

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF
THELEMA

VOLUME II

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Frater Mastema



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None of the editorial notes from later editions have been included. No new notes or remarks have been added by the current editor. It will also be noted by the perceptive that the original form and content of certain manuscripts, some republished numerous times, continue to be altered and distorted with each printing. Every effort has been made to return to the original structure and intent.

There remain a few manuscripts deliberately left unpublished, and these have not been included.

T.G.B.T. Press
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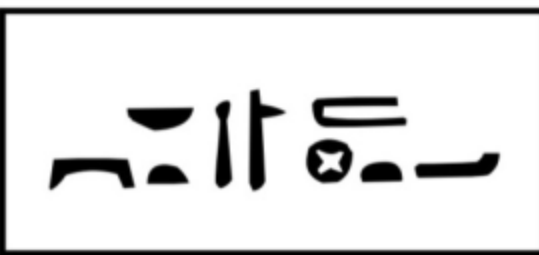
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LIBER
LVIII

ESSAY ON
NUMBER

SUB FIGVRÂ
LVIII





A.:A.: Publication in Class B

I	II	III	VI	V	VI
KEY SCALE	HEBREW NAMES OF NUMBER AND LETTERS	ENGLISH OF COLUMN II	THE HEAVENS OF ASSIAH	ENGLISH OF COLUMN VI	MYSTIC NUMBERS SEPHIROTH
0	און אין סוף אין סוף אור	Nothing. No Limit. Limitless L.V.X.	—	—	0
1	כתר	Crown.	ראשית הגלגלים	Sphere of the Primum Mobile	1
2	חכמה	Wisdom.	מסלות	Sphere of the Zodiac	3
3	בינה	Understanding.	שבתאי	Sphere of Saturn	6
4	חסד	Mercy.	צדק	Sphere of Jupiter	10
5	גבורה	Strength.	מאדים	Sphere of Mars	15
6	תפארת	Beauty.	שמש	Sphere of Sol	21
7	נצח	Victory.	נוגה	Sphere of Venus	28
8	הוד	Splendour.	כוכב	Sphere of Mercury	36
9	יסוד	Foundation.	לבנה	Sphere of Luna	45
10	מלכור	Kingdom.	חלב יסודות	Sphere of the Elements	55
11	אלף	Ox.	רוח	Air	66
12	בית	House.	(Planets following	Mercury	78
13	גמל	Camel.	Sephiroth corresponding)	Luna	91
14	דלת	Door.		Venus	105
15	הה	Window.	טלה	Aries Δ	120
16	וו	Nail.	שור	Taurus ∇	136
17	זין	Sword.	תאומים	Gemini Δ	153
18	חית	Fence.	סרטן	Cancer ∇	171
19	טית	Serpent.	אריה	Leo Δ	190
20	יוד	Hand.	בתולה	Virgo ∇	210
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22	למד	Ox Goad.	מאזנים	Libra Δ	253
23	מים	Water.	מים	Water	276
24	נון	Fish.	עקרב	Scorpio ∇	300
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26	עין	Eye.	גדי	Capricornus ∇	351
27	פה	Mouth.		Mars	378
28	צדי	Fish-hook.	דלי	Aquarius Δ	406
29	קוף	Back of Head.	דגים	Pisces ∇	435
30	ריש	Head.		Sol	465
31	שין	Tooth.	אש	Fire	496
32	תו	Tau (as Egyptian).		Saturn	528
32 bis	תו	—	ארץ	Earth	—
31 bis	שין	—	את	Spirit	—

	X THE LETTERS OF THE NAME	XI THE ELEMENTS AND SENSES	XII SECRET NUMBERS CORRE- SPONDING	LXVII THE PART OF THE SOUL	XIV THE FOUR WORLDS	XV SECRET NAMES OF THE FOUR WORLDS	
11	ו	△ Air, Smell.	45	רוח	Yetzirah, Formative World.	מה Mah	
23	ה	▽ Water, Taste.	63	נשמה	Briah, Creative World.	סג Seg	
31	י	△ Fire, Sight.	72	חיה	Atziluth, Archetypal World.	עב Ob	
32 bis	ה	▽ Earth, Touch.	52	נפש	Assia, Material World.	בן Ben	
31 bis	ש	⊕ Spirit, Hearing.	—	יחידה	—	—	
XVI THE PLANETS AND THEIR NUMBERS			IX NUMBERS PRINTED ON TAROT TRUMPS	VIII VALUE OF COLUMN VII	VII HEBREW LETTERS AND ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS USED IN THIS ARTICLE		
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♄	9	13	I	2	B	ב	12
♅	7	14	II	3	G	ג	13
♆	4	21	III	4	D	ד	14
♇	5	27	IV	5	H	ה	15
♈	6	30	V	6	V	ו	16
♉	3	32	VI	7	Z	ז	17
XVIII ENGLISH OF COLUMN XVII		XVII PARTS OF THE SOUL	VII	8	Ch	ח	18
			VIII	9	T	ט	19
			IX	10	Y	י	20
The Self	יחידה	1	X	20, 500	K	כך	21
The Life Force	חיה	2	XI	30	L	ל	22
The Intuition	נשמה	3	XII	40, 600	M	מם	23
} The Intellect	} רוח	4	XIII	50, 700	N	נן	24
		5	XIV	60	S	ס	25
		6	XV	70	O	ע	26
		7	XVI	80, 800	P	פה	27
		8	XVII	90, 900	Tz	צץ	28
} The Animal Soul	} נפש	9	XVIII	100	Q	ק	29
		10	XIX	200	R	ר	30
			XX	300	Sh	ש	31
			XXI	400	Th	ת	32
			—	—	ת		32 bis
			—	—	ש		31 bis

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It must first here be spoken of the Exoteric Qabalah to be found in books, a shell of that perfect fruit of the Tree of Life. Next we will deal with the esoteric teachings of it, as Frater P. was able

to understand them. And of these we shall give examples, showing the falsity and absurdity of the uninitiated path, the pure truth and reasonableness of the hidden Way.

For the student unacquainted with the rudiments of the Qabalah we recommend the study of S. L. Mathers' "Introduction" to his translation of the three principal books of the Zohar, and Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Qabalah." We venture to append a few quotations from the former document, which will show the elementary principles of calculation. Dr Westcott's little book is principally valuable for its able defence of the Qabalah as against exotericism and literalism.

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

Gematria is a metathesis of the Greek word γραμματεία. It is based on the relative numerical values of words. Words of similar numerical values are considered to be explanatory of each other, and this theory is extended to phrases. Thus the letter Shin, ש, is 300, and is equivalent to the number obtained by adding up the numerical values of the letters of the words רוח אלהים, *Ruach Elohim*, the spirit of Elohim; and it is therefore a symbol of the spirit of Elohim. For כ = 200, ו = 6, ח = 8, א = 1, ל = 30, ה = 5, י = 10, מ = 40; total = 300. Similarly, the words אחד, *Achad*, Unity, One, and אהבה, *Ahebah*, love, each = 13; for א = 1, ח = 8, ד = 4, total = 13; and א = 1, ח = 5, ב = 2, ח = 5, total = 13. Again, the name of the angel מטטרון, Metatron or Methraton, and the name of the Deity, שדי, *Shaddai*, each make 314;3 so the one is taken as symbolical of the other. The angel Metatron is said to have been the conductor of the children of Israel through the wilderness, of whom God says, "My name is in him." With regard to *Gematria* of phrases (Gen. xlix. 10), שילה, *Yeba Shiloh*, "Sjhiloh shall come" = 358, which is the numeration of the word משיח, *Messiah*. Thus also the passage, Gen. xviii. 2, והנה שלשה, *Vehenna Shalisha*, "And lo, three men," equals in numerical value אלו מיכאל גבריאל ורפאל, *Elo Mikhael Gabriel ve-Raphael*, "These are Mikhael, Gabriel and Raphael"; for each phrase = 701. I think these instance will suffice to make clear the nature of *Gematria*.

Notariqon is derived from the Latin word notarius, a shorthand writer. Of *Notariqon* there are two forms. In the first every letter of a word is taken from the initial or abbreviation of another word, so that from the letters of a word a sentence may be formed. Thus every letter of the word ישראל תורה, *Berashith*, the first word in Genesis, is made the initial of a word, and we obtain ישראל תורה, *Berashith Rahi Elohim Sheyequebelo Israel Torah*; "In the beginning Elohim saw that Israel would accept the law." In this connection I may give six very interesting specimens of *Notariqon* formed from this same word בראשית by Solomon Meir Ben Moses, a Jewish Qabalist, who embraced the Christian faith in 1665, and took the name of Prosper Rugere. These have all a Christian tendency, and by their means Prosper converted another Jew, who had previously been bitterly opposed to Christianity. The first is, בן רוח אב שלושתם יחד תמים, *Ben, Ruach, Ab, Shaloshethem Yechad Themim*: "The Son, the Spirit, the Father, Their Trinity, Perfect Unity." The second is, בן רוח אב שלושתם יחד תעבודו, *Ben, Ruach, Ab, Shaloshethem Yechad Thaubodo*: "The Son, the Spirit, the Father, ye shall equally worship Their Trinity." The third is ישוע תעבודו, *Bekori Rashuni Asher Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo*: "Ye shall worship My first-born, My first, Whose name is Jesus." The fourth is, בבוא רבן אשו שמו ישוע תעבודו, *Beboa Rabban Asher Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo*: "When the Master shall come Whose Name is Jesus ye shall worship." The fifth is, בתולה ראויה אבחר שתלד ישוע תאשרוה, *Bethulh Raviah Abachar Shethaled Yeshuah Thashroah*: "I will choose a virgin worthy to bring forth Jesus, and ye shall call her blessed." The sixth is, בעוגת רצוגם אסתתר שגופי ישוע יסכלו, *Beaugoth Ratzephim Asattar Shgopi Yeshuah Thakelo*: "I will hid myself in cake (baked with) coals, for ye shall eat Jesus, My Body."

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

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

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

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

Each method takes its name from the first two pairs composing it, the system of pairs of letters being the groundwork of the whole, as either letter in a pair is substituted for the other letter. Thus, by Albath, from רוח, *Ruach*, is formed דצע, *Detzau*. The names of the other twenty-one methods are: ארבק אקסצ אצבפ אפבע אעבס אסבנ אנבמ אמבל אלבכ אכבי איבט אטבח אחבו אובה אהבד אדבג אגדת אבגת אשבר and אתבש. To these must be added the modes אבגד and אלבס. Then comes the “Rational Table of Tziruph,” another set of twenty-two combination. There are also three “Tables of the Commutations,” known respectively as the Right, the Averse, and the Irregular. To make any of these, a square, containing 484 squares, should be made, and the letters written in. For the “Right Table” write the alphabet across from right to left; in the second row of squares do the same, but begin with ב and end with א; in the third begin with ג and end with ב; and so on. For the “Averse Table” write the alphabet from right to left backwards, beginning with ת and ending with א; in the second row begin with ש and end with ת, &c. The “Irregular Table” would take too long to describe. Besides all these, there is the method called תשרק, *Thashraq*, which is simply writing a word backwards. There is one more very important form called the “Qabalah of the Nine Chambers” or איק בכר, *Aiq Bekar*. It is thus formed:

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

I have put the numeration of each letter above to show the affinity between the letters in each chamber. Sometimes this is used as a cipher, by taking the portions of the figure to show the letters they contain, putting one point for the first letter, two for the second, &c. Thus the right angle, containing אֵיק, will answer for the letter ק if it have three dots or points within it. Again, a square will answer for ה, ג, or ג final, according to whether it has one, two, or three points respectively placed within it. So also with regard to the other letters. But there are many other ways of employing the Qabalah of the Nine Chambers, which I have not space to describe. I will merely mention as an example, that by the mode of Temura called אַתְּבַשׁ, Athbash, it is found that in Jeremiah xxv, 26, the word שֶׁשַׁךְ, *Sheshakh*, symbolises בָּבֶל, Babel.

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

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

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

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It is to be further noted with regard to the first word in the Bible, בְּרֵאשִׁית, that the first three letters, בְּרֵא, are the initial letters of the names of the three persons of the Trinity: בֶּן, *Ben* the Son; רוּחַ, *Ruach*, the Spirit; and אָב, *Ab* the Father. Furthermore the first letter of the Bible is ב, which is the initial letter of בְּרַכָּה, *Berakhah*, blessing; and not א, which is that of אָרַר, *Arar*, cursing. Again, the letters of *Berashith*, taking their numerical powers, express the number of the years between the Creation and the birth of Christ, thus: ב = 2,000, ר = 200, א = 1,000, ש = 300, י = 10, and ה = 400; total = 3910 years, being the time in round numbers. Pico della Mirandola gives the following working out of בְּרֵאשִׁית: By joining the third letter, א to the first, ב, אב, *Ab* = Father, is obtained. If to the first letter ב, doubled, the second letter, ר, be added, it makes בְּר, *be-Bar*, in or through the Son. If all the letters be read except the first, it makes רֵאשִׁית, *Rashith* the beginning. If the fourth letter, ש, the first ב and the last ת be connected, it makes שְׁבַת, *Shebeth*, the end or rest. If the first three letters be taken, they make בְּרֵא, *Bera*, created. If, omitting the first, the three following be taken, they make רֵאשׁ, *Rash*, head. If, omitting the two first, the next two be taken, they give אשׁ, *Ash*, fire. If the fourth and the last be joined, they give שֶׁת, *Sheth*, foundation. Again if the second letter be put before the first, it makes רב, *Rab*, great. If after the third be placed the fifth and the fourth, it gives אִישׁ, *Aish*, man. If to the two first be joined the two last, they give בְּרִית, *Be-rit*,

Berith, covenant. And if the first be added to the last, it gives תב, *Theb*, which is sometimes used for תוב, *Thob*, good.

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

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

Among the Sephiroth, jointly and severally, we find the development of the persons and attributes of God. Of these *some are male and some female*. Now, for some reason or other best known to themselves, the translators of the Bible have carefully crowded out of existence and smothered up every reference to the fact that the Deity is both masculine and feminine. They have translated a *feminine plural* by a *masculine singular* in the case of the word Elohim. They have, however, left an inadvertent admission of their knowledge that it was plural in Genesis i, 26: “And Elohim said: Let Us make man.” Again (v. 27), who could Adam be made in the image of Elohim, male and female, unless the Elohim were male and female also? The word Elohim is a plural formed from the feminine singular אלה, *Eloh*, by adding ים to word. But inasmuch as ים is usually a termination of the masculine plural and is here added to a feminine noun, it gives to the word Elohim the sense of a female potency united to a masculine idea, and thereby capable of producing

an offspring. How, we hear much of the Father and the Son, but we hear nothing of the Mother in the ordinary religions of the day. But in the Qabalah we find that the Ancient of Days conforms Himself simultaneously into the Father and the Mother, and thus begets the son. Now, this Mother is Elohim. Again, we are usually told that the Holy Spirit is masculine. But the word רוח, *Ruach*, Spirit, is feminine, as appears from the following passage of the Sepher Yetzirah: רוּר אֱלֹהִים חַיִּים אַחַת, *Achath (feminine, not Achad, masculine) Ruach Elohim Chayyim*: “One is *She* the Spirit of the Elohim of Life.”

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

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

The name of the first Sephira is כֶּתֶר, *Kether*, the Crown. The Divine Name attributed to it is the Name of the Father given in Exodus iii, 14: אֶהְיֶה, *Eheieh*, I am. It signifies Existence.

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The first Sephira contains nine, and produces them in succession thus:—

The number 2 or the Duad. The name of the second Sephira is חֻכְמָה, *Chokmah*, Wisdom, a masculine active potency reflected from Kether, as I have before explained. this Sephira is the active and evident Father, to whom the Mother is united, who is the number 3. This second Sephira is represented by the Divine Names, יָה, *Yah*, and יְהוָה; and the angelic hosts by אֹפַנִּים, *Auphanim*, the Wheels. It is also called אָב, the Father.

The third Sephira, or triad, is a feminine passive potency, called בִּינָה, *Binah*, the Understanding, who is co-equal with Chokmah. For Chokmah, the number 2, is like two straight lines which can never enclose a space, and therefore it is powerless till the number 3 forms a triangle. Thus this Sephira completes and makes evident the supernal Trinity. It is also called אִמָּא, *Ama*, Mother, and אִימָא, *Aima*, the great productive Mother, who is eternally conjoined with אָב, the Father, for the maintenance of the universe in order. There fore is she the most evident form in whom we can know the Father, and therefore is she worthy of all honour. She is the supernal

Mother, co-equal with Chokmah, and the great feminine form of god, the Elohim, in whose image man and woman are created, according to the teaching of the Qabalah, *equal before God. Woman is equal with man, and certainly not inferior to him*, as it has been the persistent endeavour of so-called Christians to make her. Aima is the woman described in the Apocalypse (ch. xii). This third Sefirah is also sometimes called the Great Sea. To her are attributed the Divine names, אלהים, *Elohim*, and יהוה אלהים; and the angelic order, אראלים, *Aralim*, the Thrones. She is the Supernal Mother as distinguished from Malkuth, the inferior Mother, Bride, and Queen.

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

The number 5. From this emanated the feminine passive potency נבורה, *Geburah*, strength or fortitude; or דין, *Deen*, Justice; represented by the Divine Names, אלהים נבור, and אהל, *Elah*, and the angelic name שרפים, *Seraphim* (Isaiah vi, 6). This Sefirah is also called פהל, *Pachad*, Fear.

The number 6. And from these two issued the uniting Sefirah, תפארת, *Tiphereth*, Beauty or Mildness, represented by the Divine Name אלוה ודעת, *Eloah va-Daath*, and the angelic names, שנאנים, *Shinanim*, (Psalm lxxviii, 18), or מלכים, *Melakim*, kings. Thus by the union of justice and mercy we obtain beauty or clemency, and the second trinity of the Sephiroth is complete. This Sefirah, or “Path,” or Numeration”—for by these latter appellations the emanations are sometimes called—together with the fourth, fifth, seventh eighth, and ninth Sephiroth, is spoken of as אנפין זעיר, *Zauir Anpin*, the Lesser Countenance, Microprosopus, by way of antithesis to Macroprosopus, or the Vast Countenance, which is one of the names of Kether, the first Sefirah. The six Sephiroth of which *Zauir Anpin* is composed, are then called His six members. He is also called מלך, *Melekh* the King.

The number 7. The seventh Sefirah is נצח, *Netzach*, or Firmness and Victory, corresponding to the Divine Name Jehovah צבאות יהוה, *IHVH Tzabaoth*, the Lord of Armies, and the angelic names אלהים, *Elohim*, Gods, and תרשישים, *Tarshishim*, the brilliant ones (Daniel x, 6).

The number 8. Thence proceeded the feminine passive potency הוד, *Hod*, Splendour, answering to the Divine Name אלהים צבאת, *Elohim Tzabaoth*, the God of Armies, and among the angels בני אלהים, *Beni Elohim*, the sons of the Gods (Genesis vi, 4).

The number 9. These two produced יסוד, *Yesod*, the Foundation or Basis, represented by חי אל, the Mighty Living One, and שדי, *Shaddai*; and among the angels אשים, *Aishim*, the Flames (Psalms civ, 4), yielding the third Trinity of the Sephiroth.

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

I will now add a few more remarks on the qabalistical meaning of the term מתקלה, *Metheqla*, balance. In each of the three trinities or triads of the Sephiroth is a duad of opposite sexes, and a uniting intelligence which is the result. In this, the masculine and feminine potencies are regarded

as the two scales of the balance, and the uniting Sephira as the beam that joins them. Thus, then, the term balance maybe said to symbolize the Triune, Trinity in Unity, and the Unity represented by the central point of the beam. But, again, in the Sephiroth there is a triple Trinity, the upper, lower, and middle. Now, these three are represented thus: the supernal, or highest, by the Crown, Kether; the middle by the King, and the inferior by the Queen; which will be the greatest trinity. And the earthy correlatives of these will be the *primum mobile*, the sun and the moon. Here we at once find alchemical symbolism.

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

In their totality and unity the ten Sephiroth represent the archetypal man, אדם קדמון, *Adam Qadmon*, the Protogonos. In looking at the Sephiroth constituting the first triad, it is evident that they represent the intellect; and hence this triad is called the intellectual world, עולם מושכל, *Olahm Mevshekal*. The second triad corresponds to the moral world עולם מורגש, *Olahm Morgash*. The third represents power and stability, and is therefore called the material world, עולם המוטבע, *Olahm ha-Mevetbau*. These three aspects are called the faces, אנפין, *Anpin*. Thus is the tree of life, עץ חיים, *Otz Chaiim* formed; the first triad being placed above, the second and third below, in such a manner that the three masculine Sephiroth are on the right, three feminine on the left, whilst the four uniting Sephiroth occupy the centre. This is the qabalistical “tree of life,” on which all things depend. There is considerable analogy between this and the tree Yggdrasil of the Scandinavians. I have already remarked that there is one trinity which comprises all the Sephiroth, and that it consists of the crown, the king, and the queen. (In some senses this is the Christian Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, which in their highest divine nature are symbolized by the first three Sephiroth, Kether, Chokmah, and Binah.) It is the Trinity which created the world, or, in qabalistic language, the universe was born from the union of the crowned king and queen. But according to the Qabalah, before the complete form of the heavenly man (the ten Sephiroth) was produced, there were certain primordial worlds created, but these could not subsist, as the equilibrium of balance was not yet perfect, and they were convulsed by the unbalanced force, and destroyed. These primordial worlds are called the “kings of ancient time” and the “kings of Edom who reigned before the monarchs of Israel.” In this sense, Edom is the world of unbalanced force, and Israel is the balanced Sephiroth (Genesis xxxvi, 31). This important fact, that worlds were created and destroyed prior to the present creation, is again and again reiterated in the Zohar.

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

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

The third is the Yetziratic world, עולם היצירה, *Olahm ha-Yetzirah*, or world of formation and of Angels, which proceeds from Briah, and though less refined in substance, is still without matter.

It is in this angelic world where those intelligent and incorporeal beings reside who are wrapped in a luminous garment, and who assume a form when they appear to man.

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

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

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

But יהוה, the Tetragrammaton, as we shall presently see, contains all the Sephiroth with the exception of Kether, and specially signifies the Lesser Countenance, Microprosopus, the King of the qabalistic Sephiroth greatest Trinity, and the Son in His human incarnation in the Christian acceptance of the Trinity. Therefore, as the Son reveals the Father, so does יהוה reveal אהיה. And אדני is the Queen “by whom alone Tetragrammaton can be grasped,” whose exaltation into Binah is found in the Christian Assumption of the Virgin.

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

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

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

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

QABALISTIC DOGMA

The Evolution of Things is thus described by the Qabalists.

First is Nothing, or the Absence of Things, אֵין, which does not mean and cannot mean Negatively Existing (if such an Idea can be said to mean anything), as S. Liddell MacGregor Mathers, who misread the Text and stultified the Commentary by the Light of his own Ignorance of Hebrew and Philosophy, pretends in his Translation of v. Rosenroth.

Second is Without Limit אֵין סוּף, *i.e.*, Infinite Space.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly the Lux dawns, and the Problem is solved.

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

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

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

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

But first of all it strikes us that I, A, and O are the three Letters associated with the three Letters ה in the great Name of Six Letters, אהיהוה, which combines אהיה and יהוה, Macroprosopus and Microprosopus. Now these feminine Letters h conceal the “Three Mothers” of the Alphabet א, מ, and ש. Replace these, and we get אשימוא, which adds up to 358, the Number alike of שנה, the Serpent of Genesis, and the Messiah. We thus look for redeeming Power in IAO, and for the Masculine Aspect of that Power.

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

We take this Book, and look at 17. We find that 17 is the number of Squares in the Swastika, which is the Whirling Disc or Thunderbolt. Also there is הוּג, a Circle or Orbit; זוּד, to seethe or boil; and some other Words, which we will neglect in this Example, though we should not dare to do so if we were really trying to find out a Thing we none of us knew. To help our Deduction about Redemption, too, we find הַדְּי, to brighten or make glad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

2nd. N.

3rd. R.

All. I.

Chief. Yod. ך

2nd. Nun. ן

3rd. Resh. ך

All. Yod. ך

Chief. Virgo (♍) Isis, Mighty Mother.

2nd. Scorpio (♏) Apophis, Destroyer.

3rd. Sol (☉) Osiris, slain and rise.

All. Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

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

The Sign of Osiris slain!

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

The Sign of the Mourning of Isis.

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

The Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

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

The Sign of Osiris risen.

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

L. V. X.

Then the Sign of Osiris risen, and say:—

Lux, the Light of the Cross.

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

First, the Letters have been written in Hebrew Characters.

Then the Attributions of them to the Zodiac and to Planets are substituted, and the Names of Egyptian Gods belonging to these are invoked. The Christian Idea of I.N.R.I. is confirmed by these, while their Initials form the sacred Word of the Gnostics. That is, IAO. From the Character of the Deities and their Functions are deduced their Signs, and these are found to signal (as it were) the word Lux (אור), which itself is contained in the Cross.

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

To return to the general Dogma of the Qabalists.

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

Apart from silly Questions as to whether the Order of the Emanations is confirmed by Palæontology, a Question it is quite impertinent to discuss, there is no doubt the Sephiroth are types of Evolution as opposed to Catastrophe and Creation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Gematria.

The number 777 affords a good example of the legitimate and illegitimate deductions to be drawn. It represents the sentence אהת רוח אלהים חיים, "One is the Spirit of the Living God," and also עלאהם הקלפות, "The world of the Shells (excrements—the demon-world)."

Now it is wrong to say that this idea of the unity of the divine spirit is identical with this idea of the muddle of chaos—unless in that exalted grade in which "The One is the Many." But the compiler of Liber 777 was a great Qabalist when he thus entitled his book; for he meant to imply, "One is the Spirit of the Living God," *i.e.* I have in this book unified all the diverse symbols of the world; also also, "the world of shells," *i.e.* this book is full of mere dead symbols; do not mistake them for the living Truth. Further, he had an academic reason for his choice of a number; for the tabulation of the book is from Kether to Malkuth, the course of the Flaming Sword; and if this sword be drawn upon the Tree of Life, the numeration of the Paths over which it passes (taking 1, 3, as the non-existent path from Binah to Chesed, since it connects Macroprosopus and Microprosopus) is 777. [See Diagrams 2 and 12.]

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

Again, 111 is Aleph, the Unity, but also אפל, thick Darkness, and אסן, Sudden Death. This can only be interpreted as meaning the annihilation of the individual in the Unity, and the Darkness which is the Threshold of the Unity; in other words, one must be an expert in Samadhi before this simple Gematria has any proper meaning. How, then, can it serve the student in his research? The uninitiated would expect Life and Light in the One; only by experience can he know that to man the Godhead must be expressed by those things which most he fears.

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

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

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

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

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

2. Notariqon.

The absurdity of this method needs little indication. The most unsophisticated can draw pity and amusement from Mr. Mathers’ Jew, converted by the Notariqons of “Berashith.” True, F.I.A.T. is Flatus, Ignis, Aqua, Terra; showing the Creator as Tetragrammaton, the synthesis of the four elements; showing the Eternal Fiat as the equilibrated powers of Nature. But what forbids Fecit Ignavus Animam Terrae, or any other convenient blasphemy, such as Buddha would applaud?

Why not take our converted Jew and restore him to the Ghetto with Ben, Ruach, Ab, Sheol!—IHVH, Thora? Why not take the sacred Ἰησους of the Christian who thought it meant Ἰησους Χαρης Θεου Ὑιου Σωτηρη and make him a pagan with “Ἰσιδος Χαρης Θεσσαυρος Ὑιων Σοφιας”?

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

3. Temurah.

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


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We could more easily read:

מנא To sacrifice to death is folly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTIC READINGS OF THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET
(See TAROT CARDS, AND MEDITATE)

- אלף Folly's Doom is Ruin.
- בית The Juggler with the Secret of the Universe.
- גמל The Holy Guardian Angel is attained by Self-Sacrifice and Equilibrium.
- דלת The Gate of the Equilibrium of the Universe. (Note D, the highest reciprocal path.)
- הה The Mother is the Daughter; and the Daughter is the Mother.
- וו The Son is (but) the Son. (These two letters show the true doctrine of Initiation as given in Liber 418; opposed to Protestant Exotericism).
- זין The answer of the Oracles is always Death.
- חית The Chariot of the Secret of the Universe.
- טית She who rules the Secret Force of the Universe.
- יוד The Secret of the Gate of Initiation.
- כף In the Whirlings is War.
- למד By Equilibrium and Self-Sacrifice, the Gate!
- מים The Secret is hidden between the Waters that are above and the Waters that are beneath. (Symbol, the Ark containing the secret of Life borne upon the Bosom of the Deluge beneath the Clouds.)
- נון Initiation is guarded on both sides by death.
- סמך Self-control and Self-sacrifice govern the Wheel.
- עין The Secret of Generation is Death.
- פה The Fortress of the Most High. (Note P, the lowest reciprocal path).
- צדי In the Star is the Gate of the Sanctuary.
- קורף Illusionary is the Initiation of Disorder.
- ריש In the Sun (Osiris) is the Secret of the Spirit.
- שין Resurrection is hidden in Death.
- תו The Universe is the Hexagram.

(Other meanings suit other planes and other grades.)

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

Besides these, there is still one more method—a method of some little importance to students of the Siphra Dzenioutha, namely the analogies drawn from the shapes of letters; these are often interesting enough. א, for example, is a ך between ך and ך, making 26. Thus יהיה 26 = א, 1. Therefore Jehovah is One. But it would be as pertinent to continue 26 = 2 x 13, and 13 = Achad = 1, and therefore Jehovah is Two.

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

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

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

Like the immortal burglar:

“Bill wouldn’t hurt a baby—he’s a pal as you can trust.
He’s all right when yer know ’im; but yer’ve got to know ’im fust.”

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

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

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

AN ESSAY UPON NUMBER

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

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

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

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

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

PART I

THE UNIVERSE AS IT IS

SECTION I

0. The Negative—the Infinite—the Circle, or the Point.
1. The Unity—the Positive—the Finite—the Line, derived from 0 by extension. The divine Being.
2. The Dyad—the Superficies, derived from 1 by reflection $\frac{1}{1}$, or by revolution of the line about its end. The Demiurge. The divine Will.
3. The Triad, the Solid, derived from 1 and 2 by addition. Matter. The divine Intelligence.
4. The Quarternary, the solid existing in Time, matter as we know it. Derived from 2 by multiplication. The divine Repose.
5. The Quinary, Force or Motion. The interplay of the divine Will with matter. Derived from 2 and 3 by addition.
6. The Senary, Mind. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication.
7. The Septenary, Desire. Derived from 3 and 4 by addition. (There is however a secondary attribution of 7, making it the holiest and most perfect of the numbers.)
8. The Ogdoad, Intellect (also Change in Stability). Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $8 = 2^3$.
9. The Ennead, Stability in Change. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $9 = 3^2$.
(Note all numbers divisible by nine are still so divisible, however the order of the figures is shifted.)
10. The Decad, the divine End. Represents the 1 returning to the 0. Derived from $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$.
11. The Hendecad, the accursed shells, that only exist without the divine Tree. $1 + 1 = 2$, in its evil sense of not being 1.

SECTION II

0. The Cosmic Egg.
1. The Self of Deity, beyond Fatherhood and Motherhood.
2. The Father.
3. The Mother.
4. The Father made flesh—authoritative and paternal.
5. The Mother made flesh—fierce and active.
6. The Son—partaking of all these natures.
7. The Mother degraded to mere animal emotion.
8. The Father degraded to mere animal reason.
9. The Son degraded to mere animal life.
10. The Daughter, fallen and touching with her hands the shells.

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

SECTION III

0. The Pleroma of which our individuality is the monad: the “All-Self.”
1. The Self—the divine Ego of which man is rarely conscious.
2. The Ego; that which thinks “I”—a falsehood, because to think “I” is to deny “not-I” and thus to create the Dyad.
3. The Soul; since 3 reconciles 2 and 1, here are placed the aspirations to divinity. It is also the receptive as 2 is the assertive self.
- 4-9. The Intellectual Self, with its branches:
 4. Memory.
 5. Will.
 6. Imagination.
 7. Desire.
 8. Reason.
 9. Animal being.
6. The Conscious Self of the Normal Man: thinking itself free, and really the toy of its surroundings.
9. The Unconscious Self of the Normal Man. Reflex actions, circulation, breathing, digestion, *etc.*, all pertain here.
10. The illusory physical envelope; the scaffolding of the building.

SECTION IV

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

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

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

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

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

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

18. חַי, Life. An “elaboration” of 9.

20. יוֹד, Yod, the letter of the Father.

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

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

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

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

28. Mystic number of Netzach, כח, “Power.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

41. אם, the Mother, unfertilised as unenlightened.

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

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

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

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

50. The number of the Gates of Binah, whose name is Death ($50 = 1 =$ by Tarot, “Death”).

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

52. אימא, the fertilised Mother, the Phallus (♂) thrust into אמא. Also בן, the Son. Note $52 = 13 \times 4$, being Mercy and the influence of the Father.

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

61. אין, the Negative. אני, the Ego. A number rather like 31, *q.v.*

64. דין and דני, intelligences (the twins) of Mercury. See also 32.

65. אדני. In Roman characters LXV = LVX, the redeeming light. See the $5^\circ=6^\circ$ ritual and “Konx Om Pax.” Note $65 = 13 \times 5$, the most spiritual form of force, just as 10×5 was its most material form. Note הם, “Keep silence!” and הכיל, the palace; as if it were said “Silence is the House of Adonai.”

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

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

72. **חסד**, Mercy. The number of the Shemhamphorasch, as if affirming God as merciful. For details of Shemhamphorasch, see 777 and other classical books of reference. Note especially $\text{י} + \text{יה} + \text{יהוה} = 72$.

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

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

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

81. A mystic number of the Moon.

84. A number chiefly important in Buddhism. $84 = 7 \times 12$.

85. **פה**, the letter Pé. $85 = 5 \times 17$: even the highest unity, if it move or energise, means War.

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

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

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

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

106. **נון**, Nun, a fish. The number of death. Death in the Tarot bears a crosshanded scythe; hence the Fish as the symbol of the Redeemer. $\text{IX}\Theta\text{Y}\Sigma =$ Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.

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

111. **אהד הוא אלהים**, “He is One God.”

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

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

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

אעם, the Hindu Aum or Om.

מהולל, mad—the destruction of Reason by Illumination.

עולה, a holocaust. *Cf.* **אסן**.

פלא, the Hidden Wonder, a title of Kether.

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

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

124. עדן, Eden.

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

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

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

148. מאזניים, Scales of Justice.

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

175. A mystic number of Venus.

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

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

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

210. Pertains to Part II. See Liber 418.

214. רוח, the air, the mind.

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

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

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

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

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

301. אש, Fire.

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

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

326. יהשוע, Jesus—see 300.

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

340. שם—the Name.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

401. את, “the” emphatic, meaning “essence of,” for א and ת are first and last letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, as A and W are of the Greek, and A and Ω of the Latin. Hence the Word Azoth, not to be confused with Azote (lifeless, azotos), the old name for nitrogen. Azoth means the sum and essence of all, conceived as One.

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

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

419. טיה, the letter Teth.

434. דלה, the letter Daleth.

440. תלי, the great dragon.

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

450. תן, the great dragon.

463. מטה השקד, Moses’ Wand, a rod of Almond. $3 + 60 + 400$, the paths of the middle pillar.

474. דעת, Knowledge, the Sephira that is not a Sephira. In one aspect the child of Chokmah and Binah; in another the Eighth Heads of the Stooping Dragon, raised up when the Tree of Life

was shattered, and Macroprosopus set cherubim against Microprosopus. See 4 = 7 ritual *supra*. Also, and very specifically, Liber 418. It is the demon that purely intellectual or rational religions take as their God. The special danger of Hinayana Buddhism.

480. ליליית, the demon-queen of Malkuth.

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

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

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

- Saturn 3, 9, 15, 45.
- Jupiter 4, 16, 34, 136.
- Mars 5, 25, 65, 325.
- Sol 6, 36, 111, 666.
- Venus 7, 49, 175, 1225.
- Mercury 8, 64, 260, 2080.
- Luna 9, 81, 369, 3321.

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

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

- Thus
- (1) Kether = 1.
 - (2) Chokmah = 1 + 2 = 3.
 - (3) Binah = 1 + 2 + 3 = 6.
 - (4) Chesed = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10.
 - (5) Geburah = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 = 15.
 - (6) Tiphareth = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 = 21.
 - (7) Netzach = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 = 28.
 - (8) Hod = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 = 36.
 - (9) Yesod = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45.
 - (10) Malkuth = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 = 55.

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

671. תערא the Law, תרעא the Gate, אתער the Lady of the Path of Daleth, רעתא the Wheel. Also אלף, דלת, נוד, יוד, Adonai (see 65) spelt in full.

This important number marks the identity of the Augoeides with the Way itself (“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”) and shows the Taro as a key; and that the Law itself is nothing else

than this. For this reason the outer College of the A.:A.: is crowned by this “knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.”

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

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

777. *Vide supra.*

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

811. ΙΑΩ (Greek numeration).

888. Jesus (Greek numeration).

913. בראשית, the Beginning. See “A Note on Genesis.” This list¹ will enable the student to follow through most of the arguments of the dogmatic Qabalah. It is useful for him to go through the arguments b which one can prove that any given number is the supreme. It is the case, the many being but veils of the One; and the course of argument leads one to knowledge and worship of each number in turn. For example.

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

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

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

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

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

Scholion ε. 9 = יטרד = 80 = פ = Mars = 5 = ה =

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

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

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

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

Scholion η. 9 = Luna = 1 = 3, etc., as before.

Scholion θ. 9 = { Indigo } = Saturn = 3, etc., as before.
Lead }

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

¹ The complete dictionary, begun by Frater I. A., continued by Fra. P. and revised by Fra. A. e. G. and others, will shortly be published by authority of the A.:A.: [See THE EQUINOX, vol. i, no. 8]

brougham's a carriage; a carriage is a gig; a gig's a trap; a trap's a snare; a snare's a gin; gin's a spirit; and a spirit's a ghost."

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

PART II

THE UNIVERSE AS WE SEEK TO MAKE IT

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

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

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

He finds no satisfaction in contemplating the Tree of Life, and the orderly arrangement of the numbers; rather does he enjoy the Qabalah as a means of juggling with those numbers. He can leave nothing undisturbed; he is the Anarchist of Philosophy. He refuses to acquiesce in merely formal proofs of the Excellence of things, "He doeth all things well," "Were the world understood Ye would see it was good," "Whatever is, is right," and so on. To him, on the contrary, whatever is, is wrong. It is part of the painful duty of a Master of the Temple to understand everything. Only he can excuse the apparent cruelty and fatuity of things. He is of the supernals; he sees things from above; yet, having come from below, he can sympathise with all. And he does not expect the Neophyte to share his views. Indeed, they are not true to a Neophyte. The silliness of the New-Thought zanies in passionately affirming "I am healthy! I am opulent! I am well-dressed! I am happy!" when in truth they are "poor and miserable and blind and naked," is not a philosophical but a practical silliness. Nothing exists, says the Magister Templi, but perfection. True; yet their consciousness is imperfect. Ergo, it does not exist. For the M.T. this is so: he has "cancelled out" the complexities of the mathematical expression called existence, and the answer is zero. But for the beginner his pain and another's joy do not balance: his pain hurts him, and his brother may go hang. The Magister Templi, too, understands why Zero must plunge through all finite numbers to express itself; why it must write itself as " $n - n$ " instead of 0; what gain there is in such writing. And this understanding will be found expressed in Liber 418 (Episode of Chaos and His Daughter) and Liber Legis (i. 28-30).

But it must never be forgotten that everyone must begin at the beginning. And in the beginning the Aspirant is a rebel, even though he feel himself to be that most dangerous type of rebel, a King Dethroned.¹

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

Atheists are of three kinds.

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

2. The despairing wretch, who, having sought God everywhere, and failed to find Him, thinks everyone else is as blind as he is, and that if he has failed—he, the seeker after truth!—it is because there is no goal. In his cry there is pain, as with the stupid kind of atheist there is smugness and self-satisfaction. Both are diseased Egos.

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ And of course, if his revolt succeeds, he will acquiesce in order. The first condition of gaining a grade is to be dissatisfied with the one that you have. And so when you reach the end you find order as at first; but also that the law is that you must rebel to conquer.

1. I am not God. I wish to become God.
This is the Hindu conception.
I am Malkuth. I wish to become Kether.
This is the qabalistic equivalent.
2. I am a fallen creature. I wish to be redeemed.
This is the Christian conception.
I am Malkuth the fallen daughter. I wish to be set upon the throne of Binah
my supernal mother.
This is the qabalistic equivalent.
3. I am the finite square; I wish to be one with the infinite circle.
This is the Unsectarian conception.
I am the Cross of Extension; I wish to be one with the infinite Rose.
This is the qabalistic equivalent.

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

The answer of the Adept to the second form of the problem is for the Christian all the familiar teaching of the Song of Songs and the Apocalypse concerning the Bride of Christ.¹

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

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

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

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

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

¹ This Christian teaching (not its qabalistic equivalent) is incomplete. The Bride (the soul) is united, though only by marriage, with the Son, who then presents her to the Father and Mother or Holy Spirit. These four then complete Tetragrammaton. But the Bride is never united to the Father. In this scheme the soul can never do more than touch Tiphareth and so receive the ray from Chokmah. Whereas even St. John makes his Son say “I and my Father are one.” And we all agree that in philosophy there can never be (in Truth) more than one; this Christian dogma says “never less than four.” Hence its bondage to law and its most imperfect comprehension of any true mystic teaching, and hence the difficulty of using its symbols.

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

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

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

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

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

A reference to this little dictionary of numbers will show that 1, 3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 26, 32, 37, 45, 52, 65, 67, 73, 78, 91, 111, 120, 207, 231, 270, 300, 326, 358, 361, 370, 401, 306, 434, 474, 666, 671, 741, 913, were for me numbers of peculiar importance and sanctity. Most of them are venerable, referring to or harmonious with the One. Only a few—*e.g.* 120—refer to the means. There are many others—any others—just as good; but not for me. God in dealing with me would show me the signs which I should have intelligence enough to understand. It is a condition of all intellectual intercourse.

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

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

1. Is the goal not the means. Too simple to serve a magician’s purpose.
2. *Vide supra.*
3. Still too simple to work with, especially as $3 = 1$ so easily. But, and therefore, a great number to venerate and desire.
4. The terrible weapon of Tetragrammaton, the great enemy. The number of the weapons of the Evil Magician. The Dyad made Law.
5. The Pentagram, symbol of the squaring of the circle by virtue of אלהים = 3.1415, symbol of man’s will, of the evil 4 dominated by man’s spirit. Also Pentagrammaton, Jeheshua, the Saviour. Hence the Beginning of the Great Work.
6. The Hexagram, symbol of the Macrocosm and Microcosm interlaced, and of the End of the Great Work. (Pentagram on breast, Hexagram on back, of Probationer’s Robe.) Yes it also symbolises the Ruach, 214, *q.v.*, and so is as evil *in viâ* as it is good *in termino*.
7. A most evil number, whose perfection is impossible to attack.
8. The great number of redemption, because $\pi = \text{חית} = 418$, *q.v.* This only develops in importance as my analysis proceeds. A priori it was of no great importance.
9. Most Evil, because of its stability. bwa, witchcraft, the false moon of the sorceress.
10. Evil, memorial of our sorrow. Yet holy, as hiding in itself the return to the negative.
11. The great magical number, as uniting the antitheses of 5 and 6 *etc.* dwa the magic force itself.

12. Useless. Mere symbol of the Goal.
13. Helpful, since if we can reduce our formula to 13, it becomes 1 without further trouble.
17. Useful, because though it symbolises 1, it does so under the form of a thunderbolt. “Here is a magic disk for me to hurl, and win heaven by violence,” says the Aspirant.
21. As bad, nearly, as 7.
26. Accursed. As bad as 4. Only useful when it is a weapon in your hand; then—“if Satan be divided against Satan,” *etc.*
28. Attainable; and so, useful. “My victory,” “My power,” says the Philosophus.
30. The Balance—Truth. Most useful.
31. אָל the reply to לָא, who is the God of Chesed, 4. The passionate denial of God, useful when other methods fail.
32. Admirable, in spite of its perfection, because it is the perfection which all from 1 to 10 and Aleph to Tau, share. Also connects with 6, through אֶהְיֶהוּהָא.
37. Man’s crown.
44. Useful to me chiefly because I had never examined it and so had acquiesced in it as accursed. When it was brought by a messenger whose words proved true, I then understood it as an attack on the 4 by the 11. “Without shedding of blood (מָוֶה = 44) there is no remission.” Also since the messenger could teach this, and prophecy, it added credit to the Adept who sent the message.
45. Useful as the number of man, מָוֶה, identified with מֵהָ, Yetzirah, the World of Formation to which man aspires as next above Assiah. Thus 45 baffles the accuser, but only by affirmation of progress. It cannot help that progress.
52. אִימָא and בָּן. But orthodoxy conceives these as external saviours; therefore they serve no useful purpose.
60. Like 30, but weaker. “Temperance” is only an inferior balance. 120, its extension, gives a better force.
65. Fully dealt with in “Konx Om Pax,” *q.v.*
72. Almost as bad as 4 and 26; yet being bigger and therefore further from 1 it is more assailable. Also it does spell מֶרְחָם, Mercy, and this is sometimes useful.
73. The two ways to Kether, Gimel and Chokmah. Hence venerable, but not much good to the beginner.
74. לָמֵד, Lamed, an expansion of 30. Reads “By equilibrium and self-sacrifice, the Gate!” Thus useful. Also $74 = 37 \times 2$.
- So we see $37 \times 1 = 37$, Man’s crown, Jechidah, the highest Soul—“in termino.”
 $37 \times 2 = 74$, The Balance, 2 being the symbol “in viâ.”
 $37 \times 3 = 111$, Aleph, *etc.*, 3 being the Mother, the nurse of the soul.
 $37 \times 4 = 148$, “The Balances,” and so on.
- I have not yet worked out all the numbers of this important scale.
77. עֵז, the Goat, scil. of the Sabbath of the Adepts. The Baphomet of the Templars, the idol set up to defy and overthrow the false god—though it is understood that he himself is false, not an end, but a means. Note the $77 = 7 \times 11$, magical power in perfection.
78. Most venerable because מְזֵלָא is shown as the influence descending from On High, whose key is the Tarot: and we possess the Tarot. The proper number of the name of the Messenger of the Most Exalted One. [The account of AIVAS follows in its proper place.—Ed.]
85. Good, since $85 = 5 \times 17$.

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

91. Merely venerable.

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

120. See Part I. and references.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But we have דביר, connected with דבר, adding the Secret Phallic Power.

220. This is the number of verses of Liber Legis. It represents 10×22 , i.e. the whole of the Law welded into one. Hence we may be sure that the Law shall stand as it is without a syllable of addition.

Note 10^{22} , the modulus of the universe of atoms, men, stars. See “Two new worlds.”

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

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

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

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

333. See Part I.

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

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

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

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

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

406. See Part I.414. twgh, Meditation, the 1 dividing the accursed 4. Also rwa [ws }ya, the Limitless Light.

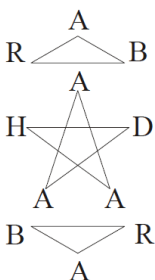
418. Cheth. ארבראהאדאברא, the great Magic Word, the Word of the Æon. Note the 11 letters, 5 א identical, and 6 diverse. Thus it interlocks Pentagram and Hexagram. בית הא, the House of Hé the Pentagram; see Idra Zuta Qadisha, 694. “For ה formeth כ, but ה formeth יוד.” Both equal 20.

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

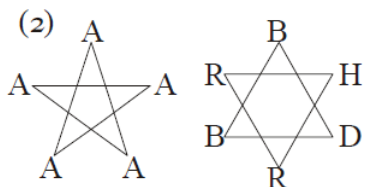
By Aiq Bkr, ABRAHADABRA = $1 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 22$. Also $418 = 22 \times 19$, Manifestation. Hence the word manifests the 22 Keys of Rota.

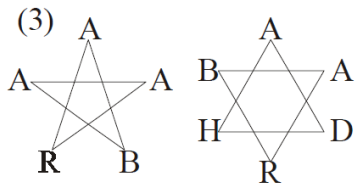
It means by translation Abraha Deber, the Voice of the Chief Seer.

It resolves into Pentagram and Hexagram as follows:—

(1)  [This is by taking the 5 middle letters.]
 The pentagram is 12, הוא, Macroprosopus.
 The hexagram is 406, אתה, Microprosopus.
 Thus it connotes the Great Work.
 Note אבר, initials of the Supernals, Ab, Ben, Ruach.

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

(2)  } “The Vision and the Voice,” a phrase which meant much to me at the moment of discovering this Word.
 $ברה = 207$, Aur, Light
 $דבר = 206$, Deber, Voice.

(3)  [By taking each alternate letter.]

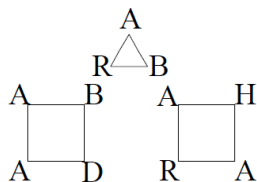
$205 = נבר$, mighty } This shows Abrahadabra as the
 $213 = אביר$, mighty

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

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

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

Also



The Supernals are supported upon two squares:—

אבאד = דב, Love, 8.

אהרא = אור, Light, 207.

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

The five letters used in the word are א, the Crown; ב, the Wand, ד, the Cup; ה, the Sword; ר, the Rosy Cross; and refer further to Amoun the Father, Thoth His messenger, and Isis, Horus, Osiris, the divine-human triad.

Also $418 = \text{איו}$, the Essence of IAO, *q.v.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

666. Chosen by myself as my symbol, partly for the reasons given in Part I., partly for the reasons given in the Apocalypse. I took the Beast to be the Lion (Leo my rising sign) and Sol, 6, 666, the Lord of Leo on which Babalon should ride. And there were other more intimate considerations, unnecessary to enter upon in this place. Note however that the Tarot card of Leo, Strength, bears the number XI, the great number of the Magnum Opus, and its interchange with Justice, VIII.; and the key of 8 is 418.

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

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

671. Useful, as shown in Part I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amen!

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

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

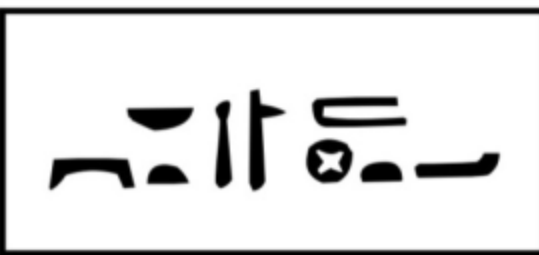
And to that end we must ask the reader to accompany us in imagination to the sovereign nursery of wisdom and initiation, to the holy land of the Uraeus serpent, to the land of Isis and Osiris, of the Pyramids and the Nile, even to Khem, more magnificent in ruin than all other lands are in plenitude of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



LIBER
LIX

ACROSS
THE GULF

SUB FIGVRÂ
LIX





A.:.A.:. Publication in Class C

CHAPTER I

AT last the matter comes back into my mind.

It is now five years since I discovered my "stele" at Bulak, but not until I obtained certain initiation in the city of Benares last year did the memory of my life in the Twenty-Sixth Dynasty when I was prince and priest in Thebai begin to return. Even now much is obscure; but I am commanded to write, so that in writing the full memory may be recovered. For without the perfect knowledge and understanding of that strange life by Nilus I cannot fully know and understand this later life, or find that Tomb which I am appointed to find, and do that therein which must be done.

Therefore with faith and confidence do I who was—in a certain mystical sense—the Priest of the Princes, Ankh-f-na-khonsu, child of Ta-nech, the holy and mighty one, and of Bes-na-Maut, priestess of the Starry One, set myself to tell myself the strange things that befell me in that life.

Thus.

At my birth Aphruimis in the sign of the Lion was ascending, and in it that strange hidden planet that presides over darkness and magic and forbidden love. The sun was united with the planet of Amoun, but in the Abyss, as showing that my power and glory should be secret, and in Aterechinis the second decanate of the House of Maat, so that my passion and pleasure should likewise be unprofane. In the House of Travel in the Sign of the Ram was the Moon my sweet lady. And the wise men interpreted this as a token that I should travel afar; it might be to the great temple at the source of mother Nile; it might be . . .

Foolishness! I have scarce stirred from Thebai.

Yet have I explored strange countries that they knew not of: and of this also will I tell in due course.

I remember—as I never could while I lived in Khemi-land—all the minute care of my birth. For my mother was of the oldest house in Thebes, her blood not only royal, but mixed with the divine. Fifty virgins in their silver tissue stood about her shaking their sistrons, as if the laughter of the Gods echoed the cries of the woman. By the bed stood the Priest of Horus with his heavy staff, the Phoenix for its head, the prong for its foot. Watchful he stood lest Sebek should rise from the abyss.

On the roof of the palace watched the three chief astrologers of Pharaoh with their instruments, and four armed men from the corners of the tower announced each god as it rose. So these three men ached and sweated at their task; for they had become most anxious. All day my birth had been expected; but as Toum drew to His setting their faces grew paler than the sky; for there was one dread moment in the night which all their art had failed to judge. The gods that watched over it were veiled.

But it seemed unlikely that Fate would so decide; yet so they feared that they sent down to the priest of Thoth to say that he must at all costs avoid the threatening moment, even if the lives of mother and child should pay for it; and still the watchmen cried the hour. Now, now! cried the oldest of the astrologers as the moment grew near—now! Below in answer the priest of Thoth summoned all his skill.

When lo! a rumbling of the abyss. The palace reeled and fell; Typhon rose mighty in destruction, striding across the skies. The world rocked with earthquake; every star broke from its fastening and trembled.

And in the midst lo! Bes-na-Maut my mother; and in her arms myself, laughing in the midst of all that ruin. Yet not one living creature took the slightest hurt! But the astrologers rent their

robes and beat their faces on the ground; for the dread moment, the Unknown Terror, had gone by; and with it I had come to light.

In their terror, indeed, as I learnt long after, they sent messengers to the oldest and wisest of the priests; the High-priest of Nuit, who lived at the bottom of a very deep well, so that his eyes, even by day, should remain fixed upon the stars.

But he answered them that since they had done all that they could, and Fate had reversed their design, it was evident that the matter was in the hands of Fate, and that the less they meddled the better it would be for them. For he was a brusque old man—how afterwards I met him shall be written in its place.

So then I was to be brought up as befitted one in my station, half-prince, half-priest. I was to follow my father, hold his wand and ankh, assume his throne.

And now I begin to recall some details of my preparation for that high and holy task.

Memory is strangely fragmentary and strangely vivid. I remember how, when I had completed my fourth month, the priests took me and wrapped me in a panther's skin, whose flaming gold and jet-black spots were like the sun. They carried me to the river bank where the holy crocodiles were basking; and there they laid me. But when they left me they refrained from the usual enchantment against the evil spirit of the crocodile; and so for three days I lay without protection. Only at certain hours did my mother descend to feed me; and she too was silent, being dressed as a princess only, without the sacred badges of her office.

Also in the sixth month they exposed me to the Sun in the desert where was no shade or clothing; and in the seventh month they laid me in a bed with a sorceress, that fed on the blood of young children, and, having been in prison for a long time, was bitterly an-hungered; and in the eighth month they gave me the asp of Nile, and the royal Uraeus serpent, and the deadly snake of the south country, for playmates; but I passed scatheless through all these trials.

And in the ninth month I was weaned, and my mother bade me farewell, for never again might she look upon my face, save in the secret rites of the Gods, when we should meet otherwise than as babe and mother, in the garment of that Second Birth which we of Khemi knew.

The next six years of my life have utterly faded. All that I can recall is the vision of the greatness of our city of Thebai, and the severity of my life. For I lived on the back of a horse, even eating and drinking as I rode; for so it becometh a prince. Also I was trained to lay about me with a sword, and in the use of the bow and the spear. For it was said that Horus—or Men Tu, as we called him in Thebai—was my Father and my God. I shall speak later of that strange story of my begetting.

At the end of seven years, however, so great and strong had I waxen that my father took me to the old astrologer that dwelt in the well to consult him. This I remember as if it were but yesterday. The journey down the great river with its slow days! The creaking benches and the sweat of the slaves are still in my ears and my nostrils. Then swift moments of flying foam in some rapid or cataract. The great temples that we passed; the solitary Ibis of Thoth that meditated on the shore; the crimson flights of birds;—but nothing that we saw upon the journey was like unto the end thereof. For in a desolate place was the Well, with but a small temple beside it, where the servants—they too most holy! of that holy ancient man might dwell.

And my father brought me to the mouth of the well and called thrice upon the name of Nuit. Then came a voice climbing and coiling up the walls like a serpent, "Let this child become priestess of the Veiled One!"

Now my father was wise enough to know that the old man never made a mistake; it was only a question of a right interpretation of the oracle. Yet he was sorely puzzled and distressed, for that

I was a boy child. So at the risk of his life—for the old man was brusque!—he called again and said “Behold my son!”

But as he spoke a shaft of sunlight smote him on the nape of the neck as he bend over the well; and his face blackened, and his blood gushed forth from his mouth. And the old man lapped up the blood of my father with his tongue, and cried gleefully to his servants to carry me to a house of the Veiled One, there to be trained in my new life.

So there came forth from the little house an eunuch and a young woman exceeding fair; and the eunuch saddled two horses, and we rode into the desert alone.

Now though I could ride like a man, they suffered me not; but the young priestess bore me in her arms. And though I ate meat like a warrior, they suffered me not, but the young priestess fed me at her breast.

And they took from me the armour of gilded bronze that my father had made for me, scales like a crocodile's sewn upon crocodile skin that cunning men had cured with salt and spices; but they wrapped me in soft green silk.

So strangely we came to a little house in the desert, and that which befell me there is not given me of the gods at this time to tell; but I will sleep; and in the morning by their favour the memory thereof shall arise in me, even in me across these thousands of years of the whirling of the earth in her course.

CHAPTER II

SO for many years I grew sleek and subtle in my woman's attire. And the old eunuch (who was very wise) instructed me in the Art of Magic and in the worship of the Veiled One, whose priestess was I destined.

I remember now many things concerning those strange rituals, things too sacred to write. But I will tell of an adventure that I had when I was nine years of age.

In one of the sacred books it is written that the secret of that subtle draught which giveth vision of the star-abodes of Duant, whose sight is life eternal in freedom and pleasure among the living, lieth in the use of a certain little secret bone that is in the Bear of Syria. Yet how should I a child slay such an one? For they had taken all weapons from me.

But in a garden of the city (for we had now returned unto a house in the suburbs of Thebai) was a colony of bears kept by a great lord for his pleasure. And I by my cunning enticed a young bear-cub from its dam, and slew it with a great stone. Then I tore off its skin and hid myself therein, taking also its jaw and sharpening the same upon my stone. Then at last the old she-bear came searching me, and as she put down her nose to smell at me, taking me for her cub, I drove my sharpened bone into her throat.

I struck with great fortune; for she coughed once, and died.

Then I took her skin with great labour; and (for it was now night) began to return to my house. But I was utterly weary and I could no longer climb the wall. Yet I stayed awake all that night, sharpening again upon my stone the jaw-bone of that bear-cub; and this time I bound it to a bough that I tore off from a certain tree that grew in the garden.

Now towards the morning I fell asleep, wrapped in the skin of the old she-bear. And the great bear himself, the lord of the garden, saw me, and took me for his mate, and came to take his pleasure of me. Then I being roused out of sleep struck at his heart with all my strength as he rose over me, and quitting my shelter ran among the trees. For I struck not home, or struck aslant. And the old bear, sore wounded, tore up the skin of his mate; and then, discovering the cheat, came after me.

But by good fortune I found and wedged myself into a narrow pylon, too deep for him to reach me, though I could not go through, for the door was closed upon me. And in the angle of the door was an old sword disused. This was too heavy for me to wield with ease; yet I lifted it, and struck feebly at the claws of the bear. So much I wounded him that in his pain he dropped and withdrew and began to lick his paws. Thus he forgot about me; and I, growing bolder, ran out upon him. He opened his mouth; but before he could rise, I thrust the sword down it. He tossed his head; and I, clinging to the sword-hilt, was thrown into the air, and fell heavily upon my shoulder. My head too struck the ground; and I lay stunned.

When I came to myself it was that a party of men and women had thrown water in my face and uttered the spells that revive from swoon. Beside me, close beside me, lay mine enemy dead; and I, not forgetful of my quest, took the blade of the sword (for it was snapt) and cut off the secret parts of the bear and took the little bone thereof; and would have gone forth with my prize. But the great lord of the house spake with me; and all his friends made as if to mock at me. But the women would not have it; they came round me and petted and caressed me; so that angry words were spoken.

But even as they quarrelled among themselves, my guardian, the old eunuch, appeared among them; for he had traced me to the garden.

And when they beheld the ring of the holy ancient man the astrologer they trembled; and the lord of the house threw a chain of gold around my neck, while his lady gave me her own silken scarf, broidered with the loves of Isis and Nephthys, and of Apis and Hathor. Nor did any dare to take from me the little bone that I had won so dearly; and with it I made the spell of the Elixir, and beheld the starry abodes of Duant, even as it was written in the old wise book.

But my guardians were ashamed and perplexed; for though I was so sleek and subtle, yet my manhood already glowed in such deeds as this—how should I truly become the priestess of the Veiled One?

Therefore they kept me closer and nursed me with luxury and flattery. I had two negro slave-boys that fanned me and that fed me; I had an harp-player from the great city of Memphis, that played languorous tunes. But in my mischief I would constantly excite him to thoughts of war and of love; and his music would grow violent and loud, so that the old eunuch, rushing in, would belabour him with his staff.

How well I recall that room! Large was it and lofty; and there were sculptured pillars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and of porphyry and yellow marble. The floor was of black granite; the roof of white marble. On the Southern side was my couch, a softness of exotic furs. To roll in them was to gasp for pleasure. In the centre was a tiny fountain of pure gold. The sunlight came through the space between the walls and the roof, while on the other sides I could look through and up into the infinite blue.

There was a great python that inhabited the hall; but he was very old, and too wise to stir. But—so I then believed—he watched me and conveyed intelligence to the old magus of the well.

Now then the folly of my guardians appeared in this; that while all day I slept and languished and played idly, at night while they supposed I slept, I slept not. But I rose and gave myself to the most violent exercises. First, I would go into my bathing-pool and hold my breath beneath the water while I invoked the goddess Auramoth one hundred times. Next, I would walk on my hands around the room; I even succeeded in hopping on one hand. Next, I would climb each of the twenty-four smooth pillars. Next, I would practise the seventy-two athletic postures. Also in many other ways I would strive to make my strength exceeding great; and all this I kept most secret from my guardians.

At last on one night I resolved to try my strength; so, pushing aside the curtain, I passed into the corridor. Springing upon the soldier that guarded me, I brought him to the ground; and with my right hand under his chin, my left on his right shoulder, and my knee at the nape of his neck, I tore his head from his body before he could utter a cry.

I was now in my fifteenth year; but the deed was marvelous. None suspected me; it was thought a miracle.

The old eunuch, distressed, went to consult the magus of the well; whose answer was; “Let the vows of the priestess be taken!”

Now I thought this old man most foolish-obstinate; for I myself was obstinate and foolish. Not yet did I at all understand his wisdom or his purpose.

It often happens thus. Of old, men sent their priests to rebuke Nile for rising—until it was known that his rising was the cause of the fertility of their fields.

Now of the vows which I took upon me and of my service as priestess of the Veiled One it shall next be related.

CHAPTER III

IT was the Equinox of Spring, and all my life stirred in me. They led me down cool colonnades of mighty stone clad in robes of white brodered with silver, and veiled with a veil of fine gold web fastened with rubies. They gave me not the Uraeus crown, nor any nemyss, nor the Ateph crown, but bound my forehead with a simple fillet of green leaves—vervain and mandrake and certain deadly herbs of which it is not fitting to speak.

Now the priests of the Veiled One were sore perplexed, for that never before had any boy been chosen priestess. For before the vows may be administered, the proofs of virginity are sought; and, as it seemed, this part of the ritual must be suppressed or glossed over. Then said the High Priest: "Let it be that we examine the first woman that he shall touch with his hand, and she shall suffice." Now when I heard this, I thought to test the God; and, spying in the crowd, I beheld in loose robes with flushed face and wanton eyes, a certain courtesan well-known in the city, and I touched her. Then those of the priests that hated me were glad, for they wished to reject me; and taking aside into the hall of trial that woman, made the enquiry.

Then with robes rent they came running forth, crying out against the Veiled One; for they found her perfect in virginity, and so was she even unto her death, as latter appeared.

But the Veiled One was wroth with them because of this, and appeared in her glittering veil upon the steps of her temple. There she stood, and called them one by one; and she lifted but the eye-piece of her veil and looked into their eyes; and dead they fell before her as if smitten of the lightning.

But those priests who were friendly to me and loyal to the goddess took that virgin courtesan, and led her in triumph through the city, veiled and crowned as is befitting. Now after some days he that guarded the sacred goat of Khem died, and they appointed her in his place. And she was the first woman that was thus honoured since the days of the Evil Queen in the Eighteenth Dynasty, of her that wearied of men at an age when other women have not known them, that gave herself to gods and beasts.

But now they took me to the pool of liquid silver—or so they called it; I suppose it was quicksilver; for I remember that it was very difficult to immerse me—which is beneath the feet of the Veiled One. For this is the secret of the Oracle. Standing afar off the priest beholds the reflection of her in the mirror, seeing her lips that move under the veil; and this he interprets to the seeker after truth.

Thus the priest reads wrongly the silence of the Goddess, and the seeker understands ill the speech of the priest. Then come forth fools, saying "The Goddess hath lied"—and in their folly they die.

While, therefore, they held me beneath the surface of the pool, the High Priestess took the vows on my behalf saying:

I swear by the orb of the Moon;

I swear by the circuit of the Stars;

I swear by the Veil, and by the Face behind the Veil;

I swear by the Light Invisible, and by the Visible Darkness; On behalf of this Virgin that is buried in thy water;

To live in purity and service;

To love in beauty and truth;

To guard the Veil from the profane;

To die before the Veil; . . .

—and then came the awful penalty of failure.

I dare not recall half of it; yet in it were these words: Let her be torn by the Phallus of Set, and let her bowels be devoured by Apep; let her be prostituted to the lust of Besz, and let her face be eaten by the god—.

It is not good to write His name.

Then they loosed me, and I lay smiling in the pool. They lifted me up and brought me to the feet of the goddess, so that I might kiss them. And as I kissed them such a thrill ran through me that I thought myself rapt away into the heaven of Amoun, or even as Asi when Hoor and Hoor-pa-kraat, cleaving her womb, sprang armed to life. Then they stripped me of my robes, and lashed me with fine twigs of virgin hazel, until my blood ran from me into the pool. But the surface of the silver swallowed up the blood by some mysterious energy; and they took this to be a sign of acceptance. So then they clothed me in the right robes of a priestess of the Veiled One; and they put a silver sistrion in my hand, and bade me perform the ceremony of adoration. This I did, and the veil of the goddess glittered in the darkness—for night had fallen by this—with a strange starry light.

Thereby it was known that I was indeed chosen aright.

So last of all they took me to the banqueting-house and set me on the high throne. One by one the priests came by and kissed my lips: one by one the priestesses came by, and gave me the secret clasp of hands that hath hidden virtue. And the banquet waxed merry; for all the food was magically prepared. Every beast that they slew was virgin; every plant that they plucked had been grown and tended by virgins in the gardens of the temple. Also the wine was spring water only, but so consecrated by the holy priestesses that one glass was more intoxicating than a whole skin of common wine. Yet this intoxication was a pure delight, an enthusiasm wholly divine; and it gave strength, and did away with sleep, and left no sorrow.

Last, as the first gray glow of Hormakhu paled the deep indigo of the night, they crowned and clothed me with white lotus flowers, and took me joyously back into the temple, there to celebrate the matin ritual of awakening the Veiled One.

Thus, and not otherwise, I became priestess of that holy goddess, and for a little while my life passed calm as the unruffled mirror itself.

It was from the Veiled One herself that came the Breath of Change.

On this wise.

In the Seventh Equinox after my initiation into her mystery the High Priestess was found to fail; at her invocation the Veil no longer glittered as was its wont. For this they deemed her impure, and resorted to many ceremonies, but without avail. At last in despair she went to the temple of Set, and gave herself as a victim to that dreadful god. Now all men were much disturbed at this, and it was not known at all of them what they should do.

Now it must be remembered that the ceremonies are always performed by a single priestess alone before the goddess, save only at the Initiations.

The others also had found themselves rejected of her; and when they learnt of the terrible end of the High Priestess, they became fearful. Some few, indeed, concealed their failure from the priests; but always within a day and a night they were found torn asunder in the outer courts; so that it seemed the lesser evil to speak truth.

Moreover, the affair had become a public scandal; for the goddess plagued the people with famine and with a terrible and foul disease.

But as for me, I wot not what to do; for to me always the Veil glittered, and that brighter than the ordinary. Yet I said nothing, but went about drooping and sorrowful, as if I were as unfortunate as they. For I would not seem to boast of the favour of the goddess.

Then they sent to the old Magus in the well; and he laughed outright at their beards, and would say no word. Also they sent to the sacred goat of Khem, and his priestess would but answer, "I, and such as I, may be favoured of Her," which they took for ribaldry and mocking. A third time they sent to the temple of Thoth the Ibis god of wisdom. And Thoth answered them by this riddle: "On how many legs doth mine Ibis stand?"

And they understood him not.

But the old High priest determined to solve the mystery, though he paid forfeit with his life. So concealing himself in the temple, he watched in the pool for the reflection of the glittering of the Veil, while one by one we performed the adorations. And behind him and without stood the priests, watching for him to make a sign. This we knew not; but when it fell to me (the last) to adore that Veiled One, behold! the Veil glittered, and the old Priest threw up his arms to signal that which had occurred. And the flash of the eye pierced the Veil, and he fell from his place dead upon the priests without.

They buried him with much honour, for that he had given his life for the people and for the temple, to bring back the favour of the Veiled One.

Then came they all very humbly unto me the child, and besought me to interpret the will of the Goddess. And her will was that I alone should serve her day and night.

Then they gave me to drink of the Cup of the torment; and this is its virtue, that if one should speak falsely, invoking the name of the goddess, he shall burn in hell visibly before all men for a thousand years; and that flame shall never be put out. There is such an one in her temple in Memphis, for I saw it with these eyes. There he burns and writhes and shrieks on the cold marble floor; and there he shall burn till his time expire, and he sink to that more dreadful hell below the West. But I drank thereof, and the celestial dew stood shining on my skin, and a coolness ineffable thrilled through me; whereat they all rejoiced, and obeyed the voice of the Goddess that I had declared unto them.

Now then was I alway alone with that Veiled One, and I must enter most fully into that secret period of my life. For, despite its ending, which hath put many wise men to shame, it was to me even as an eternity of rapture, of striving and of attainment beyond that which most mortals—and they initiates even!—call divine.

Now first let it be understood what is the ritual of adoration of our Lady the Veiled One.

First, the priestess performs a mystical dance, by which all beings whatsoever, be they dogs or demons, are banished, so that the place may be pure. Next, in another dance, even more secret and sublime, the presence of the goddess is invoked into her Image. Next, the priestess goes a certain journey, passing the shrines of many great and terrible of the Lords of Khem, and saluting them. Last, she assumes the very self of the Goddess; and if this be duly done, the Veil glittereth responsive.

Therefore, if the Veil glittereth not, one may know that in some way the priestess hath failed to identify herself with Her. Thus an impurity in the thought of the priestess must cause her to fail; for the goddess is utterly pure.

Yet the task is alway difficult; for with the other gods one knoweth the appearance of their images; and steadily contemplating these one can easily attain to their imitation, and so to their comprehension, and to unity of consciousness with them. But with Our Veiled One, none who hath seen her face hath lived long enough to say one word, or call one cry.

So then it was of vital urgency to me to keep in perfect sympathy with that pure soul, so calm, so strong. With what terror then did I regard myself when, looking into my own soul, I saw no longer that perfect stillness. Strange was it, even as if one should see a lake stirred by a wind that one did not feel upon the cheeks and brow!

Trembling and ashamed, I went to the vesper adoration. I knew myself troubled, irritated, by I knew not what. And in spite of all my efforts, this persisted even to the supreme moment of my assumption of her godhead.

And then? Oh but the Veil glittered as never yet; yea more! it shot out sparks of scintillant fire, silvery rose, a shower of flame and of perfume.

Then was I exceedingly amazed because of this, and made a Vigil before her all the night, seeking a Word. And that word came not.

Now of what further befell I will write anon.

CHAPTER IV

SO it came to pass that I no longer went out at all from the presence of the goddess, save only to eat and to sleep. And the favour of her was restored to the people, so that all men were glad thereof.

For if any man murmured, he was slain incontinent, the people being mindful of the famine and the disease, and being minded to have no more of such, if it could by any means be avoided. They were therefore exceeding punctual with their gifts.

But I was daily more afraid, being in a great sweat of passion, of which I dared to speak to no man. Nor did I dare to speak even privily in mine own heart thereof, lest I should discover its nature. But I sent my favourite, the virgin Istarah (slim, pallid, and trembling as a young lotus in the West Wind), with my ring of office, to enquire of the old Magus of the well.

And he answered her by pointing upward to the sky and then downward to the earth. And I read this Oracle as if it were spoken "As above, so beneath." This came to me as I had flung myself in despair at the feet of my Lady, covering them with my tears; for by a certain manifest token I now knew that I had done a thing that was so dreadful that even now—these many thousand years hence—I dare hardly write it.

I loved the Veiled One.

Yea, with the fierce passion of a beast, of a man, of a god, with my whole soul I loved her.

Even as I knew this by the manifest token the Veil burst into a devouring flame; it ate up the robes of my office, lapping them with its tongues of fire like a tigress lapping blood; yet withal it burnt me not, nor singed one hair.

Thus naked I fled away in fear, and in my madness slipped and fell into the pool of liquid silver, splashing it all over the hall; and even as I fled that rosy cataract of flame that wrapt me (from the Veil as it jetted) went out—went out—

The Veil was a dull web of gold, no more.

Then I crept fearfully to the feet of the goddess, and with my tears and kisses sought to wake her into life once more. But the Veil flamed not again; only a mist gathered about it and filled the temple, and hid all things from my eyes.

Now then came Istarah my favourite back with the ring and the message; and thinking that she brought bad news, I slit her lamb's-throat with the magic sickle, and her asp's-tongue I tore out with my hands, and threw it to the dogs and jackals.

Herein I erred sorely, for her news was good. Having reflected thereon, I perceived its import.

For since the Veil flamed always at my assumption, it was sure that I was in sympathy with that holy Veiled One.

If I were troubled, and knew not why; if my long peace were stirred—why then, so She!

"As above, so beneath!" For even as I, being man, sought to grasp godhead and crush it in my arms, so She, the pure essence, sought to manifest in form by love.

Yet I dared not repeat the ceremony at midnight.

Instead I lay prone, my arms outstretched in shame and pain, on the steps at her feet.

And lo! the Veil flamed. Then I knew that She too blamed Herself alike for her ardour and for her abstinence. Thus seven days I lay, never stirring; and all that time the Veil flamed subtly and softly, a steady bluish glow changing to green as my thought changed from melancholy to desire.

Then on the eighth day I rose and left the shrine and clad myself in new robes, in robes of scarlet and gold, with a crown of vine and bay and laurel and cypress. Also I purified myself and

proclaimed a banquet. And I made the priests and the citizens, exceeding drunken. Then I called the guard, and purged thoroughly the whole temple of all of them, charging the captain on his life to let no man pass within. So that I should be absolutely alone in the whole precincts of the temple.

Then like an old gray wolf I wandered round the outer court, lifting up my voice in a mournful howl. And an ululation as of one hundred thousand wolves answered me, yet deep and muffled, as though it came from the very bowels of the earth.

Then at the hour of midnight I entered again the shrine and performed the ritual.

As I went on I became inflamed with an infinite lust for the Infinite; and now I let it leap unchecked, a very lion. Even so the Veil glowed red as with some infernal fire. Now then I am come to the moment of the Assumption; but instead of sitting calm and cold, remote, aloof, I gather myself together, and spring madly at the Veil, catching it in my two hands. Now the Veil was of woven gold, three thousand twisted wires; a span thick! Yet I put out my whole force to tear it across; and (for she also put out her force) it rent with a roar as of earthquake. Blinded I was with the glory of her face; I should have fallen; but she caught me to her, and fixed her divine mouth on mine, eating me up with the light of her eyes. Her mouth moaned, her throat sobbed with love; her tongue thrust itself into me as a shaft of sunlight smites into the palm-groves; my robes fell shrivelled, and flesh to flesh we clung. Then in some strange way she gripped me body and soul, twining herself about me and within me even as Death that devoureth mortal man.

Still, still my being increased; my consciousness expanded until I was all Nature seen as one, felt as one, apprehended as one, formed by me, part of me, apart from me—all these things at one moment—and at the same time the ecstasy of love grew colossal, a tower to scale the stars, a sea to drown the sun . . .

I cannot write of this . . . but in the streets people gathered apples of gold that dropped from invisible boughs, and invisible porters poured out wine for all, strange wine that healed disease and old age, wine that, poured between the teeth of the dead (so long as the embalmer had not begun his work), brought them back from the dark kingdom to perfect health and youth.

As for me, I lay as one dead in the arms of the holy Veiled One—Veiled no more!—while she took her pleasure of me ten times, a thousand times. In that whirlwind of passion all my strength was as a straw in the simoom.

Yet I grew not weaker but stronger. Though my ribs cracked, I held firm. Presently indeed I stirred; it seemed as if her strength had come to me. Thus I forced back her head and thrust myself upon and into her even as a comet that impales the sun upon its horn! And my breath came fast between my lips and hers; her moan now faint, like a dying child, no more like a wild beast in torment.

Even so, wild with the lust of conquest, I urged myself upon her and fought against her. I stretched out her arms and forced them to the ground; then I crossed them on her breast, so that she was powerless. And I became like a mighty serpent of flame, and wrapt her, crushed her in my coils.

I was the master! . . .

Then grew a vast sound about me as of shouting: I grew conscious of the petty universe, the thing that seems apart from oneself, so long as one is oneself apart from it.

Men cried “The temple is on fire! The temple of Asi the Veiled One is burning! The mighty temple that gave its glory to Thebai is aflame!

Then I loosed my coils and gathered myself together into the form of a mighty hawk of gold and spake one last word to her, a word to raise her from the dead!

But lo! not Asi, but Asar!

White was his garment, starred with red and blue and yellow. Green was his Countenance, and in his hands he bore the crook and scourge. Thus he rose, even as the temple fell about us in ruins, and we were left standing there.

And I wist not what to say.

Now then the people of the city crowded in upon us, and for the most part would have slain me.

But Thoth the mighty God, the wise one, with his Ibis-head, and his nemyss of indigo, with his Ateph crown and his Phoenix wand and with his Ankh of emerald, with his magic apron in the Three colours; yea, Thoth, the God of Wisdom, whose skin is of tawny orange as though it burned in a furnace, appeared visibly to all of us. And the old Magus of the Well, whom no man had seen outside his well for nigh threescore years, was found in the midst: and he cried with a loud voice, saying:

“The Equinox of the Gods!”

And he went on to explain how it was that Nature should no longer be the centre of man's worship, but Man himself, man in his suffering and death, man in his purification and perfection. And he recited the Formula of the Osiris as follows, even as it hath been transmitted unto us by the Brethren of the Cross and Rose unto this day:

“For Asar Un-nefer hath said:

He that is found perfect before the Gods hath said:

These are the elements of my body, perfected through suffering,
glorified through trial.

For the Scent of the dying rose is the repressed sigh of my suffering;

The Flame-Red fire is the energy of my undaunted Will;

The Cup of Wine is the outpouring of the blood of my heart, sacrificed
to regeneration;

And the Bread and Salt are the Foundations of my Body

Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.

For I am Asar triumphant, even Asar Un-nefer the Justified One!

I am He who is clothed with the body of flesh,

Yet in Whom is the Spirit of the mighty Gods.

I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death; he who partaketh with me
shall arise with me.

I am the manifestor in Matter of those whose abode is in the Invisible.

I am purified: I stand upon the Universe: I am its Reconciler with the
eternal Gods: I am the Perfector of Matter; and without me the
Universe is not!”

All this he said, and displayed the sacraments of Osiris before them all; and in a certain mystical manner did we all symbolically partake of them. But for me! in the Scent of the dying Rose I beheld rather the perfection of the love of my lady the Veiled One, whom I had won, and slain in the winning!

Now, however, the old Magus clad me (for I was yet naked) in the dress of a Priest of Osiris. He gave me the robes of white Linen, and the leopard's skin, and the wand and ankh. Also he gave me the crook and scourge, and girt me with the royal girdle. On my head he set the holy Uraeus serpent for a crown; and then, turning to the people, cried aloud:

“Behold the Priest of Asar in Thebai!

“He shall proclaim unto ye the worship of Asar; see that ye follow him!”

Then, ere one could cry “Hold!” he had vanished from our sight.

I dismissed the people; I was alone with the dead God; with Osiris, the Lord of Ammenti, the slain of Typhon, the devoured of Apophis . . .

Yea, verily, I was alone!

CHAPTER V

NOW then the great exhaustion took hold upon me, and I fell at the feet of the Osiris as one dead. All knowledge of terrestrial things was gone from me; I entered the kingdom of the dead by the gate of the West. For the worship of Osiris is to join the earth to the West; it is the cultus of the Setting Sun. Through Isis man obtains strength of nature; through Osiris he obtains the strength of suffering and ordeal, and as the trained athlete is superior to the savage, so is the magic of Osiris stronger than the magic of Isis. So by my secret practices at night, while my guardians strove to smooth my spirit to a girl's, had I found the power to bring about that tremendous event, an Equinox of the Gods.

Just as thousands of years later was my secret revolt against Osiris—for the world had suffered long enough!—destined to bring about another Equinox in which Horus was to replace the Slain One with his youth and vigour and victory.

I passed therefore into these glowing abodes of Amennti, clad in thick darkness, while my body lay entranced at the feet of the Osiris in the ruined temple.

Now the god Osiris sent forth his strange gloom to cover us, lest the people should perceive or disturb; Therefore I lay peacefully entranced, and abode in Amennti. There I confronted the devouring god, and there was my heart weighed and found perfect; there the two-and-forty Judges bade me pass through the pylons they guarded; there I spoke with the Seven, and with the Nine, and with the Thirty-Three; and at the end I came out into the abode of the Holy Hathor, unto her mystical mountain, and being there crowned and garlanded I rejoiced exceedingly, coming out through the gate of the East, the Beautiful gate, unto the Land of Khemi, and the city of Thebai, and the temple that had been the temple of the Veiled One. There I rejoined my body, making the magical links in the prescribed manner, and rose up and did adoration to the Osiris by the fourfold sign. Therefore the Light of Osiris began to dawn; it went about the city whirling forth, abounding, crying aloud; whereat the people worshipped, being abased with exceeding fear. Moreover, they hearkened unto their wise men and brought gifts of gold, so that the temple floor was heaped high; and gifts of oxen, so that the courts of the temple could not contain them: and gifts of slaves, as it were a mighty army.

Then I withdrew myself; and taking counsel with the wisest of the priests and of the architects and of the sculptors, I gave out my orders so that the temple might duly be builded. By the favour of the god all things went smoothly enough; yet was I conscious of some error in the working; or if you will, some weakness in myself and my desire. Look you, I could not forget the Veiled One, my days of silence and solitude with Her, the slow dawn of our splendid passion, the climax of all that wonder in her ruin!

So as the day approached for the consecration of the temple I began to dread some great catastrophe. Yet all went well—perhaps too well.

The priests and the people knew nothing of this, however. For the god manifested exceptional favour; as a new god must do, or how shall he establish his position? The harvest were fourfold, the cattle eightfold; the women were all fertile—yea! barren women of sixty years bore twins!—there was no disease or sorrow in the city.

Mighty was the concourse of the citizens on the great day of the consecration.

Splendid rose the temple, a fortress of black granite. The columns were carved with wonderful images of all the gods adoring Osiris; marvels of painting glittered on the walls; they told the story of Osiris, of his birth, his life, his death at the hands of Typhon, the search after his scattered

members, the birth of Horus and Harpocrates, the vengeance upon Typhon Seth, the resurrection of Osiris.

The god himself was seated in a throne set back unto the wall. It was of lapis-lazuli and amber, it was inlaid with emerald and ruby. Mirrors of polished gold, of gold burnished with dried poison of asps, so that the slaves who worked upon it might die. For, it being unlawful for those mirrors to have ever reflected any mortal countenance, the slaves were both blinded and veiled; yet even so, it were best that they should die.

At last the ceremony began. With splendid words, with words that shone like flames, did I consecrate all that were there present, even the whole city of Thebai.

And I made the salutation unto the attendant gods, very forcibly, so that they responded with echoes of my adoration. And Osiris accepted mine adoration with gladness as I journeyed about at the four quarters of the temple.

Now cometh the mysterious ceremony of Assumption. I took upon myself the form of the god: I strove to put my heart in harmony with his.

Alas! alas! I was in tune with the dead soul of Isis; my heart was as a flame of elemental lust and beauty; I could not—I could not. Then the heavens lowered and black clouds gathered upon the Firmament of Nu. Dark flames of lightning rent the clouds, giving no light. The thunder roared; the people were afraid. In his dark shrine the Osiris gloomed, displeasure on his forehead, insulted majesty in his eyes. Then a pillar of dust whirled down from the vault of heaven, even unto me as I stood alone, half-defiant, in the midst of the temple while the priests and the people cowered and wailed afar off. It rent the massy roof as it had been a thatch of straw, whirling the blocks of granite far away into the Nile. It descended, roaring and twisting, like a wounded serpent demon-king in his death-agony; it struck me and lifted me from the temple; it bore me through leagues of air into the desert; then it dissolved and flung me contemptuously on a hill of sand. Breathless and dazed I lay, anger and anguish tearing at my heart.

I rose to swear a mighty curse; exhaustion took me, and I fell in a swoon to the earth.

When I came to myself it was nigh dawn. I went to the top of the hillock and looked about me. Nothing but sand, sand all ways. Just so was it within my heart!

The only guide for my steps (as the sun rose) was a greener glimpse in the East, which I thought might be the valley of the Nile reflected. Thither I bent my steps: all day I struggled with the scorching heat, the shifting sand. At night I tried to sleep, for sheer fatigue impelled me. But as often as I lay down, so often restlessness impelled me forward. I would stagger on awhile, then stumble and fall. Only at dawn I slept perhaps for an hour, and woke chilled to death by my own sweat. I was so weak that I could hardly raise a hand; my tongue was swollen, so that I could not greet the sun-disk with the accustomed adoration. My brain had slipped control; I could no longer even think of the proper spells that might have brought me aid. Instead, dreadful shapes drew near; one, a hideous camel-demon, an obscene brute of filth; another, a black ape with a blue muzzle and crimson buttocks, all his skin hairless and scabby, with his mass of mane oiled and trimmed like a beautiful courtesan's. This fellow mocked me with the alluring gestures of such an one, and anon voided his excrement upon me. Moreover there were others, menacing and terrible, vast cloudy demon-shapes. . . .

I could not think of the words of power that control them.

Now the sun that warmed my chill bones yet scorched me further. My tongue so swelled that I could hardly breathe; my face blackened; my eyes bulged out. The fiends came closer; drew strength from my weakness, made themselves material bodies, twitched me and spiked me and bit me. I turned on them and struck feebly again and again; but they evaded me easily and their yelling

laughter rang like hell's in my ears. Howbeit I saw that they attacked me only on one side, as if to force me to one path. But I was wise enough to keep my shadow steadily behind me: and they, seeing this, were all the more enraged: I therefore the more obstinate in my course. Then they changed their tactics; and made as if to keep me in the course I had chosen; and seeing this, I was confirmed therein.

Truly with the gods I went! for in a little while I came to a pool of water and a tall palm standing by.

I plunged in that cool wave; my strength came back, albeit slowly; yet with one wave of my hand in the due gesture the fiends all vanished; and in an hour I was sufficiently restored to call forth my friends from the pool—the little fishes my playmates—and the nymph of the pool came forth and bowed herself before me and cooked me the fishes with that fire that renders water luminous and sparkling. Also she plucked me dates from the tree, and I ate thereof. Thus was I much comforted; and when I had eaten, she took my head upon her lap, and sang me to sleep; for her voice was like the ripple of the lakes under the wind of spring and like the bubbling of a well and like the tinkling of a fountain through a bed of moss. Also she had deep notes like the sea that booms upon a rocky shore.

So long, long, long I slept.

Now when I awoke the nymph had gone; but I took from my bosom a little casket of certain sacred herbs; and casting a few grains into the pool, repaid her for her courtesy. And I blessed her in the name of our dead lady Isis, and went on in the strength of that delicious meal for a great way. Yet I wist not what to do; for I was as it were a dead man, although my age was barely two and twenty years.

What indeed should befall me?

Yet I went on; and, climbing a ridge, beheld at last the broad Nile, and a shining city that I knew not.

There on the ridge I stood and gave thanks to the great gods of Heaven, the Aeons of infinite years, that I had come thus far. For at the sight of Nilus new life began to dawn in me.

CHAPTER VI

WITHOUT any long delay I descended the slopes and entered the city. Not knowing what might have taken place in Thebai and what news might have come thither, I did not dare declare myself; but seeking out the High Priest of Horus I showed him a certain sign, telling him that I was come from Memphis on a journey, and intended to visit Thebai to pay homage at the shrine of Isis. But he, full of the news, told me that the ancient priestess of Isis, who had become priest of Osiris, had been taken up to heaven as a sign of the signal favour of the God. Whereat I could hardly hold myself from laughter; yet I controlled myself and answered that I was not prepared to return to Memphis, for that I was vowed to Isis, and Osiris could not serve my turn.

At this he begged me to stay as his guest, and to go worship at the temple of Isis in this city. I agreed thereto, and the good man gave me new robes and jewels from the treasury of his own temple. There too I rested sweetly on soft cushions fanned by young boys with broad leaves of palm. Also he sent me the dancing girl of Sleep. It was the art of this girl to weave such subtle movements that the sense, watching her, swooned; and as she swayed she sang, ever lower and lower as she moved slower and slower, until the looker-listener was dissolved in bliss of sleep and delicate dream.

Then as he slept she would bend over him even as Nuit the Lady of the Stars that bendeth over the black earth, and in his ears she would whisper strange rhythms, secret utterances, whereby his spirit would be rapt into the realms of Hathor or some other golden goddess, there in one night to reap an harvest of refreshment such as the fields of mortal sleep yield never.

So then I woke at dawn, to find her still watching, still looking into my eyes with a tender smile on her mouth that cooed whispers infinitely soothing. Indeed with a soft kiss she waked me, for in this Art there is a right moment to sleep, and another to waken: which she was well skilled to divine.

I rose then—she flitted away like a bird—and robed myself; and, seeking my host, went forth with him to the Temple of Isis.

Now their ritual (it appeared) differed in one point from that to which I was accustomed. Thus, it was not death to intrude upon the ceremony save only for the profane. Priests of a certain rank of initiation might if they pleased behold it. I, therefore, wishing to see again that marvellous glowing of the Veil, disclosed a sufficient sign to the High Priest. Thereat was he mightily amazed; and, from the foot judging Hercules, began to think that I might be some sacred envoy or inspector from the Gods themselves. This I allowed him to think; meanwhile we went forward into the shrines and stood behind the pillars, unseen, in the prescribed position.

Now it chanced that the High Priestess herself had this day chosen to perform the rite.

This was a woman tall and black, most majestic, with limbs strong as a man's. Her gaze was hawk-keen, and her brow commanding. But at the Assumption of the God-form she went close and whispered into the Veil, so low that we could not hear it; but as it seemed with fierce intensity, with some passion that knotted up her muscles, so that her arms writhed like wounded snakes. Also the veins of her forehead swelled, and foam came to her lips. We thought that she had died; her body swelled and shuddered; last of all a terrible cry burst from her throat, inarticulate, awful.

Yet all this while the Veil glittered, though something sombrely. Also the air was filled with a wild sweeping music, which rent our very ears with its uncouth magic. For it was like no music that I had ever heard before. At last the Priestess tore herself away from the Veil and reeled—as one drunken—down the temple. Sighs and sobs tore her breast; and her nails made bloody grooves in her wet flanks.

On a sudden she espied me and my companion; with one buffet she smote him to earth—it is unlawful to resist the Priestess when she is in the Ecstasy of Union—and falling upon me, like a wild beast she buried her teeth in my neck, bearing me to the ground. Then, loosing me, while the blood streamed from me, she fixed her glittering eyes upon it with strange joy, and with her hands she shook me as a lion shakes a buck. Sinewy were her hands, with big knuckles, and the strength of her was as cords of iron. Yet her might was but a mortal's; in a little she gave one gasp like a drowning man's; her body slackened, and fell with its dead weight on mine, her mouth glued to mine in one dreadful kiss. Dreadful; for as my mouth returned it, almost mechanically, the blood gushed from her nostrils and blinded me. I too, then, more dead than alive, swooned into bliss, into trance. I was awakened by the High Priest of Horus. "Come," he said; "she is dead." I disengaged myself from all that weight of madness—and the body writhed convulsively as I turned it over—I kissed those frothy lips, for in death she was beautiful beyond belief, joyous beyond description—thence I staggered to the Veil, and saluted with all my strength, so that it glittered under the force of my sheer will. Then I turned me again, and with the High Priest sought his house.

Strange indeed was I as I went through the city, my new robes dark with blood of that most holy sorceress.

But no one of the people dared so much as lift his eyes; nor spoke we together at all. But when we were come into the house of the High Priest, sternly did he confront me.

"What is this, my son?"

And I weary of the folly of the world and of the uselessness of things answered him:

"Father, I go back to Memphis. I am the Magus of the Well."

Now he knew the Magus, and answered me:

"Why liest thou?"

And I said "I am come into the world where all speech is false, and all speech is true."

Then he did me reverence, abasing himself unto the ground even unto nine-and-ninety times.

And I spurned him and said, "Bring forth the dancing girl of Sleep; for in the morning I will away to Memphis."

And she came forth, and I cursed her and cried: "Be thou the dancing girl of Love!"

And it was so. And I went in unto her, and knew her; and in the morning I girded myself, and boarded the state barge of the High Priest, and pillowed myself upon gold and purple, and disported myself with lutes and with lyres and with parrots, and with black slaves, and with wine and with delicious fruits, until I came even unto the holy city of Memphis.

And there I called soldiers of Pharaoh, and put cruelly to death all them that had accompanied me; and I burnt the barge, adrift upon the Nile at sunset, so that the flames alarmed the foolish citizens. All this I did, and danced naked in my madness through the city, until I came to the Old Magus of the Well.

And laughing, I threw a stone upon him, crying: "Ree me the riddle of my life!"

And he answered naught.

Then I threw a great rock upon him, and I heard his bones crunch, and I cried in mockery: "Ree me the riddle of "thy" life!"

But he answered naught.

Then I threw down the wall of the well; and I burned the house with fire that stood thereby, with the men-servants and the maid-servants.

And none dared stay me; for I laughed and exulted in my madness. Yea, verily, I laughed, and laughed—and laughed——

CHAPTER VII

THEN being healed of my madness I took all the treasure of that old Magus which he had laid up for many years—and none gainsaid me. Great and splendid was it of gold more than twelve bullocks could draw, of balassius rubies, and sardonyx, and beryl, and chrysoprase; of diamond and starry sapphire, of emerald much, very much, of topaz and of amethyst great and wonderful gems. Also he had a figure of Nuit greater than a woman, which was made of lapis lazuli specked with gold, carved with marvellous excellence. And he had the secret gem of Hadit that is not found on earth, for that it is invisible save when all else is no more seen.

Then went I into the market and bought slaves. I bought me in particular a giant, a Nubian blacker than polished granite seen by starlight, tall as a young palm and straight, yet more hideous than the Ape of Thoth. Also I bought a young pale stripling from the North, a silly boy with idle languishing ways. But his mouth burned like sunset when the dust-storms blow. So pale and weak was he that all despised him and mocked him for a girl. Then he took a white-hot iron from the fire and wrote with it my name in hieroglyphics on his breast; nor did his smile once alter while the flesh hissed and smoked.

Thus we went out a great caravan to a rocky islet in the Nile, difficult of access for that the waters foamed and swirled dangerously about it. There we builded a little temple shaped like a beehive; but there was no altar and no shrine therein; for in that temple should the god be sacrificed unto himself.

Myself I made the god thereof; I powdered my hair with gold, and inwound it with flowers. I gilded my eyelids, and I stained my lips with vermilion. I gilded my breasts and my nails, and as God and Victim in one was I daily sacrificed unto that strange thing that was none other than myself. I made my giant Nubian high priest; and I endowed his wand with magic power, so that he might properly perform my rites. This he did to such purpose that many men from Memphis and even from more distant towns, leaving their gods, came thither, and did sacrifice. Then I appointed also the pale boy warder of the Sanctuary: and he swore unto me to be faithful unto death.

Now there arose a great strife in Memphis, and many foolish and lewd women cried out against us. So fierce was the uproar that a great company of women issued forth from the city and came into the island. They slew my pale boy at the gate, though sword in hand he fought against them. Then they frothed on, and I confronted them in my glory. They hesitated, and in that moment I smote them with a deadly itching, so that running forth they tore off their clothes and set themselves to scratching, while my people laughed until they ached.

At the term, indeed, with exhaustion and with loss of blood they died all; four hundred and two women perished in that great day's slaughter. So that the people of Memphis had peace for awhile.

But as for me, I mourned the loss of that young slave. I had his body embalmed as is not fitting for other than a king. And at the door of the temple I placed his sarcophagus beneath a hedge of knives and spears, so that there was no other access to my glory.

Like honour hath no slave had ever.

Thus then I abode three cycles of the season; and at the end of that time the high Priest died.

For mine was a strange and dreadful rite to do; none other, and none unfortified by magic power, could have done this thing.

Yet I too sickened of that everlasting sacrifice. I was become worn and wan; there was no blood but ice in my veins. I had indeed become all but a god . . .

Therefore I took the body of my Nubian, and slew four young girls, and filled all the hollow spaces of his body with their blood. Then too I sealed up his body with eight seals; and the ninth seal was mine own, the centre of my godhead.

Then he rose slowly and staggeringly as I uttered the dreadful words:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi aa chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

Then I touched him with my wand and he rose into full power of his being; and we entered in, and for the last time did he preform (though silent) the ceremony. At whose end he lay shrivelled and collapsed, shrunken like an old wineskin; yet his blood availed me nothing. I was icier than before. Yet now indeed was I Osiris, for I sent out flames of cold gray glory from my skin, and mine eyes were rigid with ecstasy.

Yea, by Osiris himself, I swear it! Even as the eyes of all living men revolve ceaselessly, so were mine fixed!

Then I shook myself and went forth into the city of Memphis, my face being veiled and my steps led by slaves.

And there I went into the temples one by one; and I twitched aside my veil, whereat all men fell dead on the instant, and the gods tumbled from their places, and broke in pieces upon the floor.

And I veiled myself, and went into the market-place and lifted up my voice in a chant and cried:

Death, and desolation, and despair!
I lift up my voice, and all the gods are dumb.
I unveil my face, and all that liveth is no more,
I sniff up life, and breathe forth destruction.
I hear the music of the world, and its echo is Silence.

Death, and desolation, and despair!
The parting of the ways is come: the Equinox of the Gods is past.
Another day: another way.
Let them that hear me be abased before me!
Death, and desolation, and despair!

Then I pulled away my veil, and the cold lightnings of death shot forth, and the people of the city fell dead where they stood.

Save only one, a young boy, a flute-player, that was blind, and, seeing not those eyes of mine, died not.

Then to him I spake, saying:

“Arise, summon the priests and the people, all that remain. And let them build a temple unto Osiris the God of the dead, and let the dead be worshipped for ever and ever.”

This I said, and went out from the city with the two slaves that I had left in the gate, and we went unto Nile, unto a cave by the bank of the river; and there I abode for many months, weeping for Isis my Lady. For though I had avenged her in many dreadful deeds, yet I brought her not back unto life. Moreover the love of her was as it were dead in me, so that my heart stirred not at the thought of her. Say that my love wandered like a ghost unburied, frozen, adrift upon the winds!

Now of my deeds at this period it is almost too horrible to tell. For I performed great penance, in the hope of vitalizing that dead principle in me which men call the soul.

I starved myself shamefully, in this manner. First surrounding myself with all possible luxuries of food, brought in steaming and savoury from hour to hour, I yet condemned myself to subsist upon a little garlic and a little salt, with a little water in which oats had been bruised.

Then if any wish arose in me to eat of the dainties around me I gashed myself with a sharp stone.

Moreover I kindled a great fire in the cave so that the slaves stumbled and fainted as they approached. And the smoke choked me so that I constantly vomited a black and ill-smelling mucus from my lungs, stained here and there with frothing blood.

Again, I suffered my hair to grow exceeding long, and therein I harboured vermin. Also, when I lay down to sleep, though this I did not till with swollen tongue and blackened throat I could no longer howl the name of my dead Lady, then (I say) did I smear my limbs with honey, that the rats of the cave might gnaw them as I slept. Moreover, I pillowed mine head upon a corpse dead of leprosy, and whenever that dead soul of mine stirred at all with love toward my Lady, then I caressed and kissed that corpse, and sang soft songs to it, playing with gracious words and gestures. All this spoke loudly to my soul, rebuking it for its weakness and corruption. So too the bitterness and foulness of my life would often overleap the limit of sensibility; and then for hours together would I be lost in a raging whirlwind of laughter. At this time my slaves would be afraid to come anigh me, and then darting out of the cave I would catch one by the hair and dragging him within put him to exquisite torture. This indeed was of great use to me; for I would devise atrocious things, and if they served to excite his utmost anguish I would then try them on myself. Thus I would run needles steeped in Nile mud beneath my finger-nails, so that the sores festering might produce a sickening agony. Or again I would cut strips of skin and tear them off; but this failed, though it acted well enough upon the slave, for my own skin had become too brittle. Then I would take a piece of hard wood, and hammer it with a stone against the bones, hurting the membrane that covers them, and causing it to swell. This too I had to abandon, for the limb of the slave died, and he swelled up and rotted and turned green, and in shocking agony he died.

So then I was compelled to cure myself magically, and this was a great loss of force.

Yet was I "Far from the Happy Ones," although my lips hung on my fleshless face like bean-pods withered and blackened, and although there was not one inch of skin upon all my body that was not scarred.

Yet my trial was nigh its end. For the people of Memphis, wondering at the frequent purchases of dead lepers made always by the same slave, began, as is the wont of the ignorant, to spread foolish rumours. At last they said openly "there is an holy hermit in the old cave by Nile." Then the barren women of the city came out stealthily to me in the hope that by my sanctity their dry sticks might blossom.

But I showed them my dead leper, and said "Let me first beget children upon this, and after I will do your business." This liked them not; yet they left me not alone, for they went home and cried out that I was an horror, a ghoul, a vampire. . . . And at that all the young and beautiful women of the city, leaving their lovers and their husbands, flocked to me, bringing gifts. But I took them to the dead leper and said, "When you are beautiful as that is beautiful, and when I am weary of its beauty and its delight, then will I do your pleasure."

Then they all raged vehemently against me, and stirred up the men of the city to destroy me. And I, not being minded to display my magic force, went by night (so soon as I heard of this) and took sanctuary in the shrine of Osiris that I had caused them to build. And there I attained felicity;

for uniting my consciousness with the god's, I obtained the expansion of that consciousness. Is not the kingdom of the dead a mighty kingdom?

So I perceived the universe as it were a single point of infinite nothingness yet of infinite extension; and becoming this universe, I became dissolved utterly therein. Moreover, my body lifted itself up and rose in the air to a great height beyond the shadow of the earth, and the earth rolled beneath me; yet of all this I knew nothing, for that I was all these things and none of them. Moreover I was united with Isis the Mother of Osiris, being yet her brother and her lord.

Woe, woe to me! for all this was but partial and imperfect; nor did I truly understand that which occurred.

Only this I knew, that I should return to my city of Thebai, and rule therein as High Priest of Osiris, no longer striving to some end unheard-of or impossible, but quietly and patiently living in the enjoyment of my dignities and wealth, even as a man.

Yet one thing I saw also, that as Isis is the Lady of all Nature, the living; and as Osiris is the Lord of the Dead, so should Horus come, the Hawk-headed Lord, as a young child, the image of all Nature and all Man raised above Life and Death, under the supreme rule of Hadit that is Force and of Nuit that is Matter—though they are a Matter and a Force that transcend all our human conceptions of these things.

But of this more anon, in its due place.

CHAPTER VIII

BEHOLD me then returned to Thebai! So scarred and altered was I, though not yet thirty years of age, that they knew me not. So I offered myself as a serving-man in the temple of Osiris, and I pleased the priests mightily, for by my magic power—though they thought it to be natural—I sang songs unto the god, and made hymns. Therefore in less than a year they began to speak of initiating me into the priesthood. Now the High Priest at this time was a young and vigorous man, black-bearded in the fashion of Osiris, with a single square tuft beneath the chin. Him had they chosen after my departure in the whirlwind. And the High Priestess was a woman of forty and two years old, both dark and beautiful, with flashing eyes and stern lips. Yet her body was slim and lithe like that of a young girl. Now, as it chanced, it was my turn to serve her with the funeral offerings; flesh of oxen and of geese, bread, and wine. And as she ate she spake with me; for she could see by her art that I was not a common serving-man. Then I took out the consecrated Wand of Khem that I had from my father; and I placed it in her hand. At that she wondered, for that Wand is the sign of a great and holy initiation: so rare that (as they say) no woman but one has ever attained unto it. Then she blessed herself that she had been permitted to look upon it, and prayed me to keep silence for a little while, for she had somewhat in her mind to do. And I lifted up the wand upon her in the nine-and-forty-fold benediction, and she received illumination thereof, and rejoiced. Then I fell at her feet—for she was the High Priestess—and kissed them reverently, and withdrew.

Then three days afterwards, as I learnt, she sent for a priestess who was skilled in certain deadly crafts and asked of her a poison. And she gave it, saying: “Let the High Priest of the God of the dead go down to the dead!” Then that wicked High Priestess conveyed unto him subtly the poison in the sacraments themselves, and he died thereof. Then by her subtlety she caused a certain youth to be made high priest who was slovenly and stupid, thinking in herself “Surely the god will reject him.” But at his word the Image of the god glowed as was its wont. And at that she knew—and we all knew—that the glory was departed; for that the priests had supplanted the right ceremony by some trick of deceit and craft.

Thereat was she mightily cast down, for though wicked and ambitious, she had yet much power and knowledge.

But instead of using that power and that knowledge she sought to oppose craft with craft. And suspecting (aright) whose cunning had done this thing she bribed him to reverse the machinery, so that the High Priest might be shamed. But shamed he was not; for he lied, saying that the God glowed brighter than the Sun; and he lied securely, for Maat the Lady of Truth had no place in that temple. To such foulness was all fallen by my first failure to assume the god-form, and their priestly falsehood that my sanctity had rapt me into heaven. Nor had the wealth they lied to obtain availed them aught; for Pharaoh had descended upon Thebai, and laid heavy hand upon the coffers of the temple, so that they were poor. Even, they sold good auguries for gold; and these were a very destruction to them that bought. Then they sold curses, and sowed discord in the city. Wherefore the people grew poorer still, and their gifts to the temple waxed even less.

For there is no foolishness like the hunger after gain.

Of old the gods had given blessing, and the people offered freely of their plenty.

Now the priests sowed chaff, and reaped but barrenness.

So I waited patiently in silence to see what might befall. And this foolish priestess could think of no better expedient than formerly. But this young stupid man had guessed how his predecessor was dead, and he touched not the sacraments; but feigned.

Then she called for me—and I was now ordained priest—to take counsel of me; for she was minded to put me in his place.

Thus she made a great banquet for me; and when we were well drunken she laid her head upon my breast and said marvellous things to me of love, to me, who had loved the Veiled One! But I feigned all the madness of passion and made her drunk thereon, so that she talked great words, frothing forth like dead fishes swollen in the sun, of how we should rule Thebai and (it might be) displace Pharaoh and take his throne and sceptre. Yet, foolish woman! she could not think how she might remove this stupid high priest, her own nominee! So I answered her “Assume the Form of Osiris, and all will be well in the Temple of Osiris.” Mocking her, for I knew that she could not. Yet so drunken was she upon love and wine that there and then she performed the ritual of Adoration and Assumption.

Then I in merry mood put out my power, and caused her in truth to become Osiris, so that she went icy stark, and her eyes fixed. . . .

Then she tried to shriek with fear, and could not; for I had put upon her the silence of the tomb.

But all the while I feigned wonder and applause, so that she was utterly deceived. And being tired of mocking her, I bade her return. This she did, and knew not what to say. At first she pretended to have received a great secret; then, knowing how much higher was my grade initiation, dared not. Then, at last, being frightened, she flung herself at my feet and confessed all, pleading that at least her love for me was true. This may well have been; in any case I would have had compassion upon her, for in sooth her body was like a flower, white and pure, though her mouth was heavy and strong, her eyes wrinkled with lust, and her cheeks flaccid with deceit.

So I comforted her, pressing her soft body in mine arms, drinking the wine of her eyes, feeding upon the honey of her mouth.

Then at last I counselled her that she should bid him to a secret banquet, and that I should serve them, disguised in my old dress as a serving-man.

On the next night after this he came, and I served them, and she made open love (though feigned) to him. Yet subtly, so that he thought her the deer and himself the lion. Then at last he went clean mad, and said: “I will give thee what thou wilt for one kiss of that thy marvellous mouth.” Then she made him swear the oath by Pharaoh—the which if he broke Pharaoh would have his head—and she kissed him once, as if her passion were like the passion of Nile in flood for the sandy bars that it devoureth, and then leaping up, answered him, “give me thine office of High Priest for this my lover!” With that she took and fondled me. He gaped, aghast; then he took off the ring of office and flung it at her feet; he spat one word in her face; he slunk away.

But I, picking up the ring of office, cried after him: “What shall be done to who insulteth the High Priestess?”

And he turned and answered sullenly: “I was the High Priest.” “Thou hadst no longer the ring!” she raged at him, her face white with fury, her mouth dripping the foam of her anger—for the word was a vile word! . . .

Then she smote upon the bell, and the guard appeared. At her order they brought the instruments of death, and summoned the executioner, and left us there. Then the executioner bound him to the wheel of iron by his ankles and his waist and his throat; and he cut off his eyelids, that he might look upon his death. Then with his shears he cut off the lips from him, saying, “With these lips didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then one by one he wrenched out the teeth of him, saying every time: “With this tooth didst thou frame a blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then he pulled out the tongue with his pincers, saying: “With this

tongue didst thou speak blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then took he a strong corrosive acid and blistered his throat therewith, saying: “From this throat didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” Then he took a rod of steel, white-hot, and burnt away his secret parts, saying: “Be thou put to shame, who hast blasphemed the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris.” After that, he took a young jackal and gave it to eat at his liver, saying: “Let the beasts that devour carrion devour the liver that lifted itself up to blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris!” With that the wretch died, and they exposed his body in the ditch of the city, and the dogs devoured it.

Now all this while had my lady dallied amorously with me, making such sweet moan of love as never was, yet her face fixed upon his eyes who loved her, and there glared in hell's torment, the body ever striving against the soul which should exceed.

And, as I judge, but the favour of Set the soul gat mastery therein.

Also, though I write it now, coldly, these many thousand years afterward, never had I such joy of love of any woman as with her, and at that hour, so that as I write it I remember well across the mist of time every honey word she spoke, every witching kiss (our mouths strained sideways) that she sucked from my fainting lips, every shudder of her soft strong body. I remember the jewelled coils of hair, how they stung like adders as they touched me; the sharp rapture of her pointed nails pressing me, now velvet-soft, now capricious-cruel, now (love-maddened) thrust deep to draw blood, as they played up and down my spine. But I saw nothing; by Osiris I swear it! I saw nothing, save only the glare in the eyes of that lost soul that writhed upon the wheel.

Indeed, as the hangman took out the corpse, we fell back and lay there among the waste of the banquet, the flagons overturned, the napery awry, the lamps extinct or spilt, the golden cups, chased with obscene images, thrown here and there, the meats hanging over the edge of their jewelled dishes, their juice staining the white luxury of the linen; and in the midst ourselves, our limbs as careless as the wind, motionless.

One would have said: the end of the world is come. But through all that fiery abyss of sleep wherein I was plunged so deep, still stirred the cool delight of the knowledge that I had won the hand for which I played, that I was High Priest of Osiris in Thebai.

But in the morning we rose and loathed each other, our mouths awry, our tongues hanging loose from their corners like thirsty dogs, our eyes blinking in agony from the torture of daylight, our limbs sticky with stale sweat.

Therefore we rose and saluted each other in the dignity of our high offices; and we departed one from the other, and purified ourselves.

Then I went unto the Ceremony of Osiris, and for the last time the shameful farce was played.

But in my heart I vowed secretly to cleanse the temple of its chicanery and folly. Therefore at the end of the ceremony did I perform a mighty banishing, a banishing of all things mortal and immortal, even from Nuit that circleth infinite Space unto Hadit the Core of Things; from Amoun that ruleth before all the Gods unto Python the terrible Serpent that abideth at the end of things, from Ptah the god of the pure soul of aethyr unto Besz the brute force of that which is grosser than earth, which hath no name, which is denser than lead and more rigid than steel; which is blacker than the thick darkness of the abyss, yet is within all and about all.

Amen!

Then during the day I took counsel with myself, and devised a cunning to match the cunning of them that had blasphemed Osiris, who had at last become my God.

Yea! bitterly would I avenge him on the morrow.

CHAPTER IX

NOW this was the manner of my working, that I inspired the High Priestess to an Oracle, so that she prophesied, saying that Osiris should never be content with his servants unless they had passed the four ordeals of the elements. Now of old these rituals had been reserved for a special grade of initiation. The chapter was therefore not a little alarmed, until they remembered how shamefully all the true magic was imitated, so that the rumour went that this was but a device of the High Priestess to increase the reputation of the temple for sanctity. And, their folly confirming them in this, they agreed cheerfully and boasted themselves. Now then did I swathe them one by one in the grave-clothes of Osiris, binding upon the breast and image, truly consecrated, of the god, with a talisman against the four elements.

Then I set them one by one upon a narrow and lofty tower, balanced, so that the least breath of wind would blow them off into destruction.

Those whom the air spared I next threw into Nile where most it foams and races. Only a few the water gave back again. These, however, did I bury for three days in the earth without sepulchre or coffin, so that the element of earth might combat them. And the rare ones whom earth spared I cast upon a fire of charcoal.

Now who is prepared for these ordeals (being firstly attuned to the elements) findeth them easy. He remains still, though the tempest rage upon the tower; in the water he floats easily and lightly; buried, he but throws himself into trance; and, lastly, his wrappings protect him against the fire, though all Thebai went to feed the blaze.

But it was not so with this bastard priesthood of Osiris. For of the three hundred only nine were found worthy. The High Priestess, however, I brought through by my magic, for she had amused me mightily, and I took great pleasure in her love, that was wilder than the rage of all the elements in one.

So I called together the nine who had survived, all being men, and gave them instruction and counsel, that they should form a secret brotherhood to learn and to teach the formula of the Osiris in its supreme function of initiating the human soul. That they should keep discipline in the temple only for the sake of the people, permitting every corruption yet withdrawing themselves from it. Is not the body perishable, and the skin most pure? So also the ancient practice of embalming should fall into desuetude, and that soon; for the world was past under the rule of Osiris, who loveth the charnel and the tomb.

All being sworn duly into this secret brotherhood I appointed them, one to preside over each grade, and him of the lowest grade to select the candidates and to govern the temple.

Then did I perform the invoking Ceremony of Osiris, having destroyed the blasphemous machinery; and now at last did the God answer me, glittering with infinite brilliance. Then I disclosed myself to the Priests, and they rejoiced exceedingly that after all those years the old lie was abolished, and the master come back to his own.

But the god uttered an Oracle, saying: "This last time shall I glitter with brilliance in My temple; for I am the god of Life in Death, concealed. Therefore shall your magic henceforth be a magic most secret in the heart; and whoso shall perform openly any miracle, him shall ye know for a liar and a pretender to the sacred Wisdom.

"For this cause am I wrapped ever in a shroud of white starred with the three active colours; these things conceal Me, so that he who knoweth Me hath passed beyond them."

Then did the god call us each separately to him, and in each ear did he whisper a secret formula and a word of power, pertaining to the grade to which I had appointed him.

But to me he gave the supreme formula and the supreme word, the word that hath eight-and-seventy letters, the formula that hath five-and-sixty limbs.

So then I devoted myself there and then to a completer understanding of Osiris my God, so that I might discover his function in the whole course of the Cosmos.

For he that is born in the years of the power of a God thinketh that God to be eternal, one, alone. But he that is born in the hour of the weakness of the God, at the death of one and the birth of the other, seeth something (though it be little) of the course of things. And for him it is necessary to understand fully that change of office (for the gods neither die nor are re-born, but now one initiates and the other guards, and now one heralds and the other sanctifies) its purpose and meaning in the whole scheme of things.

So I, in this year V of the Equinox of the Gods (1908) wherein Horus took the place of Osiris, will by the light of this my magical memory seek to understand fully the formula of Horus—Ra Hoor Khuit—my god, that ruleth the world under Nuit and Hadit. Then as Ankh-f-na-khonsu left unto me the *stelé* 666 with the keys to that knowledge, so also may I write down in hieroglyph the formula of the Lady of the Forked Wand and of the Feather, that shall assume his throne and place when the strength of Horus is exhausted.

So now the service of the Gods was to be secret and their magic concealed from men. They were to fall before the eyes of men from their place, and little sewer-rats were to come and mock at them, no man avenging them, and they utterly careless, not striking for themselves. Yet was there knowledge of them which an initiate might gain, though so much more difficult, immeasurably higher and more intimate.

My life from this moment became highly concentrated upon itself. I had no time either for ascetic practices or for any pleasures; nor would I take any active part in the service of the temple which, purified and regenerated, had become both subtly perfect and perfectly subtle.

It was not all of the people who did at all comprehend the change that had occurred; but the others obeyed and made believe to understand, lest their fellows should despise them. So it happened that the more ignorant and stupid any person was the more he feigned understanding; so that the least devout appeared the most devout—as it is unto this day.

But for me all these things were as nothing; for I studied ever the nature of Osiris, concentrating myself into mysterious pure symbols. I understood why it was said that Isis had failed to discover the Phallus of Osiris, and thus perceived the necessity of Horus to follow him in the great succession of the Equinoxes. Moreover I fashioned talismans of pure light concerning Osiris, and I performed in light all the ceremonies of initiation into his mysteries.

These were interpreted by wise men and translated into the language of the twilight and graven on stone and in the memories of men.

Yet was I even more intrigued in that great struggle to apprehend the course of things, as it is seen from the standpoint of Destiny. So that I might leave true and intelligible images to enlighten the mind of him (whether myself or another) that should come after me to celebrate the Equinox of the Gods at the end of the period of Osiris.

As now hath come to pass.

Thus then three-and-thirty years I lived in the temple of Osiris a High Priest; and I subdued all men under me. Also I abolished the office of priestess, for had not Isis failed to find that venerable Phallus without which Osiris must be so melancholy a god? Therefore was Khemi to fall, and the world to be dark and sorrowful for many years.

Therefore I made mine High Priestess into a serving-maid, and with veiled face she served me all those many years, never speaking.

Yet they being accomplished, I thought fit to reward her. So magically I renewed about her the body of a young girl, and for a year she served me, unveiled and speaking at her pleasure.

And her time being come, she died.

Then I looked again into my destiny, and perceived that all my work was duly accomplished. Nor could any use or worth be found in my body.

So therefore I determined to accept my great reward, that was granted unto me as the faithful minister of the god F.I.A.T. that is behind all manifestation of Will and of Intelligence, of whom Isis and Osiris and Horus are but the ministers.

Of this, and of my death, I will speak on another occasion.

But first I will discourse of the inhabitants of the kingdom that encircleth the world, so that they who "fear" may be comforted.

CHAPTER X

BUT of these matters I am warned that I shall not now become aware, for that there be great mysteries therein contained, pertaining to a degree of initiation of which I am as yet unworthy.

(Thus the record comes abruptly to an end.)



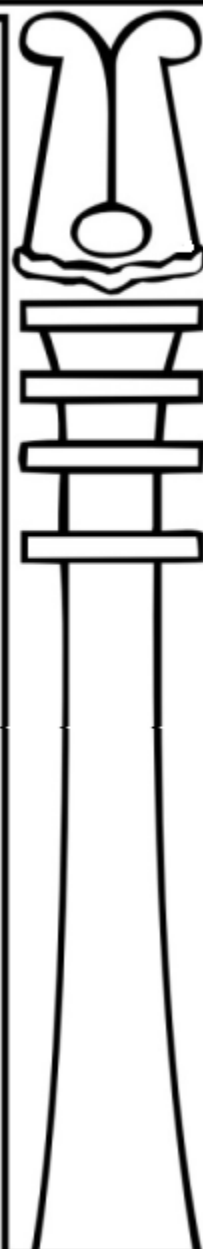
LIBER
LXI

VEL

CAVSÆ
A.:A.:

THE PRELIMINARY
LECTION
INCLUDING THE
HISTORY LECTON

SUB FIGVRÂ
LXI





A.:A.: Publication in Class D

THE PRELIMINARY LECTURE

In the name of the Initiator, Amen.

1. In the beginning was Initiation. The flesh profiteth nothing; the mind profiteth nothing; that which is unknown to you and above these, while firmly based upon their equilibrium, giveth life.

2. In all systems of religion is to be found a system of Initiation, which may be defined as the process whereby a man comes to learn that unknown Crown.

3. Though none can communicate either the knowledge or the power to achieve this, which we may call the Great Work, it is yet possible for initiates to guide others.

4. Every man must overcome his own obstacles, expose his own illusions. Yet others may assist him to do both, and they may enable him altogether to avoid many of the false paths, leading no whither, which tempt the weary feet of the uninitiated pilgrim. They can further insure that he is duly tried and tested, for there are many who think themselves to be Master who have not even begun to tread the Way of Service that leads thereto.

5. Now the Great Work is one, and the Initiation is one, and the Reward is one, however diverse are the symbols wherein the Unutterable is clothed.

6. Hear then the history of the system which this lecture gives you the opportunity of investigating.

Listen, we pray you, with attention: for once only does the Great Order knock at any one door.

Whosoever knows any member of that Order as such, can never know another, until he too has attained to mastery.

Here, therefore, we pause, that you may thoroughly search yourself, and consider if you are yet fitted to take an irrevocable step.

For the reading of that which follows is Recorded.

THE HISTORY LECTURE

7. Some years ago a number of cipher MSS. were discovered and deciphered by certain students. They attracted much attention, as they purported to derive from the Rosicrucians. You will readily understand that the genuineness of the claim matters no whit, such literature being judged by itself, not by its reputed sources.

8. Among the MSS. was one which gave the address of a certain person in Germany, who is known to us as S.D.A. Those who discovered the ciphers wrote to S.D.A., and in accordance with instructions received, an Order was founded which worked in a semi-secret manner.

9. After some time S.D.A. died: further requests for help were met with a prompt refusal from the colleagues of S.D.A. It was written by one of them that S.D.A.'s scheme had always been regarded with disapproval. But since the absolute rule of the adepts is never to interfere with the judgements of any other person whomsoever — how much more, then, one of themselves, and that one most highly revered! — they had refrained from active opposition. The adept who wrote this added that the Order had already quite enough knowledge to enable it or its members to formulate a magical link with the adepts.

10. Shortly after this, one called S.R.M.D. announced that he had formulated such a link, and that himself and two others were to govern the Order. New and revised rituals were issued, and fresh knowledge poured out in streams.

11. We must pass over the unhappy juggleries which characterised the next period. It has throughout proved impossible to elucidate the complex facts.

We content ourselves, then, with observing that the death of one of his two colleagues, and the weakness of the other, secured to S.R.M.D. the sole authority. The rituals were elaborated, though scholarly enough, into verbose and pretentious nonsense: the knowledge proved worthless even where it was correct: for it is in vain that pearls, be they never so clear and precious, are given to the swine.

The ordeals were turned into contempt, it being impossible for anyone to fail therein. Unsuitable candidates were admitted for no better reason than that of their worldly prosperity.

In short, the Order failed to initiate.

12. Scandal arose, and with it schism.

13. In 1900, one P., a brother, instituted a rigorous test of S.R.M.D. on the one side and the Order on the other.

14. He discovered that S.R.M.D., though a scholar of some ability and a magician of remarkable powers, had never attained complete initiation: and further had fallen from his original place, he having imprudently attracted to himself forces of evil too great and terrible for him to withstand.

The claim of the Order that the true adepts were in charge of it was definitely disproved.

15. In the Order, with two certain exceptions and two doubtful ones, he found no persons prepared for initiation of any sort.

16. He thereupon by his subtle wisdom destroyed both the Order and its chief.

17. Being himself no perfect adept, he was driven of the Spirit into the Wilderness, where he abode for six years, studying by the light of reason the sacred books and secret systems of all countries and ages.

18. Finally, there was given unto him a certain exalted grade whereby a man becomes master of knowledge and intelligence, and no more their slave. He perceived the inadequacy of science, philosophy, and religion; and exposed the self-contradictory nature of the thinking faculty.

19. Returning to England, he laid his achievements humbly at the feet of a certain adept D.D.S., who welcomed him brotherly and admitted his title to the grade which he had so hardly won.

20. Thereupon these two adepts conferred together, saying: May it not be written that the tribulations shall be shortened? Wherefore they resolved to establish a new Order which should be free from the errors and deceits of the former one.

21. Without Authority they could not do this, exalted as their rank was among adepts. They resolved to prepare all things, great and small, against that day when such Authority should be received by them, since they knew not where to seek for higher adepts than themselves, but knew that the true way to attract the notice of such was to equilibrate the symbols. The temple must be builded before the God can indwell it.

22. Therefore by the order of D.D.S. did P. prepare all things by his arcane science and wisdom, choosing only those symbols which were common to all systems, and rigorously rejecting all names and words which might be supposed to imply any religious or metaphysical theory. To do this utterly was found impossible, since all language has a history, and the use (for example) of the word "spirit" implies the Scholastic Philosophy and the Hindu and Taoist theories concerning the breath of man. So was it difficult to avoid implication of some undesirable bias by using the words "order," "circle," "chapter," "society," "brotherhood," or any other to designate the body of initiates.

23. Deliberately, therefore, I did he take refuge in vagueness. Not to veil the truth to the Neophyte, but to warn him against valuing non-essentials. Should therefore the candidate hear the name of any God, let him not rashly assume that it refers to any known God, save only the God known to himself. Or should the ritual speak in terms (however vague) which seem to imply Egyptian, Taoist, Buddhist, Indian, Persian, Greek, Judaic, Christian or Moslem philosophy, let him reflect that this is a defect of language, the literary limitation and not the spiritual prejudice of the man P.

24. Especially let him guard against the finding of definite sectarian symbols in the teaching of his master, and the reasoning from the known to the unknown which assuredly will tempt him.

We labour earnestly, dear brother, that you may never be led away to perish upon this point; for thereon have many holy and just men been wrecked. By this have all the visible systems lost the essence of wisdom.

We have sought to reveal the Arcanum; we have only profaned it.

25. Now when P. had thus with bitter toil prepared all things under the guidance of D.D.S. (even as the hand writes, while the conscious brain, though ignorant of the detailed movements, applauds or disapproves the finished work) there was a certain period of repose, as the earth lieth fallow.

26. Meanwhile these adepts busied themselves intently with the Great Work.

27. In the fullness of time, even as a blossoming tree that beareth fruit in its season, all these pains were ended, and these adepts and their companions obtained the reward which they had sought—they were to be admitted to the Eternal and Invisible Order that hath no name among men.

28. They therefore who had with smiling faces abandoned their homes, their possessions, their wives, their children, in order to perform the Great Work, could with steady calm and firm correctness abandon the Great Work itself; for this is the last and greatest projection of the alchemist.

29. Also one V.V.V.V.V. arose, an exalted adept of the rank of Master of the Temple (or this much He disclosed to the Exempt Adepts) and His utterance is enshrined in the Sacred Writings.

30. Such are Liber Legis, Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente, Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli and such others whose existence may one day be divulged to you. Beware lest you interpret them in either in the Light or the darkness, for only in L.V.X. may they be understood.

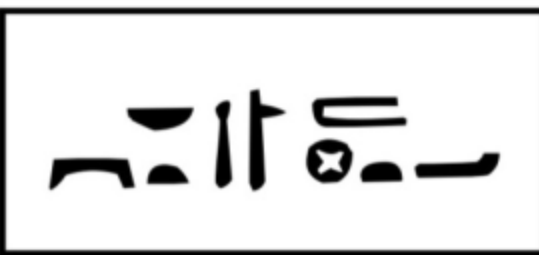
31. Also He conferred upon D.D.S., O.M., and another, the Authority of the Triad, who in turn have delegated it unto others, and they yet again, so that the Body of Initiates may be perfect, even from the Crown unto the Kingdom and beyond.

32. For Perfection abideth not in the Pinnacles, or in the Foundations, but in the ordered Harmony of one with all.



LIBER
ISRAFEL

SUB FIGVRÂ
LXIV





A.:A.: Publication in Class B

[This book was formerly called “Anubis” and is referred to the 20th key, “The Angel”]

0. The Temple being in darkness, and the Speaker ascended into his place, let him begin by a ritual of the Enterer, as followeth.

1. ¶ Procul, O procul este profani.

2. Bahlasti! Ompehda!

3. In the name of the Mighty and Terrible One, I proclaim that I have banished the Shells unto their habitations.

4. I invoke Tahuti, the Lord of Wisdom and of Utterance, the God that cometh forth from the Veil.

5. O Thou! Majesty of Godhead! Wisdom-crowned Tahuti! Lord of the Gates of the Universe! Thee, Thee, I invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis Head! Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power! Thee, Thee I invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou, whose head is as an emerald, and Thy nemmes as the night-sky blue! Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou, whose skin is of flaming orange as though it burned in a furnace! Thee, Thee I invoke.

6. Behold! I am Yesterday, To-Day, and the Brother of To-Morrow!

I am born again and again.

Mine is the Unseen Force, whereof the gods are sprung! Which is as Life unto the Dwellers in the Watch-Towers of the Universe.

I am the Charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past of of the Future.

I see by mine own inward light: Lord of Resurrection; Who cometh forth from the Dusk, and my birth is from the House of Death.

7. O ye two Divine Hawks upon your Pinnacles!

Who keep watch over the Universe!

Ye who company the Bier to the House of Rest!

Who pilot the Ship of Ra advancing onwards to the heights of heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the Centre of the Earth!

8. Behold, He is in me, and I in Him!

Mine is the Radiance, wherein Ptah floateth over the firmament!

I travel upon high!

I tread upon the firmament of Nu!

I raise a flashing flame, with the lightning of Mine Eye!

Ever rushing on, in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra: giving my life to the Dwellers of Earth.

9. If I say “Come up upon the mountains!” the Celestial Waters shall flow at my Word.

For I am Ra incarnate!

Khephra created in the Flesh!

I am the Eidolon of my father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

10. The God who commands is in my mouth!

The God of Wisdom is in my Heart!

My tongue is the Sanctuary of Truth!

And a God sitteth upon my lips.

11. My Word is accomplished every day!

And the desire of my heart realises itself, as that of Ptah when He createth!

I am Eternal; therefore all things are as my designs; therefore do all things obey my Word.

12. Therefore do Thou come forth unto me from Thine abode in the Silence: Unutterable Wisdom! All-Light! All-Power!

Thoth! Hermes! Mercury! Odin!

By whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still nameless to Eternity: Come Thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this work of Art.

13. Thou, Star of the East, that didst conduct the Magi!

Thou art The Same all-present in Heaven and in Hell!

Thou that vibratest between the Light and the Darkness!

Rising, descending! Changing ever, yet ever The Same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom; and Earth hath ever nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth!

14. Come Thou forth, I say, come Thou forth!

And make all Spirits subject unto Me:

So that every Spirit of the Firmament

And of the Ether,

And of the Earth,

And under the Earth,

On dry land

And in the Water,

Of whirling Air

And of rushing Fire,

And every spell and Scourge of God the Vast One, may be obedient unto Me!

15. I invoke the Priestess of the Silver Star, Asi the Curved One, by the ritual of Silence.

16. I make open the gate of Bliss; I descend from the Palace of the Stars; I greet you, I embrace you, O children of earth, that are gathered together in the Hall of Darkness.

17. (A pause.)

18. The Speech in the Silence.

The Words against the Son of Night.

The Voice of Tahuti in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal.

The Formulas of Knowledge.

The Wisdom of Breath.

The Root of Vibration.

The Shaking of the Invisible.

The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.

The Becoming Visible of Matter.

The Piercing of the Scales of the Crocodile.

The Breaking Forth of the Light!

19. (Follows the Lection.)

20. There is an end of the speech; let the Silence of darkness be broken; let it return into the silence of light.

21. The speaker silently departs; the listeners disperse unto their homes; yea, they disperse unto their homes.

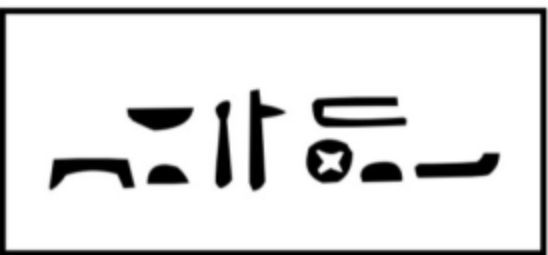


LIBER
 LXV

LIBER
 CORDIS
 CINCTI
 SERPENTE

ארת

SUB FIGVRÂ
 LXV





A.:A.: Publication in Class A

I

1. I am the Heart; and the Snake is entwined
About the invisible core of the mind.
Rise, O my snake! It is now is the hour
Of the hooded and holy ineffable flower.
Rise, O my snake, into brilliance of bloom
On the corpse of Osiris afloat in the tomb!
O heart of my mother, my sister, mine own,
Thou art given to Nile, to the terror Typhon!
Ah me! but the glory of ravening storm
Enswathes thee and wraps thee in frenzy of form.
Be still, O my soul! that the spell may dissolve
As the wands are upraised, and the aeons revolve.
Behold! in my beauty how joyous Thou art,
O Snake that caresses the crown of mine heart!
Behold! we are one, and the tempest of years
Goes down to the dusk, and the Beetle appears.
O Beetle! the drone of Thy dolorous note
Be ever the trance of this tremulous throat!
I await the awaking! The summons on high
From the Lord Adonai, from the Lord Adonai!
2. Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V., saying: There must ever be division in the word.
3. For the colours are many, but the light is one.
4. Therefore thou writest that which is of mother of emerald, and of lapis-lazuli, and of turquoise, and of alexandrite.
5. Another writeth the words of topaz, and of deep amethyst, and of gray sapphire, and of deep sapphire with a tinge as of blood.
6. Therefore do ye fret yourselves because of this.
7. Be not contented with the image.
8. I who am the Image of an Image say this.
9. Debate not of the image, saying Beyond! Beyond!
One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.
10. Not otherwise may ye reach unto the Smooth Point.
11. Nor is it fitting for the cobbler to prate of the Royal matter. O cobbler! mend me this shoe, that I may walk. O king! if I be thy son, let us speak of the Embassy to the King thy Brother.
12. Then was there silence. Speech had done with us awhile.
There is a light so strenuous that it is not perceived as light.
13. Wolf's bane is not so sharp as steel; yet it pierceth the body more subtly.
14. Even as evil kisses corrupt the blood, so do my words devour the spirit of man.
15. I breathe, and there is infinite dis-ease in the spirit.
16. As an acid eats into steel, as a cancer that utterly corrupts the body; so am I unto the spirit of man.

17. I shall not rest until I have dissolved it all.
18. So also the light that is absorbed. One absorbs little and is called white and glistening; one absorbs all and is called black.
19. Therefore, O my darling, art thou black.
20. O my beautiful, I have likened thee to a jet Nubian slave, a boy of melancholy eyes.
21. O the filthy one! the dog! they cry against thee.
Because thou art my beloved.
22. Happy are they that praise thee; for they see thee with Mine eyes.
23. Not aloud shall they praise thee; but in the night watch one shall steal close, and grip thee with the secret grip; another shall privily cast a crown of violets over thee; a third shall greatly dare, and press mad lips to thine.
24. Yea! the night shall cover all, the night shall cover all.
25. Thou wast long seeking Me; thou didst run forward so fast that I was unable to come up with thee.
O thou darling fool! what bitterness thou didst crown thy days withal.
26. Now I am with thee; I will never leave thy being.
27. For I am the soft sinuous one entwined about thee, heart of gold!
28. My head is jewelled with twelve stars; My body is white as milk of the stars; it is bright with the blue of the abyss of stars invisible.
29. I have found that which could not be found; I have found a vessel of quicksilver.
30. Thou shalt instruct thy servant in his ways, thou shalt speak often with him.
31. (The scribe looketh upwards and crieth) Amen! Thou hast spoken it, Lord God!
32. Further Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. and said:
33. Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!
Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of mother-of-pearl from them, that we may ride upon the river of Amrit!
34. Thou seest yon petal of amaranth, blown by the wind from the low sweet brows of Hathor?
35. (The Magister saw it and rejoiced in the beauty of it.) Listen!
36. (From a certain world came an infinite wail.)
That falling petal seemed to the little ones a wave to engulf their continent.
37. So they will reproach thy servant, saying: Who hath set thee to save us?
38. He will be sore distressed.
39. All they understand not that thou and I are fashioning a boat of mother-of-pearl. We will sail down the river of Amrit even to the yew-groves of Yama, where we may rejoice exceedingly.
40. The joy of men shall be our silver gleam, their woe our blue gleam—all in the mother-of-pearl.
41. (The scribe was wroth thereat. He spake:
O Adonai and my master, I have borne the inkhorn and the pen without pay, in order that I might search this river of Amrit, and sail thereon as one of ye. This I demand for my fee, that I partake of the echo of your kisses.)
42. (And immediately it was granted unto him.)
43. (Nay; but not therewith was he content. By an infinite abasement unto shame did he strive. Then a voice:)
44. Thou strivest ever; even in thy yielding thou strivest to yield—and lo! thou yieldest not.
45. Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things.
46. Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then—yield!

47. There was a maiden that strayed among the corn, and sighed; then grew a new birth, a narcissus, and therein she forgot her sighing and her loneliness.
48. Even instantly rode Hades heavily upon her, and ravished her away.
49. (Then the scribe knew the narcissus in his heart; but because it came not to his lips, therefore was he shamed and spake no more.)
50. Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:
The earth is ripe for vintage; let us eat of her grapes, and be drunken thereon.
51. And V.V.V.V.V. answered and said: O my lord, my dove, my excellent one, how shall this word seem unto the children of men?
52. And He answered him: Not as thou canst see.
It is certain that every letter of this cipher hath some value; but who shall determine the value? For it varieth ever, according to the subtlety of Him that made it.
53. And He answered Him: Have I not the key thereof?
I am clothed with the body of flesh; I am one with the Eternal and Omnipotent God.
54. Then said Adonai: Thou hast the Head of the Hawk, and thy Phallus is the Phallus of Asar. Thou knowest the white, and thou knowest the black, and thou knowest that these are one. But why seekest thou the knowledge of their equivalence?
55. And he said: That my Work may be right.
56. And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept his swathe and rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles, and pondered, and understood not, and was sad.
Reap thou, and rejoice!
57. Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm.
Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the earth!
A casting down of them that sate in high places; a famine upon the multitude!
58. And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth.
59. Stained is the purple of thy mouth, O brilliant one, with the white glory of the lips of Adonai.
60. The foam of the grape is like the storm upon the sea; the ships tremble and shudder; the shipmaster is afraid.
61. That is thy drunkenness, O holy one, and the winds whirl away the soul of the scribe into the happy haven.
62. O Lord God! let the haven be cast down by the fury of the storm! Let the foam of the grape tincture my soul with Thy light!
63. Bacchus grew old, and was Silenus; Pan was ever Pan for ever and ever more throughout the aeons.
64. Intoxicate the inmost, O my lover, not the outermost!
65. So was it—ever the same! I have aimed at the peeled wand of my God, and I have hit; yea, I have hit.

II

1. I passed into the mountain of lapis-lazuli, even as a green hawk between the pillars of turquoise that is seated upon the throne of the East.
2. So came I to Duant, the starry abode, and I heard voices crying aloud.
3. O Thou that sittest upon the Earth! (so spake a certain Veiled One to me) thou art not greater than thy mother! Thou speck of dust infinitesimal!
Thou art the Lord of Glory, and the unclean dog.
4. Stooping down, dipping my wings, I came unto the darkly-splendid abodes. There in that formless abyss was I made a partaker of the Mysteries Averse.
5. I suffered the deadly embrace of the Snake and of the Goat; I paid the infernal homage to the shame of Khem.
6. Therein was this virtue, that the One became the all.
7. Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.
8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.
9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.
10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.
11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.
12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened, and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.
13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.
14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.
15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.
16. O serpent woman of the stars! I, even I, have fashioned Thee from a pale image of fine gold.
17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.
18. Between its wings I sate, and the aeons fled away.
19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.
20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:
21. Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many aeons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?
22. And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!
23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?
24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?
25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!
White swan, bear thou ever me up between thy wings!
26. O silence! O rapture! O end of things visible and invisible! This is all mine, who am Not.

27. Radiant God! Let me fashion an image of gems and gold for Thee! that the people may cast it down and trample it to dust! That Thy glory may be seen of them.

28. Nor shall it be spoken in the markets that I am come who should come; but Thy coming shall be the one word.

29. Thou shalt manifest Thyself in the unmanifest; in the secret places men shall meet with thee, and Thou shalt overcome them.

30. I saw a pale sad boy that lay upon the marble in the sunlight, and wept. By his side was the forgotten lute. Ah! but he wept.

31. Then came an eagle from the abyss of glory and overshadowed him. So black was the shadow that he was no more visible.

32. But I heard the lute lively discoursing through the blue still air.

33. Ah! messenger of the beloved One, let Thy shadow be over me!

34. Thy name is Death, it may be, or Shame, or Love.
 So thou bringest me tidings of the Beloved One, I shall not ask thy name.

35. Where is now the Master? cry the little crazy boys.
 He is dead! He is shamed! He is wedded! and their mockery shall ring round the world.

36. But the Master shall have had his reward.
 The laughter of the mockers shall be a ripple in the hair of the Beloved One.

37. Behold! the Abyss of the Great Deep. Therein is a mighty dolphin, lashing his sides with the force of the waves.

38. There is also an harper of gold, playing infinite tunes.

39. Then the dolphin delighted therein, and put off his body, and became a bird.

40. The harper also laid aside his harp, and played infinite tunes upon the Pan-pipe.

41. Then the bird desired exceedingly this bliss, and laying down its wings became a faun of the forest.

42. The harper also laid down his Pan-pipe, and with the human voice sang his infinite tunes.

43. Then the faun was enraptured, and followed far; at last the harper was silent, and the faun became Pan in the midst of the primal forest of Eternity.

44. Thou canst not charm the dolphin with silence, O my prophet!

45. Then the adept was rapt away in bliss, and the beyond of bliss, and exceeded the excess of excess.

46. Also his body shook and staggered with the burden of that bliss and that excess and that ultimate nameless.

47. They cried He is drunk or He is mad or He is in pain or He is about to die; and he heard them not.

48. O my Lord, my beloved! How shall I indite songs, when even the memory of the shadow of thy glory is a thing beyond all music of speech or of silence?

49. Behold! I am a man. Even a little child might not endure Thee. And lo!

50. I was alone in a great park, and by a certain hillock was a ring of deep enamelled grass wherein green-clad ones, most beautiful, played.

51. In their play I came even unto the land of Fairy Sleep.
 All my thoughts were clad in green; most beautiful were they.

52. All night they danced and sang; but Thou art the morning, O my darling, my serpent that twinest Thee about this heart.

53. I am the heart, and Thou the serpent. Wind Thy coils closer about me, so that no light nor bliss may penetrate.

54. Crush out the blood of me, as a grape upon the tongue of a white Doric girl that languishes with her lover in the moonlight.
55. Then let the End awake. Long hast thou slept, O great God Terminus! Long ages hast thou waited at the end of the city and the roads thereof.
- Awake Thou! wait no more!
56. Nay, Lord! but I am come to Thee. It is I that wait at last.
57. The prophet cried against the mountain; come thou hither, that I may speak with thee!
58. The mountain stirred not. Therefore went the prophet unto the mountain, and spake unto it. But the feet of the prophet were weary, and the mountain heard not his voice.
59. But I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not.
60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.
61. This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our ease among the vines.
62. But these thy prophets; they must cry aloud and scourge themselves; they must cross trackless wastes and unfathomed oceans; to await Thee is the end, not the beginning.
63. Let darkness cover up the writing! Let the scribe depart among his ways.
64. But thou and I are stretched at our ease among the vines; what is he?
65. O Thou beloved One! is there not an end? Nay, but there is an end. Awake! arise! gird up thy limbs, O thou runner; bear thou the Word unto the mighty cities, yea, unto the mighty cities.

III

1. Verily and Amen! I passed through the deep sea, and by the rivers of running water that abound therein, and I came unto the Land of No Desire.
2. Wherein was a white unicorn with a silver collar, whereon was graven the aphorism *Linea viridis gyrat universa*.
3. Then the word of Adonai came unto me by the mouth of the Magister mine, saying: O heart that art girt about with the coils of the old serpent, lift up thyself unto the mountain of initiation!
4. But I remembered. Yea, Than, yea, Theli, yea, Lilith! these three were about me from of old. For they are one.
5. Beautiful wast thou, O Lilith, thou serpent-woman!
6. Thou wast lithe and delicious to the taste, and thy perfume was of musk mingled with ambergris.
7. Close didst thou cling with thy coils unto the heart, and it was as the joy of all the spring.
8. But I beheld in thee a certain taint, even in that wherein I delighted.
9. I beheld in thee the taint of thy father the ape, of thy grandsire the Blind Worm of Slime.
10. I gazed upon the Crystal of the Future, and I saw the horror of the End of thee.
11. Further, I destroyed the time Past, and the time to Come—had I not the Power of the Sand-glass?
12. But in the very hour I beheld corruption.
13. Then I said: O my beloved, O Lord Adonai, I pray thee to loosen the coils of the serpent!
14. But she was closed fast upon me, so that my Force was stayed in its inception.
15. Also I prayed unto the Elephant God, the Lord of Beginnings, who breaketh down obstruction.
16. These gods came right quickly to mine aid. I beheld them; I joined myself unto them; I was lost in their vastness.
17. Then I beheld myself compassed about with the Infinite Circle of Emerald that encloseth the Universe.
18. O Snake of Emerald, Thou hast no time Past, no time To Come. Verily Thou art not.
19. Thou art delicious beyond all taste and touch, Thou art not-to-be-beheld for glory, Thy voice is beyond the Speech and the Silence and the Speech therein, and Thy perfume is of pure ambergris, that is not weighed against the finest gold of the fine gold.
20. Also Thy coils are of infinite range; the Heart that Thou dost encircle is an Universal Heart.
21. I, and Me, and Mine were sitting with lutes in the market-place of the great city, the city of the violets and the roses.
22. The night fell, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
23. The tempest arose, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
24. The hour passed, and the music of the lutes was stilled.
25. But Thou art Eternity and Space; Thou art Matter and Motion; and Thou art the negation of all these things.
26. For there is no Symbol of Thee.
27. If I say Come up upon the mountains! the celestial waters flow at my word. But thou art the Water beyond the waters.
28. The red three-angled heart hath been set up in Thy shrine; for the priests despised equally the shrine and the god.

29. Yet all the while Thou wast hidden therein, as the Lord of Silence is hidden in the buds of the lotus.
30. Thou art Sebek the crocodile against Asar; thou art Mati, the Slayer in the Deep. Thou art Typhon, the Wrath of the Elements, O Thou who transcendest the Forces in their Concourse and Cohesion, in their Death and their Disruption. Thou art Python, the terrible serpent about the end of all things!
31. I turned me about thrice in every way; and always I came at the last unto Thee.
32. Many things I beheld mediate and immediate; but, beholding them no more, I beheld Thee.
33. Come thou, O beloved One, O Lord God of the Universe, O Vast One, O Minute One! I am Thy beloved.
34. All day I sing of Thy delight; all night I delight in Thy song.
35. There is no other day or night than this.
36. Thou art beyond the day and the night; I am Thyself, O my Maker, my Master, my Mate!
37. I am like the little red dog that sitteth upon the knees of the Unknown.
38. Thou hast brought me into great delight. Thou hast given me of Thy flesh to eat and of Thy blood for an offering of intoxication.
39. Thou hast fastened the fangs of Eternity in my soul, and the Poison of the Infinite hath consumed me utterly.
40. I am become like a luscious devil of Italy; a fair strong woman with worn cheeks, eaten out with hunger for kisses. She hath played the harlot in divers palaces; she hath given her body to the beasts.
41. She hath slain her kinsfolk with strong venom of toads; she hath been scourged with many rods.
42. She hath been broken in pieces upon the Wheel; the hands of the hangman have bound her unto it.
43. The fountains of water have been loosed upon her; she hath struggled with exceeding torment.
44. She hath burst in sunder with the weight of the waters; she hath sunk into the awful Sea.
45. So am I, O Adonai, my lord, and such are the waters of Thine intolerable Essence.
46. So am I, O Adonai, my beloved, and Thou hast burst me utterly in sunder.
47. I am shed out like spilt blood upon the mountains; the Ravens of Dispersion have borne me utterly away.
48. Therefore is the seal unloosed, that guarded the Eighth abyss; therefore is the vast sea as a veil; therefore is there a rending asunder of all things.
49. Yea, also verily Thou art the cool still water of the wizard fount. I have bathed in Thee, and lost me in Thy stillness.
50. That which went in as a brave boy of beautiful limbs cometh forth as a maiden, as a little child for perfection.
51. O Thou light and delight, ravish me away into the milky ocean of the stars!
52. O Thou Son of a light-transcending mother, blessed be Thy name, and the Name of Thy Name, throughout the ages!
53. Behold! I am a butterfly at the Source of Creation; let me die before the hour, falling dead into thine infinite stream!
54. Also the stream of the stars floweth ever majestic unto the Abode; bear me away upon the Bosom of Nuit!
55. This is the world of the waters of Maim; this is the bitter water that becometh sweet. Thou art beautiful and bitter, O golden one, O my Lord Adonai, O thou Abyss of Sapphire!

56. I follow Thee, and the waters of Death fight strenuously against me. I pass unto the Waters beyond Death and beyond Life.
57. How shall I answer the foolish man? In no way shall he come to the Identity of Thee!
58. But I am the Fool that heedeth not the Play of the Magician. Me doth the Woman of the Mysteries instruct in vain; I have burst the bonds of Love and of Power and of Worship.
59. Therefore is the Eagle made one with the Man, and the gallows of infamy dance with the fruit of the just.
60. I have descended, O my darling, into the black shining waters, and I have plucked Thee forth as a black pearl of infinite preciousness.
61. I have gone down, O my God, into the abyss of the all, and I have found Thee in the midst under the guise of No Thing.
62. But as Thou art the Last, Thou art also the Next, and as the Next do I reveal Thee to the multitude.
63. They that ever desired Thee shall obtain Thee, even at the End of their Desire.
64. Glorious, glorious, glorious art Thou, O my lover supernal, O Self of myself.
65. For I have found Thee alike in the Me and the Thee; there is no difference, O my beautiful, my desirable One! In the One and the Many have I found Thee; yea, I have found Thee.

IV

1. O crystal heart! I the Serpent clasp Thee; I drive home mine head into the central core of Thee, O God my beloved.
2. Even as on the resounding wind-swept heights of Mitylene some god-like woman casts aside the lyre, and with her locks aflame as an aureole, plunges into the wet heart of the creation, so I, O Lord my God!
3. There is a beauty unspeakable in this heart of corruption, where the flowers are aflame.
4. Ah me! but the thirst of Thy joy parches up this throat, so that I cannot sing.
5. I will make me a little boat of my tongue, and explore the unknown rivers. It may be that the everlasting salt may turn to sweetness, and that my life may be no longer athirst.
6. O ye that drink of the brine of your desire, ye are nigh to madness! Your torture increaseth as ye drink, yet still ye drink. Come up through the creeks to the fresh water; I shall be waiting for you with my kisses.
7. As the bezoar-stone that is found in the belly of the cow, so is my lover among lovers.
8. O honey boy! Bring me Thy cool limbs hither! Let us sit awhile in the orchard, until the sun go down! Let us feast on the cool grass! Bring wine, ye slaves, that the cheeks of my boy may flush red.
9. In the garden of immortal kisses, O thou brilliant One, shine forth! Make Thy mouth an opium-poppy, that one kiss is the key to the infinite sleep and lucid, the sleep of Shi-loh-am.
10. In my sleep I beheld the Universe like a clear crystal without one speck.
11. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and prate of their feats of wine-bibbing.
12. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and revile the guests.
13. The guests dally upon couches of mother-of-pearl in the garden; the noise of the foolish men is hidden from them.
14. Only the inn-keeper feareth lest the favour of the king be withdrawn from him.
15. Thus spake the Magister V.V.V.V.V. unto Adonai his God, as they played together in the starlight over against the deep black pool that is in the Holy Place of the Holy House beneath the Altar of the Holiest One.
16. But Adonai laughed, and played more languidly.
17. Then the scribe took note, and was glad. But Adonai had no fear of the Magician and his play. For it was Adonai who had taught all his tricks to the Magician.
18. And the Magister entered into the play of the Magician. When the Magician laughed he laughed; all as a man should do.
19. And Adonai said: Thou art enmeshed in the web of the Magician. This He said subtly, to try him.
20. But the Magister gave the sign of the Magistracy, and laughed back on Him: O Lord, O beloved, did these fingers relax on Thy curls, or these eyes turn away from Thine eye?
21. And Adonai delighted in him exceedingly.
22. Yea, O my master, thou art the beloved of the Beloved One; the Bennu Bird is set up in Philae not in vain.

23. I who was the priestess of Ahathoor rejoice in your love. Arise, O Nile-God, and devour the holy place of the Cow of Heaven! Let the milk of the stars be drunk up by Sebek the dweller of Nile!
24. Arise, O serpent Apep, Thou art Adonai the beloved one! Thou art my darling and my lord, and Thy poison is sweeter than the kisses of Isis the mother of the Gods!
25. For Thou art He! Yea, Thou shalt swallow up Asi and Asar, and the children of Ptah. Thou shalt pour forth a flood of poison to destroy the works of the Magician. Only the Destroyer shall devour Thee; Thou shalt blacken his throat, wherein his spirit abideth. Ah, serpent Apep, but I love Thee!
26. My God! Let Thy secret fang pierce to the marrow of the little secret bone that I have kept against the Day of Vengeance of Hoor-Ra. Let Kheph-Ra sound his sharded drone! let the jackals of Day and Night howl in the wilderness of Time! let the Towers of the Universe totter, and the guardians hasten away! For my Lord hath revealed Himself as a mighty serpent, and my heart is the blood of His body.
27. I am like a love-sick courtesan of Corinth. I have toyed with kings and captains, and made them my slaves. To-day I am the slave of the little asp of death; and who shall loosen our love?
28. Weary, weary! saith the scribe, who shall lead me to the sight of the Rapture of my master?
29. The body is weary and the soul is sore weary and sleep weighs down their eyelids; yet ever abides the sure consciousness of ecstasy, unknown, yet known in that its being is certain. O Lord, be my helper, and bring me to the bliss of the Beloved!
30. I came to the house of the Beloved, and the wine was like fire that flieth with green wings through the world of waters.
31. I felt the red lips of nature and the black lips of perfection. Like sisters they fondled me their little brother; they decked me out as a bride; they mounted me for Thy bridal chamber.
32. They fled away at Thy coming; I was alone before Thee.
33. I trembled at Thy coming, O my God, for Thy messenger was more terrible than the Death-star.
34. On the threshold stood the fulminant figure of Evil, the Horror of emptiness, with his ghastly eyes like poisonous wells. He stood, and the chamber was corrupt; the air stank. He was an old and gnarled fish more hideous than the shells of Abaddon.
35. He enveloped me with his demon tentacles; yea, the eight fears took hold upon me.
36. But I was anointed with the right sweet oil of the Magister; I slipped from the embrace as a stone from the sling of a boy of the woodlands.
37. I was smooth and hard as ivory; the horror gat no hold. Then at the noise of the wind of Thy coming he was dissolved away, and the abyss of the great void was unfolded before me.
38. Across the waveless sea of eternity Thou didst ride with Thy captains and Thy hosts; with Thy chariots and horsemen and spearmen didst Thou travel through the blue.
39. Before I saw Thee Thou wast already with me; I was smitten through by Thy marvellous spear.
40. I was stricken as a bird by the bolt of the thunderer; I was pierced as the thief by the Lord of the Garden.
41. O my Lord, let us sail upon the sea of blood!
42. There is a deep taint beneath the ineffable bliss; it is the taint of generation.
43. Yea, though the flower wave bright in the sunshine, the root is deep in the darkness of earth.
44. Praise to thee, O beautiful dark earth, thou art the mother of a million myriads of myriads of flowers.

45. Also I beheld my God, and the countenance of Him was a thousandfold brighter than the lightning. Yet in his heart I beheld the slow and dark One, the ancient one, the devourer of His children.
46. In the height and the abyss, O my beautiful, there is no thing, verily, there is no thing at all, that is not altogether and perfectly fashioned for Thy delight.
47. Light cleaveth unto Light, and filth to filth; with pride one contemneth another. But not Thou, who art all, and beyond it; who art absolved from the Division of the Shadows.
48. O day of Eternity, let Thy wave break in foamless glory of sapphire upon the laborious coral of our making!
49. We have made us a ring of glistening white sand, strewn wisely in the midst of the Delightful Ocean.
50. Let the palms of brilliance flower upon our island; we shall eat of their fruit, and be glad.
51. But for me the lustral water, the great ablution, the dissolving of the soul in that resounding abyss.
52. I have a little son like a wanton goat; my daughter is like an unfledged eaglet; they shall get them fins, that they may swim.
53. That they may swim, O my beloved, swim far in the warm honey of Thy being, O blessed one, O boy of beatitude!
54. This heart of mine is girt about with the serpent that devoureth his own coils.
55. When shall there be an end, O my darling, O when shall the Universe and the Lord thereof be utterly swallowed up?
56. Nay! who shall devour the Infinite? who shall undo the Wrong of the Beginning?
57. Thou criest like a white cat upon the roof of the Universe; there is none to answer Thee.
58. Thou art like a lonely pillar in the midst of the sea; there is none to behold Thee, O Thou who beholdest all!
59. Thou dost faint, thou dost fail, thou scribe; cried the desolate Voice; but I have filled thee with a wine whose savour thou knowest not.
60. It shall avail to make drunken the people of the old gray sphere that rolls in the infinite Far-off; they shall lap the wine as dogs that lap the blood of a beautiful courtesan pierced through by the Spear of a swift rider through the city.
61. I too am the Soul of the desert; thou shalt seek me yet again in the wilderness of sand.
62. At thy right hand a great lord and a comely; at thy left hand a woman clad in gossamer and gold and having the stars in her hair. Ye shall journey far into a land of pestilence and evil; ye shall encamp in the river of a foolish city forgotten; there shall ye meet with Me.
63. There will I make Mine habitation; as for bridal will I come bedecked and anointed; there shall the Consummation be accomplished.
64. O my darling, I also wait for the brilliance of the hour ineffable, when the universe shall be like a girdle for the midst of the ray of our love, extending beyond the permitted end of the endless One.
65. Then, O thou heart, will I the serpent eat thee wholly up; yea, I will eat thee wholly up.

V

1. Ah! my Lord Adonai, that dalliest with the Magister in the Treasure-House of Pearls, let me listen to the echo of your kisses.
2. Is not the starry heaven shaken as a leaf at the tremulous rapture of your love? Am not I the flying spark of light whirled away by the great wind of your perfection?
3. Yea, cried the Holy One, and from Thy spark will I the Lord kindle a great light; I will burn through the great city in the old and desolate land; I will cleanse it from its great impurity.
4. And thou, O prophet, shalt see these things, and thou shalt heed them not.
5. Now is the Pillar established in the Void; now is Asi fulfilled of Asar; now is Hoor let down into the Animal Soul of Things like a fiery star that falleth upon the darkness of the earth.
6. Through the midnight thou art dropt, O my child, my conqueror, my sword-girt captain, O Hoor! and they shall find thee as a black gnarl'd glittering stone, and they shall worship thee.
7. My prophet shall prophesy concerning thee; around thee the maidens shall dance, and bright babes be born unto them. Thou shalt inspire the proud ones with infinite pride, and the humble ones with an ecstasy of abasement; all this shall transcend the Known and the Unknown with somewhat that hath no name. For it is as the abyss of the Arcanum that is opened in the secret Place of Silence.
8. Thou hast come hither, O my prophet, through grave paths. Thou hast eaten of the dung of the Abominable Ones; thou hast prostrated thyself before the Goat and the Crocodile; the evil men have made thee a plaything; thou hast wandered as a painted harlot, ravishing with sweet scent and Chinese colouring, in the streets; thou hast darkened thine eyepits with Kohl; thou hast tinted thy lips with vermilion; thou hast plastered thy cheeks with ivory enamels. Thou hast played the wanton in every gate and by-way of the great city. The men of the city have lusted after thee to abuse thee and to beat thee. They have mouthed the golden spangles of fine dust wherewith thou didst bedeck thine hair; they have scourged the painted flesh of thee with their whips; thou hast suffered unspeakable things.
9. But I have burnt within thee as a pure flame without oil. In the midnight I was brighter than the moon; in the daytime I exceeded utterly the sun; in the byways of of thy being I inflamed, and dispelled the illusion.
10. Therefore thou art wholly pure before Me; therefore thou art My virgin unto eternity.
11. Therefore I love thee with surpassing love; therefore they that despise thee shall adore thee.
12. Thou shalt be lovely and pitiful toward them; thou shalt heal them of the unutterable evil.
13. They shall change in their destruction, even as two dark stars that crash together in the abyss, and blaze up in an infinite burning.
14. All this while did Adonai pierce my being with his sword that hath four blades; the blade of the thunderbolt, the blade of the Pylon, the blade of the serpent, the blade of the Phallus.
15. Also he taught me the holy unutterable word Ararita, so that I melted the sixfold gold into a single invisible point, whereof naught may be spoken.
16. For the Magistracy of this Opus is a secret magistracy; and the sign of the master thereof is a certain ring of lapis-lazuli with the name of my master, who am I, and the Eye in the Midst thereof.
17. Also He spake and said: This is a secret sign, and thou shalt not disclose it unto the profane, nor unto the neophyte, nor unto the zelator, nor unto the practicus, nor unto the philosophus, nor unto the lesser adept, nor unto the greater adept.

18. But unto the exempt adept thou shalt disclose thyself if thou have need of him for the lesser operations of thine art.
19. Accept the worship of the foolish people, whom thou hatest. The Fire is not defiled by the altars of the Ghebers, nor is the Moon contaminated by the incense of them that adore the Queen of Night.
20. Thou shalt dwell among the people as a precious diamond among cloudy diamonds, and crystals, and pieces of glass. Only the eye of the just merchant shall behold thee, and plunging in his hand shall single thee out and glorify thee before men.
21. But thou shalt heed none of this. Thou shalt be ever the heart, and I the serpent will coil close about thee. My coil shall never relax throughout the aeons. Neither change nor sorrow nor unsubstantiality shall have thee; for thou art passed beyond all these.
22. Even as the diamond shall glow red for the rose, and green for the rose-leaf; so shalt thou abide apart from the Impressions.
23. I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
24. Also thou art beyond the stabilities of Being and of Consciousness and of Bliss; for I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
25. Also thou shalt discourse of these things unto the man that writeth them, and he shall partake of them as a sacrament; for I who am thou am he, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.
26. From the Crown to the Abyss, so goeth it single and erect. Also the limitless sphere shall glow with the brilliance thereof.
27. Thou shalt rejoice in the pools of adorable water; thou shalt bedeck thy damsels with pearls of fecundity; thou shalt light flame like licking tongues of liquor of the Gods between the pools.
28. Also thou shalt convert the all-sweeping air into the winds of pale water, thou shalt transmute the earth into a blue abyss of wine.
29. Ruddy are the gleams of ruby and gold that sparkle therein; one drop shall intoxicate the Lord of the Gods my servant.
30. Also Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. saying: O my little one, my tender one, my little amorous one, my gazelle, my beautiful, my boy, let us fill up the pillar of the Infinite with an infinite kiss!
31. So that the stable was shaken and the unstable became still.
32. They that beheld it cried with a formidable affright: The end of things is come upon us.
33. And it was even so.
34. Also I was in the spirit vision and beheld a parricidal pomp of atheists, coupled by two and by two in the supernal ecstasy of the stars. They did laugh and rejoice exceedingly, being clad in purple robes and drunken with purple wine, and their whole soul was one purple flower-flame of holiness.
35. They beheld not God; they beheld not the Image of God; therefore were they arisen to the Palace of the Splendour Ineffable. A sharp sword smote out before them, and the worm Hope writhed in its death-agony under their feet.
36. Even as their rapture shore asunder the visible Hope, so also the Fear Invisible fled away and was no more.
37. O ye that are beyond Aormuzdi and Ahrimanes! blessed are ye unto the ages.
38. They shaped Doubt as a sickle, and reaped the flowers of Faith for their garlands.
39. They shaped Ecstasy as a spear, and pierced the ancient dragon that sat upon the stagnant water.
40. Then the fresh springs were unloosed, that the folk athirst might be at ease.

41. And again I was caught up into the presence of my Lord Adonai, and the knowledge and Conversation of the Holy One, and Angel that Guardeth me.
42. O Holy Exalted One, O Self beyond self. O Self-Luminous Image of the Unimaginable Naught, O my darling, my beautiful, come Thou forth and follow me.
43. Adonai, divine Adonai, let Adonai initiate refugent dalliance! Thus I concealed the name of Her name that inspireth my rapture, the scent of whose body bewildereth the soul, the light of whose soul abaseth this body unto the beasts.
44. I have sucked out the blood with my lips; I have drained Her beauty of its sustenance; I have abased Her before me, I have mastered Her, I have possessed Her, and Her life is within me. In Her blood I inscribe the secret riddles of the Sphinx of the Gods, that none shall understand,—save only the pure and voluptuous, the chaste and obscene, the androgyne and the gynander that have passed beyond the bars of the prison that the old Slime of Khem set up in the Gates of Ameniti.
45. O my adorable, my delicious one, all night will I pour out the libation on Thine altars; all night will I burn the sacrifice of blood; all night will I swing the thurible of my delight before Thee, and the fervour of the orisons shall intoxicate Thy nostrils.
46. O Thou who camest from the land of the Elephant, girt about with the tiger's pell, and garlanded with the lotus of the spirit, do Thou inebriate my life with Thy madness, that She leap at my passing.
47. Bid Thy maidens who follow Thee bestrew us a bed of flowers immortal, that we may take our pleasure thereupon. Bid Thy satyrs heap thorns among the flowers, that we may take our pain thereupon. Let the pleasure and pain be mingled in one supreme offering unto the Lord Adonai!
48. Also I heard the voice of Adonai the Lord the desirable one concerning that which is beyond.
49. Let not the dwellers in Thebai and the temples thereof prate ever of the Pillars of Hercules and the Ocean of the West. Is not the Nile a beautiful water?
50. Let not the priest of Isis uncover the nakedness of Nuit, for every step is a death and a birth. The priest of Isis lifted the veil of Isis, and was slain by the kisses of her mouth. Then was he the priest of Nuit, and drank of the milk of the stars.
51. Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was yet unquarried in the distant land?
52. There was also an humming-bird that spake unto the horned cerastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of Khem the Holy One, the royal Uraeus serpent, answered him and said:
53. I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lived, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.
54. Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a serpent struck him that he died.
55. But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful god listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent, saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.
56. And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uraeus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.

57. O thou Serpent Apep, my Lord Adonai, it is a speck of minutest time, this travelling through eternity, and in Thy sight the landmarks are of fair white marble untouched by the tool of the graver. Therefore thou art mine, even now and for ever and for everlasting. Amen.

58. Moreover, I heard the voice of Adonai: Seal up the book of the Heart and the Serpent; in the number five and sixty seal thou the holy book.

As fine gold that is beaten into a diadem for the fair queen of Pharaoh, as great stones that are cemented together into the Pyramid of the ceremony of the Death of Asar, so do thou bind together the words and the deeds, so that in all is one Thought of Me thy delight Adonai.

59. And I answered and said: It is done even according unto Thy word. And it was done. And they that read the book and debated thereon passed into the desolate land of Barren Words. And they that sealed up the book into their blood were the chosen of Adonai, and the Thought of Adonai was a Word and a Deed; and they abode in the Land that the far-off travellers call Naught.

60. O land beyond honey and spice and all perfection! I will dwell therein with my Lord for ever.

61. And the Lord Adonai delighteth in me, and I bear the Cup of His gladness unto the weary ones of the old grey land.

62. They that drink thereof are smitten of disease; the abomination hath hold upon them, and their torment is like the thick black smoke of the evil abode.

63. But the chosen ones drank thereof, and became even as my Lord, my beautiful, my desirable one. There is no wine like unto this wine.

64. They are gathered together into a glowing heart, as Ra that gathereth his clouds about Him at eventide into a molten sea of Joy; and the snake that is the crown of Ra bindeth them about with the golden girdle of the death-kisses.

65. So also is the end of the book, and the Lord Adonai is about it on all sides like a Thunderbolt, and a Pylon, and a Snake, and a Phallus, and in the midst thereof he is like the Woman that jetteth out the milk of the stars from her paps; yea, the milk of the stars from her paps.



LIBER
STELLÆ
RVBEÆ

A SECRET RITUAL OF
APEP, THE HEART OF
IAO-OAI, DELIVERED
UNTO V.V.V.V.V. FOR
HIS USE IN A CERTAIN
MATTER OF LIBER
LEGIS, AND WRITTEN
DOWN UNDER THE
FIGURE

LXVI





A.:A.: Publication in Class A

1. Apep deifieth Asar.
2. Let excellent virgins evoke rejoicing, son of Night!
3. This is the book of the most secret cult of the Ruby Star. It shall be given to none, save to the shameless in deed as in word.
4. No man shall understand this writing—it is too subtle for the sons of men.
5. If the Ruby Star have shed its blood upon thee; if in the season of the moon thou hast invoked by the Iod and the Pe, then mayest thou partake of this most secret sacrament.
6. One shall instruct another, with no care for the matters of men's thought.
7. There shall be a fair altar in the midst, extended upon a black stone.
8. At the head of the altar gold, and twin images in green of the Master.
9. In the midst a cup of green wine.
10. At the foot the Star of Ruby.
11. The altar shall be entirely bare.
12. First, the ritual of the Flaming Star.
13. Next, the ritual of the Seal.
14. Next, the infernal adorations of OAI.

Mu pa telai
 Tu wa melai
 ā, ā, ā.
 Tu fu tulu!
 Tu fu tulu!
 Pa, Sa, Ga.

Qwi Mu telai
 Ya Pu melai
 ū, ū, ū.
 'Se gu malai;
 Pe fu telai,
 Fu tu lu.

O chi balae
 Wa pa malae:—
 Ūt! Ūt! Ūt!
 Ge; fu latrai,
 Le fu malai
 Kūt! Hūt! Nūt!

AI ŌĀĪ
 Rel moai
 Ti—Ti—Ti!
 Wa la pelai
 Tu fu latai
 Wi, Ni, Bi.

15. Also thou shalt excite the wheels with the five wounds and the five wounds.

16. Then thou shalt excite the wheels with the two and the third in the midst; even ĥ and Ƶ, ⊙ and Ɔ, ♂ and ♀, and ☿.
17. Then the five—and the sixth.
18. Also the altar shall fume before the master with incense that hath no smoke.
19. That which is to be denied shall be denied; that which is to be trampled shall be trampled; that which is to be spat upon shall be spat upon.
20. These things shall be burnt in the outer fire.
21. Then again the master shall speak as he will soft words, and with music and what else he will bring forward the Victim.
22. Also he shall slay a young child upon the altar, and the blood shall cover the altar with perfume as of roses.
23. Then shall the master appear as He should appear—in His glory.
24. He shall stretch himself upon the altar, and awake it into life, and into death.
25. (For so we conceal that life which is beyond.)
26. The temple shall be darkened, save for the fire and the lamp of the altar.
27. There he shall kindle a great fire and a devouring.
28. Also he shall smite the altar with his scourge, and blood shall flow therefrom.
29. Also he shall have made roses bloom thereon.
30. In the end he shall offer up the Vast Sacrifice, at the moment when the God licks up the flame upon the altar.
31. All these things shalt thou perform strictly, observing the time.
32. And the Beloved shall abide with Thee.
33. Thou shalt not disclose the interior world of this rite unto any one: therefore have I written it in symbols that cannot be understood.
34. I who reveal the ritual am IAO and OAI; the Right and the Averse.
35. These are alike unto me.
36. Now the Veil of this operation is called Shame, and the Glory abideth within.
37. Thou shalt comfort the heart of the secret stone with the warm blood. Thou shalt make a subtle decoction of delight, and the Watchers shall drink thereof.
38. I, Apep the Serpent, am the heart of IAO. Isis shall await Asar, and I in the midst.
39. Also the Priestess shall seek another altar, and perform my ceremonies thereon.
40. There shall be no hymn nor dithyramb in my praise and the praise of the rite, seeing that it is utterly beyond.
41. Thou shalt assure thyself of the stability of the altar.
42. In this rite thou shalt be alone.
43. I will give thee another ceremony whereby many shall rejoice.
44. Before all let the Oath be taken firmly as thou rasiest up the altar from the black earth.
45. In the words that Thou knowest.
46. For I also swear unto thee by my body and soul that shall never be parted in sunder that I dwell within thee coiled and ready to spring.
47. I will give thee the kingdoms of the earth, O thou Who hast mastered the kingdoms of the East and of the West.
48. I am Apep, O thou slain One. Thou shalt slay thyself upon mine altar: I will have thy blood to drink.
49. For I am a mighty vampire, and my children shall suck up the wine of the earth which is blood.
50. Thou shalt replenish thy veins from the chalice of heaven.

51. Thou shalt be secret, a fear to the world.
52. Thou shalt be exalted, and none shall see thee; exalted, and none shall suspect thee.
53. For there are two glories diverse, and thou who hast won the first shalt enjoy the second.
54. I leap with joy within thee; my head is arisen to strike.
55. O the lust, the sheer rapture, of the life of the snake in the spine!
56. Mightier than God or man, I am in them, and pervade them.
57. Follow out these my words.
58. Fear nothing.
Fear nothing.
Fear nothing.
59. For I am nothing, and me thou shalt fear, O my virgin, my prophet within whose bowels I rejoice.
60. Thou shalt fear with the fear of love: I will overcome thee.
61. Thou shalt be very nigh to death.
62. But I will overcome thee; the New Life shall illumine thee with the Light that is beyond the Stars.
63. Thinkest thou? I, the force that have created all, am not to be despised.
64. And I will slay thee in my lust.
65. Thou shalt scream with the joy and the pain and the fear and the love—so that the ΛΟΓΟΣ of a new God leaps out among the Stars.
66. There shall be no sound heard but this thy lion-roar of rapture; yea, this thy lion-roar of rapture.



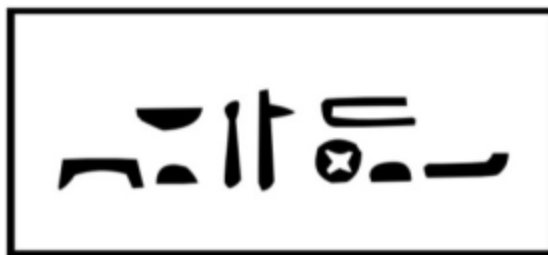
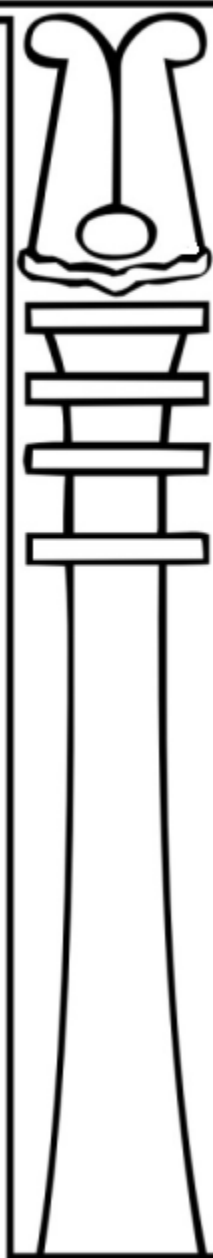
LIBER
LXVII

THE
SWORD OF
THE SONG

CALLED BY THE
CHRISTIANS

THE BOOK OF
THE BEAST

SUB FIGVRÂ
LXVII





A.:A.: Publication in Class C

THE SWORD OF SONG

CALLED BY CHRISTIANS
THE BOOK OF THE BEAST
1904

TO MY OLD FRIEND AND COMRADE IN THE ART
BHIKKU ANANDA METTEYA

AND TO THOSE

FOOLS

WHO BY THEIR SHORT-SIGHTED STUPIDITY IN
ATTEMPTING TO BOYCOTT THIS BOOK
HAVE WITLESSLY AIDED THE
CAUSE OF TRUTH

I DEDICATE THESE MY BEST WORDS.

[This book is so full of recondite knowledge of various kinds that it seems quite ineffective to annotate every obscure passage. Where references and explanations can be concisely given this has been done.]

“YOU are sad!” the Knight said, in an anxious tone: “let me sing you a song to comfort you.”¹

“Is it very long?” Alice asked.

“It’s long,” said the Knight, but it’s very beautiful. The name of the song is called ‘The Book of the Beast.’ ”

“Oh! how ugly” cried Alice.

“Never mind,” said the mild creature. “Some people call it ‘Reason in Rhyme.’ ”

“But which is the name of the song?” Alice said, trying not to seem too interested.

“Ah, you don’t understand,” the Knight said, looking a little vexed. “That’s what the name is *called*. The name really is ‘Ascension Day and Pentecost; with some Prose Essays and an Epilogue,’ just as the title is ‘The Sword of Song’ you know, just in the same way, just in the same way, just in the same way . . .”

Alice put her fingers in her ears and gave a little scream. “Oh, dear me! That’s harder

than ever!” she said to herself, and then, looking determinedly intelligent: “So *that’s* what the song is called. I see. But what *is* the song?”

“You must be a perfect fool,” said the Knight, irritably. “The song is called ‘Stout Doubt; or the Agnostic Anthology,’ by the author of ‘Gas Manipulation,’ ‘Solutions,’ ‘The Management of Retorts,’ and other physical works of the first order—but that’s only what it’s *called*, you know.”

“Well, what is the song then?” said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

“If I wished to be obscure, child,” said the Knight, rather contemptuously, “I should tell you that the Name of the Title was ‘What a man of 95 ought to know,’ as endorsed by eminent divines, and that . . .” Seeing that she only begin to cry, he broke off and continued in a gentler tone: “it *means*, my dear . . .” He

¹ This passage is a parody on one in “Alice through the Looking-Glass.”

stopped short, for she was taking no notice; but as her figure was bent by sobs into something very like a note of interrogation: "You want to know what it *is*, I suppose!" continued the Knight, in a superior, but rather offended voice.

"If you would, please, sir!"

"Well, *that*," pronounced the Knight, with the air of having thoroughly studied the question

and reached a conclusion absolutely final and irreversible, "*that*, Goodness only knows. But I will sing it to you."

PRELIMINARY INVOCATION NOTHUNG.¹

THE crowns of Gods and mortals wither ;
Moons fade where constellations shone ;
Numberless aeons brought us hither ;
Numberless aeons beckon us on.
The world is old, and I am strong—
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song !

Here, in the Dusk of Gods, I linger ;
The world awaits a Word of Truth.
Kindle, O lyre, beneath my finger !
Evoke the age's awful youth !
To arms against the inveterate wrong !
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song !

Sand-founded reels the House of Faith ;
Up screams the howl of runing sect ;
Out from the shrine flits the lost Wraith ;
"God hath forsaken His elect !"
Confusion sweeps upon the throng—
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song !

Awake to wound, awake to heal
By wounding, thou resistless sword !
Raise the prone priestcrafts that appeal
In agony to their prostrate Lord!
Raise the duped herd—they have suffered long
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song !

My strength this agony of the age
Win through; my music charm the old
Sorrow of years: my warfare wage
By iron to an age of gold :—
The world is old, and I am strong—
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song !

INTRODUCTION TO "ASCENSION DAY AND PENTECOST"

NOT a word to introduce my introduction! Let me instantly launch the Boat of Discourse on the Sea of Religious Speculation, in danger of the Rocks of Authority and the Quicksands of Private Interpretation, Scylla and Charybdis. Here is the strait; what God shall save us from shipwreck? If we choose to understand the Christian (or any other) religion literally, we are at once overwhelmed by its inherent impossibility. Our credulity is outraged, our moral sense shocked, the holiest foundations of our inmost selves assailed by no ardent warrior in triple steel, but by a loathy and disgusting worm. That this is so, the apologists for the religion in question, whichever it may be, sufficiently indicate (as a rule) by the very method of their apology. The alternative is to take the religion symbolically, esoterically; but to move one step in this direction is to start on a journey whose end cannot be determined. The religion, ceasing to be a tangible thing, an object uniform for all sane eyes, becomes rather that mist whereon the sun of the soul casts up, like Brocken spectres, certain vast and vague images of the beholder himself, with or without a glory encompassing them. The function of the facts is then quite passive: it matters little or nothing whether the cloud be the red mist of Christianity, or the glimmering silver-white of Celtic Paganism; the hard grey dim-gilded of Buddhism, the fleecy opacity of Islam, or the mysterious medium of those

¹ The name of Siegfried's sword.

ancient faiths which come up in as many colours as their investigator has moods.¹

If the student has advanced spiritually so that he can internally, infallibly perceive what is Truth, he will find it equally well symbolised in most external faiths. It is curious that Browning never turns his wonderful faculty of analysis upon the fundamental problems of religion, as it were

an axe laid to the root of the Tree of Life. It seems quite clear that he knew what would result if he did so. We cannot help fancying that he was unwilling to do this. The proof of his knowledge I find in the following lines:—

“I have read much, thought much, experienced much,
Yet would rather die than avow my fear
The Naples’ liquefaction may be false . . .
I hear you recommend, I might at least
Eliminate, declassify my faith
Since I adopt it: keeping what I must
And leaving what I can ; such points as this . . .
Still, when you bid me purify the same,
To such a process I discern no end . . .
First cut the liquefaction, what comes last
But Fichte’s clever cut at God himself ? . . .
I trust nor hand, nor eye, nor heart, nor brain
To stop betimes: they all get drunk alike.
The first step, I am master not to take.

This is surely the apotheosis of willful ignorance! We may think, perhaps, that Browning is “hedging” when, in the last paragraph, he says : “For Blougram, he believed, say, half he spoke,”² and hints at some deeper ground. It is useless to say, “This is Blougram and not Browning.” Browning could hardly have described the dilemma without seeing it. What he really believes is, perhaps, a mystery.

¹ “In order to get over the ethical difficulties presented by the naïve naturalism of many parts of those Scriptures, in the divine authority of which he firmly believed, Philo borrowed from the Stoics (who had been in like straits in respect of Greek mythology) that great Excalibur which they had forged with infinite pains and skill—the method of allegorical interpretation. This mighty ‘two handed engine at the door’ of the theologian is warranted to make a speedy end of any and every

That Browning, however, believes in universal salvation, though he nowhere (so far as I know) gives his reasons, save as they are summarised in the last lines of the below-quoted passage, is evident from the last stanza of “Apparent Failure,” and from his final pronouncement of the Pope on Guido, represented in Browning’s masterpiece as a Judas without the decency to hang himself.

“So (*i.e.*, by suddenness of fate) may the
truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see one instant and be saved.
Else I avert my face nor follow him
Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain: which must not be.

This may be purgatory, but it sounds not unlike reincarnation.

It is at least a denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment.

As for myself, I took the first step years ago, quite in ignorance of what the last would lead to. God is indeed cut away—a cancer from the breast of truth.

Of those philosophers, who from unassailable premisses draw by righteous deduction a conclusion against God, and then for His sake overturn their whole structure by an act of will, like a child breaking an ingenious toy, I take Mansel as my type.³

Now, however, let us consider the esoteric idea-mongers of Christianity, Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Deussen and the like, of whom I have taken Caird as my example. I wish to unmask these people : I perfectly agree with nearly everything they say, but their claim to be Christians is utterly confusing, and lends

moral or intellectual difficulty, by showing that, taken allegorically, or, as it is otherwise said “poetically” or ‘in a spiritual sense,’ the plainest words mean whatever a pious interpreter desires they should mean.” (Huxley, “Evolution of Theology”).—A.C.

² Probably a record for a bishop.—A.C.

³ As represented by his Encyclopædia article; not in such works as “Limits of Religious Thought.”—A.C.

a lustre to Christianity which is quite foreign. Deussen, for example, coolly discards nearly all the Old Testament, and, picking a few New Testament passages, often out of their context, claims his system as Christianity. Luther discards James. Kingsford calls Paul the Arch Heretic. My friend the "Christian Clergyman" accepted Mark and Acts—until pushed. Yet Deussen is honest enough to admit that Vedanta teaching is identical, but clearer ! and he quite clearly and sensibly defines Faith—surely the most essential quality for the adherent to Christian dogma—as "being convinced on insufficient evidence." Similarly the dying-to-live idea of Hegel (and Schopenhauer) claimed by Caird as the central spirit of Christianity is far older, in the Osiris Myth of the Egyptians. These ideas are all right, but they have no more to do with Christianity than the Metric System with the Great Pyramid. But see Piazzi Smyth!¹ Henry Morley has even the audacity to claim Shelley—Shelley !—as a Christian "in spirit."

Talking of Shelley :—With regard to my open denial of the personal Christian God, may it not be laid to my charge that I have dared to voice in bald language what Shelley sang in words of surpassing beauty : for of course the thought in one or two passages of this poem is practically identical with that in certain parts of "Queen Mab" and "Prometheus unbound." But the very beauty of these poems (especially the latter) is its weakness : it is possible that the mind of the reader, lost in the sensuous, nay ! even in the moral beauty of the words, may fail to be impressed by their most important meaning. Shelley himself recognised this later : hence the direct and simple vigour of the "Masque of Anarchy."

It has often puzzled atheists that a man of Milton's genius could have written as he did of

Christianity. But we must not forget that Milton lived immediately after the most important Revolution in Religion and Politics of modern times : Shelley on the brink of such another Political upheaval. Shakespeare alone sat enthroned above it all like a god, and is not lost in the mire of controversy.² This, also, though "I'm no Shakespeare, as too probable," I have endeavoured to avoid : yet I cannot but express the hope that my own enquiries into religion may be the reflection of the spirit of the age ; and that plunged as we are in the midst of jingoism and religious revival, we may be standing on the edge of some gigantic precipice, over which we may cast all our impedimenta of lies and trickeries, political, social, moral and religious, and (ourselves) take wings and fly. The comparison between myself and the masters of English thought I have named is unintentional though perhaps unavoidable ; and though the presumption is, of course, absurd, yet a straw will show which way the wind blows as well as the most beautiful and elaborate vane : and in this sense it is my pmost eage hope that I may not unjustly draw a comparison between myself and the great reformers of eighty years ago.

I must apologise (perhaps) for the new note of frivolity in my work : due doubtless to the frivolity of my subject : these poems being written when I was an Advaitist and could not see why—everything being an illusion—there should be any particular object in doing or thinking anything. How I have found the answer will be evident from my essay on the subject.³ I must indeed apologise to the illustrious Shade of Robert Browning for my audacious parody in title, style, and matter of his "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." The more I read it the eventual anticlimax of that wonderful poem irritated me only the more.

¹ An astronomer whose brain gave way. He prophesied the end of the world in 1881, from measurements made in the Great Pyramid.

² So it is usually supposed. Maybe I shall one day find words to combat, perhaps to overthrow, this position.

P.S. As, for example, the Note to this Introduction. As a promise-keeper I am the original eleven stone three Peacherine.—A.C.

³ *Vide infra*, "Berashith."

But there is hardly any poet living or dead who so commands alike my personal affection and moral admiration. My desire to find the Truth will be my pardon with him, whose sole life was spent in admiration of the Truth, though he never turned its formidable engines against the Citadel of the Almighty.

If I be appealed of blasphemy of irreverence in my treatment of these subjects, I will take refuge in Browning's own apology, from the very poem I am attacking :

“I have done: and if any blames me,
Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on were unlawful—
Or worse, that I trench with undue levity
On the bounds of the holy and the awful—

I praise the heart and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to Thee, instead of him,
Who head and heart alike discernest,
Looking below light speech we utter
Where frothy spume and frequent splutter
Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest !”

But I have after all little fear that I am seriously wrong. That I show to my critics the open door to the above city of refuge my be taken as merely another gesture of contemptuous pity, the last insult which may lead my antagonists to that surrender which is the truest victory.

PEACE TO ALL BEINGS

ASCENSION DAY

Curious position of poet.	I FLUNG out of chapel ^{1*} and church, Temple and hall and meeting-room, Venus' Bower and Osiris' Tomb, ² And left the devil in the lurch, While God ³ got lost in the crowd of gods, ⁴ And soul went down ⁵ in the turbid tide Of the metaphysical lotus-eyed, ⁶ And I was—anyhow, what's the odds ?	5
What is Truth? said jesting Pilate: but Crowley waits for an answer.†	The life to live ? The thought to think ? Shall I take refuge In a tower like once Childe Roland‡ found, blind, deaf, huge, Or in that forest of two hundred thousand Trees, ⁸ fit alike to shelter man and mouse, and— Shall I say God? Be patient, your Reverence, ⁹ I warrant you'll journey a wiser man ever hence ! Let's tap (like the negro who gets a good juice of it, Cares nought if that be, or be not, God's right use of it), ¹⁰ In all that forest of verses one tree ¹¹ Yclept "Red Cotton Nightcap Country": How a goldsmith, between the Ravishing Virgin And a leman to rotten to put a purge in, Day by day and hour by hour, In a Browningsque forest of thoughts having lost himself, Expecting a miracle, solemnly tossed himself Off from the top of tower. Moral: don't spoil such an excellent sport as an Ample estate with a church and a courtesan!	10 15 20 25
Alternative theories of Greek authors. Browning's summary.	"Truth, that's the gold" ¹² But don't worry about it! I, you, or Simpkin ¹³ can get on without it! If life's task be work and love's (the soft-lippèd) ease, Death be God's glory ? discuss with Euripides ! Or, cradle be hardship, and finally coffin, ease, Love being filth? let us ask Aristophanes ! Or, heaven's sun bake us, while Earth's bugs and fleas kill us, Love the God's scourge ? I refer you to Aeschylus ! (Nay ! that's a slip ! Say we "Earth's grim device, cool loss !—" Better the old Greek orthography !—Aischulos ! ¹⁴) Or, love be God's champagne's foam; death in man's trough, hock lees,	30 35

* The numbered notes are given at p. 51

† Bacon, "Essay on Truth," line 1.

‡ "Childe Roland to the dark Tower came."—BROWNING.

	Pathos our port's beeswing ? what answers Sophocles ? Brief, with love's medicine let's draught, bolus, globule us ! Wise and succinct bids, I think, Aristobulus. ¹⁵ Whether my Muse be Euterpe or Clio, Life, Death, and Love are all Batrachomyo ¹⁶ — Machia, what ? ho ! old extinct Alcibiades ? For me, do ut—God true, be mannikin liar !—des !	40
Apology of poet. Skeleton of poem. Valuable fact for use of lovers. Invocation.	It's rather hard, isn't it, sir, to make sense of it ? Mine of so many pounds—pouch even pence of it ? ¹⁷ Try something easier, ¹⁸ where the bard seems to me Seeking that light, which I find comes in dreams to me. Even as he takes to feasts to enlarge upon, So will I do too to launch my old barge upon Analyse, get hints from Newton ¹⁹ or Faraday, ²⁰ Use every weapon—love, scorn, reason, parody ! Just where he worships ? Ah me ! shall his soul, Far in some glory, take hurt from a mole Grubbing i' th' ground ? Shall his spirit not see, Lightning to lightning, the spirit in me ? Parody ? Shall not his spirit forgive Me, who shall love him as long as I live ? Love's at its height in pure love ? Nay, but after When the song's light dissolves gently in laughter ! Then and then only the lovers may know Nothing can part them for ever. And so, Muse, hover o'er me ! Apollo, above her !	45
Imperfect scholastic at- tainements of author remedied by his great spiritual insight. His intention.	I, of the Moderns, have let alone Greek. ²¹ Out of the way Intuition shall shove her. Spirit and Truth in my darkness I seek. Little by little they bubble and leak; Such as I have to the world I discover. Words—are they weak ones at best ? They shall speak !	65
His achievement. Plan of poem. "Connspuez Dieu!"	Shields ? Be they paper, paint, lath ? They shall cover Well as they may, the big heart of a lover ! Swords ? Let the lightning of Truth strike the fortress Frowning of God ! I will sever one more tress Off the White Beard ²² with his son's blood besprinkled, Carve one more gash in the forehead ²³ hate-wrinkled:— So, using little arms, earn one day better ones; Cutting the small chains, ²⁴ learn soon to unfetter one's Limbs from the large ones, walk forth and be free!— So much for Browning ! and so much for me !	70
		75

Apology for
manner of poem.
A chance for
Tibet.

Pray do not ask me where I stand !
“Who asks, doth err.”²⁵ At least demand 80
No folly such as answer means !
“But if” (you²⁶ say) “your spirit weans
Itself of milk-and-water pap,
And one religion as another
O’erleaps itself and falls on the other;²⁷ 85
You’ll tell me why at least, mayhap,
Our Christianity excites
Especially such petty spites
As these you strew throughout your verse.”
The chance of birth! I choose to curse 90
(Writing in English²⁸) just the yoke
Of faith that tortures English folk.
I cannot write²⁹ a poem yet
To please the people in Tibet;
But when I can, Christ shall not lack 95
Peace, while their Buddha I attack.³⁰

Hopes. Identity
of poet.
Attention drawn
to my highly
decorative cover.

Yet by-and-by I hope to weave
A song of Anti-Christmas Eve 100
And First- and Second- Beast-er Day.
There’s one^{*31} who loves me dearly (vrai !)
Who yet believes me sprung from Tophet,
Either the Beast or the False Prophet;
And by all sorts of monkey tricks 105
Adds up my name to Six Six Six.
Retire, good Gallup !³² In such strife her
Superior skill makes *you* a cipher !
Ho ! I adopt the number. Look
At the quaint wrapper of this book ![†] 110
I will deserve it if I can:
It is the number of a Man.³³

Necessity of
poem.

So since in England Christ still stands
With iron nails in bloody hands
Not pierced, but grasping ! to hoist high
Children on cross of agony, 115
I find him real for English lives.
Up with my pretty pair of fives !³⁴
I fight no ghosts.

* Crowley’s mother.

† It had a design of 666 and Crowley’s name in Hebrew (which, like most names, adds up to that figure) on the reverse.

Mysticism v.
literal interpre-
tation. Former
excused.

“But why revile”

(You urge me) “in that vicious style
The very faith whose truths you seem
(Elsewhere)³⁵ to hold, to hymn supreme
In your own soul ?” Perhaps you know
How mystic doctrines melt the snow
Of any faith: redeem it to
A fountain of reviving dew. 120
So I with Christ: but few receive
The Qabalistic Balm,³⁶ believe
Nothing—and choose to know instead.
But, to that terror vague and dread, 125
External worship; all my life—
War to the knife ! War to the knife ! 130

Buddha rebukes
poet. Detailed
scheme of
modified poem.

No ! on the other hand the Buddha
Says: “I’m surprised at you ! How could a
Person accept my law and still
Use hatred, the sole means of ill,
In Truth’s defence ? In praise of light ?”
Well ! Well ! I guess Brer Buddha’s right !
I am no brutal Cain³⁷ to smash an Abel: 140
I hear that blasphemy’s unfashionable:
So in the quietest way we’ll chat about it;
No need to show teeth, claws of cat about it!
With gentle words—fiat exordium;
Exeat dolor, intret gaudium ! 145
We’ll have the ham to logic’s sandwich
Of indignation: last bread bland, which
After our scorn of God’s lust, terror, hate,
Prometheus-fired, we’ll butter, perorate
With oiled indifference, laughter’s silver: 150
“Omne hoc verbum valet nil, vir” !

Aim of poet.
Indignation of
poet. Poet defies
his uncle.

Let me help Babu Chander Grish up !
As by a posset of Hunyadi³⁸
Clear mind! Was Soudan of the Mahdi
Not cleared by Kitchener ? Ah, Tchhup ! 155
Such nonsense for sound truth you dish up,
Were I magician, no mere cad,
Not Samuel’s ghost you’d make me wish up,
Nor Saul’s (the mighty son of Kish) up, 160
But Ingersoll’s or Bradlaugh’s, pardie !
By spells and caldron stews that squish up,
Or purifying of the Nadi³⁹

But for the moment be denied
 A metaphysical inspection—
 Bring out the antiseptic soap !—
 We'll judge the Christ by simple section, 205
 And strictly on the moral side.

Orthodoxy to be
 our doxy.*
 Gipsies barred.
 Henrik Ibsen
 and H. G.
 Wells.

But first ; I must insist on taking
 The ordinary substantial creed 210
 Your clergy preach from desk and pulpit
 Each Sunday ; all the Bible, shaking
 Its boards with laughter as you read
 Each Sunday. Ibsen⁴³ to a full pit
 May play in the moon. If (lunars they) 215
 They thought themselves to be the play,
 It's little the applause he'd get.

Parson and poet.
 Fugitive nature
 of dogma in
 these latter days.
 The Higher
 Criticism.

I met a Christian clergyman,†
 The nicest man I ever met.
 We argued of the Cosmic plan. 220
 I was Lord Roberts, he De Wet.⁴⁴
 He tells me when I cite the "Fall"
 "But those are legends after all."
 He has a hundred hills⁴⁵ to lie in,
 But finds no final ditch⁴⁶ to die in.
 "Samuel was man ; the Holy Spook 225
 Did not dictate the Pentateuch."
 With cunning feint he lures me on
 To loose my pompoms on Saint John ;
 And, that hill being shelled, doth swear
 His forces never had been there.
 I got disgusted, called a parley, 230
 (Here comes a white-flag treachery !)
 Asked : "Is there anything you value,
 Will hold to ?" He laughed, "Chase me, Charlie !"
 But seeing in his mind that I
 Would no be so converted, "Shall you," 235
 He added, "grope in utter dark ?
 The Book of Acts and that of Mark
 Are now considered genuine."
 I snatch a Testament, begin
 Reading at random the first page ;— 240
 He stops me with a gesture sage :

* A Romany word for woman.

† The Rev. J. Bowley. The conversation described actually occurred in Mr. Gerald Kelly's studio in Paris.

	<p>“You must not think, because I say St. Mark is genuine, I would lay Such stress unjust upon its text, As base thereon opinion. Next ?” I gave it up. He escaped. Ah me ! But do did Christianity.</p>	245
<p>Lord George Sanger* on the Unknowable. How the crea- tures talk.</p>	<p>As for a quiet talk on physics sane ac Lente, I hear the British Don Spout sentiments more bovine than a sane yak Ever would ruminare upon, Half Sabbatarian and halk Khakimaniac, Built up from Paul and John, With not a little tincture of Leviticus Gabbled pro formâ, jaldi,† à la Psittacus To aid the appalling hotch-potch ; lyre and lute Replaced by liar and loot, the harp and flute Are dumb, the drum doth come and make as mute : The Englishman, half huckster and half brute, Raves through his silk hat of the Absolute. The British Don, half pedant and half hermit, Begins: “The Ding an sich‡—as Germans term it—” We stop him short ; he readjusts his glasses, Turns to his folio—’twill eclipse all precedent, Reveal God’s nature, every dent a blessed dent ! The Donkey : written by an ass, for asses.</p>	250
		255
		260
		265
<p>Basis of poem to be that of the Compro- mise of 1870.</p>	<p>So, with permission, let us be Orthodox to our finger-ends; What the bulk hold, High Church or Friends, Or Hard-shall Baptists—and we’ll see.</p>	270
<p>Non-medical nature of poem. Crowley J.</p>	<p>I will not now invite attack By proving white a shade of black, Or Christ (as some⁴⁷ have lately tried) An epileptic mania, Citing some case, “where a dose Of Bromide duly given in time Drags a distemper so morose At last to visions less sublime ; Soft breezes stir the lyre Aeolian,</p>	275
		280

* Proprietor of a circus and menagerie.

† Hindustani : quickly.

‡ *Vide infra* “Science and Buddhism”, and the writings of Immanuel Kant and his successors.

No more the equinoctial gales ;
 The patient reefs his mental sails ;
 His Panic din that shocked the Tmolian⁴⁸ 285
 Admits a softer run of scales—
 Seems no more God, but mere Napoleon
 Or possibly the Prince of Wales” :—
 Concluding such a half-cured case
 With the remark “where Bromide fails !— 290
 But Bromide people did not know
 Those 1900 years ago.”
 I think we may concede to Crowley an
 Impartial attitude.

No mention
 will be made
 of the Figs
 and the Pigs.

And so

I scorn the thousand subtle points
 Wherein a man might find a fulcrum
 (Ex utero Matris ad sepulcrum,
 Et præter—such as Huxley tells) 295
 I’ll pierce your rotten harness-joints,
 Dissolve your diabolic spells,
 With the quick truth and nothing else.

Christian pre-
 misses accepted.
 Severe mental
 strain involved
 in reading poem.

So not one word derogatory
 To your own version of the story !
 I take your Christ, your God’s creation, 300
 Just at their own sweet valuation,
 For by this culminating scene,
 Close of that wondrous life of woe
 Before and after death, we know
 How to esteme the Nazarene. 305
 Where’s the wet towel ?

The Ascension
 at last ! This is
 a common feat.
 Pranayama.

Let us first

Destroy the argument of fools,
 From Paul right downward to the Schools, 310
 That the Ascension’s self rehearsed
 Christ’s Godhead by its miracle.
 Grand !—but the power is mine as well !
 In India levitation counts
 No tithe of the immense amounts 315
 Of powers demanded by the wise
 From Chela ere the Chela rise
 To knowledge. Fairy-tales ? Well, first,
 Sit down a week and hold your breath

	As masters teach ⁴⁹ —until you burst, Or nearly—in a week, one saith, A month, perchance a year for you, Hard practice, and yourself may fly— Yes ! I have done it ! you may too !	320 325
Difference between David Douglas [<i>sic</i>] Home, Sri Swami Sabapati Vamadeva Bhaskarananda Saraswati and the Christ. Latter compared to Madame Humbert.	Thus, in Ascension, you and I Stand as Christ's peers and therefore fit To judge him—"Stay, friend, wait a bit! " (You cry) "Your Indian Yogis fall Back to the planet after all, Never attain to heaven and stand (Stephen) or sit (Paul) ⁵⁰ at the hand Of the Most High !—And that alone That question of the Great White Throne, Is the sole point that we debate." I answer, Here in India wait	330 335
Former compared to Kerubim; as it is written, Running and Returning.	Samadhi-Dak, ⁵¹ convenient To travel to Maha Meru, ⁵² Or Gaurisankar's ⁵³ keen white wedge Spearing the mighty dome of blue, Or Chogo's ⁵⁴ mighty flying edge Shearing across the firmament,— But, first, to that exact event You Christians celebrate to-day. We stand where the disciples stood And see the Master float away Into that cloudlet heavenly-hued Receiving him from mortal sight. Which of his sayings prove the true, Lightning-bescrawled athwart the blue ? I say not, Which in hearts aright Are treasured ? but, What after ages Engrave on history's iron pages ? This is the one word of "Our Lord" ; "I bring not peace ; I bring a sword." In this the history of the West ⁵⁵ Bears him out well. How stands the test ? One-third a century's life of pain— He lives, he dies, he lives again, And rises to eternal rest Of bliss with Saints—an endless reign ! Leaving the world to centuries torn	340 345 350 355 360

By every agony and scorn,
And every wickedness and shame
Taking their refuge in his Name.

Shri Parananda
applauds Yogi.
Gerald jeers at
Jesus.

*No Yogi shot his Chandra*⁵⁶ so.

Will Christ return ? What ho ? What ho !

What ? What ? “He meditates above
Still with his Sire for mercy, love,—” 370
And other trifles ! Far enough
That Father’s purpose from such stuff !

John iii. 16.*
Its importance.
Its implied
meaning.

You see, when I was young, they said :
“Whate’er you ponder in your head,
Or make the rest of Scripture mean,
You can’t evade John iii. 16.” 375

Exactly! Grown my mental stature,
I ponder much: but never yet
Can I get over or forget
That bitter text’s accursed nature,
The subtle devilish omission,⁵⁷ 380

The cruel antithesis implied,
The irony, the curse-fruition,
The calm assumption of Hell’s fevers
As fit, as just, for unbelievers— 385
These are the things that stick beside
And hamper my quite serious wish
To harbour kind thoughts of the “Fish.”⁵⁸

My own vague
optimism. Im-
possibility of
tracing cause
back or effect
forward to the
ultimate.
Ethics
individual.

Here goes my arrow to the gold !
I’ll make no magpies ! Though I hold
Your Christianity a lie, 390
Abortion and iniquity,

The most immoral and absurd
—(A priest’s invention, in a word)—
Of all religions, I have hope 395

In the good Dhamma’s⁵⁹ wider scope,
Nay, certainty ! that all at last,
However came they in the past,
Move, up or down—who knows, my friend ?—

But yet with no uncertain trend
Unto Nibbana in the end. 400
I do not even dare despise

* “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Your doctrines, prayers, and ceremonies !
 Far from the word "you'll go to hell !"
 I dare not say "you do not well !"
 I must obey my mind's own laws 405
 Accept its limits, seek its cause :
 My meat may be your poison ! I
 Hope to convert you by-and-by ?
 Never ! I cannot trace the chain⁶⁰
 That brought us here, shall part again 410
 Our lives—perhance for aye ! I bring
 My hand down on this table-thing,⁶¹
 And that commotion widens thus
 And shakes the nerves of Sirius !
 To calculate one hour's result 415
 I find surpassing difficult ;
 One year's effect, one moment's cause;
 What mind could estimate such laws ?
 Who then (much more !) may act aright
 Judged by and in ten centuries' sight? 420
 (Yet I believe, whate'er we do
 Is best for me and best for you
 And best for all : I line no brow
 With wrinkles, meditating how.)

Well, but another way remains. 425
 Shall we expound the cosmic plan
 By symbolising God and man
 And nature thus? As man contains
 Cells, nerves, grey matter in his brains,
 Each cell a life, self-centred, free 430
 Yet self-subordinate to the whole
 For its own sake—expand !—so we
 Molecules of a central soul,
 Time's sons, judged by Eternity. 435
 Nature is gone—our joys, our pains,
 Our little lives—and God remains.
 Were this the truth—why ! worship then
 Were not so imbecile for men!
 But that's no Christian faith ! For where 440
 Enters the dogma of despair ?
 Despite his logic's silver flow
 I must count Caird⁶² a mystic ! No !
 You Christians shall not maask me so
 The plain words of your sacred books 445
 Behind friend Swedenborg his spooks !

Caird's inter-
 pretation of
 Hegel. His
 identification of
 it with Chris-
 tianity proved to
 be mystical. His
 interpretation
 false.

Says Huxley⁶³ in his works (q. v.) 450
 “The microcosmic lives change daily
 In state or body”—yet you gaily
 Arm a false Hegel cap-à-pie—
 Your self, his weapons—make him wear
 False favours of a ladye fayre 450
 (The scarlet woman !) bray and blare
 A false note on the trumpet, shout :
 “A champion ? Faith’s defender ! Out !
 Sceptic and sinner ! See me ! Quail I ?”
 I cite the Little-go. You stare, 455
 And have no further use for Paley !

Mysticism does
 not need Christ.
 Krishna will
 serve, or the
 Carpenter. The
 Sacred Walrus.
 God, some
 Vestments, and
 Lady Wimborne.

But if you drink your mystic fill
 Under the good tree Igdrasil⁶⁴
 Where is at all your use for Christ? 460
 Hath Krishna not at all sufficed?
 I hereby guarantee to pull
 A faith as quaint and beautiful
 As much attractive to an ass,
 And setting reason at defiance,
 As Zionism, Christian Science, 465
 Or Ladies’ Leage,⁶⁵ “Keep off the Grass !”
 From “Alice through the Looking-Glass.”

Fearful aspect
 of John iii. 16.

Hence I account no promise worse,
 Fail to conceive a fiercer curse 470
 Than John’s third chapter (sixteenth verse).

Universalism.
 Will God get the
 bara* slam ?

But now (you say) broad-minded folk
 Think that those words the Master spoke
 Should save all men at last. But mind ! 475
 The text says nothing of the kind !
 Read the next verses !†

Eternal life.
 Divergent
 views of its
 desirability.
 Buddhist idea.

Then—one third
 Of all humanity are steady
 In a belief in Buddha’s word,
 Possess eternal life already, 480
 And shun delights, laborious days
 Of labour living (Milton’s phrase)
 In strenuous purpose to—? to cease !

* Great slam—a term of Bridge-Whist. Bara is Hindustani for great.

† John iii. 18, “He that believeth not is condemned already.”

I think are gradually weeding
The soil of dualism. Pheugh !
Drop to the common Christian's view !

I have pity :
had Christ
any ? The
Sheep and the
Goats.

This is my point ; the world lies bleeding :—
(Result of sin ?)—I do not care ; 530
I will admit you anywhere !

I take your premises themselves
And, like the droll deceitful elves
They are, they yet outwit your plan.
I will prove Christ a wicked man. 535
(Granting him Godhead) merciless

To all the anguish and distress
About him—save to him it clung
And prayed. Give me omnipotence?

I am no fool that I should fence 540
That power, demanding every tongue
To call me God—I would exert

That power to heal creation's hurt ;
Not to divide my devotees
From those who scorned me to the close : 545

A worm, a fire, a thirst for these ;
A harp-resounding heaven for those !

Will Satan be
saved ? Who
pardons Judas?

And though you claim Salvation sure
For all the heathen⁶⁸—there again
New Christians give the lie to plain
Scripture, those words which must endure ! 550
(The Vedas say the same !) and though

His mercy widens ever so,
I never met a man (this shocks,
What I now press, so heterodox,
Anglican, Roman, Methodist,

Peculiar Person—all the list !— 555
I never met a man who called

Himself a Christian, but appalled
Shrank when I dared suggest the hope
God's mercy could expand its scope,

Extend, or bend, or spread, or straighten 560
So far as to encompass Satan
Or even poor Iscariot.

God's fore-
knowledge of
Satan's fall and
eternal misery
makes him re-
sponsible for it.
If he and
Judas are
finally redeemed
we might
perhaps look
over the matter
this once. Poet
books his seat.
Creator in
heaven suffers
Hell's pangs,
owing to re-
proaches of
bard.

Yet God created (did he not ?)
Both these. Omnisciently, we know !
Benevolently ? Even so ! 565
Created from Himself distinct
(Note that !—it is not meet for you
To plead me Schelling and his crew)
These souls, foreknowing how were linked
The chains in either's Destiny. 570
“You pose me the eternal Why ?”
Not I ? Again, “Who asks doth err.”
But this one thing I say. Perhance
There lies a purpose in advance.
Tending to final bliss—to stir 575
Some life to better life, this pain
Is needful : that I grant again.
Did they at last in glory live,
Satan and Judas⁶⁹ might forgive
The middle time of misery, 580
Forgive the wrong creation first
Or evolution's iron key
Did them—provided they are passed
Beyond all change and pain at last
Out of this universe accurst. 585
But otherwise ! I lift my voice,
Deliberately take my choice
Promethean, eager to rejoice,
In the grim protest's joy to revel
Betwixt Iscariot and the Devil, 590
Throned in their midst ! No pain to feel,
Tossed on some burning bed of steel,
But theirs : my soul of love should swell
And, on those piteous floors they trod,
Feel, and make God feel, out of Hell, 595
Across the gulf impassable,
That He was damned and I was God !

Ethical and
eloquent de-
nunciation of
Christian Cos-
mogony.

Ay! Let him rise and answer me
That false creative Deity, 600
Whence came his right to rack the Earth
With pangs of death,⁷⁰ disease, and birth :
No joy unmarred by pain and grief :
Insult on injury heaped high
In that quack-doctor infamy 605
The Panacea of—Belief !
Only the selfish soul of man

Could ever have conceived a plan
 Man only of all life to embrace,
 One planet of all stars to place 610
 Alone before the Father's face ;
 Forgetful of creation's stain,
 Forgetful of creation's pain
 Not dumb !—forgetful of the pangs
 Whereby each life laments and hangs, 615
 (Now as I speak a lizard⁷¹ lies
 In wait for light-bewildered flies)
 Each life bound ever to the wheel⁷²
 Ay, and each being—we may guess
 Now that the very crystals feel !— 620
 For them no harp-reasounding court,
 No palm, no crown, but none the less
 A cross, be sure ! The worst man's thought
 In hell itself, bereft of bliss,
 Were less unmerciful than this ! 625
 No ! for material things, I hear,
 Will burn away, and cease to be—
 (Nibbanna ! Ah ! Thou shoreless Sea !)
 Man, man alone, is doomed to fear,
 To suffer the eternal woe, 630
 Or else, to meet man's subtle foe,
 God—and oh ! infamy of terror !
 Be like him—like him ! And for ever !
 At least I make not such an error :
 My soul must utterly dis sever 635
 Its very silliest thought, belief,
 From such a God as possible,
 Its vilest from his worship. Never !
 Avaunt, abominable chief
 Of Hate's grim legions ; let me well 640
 Gird up my loins and make endeavour,
 And seek a refuge from my grief,
 O never in Heaven—but in Hell!

Death-bed of
 poet. Effect
 of body on
 mind.

“Oh, very well !” I think you say,
 “Wait only till your dying day !
 See whether then you kiss the rod,
 And bow that proud soul down to God !” 645
 I perfectly admit the fact ;
 Quite likely that I so shall act !
 Here's why Creation jumps at prayer.
 You Christians quote me in a breath 650

This, that, the other atheist's death;⁷³
 How they sought God ! Of course ! Impair
 By just a touch of fever, chill, 655
 My health—where flies my vivid will?
 My carcase with quinine is crammed;
 I wish South India were damned ;
 I wish I had my mother's nursing,
 Find precious little use in cursing, 660
 And slide to leaning on another,
 God, or the doctor, or my mother.
 But dare you quote my fevered word
 For better than my health averred ?
 The brainish fancies of a man 666
 Hovering on delerium's brink :
Shall these be classed his utmost span ?
 All that he can or ought to think ?
 No ! the strong man and self-reliant
 Is the true spiritual giant. 670
 I blame no weaklings, but decline
 To take their maunderings for mine.

Poem does not
 treat of Palæ-
 ontology : nor
 of poet's youth :
 nor of Christian
 infamies. Poet
 forced to mystic
 position.

You see I do not base my thesis
 On your Book's being torn to pieces
 By knowledge : nor invoke the shade 675
 Of my own boyhood's agony.
 Soul, shudder not ! Advance the blade
 Of fearless fact and probe the scar !
 You know my first-class memory ?
 Well, in my life two years there are
 Twelve years back—not so very far !
 Two years whereof no memory stays. 680
 One ageless anguish filled my days
 So that no item, like a star
 Sole in the supreme night, above
 Stands up for hope, or joy, or love.
 Nay, not one ignis fatuus glides
 Sole in that marsh, one agony
 To make the rest look light. Abides 685
 The thick sepulchral changeless shape
 Shapeless, continuous misery
 Whereof no smoke-wreaths might escape
 To show me whither lay the end,
 Whence the beginning. All is black, 690
 Void of all cause, all aim ; unkenned,
 As if I had been dead indeed—

All in Christ's name ! And I look back,
 And then and long time after lack
 Courage or strength to hurl the creed 700
 Down to the heaven it sprang from ! No !
 Not this inspires the indignant blow
 At the whole fabric—nor the seas
 Filled with those innocent agonies
 Of Pagan Martyrs that once bled, 705
 Of Christian Martyrs damned and dead
 In inter-Christian bickerings
 Where hate exults and torture springs,
 A lion an anguished flesh and blood,
 A vulture on ill-omen wings, 710
 A cannibal⁷⁴ on human food.
 Nor do I cry the scoffer's cry
 That Christians live and look the lie
 Their faith has taught them : none of these
 Inspire my life, disturb my peace. 715
 I go beneath the outward faith
 Find it a devil or a wraith,
 Just as my mood or temper tends !

Mystical mean-
 ing of "Ascen-
 sion Day."
 Futility of
 whole discus-
 sion, in view of
 facts.

And thus to-day that "Christ ascends,"
 I take the symbol, leave the fact
 Decline to make the smallest pact 720
 With your creative Deity,
 And say : The Christhood-soul in me,
 Risen of late, is now quite clear
 Even of the smallest taint of Earth.
 Supplanting God, the Man has birth
 ("New Birth" you'll call the same, I fear,) 725
 Transcends the ordinary sphere
 And flies in the direction "x."
 (There lies the fourth dimension.) Vex
 My soul no more with mistranslations
 From Genesis to Revelations, 730
 But leave me with the Flaming Star,⁷⁵
 Jeheshua (See thou Zohar !)⁷⁶
 And thus our formidable Pigeon-⁷⁷
 Lamb-and-Old-Gentleman religion
 Fizzles in smoke, and I am found 735
 Attacking nothing. Here's the ground,
 Pistols, and coffee—three in one,
 (Alas, O Rabbi Schimeon !)
 But never a duellist—no Son,

The Jest.

Ah ! Christ ascends ?⁸³ Ascension day ?
Old wonders bear the bell⁸⁴ away ?
Santos-Dumont, though ! Who can say ?

PENTECOST

<p>Poem dissimilar to its predecessor. Will it lead somewhere this time? Reflections on the weather, proper to beginning a conversation in English.</p>	<p>TO-DAY thrice halves the lunar week Since you, indignant, heard me speak Indignant. Then I seemed to be So far from Christianity ! Now, other celebrations fit The time, another song shall flit Responsive to another tune. September's shadow falls on June, But dull November's darkest day Is lighted by the sun of May.</p>	<p>5 10</p>
<p>Autobiography of bard. Lehrjahre. Wanderjahre. "The magician of Paris."</p>	<p>Here's now I got a better learning. It's a long lane that has no turning ! Mad as a woman-hunted Urning, The lie-chased alethephilist : * Sorcery's maw gulps the beginner : In Pain's mill neophytes are grist : Disciples ache upon the rack. Five years I sought : I miss and lack ; Agony hounds lagoon twist ; I peak and struggle and grow thinner, And get to hate the sight of dinner. With sacred thirst, I, soul-hydroptic,¹ Read Levi² and the cryptic Coptic ;³ With ANET' HER-K UAA EN RA,⁴</p>	<p>15 20</p>
<p>How clever I am !</p>	<p>And ספרא דצניעותא While good MacGregor⁵ (who taught freely us) Bade us investigate Cornelius Agrippa and the sorceries black Of grim Honorius and Abramelin ;⁶ While, fertile as the teeming spawn Of pickled lax or stickleback, Came ancient rituals,⁷ whack ! whack ! Of Rosy Cross and Golden Dawn.⁸ I lived, Elijah-like, Mt. Carmel in : All gave me nothing. I slid back To common sense, as reason bids, And "hence," my friend, "the Pyramids."</p>	<p>25 30 35</p>

* Truth-lover.

My Mahatma.
What price
Kut Humi ?

At last I met a maniac
With mild eyes full of love, and tresses
Blanched in those lonely wildernesses
Where he found wisdom, and long hands
Gentle, pale olive 'gainst the sand's
Amber and gold. At sight, I knew him ;
Swifter than light I flashed, ran to him,
And at his holy feet prostrated
My head ; then, all my being sated
With love, cried "Master ! I must know.
Already I can love." E'en so.

????? Oh,
how wise
Grampa must
have been,
Bobbie !

The sage saluted me राम । राम ।⁹
लमबा पडाव की बडी दाम ।
जानी यह सब से मशकिल काम
है । वाह शावाश । तमहार नाम
सितारों में सीने से लिखा है ।
हमारे पास आप चेले । हम दवाई
चित्ता के वास्ते देंगे ॥ हां । I said I :
"I'm game to work through all eternity,
Your holiness the Guru Swami !"^{*} Thus
I studied with him till he told me बस ॥¹⁰
He taught the A B C of Yoga :
I asked कि वास्ते ।¹¹ क्या होगा ॥¹²
In strange and painful attitude,¹³
I sat while he was very rude.¹⁴
With eyes well fixed on my proboscis¹⁵
I soon absorbed the Yogi Gnosis.
He taught me to steer clear of vices
The giddy waltz, the tuneful aria,
Those fatal foes of Brahma-charya;¹⁶
And said, "How very mild and nice is
One's luck to lop out truth in slices,
And chance to chop up cosmic crises !"
He taught me A, he taught me B,
He stopped my baccy¹⁷ and my tea.
He taught me Y, he taught me Z,
He made strange noises in my head.
He taught me that, he taught me this,
He spoke of knowledge, life, and bliss.
He taught me this, he taught me that,
He grew me mangoes in his hat¹⁸

* The correct form of address from a pupil to his teacher. See Sabhapaty Swami's pamphlet on Yoga.

I brought him corn : he made good grist of it :—
And here, my Christian friend, 's the gist of it !

The philo-
sophical im-
passe. Practi-
cal advice.
Advice to poet's
fat friend.

First, here's philosophy's despair
The cynic scorn of self. I think
At times the search is worth no worry, 85
And hasten earthward in a hurry,
Close spirit's eyes, or bid them blink,
Go back to Swinburne's¹⁹ counsel rare,
Kissing the universe its rod,
As thus he sings "For this is God ;
Be man with might, at any rate, 90
In strength of spirit growing straight
And life as light a-living out !"
So Swinburne doth sublimely state,
And he is right beyond a doubt. 95
So, I'm a poet or a rhymer ;
A mountaineer or mountain climber.
So much for Crowley's vital primer.
The inward life of soul and heart,
That is a thing occult, apart : 100
But yet his metier or his kismet
As much as these you have of his met. 100
So—you be butcher ; you be baker ;
You, Plymouth Brother, and you, Quaker ;
You, Mountebank, you, corset-maker :— 105
While for you, my big beauty,²⁰ (Chicago packs pork)
I'll teach you the trick to be hen-of-the-walk. 105
Shrick a music-hall song with a double ong-tong !
Dance a sprightly can-can at Paree or Bolong !
Or the dance of Algiers—try your stomach at that ! 110
It's quite in your line, and would bring down your fat.
You've a very fine voice—could you only control it ! 110
And an emerald ring—and I know where you stole it !
But for goodness sake give up attemptiing Brünnhilde;
Try a boarding-house cook, or a coster's Matilda ! 115
Still you're young yet, scarce forty—we'll hope at three
score
You'll be more of a singer, and less of a whore.

Live out thy
life ! Charac-
ter of Balti.
His religious
sincerity. Re-
lations of poet

Each to his trade ! live out your life !
Fondle your child, and buss your wife !
Trust not, fear not, street straight and strong !
Don't worry, but just get along.
I used to envy all my Balti coolies²¹

and the Egyptian God of Wisdom. Crowley dismissed with a jest.

In an inverse kind of religious hysteria, 120
Though every one a perfect fool is,
To judge by philosophic criteria,
My Lord Archbishop. The name of Winchester,
Harrow, or Eton²² makes them not two inches stir.
They know not Trinity, Merton, or Christchurch ; 125
They worship, but not at your back-pews-high-priced
Church.
I've seen them at twenty thousand feet
On the ice, in a snow-storm, at night fall, repeat
Their prayer²³—will your Grace do as much for your Three 130
As they do for their One ? I have seen—may you see !
They sleep and know not what a mat is ;
Seem to enjoy their cold chapaties ;*
Are healthy, strong—and some are old.
They do not care a damn²⁴ for cold, 135
Behave like children, trust in Allah ;
(Flies in Mohammed's spider-parlour !)
They may not think : at least they dare
Live out their lives, and little care
Worries their souls—worse fools they seem 140
Than even Christians. Do I dream ?
Probing philosophy to marrow,
What thought darts in its poisoned arrow
But this ? (my wisdom, even to me,
Seems folly) may their folly be 145
True Wisdom ? O esteemed Tahuti !²⁵
You are, you are, you are a beauty !
If after all these years of worship
You hail Ra²⁶ his bark or Nuit²⁷ her ship
And sail—"the waters wild a-wenting 150
Over your child ! The left lamenting"
(Campbell).²⁸ The Ibis head,²⁹ unsuited
To grin, perhaps, yet does its best
To show its strong appreciation
Of the humour of the situation— 155
In short, dismiss me, jeered and hooted,
Who thought I sported Roland's crest,³⁰
With wisdom saddled, spurred, and bootied,
(As I my Jesus) with a jest.³¹

Slowness of Divine Justice.

So here is my tribute—a jolly good strong 'un— 160

* A flat cake of unleavened bread. As a matter of fact they do not enjoy and indeed will not eat them, preferring "dok," a past of course flour and water, wrapped round a hot stone. It cooks gradually, and remains warm all day.

Poet pockets Piety Stakes. National An- Them of Natal.	To the eunuch, the faddist, the fool, and the wrong 'un ! It's fun when you say "A mysterious way" ³² God moves in to fix up his Maskelyne tricks.	165
	He trots on the tides, on the tempest he rides (Like Cosmo); and as for his pace, we bethought us Achilles could never catch up with that tortoise !" No flyer, but very "Who's Griffiths ?"* No jackpot ! I straddle the blind, age ! At hymns I'm a moral ; In Sankey, your kettle may call me a black pot. Here's diamond for coke, and pink pearl for pale coral. Though his mills may grind slowly—what says the old hymn? ³³ Tune, Limerick ! Author ? My memory's dim. The corn said "You sluggard !"	170 175
	The mill "You may tug hard," (or lug hard, or plug hard ; I forgot the exact Rhyme ; that's a fact) "If I want to grind slowly I shall," A quainter old fable one rarely is able To drag from its haunt in the—smoke room or stable ! You see (vide supra) I've brought to the test a ton Of tolerance, broadness. Approve me, friend Chesteron !	180
But this talk is all indigestion. Now for health.	So much when philosophy's lacteal river Turns sour through a trifle of bile on the liver. But now for the sane and the succulent milk Of truth—may it slip down as smoothly as silk.	185
Reasons for undertaking the task.	"How very hard it is to be" ³⁴ A Yogi ! Let our spirits see At least what primal need of thought This end to its career has brought : Why, in a word, I seek to gain A different knowledge. Why retain The husk of flesh, yet seek to merit The influx of the Holy Spirit ? And, swift as caddies pat and cap a tee, Gain the great prize all mortals snap at, he- Roic guerdon of Srotapatti ? ³⁵	190 195
Our logical method. Classical allusion, demonstrating erudition of poet.	With calm and philsoptic mind, No fears, no hopes, devotions blind To hamper, soberly we'll state The problem, and investigate In purely scientific mood	200

* "Who's Griffiths ? The safe man." A well-known advertisement, hence "Who's Griffiths" = safe.

Recapitulation
of principal cos-
mic theories.

It matters little whether we
With Fichte and the Brahmins preach
That Ego-Atman sole must be ;
With Schelling and the Buddha own 245
No-Ego-Skandhas are alone ;
With Hegel and the—Christian ? teach
That which compels, includes, absorbs
Both mighty unrevolving orbs
In one informing masterless 250
Master-idea of consciousness—
All differences as these indeed
Are chess play, conjuring. “Proceed !”
Nay ! I’ll go back. The exposition
Above, has points. But simple fission 255
Has reproduced a different bliss,
At last a heterogenesis !

Bard check-
Mates himself.
Consciousness
and Christi-
anity.
Dhyana and
Hinduism.
Samma-
Madhi and
Buddhism.

The metaphysics of these verses
Is perfectly absurd. My curse is
No sooner in an iron word 260
I formulate my thought than I
Perceive the same to be absurd
(Tannhäuser). So for this, Sir, why !
Your metaphysics in your teeth !
Confer A. Crowley, “Berashith.” 265
But hear ! The Christian is a Dualist ;
Such view our normal consciousness
Tells us. I’ll quote now if you list
From Tennyson. It isn’t much ;
(Skip this and ’twill be even less) 270
He say : “I am not what I see,³⁸
And other than the things I touch.”*
How lucid is our Alfred T. !
The Hindu, an Advaitist,
Crosses off Maya from the list ; 275
Believes in one—exactly so,
Dhyana-consciousness, you know !
May it not be that one step further
“This lotused Buddha roaring murder !” ?³⁹
Nibbana is the state above you 280
Christians and them Hindus—Lord love you !—
Where Nothing is perceived as such.

* *In Memoriam*

Bard is pleased with himself. Poetee mani- Fests a natural irritation.	This clever thought doth please me much. But if das Essen ist das Nichts— Ha ! Hegel’s window ! Ancient Lichts ! And two is one and one is two— “Bother this nonsense ! Go on, do !” My wandering thoughts you well recall ! I focus logic’s perfect prism : Lo ! the informing syllogism !	285 290
Sabbé pi Duk- kham !*	The premiss major. Life at best Is but a sorry sort of jest ; At worst, a play of fiends uncouth, Mocking the soul foredoomed to pain. In any case, its run must range Through countless miseries of change. So far, no farther, gentle youth ! The mind can see. So much, no more. So runs the premiss major plain ; Identical, the Noble truth First of the Buddha’s Noble Four!	295 300
Beyond thought, is there hope ? Maya again. Vision of the Visible Image of the Soul of Nature, whose Name is Fat- ality	The premiss minor. I deplore These limitations of the mind I strain my eyes until they’re blind, And cannot pierce the awful veil That masks the primal cause of being. With all respect to Buddha, fleeing The dreadful problem with the word “Who answers, as who asks, hath erred,” I must decidedly insist On asking why these things exist. My mind refuses to admit All-Power can be all-Wickedness. —Nay ! but it may ! What shadows flit Across the awful veil of mist ? What thoughts invade, insult, impress ? There comes a lightning of my wit And sees—nor good nor ill address Itself to task, creation’s ill, But a mere law without a will, ⁴⁰ Nothing resolved in something, fit Phantom of dull stupidity, And evolution’s endless stress	305 310 315 320 325

* All is Sorrow

	All the inanity to knit Thence : such a dark device I see ! Nor lull my soul in the caress Of Buddha's "Maya fashioned it." ⁴¹ My mind seems ready to agree ; But still my senses worry me.	330
Futility of all investigations of the Mind into the First Cause.	Nor can I see what sort of gain God finds in this creating pain ; Nor do the Vedas help me here. Why should the Paramatma cease ⁴² From its eternity of peace, Develop this disgusting drear System of stars, to gather again Involving, all the realm of pain, Time, space, to that eternal calm ? Blavatsky's Himalayan Balm ⁴³ Aids us no whit—if to improve Thus the All-light, All-life, All-love, By evolution's myrrh and gall, It would not then have been the All.	335
		340
		345
Faith our only alternative to Despair ? So says Mansel.	Thus all conceptions fail and fall. But see the Cyclopædia-article On "Metaphysics"; miss no particle Of thought ! How ends the brave B.D., Summarising Ontology ? "This talk of 'Real' is a wraith. Our minds are lost in war of word ; The whole affair is quite absurd— Behold ! the righteous claims of Faith !" (He does not rhyme you quite so neatly ; But that's the sense of it, completely.)	350
		355
The Advaitist position.	I do not feel myself inclined In spit of my irrevent mind, So lightly to pass by the schemes Of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel (one, Small though the apparent unison), As if they were mere drunken dreams ; For the first word in India here From Koromandl to Kashmir Says the same thing these Germans said : "Ekam Advaita !" ⁴⁴ one, not two !	360
		365

	Thus East and West from A to Z Agree—Alas ! so do not you > (It matters nothing—you, I find, Are but a mode of my own mind.)	370
Mind's superior functions.	As far as normal reasoning goes, I must admit my concepts close Exactly where my worthy friend, Great Mansel, says they ought to end. But here's the whole thing in a word : Olympus in a nutshell ! I Have a superior faculty To reasoning, which makes absurd, Unthinkable and wicked too, A great deal that I know is true ! In short, the mind is capable, Besides mere ratiocination, Of twenty other things as well, The first of which is concentration !	375 380
Does truth make itself instantly apparent ? Not reason.	Here most philosophers agree ; Claim that the truth must so intend, Explain at once all agony Of doubt, make people comprehend	385
But the results of concentration do so.	As by a lightning flash, solve doubt And turn all Nature inside out : And, if such potency of might Hath Truth, once state the truth aright, Whence came the use for all these pages Millions together—mighty sages Whom the least obstacle enrages ? Condemn the mystic if he prove Thinking less valuable than love ? Well, let them try their various plans ! Do they resolve that doubt of man's ? How many are Hegelians ? This, though I hold him mostly true. But, to teach others that same view ? Surely long years develop reason. ⁴⁵ After long years, too, in thy season Bloom, Concentration's midnight flower ! After much practice to this end I gain at last the long sought power	390 400 405

(Which you believe you have this hour,
 But certainly have not, my friend !) 410
 Of keeping close the mind to one
 Thing at a time—suppose, the Sun.
 I gain this (Reverence to Ganesh' !)⁴⁶
 And at that instant comprehend
 (The past and future tenses vanish) 415
 What Fichte comprehends. Division,
 Thought, wisdom, drop away. I see
 The absolute identity
 Of the beholder and the vision.

Some poetry. There is a lake* amid the snows 420
 Wherein five glaciers merge and break.
 Oh ! the deep brilliance of the lake !
 The roar of ice that cracks and goes
 Crashing within the water ! Glows
 The pale pure water, shakes and slides 425
 The glittering sun through emerald tides,
 So that faint ripples of young light
 Laugh on the green. Is there a night
 So still and cold, a frost so chill,
 That all the glaciers be still ? 430
 Yet in its peace no frost.

Arise !

Over the mountains steady stand,
 O sun of glory, in the skies
 Alone, above, unmoving ! Brand 435
 Thy sigil, thy resistless might,
 The abundant imminence of light !
 Ah !

O in the silence, in the dark,
 In the intangible, unperfumed, 440
 In gust abyss, abide and mark
 The mind's magnificence assumed
 In the soul's splendour ! Hear is peace ;
 Here earnest of assured release.
 Here is the formless all-pervading 445
 Spirit of the World, rising, fading
 Into a glory subtler still.
 Here the intense abode of Will
 Closes its gates, and in the hall

* This simile for the mind and its impressions, which must be stilled before the sun of the soul can be reflected, is common in Hindu literature. The five glaciers are, of course, the senses.

Is solemn sleep of festival. 450
 Peace ! Peace ! Silence of peace !
 O visionless abode ! Cease ! Cease !
 Through the dark veil press on ! The veil
 Is rent asunder, the stars pale,
 The suns vanish, the moon drops, 455
 The chorus of the spirit stops,
 But one note swells. Mightiest souls
 Of bard and music maker, rolls
 Over your loftiest crowns the wheel
 Of that abiding bliss. Life flees 460
 Down corridors of centuries
 Pillar by pillar, and is lost.
 Life after life in wild appeal
 Cries to the master ; he remains
 And thinks not. 465

The polluting tides
 Of sense roll shoreward. Arid plains
 Of wave-swept sea confront me. Nay !
 Looms yet the glory through the grey,
 And in the darkest hours of youth 470
 I yet perceive the essential truth,
 Known as I know my consciousness,
 That all divisions hosts confess
 A master, for I know and see
 The absolute identity 475
 Of the beholder and the vision.

Fact replacing
 folklore, the
 Christian snig-
 gers. Let him
 beware.

How easy to excite derision
 In the man's mind ! Why, fool, I think
 I am as clever as yourself,
 At least as skilled to wake the elf
 Of jest and mockery in a wink. 480
 I can dismiss with sneers as cheap
 As your this fabric of mine own,
 One banner of my mind o'erthrown
 Just at my will. How true and deep
 Is Carroll⁴⁷ when his Alice cries :
 "It's nothing but a pack of cards !" 485
 There's the true refuge of the wise ;
 To overthrow the temple guards,
 Deny reality.

For I speak
 subtly.

And now 490
 (I'll quote you scripture anyhow)

	<p>What did the Sage mean when he wrote (I am the Devil when I quote) “The mere terrestrial-minded man Knows not the Things of God, nor can Their subtle meaning understand ?” A sage, I say, although he mentions Perhaps the best of his inventions, God.</p>	495
Results of practice. The poet abandons all to find Truth.	<p>For at first this practice tends To holy thoughts (the holy deeds Precede success) and reverent gaze Upon the Ancient One of Days, Beyond which fancy lies the Truth. To find which I have left my youth, All I held dear, and sit alone Still meditating, on my throne Of Kusha-grass,⁴⁸ and count my beads, Murmer my mantra,⁴⁹ till recedes The world of sense and thought—I sink To—what abyss’s dizzy brink ? And fall ! And I have ceased to think ! That is, have conquered and made still Mind’s lower powers by utter Will.</p>	500 510
Nothing. The Apotheosis of Realism and Idealism alike	<p>It may be that pure Nought will fail Quite to assuage the needs of thought ; But—who can tell me whether Nought Untried, will or will not avail ?</p>	515
Gayatri.	<p>Aum ! Let us meditate aright⁵⁰ On that adorable One Light, Divine Savitri ! So may She Illume our minds ! So mote it be !</p>	520
Is “The Soul of Osiris” a Hymn Book ? How verse is written. Prayer.	<p>I find some folks think me (for one) So great a fool that I disclaim Indeed Jehovah’s hate for shame That man to-day should not be weaned Of worshipping so foul a fiend In presence of the living Sun, And yet replace him oiled and cleaned By the Egyptian Pantheon, The same thing by another name.</p>	525 530

Thus when of late Egyptian Gods
 Evoked ecstatic periods
 In verse of mine, you thought I praised 535
 Or worshipped them—I stand amazed.
 I merely wished to chant in verse
 Some aspects of the Universe,
 Summed up these subtle forces finely,
 And sang of them (I think divinely) 540
 In name and form : a fault perhaps—
 Reviewers are such funny chaps !
 I think that ordinary folk,
 Though, understood the things I spoke.
 For Gods, and devils too, I find 545
 Are merely modes of my own mind !
 The poet needs enthusiasm !
 Vese-making is a sort of spasm,
 Degeneration of the mind,
 And things of that unpleasant kind. 550
 So to the laws all bards obey
 I bend, and seek in my own way
 By false things to expound the real.
 But never think I shall appeal
 To Gods. What folly can compare 555
 With such stupidity as prayer ?

Marvellous answer to prayer.
 Prayer and averages.

Some years ago I thought to try
 Prayer⁵¹—tests its efficacy.
 I fished by a Norwegian lake.
 “O God,” I prayed, “for Jesus’ sake
 Grant thy poor servant all his wish !
 For every prayer produce a fish !” 565
 Nine times the prayer went up the spout,
 And eight times—what a thumping trout !
 (This is the only true fish-story
 I ever heard—give God the glory !)
 The things seems cruel now, of course. 570
 Still, it’s a grand case of God’s force !
 But, modern Christians, do you dare
 With common prudence to compare
 The efficacy of prayer ?
 Who will affirm of Christian sages 575
 That prayer can alter averages ?
 The individual case allows
 Some chance to operate, and thus
 Destroys its value quite for us.

So that is why I knit my brows 580
And think—and find no thing to say
Or do, so foolish as to pray.
“So much for this absurd affair⁵²
About” validity of prayer.
But back ! Let once again address
Ourselves to super-consciousness !

Are the results
of meditation
due to auto-
hypnosis ?

You weary me with proof enough
That all this meditation stuff
Is self-hypnosis. Be it so !
Do you suppose I did not know ? 585
Still, to be accurate, I fear
The symptoms are entirely strange.
If I were hard, I'd make it clear
That criticism must arrange
An explanation different 590
For this particular events.
Though surely I may find it queer
That you should talk of self-hypnosis,
When your own faith so very close is
To similar experience ; 595
Lies, in a word, beneath suspicion
To ordinary common sense
And logic's emery attrition.
I take, however, as before
Your own opinion, and demand 600
Some test by which to understand
Huxley's piano-talk,* and find
If my hypnosis may not score
A point against the normal mind.
(As you are please to term it, though ! 605
I gather that you do not know ;
Merely infer it.)

A test. The
artist's concen-
tration on his
work.

Here's a test ! 610
What in your whole life is the best
Of all your memories ? They say
You paint—I think you should one day
Take me to seek your Studio—
Tell me, when all your work goes right, 615
Painted to match some inner light,
What of the outer world you know !

* See his remarks upon the Rational piano, the the conclusions to which the evidence of its senses would lead it.

Surely, your best work always finds
 Itself sole object of the mind's. 620
 In vain you ply the brush, distracted
 By something you have heard or acted.
 Expect some tedious visitor—
 Your eye runs furtive to the door ;
 Your hand refuses to obey ;
 You throw the useless brush away. 625
 I think I hear the Word you say !

Yogi but a more
 vigorous artist.
 Indignation of
 poet suppressed
 by Yogi and
 philosopher
 alike.

I practice then, with conscious power
 Watching my mind, each thought controlling,
 Hurling to nothingness, while rolling
 The thunders after lightning's flower.
 Destroying passion, feeling, thought,
 The very practice you have sought
 Unconscious, when you work the best, 630
 I carry on one step firm-pressed
 Further than you the path, and you
 For all my trouble, comment : "True !
 "Auto-hypnosis. Very quaint !" ⁵³
 No one supposes me a Saint—⁵⁴ 635
 Some Saints to wrath would be inclined
 With such a provocation pecked !
 But I remember and reflect
 That anger makes a person blind,
 And my own "Chittam" I'd neglect. 640
 Besides, it's you, and you, I find,
 Are but a mode of my own mind.

Objectivity of
 universe not
 discussed.

But then you argue, and with sense; 645
 "I have this worthy evidence
 That things are real, since I cease
 The painter's ecstasy of peace,
 And find them all unchanged." To-day
 I cannot brush that doubt away ; 650
 It leads to tedious argument
 Uncertain, in the best event :
 Unless, indeed, I should invoke
 The fourth dimension, clear the smoke
 Psychology still leaves. This question 655
 Needs a more adequate digestion.
 Yet I may answer that the universe
 Of meditation suffers less
 From time's insufferable stress

Verbatim re-
Port of Moslem
account of the
Annunciation.

The story as it runs is thus :
(I quote my Eastern friend⁶⁰ verbatim !)
*The Virgin, going to the bath,
Found a young fellow in her path, 745
And turned, prepared to scold and rate him !
“How dare you be on me encroaching ?”
The beautiful young gentleman,
With perfect courtesy approaching,
Bowed deeply, and at once began : 750
“Fear nothing, Mary ! All is well !
I am the angel Gabriel.”
She bared her right breast ; (query why ?)
The angel Gabriel let fly
Out of a silver Tube a Dart 755
Shooting God’s Spirt to her heart—⁶¹
This beats the orthodox Dove-Suitor !
What explanation could be cuter
Than—Gabriel with a pea-shooter ?*

Degradation of
symbols. Es-
sential identity
of all forms of
existence.

In such a conflict I stand neuter.
But oh ! mistake not gold for pewter !
The plain fact is : materialise 760
What spiritual fact you choose,
And all such turn to folly—lose
The subtle splendour, and the wise
Love and dear bliss of truth. Beware
Lest your lewd laughter set a snare 765
For any ! Thus and only thus
Will I admit a difference
'Twixt spirit and the things of sense.
What is the quarrel between us ?
Why do our thoughts so idly clatter ? 770
I do not care one jot for matter,
One jot for spirit, while you say
One is pure ether, one pure clay.

Practical
advice.

I’ve talked too long : you’re very good— 775
I only hope you’ve understood !
Remember that “conversion” lurks
Nowhere behind my words and works.
Go home and think ! my talk refined
To the sheer needs of your own mind. 780
You cannot bring God in the compass
Of human thought ? Up stick and thump ass !
Let human thought itself expand—

NOTES TO ASCENSION DAY AND PENTECOST.

“Blind Chesterton is sure to err,
And scan my work in vain;
I am my own interpreter,
And I will make it plain.”

NOTE TO INTRODUCTION

¹WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AN APPRECIATION

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.*

IT is a lamentable circumstance that so many colossal brains (W. H. Mallock, &c.) have been hitherto thrown away in attacking what is after all a problem of mere academic interest, the authorship of the plays our fathers accepted as those of Shakespeare. To me it seems of immediate and vital importance to do for Shakespeare what Verrall has done so ably for Euripides. The third tabernacle must be filled; Shaw and “the Human” must have their Superhuman companion. (This is not a scale: pithecanthropoid innuendo is to be deprecated.)

Till now—as I write the sun bursts forth suddenly from a cloud, as if heralding the literary somersault of the twentieth century—we have been content to accept Shakespeare as orthodox, with common sense; moral to a fault, with certain Rabelasian leanings: a healthy tone (we say) pervades his work. Never believe it! The sex problem is his Speciality; a morbid decadence (so-called) is hidden i’ th’ heart o’ th’ rose. In other words, the divine William is the morning star to Ibsen’s dawn and Bernard Shaw’s effulgence.

The superficial, the cynical, the misanthropic will demand proof of such a statement. Let it be our contemptuous indulgence to afford them what they ask.

May I premise that, mentally obsessed, monomaniac indeed, as we must now consider Shakespeare to have been on these points, he was yet artful enough to have concealed his advanced views—an imperative necessity, if we consider the political situation, and the virginal mask under which Queen Bess hid the grotesque and hideous features of a Messaline. Clearly so, since but for this concealment even our Shakespearian scholars would have discovered so patent a fact. In some plays, too, of course, the poet deals with less dangerous topics. These are truly conventional, no doubt; we may pass them by; they are foreign to our purpose; but we will take that stupendous example of literary subterfuge—*King Lear*.

Let my digress to the history of my own conversion.

Syllogistically,—all great men (*e.g.* Shaw) are agnostics and subverters of morals. Shakespeare was a great man. Therefore Shakespeare was an agnostic and a subverter of morals.

À priori this is then certain. But—

Who killed Roussea?
I, said Huxley
(Like Robinson Crusoe),
With arguments true,—so
I killed Rousseau!

Beware of *à priori*! Let us find our facts, guided in the search by *à priori* methods, no doubt; but the result will this time justify us.

Where would a man naturally hide his greatest treasure? In his most perfect treasure-house.

* The lamented decease of the above gentleman forbids all hope (save through the courtesy of Sir Oliver Lodge) of the appearance of the companion article.—A.C.

Where shall we look for the truest thought of a great poet? In his greatest poem.

What is Shakespeare's greatest play? *King Lear*.

In *King Lear*, then, we may expect the final statement of the poet's mind. The passage that first put me on the track of the amazing discovery for which the world has to thank me is to be found in Act I. Sc. ii. ll. 132-149:—

“This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on ; an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. 'Sfoot ! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.”

If there is one sound philosophical dictum in the play, it is this. (I am not going to argue with astrologers in the twentieth century.)

It is one we can test. On questions of morality and religion opinions veer ; but if Shakespeare was a leader of thought, he saw through the humbug of the star-gazers ; if not, he was a credulous fool ; not the one man of his time, not a “debauched genius” (for Sir R. Burton in this phrase has in a sense anticipated my discovery) but a mere Elizabethan.

This the greatest poet of all time ? Then we must believe that Gloucester was right, and that eclipses caused the fall of Lear ! Observe that before this Shakespeare has had a sly dig or two at magic. In *King John*, “My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night”—but there is no eyewitness. So in *Macbeth*. In a host of spiritual suggestion there is always the rational sober explanation alongside to discredit the folly of the supernatural.

Shakespeare is like his own Touchstone; he uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Here, however, the mask is thrown off for any but the utterly besotted ; Edmund's speech stands

up in the face of all time as truth ; it challenges the acclamation of the centuries.

Edmund is then the hero ; more, he is Shakespeare's own portrait of himself ; his ways are dark—and, alas ! his tricks are vain !—for why ? For the fear of the conventional world about him.

He is illegitimate : Shakespeare is no true child of that age, but born in defiance of it and its prejudices.

Having taken this important step, let us slew round the rest of the play to fit it. If it fits, the law of probability comes to our aid ; every coincidence multiplies the chance of our correctness in increasing proportion. We shall see—and you may look up your Proctor—that if the stars are placed just so by chance not law, then also it may be possible that Shakespeare was the wool-combing, knock-kneed, camel-backed, church-going, plaster-of-Paris, stick-in-the-mud our scholars have always made him.

Edmund being the hero, Regan and Goneril must be the heroines. So nearly equal are their virtues and beauties that our poet cannot make up his mind which shall possess him—besides which, he wishes to drive home his arguments in favour of polygamy. But the great theme of the play is of course filial duty ; on this everything will turn. Here is a test :

Whenever the question is discussed, let us see who speaks the language of sense, and who that of draggled-tailed emotionalism and tepid melodrama.

In the first scene the heroines, who do not care for the old fool their father—as how could any sane women ? Remember Shakespeare is here about to show the folly of filial love as such—feel compelled, by an act of gracious generosity to a man they despise, yet pity, to say what they think will please the dotard's vanity. Also no doubt the sound commercial instinct was touched by Lear's promise to make acres vary as words, and they determined to make a final effort to get some parsnips buttered after all.

Shakespeare (it is our English boast) was no long-haired squiggle self-ycept bard ; but a business man—see Bishop Blougram's appreciation of him as such.

Shall we suppose him to have deliberately blackguarded in another his own best qualities?

Note, too, the simple honesty of the divine sisters ! Others, more subtle, would have suspected

a trap, arguing that such idiocy as Lear's could not be genuine—Cordelia, the Madame Humbert of the play, does so; her over-cleverness leaves her stranded : yet by a certain sliminess of dissimulation, the oiliness of frankness, the pride that apes humility, she *does* catch the best king going. Yet it avails her little. She is hanged like the foul Vivien she is.*

Cordelia's farewell to her sisters shows up the characters of the three in strong relief. Cordelia—without a scrap of evidence to go on—accuses her sisters of hypocrisy and cruelty. (This could not have previously existed, or Lear would not have been deceived.)

Regan gravely rebukes her ; recommends, as it were, a course of Six Easy Lessons in Minding Her Own Business; and surely it was unparalleled insolence on the part of a dismissed girl to lecture her more favourite sister on the very point for which she herself was at that moment being punished. It is the spite of baffled dissimulation against triumphant honesty. Goneril adds a word of positive advice. "You," she says in effect, "who prate of duty thus, see you show it unto him unto who you owe it."

That this advice is wasted is clear from Act V. Sc. iii., where the King of France takes the first trivial opportunity[†] to be free of the vile creature he had so foolishly married.

Cordelia goes, and the sisters talk together. Theirs is the language of quiet sorrow for an old man's failing mind ; yet a most righteous determination not to allow the happiness of the English people to depend upon his whims. Bad women would have rejoiced in the banishment of Kent, whom they already knew to be their enemy ; these truly good women regret it. "Such unconstant stars are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment" (Act I. Sc. i. ll. 304-5).

In Scene ii. Edmund is shown ; he feels himself a man, more than Edgar : a clearheaded,

brave, honourable man ; but with no maggots. The injustice of his situation strikes him ; he determines not to submit.[‡]

This is the attitude of a strong man, and a righteous one. Primogeniture is wrong enough ; the other shame, no fault of his, would make the blood of any free man boil.

Gloucester enters, and exhibits himself as a prize fool by shouting in disjointed phrases what everybody knew. Great news it is, of course, and on discovering Edmund, he can think of nothing more sensible than to ask for more ! "Kent banished thus ! And France in choler parted ! And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power ! Confin'd to exhibition ! All this done upon the gad ! Edmund, how now ! what news ?" (Act I. Sc. ii. ll 23-26).

Edmund "forces a card" by the simple device of a prodigious hurry to hide it. Gloucester gives vent to his astrological futilities, and falls to axiomania in its crudest form,—“We have seen the best of our time : machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our grave”(Sc. ii. ll. 125-127).

Edmund, once rid of him, gives us the plainest sense we are likely to here for the rest of our lives ; then, with the prettiest humour in the world takes the cue of his father's absurdity, and actually plays it on his enemy. Edgar's leg is not so easily pulled—("How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?" ll. 169, 170)—and the bastard hero, taking alarm, gets right down to business.

In Scene iii. we find Lear's senile dementia taking the peculiarly loathesome form familiar to alienists—this part of my subject is so unpleasant that I must skim over it ; I only mention it to show how anxious Shakespeare is to show his hidden meaning, otherwise his naturally delicate mind would have avoided the depiction of such phenomena.

* I use the word Vivien provisionally, pending the appearance of an essay to prove that Lord Tennyson was in secret a reformer of our lax modern morals. No doubt, there is room for this. Vivien was perfectly right about the "cycle of strumpets and scoundrels whom Mr. Tennyson has set revolving round the figure of his central wittol," and she was the only one with the courage to say so, and the brains to strip of the barbarous glitter from an idiotic and phantom chivalry.

[†] He leaves her in charge of Marshal Le Fer, whom alone he could trust to be impervious to her wiles, he being devoted to another ; for as an invaluable contemporary MS. has it, "Seccotine colle même Le Fer."

[‡] This may be, but I think should not be, used as an argument to prove the poet an illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth.

All this prepares us for Scene iv., in which we get a glimpse of the way Lear's attendants habitually behave. Oswald, who treats Lear throughout with perfect respect, and only shows honest independence in refusing to obey a man who is not his master, is insulted in language worthier of a bargee than a king ; and when he remonstrates in dignified and temperate language is set upon by the ruffianly Kent.

Are decent English people to complain when Goneril insists that this sort of thing shall not occur in a royal house ? She does so, in language nobly indignant, yet restrained : Lear, in the hideous, impotent rage of senility, calls her—his own daughter—a bastard (no insult to her, but to himself or his wife, mark ye well!). Albany enters—a simple, ordely-minded man ; he must not be confused with Cornwall ; he is at the last Lear's dog ; yet even he in decent measured speech sides with his wife. Is Lear quited ? No ! He utters the most horrible curse, not excepting that of Count Cenci, that a father ever pronounced. Incoherent threats succeed to the boilings-over of the hideous malice of a beastly mind ; but a hundred knights are a hundred knights, and a threat is a threat. Goneril had not fulfilled her duty to herself, to her people, had she allowed this monster of mania to go on.

I appeal to the medical profession; if one doctor will answer me that a man using Lear's language should be allowed control of a hundred armed ruffians [in the face of Kent's behaviour we know what weight to attach to Lear's defence : "Detested kite ! thou liest" (I. iv. ll. 286)], should ever be allowed outside a regularly appointed madhouse, I will cede the point, and retire myself into an asylum.

In fact, Lear is going mad; the tottering intellect, at no time strong ("Tis the infirmity of age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself," I. i. ll. 296-7), is utterly cast down by drink and debauchery : he even sees it himself, and with a pointless bestiality from the Fool, fit companion for the—king—and in that word we see all the concentrated loathing of the true Shakespeare for a despotism, massed in one lurid flame, phantasmagoric horror, the grim First Act rolls down.

II.

Act II. Sc. i. adds little new to our thesis, save that in line 80 we see Gloucester (ignorant of his own son's handwriting!) accept the forged letter as genuine, as final proof, with not even the intervention of a Bertillon to excuse so palpable a folly, so egregious a crime. What father of to-day would disinherit, would hunt down to death, a beloved son, on such evidence? Or are we to take it that the eclipse gave proof unshakable of a phenomenon so portentous ?

In Scene ii. we have another taste of Kent's gentlemanly demeanour ; let our conventionalist interpreters defend this unwarrantable bullying if they dare ! Another might be so gross, so cowardly ; but not our greatest poet ! A good portion of this play, as will be shown later, is devoted to a bitter assault upon the essentially English notion that the pugilist is the supreme device of the Creator for furthering human happiness. (See "Cashel Byron's Profession" for a similar, though more logical and betterworded, attack.) Coarse and violent language continues to disgrace Lear's follower ; only Gloucester, the unconscionable ass and villain of Scene i., has a word to say in his defence.

In Scene iii. we have a taste of Edgar's quality. Had this despicable youth the consciousness of innocence, or even common courage, he had surely stood to his trial. Not he ! He plays the coward's part—and his disguise is not even decent. In Scene iv. we are shown the heroic sisters in their painful task of restraining, always with the utmost gentleness of word and demeanour, the headstrong passions of the miserable king. Lear, at first quiet in stating his fancied wrongs "*Reg.* 'I am glad to see your highness.' *Lear.* 'Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason I have to think so : if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adult'ress. (To *Kent*). O ! are you free ? Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught : O Regan ! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here : (*Points to his heart*). I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe with how deprav'd a quality—O Regan ! *Reg.* 'I pray you sir, take patience. I have hope.' ") (ll. 130-139), an excusable speech, at the first hint that he is not to have it all his own way, falls a-cursing again like the veriest drab or scullion Hamlet ever heard.

Here is a man, deprived on just cause of half a useless company of retainers. Is this wrong (even were it wrong) such as to justify the horrible curses of ll. 164-168, "All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness ! You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames Into her scornful eyes !" With this he makes his age contemptible by the drivel-pathos of ll. 156-158, "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ; Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg (*Kneeling*) That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food," begging what none ever thought to deny him.

Yet such is the patience of Goneril that even when goaded by all this infamous Billingsgate into speech, her rebuke is the temperate and modest ll. 198-200. "Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ? All's not offence that indiscretion finds And dotage terms so." If we ask a parallel for such meekness under insult, calumny, and foul abuse, we must seek it not in a human story, but a divine.

The heroines see that no half measures will do, and Lear is stripped of all the murderous retinue—what scum they are is shown by the fact that not one of them draws sword for him, or even follows him into the storm—to which his bad heart clings ; yet for him—for him in spite of all his loathsomeness, his hatred, his revengefulness—is Regan's gentle and loving,

"For his particular, I'll receive him gladly."

III

In Act III. we have another illustration of the morality that passed current with the Tudors, and which only a Shakespeare had the courage to attack. Kent does not stick at treachery—he makes one gulp of treason—straining at the gnat of discipline, he swallows the camel of civil war.

It was then, and is even now, the practice of some—for example, the emigrés of the French Revolution—to invite foreign invasion as a means of securing domestic reaction. The blackguardism implied is beyond language : Shakespeare was perhaps thinking of the proposal, in Mary's reign, to react to Romanism by the aid of Spanish troops. But he will go further than this, will our greatest poet; it were ill that the life of even one child should atone for mere indignity or discomfort to another,

were he the greatest in the realm. To-day we all agree; we smile or sneer if any one should differ.

"King Lear got caught in the rain—let us go and kill a million men !" is an argument not much understood of Radical Clubs, and even Jingos would pause, did they but take the precaution of indulging in a mild aperient before recording their opinions.

In Scenes iii., vi., and vii., Edmund, disgusted beyond all measure with Gloucester's infamies, honourably and patriotically denounces him.

The other scenes depict the miseries which follow the foolish and the unjust ; and Nemesis falls upon the ill-minded Gloucester. Yet Shakespeare is so appreciative of the virtue of compassion (for Shakespeare was, as I shall hope to prove one day, a Buddhist) that Cornwall, the somewhat cruel instrument of eternal Justice, is killed by his servant. Regan avenges her husband promptly, and I have little doubt that this act of excessive courtesy towards a man she did not love is the moral cause of her unhappy end.

I would not that we should not attempt to draw any opinions as to the author's design from the conversation of the vulgar ; even had we not Coriolanus to show us what he thought.

IV.

Act IV. develops the plot and is little germane to our matter, save that we catch a glimpse of the unspeakably vile Cordelia, with no pity for her father's serious condition (though no doubt he deserved all he got, he was now harmless and should have inspired compassion), hanging to him in the hope that he would no reverse his banishment and make her (after a bloody victory) sole heiress of great England.

And were any doubt left in our minds as to who really was the hero of the play, the partisanship of France should settle it. Shakespeare has never any word but ridicule for the French ; never aught but praise of England and love for her : are we to suppose that in his best play he is to stultify all his other work and insult the English for the benefit of the ridiculed and hated Frenchmen ?

Moreover, Cordelia reckons without her host. The British bulldogs make short work of the invaders and rebels, doubtless with the connivance of the King of France, who, with great and praiseworthy acuteness, foresees that Cordelia will

be hanged, thus liberating him from his "most filthy bargain" : there is but one alarum, and the whole set of scoundrels surrender. Note this well; it is not by brute force that the battle is won; for even if we exonerate the King of France, we may easily believe that the moral strength of the sisters cowed the French.

This is the more evident, since in Act V. Shakespeare strikes his final blow at the absurdity of the duel, when Edmund is dishonestly slain by the beast Edgar. Yet the poet's faith is still strong : wound up as his muse is to tragedy, he retains in Edmund the sublime heroism, the simple honesty, of the true Christian ; at the death of his beloved mistresses he cries,

"I was contracted to them both : all three
Now marry in an instant——"

At the moment of death his great nature (self-accusatory, as the finest so often are) asserts itself, and he forgives even the vilest of the human race,—“I pant for life : some good I mean to do Despite of mine own nature.¹ Quickly send, Be brief in it, to the castle ; for my writ Is on the life Lear and on Cordelia. Nay, send in time.” (ll. 245-249).

And in that last supreme hour of agony he claims Regan as his wife, as if by accident ; it is not the passionate assertion of a thing doubtful, but the natural reference to a thing well known and indisputable.

And in the moment of his despair ; confronted with the dead bodies of the splendid sisters, the catafalque of all his hopes, he can exclaim in spiritual triumph over material disaster—the victory of a true man's spirit over Fate—

“Yet Edmund was beloved.”

Edgar is left alive with Albany, alone of all that crew; and if remorse could touch their brutal and callous souls (for the degeneration of the weakling, well-meaning Albany, is a minor tragedy), what hell could be more horrible than the

dragging out of a cancerous existence in the bestial world of hate their hideous hearts had made, now, even for better men, for ever dark and gloomy, robbed of the glory of the glowing Goneril, the royal Regan, and only partially redeemed by the absence of the harlot Cordelia and the monster Lear.

V.

It may possibly be objected by the censorious, by the effete parasites of a grim conventionalism, that I have proved too much. Even by conventional standards Edmund, Goneril, and Regan appear angels. Even on the moral point, the sisters, instead of settling down to an enlightened and by no means overcrowded polygamy, prefer to employ poison. This is perhaps true, of Goneril at least; Regan is, if one may distinguish between star and star, somewhat the finer character.

This criticism is perhaps true in part ; but I will not insult the intelligence of my readers. I will leave it to them to take the obvious step and work backwards to the re-exaltation of Lear, Cordelia, Edgar and company, to the heroic fields of their putty Elysium (putty, not

¹This may merely mean “despite the fact that I am dying—though I am almost too weak to speak.” If so, the one phrase in the play which seems to refute our theory is disposed of. Execution of such criminals would be a matter of routine at the period of the play.

Putney) in their newly-demonstrated capacity as “unnatural” sons, daughters, fathers, and so on.

But I leave it. I am content—my work will have been well done—if this trifling essay be accepted as a just instalment towards a saner criticism of our holiest writers, a juster appreciation of the glories of our greatest poet, a possibly jejune yet absurdly historic attempt to place of the first time William Shakespeare on his proper pedestal as an early disciple of Mr. George Bernard Shaw ; and by consequence to carve myself a little niche in the same temple : the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

NOTES TO ASCENSION DAY

1. *I flung out of chapel.*¹—Browning, *Xmas Eve*, III. last line.

3. *Venus' Bower and Osiris' Tomb.*²—Crowley, Tannahäuser.

5. *God.*³—Hebrew, אֱלֹהִים, Gen. iii. 5.

5. *gods.*⁴—Hebrew, אֱלֹהִים, Gen. iii. 5.

The Revisers, seeing this most awkward juxtaposition, have gone yet one step lower and translated both words by “God.” In other passages, however, they have been compelled to disclose their own dishonesty and translate אֱלֹהִים by “gods.”

For evidence of this the reader may look up such passages as Ex. xviii. 11; Deut. xxxii. 17; Ps. lxxxii. [in particular where the word appears twice, as also the word אֱלֹהִים. But the revisers twice employ the word “God” and once the word “gods.” The A.V. has “mighty” in one case]; Gen. xx. 13, where again the verb is plural; Sam. xxviii. 13, and so on.

See the Hebrew Dictionary of Gesenius (trans. Tregelles), Bagster, 1859, s.v., for proof that the Author is on the way to the true interpretation of these conflicting facts, as now established—see Huxley, H. Spencer, Kuenen, Reuss, Lippert, and others—and his orthodox translator’s infuriated snarls (in brackets) when he suspects this tendency to accept facts as facts.

6. *Soul went down.*⁵—*The Questions of King Milinda*, 40-45, 48, 67, 86-89, 111, 132.

7. The metaphysical lotus-eyed.⁶—Gautama Buddha.

10. *Childe Roland.*⁷—Browning, *Dramatic Romances*.

11. *Two hundred thousand Trees.*⁸—Browning wrote about 200,000 lines.

13. *Your Reverence.*⁹—The imaginary Aunt Sally for the poetic cocoanut.*

16. “*God’s right use of it.*”¹⁰—“And many an eel, though no adept In God’s right reason for it, kept Gnawing his kidneys half a year.”—Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third*.

17. *One Tree.*¹¹—Note the altered value of the metaphor, such elasticity having led Prof. Blümengarten to surmise them to be india rubber trees.

27. “*Truth, that’s the gold.*”¹²—*Two Poets of Croisic*, clii. 1, and elsewhere.

28. “*I, you, or Simpkin.*”¹³—*Inn Album*, l. 143. “Simpkin” has nothing to do with the foaming grape of Eastern France.

36. *Aischulos.*¹⁴—See Agamemnon (Browning’s translation), Preface.

40. *Aristobulus.*¹⁵—May be scanned elsehow by pedants. Cf. Swinburne’s curious scansion Aristōphānēs. But the scansion adopted here gives a more credible rhyme.

42. *Βατραχομωμαχία.*¹⁶—Aristophanes *Batrachoi*.

46. *Mine of so many pounds—pouch even pence of it?*¹⁷—This line was suggested to me by a large holder of Westralians.

47. *Something easier.*¹⁸—*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*.

51. *Newton.*¹⁹—Mathematician and physicist of repute.

51. *Faraday.*²⁰—See *Dictionary of National Biography*.

64. *I, of the Moderns, have let alone Greek.*²¹—As far as they would let me. I know some.

74. *Beard.*²²—“150. A Barba Senioris Sanctissimi pendet omnis ornatus omnium : & influential; nam omnia appellantur ab illa barba, Influentia.

“151. Hic est ornatus omnium ornatuum : Influentie superiores & inferiores omnes respiciunt istam Influentiam.

“152. Ab ista influenza dependet vita omnium.

“153. Ab hac influenza dependet coeli & terra ; pluvia beneplaciti ; & alimenta omnium.

“154. Ab hac influenza venit providentia omnium. Ab hac influenza dependent omnes exercitus superiores & inferiores.

“155. Tredecim fontes olei magnificentiae boni, dependent a barba hujus influenzae gloriosae ; & omnes emanant in Microprosopum.

“156. Ne dicas omnes ; sed novem ex iis inveniuntur ad inflectenda judicia.

“157. Et quando haec influenza aequaliter pendet usque ad praecordia omnes Sanctitates Sanctitatum Sanctitatis ab illa dependent.

* Crowley confuses two common pastoral amusements—throwing wooden balls at cocoanuts and

sticks at Aunt Sally.

“158. In istam influentiam extenditur expansion aporrhoeæ supernæ, quæ est caput omnium capitum : quod non cognoscitur nec perficitur, quodque non norunt nec superi, nec inferi : propterea omnia ab ista influenza dependent.

“159. In hanc barbam tria capita de quibus diximus, expandantur, & omnia consociantur in hac influenza, & inveniuntur in ea.

“160. Et propterea omnis ornatus ornatuum ab ista influenza dependent.

“161. Istæ literæ, quæ dependent ab hoc Seniore, omnes pendent in ista barba, & consociantur in ista influenza.

“162. Et pendent in ea ad stabiliendas literas alteras.

“163. Nisi enim illæ literæ ascenderunt in Seniore, reliquæ istæ literæ non stabilirentur.

“164. Et propterea dicit Moses cum opus esset : Tetragrammaton, Tetragrammaton bis : & ita ut accentus distinguat utrumque.

“165. Certe enim ab influenza omnia dependent.

“166. Ab ista influenza ad reverentiam adiguntur superna & inferna, & flectuntur coram ea.

“167. Beatus ille, qui ad hanc usque per tingit.”

Idra Suta, seu Synodus minor. Sectio VI.

75. *Forehead.*²³—“496. Frons Cranii est frons ad visitandum : (Al. ad eradicandum) peccatoras.

“497. Et cum ista frons detegitur tunc excitantur Domini Judiciorum, contra illos qui non erubescunt in operibus suis.

“498. Hæc frons ruborem habet roseum. Sed illo tempore, cum frons Senioris erga hanc frontem detegitur, hæc apparet alba ut nix.

“499. Et illa hora vocatur Tempus beneplaciti pro omnibus.

“500. In libro Dissertationis Scholæ Raf Jebha Senis dicitur : Frons est receptaculum frontis Senioris. Sin minus, litera Cheth inter duas reliquas interponitur, juxta illud : (Num. xxiv. 17) פתח ונפרץ, et confringet angulos Moab.

“501. Et alibi diximus, quod etiam vocatur נצח, literis vicinis permutatis : id est, superatio.

“502. Multæ autem sunt Superationes : ita ut Superatio alia elevata sit in locum alium : & aliæ dentur Superationes quæ extenduntur in totum corpus.

“503. Die Sabbathi autem tempore precum pomeridianarum, ne excitentur judicia, detegitur frons Senioris Sanctissimi.

“504. Et omnia judicia subiguntur ; & quamvis extent, tamen non exercentur. (Al. Et sedantur.)

“505. Ab hac fronte dependent viginti quatuor tribunalia, pro omnibus illis, qui protervi sunt in operibus.

“506. Sicut scriptum est : (Ps. lxxiii. 11) Et dixerunt : quomodo sit Deus ? Et estne scientia in excelso ?

“507. At vero viginti saltem sunt, cur adduntur quatuor ? nimirum respectu suppliciorum, tribunalium inferiorum, quæ a supernis dependent.

“508. Remanent ergo viginti. Et propterea neminem supplico capitali afficiunt, donec compleverit & ascenderit ad viginti annos ; respectu viginti horum tribunalium.

“509. Sed in thesi nostra arcana docuimus, per ista respici viginti quatuor libros qui continentur in Lege.”

Idra Suta, seu Synodus minor. Sectio XIII.

77. *Chains.*²⁴—Sakkâha-ditthi, Vikikikkhâ, silabbata-parâmâsa, kâma, patigha, rûparâga, arûparâga, mâno, uddhakka, aviggâ.

81. “*Who asks doth err.*”²⁵—Arnold, *Light of Asia.*

83. *You.*²⁶—You !

86. “*O'erleaps itself and falls on the other.*”²⁷—Macbeth, I. vii. 27.

92. *English.*²⁸—This poem is written in English.

94. *I cannot write.*²⁹—This is not quite true. For instance:

ལ། ལམ་སོང་རིང་མོ་དང་ལྷང་པོ་

གང་མོ་སོང་

ཐུ་མ་སོང་ལྷོང་པོ་དང་ཆང་

པོ་དང་ཤོང་

ཡི་མ་ནི་ལག་སྐྱོར་ཅིག་ཅིག་

ཐང་དྲེ་ཅིས་

ཐུང་པ་ཡིན་ཐོབ་ཐག་དྲེ་

ཅ་ཀྱུ་།།

This, the opening stanza of my masterly poem on Ladak, reads :— “The way was long, and the wind was cold : the Lama was infirm and advanced

in years ; his prayer-wheel, to revolve which was his only pleasure, was carried by a disciple, an orphan.”

There is a reminiscence of some previous incarnation about this : European critics may possibly even identify the passage. But at least the Tibetans should be pleased.*

97. *While their Buddha I attack.*³⁰—Many Buddhists think I fill the bill with the following remarks on—

PANSIL.

Unwilling as I am to sap the foundations of the Buddhist religion by the introduction of Porphyry’s terrible catapult, Allegory, I am yet compelled by the more fearful ballista of Aristotle, Dilemma. This is the two-handed engine spoken of by the prophet Milton!†

This is the horn of the prophet Zeruiah, and with this am I, though no Syrian, utterly pushed, till I find myself back against the dead wall of Dogma. Only now realising how dead a wall that is, do I turn and try the effect of a hair of the dog that bit me, till the orthodox “literary”‡ school of Buddhists, as grown at Rangoon, exclaim with Lear: “How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is To have an intellect!” How is this? Listen, and hear!

I find myself confronted with the crux: that a Buddhist, convinced intellectually and philosophically of the truth of the teaching of Gotama; a man to whom Buddhism is the equivalent of scientific methods of Thought; an expert in dialectic whose logical faculty is bewildered, whose critical admiration is extorted by the subtle vigour of Buddhist reasoning; I am yet forced to admit that, this being so, the Five Precepts‡§ are mere nonsense. If the Buddha spoke scientifically, not popularly, not rhetorically, then

* They were ; thence the pacific character of the British expedition of 1904.—A.C.

† *Lycidas*, line 130.

‡ The school whose Buddhism is derived from the Canon, and who ignore the degradation of the professors of the religion, as seen in practice.

§ The obvious caveat which logicians will enter against these remarks is that Pansil is the Five Virtues rather than Precepts. Etymologically this is so. However, we may regard this as a clause on my side of the argument, not against it; for in my view these are virtues, and the impossibility of attaining them is the cancer of

his precepts are not his. We must reject them or we must interpret them. We must inquire: Are they meant to be obeyed? Or—and this is my theory—are they sarcastic and biting criticisms on existence, illustrations of the First Noble Truth; reasons, as it were, for the apotheosis of annihilation? I shall so that this is so. Let me consider them “precept upon precept,” if the introduction of the Hebrew visionary is not too strong meat for the Little Mary** of a Buddhist audience.

THE FIRST PRECEPT.

This forbids the taking of life in any form.†† What we have to note is the impossibility of performing this; if we can prove it to be so, either Buddha was a fool, or his command was rhetorical, like those of Yahweh to Job, or of Tannhäuser to himself—

“Go! seek the stars and count them and explore!
Go! sift the sands beyond a starless sea!”

Let us consider what the words can mean. The “taking of life” can only mean the reduction of living protoplasm to dead matter: or, in a truer and more psychological sense, the destruction of personality.

Now, in the chemical changes involved in Buddha’s speaking this command, living protoplasm was changed into dead matter. Or, on the other horn, the fact (insisted upon most strongly by the Buddha himself, the central and cardinal point of his doctrine, the shrine of that Metaphysic which isolates it absolutely from all other religious metaphysic, which allies it with Agnostic Metaphysis) that the Buddha who had spoken this command was not the same as the Buddha before

existence. Indeed, I support the etymology as against the futile bigotry of certain senile Buddhists of to-day. And, since it is the current interpretation of Buddhist thought that I attack, I but show myself the better Buddhist in the act.—A.C.

** A catch word for the stomach, from J.M. Barrie’s play “Little Mary.”

†† Fielding, in “The Soul of a People,” has reluctantly to confess that he can find no trace of this idea in Buddha’s own work, and called the superstition the “echo of an older Faith.”—A.C.

he had spoken it, lies the proof that the Buddha, by speaking this command, violated it. More, not only did he slay himself; he breathed in millions of living organisms and slew them. He could not eat nor drink nor breathe without murder implicit in each act. Huxley cites the “pitiless microscopist” who showed a drop of water to the Brahmin who boasted himself “Ahimsa”—harmless. So among the “rights” of a Bhikkhu is medicine. He who takes quinine does so with the deliberate intention of destroying innumerable living beings; whether this is done by stimulating the phagocytes, or directly, is morally indifferent.

How such a fiend incarnate, my dear brother Ananda Maitriya, can call him “cruel and cowardly” who only kills a tiger, is a study in the philosophy of the mote and the beam!*

Far be it from me to suggest that this is a defence of breathing, eating and drinking. By no means; in all these ways we bring suffering and death to others, as to ourselves. But since these are inevitable acts, since suicide would be a still more cruel alternative (especially in case something should subsist below mere Rupa), the command is not to achieve the impossible, the already violated in the act of commanding, but a bitter commentary on the foul evil of this aimless, hopeless universe, this compact of misery, meanness, and cruelty. Let us pass on.

THE SECOND PRECEPT

The Second Precept is directed against theft. Theft is the appropriation to one’s own use of that to which another has a right. Let us see therefore whether or no the Buddha was a thief. The answer is of course in the affirmative. For to issue a command is to attempt to deprive another of his most precious possession—the right to do as he will; that is, unless, with the predestinarians, we hold that action is determined absolutely, in which case, of course, a command is as absurd as it is unavoidable. Excluding this folly, therefore, we may conclude that if the command be obeyed—and those of Buddha have gained a far larger share of obedience than those of any other teacher—the

* The argument that the “animals are our brothers” is merely intended to mislead one who has never been in a Buddhist country. The average Buddhist would, of course, kill his brother for five rupees, or less.—A.C

Enlightened One was not only a potential but an actual thief. Further, all voluntary action limits in some degree, however minute, the volition of others. If I breathe, I diminish the stock of oxygen available on the planet. In those far distant ages when Earth shall be as dead as the moon is to-day, my breathing now will have robbed some being then living of the dearest necessity of life.

That the theft is minute, incalculably trifling, is no answer to the moralist, to whom degree is not known; nor to the scientist, who sees the chain of nature miss no link.

If, on the other hand, the store of energy in the universe be indeed constant (whether infinite or no), if personality be indeed delusion, then theft becomes impossible, and to forbid it is absurd. We may argue that even so temporary theft may exist; and that this is so is to my mind no doubt the case. All theft is temporary, since even a millionaire must die; also it is universal, since even a Buddha must breathe.

THE THIRD PRECEPT

This precept, against adultery, I shall touch but lightly. Not that I consider the subject unpleasant—far from it!—but since the English section of my readers, having unclean minds, will otherwise find a fulcrum therein for their favourite game of slander. Let it suffice if I say that the Buddha—in spite of the ridiculous membrane legend,[†] one of those foul follies which idiot devotees invent only too freely—was a confirmed and habitual adulterer. It would be easy to argue with Hegel-Huxley that he who thinks of an act commits it (cf. Jesus also in this connection, though he only knows the creative value of desire), and that since A and not-A are mutually limiting, therefore interdependent, therefore identical, he who forbids an act commits it; but I feel that this is no place for metaphysical hairsplitting; let us prove what we have to prove in the plainest way.

I would premise in the first place that to commit adultery in the Divorce Court sense is not here in question.

[†] Membrum virile illius in membrana inclusum esse aiunt, ne copulare posset.

It assumes too much proprietary right of a man over a woman, that root of all abomination !—the whole machinery of inheritance, property, and all the labyrinth of law.

We may more readily assume that the Buddha was (apparently at least) condemning incontinence.

We know that Buddha had abandoned his home ; true, but Nature has to be reckoned with. Volition is no necessary condition of offence. “I didn’t mean to” is a poor excuse for an officer failing to obey an order.

Enough of this—in any case a minor question; since even on the lowest moral grounds—and we, I trust, soar higher!—the error in question may be resolved into a mixture of murder, theft and intoxication. (We consider the last under the Fifth Precept.)

THE FOURTH PRECEPT

Here we come to what in a way is the fundamental joke of these precepts. A command is not a lie, of course; possibly cannot be; yet surely an allegorical order is one in essence, and I have no longer a shadow of a doubt that these so-called “precepts” are a species of savage practical joke.

Apart from this there can hardly be much doubt, when critical exegesis has done its damndest on the Logia of our Lord, that Buddha did at some time commit himself to some statement. “(Something called) Consciousness exists” is, said Huxley, the irreducible minimum of the pseudo-syllogism, false even for an enthymeme, “Cogito, ergo sum !” This proposition he bolsters up by stating that whoso should pretend to doubt it, would thereby but confirm it. Yet might it not be said “(Something called) Consciousness appears to itself to exist,” since Consciousness is itself the only witness to that confirmation ? Not that even now we can deny some kind of existence to consciousness, but that it should be a more real existence than that of a reflection is doubtful, incredible, even inconceivable. If by consciousness we mean the normal consciousness, it is definitely untrue, since the Dhyanic consciousness includes it and denies it. No doubt “something called” acts as a kind of caveat to the would-be sceptic, though the

* Quoted in “Science and Buddhism”, s. IV., note.

† “Ship me somewhere East of Suez, where a man can raise a thirst.”—R. KIPLING.

phrase is bad, implying a “calling.” But we can guess what Huxley means.

No doubt Buddha’s scepticism does not openly go quite so far as mine—it must be remembered that “scepticism” is merely the indication of a possible attitude, not a belief, as so many good fool folk thing; but Buddha not only denies “Cogito, ergo sum”; but “Cogito, ergo non sum.” See *Sabbasava Sutta*, par. 10.*

At any rate, Sakkyaditthi, the delusion of personality, is in the very forefront of his doctrines; and it is this delusion that is constantly and inevitably affirmed in all normal consciousness. That Dhyanic thought avoids it is doubtful; even so, Buddha is here represented as giving precepts to ordinary people. And if personality be delusion, a lie is involved in the command of one to another. In short, we all lie all the time; we are compelled to it by the nature of things themselves—paradoxical as that seems—and the Buddha knew it!

THE FIFTH PRECEPT.

At last we arrive at the end of our weary journey—surely in this weather we may have a drink! East of Suez,† Trombone-Macaulay (as I may surely say, when Browning writes Banjo-Byron‡) tells us, a man may raise a Thirst. No, shrieks the Blessed One, the Perfected One, the Enlightened One, do not drink! It is like the streets of Paris when they were placarded with rival posters—

Ne buvez pas de l’Alcool !

L’Alcool est un poison !

and

Buvez de l’Alcool !

L’Alcool est un aliment !

We know now that alcohol is a food up to a certain amount; the precept, good enough for a rough rule as it stands, will not bear close inspection. What Buddha really commands with that grim humour of his, is: Avoid Intoxication. But what is intoxication? unless it be the loss of power to use perfectly a truth-telling set of faculties. If I walk unsteadily it is owing to nervous lies—and so

‡ “While as for Quilp Hop o’ my Thumb there
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there.”
—BROWNING, *Pachiarotto* (said of A. Austin)

for all the phenomena of drunkenness. But a lie involves the assumption of some true standard, and this can nowhere be found. A doctor would tell you, moreover, that all food intoxicates: all, here as in all the universe, of every subject and in every predicate, is a matter of degree.

Our faculties never tell us true; our eyes say flat when our fingers say round; our tongue sends a set of impressions to our brain which our hearing declares non-existent—and so on.

What is this delusion of personality but a profound and centrally-seating intoxication of the consciousness? I am intoxicated as I address these words; you are drunk—bestly drunk!—as you read them; Buddha was as drunk as a British officer when he uttered his besotted command. There, my dear children, is the conclusion to which we are brought if you insist that he was serious!

I answer No! Alone among men then living, the Buddha was sober, and saw Truth. He, who was freed from the coils of the reat serpent Theli coiled round the universe, he knew how deep the slaver of that snake had entered into us, infecting us, rotting our very bones with poisonous drunkenness. And so his cutting irony—drink no intoxicating drinks!

When I go to take Pansil,* it is in no spirit of servile morality; it is with keen sorrow gnawing at my heart. These five causes of sorrow are indeed the heads of the serpent of Desire. Four at least of them snap their fans on me in and by virtue of my very act of receiving the commands, and of promising to obey them; if there is a little difficulty about the fifth, it is an omission easily rectified—and I think we should all make a point about that; there is great virtue in completeness.

Yes! Do not believe that the Buddha was a fool; that he asked men to perform the impossible or the unwise.† Do not believe that the sorrow of existence is so trivial that easy rules easily interpreted (as all Buddhists do interpret the

Precepts) can avail against them; do not mop up the Ganges with a duster; nor stop the revolution of the stars with a lever of lath.

Awake, awake only! let there be ever remembrance that Existence is sorrow, sorrow by the inherent necessity of the way it is made; sorrow not by volition, not by malice, not by carelessness, but by nature, by ineradicable tendency, by the incurable disease of Desire, its Creator, is it so, and the way to destroy it is by the uprooting of Desire; nor is a task so formidable accomplished by any threepenny-bit-in-the-plate-on-Sunday morality, the “deceive others and self-deception will take care of itself” uprightness, but by the severe roads of austere self-mastery, of arduous scientific research, which constitute the Noble Eightfold Path.

101-105. *There's one. . . Six Six Six.*³¹—This opinion has most recently (and most opportunely) been confirmed by the Rev. Father Simons, Roman Catholic Missionary (and head of the Corner in Kashmir Stamps), Baramulla, Kashmir.

106. Gallup.³²—For information apply to Mr. Sidney Lee.

111. “*It is the number of a Man.*”³³—Rev. xiii. 18.

117. *Fives.*³⁴—Dukes.

122. (*Elsewhere.*)³⁵—See “Songs of the Spirit” and other works.

128. *The Qabalistic Balm.*³⁶—May be studied in “The Kabbalah (*sic*) Unveiled” (Redway). It is much to be wished that some one would undertake the preparation of an English translation of Rabbi Jischak Ben Loria’s “De Revolutionibus Animarum,” and of the book “Beth Elohim.”

139. *Cain.*³⁷—Gen. iv. 8.

152. *Hunyadi.*³⁸—Hunyadi Janos, a Hungarian table water.

161. *Nadi.*³⁹—For this difficult subject refer to the late Swami Vivekananda’s “Raja Yoga.”

* To “take Pansil” is to vow obedience to these Precepts.

† do not propose to dilate on the moral truth which Ibsen has so long laboured to make clear: that no hard and fast rule of life can be universally applicable. Also, as in the famous case of the lady who saved (successively) the lives of her husband, her father, and her brother, the precepts clash. To allow to die is to kill—all this is obvious to the most ordinary thinkers. These precepts are of course excellent general guides for the vulgar and

ignorant, but you and I, dear reader, are wise and clever, and know better. Nichtwar?

Excuse my being so buried in “dear Immanuel Kant” (as my friend Miss Br . c .¹ would say) that this biting and pregnant phrase slipped out unaware. As a rule, of course, I hate the introduction of foreign tongues into an English essay.—A.C.

¹ A fast woman who posed as a bluestocking.

167. *Tom Bond Bishop*.⁴⁰—Founder of the “Children’s Scripture Union” (an Association for the Dissemination of Lies among Young People) and otherwise known as a philanthropist. His relationship to the author (that of uncle) has procured him this rather disagreeable immortality.

He was, let us hope, no relation to George Archibald Bishop, the remarkable preface to whose dreadfully conventionally psychopathic works is this.

PREFACE*

In the fevered days and nights under the Empire that perished in the struggle of 1870, that whirling tumult of pleasure, scheming, success, and despair, the minds of men had a trying ordeal to pass through. In Zola’s “*La Curée*” we see how such ordinary and natural characters as those of Saccard, Maxime, and the incestuous heroine, were twisted and distorted from their normal sanity, and sent whirling into the jaws of a hell far more affrayant than the mere cheap and nasty brimstone Sheol which is a Shibboleth for the dissenter, and with which all classes of religious humbug, from the Pope to the Salvation ranter, from the Mormon and the Jesuit to that mongrel mixture of the worst features of both, the Plymouth Brother, have scared their illiterate, since hypocrisy was born, with Abel, and spiritual tyranny with Jehovah! Society, in the long run, is eminently sane and practical ; under the Second Empire it ran mad. If these things are done in the green tree of Society, what shall be done in the dry tree of Bohemianism? Art always has a suspicion to fight against ; always some poor mad Max Nordau is handy to call everything outside the kitchen the asylum. Here, however, there is a substratum of truth. Consider the intolerable long roll of names, all tainted with glorious madness. Baudelaire, the diabolist, debauchee of sadism, whose dreams are nightmares and whose waking hours delirium; Rollinat the necrophile, the poet of phthisis, the anxiomaniac; Péledan, the high priest—of nonsense ; Mendés, frivolous and scoffing sensualist ; besides a host of others, most alike in this, that, below the cloak of madness and

depravity, the true heart of genius burns. No more terrible period than this is to be found in literature ; so many great minds, of which hardly one comes to fruition ; such seed of genius, such a harvest of—whirlwind ! Even a barren waste of sea is less saddening than one strewn with wreckage. In England such wild song found few followers of any worth or melody. Swinburne stands on his solitary pedestal above the vulgar crowds of priapistic plagiarists ; he alone caught the fierce frenzy of Baudelaire’s brandied shrieks, and his First Series of Poems and Ballads was the legitimate echo of that not fierier note. But English Art as a whole was unmoved, at any rate not stirred to any depth, by this wave of debauchery. The great thinkers maintained the even keel, and the windy waters lay not for their frailer barks to cross. There is one exception of note, till this day unsuspected, in the person of George Archibald Bishop. In a corner of Paris this young poet (for in his nature the flower of poesy did spring, did even take root and give some promise of a brighter bloom, till stricken and blasted in latter years by the lightning of his own sins) was steadily writing day after day, night after night, often working forty hours at a time, work which he destined to entrace the world. All England should ring with his praises; by-and-by the whole world should know his name. Of these works none of the longer and more ambitious remains. How they were lost, and how those fragments we possess were saved, is best told by relating the romantic and almost incredible story of his life.

The known facts of this life are few, vague, and unsatisfactory ; the more definite statements lack corroboration, and almost the only source at the disposal of the biographer is the letters of Mathilde Doriac to Mdme. J. S., who has kindly placed her portfolio at my service. A letter dated October 15, 1866, indicates that our author was born on the 23rd of that month. The father and mother of George, were, at least on the surface, of an extraordinary religious turn of mind. Mathilde’s version of the story, which has its source in our friend himself, agrees almost word for word with a letter of the Rev. Edw. Turle to Mrs. Cope,

* To a collection of MSS illustrating the “Psychopathia Sexualis of von Kraft-Ebing [Crowley’s *White Stains*—T.S.]. The names of the parties have been changed.

recommending the child to her care. The substance of the story is as follows.

The parents of George carried their religious ideas to the point of never consummating their marriage !* This arrangement does not seem to have been greatly appreciated by the wife ; at least one fine morning she was found to be enceinte. The foolish father never thought of the hypothesis which commends itself most readily to a man of the world, not to say a man of science, and adopted that of a second Messiah ! He took the utmost pains to conceal the birth of the child, treated everybody who came to the house as an emissary of Herod, and finally made up his mind to flee into Egypt ! Like most religious maniacs, he never had an idea of his own, but distorted the beautiful and edifying events of the Bible into insane and ridiculous ones, which he proceeded to plagiarise.

On the voyage out the virgin mother became enamoured, as was her wont, of the nearest male, in this case a fellow-traveller. He, being well able to support her in the luxury which she desired, easily persuaded her to leave the boat with him by stealth. A small sailing vessel conveyed them to Malta, where they disappeared. The only trace left in the books of earth records that this fascinating character was accused, four years later, in Vienna, of poisoning her paramour, but thanks to the wealth and influence of her newer lover, she escaped.

The legal father, left by himself with a squalling child to amuse, to appease in his tantrums, and to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was not a little perplexed by the sudden disappearance of his wife. At first he supposed that she had been translated, but, finding that she had not left behind the traditional mantle behind her, he abandoned this supposition in favour of quite a different, and indeed a more plausible one. He now believed her to be the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse, with variations. On arrival in Egypt he hired an old native nurse, and sailed for Odessa. Once in Russia he could find Gog and Magog, and present to them the child as Antichrist. For he was no persuaded that he himself was the First Beast, and would ask the sceptic to count his seven heads and ten horns. The heads, however, rarely totted up accurately.

At this point the accounts of Mr. Turle and Mathilde diverge slightly. The cleric affirms that he was induced by a Tartar lady, of an honourable and ancient profession, to accompany her to Tibet “to be initiated into the mysteries.” He was, of course, robbed and murdered with due punctuality, in the town of Kiev. Mathilde’s story is that he travelled to Kiev on the original quest, and died of typhoid or cholera. In any case, he died at Kiev in 1839. This fixes the date of the child’s birth at 1837. His faithful nurse conveyed him safely to England, where his relatives provided for his maintenance and education.

With the close of this romantic chapter in his early history we lose all reliable traces for some years. One flash alone illumines the darkness of his boyhood ; in 1853, after being prepared for confirmation, he cried out in full assembly, instead of kneeling to receive the blessing of the officiating bishop, “I renounce for ever this idolatrous church ;” and was quietly removed.

He told Mathilde Doriac that he had been to Eton and Cambridge—neither institution, however, preserves any record of such admission. The imagination of George, indeed, is tremendously fertile with regard to events in his own life. His own story is that he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1856, and was sent down two years later for an article which he had contributed to some University of College Magazine. No confirmation of any sort is to be found anywhere with regard to these or any other statements of our author. There is, however, no doubt that in 1861 he quarreled with his family ; went over to Paris, where he settled down, at first, like every tuffhead, somewhere in the Quartier Latin ; later, with Mathilde Doriac, the noble woman who became his mistress and held to him through all the terrible tragedy of his moral, mental, and physical life, in the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière. At his house there the frightful scene of ’68 took place, and it was there too that he was apprehended after the murders which he describes so faithfully in “Abysmos.” He had just finished this poem with a shriek of triumph, and had read it through to the appalled Mathilde “avec des yeux de flamme et de gestes incohérentes,” when, foaming

* Will it be believed that a clergyman (turned Plymouth Brother and schoolmaster) actually made an identical confession to a boy of ten years old ?

at the mouth, and "hurlant de blasphèmes indicibles," he fell upon her with extraordinary violence of passion ; the door opened, officers appeared, the arrest was effected. He was committed to an asylum, for there could be no longer any doubt of his complete insanity ; for three weeks he had been raving with absinthe and satyriasis. He survived his confinement no long time ; the burning of the asylum with its inmates was one of the most terrible events of the war of 1870. So died one of the most talented Englishmen of his century, a man who for wide knowledge of men and things was truly to be envied, yet one who sold his birthright for a mess of beastlier pottage than ever Esau guzzled, who sold soul and body to Satan for sheer love of sin, whose mere lust of perversion is so intense that it seems to absorb every other emotion and interest. Never since God woke light from chaos has such a tragedy been unrolled before men, step after step toward the lake of Fire !

At his house all his writings were seized, and, it is believed, destroyed. The single most fortunate exception is that of a superbly jewelled writing-case, now in the possession of the present editor, in which were found the MSS. which are here published. Mathilde, who knew how he treasured its contents, preserved it by saying to the officer, "But, sir, that is mine." On opening this it was found to contain, besides these MSS., his literary will. All MSS. were to be published thirty years after his death, not before. He would gain no spurious popularity as a reflection of the age he lived in. "Tennyson," he says, "will die before sixty years are gone by : if I am to be beloved of men, it shall be because my work is for all times and all men, because it is greater than all the gods of chance and change, because it has the heart of the human race beating in every line." This is a patch of magenta to mauve, undoubtedly ; but — ! The present collection of verses will hardly be popular ; if the lost works turn up, of course it may be that there may be found "shelter for songs that recede." Still, even here, one is, on the whole, more attracted than repelled ; the author has enormous power, and he never scruples to use it, to drive us half mad with horror, or, as in his earlier most exquisite works, to move us to the noblest thoughts and deeds. True, his debt to contemporary writers is a little obvious here and there ; but these are small blemish on a

series of poems whose originality is always striking, and often dreadful, in its broader features.

We cannot leave George Bishop without a word of inquiry as to what became of the heroic figure of Mathilde Doriac. It is a bitter task to have to write in cold blood about the dreadful truth about her death. She had the misfortune to contract, in the last few days of her life with him, the same terrible disease which he described in the last poem of his collection. This shock, coming so soon after, and, as it were, as an unholy perpetual reminder of the madness and sequestration of her lover, no less than his infidelity, unhinged her mind, and she shot herself on July 5, 1869. Her last letter to Madame J—— S—— is one of the tenderest and most pathetic ever written. She seems to have been really loved by George, in his wild, infidel fashion : "All Night" and "Victory," among others, are obviously inspired by her beauty ; and her devotion to him, the abasement of soul, the prostitution of body, she underwent for and with him, is one of the noblest stories life has known. She seems to have dived with him, yet ever trying to raise his soul from the quagmire ; if God is just at all, she shall stand more near to His right hand than all the vaunted virgins who would soil no hem of vesture to save their brother from the worm that dieth not !

The Works of George Archibald Bishop will speak for themselves ; it would be both impertinent and superfluous in me to point out in detail their many and varied excellences, or their obvious faults. The *raison d'être*, though, of their publication, is worthy of especial notice. I refer to their psychological sequence, which agrees with their chronological order. His life history, as well as his literary remains, gives us an idea of the progression of diabolism as it really is, not as it is painted. Note also, (1) the increase of selfishness in pleasure, (2) the diminution of his sensibility to physical charms. Pure and sane is his early work ; then he is carried into the outer current of the great vortex of Sin, and whirls lazily through the sleepy waters of mere sensualism ; the pace quickens, he grows fierce in the mysteries of Sapphism and the cult of Venus Aversa with women ; later of the same forms of vice with men, all mingled with wild talk of religious dogma and a general exaltation of Priapism at the expense, in particular, of Christianity, in which religion, however, he is undoubtedly a believer till the last (the pious will quote James ii. 19, and the infidel will observe that

he died in an asylum) ; then the full swing of the tide catches him, the mysteries of death become more and more an obsession, and he is flung headlong into Sadism, Necrophilia, all the maddest, fiercest vices that the mind of fiends ever brought up from the pit. But always to the very end his power is unexhausted, immense, terrible. His delirium does not amuse ; it appals ! A man who could conceive as he did must himself have had some glorious chord in his heart vibrating to the eternal principle of Boundless Love. That this love was wrecked is for me, in some sort a relative of his, a real and bitter sorrow. He might have been so great ! He missed Heaven ! Think kindly of him !

169. *Correctly rhymes.*⁴¹—Such lines, however noble in sentiment, as: “À bas les Anglais ! The Irish up !” will not be admitted to the competition. Irish is accented on the penultimate—bad cess of the bloody Saxons that made it so !

The same with Tarshish (see Browning, *Pippa Passes*, II., in the long speech of Bluphocks) and many others.

173. *The liar Copleston.*^{42*}—Bishop of Calcutta. While holding the see of Ceylon he wrote a book in which “Buddhism” is described as consisting of “devil-dances.” Now, when a man, in a position to know the facts, writes a book of the subscription-cadging type, whose value for the purpose depends on the suppression of these facts, I think I am to be commended for my moderation in using the term “liar.”

* Copies were sent to any living persons mentioned in the “Sword of Song,” accompanied by the following letter:

Letters and Telegrams: BOLESKINE FOYERS
is sufficient address.

Bills, Writs, Summonses, etc. : CAMP XI, THE
BALTORO GLACIER, BALTISTAN

O Millionaire !	My lord Marquis,
Mr. Editor !	My lord Viscount,
Dear Mrs Eddy,	My lord Earl,
Your Holiness the Pope !	My lord,
Your Imperial Majesty !	My lord Bishop,
Your Majesty !	Reverend sir,
Your Royal Highness !	Sir,
Dear Miss Corelli,	Fellow,
My lord Cardinal,	Mr. Congressman,
My lord Archbishop,	Mr. Senator,
My lord Duke,	Mr President

212. *Ibsen.*⁴³—Norwegian dramatist. This and the next sentence have nineteen distinct meanings. As, however, all (with one doubtful exception) are true and taken together synthetically connote my concept, I have let the passage stand.

219. *I was Lord Roberts, he De Wet.*⁴⁴—Vide Sir A. Conan Doyle’s masterly fiction, “The Great Boer War.”

222. *Hill.*⁴⁵—An archaic phrase signifying kopje.

223. *Ditch.*⁴⁶—Probably an obsolete slang term for spruit.

273. *Some.*⁴⁷—The reader may search modern periodicals for this theory.

282. *The Tmolian.*⁴⁸—Tmolus, who decided the musical contest between Pan and Apollo in favour of the latter.

321. *As masters teach.*⁴⁹—Consult Vivekananda, *op. cit.*, or the *Hathayoga Pradipika*. Unfortunately, I am unable to say where (or even whether) a copy of this latter work exists.

331, 332. *Stand (Stephen) or sit (Paul).*⁵⁰—Acts vii. 36 ; Heb. xii, 2.

337. *Samadhi-Dak.*⁵¹—“Ecstasy-of-meditation mail.”

338. *Maha-Meru.*⁵²—The “mystic mountain” of the Hindus. See Southey’s *Curse of Kehama*.

339. *Gaurisankar.*⁵³—Called also Chomokankar, Devadhunga, and Everest.

341. *Chogo.*⁵⁴—The Giant. This is the native name of “K²” ; or Mount Godwin-Auster, as Col.

(or the feminine of any of these), as shown
by underlining it,

Courtesy demands, in view of the

(a) tribute to your genius

(b) attack on your (1) political

(2) moral

(3) social

(4) mental

(5) physical character

(c) homage to your grandeur

(d) reference to your conduct

(e) appeal to your finer feelings

on page — of my masterpiece, “The Sword of Song,” that I should send you a copy, as I do herewith, to give you an opportunity of defending yourself against my monstrous assertions, thanking me for the advertisement, or—in short, replying as may best seem to you to suit the case.

Your humble, obedient servant,
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Godwin-Austen would call it. It is the second highest known mountain in the world, as Devadhunga is the first.

356. *The History of the West*.⁵⁵—

De Acosta (José)	Natural and Moral History of the Indies.
Alison, Sir A	History of Scotland.
Benzoni	History of the New World.
Buckle	History of Civilisation.
Burton, J. H	History of Scotland.
Carlyle	History of Frederick the Great.
Carlyle	Oliver Cromwell.
Carlyle	Past and Present.
Cheruel, A.	Dictionnaire historique de la France.
Christian, P.	Histoire de al Magie
Clarendon, Ld.	History of the Great Rebellion.
De Comines, P.	Chronicle.
Edwards, Bryan	History of the British Colonies in the W. Indies.
Elton, C.	Origins of English History.
Erdmann	History of Philosophy, Vol. II.
Froude	History of England.
Fyffe, C. A.	History of Modern Europe.
Gardiner, S. R.	History of the Civil War in England.
Gibbon	Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Green, J.R.	A History of the English People.
Guizot	Histoire de la Civilisation.
Hallam, H.	State of Europe in the Middle Ages.
Hugo, V.	Napoléon le Petit.
Innes, Prof. C.	Scotland in the Middle Ages.
Kingscote	History of the War in the Crimea.
Levi, E.	Historie de la Magie.

Macaulay, Ld.	History of England.
McCarthy, J.	AHistory of our Own Times.
Maistre, Jos	OEuvres.
Michelet	Histoire de la Templiers.
Migne, Abbé	Oeuvres.
Montalembert	The Monks of the West.
Morley, J.	Life of Mr. Gladstone.
Motley	History of the Dutch Republic.
Napier	History of the Peninsular War.
Prescott	History of the Conquest of Mexico.
Prescott	History of the Conquest of Peru.
Renan	Vie de Jésus.
Robertson, E.W.	Historical Essays.
Rosebery, Ld.	Napoleon.
Shakespeare	Histories.
Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth	Transactions, Vols. I.-DCLXVI.
Stevenson, R. L.	A Footnote to History.
Thornton, Ethelred, Rev.	History of the Jesuits
Waite, A. E.	The Real History of the Rosicrucians.
Wolseley, Ld.	Marlborough.

The above works and many others of less importance were carefully consulted by the Author before passing these lines for the press. Their substancial accuracy is further guaranteed by the Professors of History at Cambridge, Oxford, Berlin, Harvard, Paris, Moscow, and London.

366. *Shot his Chandra*.⁵⁶—Anglicé, shot the moon.

388. *The subtle devilish omission*.⁵⁷—But what are we to say of Christian dialectitians who quote “All things work together for good” out of its context, and call this verse “Christian optimism ?” See Caird’s “Hegel.”

Hegel knew how to defend himself, though.
As Goethe wrote of him :

“ They thought the master too
Inclined to fuss and finick.
The students’ anger grew
To frenzy Paganinic.*
They vowed they’d make him rue
His work in Jena’s clinic.
They came, the unholy crew,
The mystic and the cynic :
He had scoffed at God’s battue,
The flood for mortal’s sin—Ic-
thyosaurian Waterloo !
They eyed the sage askew ;
They searched him through and through
With violet rays actinic
They asked him ‘Wer bist du ?’
He answered slowly ‘Bin ich ?’ ”

387. *The Fish*.⁵⁸—Because of Ιχθυς , which means Fish, And very aptly symbolizes Christ.—*Ring and Book* (The Pope), ll. 89, 90.

395. *Dharma*.⁵⁹—Consult the Tripitaka.

409. *I cannot trace the chain*.⁶⁰—“How vain, indeed, are human calculations !”—*The Autobiography of a Flea*, p. 136.

412. *Table-thing*.⁶¹—“Ere the stuff grow a ring-thing right to wear.”—*The Ring and the Book*, i. 17.

“This pebble-thing, o’ the boy-thing.”

—CALVERLY, *The Cock and the Bull*.

442. *Caird*.⁶²—See his “Hegel.”

446. *Says Huxley*.⁶³—See “Ethics and Evolution.”

459. *Igdrasil*.⁶⁴—The Otz Chiim of the Scandinavians.

467. *Ladies’ League*.⁶⁵—Mrs. J.S. Crowley says : “The Ladies’ League Was Formed For The Promotion And Defence of the Reformed Faith Of The Church of England.” (The capitals are hers.) I think we may accept this statement. She probably knows, and has no obvious reasons for misleading.

487. *Sattva*.⁶⁶—The Buddhists, denying an Atman or Soul (an idea of changeless, eternal, knowledge, being and bliss) represent the fictitious Ego of a man (or a dog) as a temporary agglomeration of particles. Reincarnation only knocks off, as it were, some of the corners of the mass, so that for several births the Ego is constant

within limits ; hence the possibility of the “magical memory.” The “Sattva” is this agglomeration. See my “Science and Buddhism,” *infra*, for a full discussion of this point.

518. *And*.⁶⁷—Note the correct stress upon this word. Previously, Mr. W. S. Gilbert has done this in his superb lines :

“ Except the plot of freehold land
That held the cot, and Mary, and—”

But his demonstration is vitiated by the bad iambic “and Ma-” ; unless indeed the juxtaposition is intentional, as exposing the sophistries of our official prosodists.

548. *The heathen*.⁶⁸—“The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.”

580. *Satan and Judas*.⁶⁹—At the moment of passing the final proofs I am informed that the character of Judas has been rehabilitated by Mr. Stead (and rightly: is Mr. Abington† paid with a rope ?) and the defence of Satan undertaken by a young society lady authoress—a Miss Corelli—who represents him as an Angel of Light, *i.e.* one who has been introduced to the Prince of Wales.

But surely there is some one who is the object of universal reprobation among Christians ? Permit me to offer myself as a candidate. Sink, I beseech you, these sectarian differences, and combine to declare me at least Anathema Maranatha.

602. *Pangs of Death*.⁷⁰—Dr. Maudsley demands a panegyric upon Death. It is true that evolution may bring us a moral sense of astonishing delicacy and beauty. But we are not there yet. A talented but debauched Irishman has composed the following, which I can deplore, but not refute, for this type of man is probably more prone to reproduce his species than any other. He called it “Summa Spes.”

I.

Existence being sorrow,
The cause of it deisre,
A merry tune I borrow
To light upon the lyre :
If death destroy me quite,
Then, I cannot lament it ;
I’ve lived, kept life alight,
And—damned if I repent it !

* Paganini, a famous violinist.

† Famous Adelphi villain.

Let me die in a ditch,
 Damnably drunk,
 Or lipping a punk,
 Or in bed with a bitch !
 I was ever a hog ;
 Muck ? I am one with it !
 Let me die like a dog ;
 Die, and be done with it !

II.

As far as reason goes,
 There's hope for mortals yet :
 When nothing is that knows,
 What is there to regret ?
 Our consciousness depends
 On matter in the brain ;
 When that rots out, and ends,
 There ends the hour of pain.

III.

If we can trust to this,
 Why, dance and drink and revel !
 Great scarlet mouths to kiss,
 And sorrow to the devil !
 If pangs ataxic creep,
 Or gout, or stone, annoy us,
 Queen Morphia, grant thy sleep !
 Let worms, the dears, enjoy us !

IV.

But since a chance remains
 That "I" survives the body
 (So talk the men whose brains
 Are made of smut and shoddy),
 I'll stop it if I can.
 (Ah Jesus, if Thou couldst !)
 I'll go to Martaban
 To make myself a Buddhist.

V.

And yet : the bigger chance
 Lies with annihilation.

Follow the lead of France,
 Freedom's enlightened nation !
 Off ! sacerdotal stealth
 Of faith and fraud and gnosis !
 Come, drink me : Here's thy health,
 Arterio-sclerosis !*

Let me die in a ditch,
 Damnably drunk,
 Or lipping a punk,
 Or in bed with a bitch !
 I was ever a hog ;
 Muck ? I am one with it !
 Let me die like a dog ;
 Die, and be done with it !

616. *A lizard*.⁷¹—A short account of the genesis of these poems seems not out of place here. The design of an elaborate parody on Browning to be called "Ascension Day and Pentecost" was conceived (and resolved upon) on Friday, November 15, 1901. On that day I left Ceylon, where I had been for several months, practising Hindu meditations, and exposing the dishonesty of the Missionaries, in the intervals of big game shooting. The following day I wrote "Ascension Day," and "Pentecost" on the Sunday, sitting outside the dak-bangala at Madura. These original drafts were small as compared to the present poems.

Ascension Day consisted of :—

p. 5,[†] I flung . . .
 p. 7, Pray do . . .
 p. 8, "But why . . .
 p. 10, Here's just . . .
 p. 12, I will . . .
 to p. 21, . . . but in Hell ! . . .
 p. 22, You see . . .
 to end.

Pentecost consisted of :—

p. 25, To-day . . .
 p. 29, How very hard . . .
 to p. 31, "Proceed !" . . .
 p. 33, Nor lull my soul . . .
 to p. 35, . . . and the vision.
 p. 37, How easy . . .
 to end.

* The hardening of the arteries, which is the predisposing cause of senile decay ; thus taken as the one positive assurance of death.

[†] [These page references have been altered to conform to the pagination of this electronic edition – T.S.]

“Berashith” was written at Delhi, March 20 and 21, 1902. Its original title was “Crowleymas Day.” It was issued privately in Paris in January 1903. It and “Science and Buddhism” are added to complete the logical sequence from 1898 till now. All, however, has been repeatedly revised. Wherever there seemed a lacuna in the argument an insertion was made, till all appeared a perfect chrysolite. Most of this was done, while the weary hours of the summer (save the mark !) of 1902 rolled over Camp Misery and Camp Despair on the Chogo Ri Glacier, in those rare intervals when one’s preoccupation with lice, tinned food, malaria, insoaking water, general soreness, mental misery, and the everlasting snowstorm gave place to a momentary glimmer of any higher form of intelligence than that ever necessarily concentrated on the actual business of camp life. The rest, and the final revision, occupied a good deal of my time during the winter of 1902- 1903. The MS. was accepted by the S. P. R. T. in May of this year, and after a post final revision, rendered necessary by my Irish descent, went to press.

618. *Each life bound over to the wheel.*⁷²— Cf. Whatley, “Revelation of a Future State.”

652. This, that, the other atheist’s death⁷³— Their stories are usually untrue ; but let us follow our plan, and grant them all they ask.

709. *A cannibal.*⁷⁴—This word is inept, as it predicates humanity of Christian-hate- Christian. J’accuse the English language : anthropophagous must always remain a comic word.

731. *The Flaming Star.*⁷⁵—Or Pentagram, mystically referred to Jeheshua.

732. *Zohar.*⁷⁶—“Splendour,” the three Central Books of the Dogmatic Qabalah.

733. *Pigeon.*⁷⁷—Says an old writer, whom I translate roughly :

“Thou to thy Lamb and Dove devoutly bow, But leave me, prithee, yet my Hawk and Cow : And I approve thy Greybeard dotard’s smile, If thou wilt that of Egypt’s crocodile.”

746. *Lost ! Lost ! Lost !*⁷⁸—See The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

759. *Ain Elohim.*⁷⁹—“There is no God !” so our Bible. But this is really the most sublime affirmation of the Qabalist. “Ain is God”

For the meaning of Ain, and of this idea, see “Berashith,” *infra*. The “fool” is He of the Tarot, to whom the number 0 is attached, to make the meaning patent to a child.

“I insult your idol,” quoth the good missionary ; “ he is but of dead stone. He does not avenge himself. He does not punish me.” “I insult your god,” replied the Hindu ; “he is invisible. He does not avenge himself, nor punish me.”

“My God will punish you when you die !”

“So, when you die, will my idol punish you !”

No earnest student of religion or draw poker should fail to commit this anecdote to memory.

767. *Mr Chesterton.*⁸⁰—I must take this opportunity to protest against the charge brought by Mr. Chesterton against the Englishmen “who write philosophical essays on the splendour of Eastern thought.”

If he confines his strictures to the translators of that well-known Eastern work the “Old Testament” I am with him ; any modern Biblical critic will tell him what I mean. It took a long time, too, for the missionaries (and Tommy Atkins) to discover that “Budd” was not a “great Gawd.” But then they did not want to, and in any case sympathy and intelligence are not precisely the most salient qualities in either soldiers or missionaries. But nothing is more absurd than to compare men like Sir W. Jones, Sir R. Burton, Von Hammer-Purgstall, Sir E. Arnold, Prof. Max Müller, Me, Prof. Rhys Davis, Lane, and the rest of our illustrious Orientalists to the poor and ignorant Hindus whose letters occasionally delight the readers of the Sporting Times, such letters being usually written by public scribes for a few pice in the native bazaar. As to “Babus” (Babu, I may mention, is the equivalent to our “Mister,” and not the name of a savage tribe), Mr. Chesterton, from his Brixton Brahmaloaka, may look forth and see that the “Babu” cannot understand Western ideas; but a distinguished civil servant in the Madras Presidency, second wrangler in a very good year, assured me that he had met a native whose mathematical knowledge was superior to that of the average senior wrangler, and that he had met several others who approached that standard. His specific attack on Madame Blavatsky is equally unjust, as many natives, not theosophists, have spoken to me of her in the highest terms. “Honest Hindus” cannot be expected to think as Mr. Chesterton deems likely, as he is unfortunately himself a Western, and in the same quagmire of misapprehension as Prof. Max Müller and the rest. Madame Blavatsky’s work was to remind the

Hindus of the excellence of their own shastras,* to show that some Westerns held identical ideas, and thus to countermince the dishonest representations of the missionaries. I am sufficiently well known as a bitter opponent of "Theosophy" to risk nothing in making these remarks.

I trust that the sense of public duty which inspires these strictures will not be taken as incompatible with the gratitude I owe to him for his exceedingly sympathetic and dispassionate review of my "Soul of Osiris."

I would counsel him, however, to leave alone the Brixton Chapel, and to "work up from his appreciation of the 'Soul of Osiris' to that loftier and wider work of the human imagination, the appreciation of the Sporting Times!"

Mr Chesterton thinks it funny that I should call upon "Shu." Has he forgotten that the Christian God may be most suitably invoked by the name "Yah"? I should be sorry if God were to mistake his religious enthusiasms for the derisive ribaldry of the London "gamin." Similar remarks apply to "El" and other Hebrai-Christian deities.

This note is hardly intelligible without the review referred to. I therefore reprint the portion thereof which is germane to my matter from the Daily News, June 18, 1901 :—

To the side of a mind concerned with idle merriment (*sic !*) there is certainly something a little funny in Mr. Crowley's passionate devotion to deities who bear such names as Mout and Nuit, and Ra and Shu, and Hormakhou. They do no seem to the English mind to lend themselves to pious exhilaration. Mr Crowley says in the same poem :

The burden is too hard to bear,
I took too adamant a cross ;
This sackcloth rends my soul to wear,
My self-denial is as dross.
O, Shu, that holdest up the sky,
Holy up thy servant, lest he die !

We have all possible respect for Mr. Crowley's religious symbols, and we do not object

to his calling upon Shu at any hour of the night. Only it would be unreasonable of him to complain if his religious exercises were generally mistaken for an effort to drive away cats.

Moreover, the poets of Mr. Crowley's school have, among all their merits, some genuine intellectual dangers from this tendency to import religions, this free trade in gods. That all creeds are significant and all gods divine we willingly agree. But this is rather a reason for being content with our own than for attempting to steal other people's. That affectation in many modern mystics of adopting an Oriental civilisation and mode of thought must cause much harmless merriment among the actual Orientals. The notion that a turban and a few vows will make an Englishman a Hindu is quite on a par with the idea that a black hat and an Oxford degree will make a Hindu an Englishman. We wonder whether our Buddhistic philosophers have ever read a florid letter in Baboo English. We suspect that the said type of document is in reality exceedingly like the philosophic essays written by Englishmen about the splendour of Eastern thought. Sometimes European mystics deserve something worse than mere laughter at the hands (*sic !*) or Orientals. If there was one person whom honest Hindus would ever have been justified in tearing to pieces it was Madame Blavatsky.

That our world-worn men of art should believe for a moment that moral salvation is possible and supremely important is an unmixed benefit. But to believe for a moment that it is to be found by going to particular places or reading particular books or joining particular societies is to make for the thousandth time the mistake that is at once materialism and superstition. If Mr. Crowley and the new mystics think for one moment that an Egyptian desert is more mystic than an English meadow, that a palm tree is more poetic than a Sussex beech, that a broken temple of Osiris is more supernatural than a Baptist chapel in Brixton, then they are sectarians, and only sectarians of no

* Sacred Books.

more value to humanity than those who think that the English soil is the only soil worth defending, and the Baptist chapel the only chapel worth of worship (*sic*). But Mr. Crowley is a strong and genuine poet, and we have little doubt that he will work up from his appreciation of the Temple of Osiris to that loftier and wider work of the human imagination, the appreciation of the Brixton chapel.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

778, 779. *The rest of life, for self-control,
For liberation of the soul.*⁸¹

Who said Rats ? Thanks for your advice, Tony Veller, but it came in vain. As the ex-monk* (that shook the bookstall) wrote in confidence to the publisher :

“ Existence is mis’ry
I’ th’ month Tisri
At th’ fu’ o’ th’ moon

I were shot wi’ a goon.
(Goon is no Scots,
But Greek, Meester Watts.)
We’re awa’ tae Burma,
Whaur th’ groond be firmer
Tae speer th’ Mekong,
Chin Chin ! Sae long.
[Long sald be lang :
She’ll no care a whang.]
Ye’re Rautional babe,
Audra McAbe.”

Note the curious confusion of personality. This shows Absence of Ego, in Pali Anatta, and will seem to my poor spiritually-mind friends an excuse for a course of action they do not understand, and whose nature is beyond them.

782. *Christ ascends.*⁸²—And I tell you frankly that if he does not come back by the time I have finished reading these proofs, I shall give him up.

783. *Bell.*⁸³—The folios have “bun.”

* Joseph McCabe, who became a Rationalist writer. The allusion is to Crowley’s marriage and subsequent return to the East.

NOTES TO PENTECOST

22. *With sacred thirst.*¹—“He, soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst.” A Grammarian’s Funeral.

23. *Levi.*²—Ceremonial magic is not quite so silly as it sounds. Witness the following masterly elucidation of its inner quintessence :—

THE INITIATED INTERPRETATION OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC*

It is loftily amusing to the student of magical literature who is not quite a fool—and rare is such a combination!—to note the criticism directed by the Philestine against the citadel of his science. Truly, since our childhood has ingrained into us not only literal belief in the Bible, but also substantial belief in Alf Laylah wa Laylah,[†] and only adolescence can cure us, we are only too liable, in the rush and energy of dawning manhood, to overturn roughly and rashly both these classics, to regard them both on the same level, as interesting documents from the standpoint of folk-lore and anthropology, and as nothing more.

Even when we learn that the Bible, by a profound and minute study of the text, may be forced to yield up Qabalistic arcana of cosmic scope and importance, we are too often slow to apply a similar restorative to the companion volume, even if we are the lucky holders of Burton’s veritable edition.

To me, then, it remains to raise the Alf Laylah wa Laylah into its proper place once more.

I am not concerned to deny the objective reality of all “magical” phenomena ; if they are illusions, they are at least as real as many unquestioned facts of daily life; and, if we follow Herbert Spencer, they are at least evidence of *some* cause.[‡]

Now, this fact is our base. What is the cause of my illusion of seeing a spirit in the triangle of Art?

Every smatterer, every expert in psychology, will answer: “That cause lies in your brain.” English children are taught (pace the Education Act) that the Universe lies in infinite Space; Hindu children, in the Akasa, which is the same thing.

Those Europeans who go a little deeper learn from Fichte, that the phenomenal Universe is the creation of the Ego; Hindus, or Europeans studying under Hindu Gurus, are told, that by Akasa is meant the Chitakasa. The Chitakasa is situated in the “Third Eye,” *i.e.*, in the brain. By assuming higher dimensions of space, we can assimilate this face to Realism; but we have no need to take so much trouble.

This being true for the ordinary Universe, that all sense-impressions are dependent on changes in the brain,[§] we must include illusions, which are after all sense-impressions as much as “realities” are, in the class of “phenomena dependent on brain-changes.”

Magical phenomena, however, come under a special sub-class, since they are willed, and their cause is the series of “real” phenomena called the operations of ceremonial Magic.

These consist of:

(1) Sight.

The circle, square, triangle,
vessels, lamps, robes, imple-
ments, etc.

(2) Sound.

The invocations.

(3) Smell.

The perfumes.

(4) Taste.

The Sacraments.

(5) Touch.

As under (1)

(6) Mind.

The combination of all these and reflection on their significance.

These unusual impressions (1-5) produce unusual brain-changes; hence their summary (6) is

* This essay forms the introduction an edition of the “Goetia” of King Solomon

† “A Thousand and One Nights,” commonly called “Arabian Nights.”

‡ This, incidentally, is perhaps the greatest argument we possess, pushed to its extreme, against the Advaitist theories.—A.C.

§ Thought is a secretion of the brain (Weissman).
Consciousness is a function of the brain (Huxley).
—A. C.

of unusual kind. Its projection back into the apparently phenomenal world is therefore unusual.

Herein then consists the reality of the operations and effects of ceremonial magic,* and I conceive that the apology is ample, so far as the “effects” refer only to those phenomena which appear to the magician himself, the appearance of the spirit, his conversation, possible shocks from imprudence, and so on, even to ecstasy on the one hand, and death or madness on the other.

But can any of the effects described in this our book Goetia be obtained, and if so, can you give a rational explanation of the circumstances? Say you so?

I can, and will.

The spirits of the Goetia are portions of the human brain.

Their seals therefore represent (Mr. Spencer’s projected cube) methods of stimulating or regulating those particular spots (through the eye).

The names of God are vibrations calculated to establish:

(a) General control of the brain. (Establishment of functions relative to the subtle world).

(b) Control over the brain in detail. (Rank or type of the Spirit).

(c) Control over one special portion. (Name of the Spirit.)

The perfumes aid this through smell. Usually the perfume will only tend to control a large area; but there is an attribution of perfumes to letters of the alphabet enabling one, by a Qabalistic formula, to spell out the Spirit’s name.

I need not enter into more particular discussion of these points; the intelligent reader can easily fill in what is lacking.

If, then, I say, with Solomon:

“The Spirit Cimieries teaches logic,” what I mean is:

“Those portions of my brain which subserve the logical faculty may be stimulated and developed by following out the process called ‘The Invocation of Cimieries.’ ”

And this is a purely materialistic rational statement; it is independent of any objective hierarchy at all. Philosophy has nothing to say; and Science can only suspend judgement, pending a

proper and methodical investigation of the facts alleged.

Unfortunately, we cannot stop there. Solomon promises us that we can (1) obtain information; (2) destroy our enemies; (3) understand the voices of nature; (4) obtain treasure; (5) heal diseases, etc. I have taken these five powers at random; considerations of space forbid me to explain all.

(1) Brings up facts from sub-consciousness.

(2) Here we come to an interesting fact. It is curious to note the contrast between the noble means and the apparently vile ends of magical rituals. The latter are disguises for sublime truths. “To destroy our enemies” is to realise the illusion of duality, to excite compassion.

(Ah! Mr. Waite,† the world of Magic is a mirror, wherein who sees muck is muck.)

(3) A careful naturalist will understand much from the voices of the animals he has studied long. Even a child knows the difference between a cat’s miauling and purring. The faculty may be greatly developed.

(4) Business capacity may be stimulated.

(5) Abnormal states of the body may be corrected, and the involved tissues brought back to tone, in obedience to currents started from the brain.

So for all the other phenomena. There is no effect which is truly and necessarily miraculous.

Our Ceremonial Magic fines down, then, to a series of minute, though of course empirical, physiological experiments, and whoso will carry them through intelligently need not fear the result.

I have all the health, and treasure, and logic I need; I have no time to waste. “There is a lion in the way.” For me these practices are useless; but for the benefit of others less fortunate I give them to the world, together with this explanation of, and apology for, them.

I trust that this explanation will enable many students who have hitherto, by a puerile objectivity in their view of the question, obtained no results, to succeed; that the apology may impress upon our scornful men of science that the study of the bacillus should give place to that of the baculum, the little to the great—how great one only realises when one identifies the wand with the

* Apart from its value in obtaining one-pointedness. On this subject consult *בראשית*, infra.—A. C.

† A poet of great ability. He edited a book called “Of Black Magic and of Pacts” in which he vilifies the same.

Mahalingam,* up which Brahma flew at the rate of 84,000 yojanas a second for 84,000 mahakalpas, down which Vishnu flew at the rate of 84,000 crores of yojanas a second for 84,000 crores of mahakalpas—yet neither reached an end.

But I reach an end.

23. *The cryptic Coptic*.³—Vide the Papyrus of Bruce.

24. *ANET' AER-K, etc.*⁴—Invocation of Ra. From the Papyrus of Harris.

26. *MacGrigor*.⁵—The Mage.

29. *Abramelin*.⁶—The Mage.

32. *Ancient Rituals*.⁷—From the Papyrus of MRS. Harris.†

33. *Golden Dawn*.⁸—These rituals were later annexed by Madame Horos,‡ that superior Swami. The earnest seeker is liable to some pretty severe shocks. To see one's "Obligation" printed in the Daily Mail !!! Luckily, I have no nerves.

49. राम । राम ॥ etc.⁹—"Thou, as I, art God (*for this is the esoteric meaning of the common Hindu salutation*). A long road and a heavy price ! To know is always a difficult work . . . Hullo ! Bravo ! Thy name (I have seen) is written in the stars. Come with me, pupil ! I will give thee medicine for the mind."

Cf. Macbeth : "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?"

58. बस ॥¹⁰—Enough.

60. कि वास्ते ।¹¹—Why ?

60. क्या होगा ॥¹²—What will it be ?

61. *Strange and painful attitude*.¹³—Sid-dhasana.

62. *He was very rude*.¹⁴—The following is a sample :—

"O Devatas ! behold this yogi ! O Chela ! Accursèd abode of Tamas art thou ! Eater of Beef, guzzling as an Herd of Swine ! Sleeper of a thousand sleeps, as an Harlot heavy with Wine ! Void of Will ! Sensualist ! Enraged Sheep ! Blasphemer of the Names of Shiva and of Devi ! Christian in disguise ! Thou shalt be reborn in the lowest Avitch ! Fast ! Walk ! Wake ! these are the keys of the Kingdom ! Peace be with thy Beard ! Aum !"

This sort of talk did me much good : I hope it may do as much for you.

63. *With eyes well fixed on my proboscis*.¹⁵—See Bhagavad-Gita, Atmasamyamog.

67. *Brahma-charya*.¹⁶—Right conduct, and in particular, chastity in the highest sense.

72. *Baccy*.¹⁷—A poisonous plant used by nicotomanics in their orgies and debauches. "The filthy tobacco habit," says "Elijah the Restorer" of Zion, late of Sydney and Chicago. That colossal genius-donkey, Shaw, is another of them. But see Calverly.

78. *His hat*.¹⁸—It may be objected that Western, but never Eastern, magicians turn their headgear into a cornucopia or Pandor's box. But I must submit that the Hat Question is still *sub judice*. Here's a health to Lord Ronald Gower !

86. *Swinburne*.¹⁹—

"But this thing is God,

To be man with thy might,

To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
and live out thy life as the light."—*Hertha*.

104. *My big beauty*.²⁰—Pink on Spot ; Player Green, in Hand. But I have "starred" since I went down in *that* pocket.

120. *My Balti coolies*.²¹—See my "The higher the Fewer."[§]

125. *Eton*.²²—A school, noted for its breed of cads. The battle of Waterloo (1815) was won on its playing-fields.

128-30. *I've seen them*.²³—Sir J. Maundevill, "Voiage and Travill," ch. xvi., recounts a similar incident, and, Christian as he is, puts a similar poser.

135. *A—What?*²⁴—I beg your pardon. It was a slip.

146. *Tahuti*.²⁵—In Coptic, Thoth.

149. *Ra*.²⁶—The Sun-God.

149. *Nuit*.²⁷—The Star-Goddess.

152. *Campbell*.²⁸—"The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting."

152. *The Ibis Head*.²⁹—Characteristic of Tahuti.

157. *Roland's crest*.³⁰—See "Two poets of Croisic," xci.

159. *A jest*.³¹—See above : Ascension Day.

* The Phallus of Shiva the Destroyer. It is really identical with the Qabalistic "Middle Pillar" of the "Tree of Life."

† An imaginary lady to whom Sairey Gamp in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" used to appeal.

‡ Vide the daily papers of June-July 1901.

§ Title of a (forthcoming) collection of papers on mountain exploration, etc. [Unpublished – T.S.]

162. *A mysterious way*.³²—
 “God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.”

Intentional species ?

171. *The old hymn*.³³—This hymn, quoted I fear with some failure of memory—I have not the documents at hand—is attributed to the late Bishop of Natal, though I doubt this, as the consistent and trustful piety of its sentiment is ill-suited to the author of those disastrous criticisms of the Pentateuch. The hymn is still popular in Durban.

Its extraordinary beauty, for a fragment, is only surpassed by Sappho’s matchless.

— ∨ — ∨ — ∨ — ∨ — ∨
 — ∨ — ∨ — ∨ — ∨ — ∨
 — ∨ — ∨ ’εννεα κ’ εἴξε -
 ΚΟΥΤΑ ∨ — —

185. “*How very hard*.”³⁴—
 “How very hard it is to be
 A Christian !”—Easter Day, I. i. 2.

195. *Srotapatti*.³⁵—One who has “entered the stream” of Nirvana.

For the advantages of doing so, see the appended Jataka story, which I have just translated from a Cingalese Palm-leaf MS. See Appendix I.

228. *You know for me, etc*.³⁶—See Huxley, Hume, 199, 200.

239. *Spirit and matter are the same*.³⁷—See Huxley’s reply to Lilly.

273. “*I am not what I see*.”³⁸—In Memoriam. But see H. Spencer, “Principles of Psychology,” General Analysis, ch. vi.

281. “’Tis *lotused Buddha*.”³⁹—
 “Hark ! that sad groan ! Proceed no further !
 ’Tis laurelled Martial roaring murder.”

—BURNS, Epigram.

But Buddha cannot really roar, since he has passed away by that kind of passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind.

322. *A law without a will*.⁴⁰—I must not be supposed to take any absurd view of the meaning of the word “law.” This passage denies any knowledge of ultimate causes, not asserts it. But it tends to deny benevolent foresight, and a *fortiori* benevolent omnipotence.

Cf. Zoroaster, *Oracles*: “Look not upon the visible image of the Soul of Nature, for her name is Fatality.”

Ambrosius is very clear on this point. I append his famous MS. complete in its English Translation, as it is so rare. How rare will be appreciated when I say that no copy either of original or translation occurs in the British Museum ; the only known copy, that in the Bodleian, is concealed by the pre-Adamite system of cataloguing in vogue at that hoary but unvenerable institution. For convenience the English has been modernised. See Appendix II.

329. *Maya fashioned it*.⁴¹—Sir E. Arnold, Light of Asia.

335. *Why should the Paramatma cease*.⁴²—The Universe is represented by orthodox Hindus as alternating between Evolution and Involution. But apparently, in either state, it is the other which appears desirable, since the change is operated by Will, not by Necessity.

341. *Blavatsky’s Himalayan Balm*.⁴³—See the corkscrew theories of A. P. Sinnet in that masterpiece of confusion of thought—and nomenclature !—“Esoteric Buddhism.” Also see the “Voice of the Silence, or, The Butler’s Revenge.” Not Bp. Butler.

366. *Ekam Advaita*.⁴⁴—Of course I now reject this utterly. But it is, I believe, a stage of thought necessary for many or most of us. The bulk of these poems was written when I was an Advaitist, incredible as the retrospect now appears. My revision has borne Buddhist fruits, but some of the Advaita blossom is left. Look, for example, at the dreadfully Papistical tendency of my celebrated essay :

AFTER AGNOSTICISM

Allow me to introduce myself as the original Irishman whose first question on landing at New York was, “Is there a Government in this country?” and on being told “Yes,” instantly replied, “Then I’m agin it.” For after some years of consistent Agnosticism, being at last asked to contribute to an Agnostic organ, for the life of me I can think of nothing better than to attack my hosts! Insidious cuckoo! Ungrateful Banyan! My shame drives me to Semetic analogy, and I sadly reflect that if I had been Balaam, I should not have needed an ass other

than myself to tell me to do the precise contrary of what is expected of me.

For this is my position; while the postulate of Agnosticism are in one sense eternal, I believe that the conclusions of Agnosticism are daily to be pushed back. We know our ignorance; with that fact we are twitted by those who do not know enough to understand even what we mean when we say so; but the limits of knowledge, slowly receding, yet never so far as to permit us to unveil the awful and impenetrable adytum of consciousness, or that of matter, must one day be suddenly widened by the forging of a new weapon.

Huxley and Tyndall have prophesied this before I was born; sometimes in vague language, once or twice clearly enough; to me it is a source of the utmost concern that their successors should not always see eye to eye with them in this respect.

Professor Ray Lankester, in crushing the unhappy theists of the recent *Times* controversy, does not hesitate to say that Science *can never* throw any light on certain mysteries.

Even the theist is justified in retorting that Science, if this be so, may as well be discarded; for these are problems which must ever intrude upon the human mind—upon the mind of the scientist most of all.

To dismiss them by an act of will is at once heroic and puerile: courage is as necessary to progress as any quality that we possess; and as courage is in either case required, the courage of ignorance (necessarily sterile, though wanted badly enough when our garden was choked by theological weeds) is less desirable than the courage which embarks on the always desperate philosophical problem.

Time and again, in the history of Science, a period has arrived when, gorged with facts, she has sunk into a lethargy of reflection accompanied by appalling nightmares in the shape of impossible theories. Such a nightmare now rides us; once again philosophy has said its last word, and arrived at a deadlock. Aristotle, in reducing to the fundamental contradictions-in-terms which they involve the figments of the Pythagoreans, the Eleatics, the Platonists, the Pyrrhonists; Kant, in his *reductio ad absurdum* of the Thomists, the Scotists, the Wolffians,—all the warring brood, alike only in the inability to reconcile the ultimate

antimonies of a cosmogony only grosser for its pinchbeck spirituality; have, I take it, found their modern parallel in the ghastly laughter of Herbert Spencer, as fleshed upon the corpses of Berkeley and the Idealists from Fichte and Hartman to Lotze and Trendelenburg he drives the reeking fangs of his imagination into the palpitating vitals of his own grim masterpiece of reconciliation, self-deluded and yet self-conscious of its own delusion.

History affirms that such a deadlock is invariably the prelude to a new enlightenment: by such steps we have advanced, by such we shall advance. The “horror of great darkness” which is scepticism must ever be broken by some heroic master-soul, intolerant of the cosmic agony.

We then await his dawn.

May I go one step further, and lift up my voice and prophesy? I would indicate the direction in which this darkness must break. Evolutionists will remember that nature cannot rest. Nor can society. Still less the brain of man.

“Audax omnia perpeti

Gens humani ruit per vetitum nefas.”*

We have destroyed the meaning of *vetitum nefas* and are in no fear of an imaginary cohort of ills and terrors. Having perfected one weapon, reason, and found it destructive to all falsehood, we have been (some of us) a little apt to go out to fight with no other weapon. “FitzJames’s blade was sword and shield,”† and that served him against the murderous bludgeon-sword of the ruffianly Highlander he happened to meet; but he would have fared ill had he called a Western Sheriff a liar, or gone off Boer-sticking on Spion Kop.

Reason has done its utmost; theory has glutted us, and the motion of the ship is a little trying; mixed metaphore—excellent in a short essay like this—is no panacea for all mental infirmities; we must seek another guide. All the facts science has so busily collected, varied as they seem to be, are in reality all of the same kind. If we are to have one salient fact, a fact for a real advance, it must be a fact of a different *order*.

Have we such a fact to hand? We have. First, what do we mean by a fact of a different order? Let me take an example; the most impossible being the best for our purpose. The Spiritualists, let us suppose, go mad and begin to talk sense. (I can only imagine that such would be the result.) All their

* Horace, *Odes*, I. 3.

† Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*.

“facts” are proved. We prove a world of spirits, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, etc. But, with all that, we are not really one step advanced into the heart of the inquiry which lies at the heart of philosophy, “What *is* anything?”

I see a cat.

Dr. Johnson says it is a cat.

Berkeley says it is a group of sensations.

Cankaracharya says it is an illusion, an incarnation, or God, according to the hat he has got on, and is talking through.

Spencer says it is a mode of the Unknowable.

But none of them seriously doubt the fact that I exist; that a cat exists; that one sees the other. All—bar Johnson—hint—but oh! How dimly!—at what I now know to be—*true?*—no, not necessarily true, but *nearer the truth*. Huxley goes deeper in his demolition of Descartes. With him, “I see a cat,” proves “something called consciousness exists.” He denies the assertion of duality: he has no datum to assert the denial of duality. I have.

Consciousness, as we know it, has one essential quality: the opposition of subject and object. Reason has attacked this and secured that complete and barren victory of convincing without producing conviction.* It has one quality apparently not essential, that of exceeding impermanence. If we examine what we call steady thought, we shall find that its rate of change is in reality inconceivably swift. To consider it, to watch it, is bewildering, and to some people becomes intensely terrifying. It is as if the solid earth were suddenly swept away from under one, and there were some dread awakening in outer space amid the rush of incessant meteors—lost in the void.

All this is old knowledge; but who has taken steps to alter it? The answer is forbidding: truth compels me to say, the mystics of all lands.

Their endeavour has been to slow the rate of change; their methods perfect quietude of body and mind, produce in varied and too often vicious ways. Regularisation of the breathing is the best

known formula. Their results are contemptible, we must admit; but only so because empirical. An unwarranted reverence has overlaid the watchfulness which science would have enjoined, and the result is muck and misery, the wreck of a noble study.

But what is the one fact on which all agree? The one fact whose knowledge has been since religion began the all-sufficient passport to their doubtfully-desirable company?

This: that “I see a cat” is not only an unwarrantable assumption but a lie; that the duality of consciousness ceases suddenly, once the rate of change has been sufficiently slowed down, so that, even for a few seconds, the relation of subject and object remains impregnable.

It is a circumstance of little interest to the present essayist that this annihilation of duality is associated with intense and passionless peace and delight; the fact has been a bribe to the unwary, a bait for the charlatan, a hindrance to the philosopher; let us discard it.†

More, though the establishment of this new estate of consciousness seems to open the door to a new world, a world where the axioms of Euclid may be absurd, and the propositions of Keynes‡ untenable, let us not fall into the error of the mystics, by supposing that in this world is necessarily a final truth, or even a certain and definite gain of knowledge.

But that a field for research is opened up no sane man may doubt. Nor may one question that the very first fact is of a nature disruptive of difficulty philosophical and reasonable; since the phenomenon does not invoke the assent of the reasoning faculty. The arguments which reason may bring to bear about it are selfdestructive; reason has given consciousness the lie, but consciousness survives and smiles. Reason is a part of consciousness and can never be greater than the whole; this Spencer sees; but reason is not even any part of this new consciousness (which I, and many

* Hume, and Kant in the “Prolegomena,” discuss this phenomenon unsatisfactorily.—A. C.

† It is this rapture which has ever been the bond between mystics of all shades; and the obstacle to any accurate observation of the phenomenon, its true causes, and so on. This must always be a stumbling block to more impressionable minds; but there is no doubt as to the fact—it is a fact—and its present isolation is to be utterly

deplored. May I entreat men of Science to conquer the prejudices natural to them when the justly despised ideas of mysticism are mentioned, and to attack the problem *ab initio* on the severely critical and austere lines which have distinguished their labours in other fields?—A. C.

‡ Author of a text-book on “Formal Logic.”

others, have too rarely achieved) and therefore can never touch it: this I see, and this will I hope be patent to those ardent and spiritually-minded agnostics of whom Huxley and Tyndall are for all historytime the prototypes. Know or doubt! is the alternative of the highwayman Huxley; "Believe" is not to be admitted; this is fundamental; in this agnosticism can never change; this must ever command our moral as well as our intellectual assent.

But I assert my strong conviction that ere long we shall have done enough of what is after all the schoolmaster work of correcting the inky and ill-spelt exercises of the theological dunces in that great class-room, the world; and found a little peace—while they play—in the intimate solitude of the laboratory and the passionless rapture of research—research into those very mysteries of nature which our dunces have solved by a rule of thumb; determining the nature of a bee by stamping on it, and shouting "bee"; while we patiently set to work with microscopes, and say nothing till we know, nor more than need be when we do.

But I am myself found guilty of this rôle of schoolmaster : I will now therefore shut the doors and retire again into the laboratory where my true life lies.

403, 405. *Reason and concentration*.⁴⁵—The results of reasoning are always assailable : those of concentration are vivid and certain, since they are directly presented to consciousness. And they are more certain than consciousness itself, since one who has experienced them may, with consciousness, doubt consciousness, but can in no state doubt them.

412. *Ganesh*.⁴⁶—The elephant-headed God, son of Shiva and Bhavani. He presides over obstacles.

The prosidist will note the "false quantity" of this word. But this is as it should be, for Ganesha pertains to Shiva, and with Shiva all quantity is false, since, as Parameshvara, he is without quantity or quality.

485. *Carroll*.⁴⁷—See "Alice in Wonderland," Cap. Ult.

508. *Kusha-grass*.⁴⁸—The sacred grass of the Hindus.

509. *Mantra*.⁴⁹—A sacred verse, suitable for constant repetition, with a view to quieting the

thought. Any one can see how simple and effective a means this is.

519. *Gayatri*.⁵⁰—This is the translation of the most holy verse of the Hindus. The gender of Savitri has been the subject of much discussion and I believe grammatically it is masculine. But for mystical reasons I have made it otherwise. Fool !

557. *Prayer*.⁵¹—This fish-story is literally true. The condition was that the Almighty should have the odds of an unusually long line,—the place was really a swift stream, just debouching into a lake—and of an unusual slowness of drawing in the cast.

But what does any miracle prove ? If the Affaire Cana were proved to me, I should merely record the facts : Water may under certain unknown conditions become wine. It is a pity that the owner of the secret remains silent, and entirely lamentable that he should attempt to deduce from his scientific knowledge cosmic theories which have nothing whatever to do with it.

Suppose Edison, having perfected the phonograph, had said, "I alone can make dumb things speak ; argal, I am God." What would the world have said if telegraphy had been exploited for miracle-mongering purposes ? Are these miracles less or greater than those of the Gospels ?

Before we accept Mrs. Piper,* we want to know most exactly the conditions of the experiment, and to have some guarantee of the reliability of the witnesses.

At Cana of Galilee the conditions of the transformation are not stated—save that they give loopholes innumerable for chicanery—and the witnesses are all drunk ! (thou hast kept the good wine till now: i.e. till men have well drunk—Greek, μεθυστωσι, are well drunk).

Am I to believe this, and a glaring *non sequitur* as to Christ's deity, on the evidence, not even of the inebriated eye-witnesses, but of MSS. of doubtful authorship and date, bearing all the ear-marks of dishonesty. For we must not forget that the absurdities of to-day were most cunning proofs for the poor folk of seventeen centuries ago.

Talking of fish-stories, read John xxi. 1-6 or Luke V. 1-7 (comparisons are odious). But once I met a man by a lake and told him that I had toiled all the morning and had caught nothing, and he advised me to try the other side of the lake ; and I

* A twentieth century medium.

caught many fish. But I knew not that it was the Lord.

In Australia they were praying for rain in the churches. The *Sydney Bulletin* very sensibly pointed out how much more reverent and practical it would be, if, instead of constantly worrying the Almighty about trifles, they would pray once and for all for a big range of mountains in Central Australia, which would of course supply rain automatically. No new act of creation would be necessary ; faith, we are expressly told, can remove mountains, and there is ice and snow and especially moraine on and about the Baltoro Glacier to build a very fine range ; we could well have spared it this last summer.

579. *So much for this absurd affair.*⁵²—“About Lieutenant-Colonel Flare.”—Gilbert, Bab Ballads.

636. *Auto-hypnosis.*⁵³—The scientific adversary has more sense than to talk of autohypnosis. He bases his objection upon the general danger of the practice, considered as a habit of long standing. In fact,

Lyre and Lancet.

Recipe for Curried Eggs.

The physiologist reproaches
Poor Mr. Crowley. “This encroaches
Upon your frail cerebral cortex,
And turns its fairway to a vortex.
Your cerebellum with cockroaches
Is crammed ; your lobes that thought they
caught “X”
Are like mere eggs a person poaches.
But soon from yoga, business worries,
And (frankly I suspect the rubble
Is riddled by specific trouble !)
Will grow like eggs a person curries.”
This line, no doubt, requires an answer.

The last Ditch.

First. “Here’s a johnny with a cancer ;
An operation may be useless,
May even harm his constitution,
Or cause his instant dissolution :
Let the worm die, ’tis but a goose less !”
Not you ! You up and take by storm him.
You tie him down and chloroform him.

You do not pray to Thoth or Horus,
But make one dash for his pylorus :—
And if ten years elapse, and he
Complains, “O doctor, pity me !
Your cruel ’ands, for goodness sakes
Gave me such ‘orrid stomach-aches.
You write him, with a face of flint,
An order for some soda-mint.
So Yoga. Life’s a carcinoma,
Its cause uncertain, not to check.
In vain you cry to Isis : “O ma !
I’ve got it fairly in the neck.”
The surgeon Crowley, with his trocar,
Says you a poor but silly bloke are,
Advises concentration’s knife
Quick to the horny growth called life.
“Yoga ? There’s danger in the biz !
But, it’s the only chance there is !”
(For life, if left alone, is sorrow,
And only fools hope God’s to-morrow.)

Up, Guards, and at ’em!

Second, your facts are neatly put ;
—Stay ! In that mouth there lurks a foot !
One surgeon saw so many claps
He thought : “One-third per cent., perhaps,
Of mortals ’scape its woes that knock us,
And bilk the wily gonococcus.”
So he is but a simple cynic
Who takes the world to match his clinic ;
And he assuredly may err
Who, keeping cats, think birds have fur.
You say : “There’s Berridge, Felkin,
Mathers,
Hysterics, epileptoids, blathers,
Guttersnipe, psychopath, and mattoid,
With ceremonial magic that toyed.”
Granted. Astronomy’s no myth,
But it produced Piazzi Smyth.
What crazes actors ? Why do surgeons
Go mad and cut up men like sturgeons ?
(The questions are the late Chas. Surgeon’s.)
Of yogi I could quote you hundreds
In science, law, art, commerce noted.
They fear no lunacy : their on dread’s
Not for their noddles doom-devoted.
They are not like black bulls (that shunned
reds
In vain) that madly charge the goathead

Of rural Pan, because some gay puss
 Had smeared with blood his stone Priapus.
 They are as sane as politicians
 And people who subscribe to missions.
 This says but little ; a long way are
 Yogi more sane that such as they are.
 You have conceived your dreadful bogey,
 From seeing many a raving Yogi.
 These haunt your clinic ; but the sound
 Lurk in an unsuspected ground,
 Dine with you, lecture in your schools,
 Share your intolerance of fools,
 And, while the Yogi you condemn,
 Listen, say nothing, barely smile.
 O if you but suspected them
 Your silence would match their awhile !

*A Classical Research. [Protectionists may serve
 if the supply of Hottentots gives out.]*

I took three Hottentots alive.
 Their scale was one, two, three, four, five,
 Infinity. To think of men so
 I could not bear : a new Colenso
 I bought them to assuage their plight,
 Also a book by Hall and Knight
 On Algebra. I hired wise men
 To teach them six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
 One of the Hottentots succeeded.
 Few schoolboys know as much as he did !
 The others sank beneath the strain :
 It broke, not fortified, the brain.

The Bard a Brainy Beggar.

Now (higher on the Human Ladder)
 Lodge is called mad, and Crowley madder.
 (The shafts of Science who may dodge ?
 I've not a word to say for Lodge.)
 Yet may not Crowley be the one
 Who safely does what most should shun ?

Alpine Analogy.

Take Oscar Eckenstein—he climbs
 Alone, unroped, a thousand times.
 He scales his peak, he makes his pass ;
 He does not fall in a crevasse !
 But if the Alpine Club should seek
 To follow him on pass or peak—
 (Their cowardice, their mental rot,

Are balanced nicely—they will not.)
 —I see the Alpine Journal's border
 Of black grow broader, broader, broader,
 Until the Editor himself
 Falls from some broad and easy shelf,
 And in his death the Journal dies.
 Ah ! bombast, footle, simple lies !
 Where would you then appear in type ?

*The Poet "retires up." His attitude undig-
 nified, his pleasure momentary, the after
 results quite disproportionate. He contem-
 plates his end.*

Therefore poor Crowley lights his pie,
 Maintains : "The small-shot kills the snip,
 But spares the tiger ;" goes on joking,
 And goes on smirking, on invoking,
 On climbing, meditating,—failing to think
 of a suitable rhyme at a critical juncture,
 Ah !—goes on working, goes on smoking,
 Until he goes right on to Woking.

637. *No one supposes me a Saint.*⁵⁴—On
 inquiry, however, I find that some do.

686. *Amrita.*⁵⁵—The Elixir of Life : the Dew
 of Immortality.

688. *Christ.*⁵⁶—See Shri Parananda, "Com-
 mentaries on Matthew and John."

695. *Direction x.*⁵⁷—*Vide supra*, "Ascension
 Day."

710. *Steel-tired.*⁵⁸

For Dunlop people did not know
 Those nineteen hundred years ago.

723. *Super-consciousness.*⁵⁹—The Christians
 also claim an ecstasy. But they all admit, and
 indeed boast, that it is the result of long periods of
 worry and anxiety about the safety of their precious
 souls : therefore their ecstasy is clearly a diseased
 process. The Yogic ecstasy requires absolute calm
 and health of mind and body. It is useless and
 dangerous under other conditions even to begin the
 most elementary practices.

742. *My Eastern Friend.*⁶⁰—Abdul Hamid, of
 the Fort, Colombo, on whom be peace.

755. *Heart.*⁶¹—

Heart is a trifling misquotation :
 This poem is for publication.

810. *Mind the dark dorrway there* ¹⁶²—This,
 like so many other (perhaps all) lines in these
 poems, is pregnant with a host of hidden meanings.

Not only is it physical, of saying good-bye to a friend : but mental, of the darkness of metaphysics ; occult, of the mystical darkness of the Threshold of Initiation : and physiological, containing allusions to a whole group of phenomena, which those who have begun meditation will recognise.

Similarly, a single word may be a mnemonic key to an entire line of philosophical argument.

If the reader chooses, in short, he will find the entire mass of Initiated Wisdom between the covers of this unpretending volume.

בראשית

AN ESSAY IN ONTOLOGY

WITH SOME REMARKS ON CEREMONIAL MAGIC

בראשית

O Man, of a daring nature, thou subtle production!

Thou wilt not comprehend it, as when understanding some common thing.

ORACLES OF ZOROASTER.

IN presenting this theory of the Universe to the world, I have but one hope of making any profound impression, viz.—that my theory has the merit of explaining the divergences between the three great forms of religion now existing in the world—Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity, and of adapting them to ontological science by conclusions not mystical but mathematical. Of Mohammedism I shall not now treat, as, in whatever light we may decide to regard it (and its esoteric schools are often orthodox), in any case it must fall under one of the three heads of Nihilism, Advaitism, and Dvaitism.

Taking the ordinary hypothesis of the universe, that of its infinity, or at any rate that of the infinity of God, or of the infinity of some substance or idea actually existing, we first come to the question of the possibility of the co-existence of God and man.

The Christians, in the category of the existent, enumerate among other things, whose consideration we may discard for the purposes of this argument, God, an infinite being; man; Satan and his angels; man certainly, Satan presumably, finite beings. These are not aspects of one being, but separate and even

antagonistic existences. All are equally real; we cannot accept mystics of the type of Caird as being orthodox exponents of the religion of Christ.

The Hindus enumerate Brahm, infinite in all dimensions and directions—indistinguishable from the Pleroma of the Gnostics—and Maya, illusion. This is in a sense the antithesis of noumenon and phenomenon, noumenon being negated of all predicates until it becomes almost extinguished in the Nichts under the title of the Alles. (Cf. Max Müller on the metaphysical Nirvana, in his Dhammapada, Introductory Essay.) The Buddhists express no opinion.

Let us consider the force-quality in the existences conceived of by those two religions respectively, remembering that the God of the Christian is infinite, and yet discussing the alternative if we could suppose him to be a finite God. In any equilibrated system of forces, we may sum and represent them as a triangle or series of triangles which again resolve into one. In any moving system, if the resultant motion be applied in a contrary direction, the equilibrium can also thus be represented. And if any one of the original forces in such a system may be considered, that one is equal to the resultant of the remainder. Let x , the purpose of the universe, be the resultant of the forces G , S , and M (God, Satan, and Man). Then M is also the resultant of G , S , and $-x$. So that we can regard either of our forces as supreme, and there is no reason for worshipping one rather than the other. All are finite. This argument the Christians clearly see: hence the development of God from the petty

joss of Genesis to the intangible, but self contradictory spectre of to-day. But if *G* be infinite, the other forces can have no possible effect on it. As Whewell says, in the strange accident by which he anticipates the metre of *In Memoriam*: “No force on earth, however great, can stretch a cord, however fine, into a horizontal line that shall be absolutely straight.”

The definition of God as infinite therefore denies man implicitly; while if he be finite, there is an end of the usual Christian reasons for worship, though I daresay I could myself discover some reasonably good ones. [I hardly expect to be asked, somehow.]

The resulting equilibrium of God and man, destructive of worship, is of course absurd. We must reject it, unless we want to fall into Positivism, Materialism, or something of the sort. But if, then, we call God infinite, how are we to regard man, and Satan? (the latter, at the very least, surely no integral part of him). The fallacy lies not in my demonstration (which is also that of orthodoxy) that a finite God is absurd, but in the assumption that man has any real force.¹

In our mechanical system (as I have hinted above), if one of the forces be infinite, the others, however great, are both relatively and absolutely nothing.

In any category, infinity excludes finity, unless that finity be an identical part of that infinity.

In the category of existing things, space being infinite, for on that hypothesis we are still working, either matter fills or does not fill it. If the former, matter is infinitely great; if the latter, infinitely small. Whether the matter-universe be 10^{10000} light-years in diameter or half a mile makes no difference; it is infinitely small—in effect, Nothing. The unmathematical illusion that it does exist is what the Hindus call Maya.

If, on the other hand, the matter-universe is infinite, Brahm and God are crowded out, and the possibility of religion is equally excluded.

We may now shift our objective. The Hindus cannot account intelligibly, though they try hard, for Maya, the cause of all suffering. Their position is radically weak, but at least we may say for them that they have tried to square their religion with their common sense. The Christians, on the other hand, though they saw whither the Manichean Heresy² must lead, and crushed it, have not officially admitted the precisely similar conclusion with regard to man, and denied the existence of the human soul as distinct from the divine soul.

Trismegistus, Iamblichus, Porphyry, Boehme, and the mystics generally have of course substantially done so, though occasionally with rather inexplicable reservations, similar to those made in some cases by the Vedantists themselves.

Man then being disproved, God the Person disappears for ever, and becomes Atman, Pleroma, Ain Soph, what name you will, infinite in all directions and in all categories—to deny one is to destroy the entire argument and throw us back on to our old Dvaitistic bases.

I entirely sympathise with my unhappy friend Rev. Mansel, B.D.,³ in his piteous and pitiful complaints against the logical results of the Advaitist School. But, on his basal hypothesis of an infinite God, infinite space, time, and so on, no other conclusion is possible. Dean Mansel is found in the impossible position of one who will neither give up his premises nor dispute the validity of his logical processes, but who shrinks in horror from the inevitable conclusion; he supposes there must be something wrong somewhere, and concludes that the sole use of reason is to discover its own

¹ Lully, Descartes, Spinoza, Schelling. See their works.

² The conception of Satan as a positive evil force; the lower triangle of the Hexagram.

³ *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Art. Metaphysics.

inferiority to faith. As Deussen¹ well points out, faith in the Christian sense merely amounts to being convinced on insufficient grounds.² This is surely the last refuge of incompetence.

But though, always on the original hypothesis of the infinity of space, &c., the Advaitist position of the Vedantists and the great Germans is unassailable, yet on practical grounds the Dvaitists have all the advantage. Fichte and the others exhaust themselves trying to turn the simple and obvious position that: "If the Ego alone exists, where is any place, not only for morals and religion, which we can very well do without, but for the most essential and continuous acts of life? Why should an infinite Ego fill a non-existent body with imaginary food cooked in thought only over an illusionary fire by a cook who is not there? Why should infinite power use such finite means, and very often fail even then?"

What is the sum total of the Vedantist position? "'I' am an illusion, externally. In reality, the true 'I' am the Infinite, and if the illusionary 'I' could only realise Who 'I' really am, how very happy we should all be!" And here we have Karma, rebirth, all the mighty laws of nature operating nowhere in nothing!

There is no room for worship or for morality in the Advaitist system. All the specious pleas of the Bhagavad-Gita, and the ethical works of Western Advaitist philosophers, are more or less consciously confusion of thought. But no subtlety can turn the practical argument; the grinning mouths of the Dvaitist guns keep the fort of Ethics, and warn metaphysics to keep off the rather green grass of religion.

That its apologists should have devoted so much time, thought, scholarship and ingenuity

to this question is the best proof of the fatuity of the Advaita position.

There is then a flaw somewhere. I boldly take up the glove against all previous wisdom, revert to the most elementary ideas of cannibal savages, challenge all the most vital premisses and axiomata that have passed current coin with philosophy for centuries, and present my theory.

I clearly foresee the one difficulty, and will discuss it in advance. If my conclusions on this point are not accepted, we may at once get back to our previous irritable agnosticism, and look for our Messiah elsewhere. But if we can see together on this one point, I think things will go fairly smoothly afterwards.

Consider³ Darkness! Can we philosophically or actually regard as different the darkness produced by interference of light and that existing in the mere absence of light?

Is Unity really identical with $\sqrt{2}$ recurring?

Do we not mean different things when we speak respectively of $2 \sin 60^\circ$ and of $\sqrt{3}$?

Charcoal and diamond are obviously different in the categories of colour, crystallisation, hardness, and so on; but are they not really so even in that of existence?

The third example is to my mind the best. $2 \sin 60^\circ$ and $\sqrt{3}$ are unreal and therefore never conceivable, at least to the present constitution of our human intelligences. Worked out, neither has meaning; unworked, both have meaning, and that a different meaning in one case and the other.

We have thus two terms, both unreal, both inconceivable, yet both representing intelligible and diverse ideas to our minds (and this is the point!) though identical in reality and convertible by a process of reason which

¹ "The Principles of Metaphysics." Macmillan.

² Or, as the Sunday-school boy said: "Faith is the power of believing what we know to be untrue." I quote Deussen with the more pleasure, because it is about the only sentence in all his writings with which I am in accord.—A.C.

³ Ratiocination may perhaps not take us far. But a continuous and attentive study of these quaint points of distinction may give us an intuition, or direct mind-apperception of what we want, one way or the other.—A.C.

simulates or replaces that apprehension which we can never (one may suppose) attain to.

Let us apply this idea to the Beginning of all things, about which the Christians lie frankly, the Hindus prevaricate, and the Buddhists are discreetly silent, while not contradicting even the gross and ridiculous accounts of the more fantastic Hindu visionaries.

The Qabalists explain the "First Cause"¹ by the phrase: "From 0 to 1, as the circle opening out into the line." The Christian dogma is really identical, for both conceive of a previous and eternally existing God, though the Qabalists hedge by describing this latent Deity as "Not." Later commentators notably the illustrious² MacGregor-Mathers, have explained this Not as "negatively-existing." Profound as is my respect for the intellectual and spiritual attainments of him whom I am proud to have been permitted to call my master,² I am bound to express my view that when the Qabalists said Not, they meant Not, and nothing else. In fact, I really claim to have re-discovered the long-lost and central Arcanum of those divine philosophers.

I have no serious objection to a finite god, or gods, distinct from men and things. In fact, personally, I believe in them all, and admit them to possess inconceivable though not infinite power.

The Buddhists admit the existence of Maha-Brahma, but his power and knowledge are limited; and his age-long day must end. I find evidence everywhere, even in our garbled and mutilated version of the Hebrew Scriptures, that Jehovah's power was limited in all sorts of ways. At the Fall, for instance, Tetragrammaton Elohim has to summon his angels hastily to guard the Tree of Life, lest he should be proved a liar. For had it occurred to Adam to eat of that Tree before their transgression was discovered, or had the Serpent been aware of its properties, Adam would indeed have lived and not died. So that

a mere accident saved the remnants of the already besmirched reputation of the Hebrew tribal Fetich.

When Buddha was asked how things came to be, he took refuge in silence, which his disciples very conveniently interpreted as meaning that the question tended not to edification.

I take it that the Buddha (ignorant, doubtless, of algebra) had sufficiently studied philosophy and possessed enough worldly wisdom to be well aware that any system he might promulgate would be instantly attacked and annihilated by the acumen of his numerous and versatile opponents.

Such teaching as he gave on the point may be summed up as follows. "Whence, whither, why, we know not; but we do know that we are here, that we dislike being here, that there is a way out of the whole loathsome affair—let us make haste and take it!"

I am not so retiring in disposition; I persist in my inquiries, and at last the appalling question is answered, and the past ceases to intrude its problems upon my mind.

Here you are! Three shies a penny!
Change all bad arguments.

I ASSERT THE ABSOLUTENESS OF THE QABALISTIC ZERO.

When we say that the Cosmos sprang from 0, what kind of 0 do we mean? By 0 in the ordinary sense of the term we mean "absence of extension in any of the categories."

When I say "No cat has two tails," I do not mean, as the old fallacy runs, that "Absence-of-cat possesses two tails"; but that "In the category of two-tailed things, there is no extension of cat."

Nothingness is that about which no positive proposition is valid. We cannot truly affirm: "Nothingness is green, or heavy, or sweet."

¹ An expression they carefully avoid using. — A.C.

² I retain this sly joke from the first edition.

Let us call time, space, being, heaviness, hunger, the categories.¹ If a man be heavy and hungry, he is extended in all these, besides, of course, many more. But let us suppose that these five are all. Call the man X; his formula is then $X^{t+s+b+h+h}$. If he now eat; he will cease to be extended in hunger; if he be cut off from time and gravitation as well, he will now be represented by the formula X^{s+b} . Should he cease to occupy space and to exist, his formula would then be X^0 . This expression is equal to 1; whatever X may represent, if it be raised to the power of 0 (this meaning mathematically “if it be extended in no dimension or category”), the result is Unity, and the unknown factor X is eliminated.

This is the Advaitist idea of the future of man; his personality, bereft of all qualities, disappears and is lost, while in its place arises the impersonal Unity, The Pleroma, Parabrahma, or the Allah of the Unity-adoring followers of Mohammed. (To the Musulman fakir, Allah is by no means a personal God.)

Unity is thus unaffected, whether or no it be extended in any of the categories. But we have already agreed to look to 0 for the Uncaused.

Now if there was in truth 0 “before the beginning of years,” THAT 0 WAS EXTENDED IN NONE OF THE CATEGORIES, FOR THERE COULD HAVE BEEN NO CATEGORIES IN WHICH IT COULD EXTEND! If our 0 was the ordinary 0 of mathematics, there was not truly absolute 0, for 0 is, as I have shown, dependent on the idea of categories. If these existed, then the whole question is merely thrown back; we must reach a state in which this 0 is absolute. Not only must we get rid of all subjects, but of all predicates. By 0 (in mathematics) we really

¹ I cannot here discuss the propriety of representing the categories as dimensions. It will be obvious to any student of the integral calculus, or to any one who appreciates the geometrical significance of the term x^a .—A.C.

² Compare and contrast this doctrine with that of Herbert Spencer (“First Principles,” Pt. I.), and see my “Science

mean 0^n , where n is the final term of a natural scale of dimensions, categories, or predicates. Our Cosmic Egg, then, from which the resent universe arose, was Nothingness, extended in no categories, or graphically, 0^0 . This expression is in its present form meaningless. Let us discover its value by a simple mathematical process!

$$0^0 = 0^{1-1} = \frac{0^1}{0^1} \left[\text{Multiply by } 1 = \frac{n}{n} \right]$$

$$\text{Then } \frac{0^1}{n} \times \frac{n}{0^1} = 0 \times \infty.$$

Now the multiplying of the infinitely great by the infinitely small results in SOME UNKNOWN FINITE NUMBER EXTENDED IN AN UNKNOWN NUMBER OF CATEGORIES. It happened, when this our Great Inversion took place, from the essence of all nothingness to finity extended in innumerable categories, that an incalculably vast system was produced. Merely by chance, chance in the truest sense of the term, we are found with gods, men, stars, planets, devils, colours, forces, and all the materials of the Cosmos: and with time, space, and causality, the conditions limiting and involving them all.²

Remember that it is not true to say that our 0^0 existed; nor that it did not exist. The idea of existence was just as much unformulated as that of toasted cheese.

But 0^0 is a finite expression, or has a finite phase, and our universe is a finite universe; its categories are themselves finite, and the expression “infinite space” is a contradiction in terms. The idea of an absolute and infinite³ God is relegated to the limbo of all similar idle and pernicious perversions of truth. Infinity remains, but only as a mathematical

and Buddhism” for a full discussion of the difference involved.—A. C.

³ If by “infinitely great” we only mean “indefinitely great,” as a mathematician would perhaps tell us, we of course begin at the very point I am aiming at, viz., *Ecrasez l’Infini*. —A.C.

conception as impossible in nature as the square root of -1 . Against all this mathematical, or semi-mathematical, reasoning, it may doubtless be objected that our whole system of numbers, and of manipulating them, is merely a series of conventions. When I say that the square root of three is unreal, I know quite well that it is only so in relation to the series 1, 2, 3, &c., and that this series is equally unreal if I make $\sqrt{3}$, π , $\sqrt[3]{50}$ the members of a ternary scale. But this, theoretically true, is practically absurd. If I mean “the number of a, b, and c,” it does not matter if I write 3 or $\sqrt[3]{50}$; the idea is a definite one; and it is the fundamental ideas of consciousness of which we are treating, and to which we are compelled to refer everything, whether proximately or ultimately.

So also my equation, fantastic as it may seem, has a perfect and absolute parallel in logic. Thus: let us convert twice the proposition “some books are on the table.” By negating both terms we get “Absence-of-book is not on the table,” which is precisely my equation backwards, and a thinkable thing. To reverse the process, what do I mean when I say “some pigs, but not the black pig, are not in the sty”? I imply that the black pig is in the sty. All I have done is to represent the conversion as a change, rather than as merely another way of expressing the same thing. And “change” is really not my meaning either; for change, to our minds, involves the idea of time. But the whole thing is inconceivable—to ratiocination, though not to thought. Note well too that if I say “Absence-of-books is not on the table,” I cannot convert it only “All books are on the table” but only to “some books are on the table.” The proposition is an “I” and not an “A” proposition. It is the Advaita blunder to make it so; and many a schoolboy has fed off the mantelpiece for less.

¹ I may remark that the distinction between this theory and the normal one of the Immanence of the Universe, is trivial, perhaps even verbal only. Its advantage, however, is that, by hypostatizing nothing, we avoid the

There is yet another proof—the proof by exclusion. I have shown, and metaphysicians practically admit, the falsity alike of Dvaitism and Advaitism. The third, the only remaining theory, *this* theory, must, however antecedently improbable however difficult to assimilate, be true.¹

“My friend, my young friend,” I think I hear some Christian cleric say, with an air of profound wisdom, not untinged with pity, condescending to pose beardless and brainless impertinence: “where is the *Cause* for this truly remarkable change?”

That is exactly where the theory rears to heaven its stoutest bastion! There is not, and could not be, any cause. Had 0° been extended in causality, no change could have taken place.²

Here then, are we, finite beings in a finite universe, time, space, and causality themselves finite (inconceivable as it may seem) with our individuality, and all the “illusions” of the Advaitists, just as real as they practically are to our normal consciousness.

As Schopenhauer, following Buddha, points out, suffering is a necessary condition of this existence.³ The war of the contending forces as they grind themselves down to the final resultant must cause endless agony. We may one day be able to transform the categories of emotion as certainly and easily as we now transform the categories of force, so that in a few years Chicago may be importing suffering in the raw state and turning it into tinned salmon: but at present the reverse process is alone practicable.

How, then, shall we escape? Can we expect the entire universe to resolve itself back into the phase of 0° ? Surely not. In the first place there is no reason why the whole should do so; $\frac{x}{y}$ is just as convertible as x . But worse, the category of causality has already been

necessity of any explanation. How did nothing come to be? is a question which requires no answer.

² See the Questions of King Milinda, vol. ii. p. 103.

³ See also Huxley, “Evolution and Ethics.”

formed, and its inertia is sufficient to oppose a most serious stumbling block to so gigantic a process.

The task before us is consequently of a terrible nature. It is easy to let things slide, to grin and bear it in fact, until everything is merged in the ultimate unity, which may or may not be decently tolerable. But while we wait?

There now arises the question of freewill. Causality is probably not fully extended in its own category,¹ a circumstance which gives room for a fractional amount of freewill. If this be not so, it matters little; for if I find myself in a good state, that merely proves that my destiny took me there. We are, as Herbert Spencer observes, self-deluded with the idea of freewill; but if this be so, nothing matters at all. If, however, Herbert Spencer is mistaken (unlikely as it must appear), then our reason is valid, and we should seek out the right path and pursue it. The question therefore need not trouble us at all.

Here then we see the use of morals and of religion, and all the rest of the bag of tricks. All these are methods, bad or good, for extricating ourselves from the universe.

Closely connected with this question is that of the will of God. People argue that an Infinite intelligence must have been at work on this cosmos. I reply No ! There is no intelligence at work worthy of the name. The Laws of Nature may be generalised in one—the Law of Inertia. Everything moves in the direction determined by the path of least resistance ; species arise, develop, and die as their collective inertia determines; to this Law there is no exception but the doubtful one of Freewill; the Law of Destiny itself is formally and really identical with it.²

¹ Causality is itself a secondary, and in its limitation as applied to volition, an inconceivable idea. H. Spencer, *op. cit.* This consideration alone should add great weight to the agnostic, and *à fortiori* to the Buddhist, position.

² See H. Spencer, "First Principles," "The Knowable," for a fair summary of the facts underlying this

As to an infinite intelligence, all philosophers of any standing are agreed that all-love and all-power are incompatible. The existence of the universe is a standing proof of this.

The Deist needs the Optimist to keep him company; over their firesides all goes well, but it is a sad shipwreck they suffer on emerging into the cold world.

This is why those who seek to buttress up religion are so anxious to prove that the universe has no real existence, or only a temporary and relatively unimportant one; the result is of course the usual self-destructive Advaitist muddle.

The precepts of morality and religion are thus of use, of vital use to us, in restraining the more violent forces alike of nature and of man. For unless law and order prevail, we have not the necessary quiet and resources for investigating, and learning to bring under our control, all the divergent phenomena of our prison, a work which we undertake that at last we may be able to break down the walls, and find that freedom which an inconsiderate Inversion has denied.

The mystical precepts of pseudo-Zoroaster, Buddha, Çankaracharya, pseudo-Christ and the rest, are for advanced students only, for direct attack on the problem. Our servants, the soldiers, lawyers, all forms of government, make this our nobler work possible, and it is the gravest possible mistake to sneer at those humble but faithful followers of the great minds of the world.

What, then, are the best, easiest, directed methods to attain our result? And how shall we, in mortal language, convey to the minds of others the nature of a result so beyond language, baffling even imagination eagle-

generalisation; which indeed he comes within an ace of making in so many words. It may be observed that this law is nearly if not quite axiomatic, its contrary being enormously difficult if not impossible to formulate mentally.

pinioned? It may help us if we endeavour to outline the distinction between the Hindu and Buddhist methods and aims of the Great Work.

The Hindu method is really mystical in the truest sense; for, as I have shown, the Atman is not infinite and eternal: one day it must sink down with the other forces. But by creating in thought an infinite Impersonal Personality, by *defining* it as such, all religions except the Buddhist and, as I believe, the Qabalistic, have sought to annihilate their own personality. The Buddhist aims directly at extinction; the Hindu denies and abolished his own finity by the creation of an absolute.

As this cannot be done in reality, the process is illusory; yet it is useful in the early stages—as far, at any rate, as the fourth stage of Dhyana, where the Buddha places it, though the Yogis claim to attain to Nirvikalpa-Samadhi, and that Moksha is identical with Nirvana ; the former claim I see no reason to deny them; the latter statement I must decline at present to accept.

The task of the Buddhist recluse is roughly as follows. He must plunge every particle of his being into one idea : right views, aspirations, word, deed, life, will-power, meditation, rapture, such are the stages of his liberation, which resolves itself into a struggle against the laws of causality. He cannot prevent past causes taking effect, but he can prevent present causes from having any future results. The exoteric Christian and Hindu rather rely on another person to do this for them, and are further blinded by the thirst for life and individual existence, the most formidable obstacle of all, in fact a negation of the very object of all religion. Schopenhauer shows that life is assured to the will-to-live, and unless Christ (or Krishna, as the case may be) destroys these folk by superior power—a task from which almightiness might well recoil baffled !—I much fear that eternal life, and consequently eternal suffering, joy, and change

of all kinds, will be their melancholy fate. Such persons are in truth their own real enemies. Many of them, however, believing erroneously that they are being “unselfish,” do fill their hearts with devotion for the beloved Saviour, and this process is, in its ultimatum, so similar to the earlier stages of the Great Work itself, that some confusion has, stupidly enough, arisen ; but for all that the practice has been the means of bringing some devotees on to the true Path of the Wise, unpromising as such material must sound to intelligent ears.

The esoteric Christian or Hindu adopts a middle path. Having projected the Absolute from his mind, he endeavours to unite his consciousness with that of his Absolute and of course his personality is destroyed in the process. Yet it is to be feared that such an adept too often starts on the path with the intention of aggrandising his personality to the utmost. But his method is so near to the true one that this tendency is soon corrected, as it were automatically.

(The mathematical analogue of this process is to procure for yourself the realization of the nothingness of yourself by keeping the fourth dimension ever present to your mind.)

The illusory nature of this idea of an infinite Atman is well shown by the very proof which that most distinguished Vedantist, the late Swami Vivekananda (no connection with the firm of a similar name¹ across the street), gives of the existence of the infinite. “Think of a circle !” says he. “You will in a moment become conscious of an infinite circle around your original small one.” The fallacy is obvious. The big circle is not infinite at all, but is itself limited by the little one. But to take away the little circle, that is the method of the esoteric Christian or the mystic. But the process is never perfect, because however small the little circle becomes, its relation with the big circle is still finite. But even allowing

¹ The Swami Vive Ananda, Madame Horos, for whose history consult the Criminal Law Reports.

for a moment that the Absolute is really attainable, is the nothingness of the finity related to it really identical with that attained directly by the Buddhist Arahats? This, consistently with my former attitude, I feel constrained to deny. The consciousness of the Absolute-wala¹ is really extended infinitely rather than diminished infinitely, as he will himself assure you. True, Hegel says: "Pure being is pure nothing!" and it is true that the infinite heat and cold, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, and all the other pairs of opposites,² cancel one another out: yet I feel rather afraid of this Absolute! Maybe its joy and sorrow are represented in phases, just as 0° and finity are phases of an identical expression, and I have an even chance only of being on the right side of the fence!

The Buddhist leaves no chances of this kind; in all his categories he is infinitely unextended; though the categories themselves exist; he is in fact $0^{A+B+C+D+E+\dots+N}$ and capable of no conceivable change, unless we imagine Nirvana to be incomprehensibly divided by Nirvana, which would (supposing the two Nirvanas to possess identical categories) result in the production of the original 0°. But a further change would be necessary even then before serious mischief could result. In short, I think we may dismiss from our minds any alarm in respect of this contingency.

On mature consideration, therefore, I confidently and deliberately take my refuge in the Triple Gem.

Namo Tasso Bhagavato Arahato Sammasambuddhasa!³

Let there be hereafter no discussion of the classical problems of philosophy and religion! In the light of this exposition the antitheses of noumenon and phenomenon, unity and

multiplicity, and their kind, are all reconciled, and the only question that remains is that of finding the most satisfactory means of attaining Nirvana—extinction of all that exists, knows, or feels; extinction final and complete, utter and absolute extinction. For by these words only can we indicate Nirvana: a state which transcends thought cannot be described in thought's language. But from the point of view of thought extinction is complete: we have no data for discussing that which is unthinkable, and must decline to do so. This is the answer to those who accuse the Buddha of hurling his Arahats (and himself) from Samma Samadhi to annihilation.

Pray observe in the first place that my solution of the Great Problem permits the co-existence of an indefinite number of means: they need not even be compatible; Karma, rebirth, Providence, prayer, sacrifice, baptism, there is room for all. On the old and, I hope, now finally discredited hypothesis of an infinite being, the supporters of these various ideas, while explicitly affirming them, implicitly denied. Similarly, note that the Qabalistic idea of a supreme God (and innumerable hierarchies) is quite compatible with this theory, provided that the supreme God is not infinite.

Now as to our weapons. The more advanced Yogis of the East, like the Nonconformists at home, have practically abandoned ceremonial as idle. I have yet to learn, however, by what dissenters have replaced it! I take this to be an error, except in the case of a very advanced Yogi. For there exists a true magical ceremonial, vital and direct, whose purpose has, however, at any rate of recent times, been hopelessly misunderstood.

¹ Wala, one whose business is connected with anything. E.g. Jangli-wala, one who lives in, or has business with, a jungle, i.e. a wild man, or a Forest Conservator.

² The Hindus see this as well as any one, and call Atman Sat-chit-ananda, these being above the pairs of opposites, rather on the Hegelian lines of the

reconciliation (rather than the identity) of opposites in a master-idea. We have dismissed infinity as the figment of a morbid mathematic: but in any case the same disproof applies to it as to God.—A.C.

³ Hail unto Thee, the Blessed One, the Perfect One, the Enlightened One!

Nobody any longer supposes that any means but that of meditation is of avail to grasp the immediate causes of our being ; if some person retort that he prefers to rely on a Glorified Redeemer, I simply answer that he is the very nobody to whom I now refer.

Meditation is then the means; but only the supreme means. The agony column of the *Times* is the supreme means of meeting with the gentleman in the brown billycock and frock coat, wearing a green tie and chewing a straw, who was at the soirée of the Carlton Club last Monday night; no doubt ! but this means is seldom or never used in the similar contingency of a cow-elephant desiring her bull in the jungles of Ceylon.

Meditation is not within the reach of every one ; not all possess the ability ; very few indeed (in the West at least) have the opportunity.

In any case what the Easterns call “one-pointedness” is an essential preliminary to even early stages of true meditation. And iron will-power is a still earlier qualification.

By meditation I do not mean merely “thinking about” anything, however profoundly, but the absolute restraint of the mind to the contemplation of a single object, whether gross, fine, or altogether spiritual.

Now true magical ceremony is entirely directed to attain this end, and forms a magnificent gymnasium for those who are not already finished mental athletes. By act, word, and thought, both in quantity and quality, the one object of the ceremony is being constantly indicated. Every fumigation, purification, banishing, invocation, evocation, is chiefly a reminder of the single purpose, until the

supreme moment arrives, and every fibre of the body, every force channel of the mind, is strained out in one overwhelming rush of the Will in the direction desired. Such is the real purport of all the apparently fantastic directions of Solomon, Abramelin, and other sages of repute. When a man has evoked and mastered such forces as Taphtarharath, Belial, Amaimon, and the great powers of the elements, then he may be safely be permitted to begin to try to stop thinking. For, needless to say, the universe, including the thinker, exists only by virtue of the thinker’s thought.¹

In yet one other way is magic a capital training ground for the Arahat. True symbols do really awake those macrocosmic forces of which they are the eidola, and it is possible in this manner very largely to increase the magical “potential” to borrow a term from electrical science.

Of course, there are bad and invalid processes, which tend rather to disperse or to excite the mind-stuff than to control it; these we must discard. But there is a true magical ceremonial, the central Arcanum alike of Eastern and Western practical transcendentalism.² Needless to observe, if I knew it, I should not disclose it.

I therefore affirm the validity of the Qabalistic tradition in its practical part as well as in those exalted regions of thought through which we have to recently, and so hardly, travelled.

Eight are the limbs of Yoga: morality and virtue, control of body, thought, and force, leading to concentration, meditation, and rapture.

God = Nothing (Buddhism).

Or, in the language of religion:

Every one may admit that monotheism, exalted by the introduction of the ∞ symbol, is equivalent to pantheism. Pantheism and atheism are really identical, as the opponents of both are the first to admit.

If this be really taught, I must tender my apologies, for the reconciliation is of course complete.—A.C.

¹ See Berkeley and his expounders, for the Western shape of this Eastern commonplace. Huxley, however, curiously enough, states the fact in almost these words.—A.C.

² A possible mystic transfiguration of the Vedanta system has been suggested to me on the lines of the Syllogism—

God = Being (Patanjali).
Being = Nothing (Hegel).

Only when the last of these has been attained, and itself refined upon by removing the gross and even the fine objects of its sphere, can the causes, subtle and coarse, the unborn causes whose seed is hardly sown, of continued existence be grasped and annihilated, so that the Arahat is sure of being abolished in the utter extinction of Nirvana, while even in this world of pain, where he must

remain until the ancient causes, those which have already germinated, are utterly worked out (for even the Buddha himself could not swing back the Wheel of the Law) his certain anticipation of the approach of Nirvana is so intense as to bathe him constantly in the unfathomable ocean of apprehension of immediate bliss.

AUM MANI PADME HOUM

1903

SCIENCE AND BUDDHISM

(Inscribed to the revered Memory of Thomas Henrey Huxley.)

I.

THE purpose of this essay is to draw a strict comparison between the modern scientific conceptions of Phenomena and their explanation, where such exists, and the ancient ideas of the Buddhists; to show that Buddhism, alike in theory and practice, is a scientific religion; a logical superstructure on a basis of experimentally verifiable truth ; and that its method is identical with that of science. We must resolutely exclude the accidental features of both, especially of Buddhism; and unfortunately in both cases we have to deal with dishonest and shameless attempts to foist on either opinions for which neither is willing to stand sponsor. Professor Huxley has dealt with one in his “Pseudo-Scientific Realism”; Professor Rhys Davids has demolished the other in that one biting comment on “Esoteric Buddhism” that it was “not Esoteric and certainly not Buddhism.” But some of the Theosophic mud still sticks to the Buddhist chariot; and there are still people who believe that sane science has at least a friendly greeting for Atheism and Materialism in their grosser and more militant forms.

Let it be understood then, from the outset, that if in Science I include metaphysics, and in Buddhism meditation-practices, I lend myself neither to the whittlers or “reconcilers” on the one hand, nor to the Animistic jugglers on the other. Apart from the Theosophic rubbish, we find Sir Edwin Arnold writing:

“Whoever saith Nirvana is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.”

Lie is a strong word and should read “translate correctly.”¹

I suppose it would not scan, nor rhyme: but Sir Edwin is the last person to be deterred by a little thing like that.

Dr. Paul Carus, too, in the “Gospel of Buddha,” is pleased to represent Nirvana as a parallel for the Heaven of the Christian. It is sufficient if I reiterate the unanimous opinion of competent scholars, that there is no fragment of evidence in any canonical book sufficient to establish such interpretations in the teeth of Buddhist tradition and practice ; and that any person who persists in tuning Buddhism to his own Jew’s harp in this way is risking his reputation, either for scholarship or good faith. Scientific men are common enough in the West, if Buddhists are not; and I may safely leave in their hands the task of castigating the sneak-thieves of the Physical area.

¹ See Childers, Pali Dictionary, s.v. Nibbana.