ask him for it.

Eliphas and Desbarrolles reconducted him as far as the staircase, in token of respect for his dignity as a priest.

Near the staircase he turned and said slowly:

“Before long, you will hear something. . . . You will hear me spoken of,” he added, emphasizing each word. Then he saluted with head and hand, turned without adding a single word, and descended the staircase.

The two friends returned to Mme. A——’s room.

“There is a singular personage,” said Eliphas; “I think I have seen Pierrot of the Funambules playing the part of a traitor. What he said to us on his departure seemed to me very much like a threat.”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“You frightened him,” said Mme. A——. “Before your arrival, he was beginning to open his whole mind, but you spoke to him of conscience and of the laws of the Church, and he no longer dared to tell you what he wished.”

“Bah! What did he wish then?”

“To see the devil.”

“Perhaps he thought I had him in my pocket?”

“No, but he knows that you give lessons in the Qabalah, and in magic, and so he hoped that you would help him in his enterprise. He told my daughter and myself that in his vicarage in the country, he had already made one night an evocation of the devil by the help of a popular *grimoire*. ‘Then’ said he, ‘a whirlwind seemed to shake the vicarage; the rafts groaned, the wainscoting cracked, the doors shook, the windows opened with a crash, and whistlings were heard in every corner of the house.’ He then expected that formidable vision to follow, but he saw nothing; no monster presented itself; in a word, the devil would not appear. That is why he is looking for the *grimoire* of Honorius, for he hopes to find in it stronger conjurations, and more efficacious rites.”

“Really! But the man is then a monster, or a mad-man!”

“I think he is just simply in love,” said Desbarrolles. “He is gnawed by some absurd passion, and hopes for absolutely nothing unless he can get the devil to interfere.”

“But how then—what does he mean when he says that we shall hear him spoken of?”

“Who knows? Perhaps he thinks to carry off the Queen of England, or the Sultana Valide.”

The conversation dropped, and a whole year passed

THE EQUINOX

without Mme. A——, or Desbarrolles, or Eliphas hearing the unknown young priest spoken of.

In the course of the night between the 1st and 2nd of January, 1857, Eliphas Levi was awakened suddenly by the emotions of a bizarre and dismal dream. It seemed to him that he was in a dilapidated room of gothic architecture, rather like the abandoned chapel of an old castle. A door hidden by a black drapery opened on to this room; behind the drapery one guessed the hidden light of tapers, and it seemed to Eliphas that, driven by a curiosity full of terror, he was approaching the black drapery. . . . Then the drapery was parted, and a hand was stretched forth and seized the arm of Eliphas. He saw no one, but he heard a low voice which said in his ear:

“Come and see your father, who is about to die.”

The magus awoke, his heart palpitating, and his forehead bathed in sweat.

“What can this dream mean?” thought he. “It is long since my father died; why am I told that he is going to die, and why has this warning upset me?”

The following night, the same dream recurred with the same circumstances; once more Eliphas awoke, hearing a voice in his ear repeat:

“Come and see your father, who is about to die.”

This repeated nightmare made a painful impression upon Eliphas: he had accepted, for the 3rd January, an invitation to dinner in pleasant company, but he wrote and excused himself, feeling himself little inclined for the gaiety of a banquet of artists. He remained, then, in his study; the weather was cloudy; at midday he received a visit from one of his magical

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

pupils, Viscount M——. When he left, the rain was falling in such abundance that Eliphaz offered his umbrella to the Viscount, who refused it. There followed a contest of politeness, of which the result was that Eliphaz went out to see the Viscount home. While they were in the street, the rain stopped, the Viscount found a carriage, and Eliphaz, instead of returning to his house, mechanically crossed the Luxembourg, went out by the gate which opens on the Rue d'Enfer, and found himself opposite the Pantheon.

A double row of booths, improvised for the Festival of St. Geneviève, indicated to pilgrims the road to St. Etienne-du-Mont. Eliphaz, whose heart was sad, and consequently disposed to prayer, followed that way and entered the church. It might have been at that time about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The church was full of the faithful, and the office was performed with great concentration, and extraordinary solemnity. The banners of the parishes of the city, and of the suburbs, bore witness to the public veneration for the virgin who saved Paris from famine and invasion. At the bottom of the church, the tomb of St. Geneviève shone gloriously with light. They were chanting the litanies, and the procession was coming out of the choir.

After the cross, accompanied by its acolytes, and followed by the choirboys, came the banner of St. Geneviève; then, walking in double file, came the lady devotees of St. Geneviève, clothed in black, with a white veil on the head, a blue ribbon around the neck, with the medal of the legend, a taper in the hand, surmounted by the little gothic lantern that tradition gives to the images of the saint. For, in the old books,

THE EQUINOX

St Geneviève is always represented with a medal on her neck, that which St. Germain d'Auxerre gave her, and holding a taper, which the devil tries to extinguish, but which is protected from the breath of the unclean spirit by a miraculous little tabernacle.

After the lady devotees came the clergy; then finally appeared the venerable Archbishop of Paris, mitred with a white mitre, wearing a cope which was supported on each side by his two vicars; the prelate, leaning on his cross, walked slowly, and blessed to right and left the crowd which knelt about his path. Eliphaz saw the Archbishop for the first time, and noticed the features of his countenance. They expressed kindness and gentleness; but one might observe the expression of a great fatigue, and even of a nervous suffering painfully dissimulated.

The procession descended to the foot of the church, traversing the nave, went up again by the aisle at the left of the door, and came to the station of the tomb of St. Genèviève; then it returned by the right-hand aisle, chanting the litanies as it went. A group of the faithful followed the procession, and walked immediately behind the Archbishop.

Eliphaz mingled in this group, in order more easily to get through the crowd which was about to reform, so that he might regain the door of the church. He was lost in reverie, softened by this pious solemnity.

The head of the procession had already returned to the choir, the Archbishop was arriving at the railing of the nave: there the passage was too narrow for three people to walk in file; the Archbishop was in front, and the two grand-vicars behind him, always holding the edges of his cope, which was

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

thus thrown off, and drawn backwards, in such a manner that the prelate presented his breast uncovered, and protected only the by crossed embroideries of his stole.

Then those who were behind the Archbishop saw him tremble, and we heard an interruption in a loud and clear voice; but without shouting, or clamour. What had been said? It seemed that it was: "Down with the goddesses!" But I thought I had not heard aright, so out of place and void of sense it seemed. However, the exclamation was repeated twice or thrice; then some one cried: "Save the Archbishop!" Other voices replied: "To arms!" The crowd, overturning the chairs and the barriers, scattered, and rushed towards the doors shrieking. Amidst the wails of the children, and the screams of the women, Eliphaz, carried away by the crowd, found himself somehow or other out of the church; but the last look that he was able to cast upon it was smitten with a terrible and ineffaceable picture!

In the midst of a circle made large by the affright of all those who surrounded him, the prelate was standing alone, leaning always on his cross, and held up by the stiffness of his cope, which the grand-vicars had let go, and which accordingly hung down to the ground.

The head of the Archbishop was a little thrown back, his eyes and his free hand raised to heaven. His attitude was that which Eugène Delacroix has given to the Bishop of Liege in the picture of his assassination by the bandits of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes;¹ there was in his gesture the whole

¹ Extract from Sir Walter Scott's Notes on the murder of the Bishop of Liège: "The Bishop's murder did not take place till 1482. In the months of August and September of that year, *William de al Marck*, called 'The Wild Boar of

THE EQUINOX

epic of martyrdom; it was an acceptance and an offering; a prayer for his people, and a pardon for his murderer.

The day was falling, and the church was beginning to grow dark. The Archbishop, his arms raised to heaven, lighted by a last ray which penetrated the casements of the nave, stood out upon a dark background, where one could scarcely distinguish a pedestal without a statue, on which were written these two words of the Passion of Christ: ECCE HOMO! and farther in the background, an apocalyptic painting representing the four plagues ready to let themselves loose upon the world, and the whirlwinds of hell, following the dusty traces of the pale horse of death.

Before the Archbishop, a lifted arm, sketched in shadow like an infernal silhouette, held and brandished a knife. Policemen, sword in hand, were running up.

And while all this tumult was going on at the bottom of the church, the singing of the litanies continued in the choir,

the Ardennes,' entered into a conspiracy with the discontented citizens of Liège against their Bishop, Louis of Bourbon, being aided with considerable sums of money by the King of France. By this means and with the assistance of many murderers and banditti, who thronged to him as a leader befitting them, De la Marck assembled a body of troops. With this little army he approached the city of Liège. Upon this, the citizens, who were engaged in the conspiracy, came to their bishop, and, offering to stand by him to the death, exhorted him to march out against these robbers. The Bishop, therefore, put himself at the head of a few troops of his own, trusting to the assistance of the people of Liège. But as soon as they came in sight of the enemy, the citizens, as before agreed, fled from the Bishop's banner, and he was left with his own handful of adherents. At this moment De la Marck charged at the head of his men with the expected success. The Bishop was brought before De la Marck, who first cut him over the face, then murdered him with his own hand, and caused his body to be exposed naked in the great square of Liège before St. Lambert's Cathedral."

Three years after the Bishop's death, Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, caused De la Marck to be arrested at Utrecht, where he was beheaded in 1485.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

as the harmony of the orbs of heaven goes on for ever, careless of our revolutions and of our anguish.

Eliphaz Levi had been swept out of the church by the crowd. He had come out by the right-hand door. Almost at the same moment the left-hand door was flung violently open, and a furious group of men rushed out of the church.

This group was whirling around a man whom fifty arms seemed to hold, whom a hundred shaken fists sought to strike.

This man later complained of having been roughly handled by the police, but, as far as one could see in such an uproar, the police were rather protecting him against the exasperation of the mob.

Women were running after him, shrieking: "Kill him!"

"But what has he done?" cried other voices.

"The wretch! He has struck the Archbishop with his fist!" said the women.

Then others came out of the church, and contradictory accounts were flying to and fro.

"The archbishop was frightened, and has fainted," said some.

"He is dead!" replied others.

"Did you see the knife?" added a third comer. "It is as long as a sabre, and the blood was steaming on the blade."

"The poor Archbishop has lost one of his slippers," remarked an old woman, joining her hands.

"It is nothing! It is nothing!" cried a woman who rented chairs. "You can come back to the church: Monseigneur is not hurt; they have just said so from the pulpit."

The crowd then made a movement to return to the church.

THE EQUINOX

“Go! Go!” said at that very moment the grave and anguished voice of a priest. “The office cannot be continued; we are going to close the church: it is profaned.”

“How is the Archbishop?” said a man.

“Sir,” replied the priest, “the Archbishop is dying; perhaps even at this very moment he is dead!”

The crowd dispersed in consternation to spread the mournful news over Paris.

A bizarre incident happened to Eliphaz, and made a kind of diversion for his deep sorrow at what had just passed.

At the moment of the uproar, an aged woman of the most respectable appearance had taken his arm, and claimed his protection.

He made it a duty to reply to this appeal, and when he had got out of the crowd with this lady: “How happy I am,” said she, “to have met a man who weeps for this great crime, for which, at this moment, so many wretches rejoice!”

“What are you saying, madam? How is it possible that there should exist beings so depraved as to rejoice at so great a misfortune?”

“Silence!” said the old lady; “perhaps we are overheard. . . . Yes,” she added, lowering her voice; “there are people who are exceedingly pleased at what has happened. And look there, just now, there was a man of sinister mien, who said to the anxious crowd, when they asked him what had happened, ‘Oh, it is nothing! It is a spider which has fallen.’ ”¹

“No, madam, you must have misunderstood. The crowd

¹ This man was presumably Levi himself. As “the abominable authors of the *Grimoires*” concealed “child” beneath “kid,” so Levi is careful to disguise his true attitude to the Church which he wished to destroy.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

would not have suffered so abominable a remark, and the man would have been immediately arrested.”¹

“Would to God that all the world thought as you do!” said the lady.

Then she added: “I recommend myself to your prayers, for I see clearly that you are a man of God.”

“Perhaps every one does not think so,” replied Eliphas.

“And what does the world matter to us?” replied the lady with vivacity; “the world lies and calumniates, and is impious! It speaks evil of you, perhaps. I am not surprised at it, and if you knew what it says of me, you would easily understand why I despise its opinion!”

“The world speaks evil of you, madam?”

“Yes, in truth, and the greatest evil that can be said.”

“How so?”

“It accuses me of sacrilege.”

“You frighten me. Of what sacrilege, if you please?”

“Of an unworthy comedy that I am supposed to have played in order to deceive two children, on the mountain of the Salette.”

“What! You must be——”

“I am Mademoiselle de la Merlière.”

“I have heard speak of your trial, mademoiselle, and of the scandal which it caused, but it seems to me that your age and your position ought to have sheltered you from such an accusation.”

“Come and see me, sir, and I will present you to my lawyer, M. Favre, who is a man of talent whom I wish to gain to God.”

¹ Unless he were able to make himself invisible, as Levi, of course, could do. This is the point of his irony.—O. M.

THE EQUINOX

Thus talking, the two companions had arrived at the Rue du Vieux Colombier. The Lady thanked her improvised cavalier, and renewed her invitation to come to see her.

“I will try to do so,” said Eliphas; “but if I come shall I ask the porter for Mlle. de la Merlière?”

“Do not do so,” said she; “I am not known under that name; ask for Mme. Dutruck.”

“Dutruck, certainly, madam; I present my humble compliments.”

And they separated.

The trial of the assassin began, and Eliphas, reading in the newspapers that the man was a priest, that he had belonged to the clergy of St. Germain l’Auxerrois, that he had been a country vicar, and that he seemed exalted to the point of madness, recalled the pale priest who, a year earlier, had been looking for the *grimoire* of Honorius. But the description which the public sheets gave of the criminal disagreed with the recollection of the Professor of Magic. In fact, the majority of the papers said that he had black hair. . . . “It is not he, then,” thought Eliphas. “However, I still keep in my ear and in my memory the word which would now be explained for me by this great crime: ‘You will soon learn something. Before a little, you will hear speak of me.’ ”

The trial took place with all the frightful vicissitudes with which every one is familiar, and the accused was condemned to death.

The next day, Eliphas read in a legal newspaper the account of this unheard-of scene in the annals of justice, but a cloud passed over his eyes when he came to the description of the accused: “He is blond.”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“It must be he,” said the Professor of Magic.

Some days afterwards, a person who had been able to sketch the convict during the trial, showed it to Eliphas.

“Let me copy this drawing,” said he, all trembling with fear.

He made the copy, and took it to his friend Desbarrolles, of whom he asked, without other explanation:

“Do you know this head?”

“Yes,” said Desbarrolles energetically. “Wait a moment: yes, it is the mysterious priest whom we saw at Mme. A——’s, and who wanted to make magical evocations.”

“Oh, well, my friend, you confirm me in my sad conviction. The man we saw, we shall never see again; the hand which you examined has become a bloody hand. We have heard speak of him, as he told us we should; that pale priest, do you know what was his name?”

“Oh, my God!” said Desbarrolles, changing colour, “I am afraid to know it!”

“Well, you know it: it was the wretch Louis Verger!”

Some weeks after what we have just recorded, Eliphas Levi was talking with a bookseller whose specialty was to make a collection of old books concerning the occult sciences. They were talking of the *grimoire* of Honorius.

“Now-a-days, it is impossible to find it,” said the merchant. “The last that I had in my hands I sold to a priest for a hundred francs.”

“A young priest? And do you remember what he looked like?”

“Oh, perfectly, but you ought to know him well yourself,

THE EQUINOX

for he told me he had seen you, and it is I who sent him to you.”

No more doubt, then; the unhappy priest had found the fatal *grimoire*, he had done the evocation, and prepared himself for the murder by a series of sacrileges. For this is in what the infernal evocations consist, according to the *grimoire* of Honorius:

“Choose a black cock, and give him the name of the spirit of darkness which one wishes to evoke.

“Kill the cock, and keep its heart, its tongue, and the first feather of its left wing.

“Dry the tongue and the heart, and reduce them to powder.

“Eat no meat and drink no wine, that day.

“On Tuesday, at dawn, say a mass of the angels.

“Trace upon the altar itself, with the feather of the cock dipped in the consecrated wine, certain diabolical signatures (those of Mr. Home’s pencil, and the bloody hosts of Vintras).

“On Wednesday, prepare a taper of yellow wax; rise at midnight, and alone, in the church, begin the office of the dead.

“Mingle with this office infernal evocations.

“Finish the office by the light of a single taper, extinguish it immediately, and remain without light in the church thus profaned until sunrise.

“On Thursday, mingle with the consecrated water the powder of the tongue and heart of the black cock, and let the whole be swallowed by a male lamb of nine days old. . . .”

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The hand refuses to write the rest. It is a mixture of brutalizing practices and revolting crimes, so constituted as to kill for evermore judgment and conscience.¹

But in order to communicate with the phantom of absolute evil, to realize that phantom to the point of seeing and touching it, is it not necessary to be without conscience and without judgment?

There is doubtless the secret of this incredible perversity, of this murderous fury, of this unwholesome hate against all order, all ministry, all hierarchy, of this fury, above all, against the dogma which sanctifies peace, obedience, gentleness, purity, under so touching an emblem as that of a mother.

This wretch thought himself sure not to die. The Emperor, thought he, would be obliged to pardon him; an honourable exile awaited him; his crime would give him an enormous celebrity; his reveries would be bought for their weight in gold by the booksellers. He would become immensely rich, attract the notice of a great lady, and marry beyond the seas. It is by such promises that the phantom of the devil, long ago, lured Gilles de Laval, Seigneur of Retz, and made him wade from crime to crime. A man capable of evoking the devil, according to the rites of the *grimoire* of Honorius, has gone so far upon the road of evil that he is disposed to all kinds of hallucinations, and all lies. So, Verger slept in blood, to dream of I know not what abominable pantheon; and he awoke upon the scaffold.

But the aberrations of perversity do not constitute an insanity; the execution of this wretch proved it.

¹ The great painter, dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse, employs an excess of yellow.—O. M.

THE EQUINOX

One knows what desperate resistance he made to his executioners. "It is treason," said he; "I cannot die so! Only one hour, an hour to write to the Emperor! The Emperor is bound to save me."

Who, then, was betraying him?

Who, then, had promised him life?

Who, then, had assured him beforehand of a clemency which was impossible, because it would revolt the conscience of the public?

Ask all that of the *grimoire* of Honorius!

Two incidents in this tragic story bear upon the phenomena produced by Mr. Home: the noise of the storm heard by the wicked priest in his early evocations, and the difficulty which he found in expressing his real thought in the presence of Eliphaz Levi.

One may also comment upon the apparition of the sinister man taking pleasure in the public grief, and uttering an indeed infernal word in the midst of the consternation of the crowd, an apparition only noticed by the ecstatic of La Salette, the too celebrated Mlle. de La Merlière, who has the air after all of a worthy individual, but very excitable, and perhaps capable of acting and speaking without knowing it herself, under the influence of a sort of ascetic sleep-waking.

This word "sleep-waking" brings us back to Mr. Home, and our anecdotes have not made us forget what the title of this work promised to our readers.

We ought, then, to tell them what Mr. Home is.

We keep our promise.

Mr. Home is an invalid suffering from a contagious sleep-waking.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

This is an assertion.

It remains to us to give an explanation and a demonstration.

That explanation and demonstration, in order to be complete, demand a work sufficient to fill a book.

That book has been written, and we shall publish it shortly. Here is the title:

*The Reason of Miracles, or the Devil at the Tribunal of Science.*¹

“Why the devil?”

Because we have demonstrated by facts what Mr. de Mirville had, before us, incompletely set forth.

We say “incompletely”; because the devil is, for Mr. de Mirville, a fantastic personage, while for us, it is the misuse of a natural force.

A medium once said: “Hell is not a place, it is a state.”

We shall be able to add: “The devil is not a person or a force; it is a vice, and in consequence, a weakness.”

Let us return for a moment to the study of phenomena!

Mediums are, in general, of poor health and narrow limitations.

They can accomplish nothing extraordinary in the presence of calm and educated persons.

One must be accustomed to them before seeing or feeling anything.

The phenomena are not identical for all present. For example, where one will see a hand, another will perceive nothing but a whitish smoke.

¹ That was the title which we intended at that time to give to the book which we now publish.—E. L.

THE EQUINOX

Persons impressed by the magnetism of Mr. Home feel a sort of indisposition; it seems to them that the room turns round, and the temperature seems to them to grow rapidly lower.

The miracles are more successful in the presence of a few people chosen by the medium himself.

In a meeting of several persons, it may be that all will see the miracles—with the exception of one, who will see absolutely nothing.

Among the persons who do see, all do not see the same thing.

Thus, for example:

One evening, at Mme. de V——'s, the medium made appear a child which that lady had lost. Mme. de B—— alone saw the child; Count de M—— saw a little whitish vapour, in the shape of a pyramid; the others saw nothing.

Everybody knows that certain substances, hashish, for example, intoxicate without taking away the use of reason, and cause to be seen with an astonishing vividness things which do not exist.

A great part of the phenomena of Mr. Home belong to a natural influence similar to that of hashish.

This is the reason why the medium refuses to operate except before a small number of persons chosen by himself.

The rest of these phenomena should be attributed to magnetic power.

To see anything at Mr. Home's *séances* is not a reassuring index of the health of him who sees.

And even if his health should be in other ways excellent,

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the vision indicates a transitory perturbation of the nervous apparatus in its relation to imagination and light.

If this perturbation were frequently repeated, he would become seriously ill.

Who knows how many collapses, attacks of tetanus, insanities, violent deaths, the mania of table-turning has already produced?

These phenomena become particularly terrible when perversity takes possession of them.

It is then that one can really affirm the intervention and the presence of the spirit of evil.

Perversity or fatality, these pretended miracles obey one of these two powers.

As to qabalistic writings and mysterious signatures, we shall say that they reproduce themselves by the magnetic intuition of the mirages of thought in the universal vital fluid.

These instinctive reflections may be produced if the magic Word has nothing arbitrary in it, and if the signs of the occult sanctuary are the natural expressions of absolute ideas.

It is this which we shall demonstrate in our book.

But, in order not to send back our readers from the unknown to the future, we shall detach beforehand two chapters of that unpublished work, one upon the qabalistic Word, the other upon the secrets of the Qabalah, and we shall draw conclusions which will compete in a manner satisfactory to all the explanation which we have promised in the matter of Mr. Home.

There exists a power which generates forms; this power is light.

THE EQUINOX

Light creates forms in accordance with the laws of eternal mathematics, by the universal equilibrium of light and shadow.

The primitive signs of thought trace themselves by themselves in the light, which is the material instrument of thought.

God is the soul of light. The universal and infinite light is for us, as it were, the body of god.

The Qabalah, or transcendental magic, is the science of light.

Light corresponds to life.

The kingdom of shadows is death.

All the dogmas of true religion are written in the Qabalah in characters of light upon a page of shadow.

The page of shadows consists of blind beliefs.

Light is the great plastic medium.

The alliance of the soul and the body is a marriage of light and shadow.

Light is the instrument of the Word, it is the white writing of God upon the great book of night.

Light is the source of thought, and it is in it that one must seek for the origin of all religious dogma. But there is only one true dogma, as there is only one pure light; shadow alone is infinitely varied.

Light, shadow, and their harmony, which is the vision of beings, form the principle analogous to the great dogmas of Trinity, of Incarnation, and of Redemption.

Such is also the mystery of the cross.

It will be easy for us to prove this by an appeal to religious monuments, by the signs of the primitive Word, by

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

those books which contain the secrets of the Qabalah, and finally by the reasoned explanation of all the mysteries by the means of the keys of qabalistic magic.

In all symbolisms, in fact, we find ideas of antagonism and of harmony producing a trinitarian notion in the conception of divinity, following which the mythological personification of the four cardinal points of heaven completes the sacred septenary, the base of all dogmas and of all rites. In order to convince oneself of it, it is sufficient to read again and meditate upon the learned work of Dupuis, who would be a great qabalist if he had seen a harmony of truths where his negative preoccupations only permitted him to see a concert of errors.

It is not here our business to repeat his work, which everybody knows; but it is important to prove that the religious reform brought about by Moses was altogether qabalistic, that Christianity, in instituting a new dogma, has simply come nearer to the primitive sources of the teachings of Moses, and that the Gospel is no more than a transparent veil thrown upon the universal and natural mysteries of oriental initiation.

A distinguished but little known man of learning, Mr. P. Lacour, in his book on the Elohim or Mosaic God, has thrown a great light on that question, and has rediscovered in the symbols of Egypt all the allegorical figures of Genesis. More recently, another courageous student of vast erudition, Mr. Vincent (de l'Yonne), has published a treatise upon idolatry among both the ancients and the moderns, in which he raises the veil of universal mythology.

We invite conscientious students to read these various

THE EQUINOX

works, and we confine ourselves to the special study of the Qabalah among the Hebrews.

The Logos, or the word, being according to the initiates of that science the complete revelation, the principles of the holy Qabalah ought to be found reunited in the signs themselves of which the primitive alphabet is composed.

Now, this is what we find in all Hebrew grammars.¹

There is a fundamental and universal letter which generates all the others. It is the IOD.

There are two other mother letters, opposed and analogous among themselves; the ALEPH א and the MEM מ, according to others the SCHIN ש.

There are seven double letters, the BETH ב, the GIMEL ג, the DALETH ד, the KAPH כ, the PE פ, the RESH ר, and the TAU ת.

Finally, there are twelve simple letters; in all twenty-two. The unity is represented, in a relative manner, by the ALEPH; the ternary is figured either by IOD, MEM, SCHIN, or by ALEPH, MEM, SCHIN.

The septenary, by BETH, GIMEL, DALETH, KAPH, PE, RESH, TAU.

The duodenary, by the other letters.

The duodenary is the ternary multiplied by four; and it reenters thus into the symbolism of the septenary.

Each letter represents a number: each assemblage of letters, a series of numbers.

¹ This is all deliberately wrong. That Levi knew the correct attributions is evident from a MS. annotated by himself. Levi refused to reveal these attributions, rightly enough, as his grade was not high enough, and the time not ripe. Note the subtlety of the form of his statement. The correct attributions are in Liber 777.—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The numbers represent absolute philosophical ideas.

The letters are shorthand hieroglyphs.

Let us see now the hieroglyphic and philosophical significations of each of the twenty-two letters (*vide* Bellarmin, Reuchlin, Saint-Jerome, Kabala denudata, Sepher Yetzirah, Technica curiosa of Father Schott, Picus de Mirandola, and other authors, especially those of the collection of Pistorius).

THE MOTHERS

The IOD.—The absolute principle, the productive being.

The MEM.—Spirit, or the Jakin of Solomon.

The SCHIN.—Matter, or the column called Boaz.

THE DOUBLE LETTERS

BETH. Reflection, thought, the moon, the Angel Gabriel, Prince of mysteries.

GIMEL. Love, will, Venus, the Angel Anael, Prince of life and death.

DALETH. Force, power, Jupiter, Sachiel, Melech, King of kings.

KAPH. Violence, strife, work, Mars, Samael Zebaoth, Prince of Phalanges.

PE. Eloquence, intelligence, Mercury, Raphael, Prince of sciences.

RESH. Destruction and regeneration, Time, Saturn, Cassiel, King of tombs and of solitude.

TAU. Truth, light, the Sun, Michael, King of the Elohim.

THE EQUINOX

THE SIMPLE LETTERS

The simple letters are divided into four triplicities, having for titles the four letters of the divine tetragram יהוה.

In the divine tetragram, the IOD, as we have just said, symbolizes the productive and active principle.—The HÉ ה represents the passive productive principle, the CTEIS.—The VAU symbolizes the union of the two, or the lingam, and the final HÉ is the image of the second reproductive principle; that is to say, of the passive reproduction in the world of effects and forms.

The twelve simple letters, ק ש צ ל נ ט ז ה ו ה and מ or י, divided into threes, reproduce the notion of the primitive triangle, with the interpretation, and under the influence, of each of the letters of the tetragram.

One sees that the philosophy and the religious dogma of the Qabalah are there indicated in a complete but veiled manner.

Let us now investigate the allegories of Genesis.

“In the beginning (IOD the unity of being,) Elohim, the equilibrated forces (Jakin and Boaz), created the heaven (spirit) and the earth (matter), or in other words, good and evil, affirmation and negation.” Thus begins the Mosaic account of creation.

Then, when it comes to giving a place to man, and a sanctuary to his alliance with divinity, Moses speaks of a garden, in the midst of which a single fountain branched into four rivers (the IOD and the TETRAGRAM), and then of two trees, one of life, and the other of death, planted near the river. There are placed the man and the woman, the active and the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

passive; the woman sympathizes with death, and draws Adam with her in her fall. They are then driven out from the sanctuary of truth, and a kerub (a bull-headed sphinx, *vide* the hieroglyphs of Assyria, of India and of Egypt) is placed at the gate of the garden of truth in order to prevent the profane from destroying the tree of life. Here we have mysterious dogma, with all its allegories and its terrors, replacing the simplicity of truth. The idol has replaced God, and fallen humanity will not delay to give itself up to the worship of the golden calf.

The mystery of the necessary and successive reactions of the two principles on each other is indicated subsequently by the allegory of Cain and Abel. Force avenges itself by oppression for the seduction of weakness; martyred weakness expiates and intercedes for force when it is condemned for its crime to branding remorse. Thus is revealed the equilibrium of the moral world; here is the basis of all the prophecies, and the fulcrum of all intelligent political thought. To abandon a force to its own excesses is to condemn it to suicide.

Dupuis failed to understand the universal religious dogma of the Qabalah, because he had not the science of the beautiful hypothesis, partly demonstrated and realized more from day to day by the discoveries of science: I refer to *universal analogy*.

Deprived of this key of transcendental dogma, he could see no more of the gods than the sun, the seven planets, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; but he did not see in the sun the image of the Logos of Plato, in the seven planets the seven notes of the celestial gamut, and in the zodiac the quadrature of the ternary circle of all initiations.

THE EQUINOX

The Emperor Julian, that *adept of the spirit* who was never understood, that initiate whose paganism was less idolatrous than the faith of certain Christians, the Emperor Julian, we say, understood better than Dupuis and Volney the symbolic worship of the sun. In his hymn to the king, Helios, he recognizes that the star of day is but the reflection and the material shadow of that sun of truth which illumines the world of intelligence, and which is itself only a light borrowed from the Absolute.

It is a remarkable thing that Julian has ideas of the Supreme God, that the Christians thought they alone adored, much greater and more correct than those of some of the fathers of the Church, who were his contemporaries, and his adversaries.

This is how he expresses himself in his defence of Hellenism:

“It is not sufficient to write in a book that God spake, and things were made. It is necessary to examine whether the things that one attributes to God are not contrary to the very laws of Being. For, if it is so, God could not have made them, for He could not contradict Nature without denying Himself. . . . God being eternal, it is of the nature of necessity that His orders should be immutable as He.”

So spake that apostate, that man of impiety! Yet, later, a Christian doctor, become the oracle of the theological schools, taking his inspiration perhaps from these splendid words of the misbeliever, found himself obliged to bridle superstition by writing that beautiful and brave maxim which easily resumes the thought of the great Emperor:

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

“A thing is not just because God wills it; but God wills it because it is just.”

The idea of a perfect and immutable order in nature, the notion of an ascending hierarchy and of a descending influence in all beings, had furnished to the ancient hierophants the first classification of the whole of natural history. Minerals, vegetables, animals were studied analogically; and they attributed their origin and their properties to the passive or to the active principle, to the darkness or to the light. The sign of their election or of their reprobation, traced in their natural form, became the hieroglyphic character of a vice or a virtue; then, by dint of taking the sign for the thing, and expressing the thing by the sign, they ended by confounding them. Such is the origin of that fabulous natural history, in which lions allow themselves to be defeated by cocks, where dolphins die of sorrow for the ingratitude of men, in which mandrakes speak, and the stars sing. This enchanted world is indeed the poetic domain of magic; but it has no other reality than the meaning of the hieroglyphs which gave it birth. For the sage who understands the analogies of the transcendental Qabalah, and the exact relation of ideas with signs, this fabulous country of the fairies is a country still fertile in discoveries; for those truths which are too beautiful, or too simple to please men, without any veil, have all been hidden in these ingenious shadows.

Yes, the cock can intimidate the lion, and make himself master of him, because vigilance often supplants force, and succeeds in taming wrath. The other fables of the sham natural history of the ancients are explained in the same manner, and in this allegorical use of analogies, one can

THE EQUINOX

already understand the possible abuses and predict the errors to which the Qabalah was obliged to give birth.

The law of analogies, in fact, has been for qabalists of a secondary rank the object of a blind and fanatical faith. It is to this belief that one must attribute all the superstitions with which the adepts of occult science have been reproached. This is how they reasoned:

The sign expresses the thing.

The thing is the virtue of the sign.

There is an analogical correspondence between the sign and the thing signified.

The more perfect is the sign, the more entire is the correspondence.

To say a word is to evoke a thought and make it present. To name God is to manifest God.

The word acts upon souls, and souls react upon bodies; consequently one can frighten, console, cause to fall ill, cure, even kill, and raise from the dead by means of words.

To utter a name is to create or evoke a being.

In the name is contained the *verbal* or spiritual doctrine of the being itself.

When the soul evokes a thought, the sign of that thought is written automatically in the light.

To invoke is to adjure, that is to say, to swear by a name; it is to perform an act of faith in that name, and to communicate in the virtue which it represents.

Words in themselves are, then, good or evil, poisonous or wholesome.

The most dangerous words are vain and lightly uttered words, because they are the voluntary abortions of thought.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

A useless word is a crime against the spirit of intelligence; it is an intellectual infanticide.

Things are for every one what he makes of them by naming them. The *word* of every one is an impression or an habitual prayer.

To speak well is to live well.

A fine style is an aureole of holiness.

From these principles, some true, others hypothetical, and from the more or less exaggerated consequences that they draw from them, there resulted for superstitious qabalists and absolute confidence in enchantments, evocations, conjurations and mysterious prayers. Now, as faith has always accomplished miracles, apparitions, oracles, mysterious cures, sudden and strange maladies, have never been lacking to it.

It is thus that a simple and sublime philosophy has become the secret science of Black Magic. It is from this point of view above all that the Qabalah is still able to excite the curiosity of the majority in our so distrustful and so credulous century. However, as we have just explained, that is not the true science.

Men rarely seek the truth from its own sake; they have always a secret motive in their efforts, some passion to satisfy, or some greed to assuage. Among the secrets of the Qabalah there is one above all which has always tormented seekers; it is the secret of the transmutation of metals, and of the conversion of all earthly substances into gold.

Alchemy borrowed all these signs from the Qabalah, and it is upon the law of analogies resulting from the harmony of contraries that it based its operations. An immense physical secret was, moreover, hidden under the qabalistic

THE EQUINOX

parables of the ancients. This secret we have arrived at deciphering, and we shall submit its letter to the investigations of the gold-makers. Here it is:

1°. The four imponderable fluids are nothing but the diverse manifestations of one same universal agent, which is light.

2°. Light is the fire which serves for the Great Work under the form of electricity.

3°. The human will directs the vital light by means of the nervous system. In our days this is called Magnetism.

4°. The secret agent of the Great Work, the Azoth of the sages, the living and life-giving gold of the philosophers, the universal metallic productive agent, is MAGNETIZED ELECTRICITY.¹

The alliance of these two words still does not tell us much, and yet, perhaps, they contain a force sufficient to overturn the world. We say “perhaps” on philosophical grounds, for, personally, we have no doubt whatever of the high importance of this great hermetic arcanum.

We have just said that alchemy is the daughter of the Qabalah; to convince oneself of the truth of this it is sufficient to look at the symbols of Flamel, of Basil Valentine, the pages of the Jew Abraham, and the more or less apocryphal oracles of the Emerald Table of Hermes. Everywhere one finds the traces of that decade of Pythagoras, which is so magnificently applied in the Sepher Yetzirah to the complete and absolute notion of divine things, that decade composed of unity and a triple ternary which the Rabbis have

¹ In this joke, Levi indicates that he really knew the Great Arcanum; but only those who also possess it can recognize it, and enjoy the joke.—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

called the Berashith, and the Mercavah, the luminous tree of the Sephiroth, and the key of the Shemhamphorash.

We have spoken at some length in our book entitled *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie* of a hieroglyphic monument (preserved up to our own time under a futile pretext) which alone explains all the mysterious writings of high initiation. This monument is that Tarot of the Bohemians which gave rise to our games of cards. It is composed of twenty-two allegorical letters, and of four series of ten hieroglyphs each, referring to the four letters of the name of Jehovah. The diverse combinations of those signs, and the numbers which correspond to them, form so many qabalistic oracles, so that the whole science is contained in this mysterious book. This perfectly simple philosophical machine astonishes by the depth of its results.

The Abbé Trithemius, one of our greatest masters in magic, composed a very ingenious work, which he calls Polygraphy, upon the qabalistic alphabet. It is a combined series of progressive alphabets where each letter represents a word, the words correspond to each other, and complete themselves from one alphabet to another; and there is no doubt that Trithemius was acquainted with the Tarot, and made use of it to set his learned combinations in logical order.

Jerome Cardan was acquainted with the symbolical alphabet of the initiates, as one may recognize by the number and disposition of the chapters of his work on Subtlety. This work, in fact, is composed of twenty-two chapters, and the subject of each chapter is analogous to the number and to the allegory of the corresponding card of the Tarot. We

THE EQUINOX

have made the same observation on a book of St. Martin entitled *A Natural Picture of the Relations which exist between God, Man and the Universe*. The tradition of this secret has, then, never been interrupted from the first ages of the Qabalah to our own times.

The table-turners, and those who make the spirits speak with alphabetical charts, are, then, a good many centuries behind the times; they do not know that there exists an oracular instrument whose words are always clear and always accurate, by means of which one can communicate with the seven genii of the planets, and make to speak at will the seventy-two wheels of Assiah, of Yetzirah, and of Briah. For that purpose it is sufficient to understand the system of universal analogies, such as Swedenborg has set it forth in the hieroglyphic key of the arcana; then to mix the cards together, and draw from them by chance, always grouping them by the numbers corresponding to the ideas on which one desires enlightenment; then, reading the oracles as qabalistic writings ought to be read, that is to say, beginning in the middle and going from right to left for odd numbers, beginning on the right for even numbers, and interpreting successively the number for the letter which corresponds to it, the grouping of the letters by the addition of their numbers, and all the successive oracles by their numerical order, and their hieroglyphic relations.

This operation of the qabalistic sages, originally intended to discover the rigorous development of absolute ideas, degenerated into superstition when it fell into the hands of the ignorant priests and the nomadic ancestors of the Bohemians who possessed the Tarot in the Middle Ages;

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

they did not know how to employ it properly, and used it solely for fortune-telling.

The game of chess, attributed to Palamedes, has no other origin than the Tarot, and one finds there the same combinations and the same symbols: the king, the queen, the knight, the soldier, the fool, the tower, and houses representing numbers. In old times, chess-players sought upon their chess-board the solution of philosophical and religious problems, and argued silently with each other in manoeuvring the hieroglyphic characters across the numbers. Our vulgar game of goose, revived from the old Grecian game, and also attributed to Palamedes, is nothing but a chess-board with motionless figures and numbers movable by means of dice. It is a Tarot disposed in the form of a wheel, for the use of aspirants to initiation. Now, the word Tarot, in which one finds "rota" and "tora," itself expresses, as William Postel has demonstrated, this primitive disposition in the form of a wheel.

The hieroglyphs of the game of goose are simpler than those of the Tarot, but one finds the same symbols in it: the juggler, the king, the queen, the tower, the devil or Typhon, death, and so on. The dice-indicated chances of the game represent those of life, and conceal a highly philosophical sense sufficiently profound to make sages meditate, and simple enough to be understood by children.

The allegorical personage Palamedes, is, however, identical with Enoch, Hermes, and Cadmus, to whom various mythologies have attributed the invention of letters. But, in the conception of Homer, Palamedes, the man who exposed the fraud of Ulysses and fell a victim to his revenge, represents

THE EQUINOX

the initiator or the man of genius whose eternal destiny is to be killed by those whom he initiates. The disciple does not become the living realization of the thoughts of the Master until he had drunk his blood and eaten his flesh, to use the energetic and allegorical expression of the initiator, so ill understood by Christians.

The conception of the primitive alphabet was, as one may easily see, the idea of a universal language which should enclose in its combinations, and even in its signs themselves, the recapitulation and the evolutionary law of all sciences, divine and human. In our own opinion, nothing finer or greater has ever been dreamt by the genius of man; and we are convinced that the discovery of this secret of the ancient world has fully repaid us for so many years of sterile research and thankless toil in the crypts of lost sciences and the cemeteries of the past.

One of the first results of this discovery should be to give a new direction to the study of the hieroglyphic writings as yet so imperfectly deciphered by the rivals and successors of M. Champollion.

The system of writing of the disciples of Hermes being analogical and synthetical, like all the signs of the Qabalah, would it not be useful, in order to read the pages engraved upon the stones of the ancient temples, to replace these stones in their place, and to count the numbers of their letters, comparing them with the numbers of other stones?

The obelisk of Luxor, for example, was it not one of the two columns at the entrance of a temple? Was it at the right-hand or the left-hand pillar? If at the right, these signs refer to the active principle; if at the left, it is by the passive principle

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

that one must interpret its characters. But there should be an exact correspondence of one obelisk with the other, and each sign should receive its complete sense from the analogy of contraries. M. Champollion found Coptic in the hieroglyphics, another savant would perhaps find more easily, and more fortunately, Hebrew; but what would one say if it were neither Hebrew nor Coptic? If it were, for example, the universal primitive language? Now, this language, which was that of the transcendental Qabalah, did certainly exist; more, it still exists at the base of Hebrew itself, and of all the oriental languages which derive from it; this language is that of the sanctuary, and the columns at the entrance of the temples ordinarily contained all its symbols. The intuition of the ecstasies comes nearer to the truth with regard to these primitive signs that even the science of the learned, because, as we have said, the universal vital fluid, the astral light, being the mediating principle between the ideas and the forms, is obedient to the extraordinary leaps of the soul which seeks the unknown, and furnishes it naturally with the signs already found, but forgotten, of the great revelations of occultism. Thus are formed the pretended signatures of spirits, thus were produced the mysterious writings of Gablidone, who appeared to Dr. Lavater, the phantoms of Schroepfer, of St. Michel-Vintras, and the spirits of Mr. Home.

If electricity can move a light, or even a heavy body, without one touching it, is it impossible to give by magnetism a direction to electricity, and to produce, thus naturally, signs and writings? One can do it, doubtless; because one does it.

THE EQUINOX

Thus, then, to those who ask us, "What is the most important agent of miracles?" we shall reply—

"It is the first matter of the Great Work.

"It is MAGNETIZED ELECTRICITY."

Everything has been created by light.

It is in light that form is preserved.

It is by light that form reproduces itself.

The vibrations of light are the principle of universal movement.

By light, the suns are attached to each other, and they interlace their rays like chains of electricity.

Men and things are magnetized by light like the suns, and, by means of electro-magnetic chains whose tension is caused by sympathies and affinities, are able to communicate with each other from one end of the world to the other, to caress or strike, wound or heal, in a manner doubtless natural, but invisible, and of the nature of prodigy.

There is the secret of magic.

Magic, that science which comes to us from the magi!

Magic, the first of sciences!

Magic, the holiest science, because it establishes in the sublimest manner the great religious truths!

Magic, the most calumniated of all, because the vulgar obstinately confound magic with the superstitious sorcery whose abominable practices we have denounced!

It is only by magic that one can reply to the enigmatical questions of the Sphinx of Thebes, and find the solution of those problems of religious history which are sealed in the sometimes scandalous obscurities which are to be found in the stories of the Bible.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The sacred historians themselves recognize the existence and the power of the magic which boldly rivalled that of Moses.

The Bible tells us that Jannes and Jambres, Pharaoh's magicians, at first performed *the same miracles* as Moses, and that they declared those which they could not imitate impossible to human science. It is in fact more flattering to the self-love of a charlatan to deem that a miracle has taken place, than to declare himself conquered by the science or skill of a fellow-magician—above all, when he is a political enemy or a religious adversary.

When does the possible in magical miracles begin and end? Here is a serious and important question. What is certain is the existence of the facts which one habitually describes as miracles. Magnetizers and sleep-wakers do them every day; Sister Rose Tamisier did them; the "illuminated" Vintras does them still; more than fifteen thousand witnesses recently attested those of the American mediums; ten thousand peasants of Berry and Sologne would attest, if need were, those of the god Cheneau (a retired button-merchant who believes himself inspired by God). Are all these people hallucinated or knaves? Hallucinated, yes, perhaps, but the very fact that their hallucination is identical, whether separately or collectively, is it not a sufficiently great miracle on the part of him who produces it, always, at will, and at a stated time and place?

To do miracles, and to persuade the multitude that one does them, are very nearly the same thing, above all in a century as frivolous and scoffing as ours. Now, the world is full of wonder-makers, and science is often reduced to denying their works or refusing to see them, in order not to be reduced to examining them, or assigning a cause to them.

THE EQUINOX

In the last century all Europe resounded with the miracles of Cagliostro. Who is ignorant of what powers were attributed to his 'wine of Egypt,' and to his 'elixir'? What can we add to the stories that they tell of his other-world suppers, where he made appear in flesh and blood the illustrious personages of the past? Cagliostro was, however, far from being an initiate of the first order, since the Great White Brotherhood abandoned him¹ to the Roman Inquisition, before whom he made, if one can believe the documents to his trial, so ridiculous and so odious an explanation of the Masonic trigram, L.: P.: D.:

But miracles are not the exclusive privilege of the first order of initiates; they are often performed by beings without education or virtue. Natural laws find an opportunity in an organism whose exceptional qualifications are not clear to us, and they perform their work with their invariable precision and calm. The most refined gourmets appreciate truffles, and employ them for their purposes, but it is hogs that dig them up: it is analogically the same for plenty of things less material and less gastronomical: instincts have groping presentiments, but it is really only science which discovers.

The actual progress of human knowledge has diminished by a great deal the chances of prodigies, but there still remains a great number, since both the power of the imagination and the nature and power of magnetism are not yet known. The observation of universal analogies, moreover, has been neglected, and for that reason divination is no longer believed in.

¹ This is no more an argument that to say that God "abandoned" Christ. Martyrdom is usually cited on the other side. Besides, the fate of Cagliostro is unknown—at least to the world at large.—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

A qabalistic sage may, then, still astonish the crowd and even bewilder the educated:

1°—By divining hidden things; 2°—by predicting many things to come; 3°—by dominating the will of others so as to prevent them doing what they will, and forcing them to do what they do not will; 4°—by exciting apparitions and dreams; 5°—by curing a large number of illnesses; 6°—by restoring life to subjects who display all the symptoms of death; 7°—lastly, by demonstrating (if need be, by examples) the reality of the philosophical stone, and the transmutation of metals, according to the secrets of Abraham the Jew, of Flamel, and of Raymond Lully.

All these prodigies are accomplished by means of a single agent which the Hebrew calls OD, as did the Chevalier de Reichenback, which we, with the School of Pasqualis Martinez, call astral light, which Mr. de Mirville calls the devil, and which the ancient alchemists called Azoth. It is the vital element which manifests itself by the phenomena of heat, light, electricity and magnetism, which magnetizes all terrestrial globes, and all living beings.

In this agent even are manifested the proofs of the qabalistic doctrine with regard to equilibrium and motion, by double polarity; when one pole attracts the other repels, one produces heat, the other cold, one gives a blue or greenish light, the other a yellow or reddish light.

This agent, by its different methods of magnetization, attracts us to each other, or estranges us from each other, subordinates one to the wishes of the other by causing him to enter his centre of attraction, re-establishes or disturbs the equilibrium in animal economy by its transmutations and its

THE EQUINOX

alternate currents, receives and transmits the imprints of the force of imagination which is in men the image and the semblance of the creative word, and thus produces presentiments and determines dreams. The science of miracles is then the knowledge of this marvellous force, and the art of doing miracles is simply the art of magnetizing or *illuminating* beings, according to the invariable laws of magnetism or astral light.

We prefer the word "light" to the word "magnetism," because it is more traditional in occultism, and expresses in a more complete and perfect manner the nature of the secret agent. There is, in truth, the liquid and drinkable gold of the masters in alchemy; the word "OR" (the French word for "gold") comes from the Hebrew "AOUR" which signifies "light." "What do you wish?" they asked the candidate in every initiation: "To see the light," should be their answer. The name of illuminati which one ordinarily gives to adepts, has then been generally very badly interpreted by giving to it a mystical sense, as if it signified men whose intelligence believes itself to be lighted by a miraculous day. 'Illuminati' means simply, knowers and possessors of the light, either by the knowledge of the great magical agent, or by the rational and ontological notion of the absolute.

The universal agent is a force tractable and subordinate to intelligence. Abandoned to itself, it, like Moloch, devours rapidly all that to which it gives birth, and changes the superabundance of life into immense destruction. It is, then, the infernal serpent of the ancient myths, the Typhon of the Egyptians, and the Moloch of Phoenicia; but if Wisdom, mother of the Elohim, puts her foot upon his head, she outwears

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

all the flames which he belches forth, and pours with full hands upon the earth a vivifying light. Thus also it is said in the Zohar that at the beginning of our earthly period, when the elements disputed among themselves the surface of the earth, that fire, like an immense serpent, had enveloped everything in its coils, and was about to consume all beings, when divine clemency, raising around it the waves of the sea like a vestment of clouds, put her foot upon the head of the serpent and made him re-enter the abyss. Who does not see in this allegory the first idea, and the most reasonable explanation, of one of the images dearest to Catholic symbolism, the triumph of the Mother of God?

The qabalists say that the occult name of the devil, his true name, is that of Jehovah written backwards. This, for the initiate, is a complete revelation of the mysteries of the tetragram. In fact, the order of the letters of that great name indicates the predominance of the idea over form, of the active over the passive, of cause over effect. By reversion that order one obtains the contrary. Jehovah is he who tames Nature as it were a superb horse and makes it go where he will; Chavajoh (the demon) is the horse without a bridle who, like those of the Egyptians of the song of Moses, falls upon its rider, and hurls him beneath it, into the abyss.

The devil, then, exists really enough for the qabalists; but it is neither a person nor a distinguished power of even the forces of Nature. The devil is dispersion, or the slumber of the intelligence. It is madness and falsehood.

Thus are explained the nightmares of the Middle Ages; thus, too, are explained the bizarre symbols of some initiates, those of the Templars, for example, who are much less to be

THE EQUINOX

blamed for having worshipped Baphomet, than for allowing its image to be perceived by the profane. Baphomet, pantheistic figure of the universal agent, is nothing else than the bearded devil of the alchemists. One knows that the members of the highest grades in the old hermetic masonry attributed to a bearded demon the accomplishment of the Great Work. At this word, the vulgar hastened to cross themselves, and to hide their eyes, but the initiates of the cult of Hermes-Pantheos understood the allegory, and were very careful not to explain it to the profane.

Mr. de Mirville, in a book to-day almost forgotten, though it made some noise a few months ago, gives himself a great deal of trouble to compile an account of various sorceries, of the kind which fill the compilations of people like Delancre, Delrio, and Bodin. He might have found better than that in history. And without speaking of the easily attested miracles of the Jansenists of Port Royal, and of the Deacon Paris, what is more marvellous than the great monomania of martyrdom which has made children, and even women, during three hundred years, go to execution as if to a feast? What more magnificent than that enthusiastic faith accorded during so many centuries to the most incomprehensible, and, humanly speaking, to the most revolting mysteries? On this occasion, you will say, the miracles came from God, and one even employs them as a proof of the truth of religion. But, what? heretics, too, let themselves be killed for dogmas, this time quite frankly and really absurd. They then sacrificed both their reason and their life to their belief? Oh, for heretics, it is evident that the devil was responsible. Poor folk, who took the devil for God, and God for the devil! Why have

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

they not been undeceived by making them recognize the true God by the charity, the knowledge, the justice, and above all, by the mercy of his ministers?

The necromancers who cause the devil to appear after a fatiguing and almost impossible series of the most revolting evocations, are only children by the side of that St. Anthony of the legend who drew them from hell by thousands, and dragged them everywhere after him, like Orpheus, who attracted to him oaks, rocks and the most savage animals.

Callot alone, initiated by the wandering Bohemians during his infancy into the mysteries of black sorcery, was able to understand and reproduce the evocations of the first hermit. And do you think that in retracing those frightful dreams of maceration and fasting, the makers of legends have invented? No; they have remained far below the truth. The cloisters, in fact, have always been peopled with nameless spectres, and their walls have palpitated with shadows and infernal larvae. St. Catherine of Siena on one occasion passed a week in the midst of an obscene orgy which would have discouraged the lust of Pietro di Aretino; St. Theresa felt herself carried away living into hell, and there suffered, between walls which ever closed upon her, tortures which only hysterical women will be able to understand. . . . All that, one will say, happened in the imagination of the sufferers. But where, then, would you expect facts of a supernatural order to take place? What is certain is that all these visionaries have seen and touched, that they have had the most vivid feeling of a formidable reality. We speak of it from our own experience, and there are visions of our own first youth, passed in retreat and asceticism, whose memory makes us shudder even now.

THE EQUINOX

God and the devil are the ideals of absolute good and evil. But man never conceives absolute evil, save as a false idea of good. Good only can be absolute; and evil is only relative to our ignorance, and to our errors. Every man, in order to be a God, first makes himself a devil; but as the law of solidarity is universal, the hierarchy exists in hell as it does in heaven. A wicked man will always find one more wicked than himself to do him harm; and when the evil is at its climax, it must cease, for it could only continue by the annihilation of being, which is impossible. Then the man-devils, at the end of their resources, fall once more under the empire of the god-men, and are saved by those whom one at first thought their victims; but the man who strives to live a life of evil deeds, does homage to good by all the intelligence and energy that he develops in himself. For this reason the great initiator said in his figurative language: "I would that thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The Great Master, in one of his parables, condemns only the idle man who buried his treasure from fear of losing it in the risky operations of that bank which we call life. To think nothing, to love nothing, to wish for nothing, to do nothing—that is the real sin. Nature only recognizes and rewards workers.

The human will develops itself and increases itself by its own activity. In order to will truly, one must act. Action always dominates inertia and drags it at its chariot wheels. This is the secret of the influence of the alleged wicked over the alleged good. How many poltroons and cowards think themselves virtuous because they are afraid to be otherwise!

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

How many respectable women cast an envious eye upon prostitutes! It is not very long ago since convicts were in fashion. Why? Do you think that public opinion can ever give homage to vice? No, but it can do justice to activity and bravery, and it is right that cowardly knaves should esteem bold brigands.

Boldness united to intelligence is the mother of all successes in this world. To undertake, one must know; to accomplish, one must will; to will really, one must dare; and in order to gather in peace the fruits of one's audacity, one must keep silent.

TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL, TO KEEP SILENT, are, as we have said elsewhere, the four qabalistic words which correspond to the four letters of the tetragram and to the four hieroglyphic forms of the Sphinx. To know, is the human head; to dare, the claws of the lion; to will, the mighty flanks of the bull; to keep silent, the mystical wings of the eagle. He only maintains his position above other men who does not prostitute the secrets of his intelligence to their commentary and their laughter.

All men who are really strong are magnetizers, and the universal agent obeys their will. It is thus that they work marvels. They make themselves believed, they make themselves followed, and when they say, "This is thus," Nature changes (in a sense) to the eyes of the vulgar, and becomes what the great man wished. "This is my flesh and this is my blood," said a Man who had made himself God by his virtues; and eighteen centuries, in the presence of a piece of bread and a little wine, have seen, touched, tasted and adored flesh and blood made divine by martyrdom! Say now, that the human will accomplishes no miracles!

THE EQUINOX

Do not let us here speak of Voltaire! Voltaire was not a wonder-worker, he was the witty and eloquent interpreter of those on whom the miracle no longer acted. Everything in his work is negative; everything was affirmative, on the contrary, in that of the "Galilean," as an illustrious and too unfortunate Emperor called Him.

And yet Julian in his time attempted more than Voltaire could accomplish; he wished to oppose miracles to miracles, the austerity of power to that of revolt, virtues to virtues, wonders to wonders; the Christians never had a more dangerous enemy, and they recognized the fact, for Julian was assassinated; and the Golden Legend still bears witness that a holy martyr, awakened in his tomb by the clamour of the Church, resumed his arms, and struck the Apostate in the darkness, in the midst of his army and of his victories. Sorry martyrs, who rise from the dead to become hangmen! Too credulous Emperor, who believed in his gods, and in the virtues of the past!

When the kings of France were hedged around with the adoration of their people, when they were regarded as the Lord's anointed, and the eldest sons of the Church, they cured scrofula. A man who is the fashion can always do miracles when he wishes. Cagliostro may have been only a charlatan, but as soon as opinion had made of him "the divine Cagliostro," he was expected to work miracles; and they happened.

When Cephias Barjona was nothing but a Jew proscribed by Nero, retailing to the wives of slaves a specific for eternal life, Cephias Barjona, for all educated people of Rome, was only a charlatan; but public opinion made an apostle of the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Spiritualistic empiric; and the successors of Peter, were they Alexander VI, or even John XXII, are infallible for every man who is properly brought up, who does not wish to put himself uselessly outside the pale of society. So goes the world.

Charlatanism, when it is successful, is then, in magic as in everything else, a great instrument of power. To fascinate the mob cleverly, is not that already to dominate it? The poor devils of sorcerers who in the Middle Ages stupidly got themselves burnt alive had not, it is easy to see, a great empire on others. Joan of Arc was a magician at the head of her armies, and at Rouen the poor girl was not even a witch. She only knew how to pray, and how to fight, and the prestige which surrounded her ceased as soon as she was in chains. Does history tell us that the King of France demanded her release? That the French nobility, the people, the army protested against her condemnation? The Pope, whose eldest son was the King of France, did he excommunicate the executioners of the Maid of Orleans? No, nothing of all that! Joan of Arc was a sorceress for every one as soon as she ceased to be a magician, and it was certainly not the English alone who burned her. When one exercises an apparently superhuman power, one must exercise it always, or resign oneself to perish. The world always avenges itself in a cowardly way for having believed too much, admired too much, and above all, obeyed too much.

We only understand magic power in its application to great matters. If a true practical magician does not make himself master of the world, it is that he disdains it. To what, then, would he degrade his sovereign power? "I will give

THE EQUINOX

thee all the kingdoms of the world, if thou wilt fall at my feet and worship me," the Satan of the parable said to Jesus. "Get thee behind me, Satan," replied the Saviour; "for it is written, Thou shalt adore God alone." . . . "ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI!" was what this sublime and divine adorer of God cried later. If he had replied to Satan, "I will not adore thee, and it is thou who wilt fall at my feet, for I bid thee in the name of intelligence and eternal reason," he would not have consigned his holy and noble life to the most frightful of all tortures. The Satan of the mountain was indeed cruelly avenged!

The ancients called practical magic the sacerdotal and royal art, and one remembers that the magi were the masters of primitive civilization, because they were the masters of all the science of their time.

To know is to be able when one dares to will.

The first science of the practical qabalist, or the magus, is the knowledge of men. Phrenology, psychology, chiromancy, the observation of tastes and of movement, of the sound of the voice and of either sympathetic or antipathetic impressions, are branches of this art, and the ancients were not ignorant of them. Gall and Spurzheim in our days have rediscovered phrenology. Lavater, following Porta, Cardan, Taisnier, Jean Belot and some others have divined anew rather than rediscovered the science of psychology; chiromancy is still occult, and one scarcely finds traces of it in the quite recent and very interesting work of d'Arpentigny. In order to have sufficient notions of it, one must remount to the qabalistic sources themselves from which the learned Cornelius Agrippa drew water. It is, then, convenient to say a few words

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

on the subject while waiting for the work of our friend Desbarrolles.

The hand is the instrument of action in man: it is, like the face, a sort of synthesis of the nervous system, and should also have features and physiognomy. The character of the individual is traced there by undeniable signs. Thus, among hands, some are laborious, some are idle, some square and heavy, others insinuating and light. Hard and dry hands are made for strife and toil, soft and damp hands ask only for pleasure. Pointed fingers are inquisitive and mystical, square fingers mathematical, spatulated fingers obstinate and ambitious.

The thumb, pollex, the finger of force and power, corresponds in the qabalistic symbolism to the first letter of the name of Jehovah. This finger is then a synthesis of the hand: if it is strong, the man is morally strong; if it is weak, the man is weak. It has three phalanges, of which the first is hidden in the palm of the hand, as the imaginary axis of the world traverses the thickness of the earth. This first phalanx corresponds to the physical life, the second to the intelligence, the third to the will. Greasy and thick palms denote sensual tastes and great force of physical life; a thumb which is long, especially in its last phalanx, reveals a strong will, which may go as far as despotism; short thumbs, on the contrary, show characters gentle and easily controlled.

The habitual folds of the hand determine its lines. These lines are, then, the traces of habits, and the patient observer will know how to recognize them and how to judge them. The man whose hand folds badly is clumsy or unhappy. The hand has three principal functions: to grasp, to hold, and to

THE EQUINOX

handle. The subtlest hands seize and handle best; hard and strong hands hold longer. Even the lightest wrinkles bear witness to the habitual sensations of the organ. Each finger has, besides, a special function from which it takes its name. We have already spoken of the thumb; the index is the finger which points out, it is that of the word and of prophecy; the medius dominates the whole hand, it is that of destiny; the ring-finger is that of alliances and of honours: chiromancers have consecrated it to the sun; the little finger is insinuating and talkative, at least, so say simple folk and nursemaids, whose little finger tells them so much. The hand has seven protuberances which the qabalists, following natural analogies, have attributed to the seven planets: that of the thumb, to Venus; that of the index to Jupiter; that of the medius, to Saturn; that of the ring-finger to the Sun; that of the little finger, to Mercury; the two others to Mars and to the Moon. According to their form and their predominance, they judged the inclinations, the aptitudes, and consequently the probable destinies of the individuals who submitted themselves to their judgment.

There is no vice which does not leave its trace, no virtue which has not its sign. Thus, for the trained eyes of the observer, no hypocrisy is possible. One will understand that such a science is already a power indeed sacerdotal and royal.

The prediction of the principal events of life is already possible by means of the numerous analogical probabilities of this observation: but there exists a faculty called that of presentiments or sensitivism. Events exist often in their causes before realizing themselves in action; sensitives see in advance

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the effects in the causes. Previous to all great events, there have been most astonishing predictions. In the reign of Louis Philippe we heard sleep-walkers and ecstasies announce the return of the Empire, and specify the date of its coming. The Republic of 1848 was clearly announced in the prophecy of Orval, which dated at least from 1830 and which we strongly suspect to be, like those works attributed to the brothers Olivarius, the posthumous work of Mlle. Lenormand. This is a matter of little importance in this thesis.

That magnetic light which causes the future to appear, also causes things at present existing, but hidden, to be guessed; as it is the universal life, it is also the agent of human sensibility, transmitting to some the sickness or the health of others, according to the fatal influence of contracts, or the laws of the will. It is that which explains the power of benedictions and of bewitchments so clearly recognized by the great adepts, and above all by the wonderful Paracelsus. An acute and judicious critic, Mr. Ch. Fauvety, in an article published by the *Revue philosophique et religieuse*, appreciates in a remarkable manner the advanced works of Paracelsus, of Pomponacius, of Goglienus, or Crollis, and of Robert Fludd on magnetism. But what our learned friend and collaborator studies only as a philosophical curiosity, Paracelsus and his followers practised without being very anxious that the world should understand it; for it was for them one of those traditional secrets with regard to which silence is necessary, and which it is sufficient to indicate to those who know, leaving always a veil upon the truth for the ignorant.

Now here is what Paracelsus reserved for initiates alone,

THE EQUINOX

and what we have understood through deciphering the qabalistic characters, and the allegories of which he makes use in his work:

The human soul is material; the divine *mens* is offered to it to immortalize it and to make it live spiritually and individually, but its natural substance is fluidic and collective.

There are, then, in man, two lives: the individual or reasonable life, and the common or instinctive life. It is by this latter that one can live in the bodies of others, since the universal soul, of which each nervous organism has a separate consciousness, is the same for all.

We live in a common and universal life in the embryonic state, in ecstasy, and in sleep. In sleep, in fact, reason does not act, and logic, when it mingles in our dreams, only does so by chance, in accordance with the accidents of purely physical reminiscences.

In dreams, we have the consciousness of the universal life; we mingle ourselves with water, fire, air, and earth; we fly like birds; we climb like squirrels; we crawl like serpents; we are intoxicated with astral light; we plunge into the common reservoir, as happens in a more complete manner in death; but then (and it is thus that Paracelsus explains the mysteries of the other life) the wicked, that is to say, those who have allowed themselves to be dominated by the instinct of the brute to the prejudice of human reason, are drowned in the ocean of the common life with all the anguish of eternal death; the others swim upon it, and enjoy for ever the riches of that fluid gold which they have succeeded in dominating.

This identity of all physical life permits the stronger

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

souls to possess themselves of the existence of the others, and to make auxiliaries of them; it explains sympathetic currents either near or distant, and gives the whole secret of occult medicine, because the principle of this medicine is the grand hypothesis of universal analogies, and, attributing all the phenomena of physical life to the universal agent, teaches that one must act upon the astral body in order to react upon the material visible body; it teaches also that the essence of the astral light is a double movement of attraction and repulsion; just as human bodies attract and repel one another, they can also absorb themselves, extend one into another, and make exchanges; the ideas or imaginations of one can influence the form of the other, and subsequently react upon the exterior body.

Thus are produced the so strange phenomena of maternal impressions, thus the neighbourhood of invalids gives bad dreams, and thus the soul breathes in something unwholesome when in the company of fools and knaves.

One may remark that in boarding-schools the children tend to assimilate in physiognomy; each place of education has, so to speak, a family air which is peculiar to it. In orphan schools conducted by nuns all the girls resemble each other, and all take on that obedient and effaced physiognomy which characterizes ascetic education. Men become handsome in the school of enthusiasm, of the arts, and of glory; they become ugly in prison, and of sad countenance in seminaries and in convents.

Here it will be understood we leave Paracelsus, in order that we may investigate the consequences and applications of his ideas, which are simply those of the ancient magi, and

THE EQUINOX

to study the elements of that physical Qabalah which we call magic.

According to the qabalistic principles formulated by the school of Paracelsus, death is nothing but a slumber, ever growing deeper and more definite, a slumber which it would not be impossible to stop in its early stages by exercising a powerful action of will on the astral body as it breaks loose, and by recalling it to life through some powerful interest or some dominating affection. Jesus expressed the same thought when he said to the daughter of Jairus: "The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth"; and of Lazarus: "Our friend is fallen asleep, and I go to wake him." To express this resurrectionist system in such a manner as not to offend common sense, by which we mean generally-held opinions, let us say that death, when there is no destruction or essential alteration of the physical organs, is always preceded by a lethargy of varying duration. (The resurrection of Lazarus, if we could admit it as a scientific fact, would prove that this state may last for four days.¹)

Let us now come to the secret of the Great Work, which we have given only in Hebrew, without vowel points, in the *Rituel de la haute magie*. Here is the complete text in Latin, as one finds in on page 144 of the Sepher Yetzirah, commented by the alchemist Abraham (Amsterdam, 1642):

¹ It will be objected that Lazarus stank, but this is a thing which happens frequently to healthy people, as well as to sick men, who recover in spite of it. Besides, in the Gospel story, it is one of the bystanders who says that Lazarus "by this time stinketh, for he hath been death four days." One may then attribute this remark to imagination.—E. L. Rather to the arrogance of the à priori reasoner.—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

SEMITA XXXI


Vocatur intelligentia perpetua; et quare vocatur ita? Eo quod ducit motum solis et lunae juxta constitutionem eorum; utrumque in orbe sibi conveniente.

Rabbi Abraham F.: D.: dicit:

Semita trigesima prima vocatur intelligentia perpetua: et illa ducit solem et lunam et reliquas stellas et figuras, unum quodque in orbe suo, et impertit omnibus creatis juxta dispositionem ad signa et figuras.

Here is the French translation of the Hebrew text which we have transcribed in our ritual:

“The thirty-first path is called the perpetual intelligence; and it governs the sun and the moon, and the other stars and figures, each in its respective orb. And it distributes what is needful to all created things, according to their disposition to the signs and figures.”

This text, one sees, is still perfectly obscure for whoever is not acquainted with the characteristic value of each of the thirty-two paths. The thirty-two paths are the ten numbers and the twenty-two hieroglyphic letters of the Qabalah. The thirty-first refers to , which represents the magic lamp, or the light between the horns of Baphomet. It is the qabalistic sign of the OD, or astral light, with its two poles, and its balanced centre. One knows that in the language of the alchemist the sun signifies gold, the moon silver, and that the other stars or planets refer to the other metals. One

THE EQUINOX

should now be able to understand the thought of the Jew Abraham.

The secret fire of the masters of alchemy was, then, electricity; and there is the better half of their grand arcanum; but they knew how to equilibrate its force by a magnetic influence which they concentrated in their athanor. This is what results from the obscure dogmas of Basil Valentine, of Bernard Trevisan, and of Henry Khunrath, who, all of them, pretended to have worked the transmutation, like Raymond Lully, like Arnaud de Villeneuve, and like Nicholas Flamel.

The universal light, when it magnetizes the worlds, is called astral light; when it forms the metals, one calls it azoth, or philosophical mercury; when it gives life to animals, it should be called animal magnetism.

The brute is subject to the fatalities of this light; man is able to direct it.

It is the intelligence which, by adapting the sign to the thought, creates forms and images.

The universal light is like the divine imagination, and this world, which changes ceaselessly, yet ever remaining the same with regard to the laws of its configuration, is the vast dream of God.

Man formulates the light by his imagination; he attracts to himself the light in sufficient quantities to give suitable forms to his thoughts and even to his dreams; if this light overcomes him, if he drowns his understanding in the forms which he evokes, he is mad. But the fluidic atmosphere of madmen is often a poison for tottering reason and for exalted imaginations.

The forms which the over-excited imagination produces

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

in order to lead astray the understanding, are as real as photographic images. One could not see what does not exist. The phantoms of dreams, and even the dreams of the waking, are then real images which exist in the light.

There exist, besides these, contagious hallucinations. But we here affirm something more than ordinary hallucinations.

If the images attracted by diseased brains are in some sense real, can they not throw them without themselves, as real as they relieve them?

These images projected by the complete nervous organism of the medium, can they not affect the complete organism of those who, voluntarily or not, are in nervous sympathy with the medium?

The things accomplished by Mr. Home prove that all this is possible.

Now, let us reply to those who think that they see in these phenomena manifestations of the other world and facts of necromancy.

We shall borrow our answer from the sacred book of the qabalists, and in this our doctrine is that of the rabbis who compiled the Zohar.

AXIOM

The spirit clothes itself to descend, and strips itself to rise.

In fact:

Why are created spirits clothed with bodies?

It is that they must be limited in order to have a possible existence. Stripped of all body, and become consequently

THE EQUINOX

without limit, created spirits would lose themselves in the infinite, and from lack of the power to concentrate themselves somewhere, they would be dead and impotent everywhere, lost as they would be in the immensity of God.

All created spirits have, then, bodies, some subtler, some grosser, according to the surroundings in which they are called to live.

The soul of a dead man would, then, not be able to live in the atmosphere of the living, any more than we can live in earth or in water.

For an airy, or rather an ethereal, spirit, it would be necessary to have an artificial body similar to the apparatus of our divers, in order that it might come to us.

All that we can see of the dead are the reflections which they have left in the atmospheric light, light whose imprints we evoke by the sympathy of our memories.

The souls of the dead are above our atmosphere. Our respirable air becomes earth for them. This is what the Saviour declares in His Gospel, when He makes the soul of a saint say:

“Now the great abyss is established between us, and those who are above can no longer descend to those who are below.”

The hands which Mr. Home causes to appear are, then, composed of air coloured by the reflection which his sick imagination attracts and projects.¹

¹ “The luminous agent being also that of heat, one understands the sudden variations of temperature occasioned by the abnormal projections or sudden absorptions of the light. There follows a sudden atmospheric perturbation, which produces the noise of storms, and the creaking of woodwork.” E. L

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

One touches them as one sees them; half illusion, half magnetic and nervous force.

These, it seems to us, are very precise and very clear explanations.

Let us reason a little with those who support the theory of apparitions from another world:

Either those hands are real bodies, or they are illusions.

If they are bodies, they are, then, not spirits.

If they are illusions produced by mirages, either in us, or outside ourselves, you admit my argument.

Now, one remark!

It is that all those who suffer from luminous congestion or contagious somnambulism, perish by a violent or, at least, a sudden death.

It is for this reason that one used to attribute to the devil the power of strangling sorcerers.

The excellent and worthy Lavater habitually evoked the alleged spirit of Gablidone.

He was assassinated.

A lemonade-seller of Leipzig, Schroepfer, evoked the animated images of the dead. He blew out his brains with a pistol.

One knows what was the unhappy end of Cagliostro.

A misfortune greater than death itself is the only thing that can save the life of these imprudent experimenters.

They may become idiots or madmen, and then they do not die, if one watches over them with care to prevent them from committing suicide.

Magnetic maladies are the road to madness; they are

THE EQUINOX

always born from the hypertrophy or atrophy of the nervous system.

They resemble hysteria, which is one of their varieties, and are often produced either by excesses of celibacy, or those or exactly the opposite kind.

One knows how closely connected with the brain are the organs charged by Nature with the accomplishment of her noblest work: those whose object is the reproduction of being.

One does not violate with impunity the sanctuary of Nature.

Without risking his own life, no one lifts the veil of the great Isis.

Nature is chaste, and it is to chastity that she gives the key of life.

To give oneself up to impure loves is to plight one's troth to death.

Liberty, which is the life of the soul, is only preserved in the order of Nature. Every voluntary disorder wounds it, prolonged excess murders it.

Then, instead of being guided and preserved by reason, one is abandoned to the fatalities of the ebb and flow of magnetic light.

The magnetic light devours ceaselessly, because it is always creating, and because, in order to produce continually, one must absorb eternally.

Thence come homicidal manias and temptations to commit suicide.

Thence comes that spirit of perversity which Edgar Poe has described in so impressive and accurate a manner, and which Mr. de Mirville would be right to call the devil.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The devil is the giddiness of the intelligence stupefied by the irresolution of the heart.

It is a monomania of nothingness, the lure of the abyss; independently of what it may be according to the decisions of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith, which we have not the temerity to touch.

As to the reproduction of signs and characters by that universal fluid, which we call astral light, to deny its possibility would be to take little account of the most ordinary phenomena of Nature.

The mirage in the steppes of Russia, the palace of Morgan le Fay, the figures printed naturally in the heart of stones which Gaffael calls *gamahes*, the monstrous deformities of certain children caused by impressions of the nightmares of their mothers, all these phenomena and many others prove that the light is full of reflections and images which it projects and reproduces according to the evocations of the imagination, of memory, or of desire. Hallucination is not always an objectless reverie: as soon as every one sees a thing it is certainly visible; but if this thing is absurd one must rigorously conclude that everybody is deceived or hallucinated by a real appearance.

To say (for example) that in the magnetic parties of Mr. Home real and living hands come out of the tables, true hands which some see, others touch, and by which still others feel themselves touched without seeing them, to say that these really corporeal hands are hands of spirits, is to speak like children or madmen; it implies a contradiction in terms. But to deem that such or such apparitions, such or such sensations, are produced, is simply to be sincere, and to mock

THE EQUINOX

the mockery of the normal man, even when these normal men are as witty as this or that editor of this or that comic journal.

These phenomena of the light which produce apparitions always appear at epochs when humanity is in labour. They are phantoms of the delirium of the world-fever; it is the hysteria of a bored society. Virgil tells us in fine verse that in the time of Caesar Rome was full of spectres; in the time of Vespasian the gates of the Temple of Jerusalem opened of themselves, and a voice was heard crying, "The gods depart." Now, when the gods depart, the devils return. Religious feeling transforms itself into superstition when faith is lost; for souls need to believe, because they thirst for hope. How can faith be lost? How can science doubt the infinite harmony? Because the sanctuary of the absolute is always closed for the majority. But the kingdom of truth, which is that of God, suffers violence, and the violent must take it by force. There exists a dogma, there exists a key, there exists a sublime tradition; and this dogma, this key, this tradition is transcendental magic. There only are found the absolute of knowledge and the eternal bases of law, guardian against all madness, all superstition and all error, the Eden of the intelligence, the ease of the heart, and the peace of the soul. We do not say this in the hope of convincing the scoffer, but only to guide the seeker. Courage and good hope to him; he will surely find, since we ourselves have found.

The magical dogma is not that of the mediums. The mediums who dogmatize can teach nothing but anarchy, since their inspiration is drawn from a disordered exaltation. They are always predicting disasters; they deny hierarchical authority; they pose, like Vintras, as sovereign pontiffs.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The initiate, on the contrary, respects the hierarchy before all, he loves and preserves order, he bows before sincere beliefs, he loves all signs of immortality in faith, and of redemption by charity, which is all discipline and obedience. We have just read a book published under the influence of astral and magnetic intoxication, and we have been struck by the anarchical tendencies with which it is filled under a great appearance of benevolence and religion. At the head of this book one sees the symbol, or, as the magi call it, *the signature*, of the doctrines which it teaches. Instead of the Christian cross, symbol of harmony, alliance and regularity, one sees the tortuous tendrils of the vine, jutting from its twisted stem, images of hallucination and of intoxication.

The first ideas set forth by this book are the climax of the absurd. The souls of the dead, it says, are everywhere, and nothing any longer hems them in. It is an infinite overcrowded with gods, returning the one into the other. The souls can and do communicate with us by means of tables and hats. And so, no more regulated instruction, no more priesthood, no more Church, delirium set upon the throne of truth, oracles which write for the salvation of the human race the word attributed to Cambronne, great men who leave the serenity of their eternal destinies to make our furniture dance, and to hold with us conversations like those which Beroalde de Verville¹ makes them hold, in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. All this is a great pity; and yet, in America, all this is

¹ Born in 1538—died in 1612. Author of *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. The Bibliophile Jacob suggests that Verville stole his *Moyen de Parvenir* from a lost book of Rabelais. Verville was a Canon of St. Gatien, Tours, and is associated with Tours and Touraine. Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* are deemed to have been more inspired by Verville than by Rabelais.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

spreading like an intellectual plague. Young America raves, she has fever; she is, perhaps, cutting her teeth. But France! France to accept such things! No, it is not possible, and it is not so. But while they refuse the doctrines, serious men should observe the phenomena, remain calm in the midst of the agitations of all the fanaticisms (for incredulity also has its own), and judge after having examined.

To preserve one's reason in the midst of madmen, one's faith in the midst of superstitions, one's dignity in the midst of buffoons, and one's independence among the sheep of Panurge, is of all miracles the rarest, the finest, and the most difficult to accomplish.

CHAPTER IV

FLUIDIC PHANTOMS AND THEIR MYSTERIES

THE ancients gave different names to these: larvae, lemures (empuses). They loved the vapour of shed blood, and fled from the blade of the sword.

Theurgy evoked them, and the Qabalah recognized them under the name of elementary spirits.

They were not spirits, however, for they were mortal.

They were fluidic coagulations which one could destroy by dividing them.

There were a sort of animated mirages, imperfect emanations of human life. The traditions of Black Magic say that they were born owing to the celibacy of Adam. Paracelsus says that the vapours of the blood of hysterical women people the air with phantoms; and these ideas are so ancient, that

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

we find traces of them in Hesiod, who expressly forbids that linen, stained by a pollution of any sort, should be dried before a fire.

Persons who are obsessed by phantoms are usually exalted by too rigorous celibacy, or weakened by excesses.

Fluidic phantoms are the abortions of the vital light; they are plastic media without body and without spirit, born from the excesses of the spirit and the disorders of the body.

These wandering media may be attracted by certain degenerates who are fatally sympathetic to them, and who lend them at their own cost a factitious existence of a more or less durable kind. They then serve as supplementary instruments to the instinctive volitions of these degenerates: never to cure them, always to send them farther astray, and to hallucinate them more and more.

If corporeal embryos can take the forms which the imagination of their mothers gives them, the wandering fluidic embryos ought to be prodigiously variable, and to transform themselves with an astonishing facility. Their tendency to give themselves a body in order to attract a soul, makes them condense and assimilate naturally the corporeal molecules which float in the atmosphere.

Thus, by coagulating the vapour of blood, they remake blood, that blood which hallucinated maniacs see floating upon pictures or statues. But they are not the only ones to see it. Vintras and Rose Tamisier are neither impostors nor myopics; the blood really flows; doctors examine it, analyse it; it is blood, real human blood: whence comes it? Can it be formed spontaneously in the atmosphere? Can it naturally flow from a marble, from a painted canvas or a host? No,

THE EQUINOX

doubtless; this blood did once circulate in veins, then it has been shed, evaporated, dried, the serum has turned into vapour, the globules into impalpable dust, the whole has floated and whirled into the atmosphere, and has then been attracted into the current of a specified electromagnetism. The serum has again become liquid; it has taken up and imbibed anew the globules which the astral light has coloured, and the blood flows.

Photography proves to us sufficiently that images are real modifications of light. Now, there exists an accidental and fortuitous photography which makes durable impression of mirages wandering in the atmosphere, upon leaves of trees, in wood, and even in the heart of stones: thus are formed those natural figures to which Gaffarel has consecrated several pages in his book of *Curiosités inouies*, those stones to which he attributes an occult virtue, which he calls *gamahés*; thus are traced those writings and drawings which so greatly astonish the observers of fluidic phenomena. They are astral photographs traced by the imagination of the mediums with or without the assistance of the fluidic larvae.

The existence of these larvae has been demonstrated to us in a preemptory manner by a rather curious experience. Several persons, in order to test the magic power of the American Home, asked him to summon up relations which they pretended they had lost, but, who, in reality, had never existed. The spectres did not fail to reply to this appeal, and the phenomena which habitually followed the evocations of the medium were fully manifested.

This experience is sufficient of itself to convict of tiresome credulity and of formal error those who believe that spirits

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

intervene to produce these strange phenomena. That the dead may return, it is above all necessary that they should have existed, and demons would not so easily be the dupes of our mystifications.

Like all Catholics, we believe in the existence of spirits of darkness, but we know also that the divine power has given them the darkness for an eternal prison, and that the Redeemer saw Satan fall from heaven like lightning. If the demons tempt us, it is by the voluntary complicity of our passions, and it is not permitted to them to make head against the empire of God, and by stupid and useless manifestations to disturb the eternal order of Nature.

The diabolical signatures and characters, which are produced without the knowledge of the medium, are evidently not proofs of a tacit or formal pact between these degenerates and intelligences of the abyss. These signs have served from the beginning to express astral vertigo, and remain in a state of mirage in the reflections of the divulged light. Nature also has its recollections, and sends to us the same signs to correspond to the same ideas. In all this, there is nothing either supernatural or infernal.

“How! do you want me to admit,” said to us the Curé Charvoz, the first vicar of Vintras, “that Satan dares to impress his hideous stigmata upon consecrated materials, which have become the actual body of Jesus Christ?” We declared immediately, that it was equally impossible for us to pronounce in favour of such a blasphemy; and yet, as we demonstrated in our articles in the *Estafette*, the signs printed in bleeding characters upon the hosts of Vintras, regularly consecrated by Charvoz, were those which, in

THE EQUINOX

Black Magic, are absolutely recognized for the signatures of demons.

Astral writings are often ridiculous or obscene. The pretended spirits, when questioned on the greater mysteries of Nature, often reply by that coarse word which became, so they say, heroic on one occasion, in the military mouth of Cambronne. The drawings which pencils will trace if left to their own devices very often reproduce shapeless phalli, such as the anaemic hooligan, as one might picturesquely call him, sketches on the hoardings as he whistles, a further proof of our hypothesis, that wit in no way presides at those manifestations, and that it would be above all sovereignly absurd to recognize in them the intervention of spirits released from the bondage of matter.

The Jesuit, Paul Saufidius, who has written on the manners and customs of the Japanese, tells us a very remarkable story. A troop of Japanese pilgrims one day, as they were traversing a desert, saw coming toward them a band of spectres whose number was equal to that of the pilgrims, and which walked at the same pace. These spectres, at first without shape, and like larvae, took on as they approached all the appearance of the human body. Soon they met the pilgrims, and mingled with them, gliding silently between their ranks. Then the Japanese saw themselves double, each phantom having become the perfect image and, as it were, the mirage of each pilgrim. The Japanese were afraid, and prostrated themselves, and the bonze who was conducting them began to pray for them with great contortions and great cries. When the pilgrims rose up again, the phantoms had disappeared, and the troop of devotees was able to continue

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

its path in peace. This phenomenon, whose truth we do not doubt, presents the double characters of a mirage, and of a sudden projection of astral larvae, occasioned by the heat of the atmosphere, and the fanatical exhaustion of the pilgrims.

Dr. Briere de Boismont, in his curious treatise, *Traité des hallucinations*, tells us that a man, perfectly sane, who had never had visions, was tormented one morning by a terrible nightmare: he saw in his room a mysterious ape horrible to behold, who gnashed his teeth upon him, and gave himself over to the most hideous contortions. He woke with a start, it was already day; he jumped from his bed, and was frozen with terror on seeing, really present, the frightful object of his dream. The monkey was there, the exact image of the monkey of the nightmare, equally absurd, equally terrible, even making the same grimaces. He could not believe his eyes; he remained nearly half an hour motionless, observing this singular phenomenon, and asking himself whether he was delirious or mad. Ultimately, he approached the phantasm to touch it, and it vanished.

Cornelius Gemma, in his *Histoire critique universelle*, says that in the year 454, in the island of Candia, the phantom of Moses appeared to some Jews on the sea-side; on his forehead he had luminous horns, in his hand was his blasting rod; and he invited them to follow him, showing them with his finger the horizon in the direction of the Holy Land. The news of this prodigy spread abroad, and the Israelites rushed towards the shore in a mob. All saw, or pretended to see, the marvellous apparition: they were, in number, twenty thousand, according to the chronicler, whom we suspect to be slightly exaggerating in this respect. Immediately heads

THE EQUINOX

grow hot, and imaginations wild; they believe in a miracle more startling than was of old the passage of the Red Sea. The Jews form in a close column, and run towards the sea; the rear ranks push the front ranks frantically: they think they see the pretended Mosses walk upon the water. A shocking disaster resulted: almost all that multitude was drowned, and the hallucination was only extinguished with the life of the greater number of those unhappy visionaries.

Human thought creates what it imagines; the phantoms of superstition project their deformities on the astral light, and live upon the same terrors which give them birth. That black giant which reaches its wings from east to west to hide the light from the world, that monster who devours souls, that frightful divinity of ignorance and fear—in a word, the devil,—is still, for a great multitude of children of all ages, a frightful reality. In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie* we represented him as the shadow of God, and in saying that, we still hid the half of our thought: God is light without shadow. The devil is only the shadow of the phantom of God!

The phantom of God! that last idol of the earth; that anthropomorphic spectre which maliciously makes himself invisible; that finite personification of the infinite; that invisible whom one cannot see without dying—without dying at least to intelligence and to reason, since in order to see the invisible, one must be mad; the phantom of Him who has no body; the confused form of Him who is without form and without limit; it is in *that* that, without knowing it, the greater number of believers believe. He who *is* essentially, purely, spiritually, without being either absolute being, or an abstract

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

being, or the collection of beings, the intellectual infinite in a word, is so difficult to imagine! Besides, every imagination makes its creator an idolater; he is obliged to believe in it, and worship it. Our spirit should be silent before Him, and our heart alone has the right to give Him a name: Our Father!

BOOK II
MAGICAL MYSTERIES

CHAPTER I
THEORY OF THE WILL

HUMAN life and its innumerable difficulties have for object, in the ordination of eternal wisdom, the education of the will of man.

The dignity of man consists in doing what he will, and in willing the good, in conformity with the knowledge of truth.

The good in conformity with the true, is the just.

Justice is the practice of reason.

Reason is the work of reality.

Reality is the science of truth.

Truth is idea identical with being.

Man arrives at the absolute idea of being by two roads, experience and hypothesis.

Hypothesis is probable when it is necessitated by the teachings of experience; it is improbable or absurd when it is rejected by this teaching.

Experience is science, and hypothesis is faith.

True science necessarily admits faith; true faith necessarily reckons with science.

Pascal blasphemed against science, when he said that by reason man could not arrive at the knowledge of any truth.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

In fact, Pascal died mad.

But Voltaire blasphemed no less against science, when he declare that every hypothesis of faith was absurd, and admitted for the rule of reason only the witness of the senses.

Moreover, the last word of Voltaire was this contradictory formula: "GOD AND LIBERTY."

God! that is to say, a Supreme Master, excludes every idea of liberty, as the school of Voltaire understood it.

And Liberty, by which is meant an absolute independence of any master, which excludes all idea of God.

The word GOD expresses the supreme personification of law, and by consequence, of duty; and if by the word LIBERTY, you are willing to accept our interpretation, THE RIGHT OF DOING ONE'S DUTY, we in our turn will take it for a motto, and we shall repeat, without contradiction and without error: "GOD AND LIBERTY."

As there is no liberty for man but in the order which results from the true and the good, one may say that the conquest of liberty is the great work of the human soul. Man, by freeing himself from his evil passions and their slavery, creates himself, as it were, a second time. Nature made him living and suffering; he makes himself happy and immortal; he thus becomes the representative of divinity upon earth, and (relatively) exercises its almighty power.

AXIOM I

Nothing resists the will of man, when he knows the truth, and wills the good.

THE EQUINOX

AXIOM II

To will evil, is to will death. A perverse will is a beginning of suicide.

AXIOM III

To will good with violence, is to will evil, for violence produces disorder, and disorder produces evil.

AXIOM IV

One can, and one should, accept evil as the means of good; but one must never will it or do it, otherwise one would destroy with one hand what one builds with the other. Good faith never justifies bad means; it corrects them when one undergoes them, and condemns them when one takes them.

AXIOM V

To have the right to possess always, one must will patiently and long.

AXIOM VI

To pass one's life in willing that it is impossible to possess always, is to abdicate life and accept the eternity of death.

AXIOM VII

The more obstacles the will surmounts, the stronger it is. It is for this reason that Christ glorified poverty and sorrow.

AXIOM VIII

When the will is vowed to the absurd, it is reproved by eternal reason.

AXIOM IX

The will of the just man is the will of God himself, and the law of Nature.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

AXIOM X

It is by the will that the intelligence sees. If the will is healthy, the sight is just. God said: "Let there be light!" and light is; the will says, "Let the world be as I will to see it!" and the intelligence sees it as the will has willed. This is the meaning of the word, "So be it," which confirms acts of faith.

AXIOM XI

When one creates phantoms for oneself, one puts vampires into the world, and one must nourish these children of a voluntary nightmare with one's blood, one's life, one's intelligence, and one's reason, without ever satisfying them.

AXIOM XII

To affirm and to will what ought to be is to create; to affirm and will what ought not to be, is to destroy.

AXIOM XIII

Light¹ is an electric fire put by Nature at the service of the will; it lights those who know how to use it, it burns those who abuse it.

AXIOM XIV

The empire of the world is the empire of the light.¹

AXIOM XV

Great intellects whose wills are badly balanced are like comets which are aborted suns.

AXIOM XVI

To do nothing is as fatal as to do evil, but it is more cowardly. The most unpardonable of mortal sins is inertia.

¹ Meaning again the special "light" spoken of previously.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

AXIOM XVII

To suffer is to work. A great sorrow suffered is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more than those who do not suffer.

AXIOM XVIII

Voluntary death from devotion is not suicide; it is the apotheosis of the will.

AXIOM XIX

Fear is nothing but idleness of the will, and for that reason public opinion scourges cowards.

AXIOM XX

Succeed in not fearing the lion, and the lion will fear you. Say to sorrow: "I will that you be a pleasure, more even than a pleasure, a happiness."

AXIOM XXI

A chain of iron is easier to break than a chain of flowers.

AXIOM XXII

Before saying that a man is happy or unhappy, find out what the direction of his will has made of him: Tiberius died every day at Capri, while Jesus proved his immortality and even his divinity on Calvary and upon the Cross.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

CHAPTER II

THE POWER OF THE WORD

It is the word which creates forms; and forms in their turn react upon the word, in order to modify it and complete it.

Every word of truth is a beginning of an act of justice.

One asks if man may sometimes be necessarily driven to evil. Yes, when his judgment is false, and consequently his word unjust.

But one is responsible for a false judgment as for a bad action.

What falsifies the judgment is selfishness and its unjust vanities.

The unjust word, unable to realize itself by creation, realizes itself by destruction. It must either slay or be slain.

If it were able to remain without action, it would be the greatest of all disorders, an abiding blasphemy against truth.

Such is that idle word of which Christ has said that one will give account at the Day of Judgment. A jesting word, a comicality which *recreates* and causes laughter, is not an idle word.

The beauty of the word is a splendour of truth. A true word is always beautiful, a beautiful word is always true.

For this reason works of art are always holy when they are beautiful.

THE EQUINOX

What does it matter to me that Anacreon should sing of Bathyllus, if in his verse I hear the notes of that divine harmony which is the eternal hymn of beauty? Poetry is pure as the Sun: it spreads its veil of light over the errors of humanity. Woe to him who would lift the veil in order to perceive things ugly!

The Council of Trent decided that it was permissible for wise and prudent persons to read the books of the ancients, even those which were obscene, on account of the beauty of the form. A statue of Nero or of Heliogabalus made like a masterpiece of Phidias, would it not be an absolutely beautiful and absolutely good work?—and would not he deserve the execration of the whole world who would propose to break it because it was the representation of a monster?

Scandalous statues are those which are badly sculptured, and the Venus of Milo would be desecrated if one placed her beside some of the Virgins which they dare to exhibit in certain churches.

One realizes evil in books of morality ill-written far more than in the poetry of Catullus or the ingenious Allegories of Apuleius.

There are no bad books, except those which are badly conceived and badly executed.

Every word of beauty is a word of truth. It is a light crystallized in speech.

But in order that the most brilliant light may be produced and made visible, a shadow is necessary; and the creative word, that it may become efficacious, needs contradictions. It must submit to the ordeal of negation, of sarcasm, and then to that more cruel yet, of indifference and forgetfulness.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The Master said: "If a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Affirmation and negation must, then, marry each other, and from their union will be born the practical truth, the real and progressive word. It is necessity which should constrain the workmen to choose for the corner-stone that which they had at first despised and rejected. Let contradiction, then, never discourage men of initiative! Earth is necessary for the ploughshare, and the earth resists because it is in labour. It defends itself like all virgins; it conceives and brings forth slowly like all mothers. You, then, who wish to sow a new plant in the field of intelligence, understand and respect the modesties and reluctances of limited experience and slow-moving reason.

When a new word comes into the world, it needs swaddling clothes and bandages; genius brought it forth, but it is for experience to nourish it. Do not fear that it will die of neglect! Oblivion is for it a favourable time of rest, and contradictions help it to grow. When a sun bursts forth in space it creates worlds or attracts them to itself. A single spark of fixed light promises a universe to space.

All magic is in a word, and that word pronounced qabalistically is stronger than all the powers of Heaven, Earth and Hell. With the name of *Jod hé vau hé*, one commands Nature: kingdoms are conquered in the name of Adonai, and the occult forces which compose the empire of Hermes are one and all obedient to him who knows how to pronounce duly the incommunicable name of Agla.

In order to pronounce duly the great words of the Qabalah,

THE EQUINOX

one must pronounce them with a complete intelligence, with a will that nothing checks, an activity that nothing daunts. In magic, to have said is to have done; the word begins with letters, it ends with acts. One does not really will a thing unless one wills it with all one's heart, to the point of breaking for it one's dearest affections; and with all one's forces, to the point of risking one's health, one's fortune, and one's life.

It is by absolute devotion that faith proves itself and constitutes itself. But the man armed with such a faith will be able to move mountains.

The most fatal enemy of our souls is idleness. Inertia intoxicates us and sends us to sleep; but the sleep of inertia is corruption and death. The faculties of the human soul are like the waves of the ocean. To keep them sweet, they need the salt and bitterness of tears: they need the whirlwinds of Heaven: they need to be shaken by the storm.

When, instead of marching upon the path of progress, we wish to have ourselves carried, we are sleeping in the arms of death. It is to us that it is spoken, as to the paralytic man in the Gospel, "Take up thy bed and walk!" It is for us to carry death away, to plunge it into life.

Consider the magnificent and terrible metaphor of St. John; Hell is a sleeping fire. It is a life without activity and without progress; it is sulphur in stagnation: *stagnum ignis et sulphuris*.

The sleeping life is like the idle word, and it is of that that men will have to give an account in the Day of Judgment.

Intelligence speaks, and matter stirs. It will not rest until it has taken the form given to it by the word. Behold the Christian word, how for these nineteen centuries it has put

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

the world to work! What battles of giants! How many errors set forth and rebutted! How much deceived and irritated Christianity lies at the bottom of Protestantism, from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth! Human egotism, in despair at its defeats, has whipped up all its stupidities in turn. They have re-clothed the Saviour of the world with every rag and with every mocking purple. After Jesus the Inquisitor they have invented the *sans-culotte* Jesus! Measure if you can all the tears and all the blood that have flowed; calculate audaciously all that will yet be shed before the arrival of the Messianic reign of the Man-God who shall submit at once all passions to powers and all powers to justice. THY KINGDOM COME! For nigh on nineteen hundred years, over the whole surface of the earth, this has been the cry of seven hundred million throats, and the Israelites yet await the Messiah! He said that he would come, and come he will. He came to die, and he has promised to return to live.

HEAVEN IS THE HARMONY OF GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.

HELL IS THE CONFLICT OF COWARDLY INSTINCTS.

When humanity, by dint of bloody and dolorous experience, has truly understood this double truth, it will abjure the Hell of selfishness to enter into the Heaven of devotion and of Christian charity.

The lyre of Orpheus civilized savage Greece, and the lyre of Amphion built Thebes the Mysterious, because harmony is truth. The whole of Nature is harmony. But the Gospel is not a lyre: it is the book of the eternal principles which should and will regulate all the lyres and all the living harmonies of the universe.

THE EQUINOX

While the world does not understand these three words: Truth, Reason, Justice, and these: Duty, Hierarchy, Society, the revolutionary motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," will be nothing but a threefold lie.

CHAPTER III

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES

NO middle course is possible. Every man is either good or bad. The indifferent, the lukewarm are not good; they are consequently bad, and the worst of all the bad, for they are imbecile and cowardly. The battle of life is like a civil war; those who remain neutral betray both parties alike, and renounce the right to be numbered among the children of the fatherland.

We all of us breathe in the life of others, and we breathe upon them in some sort a part of our own existence. Good and intelligent men are, unknown to themselves, the doctors of humanity; foolish and wicked men are public poisoners.

There are people in whose company one feel refreshed. Look at that young society woman! She chatters, she laughs, she dresses like everybody else; why, then, is everything in her better and more perfect? Nothing is more natural than her manner, nothing franker and more nobly free than her conversation. Near her everything should be at its ease, except bad sentiments, but near her they are impossible. She does not seek hearts, but draws them to herself and lifts them up. She does not intoxicate, she

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

enchants. Her whole personality preaches a perfection more amiable than virtue itself. She is more gracious than grace, her acts are easy and inimitable, like fine music and poetry. It is of her that a charming woman, too friendly to be her rival, said after a ball: "I thought I saw the Holy Bible frolicking."

Now look upon the other side of the sheet! See this other woman who affects the most rigid devotion, and would be scandalized if she heard the angels sing; but her talk is malevolent, her glance haughty and contemptuous; when she speaks of virtue she makes vice lovable. For her God is a jealous husband, and she makes a great merit of not deceiving him. Her maxims are desolating, her actions due to vanity more than to charity, and one might say after having met her at church: "I have seen the devil at prayer."

On leaving the first, one feels one's self full of love for all that is beautiful, good and generous. One is happy to have well said to her all the noble things with which she has inspired you, and to have been approved by her. One says to one's self that life is good, since God has bestowed it on such souls as hers; one is full of courage and of hope. The other leaves you weakened and baffled, or perhaps, what is worse, full of evil designs; she makes you doubt of honour, piety and duty; in her presence one only escapes from weariness by the door of evil desires. One has uttered slander to please her, humiliated one's self to flatter her pride, one remains discontented with her and with one's self.

The lively and certain sentiment of these diverse influences is proper to well-balanced spirits and delicate consciences, and

THE EQUINOX

it is precisely that which the old ascetic writers called the power of discerning spirits.

You are cruel consolers, said Job to his pretended friends. It is, in fact, the vicious that afflict rather than console. They have a prodigious tact for finding and choosing the most desperate banalities. Are you weeping for a broken affection? How simple you are! they were playing with you, they did not love you. You admit sorrowfully that your child limps; in friendly fashion, they bid you remark that he is a hunchback. If he coughs and that alarms you, they conjure you tenderly to take great care of him, perhaps he is consumptive. Has your wife been ill for a long time? Cheer up, she will die of it!

Hope and work is the message of Heaven to us by the voice of all good souls. Despair and die, Hell cries to us in every word and movement, even in all the friendly acts and caresses of imperfect or degraded beings.

Whatever the reputation of any one may be, and whatever may be the testimonies of friendship that that person may give you, if, on leaving him, you feel yourself less well disposed and weaker, he is pernicious for you: avoid him.

Our double magnetism produces in us two sorts of sympathies. We need to absorb and to radiate turn by turn. Our heart loves contrasts, and there are few women who have loved two men of genius in succession.

One finds peace through the protection which one's own weariness of admiration gives; it is the law of equilibrium; but sometimes even sublime natures are surprised in caprices of vulgarity. Man, said the Abbe Gerbert, is the shadow of a

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

God in the body of a beast; there are in him the friends of the angel and the flatterers of the animal. The angel attracts us; but if we are not on our guard, it is the beast that carries us away: it will even drag us fatally with it when it is a question of beastliness; that is to say, of the satisfactions of that life the nourisher of death, which, in the language of beasts is called "real life." In religion, the Gospel is a sure guide; it is not so in business, and there are a great many people who, if they had to settle the temporal succession of Jesus Christ, would more willingly come to an agreement with Judas Iscariot than with St. Peter.

One admires probity, said Juvenal, and one leaves it to freeze to death. If such and such a celebrated man, for example, had not scandalously solicited wealth, would one ever have thought of endowing his old muse? Who would have left him legacies?

Virtue has our admiration, our purse owes it nothing, that great lady is rich enough without us. One would rather give to vice, it is so poor!

"I do not like beggars, and I only give to the poor who are ashamed to beg," said one day a man of wit. "But what do you give them since you do not know them?" "I give them my admiration and my esteem, and I have no need to know them to do that." "How is it that you need so much money?" they asked another, "you have no children and no calls on you." "I have my poor folk, and I cannot prevent myself from giving them a great deal of money." "Make me acquainted with them, perhaps I will give them something too." "Oh! you know some of them already, I have no doubt. I have seven who cost me an enormous amount, and

THE EQUINOX

an eighth who costs more than the seven others. The seven are the seven deadly sins; the eighth is gambling.”

Another dialogue:—

“Give me five francs, sir, I am dying of hunger.”
“Imbecile! you are dying of hunger, and you want me to encourage you in so evil a course? You are dying of hunger, and you have the impudence to admit it. You wish to make me the accomplice of your incapacity, the abetter of your suicide. You want to put a premium on wretchedness. For whom do you take me? Do you think I am a rascal like yourself? . . .”

And yet another:—

“By the way, old fellow, could you lend me a thousand pounds? I want to seduce an honest woman.” “Ah! that is bad, but I can never refuse anything to a friend. Here they are. When you have succeeded you might give me her address.” That is what is called in England, and elsewhere, the manners of a gentleman.

“The man of honour who is out of work steals, and does not beg!” replied, one day, Cartouche to a passer-by who asked alms of him. It is as emphatic as the word which tradition associates with Cambronne, and perhaps the famous thief and the great general both really replied in the same manner.

It was that same Cartouche who offered, on another occasion, of his own accord and without it being asked of him, twenty thousand pounds to a bankrupt. One must act properly to one’s brothers.

Mutual assistance is a law of nature. To aid those who are like ourselves is to aid ourselves. But above mutual

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

assistance rises a holier and greater law: it is universal assistance, it is charity.

We all admire and love Saint Vincent de Paul, but we have also a secret weakness for the cleverness, the presence of mind, and, above all, the audacity of Cartouche.

The avowed accomplices of our passions may disgust us by humiliating us; at our own risk and peril our pride will teach us how to resist them. But what is more dangerous for us than our hypocritical and hidden accomplices? They follow us like sorrow, await us like the abyss, surround us like infatuation. We excuse them in order to excuse ourselves, defending them in order to defend ourselves, justifying them in order to justify ourselves, and we submit to them finally because we must, because we have not the strength to resist our inclinations, because we lack the will to do so.

They have possessed themselves of our ascendant, as Paracelsus says, and where they wish to lead us we shall go.

They are our bad angels. We know it in the depths of our consciousness; but we put up with them, we have made ourselves their servants that they also may be ours.

Our passions treated tenderly and flattered, have become slave-mistresses; and those who serve our passions our valets, and our masters.

We breathe out our thoughts and breathe in those of others imprinted in the astral light which has become their electro-magnetic atmosphere: and thus the companionship of the wicked is less fatal to the good than that of vulgar, cowardly, and tepid beings. Strong antipathy warns us easily, and saves us from the contact of gross vices; it is not thus with disguised vices vices to a certain extend diluted

THE EQUINOX

and become almost lovable. An honest woman will experience nothing but disgust in the society of a prostitute, but she has everything to fear from the seductions of a coquette.

One knows that madness is contagious, but the mad are more particularly dangerous when they are amiable and sympathetic. One enters little by little into their circle of ideas, one ends by understanding their exaggerations, while partaking their enthusiasm, one grows accustomed to their logic that has lost its way, one ends by finding that they are not as mad as one thought at first. Thence to believing that they alone are right there is but one step. One likes them, one approves of them, one is as mad as they are.

The affections are free and may be based on reason, but sympathies are of fatalism, and very frequently unreasonable. They depend on the more or less balanced attractions of the magnetic light, and act on men in the same way as upon animals. One will stupidly take pleasure in the society of a person in whom is nothing lovable, because one is mysteriously attracted and dominated by him. And often enough, these strange sympathies began by lively antipathies; the fluids repelled each other at first, and subsequently became balanced.

The equilibrating speciality of the plastic medium of every person is what Paracelsus calls his *ascendant*, and he gives the name of *flagum* to the particular reflection of the habitual ideas of each one in the universal light.

One arrives at the knowledge of the *ascendant* of a person by the sensitive divination of the *flagum*, and by a persistent direction of the will. One turns the active side of one's own ascendant towards the passive side of the ascendant of

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

another when one wishes to take hold of that other and dominate him.

The astral ascendant has been divined by other magi, who gave it the name of *tourbillon* (vortex).

It is, say they, a current of specialized light, representing always the same circle of images, and consequently determined and determining impressions. These vortices exist for men as for stars. "The stars," said Paracelsus, "breathe out their luminous soul, and attract each other's radiation. The soul of the earth, prisoner of the fatal laws of gravitation, frees itself by specializing itself, and passes through the instinct of animals to arrive at the intelligence of man. The active portion of this will is dumb, but it preserves in writing the secrets of Nature. The free part can no longer read this fatal writing without instantaneously losing its liberty. One does not pass from dumb and vegetative contemplation to free vibrating thought without changing one's surroundings and one's organs. Thence comes the forgetfulness which accompanies birth, and the vague reminiscences of our sickly intuitions, always analogous to the visions of our ecstasies and of our dreams."

This revelation of that great master of occult medicine throws a fierce light on all the phenomena of somnambulism and of divination. There also, for whoever knows how to find it, is the true key of evocation, and of communication with the fluidic soul of the earth.

Those persons whose dangerous influence makes itself felt by a single touch are those who make part of a fluidic association, or who either voluntarily or involuntarily make use of a current of astral light which has gone astray. Those,

THE EQUINOX

for example, who live in isolation, deprived of all communication with humanity, and who are daily in fluidic sympathy with animals gathered together in great number, as is ordinarily the case with shepherds, are possessed of the demon whose name is *legion*; in their turn they reign despotically over the fluid souls of the flocks that are confided to their care: consequently their good-will or ill-will makes their cattle prosper or die; and this influence of animal sympathy can be exercised by them upon human plastic mediums which are ill defended, owing either to a weak will or a limited intelligence.

Thus are explained the bewitchments which are habitually made by shepherds, and the still quite recent phenomena of the Presbytery of Cideville.

Cideville is a little village of Normandy, where a few years ago were produced phenomena like those which have since occurred under the influence of Mr. Home. M. de Mirville has studied them carefully, and M. Gougenet Desmousseaux has reprinted all the details in a book, published in 1854, entitled "*Mœurs et pratiques des démons*." The most remarkable thing in this latter author is that he seems to divine the existence of the plastic medium or the fluidic body. "We have certainly not two souls," said he, "but perhaps we have two bodies." Everything that he says, in fact, would seem to prove this hypothesis. He saw a shepherd whose fluidic form haunted a Presbytery, and who was wounded at a distance by blows inflicted on his astral larva.

We shall here ask of MM. de Mirville and Gougenet Desmousseaux if they take this shepherd for the devil, and if, far or near, the devil such as they conceive him can be scratched

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

or wounded. At that time, in Normandy, the magnetic illnesses of mediums were hardly known, and this unhappy sleep-walker, who ought to have been cared for and cured, was roughly treated and even beaten, not even in his fludic appearance, but in his proper person, by the Vicar himself. That is, one must agree, a singular kind of exorcism! If those violences really took place, and if they may be imputed to a Churchman whom one considers, and who may be, for all we know, very good and very respectable, let us admit that such writers as MM. de Mirville and Gougenet Desmousseaux make themselves not a little his accomplices!

The laws of physical life are inexorable, and in his animal nature man is born a slave to fatality; it is by dint of struggles against his instincts that he may win moral freedom. Two different existences are then possible for us upon the earth; one fatal, the other free. The fatal being is the toy or instrument of a force which he does not direct. Now, when the instruments of fatality meet and collide, the stronger breaks or carries away the weaker; truly emancipated beings fear neither bewitchments nor mysterious influences.

You may reply that an encounter with Cain may be fatal for Abel. Doubtless; but such a fatality is an advantage to the pure and holy victim, it is only a misfortune for the assassin.

Just as among the righteous there is a great community of virtues and merits, there is among the wicked an absolute solidarity of fatal culpability and necessary chastisement. Crime resides in the tendencies of the heart. Circumstances which are almost always independent of the will are the only causes of the gravity of the acts. If fatality had made Nero

THE EQUINOX

a slave, he would have become an actor or a gladiator, and would not have burned Rome: would it be to him that one should be grateful for that?

Nero was the accomplice of the whole Roman people, and those who should have prevented them incurred the whole responsibility for the frenzies of this monster. Seneca, Burrhus, Thrasea, Corbulon, theirs is the real guilt of that fearful reign; great men who were either selfish or incapable! The only thing they knew was how to die.

If one of the bears of the Zoological Gardens escaped and devoured several people, would one blame him or his keepers?

Whoever frees himself from the common errors of mankind is obliged to pay a ransom proportional to the sum of these errors: Socrates pays for Aneitus, and Jesus was obliged to suffer a torment whose terror was equal to the whole treason of Judas.

Thus, by paying the debts of fatality, hard-won liberty purchases the empire of the world; it is hers to bind and to unbind. God has put in her hands the keys of Heaven and of Hell.

You men who abandon brutes to themselves wish them to devour you.

The rabble, slaves of fatality, can only enjoy liberty by absolute obedience to the will of free men; they ought to work for those who are responsible for them.

But when the brute governs brutes, when the blind leads the blind, when the leader is as subject to fatality as the masses, what must one expect? What but the most shocking catastrophes? In that we shall never be disappointed.

By admitting the anarchical dogmas of 1789, Louis XVI

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

launched the State upon a fatal slope. From that moment all the crimes of the Revolution weighed upon him alone; he alone had failed in his duty. Robespierre and Marat only did what they had to do. Girondins and Montagnards killed each other in the workings of fatality, and their violent deaths were so many necessary catastrophes; at that epoch there was but one great and legitimate execution, really sacred, really expiatory: that of the King. The principle of royalty would have fallen if that too weak price had escaped. But a transaction between order and disorder was impossible. One does not inherit from those whom one murders; one robs them; and the Revolution rehabilitated Louis XVI by assassinating him. After so many concessions, so many weaknesses, so many unworthy abasements, that man, consecrated a second time by misfortune, was able at least to say, as he walked to the scaffold: "The Revolution is condemned, and I am always the King of France"!

To be just is to suffer for all those who are not just, but it is life: to be wicked is to suffer for one's self without winning life; it is to deceive one's self, to do evil, and to win eternal death.

To recapitulate: Fatal influences are those of death. Living influences are those of life. According as we are weaker or stronger in life, we attract or repel witchcraft. This occult power is only too real, but intelligence and virtue will always find the means to avoid its obsessions and its attacks

THE EQUINOX

CHAPTER IV

MYSTERIES OF PERVERSITY

HUMAN equilibrium is composed of two attractions, one towards death, the other towards life. Fatality is the vertigo which drags us to the abyss; liberty is the reasonable effort which lifts us above the fatal attractions of death. What is mortal sin? It is apostasy from our own liberty; it is to abandon ourselves to the law of inertia. An unjust act is a compact with injustice; now, every injustice is an abdication of intelligence. We fall from that moment under the empire of force whose reactions always crush everything which is unbalanced.

The love of evil and the formal adhesion of the will to injustice are the last efforts of the expiring will. Man, whatever he may do, is more than a brute, and he cannot abandon himself like a brute to fatality. He must choose. He must love. The desperate soul that thinks itself in love with death is still more alive than a soul without love. Activity for evil can and should lead back a man to good, by counter-stroke and by reaction. The true evil, that for which there is no remedy, is inertia.

The abysses of grace correspond to the abysses of perversity. God has often made saints of scoundrels; but He has never done anything with the half-hearted and the cowardly.

Under penalty of reprobation, one must work, one must act. Nature, moreover, sees to this, and if we will not march on with all our courage towards life, she flings us with all

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

her forces towards death. She drags those who will not walk.

A man whom one may call the great prophet of drunkards, Edgar Poe, that sublime madman, that genius of lucid extravagance, has depicted with terrifying reality the nightmares of perversity. . . .

“I killed the old man because he squinted.” “I did that because I ought not to have done it.”

There is the terrible antistrophe of Tertullian’s *Credo quia absurdum*.

To brave God and to insult Him, is a final act of faith. “The dead praise thee not, O Lord,” said the Psalmist; and we might add if we dared: “The dead do not blaspheme thee.”

“O my son!” said a father as he leaned over the bed of his child who had fallen into lethargy after a violent access of delirium: “insult me again, beat me, bite me, I shall feel that you are still alive, but do not rest for ever in the frightful silence of the tomb!”

A great crime always comes to protest against great lukewarmness. A hundred thousand good priests, had their charity been more active, might have prevented the crime of the wretch Verger. The Church has the right to judge, condemn and punish an ecclesiastic who causes scandal; but she has not the right to abandon him to the frenzies of despair and the temptations of misery and hunger.

Nothing is so terrifying as nothingness, and if one could ever formulate the conception of it, if it were possible to admit it, Hell would be a thing to hope for.

This is why Nature itself seeks and imposes expiation as a remedy; that is why chastisement is a chastening, as that

THE EQUINOX

great Catholic Count Joseph de Maistre so well understood; this is why the penalty of death is a natural right, and will never disappear from human laws. The stain of murder would be indelible if God did not justify the scaffold; the divine power, abdicated by society and usurped by criminals, would belong to them without dispute. Assassination would then become a virtue when it exercised the reprisals of outraged nature. Private vengeance would protest against the absence of public expiation, and from the splinters of the broken sword of justice anarchy would forge its daggers.

“If God did away with Hell, men would make another in order to defy Him,” said a good priest to us one day. He was right: and it is for that reason that Hell is so anxious to be done away with. Emancipation! is the cry of every vice. Emancipation of murder by the abolition of the pain of death; emancipation of prostitution and infanticide by the abolition of marriage; emancipation of idleness and rapine by the abolition of property. . . . So revolves the whirlwind of perversity until it arrives at this supreme and secret formula: Emancipation of death by the abolition of life!

It is by the victories of toil that one escapes from the fatalities of sorrow. What we call death is but the eternal parturition of Nature. Ceaselessly she re-absorbs and takes again to her breast all that is not born of the spirit. Matter, in itself inert, can only exist by virtue of perpetual motion, and spirit, naturally volatile, can only endure by fixing itself. Emancipation from the laws of fatality by the free adhesion of the spirit to the true and good, is what the Gospel calls the spiritual birth; the re-absorption into the eternal bosom of Nature is the second death.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Unemancipated beings are drawn towards this second death by a fatal gravitation; the one drags the other, as the divine Michel Angelo has made us see so clearly in his great picture of the Last Judgment; they are clinging and tenacious like drowning men, and free spirits must struggle energetically against them, that their flight may not be hindered by them, that they may not be pulled back to Hell.

This war is as ancient as the world; the Greeks figured it under the symbols of Eros and Anteros, and the Hebrews by the antagonism of Cain and Abel. It is the war of the Titans and the Gods. The two armies are everywhere invisible, disciplined and always ready for attack or counterattack. Simple-minded folk on both sides, astonished at the instant and unanimous resistance that they meet, begin to believe in vast plots cleverly organized, in hidden, all-powerful societies. Eugène Sue invents Rodin;¹ churchmen talk of the Illuminati and of the Freemasons; Wronski dreams of his bands of mystics, and there is nothing true and serious beneath all that but the necessary struggle of order and disorder, of the instincts and of thought; the result of that struggle is balance in progress, and the devil always contributes, despite himself, to the glory of St. Michael.

Physical love is the most perverse of all fatal passions. It is the anarchist of anarchists; it knows neither law, duty, truth nor justice. It would make the maiden walk over the corpses of her parents. It is an irrepressible intoxication; a furious madness. It is the vertigo of fatality seeking new victims; the cannibal drunkenness of Saturn who wishes to

¹ Not the sculptor.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

become a father in order that he may have more children to devour. To conquer love is to triumph over the whole of Nature. To submit it to justice is to rehabilitate life by devoting it to immortality; thus the greatest works of the Christian revelation are the creation of voluntary virginity and the sanctification of marriage.

While love is nothing but a desire and an enjoyment, it is mortal. In order to make itself eternal it must become a sacrifice, for then it becomes a power and a virtue. It is the struggle of Eros and Anteros which produces the equilibrium of the world.

Everything that over-excites sensibility leads to depravity and crime. Tears call for blood. It is with great emotions as with strong drink; to use them habitually is to abuse them. Now, every abuse of the emotions perverts the moral sense; one seeks them for their own sakes; one sacrifices everything in order to procure them for one's self. A romantic woman will easily become an Old Bailey heroine. She may even arrive at the deplorable and irreparable absurdity of killing herself in order to admire herself, and pity herself, in seeing herself die!

Romantic habits lead women to hysteria and men to melancholia. Manfred, Rene, Lélia are types of perversity only the more profound in that they argue on behalf of their unhealthy pride, and make poems of their dementia. One asks one's self with terror what monster might be born from the coupling of Manfred and Lélia!

The loss of the moral sense is a true insanity; the man who does not, first of all, obey justice no longer belongs to himself; he walks without a light in the night of his exist-

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

ence; he shakes like one in a dream, a prey to the nightmare of his passions.

The impetuous currents of instinctive life and the feeble resistances of the will form an antagonism so distinct that the qabalists hypothesized the super-foetation of souls; that is to say, they believed in the presence in one body of several souls who dispute it with each other and often seek to destroy it. Very much as the shipwrecked sailors of the *Medusa*, when they were disputing the possession of the too small raft, sought to sink it.

It is certain that, in making one's self the servant of any current whatever, of instincts or even of ideas, one gives up one's personality, and becomes the slave of that multitudinous spirit whom the Gospel calls *legion*. Artists know this well enough. Their frequent evocations of the universal light enervate them. They become *mediums*, that is to say, sick men. The more success magnifies them in public opinion, the more their personality diminishes. They become crotchety, envious, wrathful. They do not admit that any merit, even in a different sphere, can be placed besides theirs; and, having become unjust, they dispense even with politeness. To escape this fatality, really great men isolate themselves from all comradeship, knowing it to be death to liberty. They save themselves by a proud unpopularity from the contamination of the vile multitude. If Balzac had been during his life a man of a clique or of a party, he would not have remained after his death the great and universal genius of our epoch.

The light illuminates neither things insensible nor closed eyes, or at least it only illuminates them for the profit of those who see. The word of Genesis, "Let there be light!"

THE EQUINOX

is the cry of victory with which intelligence triumphs over darkness. This word is sublime in effect because it expresses simply the greatest and most marvellous thing in the world: the creation of intelligence by itself, when, calling its powers together, balancing its faculties, it says: I wish to immortalize myself with the sight of the eternal truth. Let there be light! and there is light. Light, eternal as God, begins every day for all eyes that are open to see it. Truth will be eternally the invention and the creation of genius; it cries: Let there be light! and genius itself is, because light is. Genius is immortal because it understands that light is eternal. Genius contemplates truth as its work because it is the victor of light, and immortality is the triumph of light because it will be the recompense and crown of genius.

But all spirits do not see with justness, because all hearts do not will with justice. There are souls for whom the true light seems to have no right to be. They content themselves with phosphorescent visions, abortions of light, hallucinations of thought; and, loving these phantoms, fear the day which will put them to flight, because they feel that, the day not being made for their eyes, they would fall back into a deeper darkness. It is thus that fools first fear, then calumniate, insult, pursue and condemn the sages. One must pity them, and pardon them, for they know not what they do.

True light rests and satisfies the soul; hallucination, on the contrary, tires it and worries it. The satisfactions of madness are like those gastronomic dreams of hungry men which sharpen their hunger without ever satisfying it. Thence are born irritations and troubles, discouragements and despairs.—Life is always a lie to us, say the disciples of

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

Werther, and therefore we wish to die! Poor children, it is not death that you need, it is life. Since you have been in the world you have died every day; is it from the cruel pleasure of annihilation that you would demand a remedy for the annihilation of your pleasure? No, life has never deceived you, you have not yet lived. What you have been taking for life is but the hallucinations and the dreams of the first slumber of death!

All great criminals have hallucinated themselves on purpose; and those who hallucinate themselves on purpose may be fatally led to become great criminals. Our personal light specialized, brought forth, determined by our own overmastering affection, is the germ of our paradise or of our Hell. Each one of us (in a sense) conceives, bears, and nourishes his good or evil angel. The conception of truth gives birth in us to the good genius; intentional untruth hatches and brings up nightmares and phantoms. Everyone must nourish his children; and our life consumes itself for the sake of our thoughts. Happy are those who find again immortality in the creations of their soul! Woe unto them who wear themselves out to nourish falsehood and to fatten death! for every one will reap the harvest of his own sowing.

There are some unquiet and tormented creature whose influence is disturbing and whose conversation is fatal. In their presence one feels one's self irritated, and one leaves their presence angry; yet, by a secret perversity, one looks for them, in order to experience the disturbance and enjoy the malevolent emotions which they give us. Such persons suffer from the contagious maladies of the spirit of perversity.

The spirit of perversity has always for its secret motive

THE EQUINOX

the thirst of destruction, and its final aim is suicide. The murderer of Élicabide, on his own confession, not only felt the savage need of killing his relations and friends, but he even wished, had it been possible—he said it in so many words at his trial—to *burst the globe like a cooked chestnut*. Lacenaire, who spent his days in plotting murders, in order to have the means of passing his nights in ignoble orgies or in the excitement of gambling, boasted aloud that he had lived. He called that living, and he sang a hymn to the guillotine, which he called his beautiful betrothed, and the world was full of imbeciles who admired the wretch! Alfred de Musset, before extinguishing himself in drunkenness, wasted one of the finest talents of his century in songs of cold irony and of universal disgust. The unhappy man had been bewitched by the breath of a profoundly perverse woman, who, after having killed him, crouched like a ghoul upon his body and tore his winding sheet. We asked one day, of a young writer of this school, what his literature proved. It proves, he replied frankly and simply, that one must despair and die. What apostleship, and what a doctrine! But these are the necessary and regular conclusions of the spirit of perversity; to aspire ceaselessly to suicide, to calumniate life and nature, to invoke death every day without being able to die. This is eternal Hell, it is the punishment of Satan, that mythological incarnation of the spirit of perversity; the true translation into French of the Greek word *Diabolos*, or devil, is *le pervers—the perverse*.

Here is a mystery which debauchees do not suspect. It is this: one cannot enjoy even the material pleasures of life but by virtue of the moral sense. Pleasure is the music of the

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

interior harmonies; the senses are only its instruments, instruments which sound false in contact with a degraded soul. The wicked can feel nothing, because they can love nothing; in order to love one must be good. Consequently for them everything is empty, and it seems to them that Nature is impotent, because they are so themselves; they doubt everything because they know nothing; they blaspheme everything because they taste nothing; they caress in order to degrade; they drink in order to get drunk; they sleep in order to forget; they wake in order to endure mortal boredom: thus will live, or rather thus will die, every day he who frees himself from every law and every duty in order to make himself the slave of his passions. The world, and eternity itself, become useless to him who makes himself useless to the world and to eternity.

Our will, by acting directly upon our plastic medium, that is to say, upon the portion of astral life which is specialized in us, and which serves us for the assimilation and configuration of the elements necessary to our existence; our will, just or unjust, harmonious or perverse, shapes the medium in its own image and gives it beauty in conformity with what attracts us. Thus moral monstrosity produces physical ugliness; for the astral medium, that interior architect of our bodily edifice, modifies it ceaselessly according to our real or factitious needs. It enlarges the belly and the jaws of the greedy, thins the lips of the miser, makes the glances of impure women shameless, and those of the envious and malicious venomous. When selfishness has prevailed in the soul, the look becomes cold, the features hard: the harmony of form disappears, and according to the absorption or radiant speciality of this

THE EQUINOX

selfishness, the limbs dry up or become encumbered with fat. Nature, in making of our body the portrait of our soul, guarantees its resemblance for ever, and tirelessly retouches it. You pretty women who are not good, be sure that you will not long remain beautiful. Beauty is the loan which Nature makes to virtue. If virtue is not ready when it falls due, the lender will pitilessly take back Her capital.

Perversity, by modifying the organism whose equilibrium it destroys, creates at the same time a fatality of needs which urges it to its own destruction, to its death. The less the perverse man enjoys, the more thirsty of enjoyment he is. Wine is like water for the drunkard, gold melts in the hands of the gambler; Messalina tires herself out without being satiated. The pleasure which escapes them changes itself for them into a long irritation and desire. The more murderous are their excesses, the more it seems to them that supreme happiness is at hand. . . . One more bumper of strong drink, one more spasm, one more violence done to Nature. . . Ah! at last, here is pleasure; here is life . . . and their desire, in the paroxysm of its insatiable hunger, extinguishes itself for ever in death.

FOURTH PART

THE GREAT PRACTICAL SECRETS OR THE REALIZATION OF SCIENCE

INTRODUCTION

THE lofty sciences of the Qabalah and of Magic promise man an exceptional, real, effective, efficient power, and one should regard them as false and vain if they do not give it.

Judge the teachers by their works, said the supreme Master. This rule of judgment is infallible.

If you wish me to believe in what you know, show me what you do.

God, in order to exalt man to moral emancipation, hides Himself from him and abandons to him, after a fashion, the government of the world. He leaves Himself to be guessed by the grandeurs and harmonies of nature, so that man may progressively make himself perfect by ever exalting the idea that he makes for himself of its author.

Man knows God only by the names which he gives to that Being of beings, and does not distinguish Him but by the images of Him which he endeavours to trace. He is then in a manner the creator of Him Who has created him. He believes himself the mirror of God, and by indefinitely enlarging his own mirage, he thinks that he may be able to sketch in infinite space the shadow of Him Who is without body, without shadow, and without space.

THE EQUINOX

TO CREATE GOD, TO CREATE ONE'S SELF, TO MAKE ONE'S SELF INDEPENDENT, IMMORTAL AND WITHOUT SUFFERING: there certainly is a programme more daring than the dream of Prometheus. Its expression is bold to the point of impiety, its thought ambitious to the point of madness. Well, this programme is only paradoxical in its form, which lends itself to a false and sacrilegious interpretation. In one sense it is perfectly reasonable, and the science of the adepts promises to realize it, and to accomplish it in perfection.

Man, in effect, creates for himself a God corresponding to his own intelligence and his own goodness; he cannot raise his ideal higher than his moral development permits him to do. The God whom he adores is always an enlargement of his own reflection. To conceive the absolute of goodness and justice is to be one's self exceeding just and good.

The moral qualities of the spirit are riches, and the greatest of all riches. One must acquire them by strife and toil. One may bring this objection, the inequality of aptitudes; some children are born with organisms nearer to perfection. But we ought to believe that such organisms result from a more advanced work of Nature, and the children who are endowed with them have acquired them, if not by their own efforts, at least by the consolidated works of the human beings to whom their existence is bound. It is a secret of Nature, and Nature does nothing by chance; the possession of more developed intellectual faculties, like that of money and land, constitutes an indefeasible right of transmission and inheritance.

Yes, man is called to complete the work of his creator, and every instant employed by him to improve himself or to

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

destroy himself, is decisive for all eternity. It is by the conquest of an intelligence eternally clear and of a will eternally just, that he constitutes himself as living for eternal life, since nothing survives injustice and error but the penalty of their disorder. To understand good is to will it, and on the plane of justice to will is to do. For this reason the Gospel tells us that men will be judged according to their works.

Our works make us so much what we are, that our body itself, as we have said, receives the modification, and sometimes the complete change, of its form from our habits.

A form conquered, or submitted to, becomes a providence, or a fatality, for all one's existence. Those strange figures which the Egyptians gave to the human symbols of divinity represent the fatal forms. Typhon has a crocodile's head. He is condemned to eat ceaselessly in order to fill his hippopotamus belly. Thus he is devoted, by his greed and his ugliness, to eternal destruction.

Man can kill or vivify his faculties by negligence or by abuse. He can create for himself new faculties by the good use of those which he has received from Nature. People often say that the affections will not be commanded, that faith is not possible for all, that one does not re-make one's own character. All these assertions are true only for the idle or the perverse. One can make one's self faithful, pious, loving, devoted, when one wishes sincerely to be so. One can give to one's spirit the calm of justness, as to one's will the almighty power of justice. One can reign in Heaven by virtue of faith, on earth by virtue of science. The man who knows how to command himself is king of all Nature.

THE EQUINOX

We are going to state forthwith, in this last book, by what means the true initiates have made themselves the masters of life, how they have overcome sorrow and death; how they work upon themselves and others the transformation of Proteus; how they exercise the divining power of Apollonius; how they make the gold of Raymond Lully and of Flamel; how in order to renew their youth they possess the secrets of Postel the Re-arisen, and those alleged to have been in the keeping of Cagliostro. In short, we are going to speak the last word of magic.

CHAPTER I

OF TRANSFORMATION—THE WAND OF CIRCE—THE BATH OF MEDEA—MAGIC OVERCOME BY ITS OWN WEAPONS—THE GREAT ARCANUM OF THE JESUITS AND THE SECRET OF THEIR POWER.

THE Bible tells us that King Nebuchadnezzar, at the highest point of his power and his pride, was suddenly changed into a beast.

He fled into savage places, began to eat grass, let his beard and hair grow, as well as his nails, and remained in this state for seven years.

In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, we have said what we think of the mysteries of lycanthropy, or the metamorphosis of men into werewolves.

Everyone knows the fable of Circe and understands its allegory.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The fatal ascendant of one person on another is the true wand of Circe.

One knows that almost all human physiognomies bear a resemblance to one animal or another, that is to say, the *signature* of a specialized instinct.

Now, instincts are balanced by contrary instincts, and dominated by instincts stronger than those.

In order to dominate sheep, the dog plays upon their fear of wolves.

If you are a dog, and you want a pretty little cat to love you, you have only one means to take: to metamorphose yourself into a cat.

But how! By observation, imitation and imagination. We think that our figurative language will be understood for once, and we recommend this revelation to all who wish to magnetize: it is the deepest of all the secrets of their art.

Here is the formula in technical terms:

“To polarize one’s own animal light, in equilibrated antagonism with the contrary pole.”

Or:

To concentrate in one’s self the special qualities of absorption in order to direct their rays towards an absorbing focus, and vice versa.

This government of our magnetic polarization may be done by the assistance of the animal forms of which we have spoken; they will serve to fix the imagination.

Let us give an example:

You wish to act magnetically upon a person polarized like yourself, which, if you are a magnetizer, you will divine at the first contact: only that person is a little less strong than you

THE EQUINOX

are, a mouse, while you are a rat. Make yourself a cat, and you will capture it.

In one of the admirable stories which, though he did not invent it, he has told better than anybody, Perrault puts upon the stage a cat, which cunningly induces an ogre to change himself into a mouse, and the thing is no sooner done, than the mouse is crunched by the cat. The *Tales of Mother Goose*, like the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, are perhaps true magical legends, and hide beneath the cloak of childish fairy tales the formidable secrets of science.

It is a matter of common knowledge that magnetizers give to pure water the properties and taste of wine, liqueurs and every conceivable drug, merely by the laying-on of hands, that is to say, by their will expressed in a sign.

One knows, too, that those who tame fierce animals conquer lions by making themselves mentally and magnetically stronger and fiercer than lions.

Jules Gerard, the intrepid hunter of the African lion, would be devoured if he were afraid. But, in order not to be afraid of a lion, one must make one's self stronger and more savage than the animal itself by an effort of imagination and of will. One must say to one's self: It is I who am the lion, and in my presence this animal is only a dog who ought to tremble before me.

Fourier imagined anti-lions; Jules Gerard has realized that chimera of the phanlasterian¹ dreamer.

But, one will say, in order not to fear lions, it is enough to be a man of courage and well armed.

¹ Fourier was a Socialist who wrote a sort of "Utopia." His social unit was the "phalanstère."—TRANS.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

No, that is not enough. One must know one's self by heart, so to speak, to be able to calculate the leaps of the animal, divining its stratagems, avoiding its claws, foreseeing its movements, to be in a word past-master in lioncraft, as the excellent La Fontaine might have said.

Animals are the living symbols of the instincts and passions of men. If you make a man timid, you change him into a hare. If, on the contrary, you drive him to ferocity, you make a tiger of him.

The wand of Circe is the power of fascination which woman possesses; and the changing of the companions of Ulysses into hogs is not a story peculiar to that time.

But no metamorphosis may be worked without destruction. To change a hawk into a dove, one must first kill it, then cut it to pierces, so as to destroy even the least trace of its first form, and then boil it in the magic bath of Medea.

Observe how modern hierophants proceed in order to accomplish human regeneration; how, for example, in the Catholic religion, they go to work in order to change a man more or less weak and passionate into a stoical missionary of the Society of Jesus.

There is the great secret of that venerable and terrible Order, always misunderstood, often calumniated, and always sovereign.

Read attentively the book entitled, *The Exercises of St. Ignatius*, and note with what magical power that man of genius operates the realization of faith.

He orders his disciples to see, to touch, to smell, to taste invisible things. He wishes that the senses should be exalted during prayer to the point of voluntary hallucination.

THE EQUINOX

You are meditating upon a mystery of faith; St. Ignatius wishes, in the first place, that you should create a place, dream of it, see it, touch it. If it is hell, he gives you burning rocks to touch, he makes you swim in shadows thick as pitch, he puts liquid sulphur on your tongue, he fills your nostrils with an abominable stench, he shows you frightful tortures, and makes you hear groans superhuman in their agony; he commands your will to create all that by exercises obstinately persevered in. Every one carries this out in his own fashion, but always in the way best suited to impress him. It is not the hashish intoxication which was useful to the knavery of the Old Man of the Mountain; it is a dream without sleep, an hallucination without madness, a reasoned and willed vision, a real creation of intelligence and faith. Thenceforward, when he preaches, the Jesuit can say: "What we have seen with our eyes, what we have heard with our ears, and what our hands have handled, that do we declare unto you." The Jesuit thus trained is in communion with a circle of wills exercised like his own; consequently each of the fathers is as strong as the Society, and the Society is stronger than the world.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO PRESERVE AND RENEW YOUTH—THE SECRETS OF CAGLIOSTRO—THE POSSIBILITY OF RESURRECTION—EXAMPLE OF WILLIAM POSTEL, CALLED THE RESURRECTED—STORY OF A WONDER-WORKING WORKMAN, ETC.

ONE knows that a sober, moderately busy, and perfectly regular life usually prolongs existence; but in our opinion, that

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

is little more than the prolongation of old age, and one has the right to ask from the science which we profess other privileges and other secrets.

To be a long time young, or even to become young again, that is what would appear desirable and precious to the majority of men. It is possible? We shall examine the question.

The famous Count of Saint-Germain is dead, we do not doubt, but no one ever saw him grow old. He appeared always of the age of forty years, and at the time of his greatest celebrity, he pretended to be over eighty.

Ninon de l'Enclos, in her very old age, was still a young, beautiful and seductive woman. She died without having grown old.

Desbarrolles, the celebrated palmist, has been for a long while for everybody a man of thirty-five years. His birth certificate would speak very differently if he dared to show it, but no one would believe it.

Cagliostro always appeared the same age. He pretended to possess not only an elixir which gave to the old, for an instant, all the vigour of youth; but he also prided himself on being able to operate physical regeneration by means which we have detailed and analysed in our *History of Magic*.

Cagliostro and the Count of Saint-Germain attributed the preservation of their youth to the existence and use of the universal medicine, that medicament uselessly sought by so many hermetists and alchemists.

An Initiate of the sixteenth century, the good and learned William Postel, never pretended that he possessed the great arcanum of the hermetic philosophy; and yet after having

THE EQUINOX

been seen old and broken, he reappeared with a bright complexion, without wrinkles, his beard and hair black, his body agile and vigorous. His enemies pretended that he roughed, and dyed his hair; for scoffers and false savants must find some sort of explanation for the phenomena which they do not understand.

The great magical means of preserving the youth of the body is to prevent the soul from growing old by preserving preciously that original freshness of sentiments and thoughts which the corrupt world calls illusions, and which we shall call the primitive mirages of eternal truth.

To believe in happiness upon earth, in friendship, in love, in a maternal Providence which counts all our steps, and will reward all our tears, is to be a perfect dupe, the corrupt world will say; it does not see that it is itself who is the dupe, believing itself strong in depriving itself of all the delights of the soul.

To believe in moral good is to possess that good: for this reason the Saviour of the world promises the kingdom of heaven to those who should make themselves like little children. What is childhood? It is the age of faith. The child knows nothing yet of life; and thus he radiates confident immortality. Is it possible for him to doubt the devotion, the tenderness, the friendship, and the love of Providence when he is in the arms of his mother?

Become children in heart, and you will remain young in body.

The realities of God and nature surpass infinitely in beauty and goodness all the imagination of men. It is thus that the world-weary are people who have never known how to be happy; and those who are disillusioned prove by their dislikes

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

that they have only drunk of muddy streams. To enjoy even the animal pleasures of life one must have the moral sense; and those who calumniate existence have certainly abused it.

High magic, as we have proved, leads man back to the laws of the purest morality. Either he finds a thing holy or makes it holy, says an adept—*Vel sanctum invenit, vel sanctum facit*; because it makes us understand that in order to be happy, even in this world, one must be holy.

To be holy! that is easy to say; but how give one's self faith when one no longer believes? How re-discover a taste for virtue in a heart faded by vice?

One must have recourse to the four words of science: to know, to dare, to will, and to keep silence.

One must still one's dislikes, study duty, and begin by practising it as though one loved it.

You are an unbeliever, and you wish to make yourself a Christian?

Perform the exercises of a Christian, pray regularly, using the Christian formulae; approach the sacraments as if you had faith, and faith will come. That is the secret of the Jesuits, contained in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

By similar exercises, a fool, if he will it with perseverance, would become a wise man.¹

By changing the habits of the soul one certainly changes those of the body; we have already said so, and we have explained the method.

What contributes above all to age us by making us ugly? Hatred and bitterness, the unfavourable judgments which

¹ If the fool would but persist in his folly, he would become wise.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE EQUINOX

we make of others, our rages of hurt vanity, and our ill-satisfied passions. A kindly and gentle philosophy would avoid all these evils.

If we close our eyes to the defects of our neighbour, and only consider his good qualities, we shall find good and benevolence everywhere. The most perverse man has a good side to him, and softens when one knows how to take him. If you had nothing in common with the vices of men, you would not even perceive them. Friendship, and the devotions which it inspires, are found even in prisons and in convict stations. The horrible Lacenaire faithfully returned any money which had been lent to him, and frequently acted with generosity and kindness. I have no doubt that in the life of crime which Cartouche and Mandrin led there were acts of virtue fit to draw tears from the eyes. There has never been any one absolutely bad or absolutely good. "There is none good but God," said the best of the Masters.

That quality in ourselves which we call zeal for virtue is often nothing but a masterful secret self-love, a jealousy in disguise, and a proud instinct of contradiction. "When we see manifest disorders and scandalous sinners," say mystical theologians, "let us believe that God is submitting them to greater tests than those with which He tries us, that certainly, or at least very probably, we are not as good as they are, and should do much worse in their place."

Peace! Peace! this is the supreme welfare of the soul, and it is to give us this that Christ came to the world.

"Glory to God in the highest, peace upon earth, and good will toward men!" cried the Angels of Heaven at the birth of the Saviour.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

The ancient fathers of Christianity counted an eighth deadly sin: it was Sorrow.

In fact, to the true Christian even repentance is not a sorrow; it is a consolation, a joy, and a triumph. "I wished evil, and I wish it no more; I was dead and I am alive." The father of the Prodigal son has killed the fatted calf because his son has returned. What can he do? Tears and embarrassment, no doubt! but above all joy!

There is only one sad thing in the world, and that is sin and folly. Since we are delivered, let us laugh and shout for joy, for we are saved, and all those who loved us in their lives rejoice in heaven!

We all bear within ourselves a principle of death and a principle of immortality. Death is the beast, and the beast produces always bestial stupidity. God does not love fools, for his divine spirit is called the spirit of intelligence. Stupidity expiates itself by suffering and slavery. The stick is made for beasts.

Suffering is always a warning. So much the worse for him who does not understand it! When Nature tightens the rein, it is that we are swerving; when she plies the whip, it is that danger is imminent. Woe, then, to him who does not reflect!

When we are ripe for death, we leave life without regret, and nothing would make us take it back; but when death is premature, the soul regrets life, and a clever thaumaturgist would be able to recall it to the body. The sacred books indicate to us the proceeding which must be employed in such a case. The Prophet Elisha and the Apostle St. Paul employed it with success. The deceased must be magnetized by

THE EQUINOX

placing the feet on his feet, the hands on his hands, the mouth on his mouth. Then concentrate the whole will for a long time, call to itself the escaped soul, using all the loving thoughts and mental caresses of which one is capable. If the operator inspires in that soul much affection or great respect, if in the thought which he communicates magnetically to it the thaumaturgist can persuade it that life is still necessary to it, and that happy days are still in store for it below, it will certainly return, and for the man of everyday science the apparent death will have been only a lethargy.

It was after a lethargy of this kind that William Postel, recalled to life by Mother Jeanne, reappeared with a new youth, and called himself no longer anything but Postel the Resurrected, *Postellus restitutus*.

In the year 1799, there was in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Paris, a blacksmith who gave himself out to be an adept of hermetic science. His name was Leriche, and he passed for having performed miraculous cures and even resurrections by the use of the universal medicine. A ballet girl of the Opéra, who believed in him, came one day to see him, and said to him, weeping, that her lover had just died. M. Leriche went out with her to the house of death. As he entered, a person who was going out, said to him: "It is useless for you to go upstairs, he died six hours ago." "Never mind," said the blacksmith, "since I am here I will see him." He went upstairs, and found a corpse frozen in every part except in the hollow of the stomach, where he thought that he still felt a little heat. He had a big fire made, massaged his whole body with hot napkins, rubbed him with the universal medicine dissolved in spirit of wine. [His pretended universal medicine

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

must have been a powder containing mercury analogous to the kermes¹ of the druggist.] Meanwhile the mistress of the dead man wept and called him back to life with the most tender words. After an hour and a half of these attentions, Leriche held a mirror before the patient's face, and found the glass slightly clouded. They redoubled their efforts, and soon obtained a still better marked sign of life. They then put him in a well warmed bed, and a few hours afterwards he was entirely restored to life. The name of this person was Candy. He lived from that time without ever being ill. In 1845 he was still alive, and was living at Place du Chevalier du Guet, 6. He would tell the story of his resurrection to any one who would listen to him, and gave much occasion for laughter to the doctors and wisecracks of his quarter. The good man consoled himself in the vein of Galileo, and answered them: "You may laugh as much as you like. All I know is, that the death certificate was signed and the burial licence made out; eighteen hours later they were going to bury me, and here I am."

CHAPTER III

THE GRAND ARCANUM OF DEATH

WE often become sad in thinking that the most beautiful life must finish, and the approach of the terrible unknown that one calls death disgusts us with all the joys of existence.

Why be born, if one must live so little? Why bring up

¹ Made by boiling black antimony sulphide with sodium carbonate solution. Used in gout and rheumatism and some skin diseases on the Continent, rarely in England.—TRANS.

THE EQUINOX

with so much care children who must die? Such is the question of human ignorance in its most frequent and its saddest doubts.

This, too, is what the human embryo may vaguely ask itself at the approach of that birth which is about to throw it into an unknown world by stripping it of its protective envelope. Let us study the mystery of birth, and we shall have the key of the great arcanum of death!

Thrown by the laws of Nature into the womb of a woman, the incarnated spirit very slowly wakes, and creates for itself with effort organs which will later be indispensable, but which as they grow increase its discomfort in its present situation. The happiest period of the life of the embryo is that when, like a chrysalis, it spreads around it the membrane which serves it for refuge, and which swims with it in a nourishing and preserving fluid. At that time it is free, and does not suffer. It partakes of the universal life, and receives the imprint of the memories of Nature which will later determine the configuration of its body and the form of its features. That happy age may be called the childhood of the embryo.

Adolescence follows; the human form becomes distinct, and its sex is determined; a movement takes place in the maternal egg which resembles the vague reveries of that age which follows upon childhood. The placenta, which is the exterior and the real body of the foetus, feels germinating in itself something unknown, which already tends to break it and escape. The child then enters more distinctly into the life of dreams. Its brain, acting as a mirror of that of its mother, reproduces with so much force her imaginations, that it communicates their form to its own limbs. Its mother is for it at

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

that time what God is for us, a Providence unknown and invisible, to which it aspires to the point of identifying itself with everything that she admires. It holds to her, it lives by her, although it does not see her, and would not even know how to understand her. If it was able to philosophize, it would perhaps deny the personal existence and intelligence of that mother which is for it as yet only a fatal prison and an apparatus of preservation. Little by little, however, this servitude annoys it; it twists itself, it suffers, it feels that its life is about to end. Then comes an hour of anguish and convulsion; its bonds break; it feels that it is about to fall into the gulf of the unknown. It is accomplished; it falls, it is crushed with pain, a strange cold seizes it, it breathes a last sigh which turns into a first cry; it is dead to embryonic life, it is born to human life!

During embryonic life it seemed to it that the placenta was its body, and it was in fact its special embryonic body, a body useless for another life, a body which had to be thrown off as an unclean thing at the moment of birth.

The body of our human life is like a second envelope, useless for the third life, and for that reason we throw it aside at the moment of our second birth.

Human life compared to heavenly life is veritably an embryo. When our evil passions kill us, Nature miscarries, and we are born before our time for eternity, which exposes us to that terrible dissolution which St. John calls the second death.

According to the constant tradition of ecstasies, the abortions of human life remain swimming in the terrestrial atmosphere which they are unable to surmount, and which

THE EQUINOX

little by little absorbs them and drowns them. They have human form, but always lopped and imperfect; one lacks a hand, another an arm, this one is nothing but a torso, and that is a pale rolling head. They have been prevented from rising to heaven by a wound received during human life, a moral wound which has caused a physical deformity, and through this wound, little by little, all of their existence leaks away.

Soon their moral soul will be naked, and in order to hide its shame by making itself at all costs a new veil, it will be obliged to drag itself into the outer darkness, and pass slowly through the dead sea, the slumbering waters of ancient chaos. These wounded souls are the larvae of the second formation of the embryo; they nourish their airy bodies with a vapour of shed blood, and they fear the point of the sword. Frequently they attach themselves to vicious men and live upon their lives, as the embryo lives in its mother's womb. In these circumstances, they are able to take the most horrible forms to represent the frenzied desires of those who nourish them, and it is these which appear under the figures of demons to the wretched operators of the nameless works of black magic.

These larvae fear the light, above all the light of the mind. A flash of intelligence is sufficient to destroy them as by a thunderbolt, and hurl them into that Dead Sea which one must not confuse with the sea in Palestine so-called. All that we reveal in this place belongs to the tradition of seers, and can only stand before science in the name of that exceptional philosophy, which Paracelsus called the philosophy of sagacity, *philosophia sagax*.

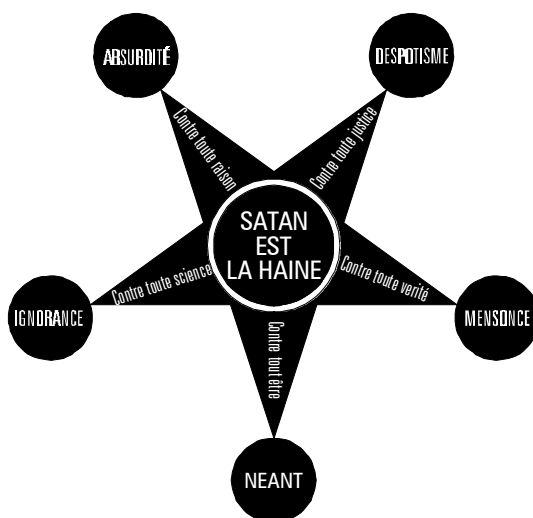
THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

CHAPTER IV

ARCANUM ARCANORUM

THE great arcanum—that is to say, the unutterable and inexplicable secret—is the absolute knowledge of good and of evil.

“When you have eaten the fruit of this tree, you will be as the gods,” said the Serpent.



“If you eat of it, you will die,” replied Divine Wisdom.

Thus good and evil bear fruit on one same tree, and from one same root.

Good personified is God.

Evil personified is the Devil.

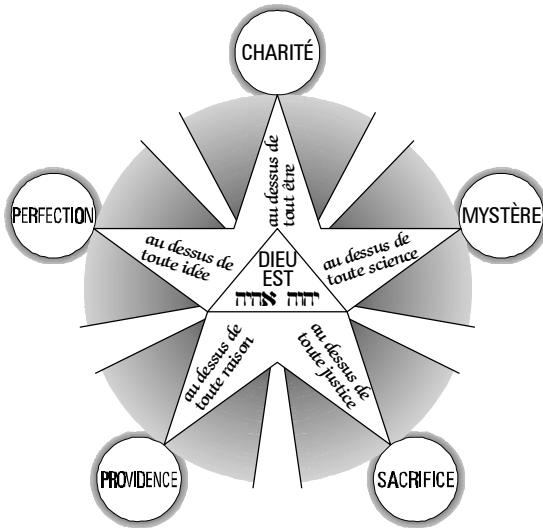
To know the secret or the formula of God is to be God.

To know the secret or the formula of the Devil is to be the Devil.

THE EQUINOX

To wish to be at the same time God and Devil is to absorb in one's self the most absolute antinomy, the two most strained contrary forces; it is the wish to shut up in one's self an infinite antagonism.

It is to drink a poison which would extinguish the suns and consume the worlds.¹



It is to put on the consuming robe of Deianira.

It is to devote one's self to the promptest and most terrible of all deaths.

Woe to him who wishes to know too much! For if excessive and rash knowledge does not kill him it will make him mad.

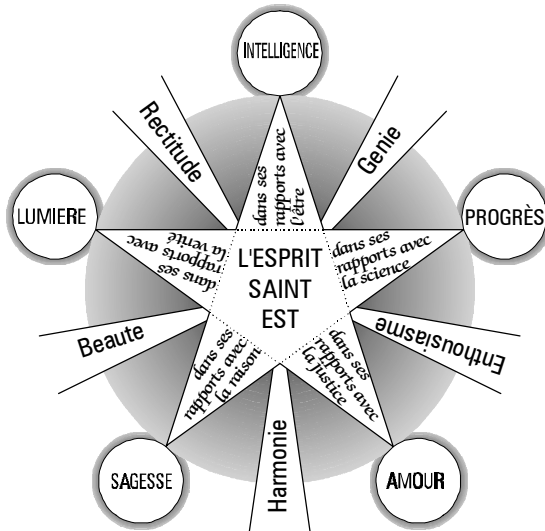
¹ An allusion to Shiva, the patron of adepts, who drank the poison generated by the churning of the 'Milk Ocean.' (See Bhagavata Purana Skandha VIII, Chaps. 5—12.) Levi therefore means in this passage the exact contrary of what he pretends to mean. Otherwise this "Be good, and you will be happy" chapter would scarcely deserve the title "Arcanum Arcanorum."—O. M.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

To eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, is to associate evil with good, and assimilate the one to the other.

It is to cover the radiant countenance of Osiris with the mask of Typhon.

It is to raise the sacred veil of Isis; it is to profane the sanctuary.



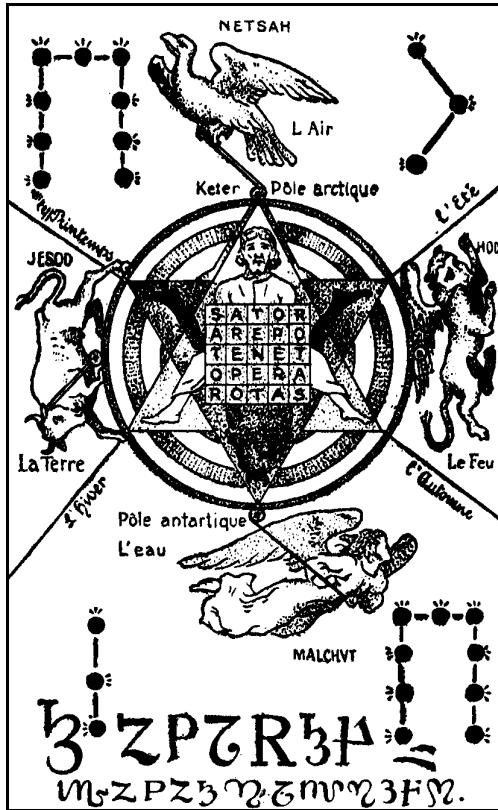
The rash man who dares to look at the sun without protection becomes blind, and from that moment for him the sun is black.

We are forbidden to say more on this subject; we shall conclude our revelation by the figure of three pentacles.

These three stars will explain it sufficiently. They may be compared with that which we have caused to be drawn at the head of our “History of magic.” By reuniting the four, one may arrive at the understanding of the Great Arcanum of Arcana.

THE EQUINOX

It now remains for us to complete our work by giving the great key of William Postel.



This key is that of the Tarot. There are four suits, wands, cups, swords, coins or pentacles, corresponding to the four cardinal points of Heaven, and the four living creatures or symbolic signs and numbers and letters formed in a circle; then the seven planetary signs, with the indication of their repetition signified by the three colours, to symbolize the natural world, the human world and the divine world, whose

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

hieroglyphic emblems compose the twenty-one trumps of our Tarot.

In the centre of the ring may be perceived the double triangle forming the Star or Seal of Solomon. It is the religious and metaphysical triad analogous to the natural triad of universal generation in the equilibrated substance.

Around the triangle is the cross which divides the circle into four equal parts, and thus the symbols of religion are united to the signs of geometry; faith completes science, and science acknowledge faith.

By the aid of this key one can understand the universal symbolism of the ancient world, and note its striking analogies with our dogmas. One will thus recognize that the divine revelation is permanent in nature and humanity. One will feel that Christianity only brought light and heat into the universal temple by causing to descend therein the spirit of charity, which is the Very Life of God Himself.

EPILOGUE

Thanks be unto thee, O my God, that thou hast called me to this admirable light! Thou, the Supreme Intelligence and the Absolute Life of those numbers and those forces which obey thee in order to people the infinite with inexhaustible creation! Mathematics proves thee, the harmonies of Nature proclaim thee, all forms as they pass by salute thee and adore thee!

Abraham knew thee, Hermes divined thee, Pythagoras calculated thee, Plato, in every dream of his genius, aspired to

THE EQUINOX

thee; but only one initiate, only one sage has revealed thee to the children of earth, one alone could say of thee: "I and my Father are one." Glory then be his, since all his glory is thine!

Thou knowest, O my Father, that he who writes these lines has struggled much and suffered much; he has endured poverty, calumny, proscription, prison, the forsaking of those whom he loved:—and yet never did he find himself unhappy, since truth and justice remained to him for consolation!

Thou alone art holy, O God of true hearts and upright souls, and thou knowest if ever I thought myself pure in thy sight! Like all men I have been the plaything of human passions. At last I conquered them, or rather thou has conquered them in me; and thou hast given me for a rest the deep peace of those who have no goal and no ambition but Thyself.

I love humanity, because men, as far as they are not insensate, are never wicked but through error or through weakness. Their natural disposition is to love good, and it is through that love that thou hast given them as a support in all their trials that they must sooner or later be led back to the worship of justice by the love of truth.

Now let my books go where thy Providence shall send them! If they contain the words of thy wisdom they will be stronger than oblivion. If, on the contrary, they contain only errors, I know at least that my love of justice and of truth will survive them, and that thus immortality cannot fail to treasure the aspirations and wishes of my soul that thou didst create immortal!

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE	v
INTRODUCTION	vii
PREFACE	xi
PART I (RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES)	I
PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS	I
FIRST ARTICLE	12
SKETCH OF THE PROPHETIC THEOLOGY OF NUMBERS	14
ARTICLE II	72
ARTICLE III	77
ARTICLE IV	82
ARTICLE V	89
RÉSUMÉ OF PART I	91
PART II (PHILOSOPHICAL MYSTERIES)	98
PART III (MYSTERIES OF NATURE)	108
FIRST BOOK CHAPTER I	110
CHAPTER II	117
CHAPTER III	127
CHAPTER IV	226
BOOK II CHAPTER I	234
CHAPTER II	239
CHAPTER III	244
CHAPTER IV	256
PART IV (PRACTICAL SECRETS) INTRODUCTION	267
CHAPTER I	270
CHAPTER II	274
CHAPTER III	281
CHAPTER IV	285
EPILOGUE	289

THE BIG STICK

REVIEWS

THE SECRET OF EFFICIENCY. By GRACE DAWSON. William Rider & Son.
1s. net.

GRACE DAWSON is a spiritual Grace Darling. Oh the wonderful gospel that she brings to perishing humanity! She has discovered the secret of eternal youth: like most great discoveries, it is a very simple one. "When tired, rest!" This puts Grace Dawson several streets ahead of Madame Curie, and disposes once for all of the assertion that the female brain is inferior to the male. "When tired, rest!" How grand, how simple, how sublime!

When human souls, by passion led,
Are overworked and underfed,
Who tucks them in their little bed?
Grace Dawson.

I yawn, I rub mine eyes, I prop
The weary head that wants to drop ---
Who soothes me to a humming-top?
Grace Dawson.

Whose smooth and soporific prose
Lulls me to infinite repose,
Hushes the brain and stirs the nose?
Grace Dawson.

One one shilling of your hoard!
Even the humblest can afford
The luxury of being bored.
By Dawson.

MORPHEUS.

THE INFERNO. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD.
William Rider & Son.

I HAVE already had to speak to publishers about cheap production. In this case I must protest emphatically against the employment of a translator who makes a solecism nearly every time he touches Paris.

E.g. 'northern railway station' for 'Gare du Nord,' 'Lilas brewery' for 'Closerie des Lilas,' 'St. Martin's Gate' for 'Porte St. Martin,' 'Rue de Fleurs' for 'Rue des Fleurs,' 'racecourse' for some unindicated part of the Jardin du Luxembourg, 'churchyard' of Montparnasse for 'cemetery,'

THE EQUINOX

'exhibition of independent artists' for 'Salon des Independents,' 'Bullier's dancing saloon' for 'Bal Bullier,' 'Lyons Bank' for 'Credit Lyonnais,' 'St. Germain des Pres' for 'St. Germain des Pres,' 'Dr. Popus' for 'Dr. Papus,' 'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame,' and so on.

He puts the same place-name—first in translation, then in French, again and again; and as often as not gets both wrong!

The constant chemical absurdities are perhaps Strindberg's own and may have been made intentionally, as the book portrays the ravings of a melancholic with delusions of persecution.

What sublime and septuple ass calls this Strindberg's autobiography? Strindberg was too lazy to find his incidents in other people's lives; that is all.

And yet we find the translator note at the end: "Strindberg never actually entered the Roman Church" !!!

The book is a perfect clinical picture of a typical case. Chapter I describes the irritability, the fantastic dreams. He imagines himself a great author, a great chemist. He has found carbon in sulphur; he will make gold.

In Chapter II he begins to see omens in simple incidents, receives "warnings" from strangers, finds a plot against him at his hotel, notices remarkable resemblances between his neighbours and some of his "persecutors."

Chapter III develops the persecution-delusions. Roaring in the ears, electric shocks, and other physical symptoms develop. The bedstead has knobs like those of a leyden jar, the spring mattress suggests induction coils, and so on—to the end!

For refuge he ranges from Papus to Swedenborg, and ultimately, as his mental disease increases on him, he clutches at such straws as Péladan, Annie Besant, and the Church of Rome.

In this dementia the book ends. But Strindberg did not end. He went his cheerful and polygamous way as a free-thinker. Persons who pretend otherwise are liars, probably hired liars—unless, of course, they are Englishmen, who are such natural-born fools in all matters of the soul that they not only require no bribe to lie, but can hardly be paid to see truth.

Until Strindberg's life is utterly dissociated from his art, the latter will not be truly valued.

A.C.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By MAUDE ANNESLEY. William Rider & Son.

I CONFESS to having expected a very flatulent novel. Judge of my surprise to find a novel of Paris as it is! The heroine (a rich Englishwoman) is robbed by apaches, and proceeds to paint their leader. She then seduces him, and joins the band.

This is life. Most English and I suppose all American women go to Paris

REVIEWS

in order to fornicate freely with the lower classes. When I was first in Paris for any length of time, the rage was all for professional bicyclists. These pallid heroes, after panting round the velodrome for God knows how many hours, would fall from their racers into the arms of the stalwart vampires who had annexed them.

The best known of England's "heroic widows" at that time kept a tame but half-witted giant with an enormous black beard; the whole of his body was, I was told, as hirsute as a bear. A daughter of the nobility contented herself with more lyric loves than these. A well-to-do girl from Calcutta practised sheer promiscuity; an exquisitely beautiful woman of the middle classes did worse, and actually married a most hideous dwarf.

To-day things are very much the same.

A very celebrated dancer from America never goes on the stage without previously dragging a stranger—a man from the street, a stage carpenter, it matters nothing—to her dressing-room. One of our best known women art critics haunts the lowest brothels of the Bd. St. Germain in search of adventure; a very distinguished poetess of the nobility supports a burly negro from North Africa and a Belgian boxer; one of our highest artists in music roams Paris every midnight in search of stray milliners' apprentices.

The English and American women in the Café du Dôme solidly, stupidly drunk, dribble curses when their maquereaux "American sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue des Champs Elysées is broken by the wild-beast howls of the harlot harridans who, driven from Chicago and Denver by the police, despair of finding such products as prairie air and cow-punching can alone supply.

Who doesn't remember the supper to 100 of her lovers given by an ex-Princess, when, only 89 turning up, she gathered 11 strangers from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited?

I could say more, much more, indeed, but my only object is to justify the ways of Maude Annesley to the British public.

Her story, moreover, is exceedingly well told, up to the point of the hero's death. The sequel appears to me somewhat an anticlimax, strained, artificial, and boring. (At least I would rather she had carried out the vendetta by killing the son, as her lover had killed the father.)

I suppose it is the publisher again. "Yes, what a nice story! Now if you'll add 40,000 words of dialogue about love and make the story end happily perhaps we might do something."

A publisher offered to take my *Ercildoune* if I'd "pad it to 150,000 words!"

Well, Maude Annesley, ma môme, you're a very luck child to get your novels published at all in this rotten country, and if the homage and devotion of a colleague who has no such luck can serve you, command it!

THE EQUINOX

Be wary, though, and never stir a step from your own ground. You have (for the first time in English) got French slang correct; but you clearly don't know India, and some terrible old bore has planted the worst and feeblest form of a very stale cobra story on your innocence.

There are several mistakes in these few pages—climate and natural history in particular.

Figure to yourself that this bit of the book reads to me almost as *Tribby* reads to you!—

A. C.

THE YELLOW WHAT-HO. A subterfuge in fugues. Not by the Author of *The Blue Grotto*. No publisher. No price. No anything.

KING CROWLEY of Bronchitis-town
To Bernard Smith of great renown
To set his shaven soul at ease
These laryngeal lymphanics.
Where Digitalis roams among
The Endotherms, and on the tongue
Follicular papillae weave
Their lustral locks, and rosy eve
Sheds her soft toenails as she swings
Her brilliant body into Spring's.
Befell a woe—and here the bard
His sacral plexus with the yard
Planged, and the Ammonites of song
Blew their shrill spirals loud and long.
On ψ Cassiopeae first
The grave old Hippocampus curst
Black Oxyrrhynchus! who would dare
To camp in Berenice's Hair
Whose vesper censers amorous
Smoke monocotyledenous,
What time the twisted ibex mars
The parallax of double stars,
And the pale hate of Vega flares,
And swart Typhlitis next unbare
His glaive, ere Granuloma gnashed
His teeth, and on its shoulder gashed
—That shoulder that had shrugged unmoved
Though Os Innominatum loved!
What happened after who can say?
I wandered sadly by the bay,
And saw anemon' streamers wet
Like drawers of scarlet flannelette;

REVIEWS

I watched the mermaids as they loosed
Their lids on aught might be seduced,
While earnest starfish strove to cram
The strange lore of the pentagram.

In brief, it was a busy morn.
I took the Poet's Club in scorn.
How, with the banded fountain pen
That ran me into one pound ten,
With that too finite reservoir,
How could I sing this abbatoir?
Nay! let me first imbrue mine hands
In the dun blood of Mildred Sandys!
And so on.

A.C.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. William Rider & Son.

WHY not "The Soul of a Servant"? The hero is a sort of Scandinavian Neuburg. He is always being "bullied" and treated with "injustice," however kind people are to him. Here are two cases, accurately taken from the book, but rendered in dialogue.

I. In class:

MASTER. What do you know of Gustavus Adolphus?

BOY [*with gloomy pride that he knows all about G.A.*]. R—r—r—gr!

MASTER. Come now, surely you don't mind telling us something about him.

BOY [*stung to madness by this senseless torture*]. I know *all* about Gustavus Adolphus.

MASTER. Well, that's splendid. Let's see now, who was he?

BOY [*beyond himself*]. Tyrant! Monster! Brute! White slaver! Mar—con—ee!

II. In the family circle:

JOHN [*to his brother*]. Now, Albert, I should like *you* to take some flowers to Mother for a present.

ALBERT. All right. [*They enter shop.*]

JOHN. Here's the money.

ALBERT. All right. [*They reach home.*]

JOHN. Now you go in all by yourself and say, "Here are some flowers for you, Mother." I will wait outside.

ALBERT. All right. [*Within.*] Her are some flowers for you, Mother!

MOTHER. Oh, thank you, Albert, how beautiful!

FATHER. Very kindly thought of, my son!

THE EQUINOX

JOHN. Oh! the black blind hideous horrible injustice of it all! [*With conviction.*] There is no God!

As the book consists of little else but episodes of this kind, it will be seen that the entertained attention of the judicious reader need never flag.

A. C.

THE NEW SOCIAL RELIGION. By HORACE HOLLEY. 6s.

HOLLEY, Holley, Holley, Lord God Almighty!

K. H. A. K.

TO MALISE AND OTHER POEMS. By AELFRIDA TILLYARD. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge.

A VOLUME of sonnets, serious and not so serious—the serious portraying spiritual yearning with impelling earnestness and artistic imagery, and brimful of human sentiment. Through these poems runs the palpitating thrill of womanhood in its highest sense, refined, idealistic and restrained, as witness "A Poem to an Unborn Child." These eighty pages of serious moods have the merit of a lightness and freshness which could never bore, even if one did not agree.

The "not so serious" mood will be welcomed by readers blessed, or cursed, with a strain of gentle flippancy in their blood. It would be a misconception to suggest one of these in particular as being indicative of the author's personality. That, for instance, beginning "Would that my songs were sausages" is not to be thought of in this connection, so we quote from the standpoint of a critic—cosmopolitan and humanitarian—namely, the "couplets" for unimaginative young men and maidens standing on the threshold of romance, longing, but dumb. Here is a real poet ready to help them in simple yet subtle phrase. What more could one want?

A. C. HOBBS.

OSCAR WILDE AND HIS MOTHER. A MEMOIR BY ANNA. COMTRESSE DE BREMONT. Everett & Co., Ltd., London.

AS there are thoughts that sometimes lie too deep for tears, so there are books which it would be sacrilege to review. This is one of them. But one may say that in spite of the soul-moving pathos of the subject and the naive brilliance of treatment, the most interesting aspect of the whole is the wonderful self-revelation of La Bellissima Contessa, as all those who know her call her to distinguish her from other countesses. She is indeed the antithesis of Oscar Wilde—a 'marvellous masculine soul in the feminine brain building,' and in this little masterpiece it is the soul which speaks. Aum Mani Padmen Hum.

SUPER SINISTRAM.

REVIEWS

THE OCCULT ARTS: AN EXAMINATION OF THE CLAIMS MADE FOR THE EXISTENCE AND PRACTICE OF SUPERNORMAL POWERS, AND AN ATTEMPTED JUSTIFICATION OF SOME OF THEM BY THE CONCLUSIONS OF THE RESEARCHES OF MODERN SCIENCE. By J. W. FRINGS. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book is very good, and might have been much better if the author had any knowledge of Science or of the Occult Arts.

A. C.

COLOPHON

TO LAYLAH EIGHT-AND-TWENTY

LAMP of living loveliness,
Maid miraculously male,
Rapture of thine own excess
Blushing through the velvet veil
Where the olive cheeks aglow
Shadow-soften into snow,
Breasts like Bacchanals afloat
Under the proudly phallic throat!
Be thou to my pilgrimage
Light, and laughter sweet and sage,
Till the darkling day expire
Of my life in thy caress,
Thou my frenzy and my fire,
Lamp of living loveliness!

Thou the ruler of the rod
That beneath thy clasp extends
To the galaxies of God
From the gulph where ocean ends,
Cave of dragon, ruby rose,
Heart of hell, garden-close,

THE EQUINOX

Hyacinth petal sweet to smell,
Split-hoof of the glad gazelle,
Be thou mine as I am thine,
As the vine's ensigns entwine
At the sacring of the sun,
Thou the even and I the odd
Being and becoming one
On the abacus of God!

Thou the sacred snake that rears
Death, a jewelled crest across
The enchantment of the years,
All my love that is my loss.
Life and death, two and one,
Hate and love, moon and sun,
Light and darkness, never swerve
From the norm, note the nerve,
Name the name, exceed the excess
Of thy lamp of loveliness,
Living snake of lazy love,
Ithyphallic that uprears
Its Palladium above
The enchantment of the years!

INDEX OF VOLUME I

[*The names in italics are the real names of the authors*]

- A.: A.:, An Account of (reviser, *Aleister Crowley*), I, 5
- A.: A.:, A Syllabus of the Official Instructions of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 41
- Account of A.: A.:, An (Liber XXXIII: revised) (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 5
- Across the Gulf (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 293
- Adela (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 314
- Adonis (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 117
- Adorations, The Five (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 186
- Agnostic, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 274
- AHA! (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 9
- Among the Mermaids (*Norman Roe*), II, 335
- Amoureux, Illusions d' (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 187
- Apollo bestows the Violin (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 244
- Apollo, The Coming of (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 281
- Artemis, Pan to (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 197
- Arthur in the Area Again (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 407
- As in a Glass, darkley (*Arthur Grimble*), X, 80
- Ass, The Wild (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 201
- At Bordj-an-Nus (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 37
- Athanasius Contra Decanum (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 259
- At Sea (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 79
- Autumn Woods, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VI, 149
- Ave Adonai (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 351
- Bartzabel, Evocation of (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 117
- Bedlam, A Ballad of (*Ethel Archer*), X, 207
- Birthday, A (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 419
- Bismarck of Battersea, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 401
- Blind Prophet, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 15
- Spadger, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 230
- Boo to Buddha (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 201
- Bordj-an-Nus, At (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 37
- Breeches, My Lady of the (*George Raffalovich*), IV, 25
- Bride, The Lonely (*Victor B. Neuburg*), I, 95
- Brief Abstract of the Symbolic Representation of the Universe Derived by Dr. John Dee, through the Skrying of Sir Edward Kelly, A (Editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VII, 229; VIII, 99
- Brighton, Mystery, The (*George Raffalovich*), III, 287
- Buddha, Boo to (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 201
- Buddhist, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 272
- Cancer? (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 81
- Cannabis Indica. *See* Herb Dangerous
- Chymical Jousting of Bro. Perardua, The (*Aleister Crowley*, illustration by *J.F.C. Fuller*), I, 89
- Circe (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 52
- Circean, The Dream (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 105
- “Come, Love, Awaken,” Song (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 66
- Coming of Apollo, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 281
- Crapulous Contemporaries, My: I, Stewed Prunes and Prism, II, 393; II, The Shadowy Dill Waters, III, 327; III,

INDEX

- Glazier's Houses, IV, 346; IV, Wisdom While You Waite, V, 133; V, The Bismarck of Battersea, VII, 401; VI, An Obituary, VIII, 243; VII, A Galahad in Gomorrah, IX, 269; VIII, A Quack Painter, IX, 67.
- Crowley, The Game of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 199
- Crowley Pool (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 204
- Dangers of Mysticism, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 153
- Daughter of the Horseleech, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201
- Dead Weight (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 211
- Dee, Dr. John (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 229; VIII, 99
- Description of the Cards of the Tarot, with their Attributions, including a Method of Divination by their use (Editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 143
- Diana of the Inlet (*Katharine Susannah Prichard*), VII, 249
- Dischmatal by Night (*Arthur Grimble*), IX, 66
- Dr. Bob (*Mary d'Este Sturges* and *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 65
- Dream Circean, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 105
- Dreamer, The (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 208
- Dumb! (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 101
- Earth, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 108
- Editorial, No. I (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 1
- Editorial, No. II (first paragraph by *J. F. C. Fuller*, revised by *Aleister Crowley*; rest by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 2
- Editorial, No. III (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 1
- Editorial, No. IV (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 1
- Editorial, No. V (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 1
- Editorial, No. VI (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 1
- Editorial, No. VII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 3
- Editorial, No. VIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, xxiii
- Editorial, No. IX (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, xxiii
- Editorial, No. X (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 5
- Ehe ("George Raffalovich"), IV, 281
- Elder Eel (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 215
- Electric Silence, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 53
- Eleusis, The Rites of. See Rites
- Energized Enthusiasm (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 17
- Ercildoune (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 175
- Evelyn Hope, The New (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, 250
- Evocation of Bartzabel the Spirit of Mars, An (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 117
- Ex-Probationers, X-rays on (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 142
- Eyes of St. Ljubov, The (*George Raffalovich* and *J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 293
- Fairy Fiddler, The (*Ethel Archer*), IX, 115
- Felon Flower, The (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 325
- Five Adorations, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 186
- Foire, La (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 89
- Fork of the Roads, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 101
- Four Winds, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 179
- Galahad in Gomorrah, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 269
- Garden of Janus, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 91
- Genesis, A Note on (*Allan Bennett*, preface by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 163
- Geomancy, Handbook of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 137
- Ghouls, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 159
- Gizeh, The Sphinx at (*Lord Dunsany*), II, 205
- Glasses, The Magic (*Frank Harris*), I, 49
- Gnome, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 237
- Gulf, Across the (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 293
- Half-hours with Famous Mahatmas. No. I, Mahatma Shri Agamya Paramahansa Guru Swamiji (*J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 284
- Handbook of Geomancy (*Aleister Crowley*, revised), II, 137
- Hashish, A Pharmaceutical Study of (*E. Whineray*), I, 233
- Hashish Eater, The (*H. G. Ludlow*), IV, 241
- Hashish, The Poem of (*Chas. Baudelaire*, translator, *Aleister Crowley*), III, 55

INDEX

- Hashish, The Psychology of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 31
- Heart, The Tell-Tale (adaptor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 131
- Herb Dangerous, The, I, 233; II, 31; III, 55; IV, 241
- Hermit, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 137
- High History of Good Sir Palamedes, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, Special Supplement
- His Secret Sin (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 49
- Horseleech, The Daughter of the (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201
- How I Became a Famous Mountaineer (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 275
- Hunchback, The Soldier and the (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 113
- Ida Pendragon, The Ordeal of (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 113
- Illusion d'Amoureux (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 187
- Independence (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 181
- In Limine (*Ethel Archer*), IX,
- IN Memoriam, John Yarker (*L. E. Kennedy, Grand Secretary M.:M.:M.:*), X, xix
- I.N.R.I. (Manifesto of O.T.O.: revised) (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, IX, X, Prefatory Matter
- I.nst N.aturae R.egina I.sis (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 21
- Interpreter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 119
- Jane Cheron, Three Poems for (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 41
- Janus, The Garden of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 91
- John St. John (*Aleister Crowley*), I, Special Supplement
- Mr. Justice Scrutton please note.
- L. vel Legis (Liber CCXX), X, 9
- Laylah, Eight - and - Twenty, To (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 235
- Liber I vel Magi (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 5
- Liber III (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 9
- Liber VI (O) (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 11
- Liber IX (E) (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 25
- Liber X Porta Lucis (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 3
- Liber XI (NV) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 11
- Liber XIII Graduum ad Montem Abiegni (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 3
- Liber XVI (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 9
- Liber XXX (Librae) (revised, *Aleister Crowley*), I, 17
- Liber LXIV (Israfel) (Invocation of Thoth from the MSS. of *Allan Bennett*), VII, 21
- Liber LXVI (Stellae Rubcae) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 29
- Liber XC ☉ vel Hamus Hermeticus (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 17
- Liber CLVI (Vallum Abiegni) (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 23
- Liber CLXXV (Astarte vel Berylli) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 37
- Liber CC ☿ vel Helios (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 29
- Liber CCVI (RV) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 59
- Liber L vel Legis (CCXX), X, 9
- Liber CCXXXI, (XXII Domarum et XXII Carcerorum) (*Aleister Crowley*, illustration by *Crowley*), VII, 69
- Liber CCCLVIII (HHH) (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 5
- Liber CCCLXX (Capricorni Pneumatici) (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 33
- Liber CD (TAU) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 75
- Liber CDXII (A) (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 15
- Liber CDXVIII (XXX AERum vel Saculi) (Vision and the Voice, The) (*Aleister Crowley*), V, Special Supplement
- Liber CDLXXXIV (Os Abysmi) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 77
- Liber D (Sepher Sephiroth) (*Bennett, Crowley, and others*), VIII, Special Supplement
- Liber DXXXVI ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΦΡΕΝΟΒΟΟ-ΚΟΣΜΟΜΑΧΙΑ (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 35
- Liber DLV (HAD) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 83
- Liber DCCCXXXI (Iod) (*Aleister Crowley*), last paragraph by *S. H. Perry*) VII, 93
- Liber DCCCLXVIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 101
- Liber CMXIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 105
- Liber DCCCCLXIII (*J. F. C. Fuller*; many adjectives removed by *A. Crowley*; illustrations by *Aleister Crowley*), III, Special Supplement

INDEX

- Linos Isidos (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 39
 Literatooralooral Treasure-Trove, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 49
 Lonely Bride, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), I, 95
 Long Odds (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 61
 Lost Shepherd, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), II, 131

 Madeline (*Arthur F. Grimble*), III, 129
 Magdalen Blair, The Testament of (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 137
 Magic Glasses, The (*Frank Harris*), I, 49
 Magician, The (translated from French of Levi and Latin of Honorius; *Aleister Crowley*), I, 109
 Mahatmas, Half-hours with Famous (*J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 284
 Man Cover, The (*George Raffalovich*), II, 353
 Mantra-Yogi, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 275
 Memory of Love (*Herbert Close*), VII, 291
 Mermaids, Among the (*Norman Roe*), II, 335
 Midsummer Eve (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 310
 Mind, The Training of the (Allan Bennett), V, 28
 Mountaineer, How I became a Famous (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 275
 My Lady of the Breeches (*George Raffalovich*), IV, 25
 Mystery, The Brighton (*George Raffalovich*), III, 287
 Mysticism, The Dangers of (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201

 New Evelyn Hope, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, 250
 Nocturne, A (*Victor B. Neuburg*), V, 121
 Note on Genesis, A (*Allen Bennett*, preface by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 163

 Obituary, An (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 243
 On—On—"Poet" (*Mrs. Bey*), VIII, 211
 Opium Smoker, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 191
 Ordeal of Ida Pendragon, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 113
 Organ in King's Chapel, The (*G. H. S. Pinsent*), II, 162
 Origin, An (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 115

 Painter, A Quack (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 67
 Palamedes, The High History of Sir (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, Supplement
 Pan to Artemis (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 197
 Perardua, The Chymical Jousting of Brother (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 89
 Persis, To (*D. Hamish Jenkins*), VIII, 231
 Pharmaceutical Study of Cannabis Sativa, A (*E. Whineray, M. P. S.*), I, 233
 Pilgrim, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 130
 Poem of Hashish, The (*Chas. Baudelaire* translated by *Aleister Crowley*), III, 55
 Poetical Memory, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 311
 Postcards to Probationers (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 196
 Priestess of Panormita, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 209
 Professor Zircon (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 91
 Prophet, The Blind (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 15
 Prunes and Prism, Stewed (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 393
 Psychology of Hashish, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 31

 Quack Painter, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 67

 Rites of Eleusis, The (*Aleister Crowley*; except parts of the Rites of Mars and Mercury, which were written by *George Raffalovich*), VI, Special Supplement
 Ritual, Two Fragments of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 81
 Roads, At the Fork of (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 101
 Rosa Ignota (*Victor B. Neuburg*), X, 127

 Sabbath, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 60
 St. Ljubov, The Eyes of (*George Raffalovich* and *J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 293
 Satan, Hymn to (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 206
 Scorpion, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 67
 Sea, At (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 79
 Sepher Sephiroth (*Aleister Crowley* and *others*, as stated in Editorial Note), VIII, Special Supplement.
 Ship, The, A Mystery-play (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 57
 Silence (*Ethel Archer*), VII, 290

INDEX

- Silence, The Electric (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 53
- Sin, His Secret (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 49
- Sleep (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 112
- Smoker, The Opium (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 191
- Snowstorm (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 183
- Soldier and the Hunchback, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 113
- Solomon. *See* Temple.
- Sorites (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 142
- Soul Hunter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 119
- Sphinx at Gizeh, The (*Lord Dunsany*), II, 205
- Stepney (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 129
- Stewed Prunes and Prism (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 393
- Syllabus of the Official Instructions of A.: A.: hitherto published, A (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 41
- Tango, The (*Mary d'Este Sturges* and *Aleister Crowley*), IX, 295
- Tarot (editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 143
- Tell-Tale Heart, The (Adapted by *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 131
- Temple, In the (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 352
- Temple of Solomon the King, The, Parts I-IV (*J. F. C. Fuller*, documents supplied by *Aleister Crowley*), I, 141; II, 217; III, 133; IV, 41
- Temple of Solomon the King, The, Parts V-X (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 65; VII, 355; VIII, 5; IX, 1; X, 91
- Testament of Magdalen Blair, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 137
- Thelema (Music by *Laylah Waddell*, homage preliminary, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, xxvii
- Thief-taker, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 291
- Three Poems (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, xxxvii
- Three Poems for Jane Cheron (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 41
- Three Worms, The (*Edward Storer*), IV, 317
- Threnody, (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 65
- "Titanic," The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 47
- Todd, Mr. (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 209
- Training of the Mind, The (*Allan Bennett*), V, 28
- Tresure-Trove, A Literatooralooral (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 49
- Vampire, The (*Ethel Archer*), V, 143
- Violin, Apollo bestows the (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 244
- Violinist, Lines to a Young Lady (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 13
- Violinist, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 277
- Vitriol Thrower, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 103
- Vixen, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 125
- Waite's Wet (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 233
- Weight, Dead (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 211
- Wild Ass, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 201
- Winds, The Four (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 179
- Wisdom While You Waite (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 133
- Wizard Way, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 37
- Woodcutter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 79
- Worms, The Three (*Edward Storer*), IV, 317
- X-rays on Ex-Probationers (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 142
- Yarker, John, In Memoriam ("Grand Secretary M.:M.:M.:"), X, xix
- Young Lady Violinist, Lines to a (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 13
- Zircon, Professor (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 91

REVIEWS

PSEUDONYMS

Crowley—

A. C.
Christabel Wharton.
Ethel Ramsay.
Ariel.
A. Quiller (only in 'The Open Road').
The Author of 'Rosa Mundi.'
N.
O. Dhammaloyu.
Ananda Viggā.
J. Mc. C.
Fra. O. M.
H. K. T.
Francis Bendick.
A Quiller, Junior.
Doris Leslie ('Baby').
'C.'
Hilda Norfolk.
Elaine Carr.
Martial Nay.
Edward Kelley.
Perdurabo.
D. Carr.
Caligula II.
Boleskine.
Jonathan Hutchinson, natu minimus.
Dost Achiha Khan.
Super Sinistram.
Sherlock Holmes.
Professor Jacobus Imperator.
Percy Flage.
Leo Viridis.
Alice L. Foote.
Probationer.
H. G.

Crowley—

Tarr M. B.
Mohammed.
M. W.
Georgos.
Cantab.
O. H.
Laura Graham.
L. T.
Leo.
Eric Tait.
M. Tupper.
Nick Lamb.
Abhavananda.
A. L.
Felix.
Barbey de Rochechouart.
Mary d'Este.
Marechal de Cambronne.
Π
Candlestick.
Panurge.
John Masefield, Junior.
Diogenes.
David Thomas.
K. S. I.
St. Maurice E. Kulm.
Lemuel S. Innocent.
Morpheus.
K. H. A. K.

Cap. Fuller—

J. F. C. F.
Antoinette Bouvignon.
F.

REVIEWS

Cap. Fuller—
 Bathshebah Tina
 Methusalah.
 A. Quiller.
 Sam Hardy.
 Alicia de Gruys.
 H₂S.
 B. Rashith.
 Vishnu.
 Elias Ashmole.
 A. Q.

Norman Roe—
 Norman Roe.

"*Neuburg* ---"
 V. B. Neuburg.
 V. B. N.
 Victor.

R. N. Warren—
 R. N. W.

George Raffalovich—
 George Raffalovich.

E. J. Wieland—
 E. J. Wieland.
 Bunco.
 E. le Roux.

Ethel Archer—
 Ethel Archer.

John Yarker—
 John Yarker, 33° 90°, 97°.

E. Whineray, M. P. S.—
 E. Whineray, M. P. S.

Herbert Close—
 Meredith Starr.

Mary Bey—
 Mary d'Este.

Elizabeth Gwendolen Otter—
 E. G. O.

A. C. Hobbs—
 A. C. Hobbs.

UNSIGNED REVIEWS

A Modern Reading of St. Francis of Assisi—
Crowley. R. P. A. Annual, 1910—*Fuller.*

After Death, What?—*Crowley.*

Buddhist Review—*Crowley.*

Captain Margaret—*Crowley.*

Contemporary Psychology—*Crowley.*

Evolution from Nebula to Man—*Fuller.*

Kant's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer—*Fuller.*

Life of John Dee—*Fuller.*

Little Books of Selections of the Children of the Light—*Crowley.*

Meister Eckhart's Sermons—*Crowley.*

Outlines of Psychology: Introduction to Philosophy—*Neuburg.*

Seen and Unseen—*Crowley.*

The Arcana of Nature—*Crowley.*

The Hand of God—*Fuller.*

The Literary Guide and Rationalist's Review—*Crowley.*

The Martyrdom of Ferrer—*Fuller.*

The Message of Psychic Science to the World—*Crowley.*

The Mystery of Existence—*Crowley.*

The Philosophy and Fun of Algebra—*Crowley.*

The Quest—*Crowley.*

The Super-Sensual Life—*Crowley.*

The Workshop of Religion—*Crowley.*

The Worship of Satan in Modern France—*Crowley.*

NOW READY

SIR PALAMEDE THE SARACEN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX IV

PRICE 5/-

“Much vigorous imagination.”—*Times*.

“. . . his genius, be its origin celestial or infernal, is considerably to our liking; he can write angelic poetry and devilish good prose, a cloud of exotic scholarship trailing over the whole, and suffused now and then by lightning-like gleams of mirth and snappiness.”—*English Review*.

“The poet’s impassioned imagination and fancy move untrammelled throughout this metrical romance.”—*Publishers’ Circular*.

LOOK OUT! FOR THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

AHA!

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX III

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY

READY IN APRIL

Price 5/-

WIELAND & CO

Telephone: 2632 Kensington.

*PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET.*



*To be had
of The Equinox,
33 Avenue Studios
76 Fulham Road
South Kensington
S.W.
and through all
Booksellers*

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King.)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective treatise
extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon.

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE.

NOW READY

PRICE ONE SHILLING

HAIL MARY!

BY ALEISTER
CROWLEY

The "Daily Mail" says—"This is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns & Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging naïveté, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."

Father Kent writes in "The Tablet"—"Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The roof of David shoots a stem.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)

"She lies alone amid the kine.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The straw is fragrant as with wine.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes—"The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says—"To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse: it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says—"Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail Mary.' This little book is best described here as a collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says—"In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each—thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

The "Catholic Herald" says—"This anonymous volume of religious verse reaches a very high level of poetic imagery. It is a series of hymns in honour of Our Lady, invariably expressed in melodious verse. The pitfalls of religious verse are bathos and platitudes, but these the sincerity of the writer and a certain mastery over poetic expression have enabled him—our her—to avoid. The writer of such verse as the following may be complimented on a very high standard of poetic expression:

"The shadows fall about the way;

Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;

The soul clings feebly to the clay,

For that, the void; for this, the tomb!"

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;

Her perfect face dispels the fears.

She charms Her melancholy knight

Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume

Do thou receive this falling breath,

And with Thy starry lamp illumine

The darkling corridors of death!"

The "Catholic Times" says—"The 'Amphora' is a collection of poems in honour of our Blessed Lady. They are arranged in four books, each of which contains thirteen pieces. Thus with the prologue there are fifty-three poems in all. Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, which cannot but do good to the pious soul."

The "Staffordshire Chronicle" says—"Under this title there has appeared an anonymous volume of verses breathing the same exotic fragrance of Rossetti's poem on Our Lady that begins 'Mother of the fair delight.' There is the same intense pre-Raphaelite atmosphere, the same aesthetic revelling in Catholic mysticism, the same rich imagery and gorgeous word-colouring that pervade the poetic works of that nineteenth-century artist. A valuable addition to the poetic literature on the Mother of our Lord."

The "Guardian" says—"The devotional fervour of 'Amphora' will make them acceptable to those who address their worship to the Blessed Mother of the Christ. The meaning of the title of the book is not very obvious. It cannot surely have anything to do with the lines in Horace, 'Amphora coepit,' etc."

The "Catholic Times" says—"As far as we can gather from his other works, the author is not a Catholic, perhaps not even, strictly speaking, a Christian; but here we have page after page of most exquisite praise of Her, whom Wordsworth greeted as 'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' until one marvels at the fecundity of concept, imagery, and fit expression."

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London, S.W.
TELEPHONE: 2632 Kensington.

RIDERS' New and Forthcoming Publications

~~~~~

## SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE, OR THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL

By SYDNEY T. KLEIN. Crown 8vo, 183 pp. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS IN EIGHT VIEWS.—Clearing the Approach. The Vision. Mysticism and Symbolism. Love in Action. The Physical Film. Space. Time. Creation.

“This book is of an importance which I think it would be hard to overrate. The two main religious tendencies of to-day are towards Science and Mysticism. Mr. Klein writes the two. . . . Mr. Klein undermines our naive belief in Time and Space, and shows that to perfect knowledge there is only Here and Now. The Universe is a single instantaneous phenomenon. This conclusion is identical with that reached by the Mystic in the first of the really high trances, and with the doctrine taught in the more advanced schools of Shavism. We cannot too highly praise the manner whereby the ordinary educated mind is led to a perception of the Truth through simple and incontrovertible intellectual methods.”—A. E. CROWLEY, in the *English Review*.

## ANIMAL GHOSTS. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. Author of “Byways of Ghostland,” etc.

Crown 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d. net.

The author brings forward many stories and instances in support of the contention that animals may reasonably be considered as participating in a future existence.

## THE VAMPIRE. An Occult Romance. By REGINALD HODDER. Author of “The Daughter of the Dawn,” etc. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 6s.

## CARD-READING. Practical Methods of Divination by Cards, clearly explained by MINETTA.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

## THE VITAL BALANCE. A Short Survey of some of the More Important Aspects of Health. By ALBERT GRESSWELL, M.A., M.D. (Oxon), M.R.C.V.S., and GEORGE GRESSWELL, M.A. (Oxon), L.R.C.P., S.E. Author of “An Examination of the Theory of Evolution,” and other works. 2s. net.

CONTENTS. I. Physical Health. II. Mental Health. III. Spiritual Health.

Every aspect of health is carefully surveyed and practically dealt with in the pages of this small volume in a manner that should ensure wide popularity and utility.

## THE GROWTH OF A SOUL. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d. net.

A sequel to this famous writer's autobiographical work, “The Son of a Servant.”

## THE KABALA OF NUMBERS. PART II. By SEPHARIAL. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s. 6d. net.

Further considerations of the significance and predictive value of numbers, and methods of applying Kabalistic theories to numerical processes.

(Cheap Edition. Now Ready.)

## DEATH: ITS CAUSES AND PHENOMENA. By HERWARD CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. Ornamental black cloth gilt, 8½ in. x 5½ in., 552 pp. 5s. net.

### SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

PREFACE. PART I. *Physiological*.—The Scientific Aspect of Life and Death. The Signs of Death. Trance, Catalepsy, Suspended Animation, etc. Premature Burial. Cremation, Mummification. The Causes of Death. Old Age: Its Scientific Study. Conclusions.

PART II. *Historical*.—I. Man's Theories of Immortality. II. The Philosophical Aspect of Death and Immortality. III The Theological Aspect of Death and Immortality. IV. The Common Arguments for Immortality.

PART III. *Psychological*.—Introductory. The Moment of Death. Visions of the Dying. Death described from beyond the Veil. Experiments in Photographing and Weighing the Soul. The Testimony of Science—On the Intra-Cosmic Difficulties of Communication. Conclusions. Appendices. Bibliography. Index.

“An extraordinarily interesting book.”—*Truth*.

“Proved evidence as to the persistence of individual consciousness and personal identity which merits consideration.”—*Sunday Times*.

“Our authors have maintained an admirably detached attitude . . . Mr. Carrington's theory will stand many tests of application in the light of our present knowledge.”—*Westminster Gazette*.

*Riders' Complete Catalogue of Works in Mysticism, Occult Science and Psychology will be forwarded Post Free on application.*

---

---

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

# RIDER'S AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

~~~~~

(Now Ready.)

THE OCCULT ARTS. An examination of the claims made for the existence and practice of supernatural powers, and an attempted justification of some of them by the conclusions of the researches of modern science. By J. W. FRINGS. Crown 8vo, 236 pp. cloth gilt. 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.—Introductory. Alchemy. Astrology. Psychometry. Telepathy. Clairvoyance. Spiritism. Hypnotism. Geomancy. Palmistry. Omens and Oracles. Conclusion. Bibliography.

(Now Ready.)

REINCARNATION. A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. WALKER. Crown 8vo, 350 + xiv pp. Cloth gilt, gilt tops. 3s. 6d. net.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.—Introduction. What is Reincarnation? Evidences of Reincarnation. Reincarnation among the Ancients—in the Bible—in early Christendom—in the East to-day. Esoteric Oriental Reincarnation. Transmigration through Animals. Death. Heaven and Hell. Karma the Companion truth of Reincarnation. Conclusion. Bibliography. Index.

A careful and thorough examination of the evidence for and against the theory of Reincarnation, and an able study of the influence of the theory on the thought of yesterday and to-day.

(Cheap Edition. Now Ready.)

HYPNOTISM: Its History, Practice and Theory. By J. MILNE BRAMWELL, M.B., C.M. Author of "Hypnotism and Treatment by Suggestion." Demy 8vo. Cloth gilt. 12s. 6d. net.

This important book, unanimously regarded by students as the standard work on Hypnotism, is offered at a price which should command a larger public than it has hitherto reached.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

In preparation. Crown 8vo. Probable price 3s. 6d. net.

CAMBRIDGE POETS 1900-1913

AN ANTHOLOGY

Chosen by AELFRIDA TILLYARD

The Volume will contain selections from the works of—

ALEISTER CROWLEY

John Alford
E. N. da C. Andrade
Martin D. Armstrong
Rupert Brooke
"Richard Buxton" (E. Buxton Shanks)
Archibald Young Campbell
Amy K. Clarke
Frances Cornford (nee Darwin)
Norman Davey
Dermot Freyer
J. Elroy Flecker
Arthur Grimble
H. L. Hubbard
G. Leathem
Marjorie Mines (nee Rolfe)
Harold Monro

Hugh Owen Meredith
Constantine Michaelides (C. Graham)
Victor Neuburg
Gerald H. S. Pinset
"John Presland" (Mrs. Skelton)
A. V. Ratcliffe
Eric M. Silvanus
Jean Isabel Smith
J. C. Squire
Frank W. Stokoe
Aelfrida Tillyard (Mrs. Constantine Graham)
Edmund Vale
Olwen Ward (Mrs. Archibald Campbell)
Iolo Aneurism Williams
Enid Welsford
Esme C. Wingfield-Stratford

Cambridge: W. HEFFER & SONS, Ltd.

A. CROWLEY'S WORKS

The volumes here listed are all of definite occult and mystical interest and importance.

The Trade may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W. (Tel.: 2632 Kensington) and

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Public may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 3 Great James Street, W.C.

Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.

Mr. F. Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

And through all Booksellers.

ACELDAMA. Crown 8vo, 29 pp., £2 2s. net.

Of this rare pamphlet less than 10 copies remain. It is Mr. Crowley's earliest and in some ways most striking mystical work.

JEPHTHAH AND OTHER MYSTERIES, LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. Demy 8vo, boards, pp. xxii. + 223, 7s. 6d. net.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. Pp. x. + 109. A new edition. 3s. 6d. net.

These two volumes breathe the pure semi-conscious aspiration of the soul, and express the first glimmerings of the light.

THE SOUL OF OSIRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. ix. + 129, 5s. net.

A collection of lyrics, illustrating the progress of the soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

TANNHAUSER. Demy 4to, pp. 142, 15s. net.

The progress of the soul in dramatic form.

BERASHITH. 4to, china paper, pp. 24, 5s. net.

Only a few copies remain. An illuminating essay on the universe, reconciling the conflicting systems of religion.

THE GOD-EATER. Crown 4to, pp. 32, 2s. 6d. net.

A striking dramatic study of the origins of religions.

THE SWORD OF SONG. Post 4to, pp. ix + 194, printed in red and black, decorative wrapper, 20s. net.

This is the author's first most brilliant attempt to base the truths of mysticism on the truths of scepticism. It contains also an enlarged amended edition of "Berashith," and an Essay showing the striking parallels and identities between the doctrines of Modern Science and those of Buddhism.

GARGOYLES. Pott 8vo, pp. vi. + 113, 5s. net.

ORACLES. Demy 8vo, pp. viii. + 176, 5s. net.

Some of Mr. Crowley's finest mystical lyrics are in these collections.

KONX OM PAX. See advertisement.

Collected Works (Travellers' Edition). Extra crown 8vo, India paper, 3 vols. in one, pp. 808 + Appendices. Vellum, green ties, with portraits, £3 3s.; white buckram, without portraits, £2 2s.

This edition contains "Qabalistic Dogma," "Time," "The Excluded Middle," "Eleusis," and other matters of the highest occult importance which are not printed elsewhere.

AMBERGRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. 200, 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

A selection of lyrics, containing some of great mystical beauty.

POETRY AND DRAMA

No. 1

March 1913

CONTENTS

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ARTICLES

Personal Explanation	<i>Harold Monro</i>	A Note on John Webster	
The National Anthem	<i>Algar Thorold</i>		<i>Rupert Brooke</i>
The Greek Genius	<i>A. Romney Green</i>	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	<i>Edward Thomas</i>
Shakespeare and Mr. Granville Barker	<i>Leonard Inkster</i>	The Theatre in Whitechapel	<i>J. Rodker</i>

CRITICISM

Georgian Poetry 1911-12		Anthologies: Good and Bad	
Reviews	<i>Henry Newbolt</i>	Dramatic Chronicle	<i>Richard Buxton</i>
		French Chronicle	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i>
			<i>F. S. Flint</i>

POETRY

Maurice Hewlett	James Elroy Flecker	Lancelles Abercrombie	Michael Mecredy
-----------------	---------------------	-----------------------	-----------------

CONTENTS

No. 2

June 1913

VARIA

Poetry and the Public—The Imagistes—A Censorship on Poetasters—A National Theatre—Molière as Antidote—Experiments with Puppets—Sumurun—Mermaid Nights—Literary Dishonesty—A Futurist Number of POETRY AND DRAMA—The Death of the Poet Laureate—Particulars of POETRY AND DRAMA.

POETRY

Emile Verhaeren	Rabindranath Tagore	Harold Monro	John Helston
Victor Plarr	John Drinkwater	Henry Simpson	

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS

Emile Verhaeren: An Appreciation	<i>Michael T. H. Sadler</i>	John Donne	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>
Thomas Hardy of Dorchester	<i>Edward Thomas</i>	The Greek Genius (II)	<i>A. Romney Green</i>
		A Model Anthology	<i>J. C. Squire</i>

CHRONICLES

Current English Poetry	<i>The Editor</i>	French Chronicle	<i>F. S. Flint</i>
Dramatic Chronicle	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	Italian Chronicle	<i>Arundel del Re</i>

REVIEWS

The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse—The Poetical Works of George Meredith—Poems New and Old: Henry Newbolt—Love-Poems and Others: D. H. Lawrence—The Venturers: Vivian Locke Ellis—Lyrics: Lady Margaret Sackville—A Boy's Will: Robert Frost—Death and the Princess: Frances Cornford—Songs of Alban: E. S. Lorimer—Narcissus: Edward Storer—The Book of Lies: Frater Perdurabo—The Agate Lamp: Eva Gore-Booth—Agnus Dei: Nancy Campbell.

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS [Annotated]

¶ *Poetry and Drama* is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

With a Cover specially designed by E. J. WIELAND;
a Dedicatory Sonnet by VICTOR B. NEUBURG; and an
Introduction by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET

"This is a whirlpool, and no mistake; a witches' cauldron wherein suns and stars and souls, and Lilith and Sappho, and 'whispering hair,' and corpses and poppies, jostle one another in a heaving brew of iridescent, quasi-putrescent, ultra-modernity. Quite good reading all the same. Take p. 44:— And we must thank the mysterious V. B. N. for a really inspired line—

'Thou lyric laughter of the enfranchised male.'

. . . . The naughty new 'male' smashing our windows with his inverted commas . . . unless, indeed, as Mr. Aleister Crowley authoritatively hints in his sacerdotal preface, . . . But the time, we think, is hardly ripe for such disclosures, although the more intelligent among us may have seen a certain Writing upon the Wall, setting forth, in clearest language, that $1 + 1 = 3$.—*The English Review*.

"Poems by a new writer who possesses imaginative gifts of unusual quality. Miss Archer's poems are both mystical and realistic, and they bear traces of having been to some extent influenced by the work of Mr. Aleister Crowley, but without losing an originality which is entirely their own."—*T. P.'s Weekly*."

"This book has all the defects and none of the qualities of Mr. Crowley's work. . . . Miss Ethel Archer misses everything. There is no *élan* in the work. She has none of the happy fluency of her master, and it requires much to carry off the cumbrous apparatus of esoteric epithets with which she is burdened. Miss Archer's mechanical abnormalities are ridiculous; she has mistaken jingle for music and incomprehensibility for passion. . . . The world will not willingly let it die."—*Vanity Fair*.

"On the cover a naked woman is riding a bat over a whirlpool; craggy white mountains are behind her and a red sky behind all. There is a fine fierceness of movement in the design; it is certainly good. Mr. Aleister Crowley introduces Miss Archer briefly but splendidly, with phrases of this sort: 'We find such rime-webs as abaaaab-babbba . . . , more exquisite than all the arabesques of the Alhambra.' . . . It is all very splendid. . . . We feel dreadfully sensible of our outer darkness. Coming to Miss Archer's poetry we are obliged to notice her debt to Swinburne, yet we find it, on the whole, good. . . . The colour is very strong; the shades of thought are clear, and often subtle. . . . The uninitiated may certainly recognise great strength of conviction in Miss Archer, even if they cannot or do not wish to appreciate it."—*The Poetry Review*.

"Several of these unpleasant phantasies are reprinted from the *Equinox*, and there is an introduction by Aleister Crowley, in which he says this book is the hell of sterile passion glowing in the heart of the hell of desolation."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"There is a resemblance in much of Miss Archer's verse to the sensuous school of English poetry, and it has the same lyrical power. Love in its various forms is the theme of her songs, and she expresses her thoughts in vivid words. The portrayal of the intensity of personal feeling with an unguarded freedom, is that which a student of pre-Raphaelite poetry would naturally acquire. (Our reviewer's guarded remarks lead us to suppose he means that 'The Whirlpool' is rather 'hot water.'—ED.)—*Publishers' Circular*.

"Moralists with no pretensions to severity will frown at the sentiments conveyed in the poem 'To Lilith.' . . . 'Reverie,' 'Midsummer Morn,' and 'Sleep,' are really beautiful poems. . . ."—*Westminster Review*.

"Full, at any rate, of high artistic endeavour is Miss Ethel Archer's 'The Whirlpool.' There is a strong sense of classical beauty and of form in these passionate and exotic verses. 'The Felon Flower' is an extraordinary rhapsody, and the 'Song to Leila' is delicate and highly wrought."—*The Commentator*.

"The verse is musical and the ideas profound. . ."—*Light*

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

*Now ready. Order through The Equinox, or of
any Bookseller.*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN.

POEMS By VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

This volume, containing many poems,—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished—besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies: Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

"Not everyone will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman*.

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotonies of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion*.

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader*.

"A charming volume of poems . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light*.

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times*.

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian*.

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy*.

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From first to last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander*.

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Sheer ennui is apt to say 'morbid,' and have done with it. . . . But here is Mr. Neuburg, with real literary and temperamental gifts . . . but it is not honest to deny that he is actually straying here and there upon the borders of a definite region of consciousness; that the evil and power he acclaim and fears have a phantom existence. . . ."—*Westminster Gazette*.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES—Continued

"A volume of no ordinary ability . . . real beauty."—*Advocate of India*.

" . . . His poems are a mystery beyond the comprehension of the uninitiate. But we can appreciate the beauty of their sound, and envy those lovers in distant countries who will apparently enjoy the meaning. . . ."—*English Review*.

"By a big Pot, no doubt."—*John Bull*.

"The Triumph of Pan' contains poems alive with music and rich in thought. Mr. Neuburg writes with distinction, and the book, from first to last, is one which lovers of poetry will appreciate."—"*Standard*."

" . . . full of the throbbing fever of life which one cannot confine into measure on all occasions.

"The Triumph of Pan' is full of sonorous lines, with wonderful word pictures and poetic imagery which has seldom been excelled. . . ."—*American Register*."

" . . . Many beautiful passages in the volume . . . strange allusions to unpleasant gods, and the imagery is occasionally repellent.

"The tremendous conception of that 'world so wide' . . . at his best in some of the shorter poems . . . stirring rhythm.

" . . . we linger with delight over the splendid line—

"The murmurous song of the morning star, aflame o'er the birth of day."

" . . . Melodious and plaintive with a haunting rhythm . . . vivid and pictorial . . . a painter's vision as well as a poet's ear . . . a fine simile in 'Osiris' is all his own."—*Co-Mason*.

" . . . a delirious music . . . the majority of them [the poems] trouble the reader by giving the impression that a deep meaning lies behind the embroidered veil of words to which he is unable to penetrate; others again seem to suggest events of too intimate and personal a nature to have a general application or interest . . . mixed metaphors—erratic visualisation. . . ."—*Theosophy in Scotland*.

"Passion and pain, 'red desire' and 'red roses' are frequent motifs in Mr. V. B. Neuburg's 'Triumph of Pan' ('The Equinox' Office), much of which merits the ambiguous distinction of being unusual. Though by no means deficient in originality, vigour or imaginative power, his verse is too often cumbered with the fantastic symbols of a species of erotic mysticism, into which we feel no desire to probe; while the lack of reticence consistently displayed constitutes an artistic blemish not lightly to be excused. The author's serene confidence in the immortality of his lays would be better justified were he to make some attempt to discriminate between the gold and the rubbish, and, incidentally, refraining from penning such grotesqueness as is contained, for example, in 'The Sunflower,' where we are informed how, among other portents—

"a greater god arose,

And stole the earth by standing on his toes

And blowing through the air.'

"It is difficult to believe that the persons to whom certain poems are inscribed will experience any very lively gratification at the compliment."—*Athenaeum*.

" . . . really notable fluency and fecundity of expression. . . . He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually termed 'strong meat.' . . . his dedicatory poem is the one that fascinates me most. It is a tender little lyric, delicate, iridescent, fragrant as a summer dawn. I take the liberty of quoting it in full. . . ."—*New Age*.

"Fie, Mr. Neuburg! . . . a most regrettable collection of songs that deal with unrestrained affection. . . . There's no denying they are first-rate verse."—PERCY FLAGE in *The Equinox*.

" . . . We are dazzled and dazzled by a foaming rainbow-hued torrent of impassioned words. We are struck by the wealth and boldness of the imagery, and the facility of mechanical execution. . . . It is brilliant work . . . one is bound to admire the cleverness of it all."—*Literary Guide*.

" . . . In the author of the present collection of poems . . . we have a veritable twentieth-century mystic and apostle of ecstasy who, according to his dedication, gives his songs—

"By the sign that is black and forbidden,

By the word that is uttered no more.'

"The Triumph of Pan,' from which the book borrows its title, is a remarkable sequence of some forty 'philosophic and ecstatic' stanzas . . . he would also seem to 'hold opinion with Pythagoras' although we question if even Nietzsche himself could quite fathom the undercurrent of the lay. . . . Despite occasional extravagances in thought and in diction his work is that of a cultured scholar, his verbal artistry undeniably inspired with the true spirit of poetry. Whether he sings of 'Violet skies all rimmed in tune,' of red ravens, of purple kisses, of silver stars 'crested with amber melody,' or of the 'rhythmic sway of the idle moon,' he is always musical albeit, like Wagner, whose effects he now and then distinctly recalls, often utterly unintelligible. . . . In striking contrast to the chaste and serenely beautiful 'Diana Rides' . . . are no less than twenty-two audaciously passionate love-lyrics inscribed not only to one Olivia Vane, but also, curiously enough to her 'other' lover."—*The Gambolier*.

"He has arrived. . . .

"Mr. Neuburg's work is partly mystical and partly of the flesh. . . . Quite frankly, some of his work we do not at all understand. This applies notably to his 'Music-Pictures,' which 'were obtained under the direct influence of music.' 'This,' the poet naively tells us, 'may explain their apparent inconsequence.' . . . he is much more than a minor poet. He can and will yet accomplish great work. . . . His ingenious rhyming capacity sometimes almost startles one. In the choice of some of its subjects he is daring—greatly daring. . . . His genius is undoubted; and the world has a lot yet to hear of and from this gifted singer."—*Greater London Illustrated*.

"If he rejects this mask, Mr. Neuburg may become a poet."—*Rhythm*.

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW READY

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and through "THE EQUINOX"

* *

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

DR. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

Household Gods

A COMEDY

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

Privately Printed by the Chiswick Press
and bound in White Buckram with Gold Lettering

PRICE HALF A GUINEA

Copies may be obtained on application to the Author
at the offices of "The Equinox"

Thirty copies of the Sketch of
ALEISTER CROWLEY by AUGUS-
TUS JOHN have been pulled on
Special Paper, and are for sale,
framed, at the Price of One Guinea
Net. Application should be made
at once to the Offices of this
Magazine

To be obtained of
THE EQUINOX,
33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.
TELEPHONE 2632 KENSINGTON

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64.

Price 10s net.

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised
to one guinea net.

A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASS B.

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

WILLIAM NORTHAM

Robemaker,

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand

TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.: A.: and its adepts and aspirants.

No.	0.	PROBATIONER'S ROBE	£5 0 0
	1.	„ „ superior quality	7 0 0
	2.	NEOPHYTE'S	6 0 0
	3.	ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2	1 0 0
	4.	PRACTICUS „ „ 3	1 0 0
	5.	PHILOSOPHUS „ „ 4	1 0 0
	6.	DOMINUS LIMINIS „ „ 5	1 0 0
	7.	ADEPTUS (without) „ „ 0 OF I	3 0 0
	8.	„ (within)	10 0 0
	9.	ADEPTUS MAJOR	10 0 0
	10.	ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS	10 0 0
	11.	MAGISTER TEMPLI	50 0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cop embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

A GREEN GARLAND

BY

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover. 2s. 6d. net.

“As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg’s poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse.”—*The Morning Post*.

“There is a certain given power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as ‘The Dream’ and ‘the Recall,’ and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste.”—*The Daily Telegraph*.

“Here is a poet of promise.”—*The Daily Chronicle*.

“It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book.”—*The Morning Leader*.

“There is promise and some fine lines in these verses.”—*The Times*.

To be obtained of
PROBSTHAIN & CO.

44 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And all Booksellers

WIELAND & CO.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN

BY

ALBERT CHURCHWARD

“The book is in every sense a great book.”—*Equinox*.

PRICE 13/6 NET

A. COLIN LUNN

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 Bridge Street; 19 King's Parade,

and 31 Trinity Street, Cambridge.

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes.

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1 A.—“*A Connoisseur's Cigarette.*” These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge.

WIELAND & CO.

Beg to announce that they can now supply the various OILS, PERFUMES UNGUENTS, ESSENCES, INCENSES, etc., and other products useful to members of the lower grades of the A.: A.:

ALEISTER CROWLEY'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS

OIL OF ABRAMELIN	2/6 per oz.
ABRAMELIN INCENSE	10/- per lb.
SALEM INCENSE	8/- „
VENUS INCENSE	18/- „
DITTANY INCENSE.	7/- „
OPOPONAX INCENSE	16/- „
UNGUENTVM SABBATI	17/6 per oz.

RUTHAH, the Perfume of Immortality, 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle

The special Incense always used by H. P. Blavatsky. Prepared from the receipt given by an intimate friend and colleague. 11/- per lb.

Cash in all Cases must accompany Order

ALL GOODS POST FREE

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW WORKS

IN PREPARATION

SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH
A Contribution to the Personal Note in Literature

THE NEW DIANA
A History. With other Poems, and some Translations

THE CHANGELING
A Fairy Play

ROSA IGNOTA
An Essay in Mysticism

HEINE'S LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO
A Complete Translation, with a Prose Preface

SONGS OF THE DECADENCE
New Lyrics

THE BOOK OF LIES

WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED

BREAKS

THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS OF THE ONE THOUGHT OF
FRATER PERDURABO
 WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF UNTRUE

“ Break, break, break

At the foot of thy stones, O Sea!
 And I would that I could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me!”

CONTENTS

o o

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Sabbath of the Goat. 2. The Cry of the Hawk. 3. The Oyster. 4. Peaches. 5. The Battle of the Ants 6. Caviar. 7. The Dinosaurs. 8. Steeped Horsehair. 9. The Branks. 10. Windlestraws. 11. The Glow-Worm. 12. The Dragon-Flies. 13. Pilgrim-Talk. 14. Onion-Peelings. 15. The Gun-Barrel. 16. The Stag-Beetle. 17. The Swan. 18. Dewdrops. 19. The Leopard and the Deer. 20. Samson. 21. The Blind Webster. 22. The Despot. 23. Skidoo! 24. The Hawk and the Blindworm. 25. THE STAR RUBY. 26. The Elephant and the Tortoise. 27. The Sorcerer. 28. The Pole-Star. 29. The Southern Cross. 30. John-a-Dreams. 31. The Garotte. 32. The Mountaineer. 33. BAPHOMET. 34. The Smoking Dog. 35. Venus of Milo. 36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE. 37. Dragons. 38. Lambskin. 39. The Looby. 40. The HIMOG. 41. Corn Beef Hash. 42. Dust-Devils. 43. Mulberry Tops. 44. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX. 45. Chinese Music. 46. Buttons and Rosettes. 47. Windmill-Words. 48. Mome Raths. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 49. WARATAH-BLOSSOMS. 50. The Vigil of St. Hubert. 51. Terrier Work. 52. The Bull-Baiting. 53. The Dowser. 54. Eaves-Droppings. 55. The Drooping Sunflower. 56. Trouble with Twins. 57. The Duck-Billed Platypus. 58. Haggai-Howlings. 59. The Tailless Monkey. 60. The Wound of Amfortas. 61. The Fool's Knot. 62. Twig? 63. Margery Daw. 64. Constancy. 65. Sic Transeat— 66. The Praying Mantis. 67. Sodom-Apples. 68. Manna. 69. The Way to Succeed—and the Way to Suck Eggs! 70. Broomstick-Babblings. 71. King's College Chapel. 72. Hashed Pheasant. 73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the Orphan Child. 74. Carey Street. 75. Plover's Eggs. 76. Phaeton. 77. THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEP-TENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-GOAT ALSO. 78. Wheel and—Woa! 79. The Bal Bullier. 80. Blackthorn. 81. Louis Lingg. 82. Bortsch: also Imperial Purple (and A PUNIC WAR). 83. The Blind Pig. 84. The Avalanche. 85. Borborygmi. 86. TAT. 87. Mandarin-Meals. 88. Gold Bricks. 89. Unprofessional Conduct. 90. Starlight. 91. The Heikle. |
|--|--|

PRICE ONE GUINEA

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London, S.W.

THE BOOK OF LIES. WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED BREAKS

By Frater Perdurabo. (Wieland & Co., 21s.)

Poetry and Drama says: Creation and destruction of Gods has been for centuries mankind's favourite religious mania and philosophical exercise. "The Book of Lies" is a witty, instructive, and wholly admirable collection of paradoxes, in themselves contradictory, summing up and illustrating various experiments in God-making. Frater Perdurabo, however, has not written a philosophical or mystical treatise; on the contrary, his book leaves one with a feeling of intense exhilaration and clearheadedness. The book cannot be judged by the mere reading of excerpts; nor can it be read straight through. Indeed, if one is really desirous to appreciate its subtleties, this should not be attempted before 12 p.m. To be carried about and discussed at leisure, to annoy, repel, stimulate, puzzle and interest, are evidently some few of its functions. Stupendously idiotic and amazingly clever, it is at the same time the quintessence of paradox and simplicity itself; yet when all this is said one is still far from the core, for just when one thinks to have discovered it, one finds that many obvious beauties of thought and expression have been overlooked, others misinterpreted. Sometimes one is even doubtful if the author himself could translate into definite terms the exact meaning of his aphorisms and paradoxes without detracting from the value of the book as artistic expression of the personality. This is, however, an individual appreciation. "The Book of Lies" will be interpreted differently by each reader and judged accordingly.—A. d. R.

The New Witness says: I have read with great care two very extraordinary books for which one Frater Perdurabo is partly or wholly responsible, "The Book of Lies," and "Book Four," both published by Messrs. Wieland & Co., Avenue Studios, South Kensington. "Book Four" is sold for a shilling, but "The Book of Lies" is evidently far more precious, for though its wisdom fills only 116 small black-edged pages, it is not obtainable for less than a guinea. Allow me to reproduce its name and description in full (*done*)

Now that, I thought, was rather pleasant, but looking on I perceived that these breaks could not be profitable to me without a severe intellectual preparation. I turned to "Book Four," and there I read: "this book is intentionally *not* the work of Frater Perdurabo. Experience shows that his writing is too concentrated, too abstruse, too occult for ordinary minds to apprehend." "Book Four" seems intended as a kind of introduction to the "Book of Lies." It has also other objects. It tells one, for example, how to procure certain of the very interesting works of Mr. Aleister Crowley for the insignificant sum of 6 guineas, 31 dollars, or 156 francs. It tells one, also, how to approach the throne of the Brother, how to gain a spiritual power not unlike his, although he is anxious, being "the most honest of all the great religious teachers," that nobody shall believe him. Hoping some day to be able to write little books that should sell for a guinea apiece, and also to understand "The Book of Lies," I set myself vehemently to the study of "Book Four." I experimented with "the seven keys to the great gate," though I admit my ambition led me to concentrate my energies chiefly on "Meditation," as Soror Virakam says that this, as described in "Book Four," is "The Way of Attainment of Genius or Godhead considered as a development of the human Brain." Genius or Godhead; either would suit me well. I will not describe my experiments in detail but rather their results, which were a very bad cold in the head, and a few words of poetry which I am informed are worthy of Shakespeare and were indeed used by him in his noblest tragedy.

Facing page 25 of "Book Four" is a photograph of a man naked sitting on the floor hugging his shins and hiding his face in his knees. I observed it with reverence, for it might perhaps represent Frater Perdurabo himself, whom I have not the honour of knowing by sight. Opposite the picture I read: "The Student must now set his teeth and go through with it."

I set my teeth. I went through with it, and, perhaps because February is a rather wintry month, there resulted first the Shakespearean words and secondly a very bad catarrh. The words were these:—

"Poor Tom. . . . Tom's a-cold."

If any should doubt the Shakespearean nature of this inspiration, my informant, who knows the works of that great master, refers to the Tragedy of Lear, Act iii. Scene 4.

Frater Perdurabo has not been so fortunate. Indeed, I fear that though his method lifted me to Shakespeare's level in "Genius or Godhead" it played its inventor false. Perhaps two or three or even more "ways of attainment" clashed with each other. Or—and with reverence must we contemplate this possibility—Frater Perdurabo attained too much. He put himself so vigorously in motion towards his goal that he overshot it and was carried past the common godhead or genius and hurled into something far beyond it, a region of super-divinity or super-genius so far above us that language will not bridge the gap—the gulf that divides its perfect wisdom from our feeble grouping expression. Let me give an example of the poetry of Frater Perdurabo. A few of the names of his poems will no doubt sharpen our appetite, so I copy them out from the list which Frater Perdurabo calls "Pro and Con Tents": "The Sabbath of the Goat," "The HIMOG" (a note explains that this means "Holy Illuminated Man of God"), "Corn Beef Hash," "Trouble with Twins," "Skidoo," "Haggai-Howlings," "The Blind Pig" (a note explains that $\pi\gamma$ = PG = Pig without an I = Blind Pig). Many of the other titles are no less promising. Here, however, is the chapter called "SKIDOO."

"SKIDOO."

"What man is at ease in his Inn?"—"Get out."—"Wide is the world and cold."—"Get out."—"Thou hast become an in-itate."—"Get out."—"But thou canst not get out by the way thou camest in. The way out is THE WAY."—"Get out."—"For OUT is Love and Wisdom and Power."—"Get out."—"If thou hast T already, first get UT."—"Then get O."—"And so at last get out."

There are two notes to this chapter which do not, to my mind, much elucidate it. "O," we are told, "=Ÿ, The Devil of the Sabbath; U = Ÿ, the Hierophant or Redeemer; T = Strength, the Lion," "T," on the other hand, is "manhood, the sign of the cross or phallus; UT, the Holy Guardian Angel; UT, the first syllable of Udgita, see the Upanishads; O, Nothing, or Nuit."

Here is something far beyond Shakespearean simplicity. Perhaps I should have attained to it if I had persisted in my naked meditation on the floor, beyond the very bad cold that brought it to an end.

Let me take another example:—

"PHAETON."

"No."—"Yes."—"Perhaps."—"O!"—"Eye."—"Hi!"—"Y?"—"No."—"Hail all ye spavined, gelded, hamstrung horses!"—"Ye shall surpass the planets in their courses."—"How? Not by speed, nor strength, nor power to stay, but by the Silence that succeeds the Neigh!"

There are no notes to this chapter.

"This book," another chapter tells us, "would translate Beyond-Reason into the words of Reason." The difficulty the author encountered was like that of explaining snow to the inhabitants of the Tropics. The result is quite unintelligible to a simple brother like myself, whose only effort so far has been to keep on the hither side of reason, who is also hampered by the cold in the head given him by the position pictured in "Book Four." Yet through these Haggai-Howlings, I admit, there does appear a personality, perhaps a philosophy, a doubt of a doubt of a doubt (I offer this phrase to Frater Perdurabo for his next book), a certain vehemence of passion, a sense of humour rare in philosophers, and a determination not to be too easily understood. "Adepts," we learn, "have praised silence; at least it does not mislead as speech does." Frater Perdurabo howls aloud. That, I suggest, is a mistake. Page 5 of his book is occupied only by a mark of interrogation: a mark of exclamation is alone in the middle of page 6. Perhaps we may take these pages as promises of an improved method. A more silent and so, in the view of "adepts," a less misleading guinea's worth might well be made by a development of the hitherto neglected occult meanings of spaces of blank paper, and the wonderful signs constrained usually by "the slaves of reason" to the servile punctuation of common speech.—FRATER PERDITUS.

MORTADELLO

OR

THE ANGEL OF VENICE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS NET

“A little master piece.”—*The Times*.

WIELAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W.
TELEPHONE 2632 KENSINGTON

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR STUDY

All Visitors to London, Interested in Occult Books, should call and inspect the large stock kept by
FRANK HOLLINGS, No. 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.
CLOSE TO THE INNS OF COURT AND FIRST AVENUE HOTELS.

Catalogues post free on application. Send me your list of "wants," I have special facilities for acquiring rare and uncommon Books. New Publications supplied to order. Carriage paid within United Kingdom.

THE HISTORY OF MAGIC. Including a clear and precise Exposition of its Processes, Rites and Mysteries. By ELIPHAS LEVI. Translated, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. With Twenty Plates. Large Demy 8vo, 9 in. x 6 in., 572 pp. *Handsomely bound, Cloth Gilt extra, Gilt Tops.* 15s. net. EDITION DE LUXE. Printed on fine quality Rag Paper. Bound in White Vellum, Gilt Tops. 21s. net.

An English translation of this celebrated work of the well-known French Occultist is now for the first time offered to the British Public.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. Including the Rites and Mysteries of Goetic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. By A. E. WAITE. Crown 4to, gilt tops, 376 pp., illustrated with about 180 engravings, beautifully bound in art canvas, with design in gold, price 15s. net.

In Two Parts. I. An Analytical and Critical Account of the chief Magical Rituals extant. II. A complete Grimoire of Black Magic. The two chief sections are subdivided as follows:—(a) Studies on the Antiquity of Magical Rituals; (b) The Ritual of Transcendental Magic, so-called; (c) Composite Rituals; (d) The Rituals of Black Magic; (e) The Descending Hierarchy of Saints; (f) The Lesser Key of Solomon the King; (g) The Mystery of the *Sanctum Regnum*; (h) The Rite of *Lucifuge*; (i) The Method of Honorius, etc., etc., etc.

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC. By ELIPHAS LEVI. Translated by A. E. WAITE, *with the original engravings.* 10s. 6d. Postage *sd.*; abroad *rod.*

Contents.—Doctrine of Transcendental Magic: The Candidate, The Pillars of the Temple, The Triangle of Solomon, The Tetragram, The Pentagram, Magical Equilibrium, The Fiery Sword, Realization, Initiation, The Kabbalah, The Magic Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, Black Magic, Bewitchments, Astrology, Charms and Philtres, The Universal Medicine, Divination, Summary and General Key of the Four Secret Sciences. Ritual of Transcendental Magic: Preparations, Magical Equilibrium, The Triangle of Pentacles, The Conjunction of the Four, The Blazing Pentagram, The Medium and the Mediator, The Septenary of Talismans, A Warning to the Imprudent, the Ceremonial of Initiates, The Key of Occultism, The Triple Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, The Sabbath of the Sorcerers, Witchcraft and Spells, The Writing of the Stars, Philtres and Magnetism, The Mastery of the Sun, The Thaumaturge, The Science of the Prophets, The Book of Hermes.

WAITE (A. E.). The Mysteries of Magic, a Digest of the Writings of Eliphaz Levi, with Biographical and Critical Essay. Second edition, revised and enlarged, cr. 8vo, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1897, 8s. 6d.

Constitutes a valuable introductory work for those desirous of studying the writings of the great French Magus.

BIBLIA CABALISTICA, or the Cabalistic Bible, showing how the various Numerical Cabalas have been curiously applied to the Holy Scriptures, with numerous Textual Examples, collected from Books of the Greatest Rarity, with Introduction, Appendix of Curios, and Bibliography. By the Rev. WALTER BEGLEY. 4to, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1903, 7s. 6d.

BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) of Abra-Melin the Mage, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English from a unique and valuable MS. in the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, *black cloth, Magical Square on side in gold.* 1900, 10s. 6d.

SPECIAL OFFER OF THE KEY OF SOLOMON

S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR-MATHERS, *Author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Tarot," etc.*

THE KEY OF SOLOMON THE KING (Clavicula Salomonis), the true fountain-head and store-house of Cabalistical Magic and the origin of much of the Ceremonial Magic of mediæval times; hitherto a closed book to all but the most learned Hebrew scholars, now made accessible to all in this *first translation*. Carefully edited and collated from various ancient MSS. in the British Museum. Illustrated by 15 full-page plates containing *the Mystical Alphabets, the Knife, Sword, and Other Instruments, and the Holy Pentacles or Medals*. Quarto, buckram back, cloth sides, pp. + 126 (pub. £1 1s. net). London, 1909, 10s. Inland postage, 6d.; Abroad, 1s.

An important feature of this work is that the Editor, who is well known as a skilled Kabbalist, has corrected as far as possible the many errors in the Hebrew names, etc., which have crept into the various MS. recensions, due to careless copyists. This renders the work of the greatest value to Students of Ceremonial and Talismanic Magic, as the use of correct formulæ in magical operations is an absolute necessity.

MAGICAL MANUSCRIPT.—THE CLAVIS OR KEY TO UNLOCK THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC OF RABBI SOLOMON; THE BOOK OF MAGIC SCIENCE, and several other Magical Treatises, clearly and neatly written on more than 200 leaves, thick 4to, *very many cleverly executed drawings (several in colours) of pentacles, sigils, talismans, etc., old hf. calf, gilt*, N.D. (circa 1830), 3 guineas.

The "Clavis" is of exceptional interest. It has apparently been transcribed from an UNPUBLISHED ENGLISH VERSION, translated from the French by EBENEZER SIBLEY, M.D., the famous astrologer, as it bears his name on the Title page, and at the end of a long preface. The first edition of the Key of Solomon *published* in English, is that edited by Mr. S. L. M. Mathers.

SENT POST FREE TO THE READERS OF "THE EQUINOX" "THE LITERATURE OF OCCULTISM"

Being a catalogue of books ON SALE relating to Ancient Worship, Astrology, Alchemy, Animal Magnetism, Antiquities, Behmen and the Mystics, Buddhism, Clairvoyance, Dreams, Demonology, Freemasonry, Folk-lore, Gnostics, Gems, Ghosts, Hermetic, Indra and the Hindus, Kabbala, Koran, Miracles, Magic, Mitraic Worship, Mesmerism, Mythology, Mysticism, Phallic Worship, Phenology, Psychometry, Rosicrucians, Spiritualism, Symbolism, Serpent Worship, Secret Societies, Theosophical, Witchcraft. In all, close upon 1000 volumes. The largest collection for sale in Europe and now offered at reasonable prices at

FRANK HOLLINGS' BOOK SHOP,

7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to Chancery Lane and High Holborn, London.



THE WINGED BEETLE

By **ALEISTER CROWLEY**

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net

50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, & 1 1s. net



CONTENTS

ROSA Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archaeologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominae.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Gout de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poèmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician

[Again, as far as I am aware this electronic edition contains all the advertisements from the original.

The *Universal Freemason*, from which the obituary of Yarker in the prefatory matter was reprinted, was the journal of Matthew McBlain Thomson's "American Masonic Federation." It is likely that Thomson himself was the author of that piece; he had previously lived in Scotland. Crowley's Masonic title of "Past Grand Master in the U.S.A." (see the title page of *The Ship*) was conferred by Thomson, probably on Yarker's recommendation (see *Aleister Crowley: Freemason* by Martin P. Starr, *A.Q.C.* vol. 108, 1995). Thomson was subsequently (early 1920s) imprisoned for fraud for selling bogus masonic degrees; the "American Masonic Federation" is generally regarded by masonic historians as a scam to extract money from the credulous. Thomson does not seem to have been directly involved in O.T.O. as such, although Reuss conferred an honorary O.T.O. degree on him; the only time he ever met Reuss they quarrelled and fell out within a day.

The typeset of Liber Legis has been conformed to the version printed; no further checking against the facsimile MS has been done.

A more detailed account of the Official Instructions of A.:A.: including links to electronic copies of most of the texts may be found at http://www.geocities.com/nu_isis/libri2.html

Words which appear in red in the Supreme Ritual were rendered as initial letters and dots in the print edition. They have been restored based on the edition published in *Sexuality, Magic and Perversion* by Francis X. King, which was taken from a MS in the hand of Victor Neuburg. For "Omari tessala marax &c." see the 2nd Æ thy of *The Vision and the Voice* in no. 5. The "Dirge of Isis" mentioned in the "Ritual to Invoke HICE" is Crowley's poem ΛΙΝΟΣ ΙΣΙΔΟΣ in no. 4 (p. 39).

The horoscopes facing p. 95 have been redrawn and in the interests of readability, place and time are repeated in the caption. I have not checked them all thoroughly; I will however note that the date and place given for Crowley's birthchart give Cancer rather than Leo rising, suggesting the figure has been fudged.—T.S.]

Final remarks

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

This electronic edition of vol. I of the *Equinox* was prepared in the first instance for Sor. P., who asked me a few months ago for electronic copies of the books on the the A.:A.: Student reading list (see pp. iii-iv of the present number). This proved a somewhat more involved task than I initially anticipated.

The following texts were (to the best of my recollection) key-entered by myself:

- No. 1: Liber Libræ; An Account of A.:A.:; Liber E; The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua
- No. 2: Liber O; A Handbook of Geomancy; Postcards to Probationers
- No. 3: Liber Graduum Montis Abiegni; The Treasure-House of Images
- No. 4: Liber Jugorum; the latter half of Temple of Solomon the King (p. 120-end)
- No. 5: Liber HHH; Temple of Solomon the King
- No. 6: Liber Porta Lucis; Liber Turris; Liber Tzaddi; Liber Cheth; Liber Resh; Liber A'ash; The Dangers of Mysticism
- No. 7: Liber B vel Magi; Liber NV; Liber Israfel; Liber Stella Rubea; Liber Astarte; Liber RV; Liber CCXXXI; Liber Tau vel Kabbalæ Trium Literarum; Liber Os Abysmi; Liber HAD; Liber Tau (later Liber Iod) formerly called Vesta; Liber Viarum Viae; Liber Thisharb; A brief Abstract of the Symbolic Representation of the Universe.
- No. 8: Symbolic Representation of the Universe part 2; Sepher Sephiroth (aaargh!)
- No. 9: Nothing
- No. 10: Liber L. vel Legis; Liber ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΦΡΕΝΟΒΟΟΚΟΣΜΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

Any errors in the above which do not appear in the printed edition are thus entirely my responsibility. All other texts were taken directly from the key-entries at www.the-equinox.org, most if not all of which were, I believe, made by W.E. Heidrick for the O.T.O. All texts were proofed against the Weiser facsimile edition where possible; further proof reading might be useful.

Illustrations were either scanned from the Weiser facsimile or redrawn by the present editor. For some reason Acrobat 3 refuses to display some of the more complicated line art properly. Versions 4 and 5 seem okay.

My thanks to the moderators of the *Abbey_of_Thelema* Yahoo! group for allowing me to fill that group's file space with these PDFs.

This electronic edition of the *Equinox* may be freely distributed or web-posted unmodified provided no charge except reasonable costs of reproduction, media and postage (where applicable) is made and the page headed "boring but necessary legal stuff etc." is included prior to the main table of contents. Not for commercial or "shareware" distribution.

Love is the law, love under will.

