

THE EQUINOX

No. III. will contain in its 400 pages

AN OFFICIAL NOTE of the Ordeals and Examinations to be passed by the Aspirant to the A.: A.: from Probationer to Adept. [A.: A.: publication in Class D.] With a Comment by G. H. Fra. O.S.V.

LIBER 963. A collection of litanies whose use will enable the student to acquire the direct consciousness of God. [A.: A.: Publication in Class B.] :

THE ELEMENTAL CALLS OR KEYS, WITH THE GREAT WATCH-TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSE and their explanation. A complete treatise, fully illustrated, upon the Spirits of the Elements, their names and offices, with the method of calling them forth and controlling them. From the MSS. of Dr. DEE and SIR EDWARD KELLY.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING. A full account of the reception of Fra. P. into the Rosicrucian Order, with illustrations; and of his operations in Ceremonial Magic, &c. [His Studies of Eastern Magic and Meditation, &c., to follow in Nos. IV. and V.]

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HERB DANGEROUS "The Poem of Hashish," translated from the French of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE SOUL-HUNTER, unpublished pages from the Diary of Dr. ARTHUR LEE, "The Montrouge Vampire."

AN ORIGIN, by VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

MR. TODD: A Morality, by the author of "Rosa Mundi."

IN MANU DOMINAE: A Black Mass.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSELEECH, by ETHEL RAMSAY.

&c. &c. &c

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

THE EQUINOX

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

An V

VOL. I. No. II.

⊙ in Ω

SEPTEMBER MCMIX

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

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EDITORIAL

IT is four hundred and seventy-seven years since the trouble in the Monastery. There were assembled many holy men from every part of the civilised world, learned doctors, princes of the Church, bishops, abbots, deans, all the wisdom of the world; for the Question was important—how many teeth were there in a horse's mouth.

For many days the debate swung this way and that, as Father was quoted against Father, Gospel against Epistle, Psalm against Proverb; and the summer being hot, and the shade of the monastery gardens pleasant, a young monk wearied of the discussion, and rising presumptuously among those reverend men, impudently proposed that they should examine the mouth of a horse and settle the question.

Now, there was no precedent for so bold a method, and we are not to be surprised that those holy men arose right wrathfully and fell upon the youth and beat him sore.

Having further immured him in a solitary cell, they resumed debate; but ultimately "in the grievous dearth of theological and historical opinion" declared the problem insoluble, an everlasting mystery of the Will of God.

To-day, their successors adopt the same principle with regard to that darkest of horses, the A.: A.: They have

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not only refused to open our mouths, but have even refused to look into them when we ourselves have gone to the length of opening them wide before them.

However, there have been others. Whether we were too confident or they too easily discouraged is a question unnecessary to discuss. We hoped to sever at one blow their bonds; at least we should have loosened them. But their struggle, which should have aided our efforts, seemed to them too arduous. They have been perplexed rather than illumined by the light which we flashed upon them; and even if it showed a road, gave no sufficient reason why it should be followed.

Of such we humbly crave the pardon; and in answer to a seemingly widespread desire to know if we mean anything, and if so, What? we request those who would know the Truth of Scientific Illuminism to look into the open mouth of its doctrine, to follow its simple teachings step by step and not to turn their backs on it and, walking in the opposite direction, declare so simple a problem to be an everlasting mystery.

We are therefore not concerned with those who have not examined our doctrine of sceptical Theurgy, or scientific illuminism, or that which lies beyond. Let them examine without prejudice.

Some, too, have raised weapons against us, thinking to hurt us. But malice is only the result of ignorance; let them examine us, and they will love us. The sword is not yet forged that can divide him whose helmet is Truth. Nor is the arrow yet fledged that will pierce the flesh of one who is clothed in the glittering armour of mirth. So here, and now,

EDITORIAL

and with us; he who climbs the Mountain we point out to him, and which we have climbed; he who journeys by the chart we offer to him, and which we have followed, on his return will come in unto us as one who has authority; for he alone who has climbed the summit can speak with truth of those things that from there are to be seen, for HE KNOWS. But he who stands afar off, and jests, saying: "It is not a Mountain, it is a cloud; it is not a cloud, it is a shadow; it is not a shadow, it is an illusion; it is not an illusion, it is indeed nothing at all!"—who but a fool will heed him? for not having journeyed one step, HE KNOWS NOT concerning those things of which he speaks.

To make ourselves now utterly plain to all such as have misunderstood us, we will formulate our statement in many ways, so that at least there may be found one acceptable to each seeker who is open to conviction.

I

1. We perceive in the sensible world, Sorrow. Ultimately that is; we admit the Existence of a Problem requiring solution.

2. We accept the proofs of Hume, Kant, Herbert Spencer, Fuller, and others of this thesis:

The Ratiocinative Faculty or Reason of Man contains in its essential nature an element of self-contradiction.

3. Following on this, we say:

If any resolution there be of these two problems, the Vanity of Life and the Vanity of Thought, it must be in the attainment of a Consciousness which transcends both of

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them. Let us call this supernormal consciousness, or, for want of a better name, “Spiritual Experience.”

4. Faith has been proposed as a remedy. But we perceive many incompatible forms of Faith founded on Authority—The Vedas, The Quran, The Bible; Buddha, Christ, Joseph Smith. To choose between the we must resort to reason, already shown to be a fallacious guide.

5. There is only one Rock which Scepticism cannot shake; the Rock of Experience.

6. We have therefore endeavoured to eliminate from the conditions of acquiring Spiritual Experience its dogmatic, theological, accidental, climatic and other inessential elements.

7. We require the employment of a strictly scientific method. The mind of the seeker must be unbiased: all prejudice and other sources of error must be perceived as such and extirpated.

8. We have therefore devised a Syncretic-Eclectic Method combining the essentials of all methods, rejecting all their trammels, to attack the Problem, through exact experiments and not by guesses.

9. For each pupil we recommend a different method (in detail) suited to his needs; just as a physician prescribes the medicine proper to each particular patient.

10. We further believe that the Consummation of Spiritual Experience is reflected into the spheres of intellect and action as Genius, so that by taking an ordinary man we can by training produce a Master.

This thesis requires proof: we hope to supply such proof by producing Genius to order.

EDITORIAL

II

1. There is no hope in physical life, since death of the individual, the race, and ultimately the planet, ends all.

2. There is no hope in reason, since it contradicts itself, and is in any case no more than a reflection upon the facts of physical life.

3. What hope there may be in Investigation of the physical facts of Nature on Scientific lines is already actively sought after by a powerful and well-organized body of men of perfect probity and high capacity.

4. There is no hope in Faith, for there are many warring Faiths, all equally positive.

5. The adepts of Spiritual Experience promise us wonderful things, the Perception of Truth, and the Conquest of Sorrow, and there is enough unity in their method to make an Eclectic System possible.

6. We are determined to investigate this matter most thoroughly on Scientific lines.

III

1. We are Mystics, ever eagerly seeking a solution of unpleasant facts.

2. We are Men of Science, ever eagerly acquiring pertinent facts.

3. We are Sceptics, ever eagerly examining those facts.

4. We are Philosophers, ever eagerly classifying and co-ordinating those well-criticised facts.

5. We are Epicureans, ever eagerly enjoying the unification of those facts.

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6. We are Philanthropists, ever eagerly transmitting our knowledge of those facts to others.

7. Further, we are Syncretists, taking truth from all systems, ancient and modern; and Eclectics, ruthlessly discarding the inessential factors in any one system, however perfect.

IV

1. Faith, Life, Philosophy have failed.

2. Science is already established.

3. Mysticism, being based on pure experience, is always a vital force; but owing to the lack of trained observation, has always been a mass of error. Spiritual Experience, interpreted in the terms of Intellect, is distorted; just as sunrise shows the grass green and the sea blue. Both were invisible until sunrise; yet the diversity of colour is not in the sun, but in the objects on which its light falls, and their contradiction does not prove the sun to be an illusion.

4. We shall correct Mysticism (or Illuminism) by Science, and explain Science by Illuminism.

V

1. We have one method, that of Science.

2. We have one aim, that of Religion.

VI

There was once an Inhabitant in a land called Utopia who complained to the Water Company that his water was impure.

EDITORIAL

“No,” answered the Water Man, “it can’t be impure, for we filter it.”

“Oh indeed!” replied the Inhabitant, “but my wife died from drinking it.”

“No,” said the Water Man; “I assure you that this water comes from the purest springs in Utopia; further, that water, however impure, cannot hurt anybody; further, that I have a certificate of its purity from the Water Company itself.”

“The people who pay you!” sneered the Inhabitant. “For your other points, Hæckel has proved that all water is poison, and I believe you get your water from a cesspool. Why, look at it!”

“And beautiful clear water it is!” said the Water Man. “Limpid as crystal. Worth a guinea a drop!”

“About what you charge for it!” retorted the incensed Inhabitant. “It looks fairly clear, I admit, in the twilight. But that is not the point. A poison need not cloud water.”

“But,” urged the other, “one of our directors is a prophet, and he prophesied—clearly, in so many words—that the water would be pure this year. And besides, our first founder was a holy man, who performed a special miracle to make it pure for ever!”

“Your evidence is as tainted as your water,” replied the now infuriated householder.

So off they went to the Judge.

The Judge heard the case carefully. “My good friends!” said he, “you’ve neither of you got a leg to stand on; for in all you say there is not one grain of proof.—The case is dismissed.”

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The Water Inspector rose jubilant, when from the body of the Court came a still small voice.

"Might I respectfully suggest, your Worship, that the water in question be examined through my Microscope?"

"What in thunder is a Microscope?" cried the three in chorus.

"An instrument, your Worship, that I have constructed on the admitted principles of optics, to demonstrate by experience what these gentlemen are arguing about *à priori* and on hearsay."

Then they both rose up against him, and cursed him.

"Unscientific balderdash!" said the Water Man, for the first time speaking respectfully of Science.

"Blasphemous Nonsense!" said the Inhabitant, for the first time speaking respectfully of Religion.

"Wait and see," said the Judge; for he was a just Judge.

Then the Man with the Microscope explained the uses of this new and strange instrument. And the Judge patiently investigated all sources of error, and concluded in the end that the instrument was a true revealer of the secrets of the water. And he pronounced just judgment.

But the others were blinded by passion and self-interest. They only quarrelled more noisily, and were finally turned out of court. But the Judge caused the Man with the Microscope to be appointed Government Analyst at £12,000 a year.

Now the Water Man is the Believer, and the Inhabitant the Unbeliever. The Judge is the Agnostic—in Huxley's sense of the word; and the Man with the Microscope is the Scientific Illuminist.

Curious as it may seem, all this was most carefully ex-

EDITORIAL

plained in No. 1 of this Review, in Mr. Frank Harris's "The Magic Glasses."

Mr. 'Allett is the Materialist, Canon Bayton the Idealist, the Judge's daughter is the Agnostic, and Matthew Penry the Scientific Illuminist. If the little girl had been able to "follow up the light," she might there have seen Penry standing, his head and his feet white like wool, and his eyes a flaming fire!

This, then, in one language or another, is our philosophical position. But for those who are not content with this, let it be said that there is something more behind and beyond. Among us are those who have experienced things of a nature so exalted that no words ever penned could even adumbrate them faintly. The communication of such knowledge, so far as it is at all possible, must be a personal thing; and we offer it with both hands.

It is simple to write to the Chancellor of the A.: A.: at the care of the publishers, 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.; a neophyte of the Order will be detailed to meet the inquirer. He will read to him the History of the Order and explain the task of the Probationer. For we give to each inquirer a year's study; mutual, so that he may decide whether we can indeed give that which he wishes, and so that we may know exactly what training is suitable for him.

Also because we are subtle of mind, many are offended. For we wished to test the world by the touchstone of THE EQUINOX. Those who perceived the essential gold that lay hidden in that hard rock are now busy delving out the same; many are thereby become rich.

So I who write this for the Brethren, with all humility and

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awe, do seriously summon all men unto the Search, even those who are offended because I laugh, gazing into the Eyes of the Beloved; and those who are offended because I hate the veil of words that hides the face of the Beloved; and those who are offended because my passion for the Beloved is too virile and eager to suit their awe; perhaps they forget that passion means suffering.

But let them know that my Beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

LIBER O

VEL

MANVS ET SAGITTÆ

SVB FIGVRÂ

VI

A.: A.: Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:

D.D.S. $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ Præmonstrator
O.S.V. $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ Imperator
N.S.F. $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Cancellarius



1. Earth : the god Set fighting
2. Air: the god Shu supporting the sky.
3. Water: the goddess Aumoth
4. Fire: the goddess Thoum-aesh- Neith
- 5, 6. Spirit: the rending and closing of the veil

- 7-10. The L.V.X. signs.
7. + Osiris slain—the cross.
8. L Isis mourning—the Svastika.
9. V Typhon—the Trident.
10. X Osiris Risen—the Pentagram.

THE SIGNS OF THE GRADES

LIBER O
VEL
MANVS ET SAGITTÆ
SVB FIGVRÂ
VI

I.

1. This book is very easy to misunderstand; readers are asked to use the most minute critical care in the study of it, even as we have done in its preparation.

2. In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth and the Paths; of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things that may or may not exist.

It is immaterial whether these exist or not. By doing certain things, certain results will follow; students are earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophical validity to any of them.

3. The advantages to be gained from them are chiefly these:

(*a*) A widening of the horizon of the mind.

(*b*) An improvement of the control of the mind.

4. The student, if he attain to success in the following practices, will find himself confronted by things (ideas or

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beings) too glorious or too dreadful to be described. It is essential that he remain the master of all that he beholds, hears or conceives; otherwise he will be the slave of illusion, and the prey of madness.

Before entering upon any of these practices, the student should be in good health, and have attained a fair mastery of Asana, Pranayama, and Dharana.

5. There is little danger that any student, however idle or stupid, will fail to get some result; but there is great danger that he will be led astray, obsessed and overwhelmed by his results, even though it be by those which it is necessary that he should attain. Too often, moreover, he mistaketh the first resting-place for the goal, and taketh off his armour as if he were a victor ere the fight is well begun.

It is desirable that the student should never attach to any result the importance which it at first seems to possess.

6. First, then, let us consider the Book 777 and its use; the preparation of the Place; the use of the Magic Ceremonies; and finally the methods which follow in Chapter V. “Viator in Regnis Arboris,” and in Chapter VI. “Sagitta trans Lunam.”

(In another book will it be treated of the Expansion and Contraction of Consciousness; progress by slaying the Cakkrâms; progress by slaying the Pairs of Opposites; the methods of Sabhapaty Swami, &c. &c.)

II

1. The student must FIRST obtain a thorough knowledge of Book 777, especially of columns i., ii., iii., v., vi., vii., ix., xi., xii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxviii.,

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xxxix., xl., xli., xlii., xlv., liv., lv., lix., lx., lxi., lxiii., lxx., lxxv., lxxvii., lxxviii., lxxix., lxxx., lxxxi., lxxxiii., xcvi., xcvi., xcix., c., ci., cxvii., cxviii., cxxxvii., cxxxviii., cxxxix., clxxv., clxxvi., clxxvii., clxxxii.

When these are committed to memory, he will begin to understand the nature of these correspondences. (*See Illustrations: "The Temple of Solomon the King,"* in this number. Cross-references are given.)

2. If we take an example the use of the table will become clear.

Let us suppose that you wish to obtain knowledge of some obscure science.

In column xlv., line 12, you will find "Knowledge of Sciences."

By now looking up line 12 in the other columns, you will find that the Planet corresponding is Mercury, its number eight, its lineal figures the octagon and octagram, the God who rules that planet Thoth, or in Hebrew symbolism Tetragrammaton Adonai and Elohim Tzabaoth, its Archangel Raphael, its Choir of Angels Beni Elohim, its Intelligence Tirieli, its Spirit Taphtatharath, its colours Orange (for Mercury is the sphere of the Sephira Hod, 8), Yellow, Purple, Grey, and Indigo rayed with Violet; its Magical Weapon the Wand or Caduceus, its Perfumes Mastic and others, its sacred plants Vervain and others, its jewel the Opal or Agate, its sacred animal the Snake, &c. &c.

3. You would then prepare your Place of Working according. In an orange circle you would draw an eight-pointed star of yellow, at whose points you would place eight lamps. The Sigil of the Spirit (which is to be found in Cornelius Agrippa

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and other books) you would draw in the four colours with such other devices as your experiences may suggest.

4. And so on. We cannot here enter at length into all the necessary preparations; and the student will find them fully set forth in the proper books, of which the “Goetia” is perhaps the best example.

These rituals need not be slavishly imitated; on the contrary the student should do nothing the object of which he does not understand; also, if he have any capacity whatever, he will find his own crude rituals more effective than the highly polished ones of other people.

The general purpose of all this preparation is as follows:

5. Since the student is a man surrounded by material objects, if it be his wish to master one particular idea, he must make every material object about him directly suggest that idea. Thus in the ritual quoted, if his glance fall upon the lights, their number suggests Mercury; he smells the perfumes, and again Mercury is brought to his mind. In other words, the whole magical apparatus and ritual is a complex system of mnemonics.

[The importance of these lies principally in the fact that particular sets of images that the student may meet in his wanderings correspond to particular lineal figures, divine names, &c., and are controlled by them. As to possibility of producing results external to the mind of the seer (*objective*, in the ordinary common-sense acceptance of the term) we are here silent.]

6. There are three important practices connected with all forms of ceremonial (and the two Methods which later we shall describe). These are:

LIBER O

- (1) Assumption of God-forms.
- (2) Vibrations of Divine Names.
- (3) Rituals of “Banishing” and “Invoking.”

These, at least, should be completely mastered before the dangerous Methods of Chapters V. and VI. are attempted.

III

1. The Magical Images of the Gods of Egypt should be made thoroughly familiar. This can be done by studying them in any public museum, or in such books as may be accessible to the student. They should then be carefully painted by him, both from the model and from memory.

2. The student, seated in the “God” position, or in the characteristic attitude of the God desired, should then imagine His image as coinciding with his own body, or as enveloping it. This must be practiced until mastery of the image is attained, and an identity with it and with the God experienced.

It is a matter for very great regret that no simple and certain tests of success in this practice exist.

3. The vibration of God-names. As a further means of identifying the human consciousness with that pure portion of it which man calls by the name of some God, let him act thus:

4. (a) Stand with arms outstretched. (*See Illustration*).
- (b) Breathe in deeply through the nostrils, imagining the name of the God desired entering with the breath.
- (c) Let that name descend slowly from the lungs to the heart, the solar plexus, the navel, the generative organs, and so to the feet.

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- (d) The moment that it appears to touch the feet, quickly advance the left foot about twelve inches, throw forward the body, and let the hands (drawn back to the side of the eyes) shoot out, so that you are standing in the typical position of the God Horus,* and at the same time imagine the Name as rushing up through the body, while you breathe it out through the nostrils with the air which has been till then retained in the lungs. All this must be done with all the force of which you are capable.
- (e) Then withdraw the left foot, and place the right forefinger, so that you are in the characteristic position of the God Harpocrates.†

5. It is a sign that the student is performing this correctly when a single "Vibration" entirely exhausts his physical strength. It should cause him to grow hot all over, or to perspire violently, and it should so weaken him that he will find it difficult to remain standing.

6. It is a sign of success, though only by the student himself is it perceived, when he hears the name of the God vehemently roared forth, as if by the concourse of ten thousand thunders; and it should appear to him as if that Great Voice proceeded from the Universe, and not from himself.

In both the above practices all consciousness of anything but the God-form and name should be absolutely blotted out; and the longer it takes for normal perception to return, the better.

* See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1, "Blind Force."

† See Illustration in Vol. I. No. 1, "The Silent Watcher."

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IV

1. The Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram must be committed to memory. They are as follows.

The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram

- (i) Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee).
- (ii) Touching the breast, say Malkuth (The Kingdom).
- (iii) Touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power).
- (iv) Touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory).
- (v) Clasp the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen).
- (vi) Turning to the East, make a Pentagram (that of Earth) with the proper weapon (usually the Wand). Say (*i.e.*, vibrate) I H V H.
- (vii) Turning to the South, the same, but say A D N I.
- (viii) Turning to the West, the same, but say A H I H.
- (ix) Turning to the North, the same, but say A G L A.

Pronounce: Ye-ho-wau, Adónai, Eheieh, Agla.

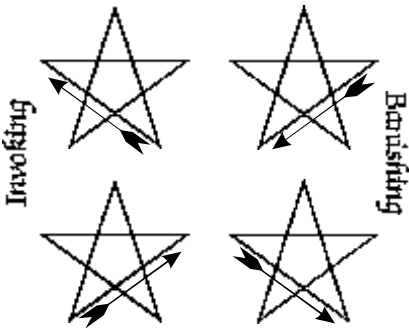
- (x) Extending the arms in the form of a Cross, say:
- (xi) Before me Raphael;
- (xii) Behind me Gabriel;
- (xiii) On my right hand Michael;
- (xiv) On my left hand Auriel;
- (xv) For about me flames the Pentagram;
- (xvi) And in the Column stands the six-rayed Star.
- (xvii-xxi) Repeat (i) to (v), the “Qabalistic Cross.”

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The Greater Ritual of the Pentagram

The pentagrams are traced in the air with the sword or other weapon, the name spoken aloud, and the signs used, as illustrated.

THE PENTAGRAMS OF SPIRIT



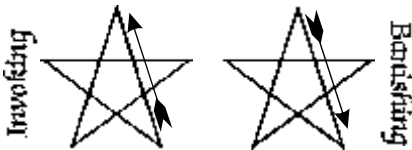
Equilibrium of Actives,
Name: A H I H (Eheieh).

Equilibrium of Passives,
Name: A G L A (Aglā).

The signs of the Portal (*see* Illustrations): Extend the hands in front of you, palms outwards, separate them as if in the act of rending asunder a veil or curtain (actives), and then bring them together as if closing it up again and let them fall to the side (passives).

(The Grade of the “Portal” is particularly attributed to the element of Spirit; it refers to the Sun; the paths of **Ⲕ**, **Ⲛ**, and **Ⲙ** are attributed to this degree. *See* “777,” lines 6 and 31 bis.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF FIRE



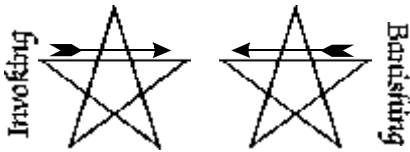
Name: A L H I M (Elohim).

LIBER O

The sign of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$: Raise the arms above the head and join the hands so that the tips of the fingers and of the thumbs meet, formulating a triangle. (*See Illustration*).

(The Grade of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element Fire; it refers to the planet Venus; the paths of \mathfrak{p} , \mathfrak{z} , and \mathfrak{d} are attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 7 and 31.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF WATER

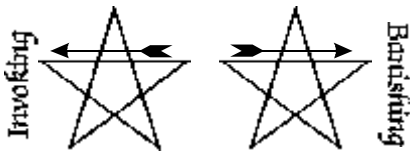


Name: A L (El).

The sign of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$: Raise the arms till the elbows are on a level with the shoulders, bring the hands across the chest, touching the thumbs and tips of fingers so as to form a triangle apex downwards. (*See Illustration*).

(The Grade of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element of Water; it refers to the planet Mercury; the paths of \mathfrak{r} and \mathfrak{w} are attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 8 and 23.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF AIR



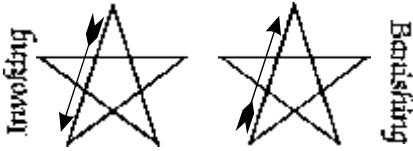
Name: I H V H (Ye-ho-wau).

The sign of $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$: Stretch both arms upwards and outwards, the elbows bent at right-angles, the hands bent back, the palms upwards as if supporting a weight. (*See Illustration*).

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(The Grade of $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element Air; it refers to the Moon; the path of \aleph is attributed to this degree. For other attributions *see* “777,” lines 9 and 11.).

THE PENTAGRAMS OF EARTH



Name: A D N I (Adonai).

The sign of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$: Advance the right foot, stretch out the right hand upwards and forwards, the left hand downwards and backwards, the palms open. (*See* Illustration).

(The Grade of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ is particularly attributed to the element of Earth. *See* “777,” lines 10 and 32 bis.).

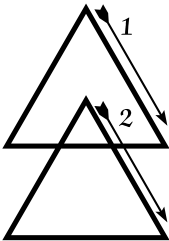
The Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram

This ritual is to be performed after the “Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram.”

- (i) Stand upright, feet together, left arm at side, right arm across body, holding the wand or other weapon upright in the median line. Then face East, and say:
- (ii) I. N. R. I.
Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.
Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.
Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.
Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.
Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

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- (iii) Extend the arms in the form of a cross, and say:
“The sign of Osiris Slain.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (iv) Raise the right arm to point upwards, keeping the elbow square, and lower the left arm to point downwards, keeping the elbow square, while turning the head over the left shoulder looking down so that the eyes follow the left forearm, and say: “The sign of the Mourning of Isis.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (v) Raise the arms at an angle of sixty degrees to each other above the head, which is thrown back, and say: “The sign of Apophis and Typhon.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (vi) Cross the arms on the breast, and bow the head, and say: “The sign of Osiris Risen.” (*See Illustration.*)
- (vii) Extend the arms again as in (iii) and cross them again as in (vi), saying: “L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.”

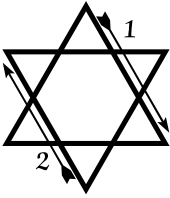


(viii) With the magical weapon trace the Hexagram of Fire in the East, saying:
“Ararita” (ס ת י ר ס ר ס)

Which word consists of the initials of a sentence which means “One is His Beginning; One is His Individuality: His Permutation is One.”

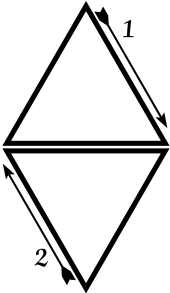
THE EQUINOX

This hexagram consists of two equilateral triangles, both apices pointing upwards. Begin at the top of the upper triangle and trace it in a dextro-rotary direction. The top of the lower triangle should coincide with the central point of the upper triangle.



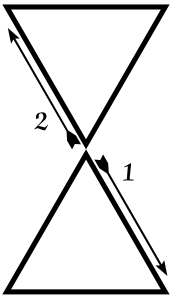
(ix) Trace the Hexagram of Earth in the South saying: “ARARITA.”

This Hexagram has the apex of the lower triangle pointing downwards, and it should be capable of inscription in a circle.



(x) Trace the Hexagram of Air in the West, saying: “ARARITA.”

This hexagram is like that of Earth; but the bases of the triangles coincide, forming a diamond.



(xi) Trace the Hexagram of Water in the North, saying: “ARARITA.”

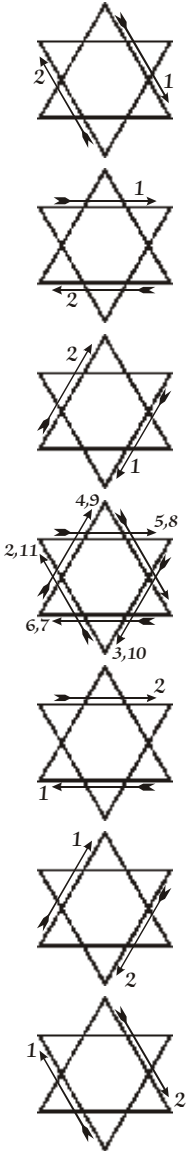
This hexagram has the lower triangle placed above the upper, so that their apices coincide.

(xii) Repeat (i-vii)

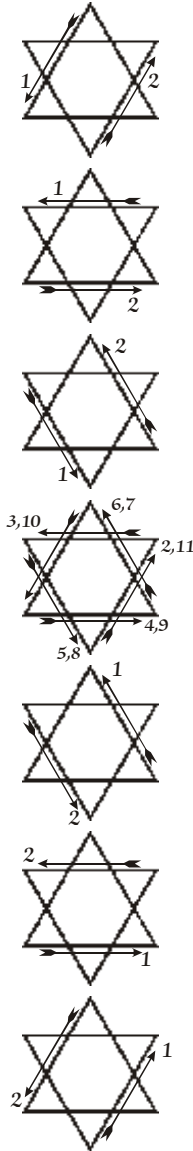
The Banishing Ritual is identical, save that the direction of the Hexagrams must be reversed.

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Invoking



Banishing



The Greater Ritual of the Hexagram

To invoke or banish planets or zodiacal signs.

The Hexagram of Earth alone is used. Draw the hexagram, beginning from the point which is attributed to the planet you are dealing with. (See “777,” col. lxxxiii.)

Thus to invoke Jupiter begin from the right-hand point of the lower triangle, dextro-rotary, and complete; then trace the upper triangle from its left-hand point and complete.

Trace the astrological sigil of the planet in the centre of your hexagram.

For the Zodiac use the hexagram of the planet which rules the

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sign you require (“777,” col. cxxxviii.); but draw the astrological sigil of the sign instead of that of the planet.

For Caput and Cauda Draconis use the lunar hexagram, with the sigil of Ω or Ū.

To banish reverse the hexagram.

In all cases use a conjuration first with Ararita, and next with the name of the God corresponding to the planet or sign you are dealing with.

The Hexagrams pertaining to the planets are as in plate on preceding page.

2. These rituals should be practised until the figures drawn appear in flame, in flame so near to physical flame that it would perhaps be visible to the eyes of a bystander, were one present. It is alleged that some persons have attained the power of actually kindling fire by these means. Whether this be so or not, the power is not one to be aimed at.

3. Success in “banishing” is known by a “feeling of cleanliness” in the atmosphere; success in “invoking” by a “feeling of holiness.” It is unfortunate that these terms are so vague.

But at least make sure of this: that any imaginary figure or being shall instantly obey the will of the student, when he uses the appropriate figure. In obstinate cases, the form of the appropriate God may be assumed.

4. The banishing rituals should be used at the commencement of any ceremony whatever. Next, the student should use a general invocation, such as the “Preliminary Invocation” in the “Goetia,” as well as a special invocation to suit the nature of his working.

5. Success in these verbal invocations is so subtle a

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matter, and its grades so delicately shaded, that it must be left to the good sense of the student to decide whether or not he should be satisfied with his result.

V

1. Let the student be at rest in one of his prescribed positions, having bathed and robed with the proper decorum. Let the Place of Working be free from all disturbance, and let the preliminary purifications, banishings and invocations be duly accomplished, and, lastly, let the incense be kindled.

2. Let him imagine his own figure (preferably robed in the proper magical garments and armed with the proper magical weapons) as enveloping his physical body, or standing near to and in front of him.

3. Let him then transfer the seat of his consciousness to that imagined figure, so that it may seem to him that he is seeing with its eyes, and hearing with its ears.

This will usually be the great difficulty of the operation.

4. Let him then cause that imagined figure to rise in the air to a great height above the earth.

5. Let him then stop and look about him. (It is sometimes difficult to open the eyes.)

6. Probably he will see figures approaching him, or become conscious of a landscape.

Let him speak to such figures, and insist upon being answered, using the proper pentagrams and signs, as previously taught.

7. Let him travel about at will, either with or without guidance from such figure or figures.

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8. Let him further employ such special invocations as will cause to appear the particular places he may wish to visit.

9. Let him beware of the thousand subtle attacks and deceptions that he will experience, carefully testing the truth of all with whom he speaks.

Thus a hostile being may appear clothed with glory; the appropriate pentagrams will in such a case cause him to shrivel or decay.

10. Practice will make the student infinitely wary in these matters.

11. It is usually quite easy to return to the body; but should any difficulty arise, practice (again) will make the imagination fertile. For example, one may create in thought a chariot of fire with white horses, and command the charioteer to drive earthwards.

It might be dangerous to go too far, or stay too long, for fatigue must be avoided.

The danger spoken of is that of fainting, or of obsession, or loss of memory or other mental faculty.

12. Finally, let the student cause his imagined body in which he supposes himself to have been travelling to coincide with the physical, tightening his muscles, drawing in his breath, and putting his forefinger to his lips. Then let him “awake” by a well-defined act of will, and soberly and accurately record his experiences.

It may be added that this apparently complicated experiment is perfectly easy to perform. It is best to learn by “travelling” with a person already experienced in the matter. Two or three experiments should suffice to render the student confident and even expert. *See also* “The Seer”, pp. 295–333.

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VI

1. The previous experiment has little value, and leads to few results of importance. But it is susceptible of a development which merges into a form of Dharana—concentration—and as such may lead to the very highest ends. The principal use of the practice in the last chapter is to familiarise the student with every kind of obstacle and every kind of delusion, so that he may be perfect master of every idea that may arise in his brain, to dismiss it, to transmute it, to cause it instantly to obey his will.

2. Let him then begin exactly as before; but with the most intense solemnity and determination.

3. Let him be very careful to cause his imaginary body to rise in a line exactly perpendicular to the earth's tangent at the point where his physical body is situated (or, to put it more simply, straight upwards).

4. Instead of stopping, let him continue to rise until fatigue almost overcomes him. If he should find that he has stopped without willing to do so, and that figure appear, let him at all costs rise above them.

Yea, though his very life tremble on his lips, let him force his way upward and onward!

5. Let him continue in this so long as the breath of life is in him. Whatever threatens, whatever allures, though it were Typhon and all his hosts loosed from the pit and leagued against him, though it were from the very Throne of God Himself that a Voice issues bidding him stay and be content, let him struggle on, ever on.

6. At last there must come a moment when his whole

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being is swallowed up in fatigue, overwhelmed by its own inertia.* Let him sink (when no longer can he strive, though his tongue be bitten through with the effort and the blood gush from his nostrils) into the blackness of unconsciousness; and then on coming to himself, let him write down soberly and accurately a record of all that hath occurred: yea, a record of all that hath occurred.

EXPLICIT

* This in case of failure. The results of success are so many and wonderful that no effort is here made to describe them. They are classified, tentatively, in "The Herb Dangerous," Part II, *infra*.

[A book of Elementary Invocations is in preparation, and will be issued in Number 3.]

THE HERB DANGEROUS

PART II

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

BY

OLIVER HADDO

THE HERB DANGEROUS

“The girders of the soul, which give her breathing, are easy to be unloosed.”

“Nature teaches us, and the oracles also affirm, that even the evil germs of matter may alike become useful and good.”

ZOROASTER.

COMPARABLE to the Alf Laylah wa Laylah itself, a very Tower of Babel, partaking alike of truth both gross and subtle inextricably interwoven with the most fantastic fable, is our view of the Herb—Hashish—the Herb Dangerous. Of the investigators who have pierced even for a moment the magic veil of its glamour ecstatic many have been appalled, many disappointed. Few have dared to crush in arms of steel this burning daughter of the Jinn; to ravish from her poisonous scarlet lips the kisses of death, to force her serpent-smooth and serpent-stinging body down to some infernal torture-couch, and strike her into spasm as the lightning splits the cloud-wrack, only to read in her infinite sea-green eyes the awful price of her virginity—black madness.

Even supreme Richard Burton, who solved nigh every other riddle of the Eastern Sphinx, passed this one by. He took the drug for months “with no other symptom than increased appetite,” and in his general attitude to hashish-

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intoxication (spoken of often in the “Nights”) shows that he regards it as no more than a vice, and seems not to suspect that, vice or no, it had strange fruits; if not of the Tree of Life, at least of that other Tree, double and sinister and deadly. . . .

Nay! for I am of the Serpent’s party; Knowledge is good, be the price what it may.

Such little fruit, then, as I may have culled from her autumnal breast (mere unripe berries, I confess!) I hasten to offer to my friends.

And lest the austerity of such a goddess be profaned by the least vestige of adornment I make haste to divest myself of whatever gold or jewellery of speech I may possess, to advance, my left breast bare, without timidity or rashness, into her temple, my hoped reward the lamb’s skin of a clean heart, the badge of simple truthfulness and the apron of Innocence.

In order to keep this paper within limits, I may premise that the preparation and properties of *Cannabis indica* can be studied in the proper pharmaceutical treatises, though, as this drug is more potent psychologically than physically, all strictly medical account of it, so far as I am aware, have been hitherto both meagre and misleading. Deeper and clearer is the information to be gained from the brilliant studies by Baudelaire, unsurpassed for insight and impartiality, and Ludlow, tainted by admiration of de Quincey and the sentimentalists.*

* At the time of writing this article, I had only glanced rapidly through Baudelaire’s essay. When I made the experiments, I knew only Ludlow, and the brief note in "Martindale and Westcott." My research results, therefore, such as

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My contribution to the subject will therefore be strictly personal, and so far incomplete; indeed in a sense valueless, since in such a matter personality may so largely outweigh all other factors of the problem. At the same time I must insist that my armour is more complete in several directions than that of my predecessors, inasmuch as I possess the advantage not only of a prolonged psychological training, a solid constitution, a temperament on which hashish acts by exciting perception (Sañña), quite unalloyed by sensation (Vedana) and a perfect scepticism; but also of more than an acquaintance with ceremonial drunkenness among many nations and with the magical or mystical processes of all times and all races. It may fairly be retorted upon me that this unique qualification of mine is the very factor which most vitiates my results. However . . .

With the question of intoxication considered as a key to knowledge let me begin, for from that side did I myself first suspect the existence of the drug which (as I now believe) is some sublimated or purified preparation of *Cannabis indica*.

II

“Labour thou around the Strophalos of Hecate.”

ZOROASTER.

In 1898-1899 I had just left Cambridge and was living in rooms in Chancery Lane, honoured by the presence of Allan Bennett (now Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya) as my guest.

they are, are unbiased by knowledge. The coincidences with Baudelaire now appear very striking.

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Together for many months we studied and practised Ceremonial Magic, and ransacked the ancient books and MSS. of the reputed sages for a key to the great mysteries of life and death. Not even fiction was neglected, and it was from fiction that we gathered one tiny seed-fact, which (in all these years) has germinated to the present essay.

Through the ages we found this one constant story. Stripped of its local and chronological accidents, it usually came to this—the writer would tell of a young man, a seeker after the Hidden Wisdom, who, in one circumstance or another, meets an adept; who, after sundry ordeals, obtains from the said adept, for good or ill, a certain mysterious drug or potion, with the result (at least) of opening the gate of the Other-world. This potion was identified with the Elixir Vitæ of the physical Alchemists, or one of their “Tinctures,” most likely the “White Tincture” which transforms the base metal (normal perception of life) to silver (poetic conception), and we sought it by fruitless attempts to poison ourselves with every drug in (and out of) the Pharmacopœia.

Like Huckleberry Finn’s prayer, nuffin’ come of it.

I must now, like the Baker, skip forty years, or rather eight, and reach a point where my travels in India had familiarised me with their systems of meditation and with the fact that many of the lesser Yogis employed hashish (whether vainly or no we shall discuss later) to obtain Samadhi, that oneness with the Universe, or with the Nothingness, which is the feeble expression by which alone we can shadow that supreme trance. I had also the advantage of falling across Ludlow’s book, and was struck by the circumstance that he, obviously ignorant of Vedantist and

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Yogic doctrines, yet approximately expressed them, though in a degraded and distorted form.

I was also aware of the prime agony of meditation, the “dryness”* (as Molinos calls it) which hardens and sterilises the soul.

The very practice which should flood it with light leads only to a darkness more terrible than death, a despair and disgust which only too often lead to abandonment, when in truth they should encourage, for that—as the oracles affirm—it is darkest before the dawn.

Meditation therefore annoyed me, as tightening and constricting the soul. I began to ask myself if the “dryness” was an essential part of the process. If by some means I could shake its catafalque of Mind, might not the Infinite Divine Spirit leap unfettered to the Light?

Who shall roll away the stone?

Let it not be imagined that I devised these thoughts from pure sloth or weariness. But with the mystical means then at my disposal, I required a period of days or of weeks to obtain any Result, such as Samadhi in one of its greater or lesser forms; and in England the difficulties were hardly to be overcome. I found it impossible to meditate in the cold, and fires will not last equably. Gas stinks abominably; heating apparatus does not heat; electricity has hitherto not been available. When I build my temple, I shall try it.

The food difficulty could be overcome by Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, the noise difficulty by training, the leisure difficulty

* The period of the rule of Apophis in the mystic regenerative process Isis Apophis Osiris I A O; or the Black Dragon in the alchemical translation from the First Matter of the Work into the Elixir.

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by sending all business to the devil, the solitude difficulty by borrowing a vacant flat; but the British climate beat me. I hope one day to be rich enough to build a little house expressly for the purpose; but at present there is on the horizon no cloud even so large as the littlest finger of a man!

If only, therefore, I could reduce the necessary period to a few hours!

Moreover, I could persuade other people that mysticism was not all folly without insisting on their devoting a lifetime to studying under me; and if only I could convince a few competent observers—in such a matter I distrust even myself—Science would be bound to follow and to investigate, clear up the matter once for all, and, as I believed, and believe, arm itself with a new weapon ten thousand times more potent than the balance and the microscope.

Imagine me, therefore, if you please, selecting these few facts from the millions of others in the armoury of my brain, dovetailing them, and at last formulating an hypothesis verifiable by experiment.

III

“But I evolve all these mysteries in the profound abyss of Mind.”—ZOROASTER.

This was my hypothesis:

“Perhaps hashish is the drug which ‘loosens the girders of the soul,’ but is in itself neither good nor bad. Perhaps, as Baudelaire thinks, it merely exaggerates and distorts the natural man and his mood of the moment.” The whole of

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Ludlow's wonderful introspection seemed to me to fortify this suggestion.

"Well, then, let me see whether by first exalting myself mystically and continuing my invocations while the drug dissolved the matrix of the diamond soul, that diamond might not manifest limpid and sparkling, a radiance 'not of the Sun, nor of the Moon, nor of the Stars';" and then, of course, I remembered that this ceremonial intoxication constitutes the supreme ritual of all religions.

First, however, it was necessary to determine the normal action of the drug upon my particular organisation. There are various preparations of *Cannabis indica*, all alike in this, that their action is so uncertain as to be not easily or surely standardised. It is not even a question of reasonable limits: of two samples apparently alike one may be fifty times stronger than the other. A sample may apparently degenerate 50 per cent. in strength within a few days. Some samples may be totally inert.

This fact has led to the almost total abandonment of the use of the drug in medicine.

Further, the personal equation counts for much. Allan Bennett in Chancery Lane had on one occasion taken sufficient Conium (hemlock) to kill forty men without the smallest result of any kind.

In Kandy I had (for the first time in my life) taken two hundred and twenty-five drops of Laudanum in five hours, also with no more result than would have been produced by ten drops upon the average man.

Our equation was therefore composed exclusively of variables, and wide variables at that! Nothing for it, then,

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but rule-of-thumb! The old Chancery Lane rule: begin with half the minimum dose of the Pharmacopoeia, and if nothing happens within the expected time, double the dose. If you go on long enough, something is nearly sure to happen!

IV

“The Mind of the Father said Into Three! and immediately all things were so divided.”—ZOROASTER.

Let my readers be good enough to remember, then, that what follows concerns myself only. This must excuse the use of the first person, highly improper in a scientific essay, were it not that the personality of the experimenter is perhaps an essential. I cannot assert that my results would be achieved by another. Yet I have the strong conviction that I have eliminated many sources of error, and that my observations may possess a more absolute value in psychology than those of Ludlow or even of my great master Baudelaire. The few on whom I have been able to test the drug have in large measure confirmed, and in no way contradicted, my results.

In the first place, I make an absolute distinction between three effects of hashish, which may be, and I think probably are—so distinct they appear—due to three separate substances.

Possibly a simple stimulus-curve may account for it, but I do not think so.

I. *The volatile aromatic effect (a).*

This, the first evanescent symptom, gives the “thrill” described by Ludlow, as of a new pulse of power pervading

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one. Psychologically, the result is that one is thrown into an absolutely perfect state of introspection. One perceives one's thoughts and nothing but one's thoughts, and it is as thoughts that one perceives them. Material objects are only perceived as thoughts; in other words, in this respect, one possesses the direct consciousness of Berkeleyan idealism. The Ego and the Will are not involved; there is introspection of an almost if not quite purely impersonal type; that, and nothing more.

I am not to be understood as asserting that the results of this introspection are psychologically valid.

2. *The toxic hallucinative effect* (β).

With a sufficiently large dose—for it is possible to get effect (α) only as a transient phenomenon—the images of thought pass more rapidly through the brain, at last vertiginously fast. They are no longer recognized as thoughts, but imagined as exterior. The Will and the Ego become alarmed, and may be attacked and overwhelmed. This constitutes the main horror of the drug; it is to be combated by a highly—may I say magically?—trained will.

I trust my readers will concede that the practice of ceremonial magic and meditation, all occult theories apart, do lead the mind to immense power over its own imaginations.

The fear of being swept away in the tide of relentless images is a terrible experience. Woe to who yields!

3. *The narcotic effect* (γ).

One simply goes off to sleep. This is not necessarily due to the brain-fatigue induced by (α) and (β); for with one sample of *Cannabis*, I found it to occur independently.

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V

“For this Paternal Intellect, which comprehendeth the Intelligibles and adorneth things ineffable, hath sowed symbols through the World.”

“Comprehending that Intelligible with extended Mind; for the Intelligible is the flower of Mind.”

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

The most important of the psychological results of my experiments seem to me to lie in (*a*). I devoted much pains to obtaining this effect alone by taking only the minutest doses, by preparing myself physically and mentally for the experiment, and by seeking in every possible way to intensify and prolong the effect.

Simple impressions in normal consciousness are resolved by hashish into a concatenation of hieroglyphs of a purely symbolic type.

Just as we represent a horse by the five letters h-o-r-s-e, none of which has in itself the smallest relation to a horse, so an even simpler concept such as the letter A seems resolved into a set of pictures, a fairly large number, possibly a constant number, of them. These glyphs are perceived together, just as the skilled reader reads h-o-r-s-e as a single word, not letter by letter. These pictorial glyphs, letters as it were of the

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word which we call a thought, seem to stand at a definite distance in space behind the thought, the thought being farther from the perceiving soul. Looking at each glyph, one perceives, too, that itself is made up of other glyphs yet nearer to the Self, these glyphs, however, being formless and nameless; they are not truly perceived, but one is somehow aware of them.

Unfortunately, the tendency to fall into effect (β) makes it very difficult to concentrate on the analysis of these ideas, so that one is hurried on to a similar examination of the next thought. It is curious, though, to notice how this analysis corresponds to the worlds of the Qabalah, the single "pure soul" at the back of all, the shadowy "creative" world, the varied "formative world," and the single though concrete "material" world.

It puzzles one, too (at the time, in the very course of the analysis), to ask: If the external simple impression be made up of so many glyphs, and each of these again of many more, how can one ever return to the "pure soul"? For all the while one is clearly conscious of a simple Ego or "pure soul" which perceives all this.

The only solution appears to lie in a metaphysical identification of Monotheism and Pantheism.

Again, one is conscious of a double direction in the phenomena. Not only is it true to say that the thoughts are analysed into glyphs and so on, back to the pure soul; but also that the pure soul sends forth the glyphs, which formulate the thought. Here again we must identify the Atman system of Hinduism centred in Ego with the Anatta system of Buddhism, in which the impressions are all.

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Further, there arises an exceedingly remarkable state of mind, described in the Bhagavad-Gita (I quote Arnold):

“I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord.”

The experience could not be better phrased. Zoroaster, too:

“Who first sprang from Mind, clothing the one Fire with the other Fire, binding them together, that he might mingle the fountainous craters, while preserving unsullied the brilliance of His own Fire.”

“Containing all things in the one summit of his Hyparxis, He Himself subsists wholly beyond.”

It is almost impossible to describe so purely metaphysical a state, which involves clearly enough a contradiction in terms. Yet the consciousness is so vivid, so intense, so certain, that logic is condemned unflinchingly as puerile. The best escape for the logician is to argue that the three assertions are closely consecutive, so closely that mind thinks them one; just as the two points of a pair of compasses pressed upon certain parts of the body are felt as one point only. While the mystic will mutter some esoteric darkness about the true interpretation of the doctrine of the Trinity.

I think one should add that these results of my introspection are almost certainly due to my own training in philosophy and magic, and that nothing but the intensification of the introspective faculty is due to the hashish. Probably, too, this effect (α) would be suppressed or unnoticed in a subject who had never developed his introspection at all.

Yet I am inclined to believe that this effect (α) is the true effect; and that Ludlow's “access of self-consciousness” is but the same operating on the organization of a man evidently nervous and timid.

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VI

“The Intelligible is the principle of all section.”

“The Mind of the Father whirled forth in re-echoing roar, comprehending by invincible Will Ideas omniform; which flying forth from that one fountain issued; for from the Father alike was the Will and the End (by which are they connected with the Father according to alternating life, though varying vehicles). But they were divided asunder, being by Intellectual Fire distributed into other Intellectuals. For the King of all previously placed before the polymorphous World a Type, intellectual, incorruptible, the imprint of whose form is sent forth through the World, by which the Universe shone forth decked with Ideas all-various, of which the foundation is One, One and alone. From this the others rush forth distributed and separated through the various bodies of the Universe, and are borne in swarms through its vast abysses, ever whirling forth in illimitable radiation.

“They are intellectual conceptions from the Paternal Fountain partaking abundantly of the brilliance of Fire in the culmination of unresting time.

“But the primary self-perfect Fountain of the Father poured forth these primogenial Ideas.”

“The Soul, being a brilliant Fire, by the power of the Father remaineth immortal, and is Mistress of Life, and filleth up the many recesses of the bosom of the world.”—ZOROASTER.

The alleged annihilation of time and space, which so frequently reappears in articles on hashish, seems to me solved more simply by a more accurate analysis of the phenomenon. The normal explanation involves the assumption that man naturally possesses a perfect and infallible “time-sense” as regular as a clock. Which is absurd; were it so, we should not need watches. We are accustomed to work (whether the idea be philosophically tenable or not is not german to the matter) with a minimum cogitabile both of space and of time. Just as a definite number of beats of the pendulum makes an

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hour, so mentally a less definite but far from indefinite number of thoughts makes an hour's consciousness. Perhaps powerful and vivid thoughts count for a longer lapse of time than weak ones. Deep sleep passes like an invisible electric discharge.

The apparently contrary fact that time seems short when we have been reading an interesting book or performing a pleasant and absorbing task is explained thus; the multitude of impressions is harmonised into one impression. Read an unharmonious and dull book, or an essay like this, and the time appears ineffably long.

The other contrary fact, that a minute's Samadhi appears as an eternity, though Samadhi is a single thought, is explained by the intensity of that thought and by other considerations which I shall hope to discuss more fully in section xiii. of this essay.

This, then, is what happens to the eater of hashish. For each impression he has thousands of glyphs (effect(α)) or in the more common* effect (β) the images are so multiplied and superimposed that all harmony is lost; the brain fails to keep pace with its impressions, still less to codify and control them. It finds then that from the idea "cat" to the idea "mouse" is a journey through the million dying echoes of cat to the million dawn-rays of mouse, and that the journey takes a million times as long as usual.

This analysis of a thought into its dawn, noon, and sunset, is well drawn in Buddhist psychology.†

Often, too, most often, one of the "cat-echoes" will be so loud that the whole chain is shattered; the cat-echo becomes

* More common, judging by the reports of Ludlow and others. I never permitted myself to fall under its dominion.

† See Mrs. Rhys David's book.

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the dominant, and its harmonics (or inharmonics) themselves usurp the throne—and so on and so on—through countless ages of insane hallucination.

The same criticism applies to space; for in practice we judge of space by the time required to pass through it, either by the small angular or focussing movements of the eye or by our general experience. So that if I cross a room, and think a million thoughts on the way, the room seems immense. It is by the tedium of the journey, not by any hallucination of the physical eye, that this illusion is produced.

In writing my notes on one occasion I found that my right arm (which of course is not in the line of vision at all, normally) was many thousands of miles in extent. It was strange and difficult to control such colossal sweeps through space to the fine work of the pen. Yet my handwriting was no worse than usual—I admit this says little! It was the time that it apparently took to get one word written that caused the illusion of extravagant size, itself therefore a rational illusion, turned to phantastic absurdity by the excited imagination, which visualized it.

VII

“The Intelligible is the principle of all section.”

“God is never so turned away from man, and never so much sendeth him new paths, as when he maketh ascent to divine speculations or works in a confused or disordered manner, and as it adds, with unhallowed lips, or unwashed feet. For of those who are thus negligent, the progress is imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are dark.”—ZOROASTER.

Another and highly important result of thought-analysis is the criticism of thought as it arises. Just as the impres-

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sions are represented by pictorial glyphs, so each reflection upon an impression is accompanied by either one or two (more only when the control is imperfect) *critical* glyphs, as it were in small type, an annotation of approval or otherwise. Thus, a chain of thought A—B—C will have three approving pictures in a fainter key; the soul justifying the sequence. Should one continue A—B—C—E an opposing glyph will warn of the falsity, or at least cast doubt upon it. In the generally unstable condition of the thought, such a critical glyph may be strong enough to become the dominant; and then the whole line of thought breaks down. Let me give an example:

<i>Thought</i>	<i>Criticisms and their glyphs.</i>
1. Man	a man reaping—meaning “Good—go on.” a horse = “True—Mill’s definition.”
2. Featherless Biped.	Three horses in a field = “Are there no other featherless bipeds?” a stream = “Stop—Stop—Stop.”
3. Was it Mill?	A tombstone on a hill = “Was it Locke?”
4. Locke? Locke?	a battle. thousands of other violent glyphs.

The whole mind is now a raging sea of confused thought: doubts, attempts to remember accurately who on earth first said “featherless biped” even an agony to recover thought 1, and start again. This one unfortunate weakness of thought 2 has drawn the thought-current away from the consideration of “man” to an academic question; and, as hashish goes, one is unlikely ever to get back to it. On the contrary, one of the critical glyphs attacking the thought “Locke? Locke?” will probably be strong enough to carry away the thought into a new channel, in its turn to be diverted. This at the best: for one is now ready to fall into the Maelstrom of effect (β).

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There is only one remedy for this state of affairs, the discipline of thought which we call in its highest forms meditation and magic. The existence of the disease, it will be noticed, indeed perfectly explains the nature of thought-wandering as observed by me in simple meditation without drugs. It should be taken, I think, as the normal action of the untrained mind. So long as the thoughts are strongly thrown out, rational, the critical glyphs approve, and the thought-current moves harmoniously to its end. Such are the trained thought-currents of educated man. The irresponsible and aimless chatter of women and clergymen is the result of weak thoughts constantly drowned by their associated critical glyphs. Mere sympathetic glyphs, too, may be excited in really feeble intelligences. Puns and other false associations of thought are symptomatic of this imbecility. An extreme case is the classical "Cat—mousetrap—kittens" chain of the lunatic, when somebody said "hat."

As I said, there is but one remedy; we all more or less subject to this wandering of thought, and we may all wisely seek to overcome it; that remedy is to train the mind constantly by severe methods; the logic of mathematics, the concentrated observation necessary in all branches of science, the still more elaborate and austere training of magic and meditation.

Too many people mistake reverie for meditation; the chemist's boy who thought Epsom salts was oxalic acid is a less dangerous person. Reverie is turning thought out to grass; meditation is putting him between the shafts.

The so-called poet with his vague dreams and ideals is indeed no better than a harmless lunatic; the true poet is the

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worker, who grips life's throat and wrings out its secret, who selects austere and composes concisely, whose work is as true and clean as razor-steel, albeit its sweep is vaster and swifter than the sun's!

The discursive prattle of such superficial twaddlers as Longfellow and Tennyson is the most deadly poison of the mind. All this is true enough in the merest exoteric necessity of adult civilisation. But if we are to go further into the nature of things, to dive deeper than the chemist, soar higher than the poet, look wider than the astronomer, we must furnish ourselves with a blade of still better temper.

VIII

“It is not proper to understand that Intelligible One with vehemence, but with the extended flame of far-reaching Mind, measuring all things except that Intelligible. But it is requisite to understand this; for if thou inclinest thy Mind thou wilt understand it, not earnestly; but it is becoming to bring with thee a pure and inquiring sense, to extend the void mind of thy soul to that Intelligible, that thou mayst learn the Intelligible, because it subsisteth beyond Mind.”

“Thou wilt not understand it, as when understanding some common thing.”—ZOROASTER.

In other of my philosophical writings I have endeavoured to show that the ratiocinative faculty was in its nature unable to solve any single problem of the universe.

Its *reductio ad absurdum* is clear enough in the gorgeous first section of Herbert Spencer's First Principles. Kant demonstrated the Dualism and inherent Self-contradiction well enough in the Prolegomena and its four theses and their

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antitheses (§ 51); and Hegel's Logic, if properly understood, would have brought the whole thing into contempt.

But unfortunately the "common sense" of mankind retorted that after all the interior angles of every triangle *are* together equal to two right-angles; and that a mental process which deduced this so accurately from a few simple axioms and definitions must be trustworthy; adding something uncomplimentary about Germans and Metaphysics.

Both are right, and both are wrong. In the world of common sense, reason works; in the world of philosophy, it doesn't. The metaphysical deadlock is a real and not a verbal one. The inner nature of things is not rational, at least so long as we are asked to define "rational" as "rationalistic." Why should it be? Why should the rules of golf govern the mechanics of the flight of a golf-ball?

It is this fact that has made it possible for the faith-mongers to make head against the stream of philosophy. Fichte is really and truly just as right and as wrong as Schelling; Hume is quite as impregnable as Berkeley.

Let us not try to shirk the truth of it, either by the "common-sense" folly, or the "faith" folly, or the Hegelian folly.

It may, I think, be readily conceded that the reasoning faculty is not apodeictically absolute. It represents a stage in human thought, no more.

You cannot convince a savage of the truth of the Binomial Theorem; should we then be surprised if a mystic fails to convert a philosopher?

Yet must he try.

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IX

“For being furnished with every kind of armour, and armed, he is similar to the goddess.”—ZOROASTER.

My dear Professor, how can you expect me to believe this nonsense about bacteria? Come, saith he, to the microscope; and behold them!

I don't see anything.

Just shift the fine adjustment—that screw there—to and fro very slowly!

I can't see—

Keep the left eye open; you'll see better!

Ah!—But how do I know? . . .

Oh, there are a thousand questions to ask!

Is it fair observation to use lenses, which admittedly refract light and distort vision?

How do I know those specks are not dust?

Couldn't those things be in the air?

And so on.

The Professor can convince me, of course, and the more sceptical I am the more thoroughly I shall be convinced in the end; but not until I have learned to use a microscope. And when I have learned—a matter of some months, maybe years—how can I convince the next sceptic?

Only in the same way, by teaching him to use the instrument.

And suppose he retorts, “You have deliberately trained yourself to hallucination!” What answer have I? None that I know of. Save that microscopy has revolutionised surgery,

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&c., just as mysticism has revolutionised, again and again, the philosophies of mankind.

The analogy is a perfect one. By meditation we obtain the vision of a new world, even as the world of microorganisms was unsuspected for centuries of thinking—thinking without method—bricks without straw!

Just so, also, the masters of meditation have erred. They have attained the Mystic Vision, written long books about it, assumed that the conclusions drawn from their vision were true on other planes—as if a microscopist were to stand for Parliament on the platform “Votes for Microbes”—never noted possible sources of error, fallen foul of sense and science, dropped into oblivion and deserved contempt.

I want to combine the methods, to check the old empirical mysticism by the precision of modern science.

Hashish at least gives proof of a new order of consciousness, and (it seems to me) it is this *primâ facie* case that mystics have always needed to make out, and never have made out.

But to-day I claim the hashish-phenomena as mental phenomena of the first importance; and I demand investigation.

I assert—more or less *ex cathedrâ*—that meditation will revolutionise our conception of the universe, just as the microscope has done.

Then my friend the physiologist remarks:

“But if you disturb the observing faculty with drugs and a special mental training, your results will be invalid.”

And I reply:

“But if you disturb the observing faculty with lenses and a special mental training, your results will be invalid.”

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And he smiles gently:

“Patient experiment will prove to you that the microscope is reliable.”

And I smile gently:

“Patient experiment will prove to you that meditation is reliable.”

So there we are.

X

“Stay not on the precipice with the dross of matter, for there is a place for thine image in a realm ever splendid.”

ZOROASTER.

“When thou seest a terrestrial demon approaching, cry aloud and sacrifice the stone Mnizourin.”—ZOROASTER.

As a boy at school I enjoyed a reputation for unparalleled cowardice; in the world I am equally accused of foolhardiness. The judgment of the boys was the better. The truth is that I have always been excessively cautious, have never willingly undertaken even the smallest risk.

The paradoxical result is that I have walked hundreds of miles unroped over snow-covered glaciers, and that nobody (so far as I know) has ever attempted to repeat my major climbs on Beachy Head. One may add a little grimly that the same remark applies to my excursions into the regions of the mind, the conscience, and the soul.

This bombastic prelude to a simple note on the precautions which I took in my experiments.

First, the use of the minutest care in estimating doses.

Secondly, the rule never to repeat my experiment before the lapse of at least a month.

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Frankly, I doubt if these were necessary. I do not suppose my will to be abnormally strong; I believe rather that there is a definite type of drug-slave, born from his mother's womb; and that those who achieve it or have it thrust upon them are a very small percentage. In saying this I include such obsessions as music, religion, gambling, among drugs. Is the "Keswick week" less of a debauch than the navy's Bank Holiday? There are people who rush from meeting to meeting, and give up their whole lives to this unwholesome excess of stimulant; they are happy nowhere else; they become as irritable as the cocaine-fiend, and render wretched the lives of those who are forced to come in contact with them.

Personally, I have never felt the bearing-rein of habit, though I have tried all the mental and physical poisons in turn. I smoke tobacco, the strongest tobacco, to excess, as I am told; yet a dozen times I have abandoned it, in order to see whether it had any hold upon me. It had none; I resigned it as cheerfully as a small boy resigns the tempting second half of his first cigar. After a meal (for the first day or two) my hands would go to my pockets from habit; finding nothing there, I would remember, laugh, and forget the subject at once.

I think, therefore, that we may dismiss the alleged danger of acquiring the hashish habit as fantastic.

Nobody will acquire the habit but the destined drug-slave; and he may just as well have the hashish habit as any other; he is sure to fall under the power of some enchantress.

All these alarmist reports, however, are really worthless, worthless at the best as the *omne ignotum pro terribili* fear

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of the savage for an unfamiliar shape of bottle, worthless at the worst as the temperance crank's account of the fatal effects of alcohol, the vegetarian's account of the dangers of meat-eating, or the missionary's account of the religion of the people he lives among. The alleged sensuality of hashish—even Baudelaire admits it—simply does not exist for me, perhaps because there is no germ of lasciviousness in my mind. Of course if you excite, by whatever stimulus, a foul imagination, you will get pestilent effects. When Queen Mab tickles the lawyer, he dreams of fees. So the people who associate nudity with debauchery, and see Piccadilly Circus in Monna Lisa, will probably obtain the fullest itching from the use of the drug.

I recommend it to them for, slaves and swine as they are, it must inevitably drag them to death by the road of a certifiable insanity less dangerous to society than their present subtler moral beastliness.

I think, too, that Baudelaire altogether exaggerates the reaction. I never felt the slightest fatigue or lassitude; but went from the experiments to my other work with accustomed freshness and energy. Probably, however, these effects depend largely on the sample of the drug employed; some may contain more active or grosser toxic agents than others.

Putting aside all these optimistic considerations, one is yet perfectly in accord with Baudelaire's conclusion, and for the same reason. (We discard his preliminary sophisms.)

I have no use for hashish save as a preliminary demonstration that there exists another world attainable—somehow. Possibly if pharmacists were to concentrate their efforts upon

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producing a standard drug, upon isolating the substance responsible for effect (*a*), and so on, we might find a reliable and harmless adjuvant to the process which I have optimistically named Scientific Illuminism.

But at least for the present we have not arrived so far. In my own case I should know fairly well what to do, well enough to get my little “loosening of the girders of the soul” at a guess twice in five times, perhaps more.

Not surely enough to guarantee results to other people without a lengthy series of experiments, still less to recommend them to try for themselves, unless under skilled supervision.

My present appeal is to recognised physiologists and psychologists to increase the number and accuracy of their researches on the introspective lines which I have laid down above, possibly with further aid from the pharmacist.

Once the pure physio-psychological action is determined, I shall then ask their further attention to the special results of combining the drug with the mystic process—always invoking trained observation—and from that moment the future of Scientific Illuminism will be assured.

I must add a paragraph or two on the nature of the mystic process and the general character of the transcendental states of consciousness resulting from its successful practice.

XI

“He maketh the whole World of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth,
and of the all-nourishing Ether.”—ZOROASTER.

One truth, says Browning, leads right to the world’s end; and so I find it impossible to open a subject, however small

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in appearance, without discovering an universe. So , as I set myself to discuss the character of mystic states, it is immediately evident that if I am to render myself at all intelligible to English readers, a totally new system of classification must be thought out.

The classical Eight Jhanas will be useless to us; the Hindu system is almost as bad; the Qabalistic requires a preliminary knowledge of the Tree of Life whose explanation would require a volume to itself; but fortunately we have, in the Buddhist Skandhas and the Three Characteristics which deny them, a scheme easily assimilable to Western psychology.

In “Science and Buddhism” I dealt in some detail with these Skandhas; but I will briefly recapitulate.

In examining any phenomenon and analysing it we first notice its Name and Form (Nama and Rupa). “Here is a Rose,” we say. In such a world live the entirely vulgar.

Next (with Berkeley) we perceive that this statement is false. There is an optical sensation (Vedana) of red; an olfactory sensation of fragrance; and so on. Even its weight, its space, are modifications of sense; and the whole statement is transformed into “Here is a pleasurable set of sensations which we group under the name of a rose.” In such a world lives the sensuous artist.

Next, these modifications of sense are found to be but percepts; the pleasure or pain vanishes; and the sensations are observed coldly and clearly without allowing the mind to be affected. This perception (Sañña) is the world of the surgeon or the man of science.

Next, the perception itself is seen to be dependent on the

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nature of the observer, and his tendency (Sankhara) to perceive. The oyster gets no fun out of the rose. This state establishes a dualistic conception, such as Mansel was unable to transcend, and at the same time places the original rose in its cosmic place. The creative forces that have made the rose and the observer what they are, and established their relation to one another, are now the sole consciousness. Here lives the philosopher.

Easily enough, this state passes into one of pure consciousness (Viññanam). The rose and the observer and their tendencies and relations have somehow vanished. The phenomenon (not the original phenomenon, "a rose," but the phenomenon of the tendency to perceive the sensation of a rose) becomes a cloudless light; a static, no longer a dynamic conception. One has somehow got behind the veil of the universe. Here live the mystic and the true artist.

The Buddhist, however, does not stop here, for he alleges that even this consciousness is false; that like all things it has the Three Characteristics of Sorrow, Change, and Unsubstantiality.

Now all this analysis is a purely intellectual one, though perhaps it may be admitted that few philosophers have been capable of so profound and acute a resolution of phenomena. It has nothing to do with mysticism as such, but its rational truth makes it a suitable basis for our proposed classification of the mystic states which result from the many religious and magical methods in use among men.

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XII

“The Vast sun, and the brilliant moon.”

“O Ether, sun, and spirit of the moon! Ye, ye are the leaders of air!”

“The Principles, which have understood the Intelligible works of the Father, He hath clothed in sensible works and bodies, being intermediate links existing to connect the Father with Matter, rendering apparent the Images of unapparent Natures, and inscribing the Unapparent in the Apparent frame of the World.”

“There are certain Irrational Demons (mindless elementals), which derive their subsistence from the Aerial Rulers; wherefore the Oracle saith, Being the Charioteer of the Aerial, Terrestrial and Aquatic Dogs.”

“The Aquatic when applied to Divine Natures signifies a Government inseparable from Water, and hence the Oracle calls the Aquatic Gods, Water Walkers.”

“There are certain Water Elementals whom Orpheus calls Nereides, dwelling in the more elevated exhalations of Water, such as appear in damp, cloudy Air, whose bodies are sometimes seen (as Zoroaster taught) by more acute eyes, especially in Persia and Africa.”

“Let the immortal depth of your soul lead you, but earnestly raise your eyes upwards.”—ZOROASTER.

Nama-Rupa.—Purely material, and therefore shadowy and meaningless, are the innumerable shapes which haunt the mind of man. In one sense we must here include all purely sensory phenomena, and the images which memory presents to the mind which is endeavouring to concentrate itself upon a single thought.

In other systems of mysticism we must include all astral phantoms, divine or demoniac, which are merely seen or heard without further reflection upon them. To obtain these it is sufficient to perform the following experiment:

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Sit down comfortably; it is perhaps best to begin in the dark.

Imagine as strongly as possible your own figure standing in front of you.

Transfer your consciousness to that figure, so that you look down upon your physical body in the chair.

(This is usually the one difficulty.)

Feeling perfectly at home in your imagined body, let that body rise through the air to a great height.

Stop. Look around you. Probably the eyes of your “astral” body will be closed. It is sometimes difficult to open them.

You will then perceive all sorts of forms, varying as you travel about. Their nature will depend almost entirely on your power of control. Some people may even perceive the phantoms of delirium and madness, and truly go mad from fear and horror.

Let the “astral” body return and sit down, coinciding with the physical body.

Closely unite the two: the experiment is over.

Practice makes perfect.

This practice is delusive and even dangerous; it is best to precede and follow it by a carefully performed “Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram.”* Better still, have a skilled teacher. The experiment is an easy one; with two pupils only (of some dozens) I have failed, and that completely; with the others the first experiment was a success.

We must include, too, in this section the forms appearing in answer to the rites of ceremonial magic.

* Mr. Haddo’s suggestions have been officially taken up and a book of careful instruction compiled. *See* Liber O.—ED

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(Consult “Goetia,” the “Key of Solomon,” Eliphaz Levi, Cornelius Agrippa, Pietro di Abano, Barrett and others for instructions.)

These forms are more solid and real, much more dangerous, and are excessively difficult to obtain. I have known very few successful practitioners.

All these forms and names are almost infinitely varied. The grosser visual and auditory phenomena of hashish belong to the group. It is not just to suppose that a vision of a Divine being of ineffable splendour is necessarily of higher type than this shadowy form-world. Mistake on this point has led many a student astray. Highest among these things are the three visual and seven auditory phenomena of Yoga. (We omit consideration of the other senses; the subject requires a volume.) These are referred to the Sun, the Moon, and Fire; and their appearance marks the attainment of Dhyana. They are dazzling, and accompanied with such intense though passionless bliss that they partake of the nature of Vedana and may under certain conditions even rise to touch Sañña. Of the auditory are sounds heard like bells, elephants, thunder, trumpets, sea-shells, “the sweet-souled Vina,” and so on; they are of less importance and are much more common.

As one would expect, such forms leave little impress upon the memory. Yet they are seductive enough, and I am afraid that the very great majority of mystics live all their lives wandering about in this vain world of shadows and of shells.

All this, too, is the pleasant aspect of the affair. Here belong the awful shapes of delirium and madness, which obsess and destroy the soul that fails to control and dismiss them. Here lives the Dweller of the Threshold, that concen-

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tration into a single symbol of the Despair and Terror of the Universe and of the Self. Yet on all the paths is He, ready to smite whoso falters or swerves, though he have attained almost the last height.

How many have I known, like Childe Roland and his peers, who have come to that Dark Tower! One young, one brave, one pure—lost! lost! penned in the hells of matter, swept away in the whirling waters of insane vision, true victims of the hashish of the soul.

What poignant agony, what moaning abjectness, what self-disgust! What vain folly (of all true hope forlorn!) to seek in drugs, in drink, in the pistol or the cord, the paradise they have forfeited by a moment's weakness or a moment's wavering!

This "two-handed engine at the door stands ready to smite" each one of us who has not attained to Aarahatship, admission to the Great White Brotherhood. Is it not enough to make us throw away our atheism and exclaim, "O God be merciful to me a sinner, and keep me in the way of Truth!" Nay, for those of us who know what triple silver cord of moonlight binds the red blood of our heart to the Ineffable Crown of Brilliance, who have seen what Angel stands in the moon-ray, who have known the perfume and the vision, seen the drops of dew supernal stand on the silver lamen of the forehead—for us is neither fear nor pride, but silence in the one thought of the One beyond all thought.

The world of phantoms has no terror left; we can take the blood of the Black Dragon for our Red Tincture. We understand the precept *Visita Interiora Terrae Rectificando Invenias Occultum Lapidem*; and harnessing to our triumphal car the White Eagle and the Green Lion we voyage at our ease

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upon the Path of the Chameleon, by the Towers of Iron and the Fountains of Supernal Dew, unto that black unutterable Sea most still.

XIII

“From the Cavities of the Earth leap forth the terrestrial Dog-faced demons, showing no true sign unto mortal man.”

“Go not forth when the Lictor passeth by.”

“Direct not thy mind to the vast surfaces of the Earth; for the Plant of Truth grows not upon the ground. Nor measure the motions of the Sun, collecting rules, for he is carried by the Eternal Will of the Father, and not for your sake alone. Dismiss (from your mind) the impetuous course of the Moon, for she moveth always by the power of necessity. The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake. The wide aerial flight of birds gives not true knowledge, nor the dissection of the entrails of victims; they are all mere toys, the basis of mercenary fraud; flee from these if you would enter the sacred paradise of piety, where Virtue, Wisdom, and Equity are assembled.”

“Stoop not down unto the darkly splendid World; wherein continually lieth a faithless Depth, and Hades wrapped in clouds, delighting in unintelligible images, precipitous, winding, a black ever-rolling Abyss; ever espousing a Body unluminous, formless and void.”

“Stoop not down, for a precipice lieth beneath the Earth, reached by a descending Ladder which hath Seven Steps, and therein is established the Throne of an evil and fatal force.”

“Stay not on the Precipice with the dross of Matter, for there is a place for thy Image in a realm ever splendid.”

“Invoke not the visible Image of the Soul of Nature.”

“Look not upon Nature, for her name is fatal.”

“It becometh you not to behold them before your body is initiated, since by always alluring they seduce the souls from the sacred mysteries.”

“Bring her not forth, lest in departing she retain something.”

“The Light-hating World, and the winding currents by which many are drawn down.”—ZOROASTER.

It may be useful here to distinguish once and for all between false and real mystical phenomena; for in the

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previous section we have spoken of both without distinction. In the “astral visions” the consciousness is hardly disturbed; in magical evocations it is intensely exalted; but it is still bound by its original conditions. The Ego is still opposed to the non-Ego; time is, if altered in rate, still there; so, too, is Space the sort of Space we are all conscious of. Again, the phenomena observed follow the usual laws of growth and decay.

But all true mystical phenomena contradict these conditions.

In the first place, the Ego and non-Ego unite explosively, their product having none of the qualities of either. It is precisely such a phenomenon as the direct combination of Hydrogen and Chlorine. The first thing observed is the flash; in our analogy, the ecstasy of Ananda (bliss) attending the Dhyana. And as this flash does not aid us to analyse the Hydrochloric acid gas, so the Ananda prevents us by startling us from perceiving the true nature of the phenomenon. In higher mystic states, then, we find that the Yogi or Magician has learnt how to suppress it.

But the combination of the elements will usually be a definite single act of catastrophic energy.

This act, too, does not take place in time or space as we know them. I think that for the first time of experiencing a Dhyana it is necessarily single. Certain mystical methods may teach us to retain the image; but the criterion of true Dhyana is the singleness, so totally opposed as it is to the vague and varying phantoms of the “astral plane.”

The new consciousness resulting from the combination is, too, always a simple one. Even where it is infinitely complex, as in Atmadarshana or the Vision of the Universal

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Peacock, its oneness is the truer of these two contradictory truths.

So for the matter of time and space. All time is filled; all space is filled; the phenomenon is infinite and eternal.

This is true even though its singleness makes the duration of the phenomenon but one minimum cogitabile. In short, it is experienced in some other kind of time, some other kind of space.

There is nothing irrational about this. Non-Euclidean geometries, for example, are possible, and may be true. It is only necessary to a theory of the universe that it should be true to itself within itself; for there is no other thing outside by which we can check our calculations.

Nor is it inconceivable that many of these worlds may exist, interpenetrating. Assume four dimensions, and there is room for an infinite number of them. For though a plane fills a square completely, it must always leave a cube entirely empty.

Concerning the laws which govern this new realm we can say nothing here. The most mystics have been led away from the proper line of research, usually by the baser (*i.e.*, the emotional or devotional) attractions of the Vedana-phenomena which we are about to notice; but perhaps even the best must be baffled by the non-congruity of their Experience with the symbols of language.

One may add that the language difficulty is in some ways an essential one. Language begins with simple expression of the common needs of the most animal life. Hence we see that all sciences have formulated a technical language of their own, not to be understood of the common people. The

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reproach against mystics that their symbols are obscure is just as well founded as a similar reproach against the algebraist or the chemist. A paper at the Chemical Society is often completely intelligible only to some three or four of the odd hundred distinguished chemists in the room.

What is gained to “popular science” is lost to exactitude; and in a paper of this sort I fear rather the reproach of my mystical masers than that of the bewildered crowd.

More important and certain than the mere characteristics of mystic traces in themselves is the great and vital diagnostic that the result of a true trance is to inspire the Yogi with power to do first- rate work in his own department.

People who produce maudlin and hysterical gush, inane sentimentality, who are faddists, fools, drivellers, dodderers—these I refuse to accept as mystics. The true phenomena of mysticism can only occur in a high-class brain and a healthy brain; and their action on that brain is to repose it, to fortify it, to make it more capable of lofty and continuous thought. Beware of the sheep in lions’ skins, the asses that bray and think “the tiger roars!”

Physically too the mystic is to be known by his atmosphere of power, cleanliness and light; by his self-control, his concentration of thought and action, his vigour, his patience.

You will rarely find them at afternoon tea gossiping about clairvoyance, or even “playing Adam.”

What? you don’t know how to play “Adam”? And you call yourself a sage? Tut!

The game of “Adam” is played as follows.

Take a key, a Bible, an elastic band.

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Open the Bible at random till you find a favourable text.

There insert the key, leaving the barrel and ring outside.

Put the elastic band round the book, so as to fix the key firmly in it.

Balance the whole arrangement by putting your thumb and that of the Assistant Magus of Art under the ring, thumb against thumb.

(An important but, as I hold, heterodox school of adepts employ the forefinger.)

Keep very still; and ask your question: “Adam, Adam, tell me true! Shall I——” &c.

If the Bible turns in a dextro-rotary manner the answer is “yes”; if in the opposite direction, “no.”

This sublime method of tearing out the heart of destiny is evidently derived from a slightly more elaborate one in the “Key of Solomon” (Book I., chap. ix.) for detecting theft, which is done with a sieve, and which I supposed (until “Adam” advised me to the contrary) to represent the lowest debauchery in which the human intellect could wallow.

The game is, however, much esteemed by charlatan clairvoyants; and I can well understand their indignation at finding that I do not recognise their proficiency in this game and that of swindling and blackmail as entitling them to a seat at the Round Table of the Adepts.

Let us, however that may be, return to our classification.

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XIV

“There is a certain Intelligible One whom it becometh you to understand with the Flower of Mind.”

“Having mingled the Vital Spark, from two according substances, Mind and Divine Spirit, as a third to these He added Holy Love, the venerable Charioteer uniting all things.”

“Filling the Soul with profound Love.”

“The Soul of man does in a manner clasp God to herself. Having nothing mortal, she is wholly inebriated with God. For she glorieth in the harmony under which the moral body subsisteth.”

“As rays of Light his locks flow forth, ending in acute points.”

ZOROASTER.

Vedana.—Pertaining to Sensation we may first notice in the beginner's concentrating mind the class of distracting thoughts which refer to the emotions. The taking of pleasure in, or the endurance of pain from, the meditation itself is in particular to be dreaded.

Of mystic phenomena we may notice the immense class of devotional apparitions. Vishnu, Christ, Jehovah and other deities appear in response to long-continued and passionate love. See “Bhagavad Gita,” chap. xi., the visions of many Catholic saints, Teresa, Gertrude, Francis and others, Anna Kingsford (“Clothed with the Sun,” Part III.), Idra Rabba Qadisha and so on.

The Virgin Mary is a favourite with many; it is all one phenomenon.

Observe, though, that many such apparitions are not of the Dhyana type at all; they are mostly mere hallucinations of the “astral plane.” In section xiii. we have indicated the diagnostics.

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Methods of obtaining these states are to be found in any book on Bhakta Yoga—Swami Vivekananda's is the best I know of—and in Loyola's "*Exercitios Espirituales*," whose discipline and method is, in my opinion, unsurpassed.

These phenomena are nearly always tainted with sexuality, and are excessively dangerous from this cause. "Dirt is matter in the wrong place," and to mix, consciously or unconsciously, either morality or immorality with religion is dirty; and dirt makes disease. The victim becomes a fanatic at the best, at the worst and most frequent a driveller.

Of a lower type are the loves of Magi and invoked elementals. As Levi says, "the love of the Magus for such beings is insensate, and may destroy him." It surely will, if he beware not in time.

Higher again because more purely formless and for this reason truer to the Vedana type are the ecstasies of joy and agony experienced by such men as Luther, Fox, Molinos, and others. Professor William James treats most adequately of this matter in his "*Varieties of Religious Experience*."

The limitations of this stage are first, its absorption in self; secondly, its almost always insuperable tendency to self-limitation and narrowness.

Two mystics, the one wallowing in Jesus and the other in Vishnu, will describe their experiences in almost identical language, yet denounce each other as "heathen" and "Mlechha" respectively.

Among hashish phenomena the correspondences are those of the intense emotions experienced (well described

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by de Quincey (opium) and Ludlow in particular). Such are fear, pride, love, laughter, anguish, and the rest.

In the case of Vishvarupadarshana (the vision of Vishnu) and even of such results as those of St. Francis and St. Ignatius, the best mystics may steer clear of the selfishness, narrowness, and emotionalism, and raise their experience to the type of Sañña or even of Sankhara.

The "Bhagavad Gita" certainly reaches the latter height—or at least a reflection from that height—at one or two points.

We must not omit to attribute to this section the lower aspect of what Abramelin the Mage calls the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, another (and less metaphysically pretentious) way of speaking of the "Higher Self" or "Genius." It is indeed but a low aspect, for in truth the phenomenon pertains to Viññanam. Yet in simpler souls this peculiar Grace condescends—may one say?—to this level, just as a father may join in the games of his child, thus gaining its sympathy and confidence as a basis for a higher union.

XV

"The Mind of the Father riding on the subtle guiders which glitter with the inflexible tracings of relentless fire."

"The Oracles assert that the types of Characters and of other Divine visions appear in the Ether (or Astral Light)."

ZOROASTER.

Sañña.—Chief among the phenomena of Sañña, in the case of the beginner trying to concentrate his mind, are those

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disturbing thoughts which analyse the very process itself. Harder to destroy are they than the others, since they come no longer from memory or physical conditions, but from the practice itself, so that they cannot be shut off, but must needs be faced and conquered directly.

In the mystic world, we come to those strange metaphysical ecstasies which (I am convinced) lie behind many philosophical dogmas.

St. Athanasius had probably experienced something of this type when he penned his insane creed. So the Hindus with their attempts to affirm Parabrahma by denying him all qualities, their dogmas of the "pairs of opposites," their assertion of Sat-Chit-Ananda as transcending these pairs; so too perhaps with Herbert Spencer it was direct Samadhi perception of this Sañña type that led him to formulate his irrational doctrine of Transcendental Realism, just as (certainly) Berkeley's doctrine arose from Samadhi of the type of Vedana. For the stigma of this class of mystic experience is undoubtedly first its resolution of all concepts into purely formless and passionless perception, secondly (and above this), its transcendence of the laws of thought, as we have been accustomed to understand them.

(This is only in part true. Keynes' "Formal Logic," profoundly studied, leads one perilously close to the suprarational. The eminent professor is perhaps hardly aware of how his eagle-flights have brushed the sun with their fiery wings.)

If a dweller upon this plane meditate upon a God, his first experience of that God will be no longer of His appearance or of His effect upon himself, but rather of His nature in some

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region of pure thought. In the case of the god Osiris, for example, he will no longer express his vision by the name Osiris or by the green face, by the white robes starred with the three active colours, by the crown and by the crook and scourge; nor will he chant wondrous hymns of the descent into Amennti, the death and resurrection of the God; but he will express all this by some pure symbol, such as the cross, the hexagram, or even the number 6. And those upon his plane will understand him.

Here, too, we must class the revelations of the pure Qabalah, and the discovery of the relations between symbols.

So exalted in truth are the states upon this Sañña grade that the rational man will almost always fail to understand them. Of the Rupa visions he has some experience, if only in analogy; he calls the mystic of Rupa a silly fool; so too of Vedana, whose mystic he calls a besotted ass; but the mystic of Sañña appears to him as a raving lunatic.

The hashish correspondences of this stage are the mental analyses which I have gone into so fully above, sections v. and vii.

The methods for obtain success in this matter are far more formidable than those previously sufficient. The whole mind must be intended for long unbroken periods, concentrated absolutely upon its own working until this becomes normal to it, when the state called Pratyahara is attained. The first result will be its resolution into disconnected impressions. Following this may occur a terrible experience; the consciousness of the disconnectedness of all phenomena, and of the units of consciousness of the observer. Both the Universe and the Self are insane. The mind may become a

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total blank, the only relief (strange as it sounds) being the all but intolerable mental agony of the consciousness. This agony, belonging to the lower stage of Vedana, is the drag, ever pulling back the mystic as he endeavours to break down the blackness of his insanity. Yet the unity of its anguish is the proof of its Selfhood, and the earnest of its resurrection from the abyss. Such a mystic state may last through several days, perhaps through weeks. I should not care to assert limitations. The slightest error in the process would almost certainly result in permanent and hopeless melancholia; suicide might be the most fortunate termination.

XVI

“O how the world hath inflexible intellectual rulers!”

ZOROASTER.

Sankhara.—The reader will notice—I trust with pained sympathy—the increasing difficulty of expressing these results of meditation in language. At this point one almost desires to exclaim with Fichte that if it were only possible to start all over again, one would begin by inventing a totally new scheme of symbolism.

Here in Sankhara, hashish-analogy is somewhat at fault. Possibly the conviction of the irresistibility of the connection of cause and effect, the consciousness of the necessity of subject and object to each other through immutable glyphs may represent it. It may be that my experience of hashish is even more imperfect than I have supposed, and that more gifted experimenters might fill this gap.

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In the beginner's concentration—though he is hardly to be called a beginner at this stage—Sankhara presents a terrible obstacle. For the distraction to his even flow of thought is that very flow itself; not as in Sañña, the accidents necessarily arising from that flow, as it were the rocks in the bed of the stream, but the law of gravitation itself, its necessary tendency to follow its own course. So that the good young Yogi finds himself thus awkwardly placed; that having created a mighty engine and removed all conceivable impediments to its smooth working, he is now confronted by the inertia of all that majesty and might.

Frankenstein!

The mystic states of Sankhara are more awful and tremendous than any we have yet noticed. Atmadarshana, for instance, is only to be described feebly (yet I fear unintelligibly, even so) by speaking of a consciousness of the entire Universe as One, and as All, in Its necessary relation to Itself in and out of Time and Space.

Here, too, is the result of Sammasati, a comprehension of one's own self and its relation to, and identity with, everything.

. . . But I feel that I am drivelling. The effort to think of these things, to translate them into the language of philosophy, gives the feeling—I grope and find no other expression—that one's head is going to blow off. One feels inclined to get up and shout for very feebleness, and only the utter fatuity of that or any other method of obtaining relief keeps one quietly writing. One feels, too, like the old woman in Thérèse Raquin, dumb and paralysed even while bursting with the tremendous secret. Small wonder then if the adepts demand years of training before the things themselves are

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thought! “Look not upon the Visible Image of the Soul of Nature; for Her Name is Fatality; it becometh not thy body to behold Her, until it be first cleansed by the Sacred Mysteries.”

The methods most practical and easy of obtaining these states are principally as follow:

First, the cultivation of the “magical memory.” The practice is to remember the events of the day backwards; *i.e.*, first dinner, then tea, lunch, and breakfast. Except, of course, that by this time one has abandoned meals for ever! The memory acquires the habit, and eventually goes on working backwards through sleep, back, back, through birth and previous states until (saith Bhikhu Ananda Metteyya) going ever back through the past one comes right round to the future—“Which is pretty, but I don’t know what it means!”

I think it right to mention that I never obtained any sort of success in this meditation, and only give it on hearsay.

The real key to the stage is Sammasati—Right Recollection. One considers all known factors which have gone to make one up such as one is, oneself and not another. Clearly the omission of a single minute item must alter the whole course of events.

Consider then, why thus, and not thus.

“Explore the River of the Soul, whence, or in what order you have come: so that although you have become a servant to the body, you may again rise to the Order from which you descended, joining works to sacred reason.”

Why was I born in England, not in Wales?

Why were my parents just who they were and not others?

Why did I take to climbing, not to cricket?

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So for every known fact that concerns one—and all known facts concern one, if only to ask, “Why do I know this fact?”

How does it all fit in? It must, for the Universe is not insane—that blackness has been passed.

Who then am I? And why? And why?

Reaching ecstasy or Samadhi through this channel, the riddle of Kamma is answered, and one is able to enter the realm of pure consciousness. The Universe, mastered long ere now in its effects, is at last mastered in its causes; and it is indeed a Magister of the Temple who can say:

Vi Veri Vniversum Vivus Vici.

XVII

"All things subsist together in the Intelligible World."

ZOROASTER.

I must insert a short note on the word Samadhi, source of infinite misunderstanding.

Etymologically it is composed of *Sam* (Greek *συν*), *together with*, and *Adhi* (Heb. *Adonai*), *the Lord*, especially the Personal Lord, or Holy Guardian Angel.

The Hindus accordingly use it to name that state of mind in which subject and object, becoming One, have disappeared. Just as H combines with Cl, and HCl results, so the Yogi combines with the object of his meditation (perhaps his own heart) and these disappearing, Vishnu appears. It is not that the Yogi perceives Vishnu.* The Yogi is gone, just as the

* The difficulty of showing this makes the author of the “Bhagavad Gita” descend to Rupa-symbols when he ought to have been in Viññanam (chap. xi.). It is quite essential to change the subject of the sentence. Thus the Auto-

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Hydrogen is gone. It is not that the Heart has become Vishnu, or that Vishnu has filled the heart. The heart is gone, just as the Chlorine is gone. There is the tube, and it is full of HCl out of all relation to its elements, through the result of their union. (I purposely take the “elementary chemistry” view of the matter.)

Samadhi is therefore with the Hindu a result, the result of results indeed. There are higher and lower forms. That called Nirvikalpa-Samadhi, when the trance results from banishing thought altogether, instead of concentrating on one thought, is the highest kind.

But, with the Buddhist, Samadhi, though the state of mind meant is the same, is not an end, but a means.

The holy-man-of-the-East must keep this state of mind unimpaired during his whole life, using it as a weapon to attack the Three Characteristics (the antithesis of Nibbana) even as one uses one’s normal dualistic consciousness to attack that dualism.

But I must observe that this idea is so tremendous that I almost doubt its possibility, and tremble as to my own understanding of it. Samadhi twelve seconds in duration is a phenomenon to shake the soul of a man, to uproot his Kamma, to destroy his Identity—and Bhikku Ananda Metteyya cheerfully talks of practically perpetual Samadhi as the first step to attainment!

The Hindu, too, asks this question.

biography of a Mystic would run: foetus, babe, child, boy, youth, man, 418. There is no personal identity as a link between the man who is on the brink of “attainment” and the Being who arises in him, annihilating him, and Whom he subsequently remembers as his “Genius.”

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“I,” he says, “define Phenomena as changeful and Atman the Noumenon as without change. When challenged, I merely retort by distinguishing between Atman and Paramatman. You say the same, but for Atman you say ‘Nibbana.’”

The Buddhist can only retort, rudely enough: There is no Atman; and there is Nibbana.

The Hindu probably mutters something about criticism of Nibbana having forced some Buddhists to a conception of Parinibbana, simply but neatly defined as That to which none of the criticisms apply! Yet Atman and Nibbana are defined in almost identical terms.

It is clearly idle for us who know neither perfectly to attempt to arbitrate in so delicate an imbroglio. On the contrary, we had better set to and attain them both, and That which combines, denies, and transcends them both. Words are cheap!

XVIII

“In this the things without figure are figured.”

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

“But God is He having the Head of the Hawk.”—ZOROASTER.

Viññanam.—If hashish-analogy be able to assist us here, it is in that supreme state in which the man has built himself

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up into God. One may doubt whether the drug alone ever does this. It is perhaps only the destined adept who, momentarily freed by the dissolving action of the drug from the chain of the four lower Skandhas, obtains this knowledge which is his by right, totally inept as he may be to do so by any ordinary methods.

In the case of the aspirant to meditation, this stage is even more terrible than the last. He has, to use our previous figures, suspended the law of gravitation; the stream is still, and the Sun of the soul is faithfully reflected in its brilliance; the mighty engine is stopped.

But—*there it is!* We have got rid of motion, but matter remains. (Again must I apologise for taking so elementary a view of physics.) And while there is a particle of matter, it must fill the Universe—there is no place for spirit. His thought is controlled and smooth; his thought (even!) is stopped: but there the thought is. Immutable it abides, stronger than ever in its silence and vastness; and—O unhappy one! *that which can be thought is not true.*

Thou hast taken thee the lies, those little foxes that spoil the grapes. Lie after lie thou has suppressed; and what hast thou achieved?

Thou hast smitten all the illusions—O miserable slave! All thou hast done is to harmonise and weld all the lies and illusions into one universal lie, one infinite illusion. It is one; there is nothing to oppose to it. Thou art ten million-fold more in the grip of Maya than ever, thou who callest thyself Parabrahma, Hua, IAO!

The mystic states of this grade are the final and perfect identity of the Self with the Holy Guardian Angel, the Vision

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of Pan, the Four Formless States of Buddhism, namely, Samadhi upon consciousness, Space, Nothing, and that which is neither P nor p', in logical phraseology. Here, too, we should place Shivadarshana, the Vision of the Destruction of the Universe, the Opening of the Eye of Shiva.

(Which is why adepts of this stage wear an eye as a badge.)

Of this vision what can one say, save that the Universe, as previously known through Atmadarshana, is annihilated? Yet the negation of this phrase is only apparent; the sense is that all that negative Atmadarshana is destroyed; it is only an illusion that goes. Yet there is indeed Nothing in its place—and the only way to express the matter is to spell that Nothing with a capital N.

If the rationalist reader has had the quite super-Stylite patience to read to this point, he will surely now at last throw down the book with an ethically justifiable curse.

Yet I beg him to believe that there is a shade of difference between me and a paradox-monger. I am not playing with words—Lord knows how I wish I could! I find that they play with me!—I am honestly and soberly trying to set down that which I know, that which I know better than I know anything else in the world, that which so transcends and excels all other experience that I am all on fire to proclaim it.

Yet I fail utterly. I have given my life to the study of the English language; I am supposed by my flatterers to have some little facility of expression, especially, one may agree, in conveying the extremes of thought of all kinds.

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Yet here I want to burn down the Universe for lack of a language. So the angry mood passes, and one understands how one's predecessors, in the same predicament, got out of it by quietly painting a "Heart girt with a Serpent," or a "Winged Globe" or some similar device.

If I persist, seeing that my little gift of language must be mine for some purpose, and therefore for this purpose, since no other purpose can there be, let my rationalist friends excuse me, as the agony of my impotence most terribly avenges them.

Concerning the methods of obtaining these particular states, I am almost at one with Sri Parananda, my godly friend, when he talks of "the Grace of the Lord Shiva," and with my ungodly friend Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya, when he hints that the accidental coincidence of the circumferences of the Nibbana-Dhatu and the Samsara-Chakra with the Brahmarandra of the sphere of the 99-year-old-Talipot-palm-like sucking Arahant may have something to do with it.

Plainly, we know so very little; so few ever attain this class of experience that one is perhaps hardly justified in maintaining (as I always have maintained and that stoutly) that the reward is according to the work. It may conceivably be that work does not affect the question, as it clearly does in the lower grades, it may be that an outsider may pull off the big thing—Agnosco!

Still, I advise people to work at it.

Perhaps the most direct method is that of sitting in your Ajna Chakra (that point in your brain where thoughts rise, a point to be discovered and rendered self-conscious by repeated

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experiment) and without thinking of anything whatever, killing the thoughts as they rise with a single smack, like a child killing flies. The difficulty is of course to kill them without thinking of the killing, which thought is naturally just as bad as any other thought. I never got any good out of this method myself. It may, I believe, happen with fair frequency that in the course of any advanced meditation or invocation this particular type of spiritual experience may suddenly arise without apparent cause.

Anyway, let us hope so!

As a matter of practical politics, I think that a judicious mixture of the methods of East and West is likely to give the best results.

Let the young Adept, for example, master thoroughly the groundwork of the Hindu system.

Let him master Asana, posture, so that he can sit motionless for hours without any message from his body reaching and so disturbing his brain. Let him include in his accomplishments Pranayama, control of the breath and of the vital nervous currents which react in sympathy with it.

Let him then exalt to the utmost his soul by the appropriate ritual of ceremonial magic; and when by this means he has most thoroughly identified himself with the Supreme, let him, as that Supreme One, continue to meditate with intense force upon Himself, until his sphere is entirely filled with the single Thought.

Lastly, if this, the male energy, suffice not, let him transform it into a pure and perfect emptiness and passivity, as of one waiting for the Beloved One, with intense longing rendered passionless by the certainty that He will come.

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Then, it may be, the Eye will open upon him, and the tomb of his Pyramid be unsealed.

It is impossible in a few words to explain thoroughly this eclectic system; for each act and thought of the ritual demands an expert teacher, and even a good pupil might study for years before mastering the method. By which time he might not impossibly have discovered one of his own.

Howbeit, I must do my best; and if by that best I can help “the least of these little ones,” so much the better.

XIX

“The Intelligible subsisteth beyond Mind.”—ZOROASTER.

Nerodha-samapatti.—It must be very satisfactory, you will probably be thinking, to wear that Eye as a badge, to have got so near to the End.

And that is where the joke comes in. Yet to the adept the Anglo-Indian proverb, “A jok’s a jok (leech) but a jok up your nose is no joke” (Nose is not the word; but no matter!), may occur with painful intensity.

For he is no nearer to Nibbana than when he started. Though he has stripped off all the husks of thought and touched Thought itself, even attaining to Negation of thought; yet he is still upon the plane of Thought. And—that which can be thought is not true.

All his righteousness is as filthy rags; even his eternity of Shivadarshana, his stored crores of Mahakalpas in the Arupa-Brahma-Lokas must pass; he must come back to his horses—and this time as a horse-fly.

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So then he must abandon the whole series of ecstasies; all this time he has been on the wrong road. For the Three Characteristics are true of Viññanam as they are of Rupa; Change, Sorrow, Unsubstantiality.

He has only one asset; the habit of One-pointedness—Ekâgrata. He may be all kinds of a black magician; but at least he has learnt to concentrate his mind. But what is he to aim at? Hashish-analogy is better than ever here; for Nibbana stands to the attainment of the Eight Jhanas, the Four Formless States κ.τ.λ. as the Decalogue does to any of his hashish-states. It has nothing whatever to do with it.

All this time he has been walking round the circumference of a wheel, cheerfully singing “Nearer, my God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!” while his God is in the centre. He has done the medicine-man trick, and wasted a lot of maidens in the hope of making rain.

So—one must suppose, for here I reach a point where, as Mr. Waite jeers, we are driven to take refuge in portentous darkness and irretrievable mystery (because we don’t know anything about it)—he sits down and contemplates the Three Characteristics. This will presumably be very difficult to do because he is probably (for all the “Grace of the Lord Shiva” business) an expert in the Viññanam trances, and having thus created an eternal Universe and an even more eternal Absence of Universe, both of which, too, are probably mere masses of Sat—Chit—Ananda (Being—Knowledge—Bliss) while he is trying to think of Change—Sorrow—Unsubstantiality.

At last, as I imagine, probably without foundation, he succeeds in seeing first the truth and then the falsity of the Three Characteristics—and that is Nibbana.

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(One may explain, as with Samadhi, that the man is not “in” Nibbana; the Characteristics are not “in” Nibbana: but—Nibbana is.)

It would be easy to string up a paradox-scheme in which Change, not-Change, both-Change-and-not-Change, and neither-Change-nor-not-Change were all four perceived at once; and indeed some authors have done something very like this; but, between you and me, I don’t believe they knew anything about it; and as I certainly don’t know anything myself, if it’s all the same to you, I’d rather leave the subject alone. We really can’t have another Hargrave Jennings on “The Rosicrucians: their Rites and Mysteries.”

So there the matter must rest. I have added this section for the sake of completeness; but it is all hearsay. I am too blind to see the necessity of the section at all; I am far from convinced that the Viññanam phenomena do not represent finality; so stupendous are they that even to one who is accustomed to them it must always be difficult to imagine a state not merely beyond them but out of their dimension. Yet? . . . Perhaps that which I now urge is indeed the Great Illusion. . . .

At least, having adopted the Buddhist Skandhas as the basis of my classification, I was bound in mere courtesy to give the Buddhist doctrine as I have heard it from the one man who really understands it, Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya.

If I could only understand Him. . . !

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XX

“If thou extendest the Fiery Mind to the work of piety, thou wilt preserve the fluxible body.”

“For three days and no longer need ye sacrifice.”—ZOROASTER.

We are at the end of our little digression upon mystic states, and may cheerfully return to the consideration of Scientific Illuminism. We have had, you may say, a poor half-pennyworth of Science to an intolerable deal of Illuminism. Well, that is what I wanted you to say. Were it not so, I would not have spent these two nights over this paper, when I want to be fresh every morning to go to the Prado and gloat over Velasquez!

Here, gentlemen, are a number of genuine mystic states; some home-grown, some imported. Please tell us what they are! (You are fond of telling us what things are.)

It is useless to label the whole lot as insane: nor are they unimportant.

In my view, most of the great men of the world have known them; themselves attributed their greatness to these experiences, and I really do not see why admittedly lesser men should contradict them. I hope to argue this point at greater length when I am better documented; but at the very least, these states are of the most extraordinary interest. Even as insanities, they would demand the strictest investigation from the light they throw upon the working of the brain. But as it is! All the sacred literature of the world is full of them; all the art and poetry of all time is inspired by them; and, by the Lord Harry! we know nothing about them. Nothing but what vague and troubled reflections the minds of

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the mystics themselves, untrained in accuracy of observation, bring back from the fountains of light; nothing but what quacks exploit, and dotards drivel of.

Think of what we claim! That concentration and its results can open the Closed Palace of the King, and answer the Riddle of the Sphinx. All science only brings us up to a blind wall, the wall of Philosophy; here is your great Ram to batter a breach and let in the forlorn hope of the Children of the Curse to storm the heights of heaven.

One single trained observer with five years' work, less money than would build a bakehouse, and no more help than his dozen of volunteer students could give him, would earn himself a fame loftier than the stars, and set mankind on the royal road to the solution of the One great problem. Scientific Illuminism would have deserved its name, or mysticism would have received a blow which would save another young fool like myself from wasting his whole life on so senseless a study and enable him to engage in the nobler career of cheating and duping his fellows in the accredited spheres of commerce and politics, to say nothing of the grosser knaveries of the liberal professions.

But I have no doubts. Let the investigator study his own brain on the lines I have laid down, possibly in the first place with the aid of hashish or some better physical expedient, to overcome the dull scepticism which is begotten of idleness upon ignorance; it is useless to study the no-brain of another, on the strength of a reputation for fraud, as the spiritualist investigators seem to do. Your own brain is the best; next, the trained and vigorous brains of clever and educated men, in perfect health, honest and wary.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HASHISH

You will get more from them than you will from some maudlin hysteric professional mountebank. All talk to the contrary is the merest froth; Mohammed was a great lawgiver and a great fighter; try your experiment with the sane, and not with the crazy!

True, you will get hallucinations more easily with the unsound; but you will never, never, never find a woman or a degenerate who is capable of any trance of type higher than Vedana. Take my word for it!

No! take my word for nothing: try all things; hold fast that which is good!

MADRID,

August 1908, O.S.

THE EQUINOX

ANNIE BESANT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. T. Fisher Unwin, Third Impression, 5s.

It is a splendid oasis in the desert of silly memoirs, this sturdy and valiant record of a very noble life.

How surely and steadily has Mrs. Besant moved, urged by the one unselfish thought, high-minded love for humanity, from her Eden through the hell of revolt to the Paradise that so few earn! And she is still fighting in the flesh, though her spirit has its peace.

Priceless and unenvied reward of suffering!

True it is, that the chosen of the Masters must leave all. The lightest breeze can stir the Feather of our Lady Maat; there must be no breath of passion of thought, if we would live in those Halls of Hers,

“Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes

Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness.”

And to one who shares, however humbly, her high hope, and love exalted, and faith transcending, who is confronted by the same foes that she has beaten, assailed by the same slanders that she has lived down, her book comes as a direct message from the Masters: "Courage, child! --- there lies a great reward immediately beyond. Nay! but for the work's sake, work! Though thou perish, let them be saved. And remember: there is not one single grain of dust that shall not attain to Buddhahood."

Self-doubt, and self-distrust: these find little place in Mrs. Besant's story; yet surely they attack all of us alike who strive to those calm heights. Is it that they are ultimately forgotten, like all lesser ills? Is the spectre, self, laid beyond remembrance, even, of its horror; that horror which seems branded into the brain of whoso has beheld it?

Long years are they through which Mrs. Besant fought with hardly a friend or a helper; must it be so for all of us? Yes, for we are all too blind to know our friends, our wardens, the Stones in the great Wall of Arhans that guards humanity.

We have been with James Thomson and watched the dreadful seeker go his unending round to the death-places of love and faith and hope; we have passed out of the doomed triangle into the infinite circle of emerald that girdles the Universe, the circle wherein stands he, the Master whose name is Octinomos.

A.C.

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

I

THE cloud my bed is tinged with blood and foam
The vault yet blazes with the sun
Writhing above the West, brave hippodrome
Whose gladiators shock and shun
As the blue night devours them, crested comb
Of sleep's dead sea
That eats the shores of life, rings round eternity!

II

So, he is gone whose giant sword shed flame
Into my bowels; my blood's bewitched;
My brain's afloat with ecstasy of shame.
That tearing pain is gone, enriched
By his life-spasm; but he being gone, the same
Myself is gone
Sucked by the dragon down below death's horizon.

III

I woke from this. I lay upon the lawn;
They had thrown roses on the moss

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With all their thorns; we came there at the dawn,
 My lord and I; God sailed across
The sky in's galleon of amber, drawn
 By singing winds
While we wove garlands of the flowers of our minds.

IV

All day my lover deigned to murder me,
 Linking his kisses in a chain
About my neck; demon-embroidery!
 Bruises like far-ff mountains stain
The valley of my body of ivory!
 Then last came sleep.
I wake, and he is gone; what should I do but weep?

V

Nay, for I wept enough—more sacred tears!—
 When first he pinned me, gripped
My flesh, and as a stallion that rears,
 Sprang, hero-thewed and satyr-lipped;
Crushed, as a grape between his teeth, my fears;
 Sucked out my life
And stamped me with the shame, the monstrous word of
 wife.

VI

I will not weep; nay, I will follow him
 Perchance he is not far,

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

Bathing his limbs in some delicious dim
Depth, where the evening star
May kiss his mouth, or by the black sky's rim
He makes his prayer
To the great serpent that is coiled in rapture there.

VII

I rose to seek him. First my footsteps faint
Pressed the starred moss; but soon
I wandered, like some sweet sequestered saint,
Into the wood, my mind. The moon
Was staggered by the trees; with fierce constraint
Hardly one ray
Pierced to the ragged earth about their roots that lay.

VIII

I wandered, crying on my Lord. I wandered
Eagerly seeking everywhere.
The stories of life that on my lips he squandered
Grew into shrill cries of despair,
Until the dryads frightened and dumfounded
Fled into space—
Like to a demon-king's was grown my maiden face!

IX

At last I came unto the well, my soul.
In that still glass, I saw no sign

THE EQUINOX

Of him, and yet—what visions there uproll
 To cloud that mirror-soul of mine?
Above my head there screams a flying scroll
 Whose word burnt through
My being as when stars drop in black disastrous dew.

X

For in that scroll was written how the globe
 Of space became; of how the light
Broke in that space and wrapped it in a robe
 Of glory; of how One most white
Withdrew that Whole, and hid it in the lobe
 Of his right Ear,
So that the Universe one dewdrop did appear.

XI

Yea! and the end revealed a word, a spell,
 An incantation, a device
Whereby the Eye of the Most Terrible
 Wakes from its wilderness of ice
To flame, whereby the very core of hell
 Bursts from its rind,
Sweeping the world away into the blank of mind.

XII

So then I saw my fault; I plunged within
 The well, and brake the images
That I had made, as I must make—Men spin

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

The webs that snare them—while the knees
Bend to the tyrant God—or unto Sin
The lecher sunder!
Ah! came that undulant light from over or from under?

XIII

It matters not. Come, change! Come, Woe! Come,
mask!
Drive Light, Life, Love into the deep!
In vain we labour at the loathsome task
Not knowing if we wake or sleep;
But in the end we lift the plumed casque
Of the dead warrior;
Find no chaste corpse therein, but a soft-smiling whore.

XIV

Then I returned into myself, and took
All in my arms, God's universe:
Crushed its black juice out, while His anger shook
His dumbness pregnant with a curse.
I made me ink, and in a little book
I wrote one word
That God himself, the adder of Thought, had never heard.

XV

It detonated. Nature, God, mankind
Like sulphur, nitre, charcoal, once

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Blended, in one annihilation blind
 Were rent into a myriad of suns.
Yea! all the mighty fabric of a Mind
 Stood in the abyss,
Belching a Law for *That* more awful than for *This*.

XVI

Vain was the toil. So then I left the wood
 And came unto the still black sea,
That oily monster of beatitude!
 ('Hath *Thee* for *Me*, and *Me* for *Thee*!)
There as I stood, a mask of solitude
 Hiding a face
Wried as a satyr's, rolled that ocean into space.

XVII

Then did I build an altar on the shore
 Of oyster-shells, and ringed it round
With star-fish. Thither a green flame I bore
 Of phosphor foam, and strewed the ground
With dew-drops, children of my wand, whose core
 Was trembling steel
Electric that made spin the universal Wheel.

XVIII

With that a goat came running from the cave
 That lurked below the tall white cliff.

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Thy name! cried I. The answer that gave
Was but one tempest-whisper—"If!"
Ah, then! his tongue to his black palate clave;
For on soul's curtain
Is written this one certainty that naught is certain!

XIX

So then I caught that goat up in a kiss.
And cried Io Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan!
Then all this body's wealth of ambergris,
(Narcissus-scented flesh of man!)
I burnt before him in the sacrifice;
For he was sure—
Being the Doubt of Things, the one thing to endure!

XX

Wherefore, when madness took him at the end,
He, doubt-goat, slew the goat of doubt;
And that which inward did for ever tend
Came at the last to have come out;
And I who had the World and God to friend
Found all three foes!
Drowned in that sea of changes, vacancies, and woes!

XXI

Yet all that Sea was swallowed up therein;
So they were not, and it was not.

THE EQUINOX

As who should sweat his soul out through the skin
And find (sad fool!) he had begot
All that without him that he had left in,
And in himself
All he had taken out thereof, a mocking elf!

XXII

But now that all was gone, great Pan appeared.
Him then I strove to woo, to win,
Kissing his curled lips, playing with his beard,
Setting his brain a-shake, a-spin,
By that strong wand, and muttering of the weird
That only I
Knew of all souls alive or dead beneath the sky.

XXIII

So still I conquered, and the vision passed.
Yet still was beaten, for I knew
Myself was He, Himself, the first and last;
And as an unicorn drinks dew
From under oak-leaves, so my strength was cast
Into the mire;
For all I did was dream, and all I dreamt desire.

XXIV

More; in this journey I had clean forgotten
The quest, my lover. But the tomb

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

Of all these thoughts, the rancid and the rotten,
 Proved in the end to be my womb
Wherein my Lord and lover had begotten
 A little child
To drive me, laughing lion, into the wanton wild!

XXV

This child hath not one hair upon his head,
 But he hath wings instead of ears.
No eyes hath he, but all his light is shed
 Within him on the ordered spheres
Of nature that he hideth; and in stead
 Of mouth he hath
One minute point of jet; silence, the lightning path!

XXVI

Also his nostrils are shut up; for he
 Hath not the need of any breath;
Nor can the curtain of eternity
 Cover that head with life or death.
So all his body, a slim almond-tree,
 Knoweth no bough
Nor branch nor twig nor bud, from never until now.

XXVII

This thought I bred within my bowels, I am.
 I am in him, as he in me;

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And like a satyr ravishing a lamb
So either seems, or as the sea
Swallows the whale that swallows it, the ram
Beats its own head
Upon the city walls, that fall as it falls dead.

XXVIII

Come, let me back unto the lilled lawn!
Pile me the roses and the thorns,
Upon this bed from which he hath withdrawn!
He may return. A million morns
May follow that first dire dæmonic dawn
When he did split
My spirit with his lightnings and enveloped it!

XXIX

So I am stretched out naked to the knife,
My whole soul twitching with the stress
Of the expected yet surprising strife,
A martyrdom of blessedness.
Though Death came, I could kiss him into life;
Though Life came, I
Could kiss him into death, and yet nor live nor die!

XXX

Yet I that am the babe, the sire, the dam,
Am also none of these at all;

THE GARDEN OF JANUS

For now that cosmic chaos of I AM
 Bursts like a bubble. Mystical
The night comes down, a soaring wedge of flame
 Woven therein
To be a sign to them who yet have never been.

XXXI

The universe I measured with my rod.
 The blacks were balanced with the whites;
Satan dropped down even as up soared God;
 Whores prayed and danced with anchorites.
So in my book the even matched the odd:
 No word I wrote
Therein, but sealed it with the signet of the goat.

XXXII

This also I seal up. Read thou herein
 Whose eyes are blind! Thou may'st behold
Within the wheel (that alway seems to spin
 All ways) a point of static gold.
Then may'st thou out therewith, and fit it in
 That extreme sphere
Whose boundless farness makes it infinitely near.

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MODERN ASTROLOGY. Edited by ALAN LEO. Monthly, 6*d.* 42 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

Foremost in the attempt to rehabilitate astrology on modern lines is this well-known monthly magazine. The method indicated is the sound one of accurate observation and deduction; but whether the ultimate proposition of astrology can be established is a question which your reviewer at present is disinclined to assert. It is quite easy to throw ridicule, or to demolish by inexorable logic; but such methods do not convince. At least we believe that any person with a little experience can tell almost at a glance the sign rising at a stranger's birth, and that so frequently and certainly as to put chance and coincidence out of the question. For our own part, we consider Astrology a valuable aid to concentration, and perhaps the best of the methods of determining the Sankhara-skanda of a man. In your reviewer's own experience she has found it more reliable than either Geomancy or the Tarot, in questions genethliacal, at least. A careful study of the characteristics of the signs and planets is, moreover, of the very greatest assistance in the use of the Book 777. Unable as the Editor is to find space within the restricted pages of THE EQUINOX for astrological matters, we are glad to think that the subject has a specialised organ in competent hands.

ETHEL RAMSAY.

CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY. By GUIDO VILLA. Translated by HAROLD MANACORDA. Swan Sonnenschein, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

This long and learned work is not exciting:
The good translation shames the pedant's writing.
The wise Professor reconstructs duality,
Made of mentality and animality.
His arguments are forcible and true,
But yet his propositions will not do;
For when the full circumference is run
We can resolve them gaily into one.
Nay, though he talk of monism, we feel
He does not mean it. Mind and reason reel
At this conception. Only in the soul
Can we perceive the One Unchanging Whole.
At the same time, the book is well worth study;
It summarises thought. The style is
[We regret that our space will not admit a more extended review.—ED.]

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

THE DREAM CIRCEAN

I

AU "LAPIN AGILE"

PERCHED at the junction of two of the steepest little streets in Montmartre shines the "Lapin Agile," a tiny window filled with gleaming bottles, thrilled through by the light behind, a little terrace with tables, chairs, and shrubs, and two dark doors.

Roderic Mason came striding up the steepness of the Rue St. Vincent, his pipe gripped hard in his jaw; for the hill is too abrupt for lounging. On the terrace he stretched himself, twirled round half a dozen times like a dervish, pocketed his pipe, and went stooping through the open doorway.

Grand old Frédéric was there, in his vast corduroys and sou'-wester hat, a 'cello in his hand.

His trim grey beard was a shade whiter than when Roderic had last patronised the "Lapin," five years before; but the kindly, gay, triumphant eyes were nowise dimmed by time. He knew Roderic at a glance, and give his left hand carelessly, as if he had been gone but yesterday. Time ambles easily for the owner of such an eyrie, his life content with wine and song and simple happiness.

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It is in such as Frédéric that the hope of the world lies. You could not bribe Frédéric with a motor-car to grind in an office and help to strive and enslave his fellows. The bloated, short-of-breath, bedizened magnates of commerce and finance are not life, but a disease. The monster hotel is not hospitality, but imprisonment. Civilisation is a madness; and while there are men like Frédéric there is a hope that it will pass. Woe to the earth when Bumble and Rockefeller and their victims are the sole economic types of man!

Roderic sat down on his favourite bench against the wall, and took stock of things.

How well he remembered the immense Christ at the end of the room, a figure conceived by a giant of old time, one might have thought, and now covered with a dry, green lichenous rot, so that the limbs were swollen and distorted. It gave an incredibly strong impression of loathsome disease, entirely overpowering the intention of picturing inflicted pain.

Roderic, who, far from being a good man, was actually a Freethinker, thought it a grimly apt symbol of the religion of our day.

On His right stood a plaster Muse, with a lyre, the effect being decidedly improved by some one who had affixed a comic mask with a grinning mouth and a long pink nose; on His left a stone plaque of Lakshmi, the Hindu Venus, a really very fine piece of work, clean and dignified, in a way the one sanity in the room, except an exquisite pencil sketch of a child, done with all the delicacy and strength of Whistler. The rest of the decoration was a delicious mixture of the grotesque and the obscene. Sketches, pastels, cuts, cartoons, oils, all the media of art, had been exhausted in a

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noble attempt to flagellate impurity—impurity of thought, line, colour, all we symbolise by womanhood.

Hence the grotesque obscenity in nowise suggested Jewry; but gave a wholesome reaction of life and youth against artificiality and money-lust.

As it chanced, there was nobody of importance in the “Lapin.” Frédéric, with his hearty voice and his virile roll, more of a dance than a walk, easily dominated the company.

Yet there was at least one really remarkable figure in the pleasant gloom of the little cabaret.

A man sat there, timid, pathetic, one would say a man often rebuffed. He was nigh seventy years of age, maybe; he looked older. For him time had not moved at all, apparently; for he wore the dress of a beau of the Second Empire.

Exquisitely, too, he wore it. Sitting back in his dark corner, the figure would have gained had it been suddenly transplanted to the glare of a State ball and the steps of a throne.

Merrily Frédéric trolled out an easy, simple song with perfect art—how different from the laborious inefficiency of the Opera!—and came over to Roderic to see that his coffee was to his liking.

“Changes, Frédéric!” he said, a little sadly. “Where is Madeleine la Vache?”

“At Lourcine.”

“Mimi l’Engeuleuse?”

“At Clamart.”

“The Scotch Count, who always spoke like a hanging judge?”

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“Went to Scotland—he could get no more whisky here on credit.”

“His wife?”

“Poor girl! poor girl!”

“Ah! it was bound to happen. And Bubu Tire-Cravat?”

Frédéric brought the edge of his hand down smartly on the table, with a laugh.

“He had made so many widows, it was only fair he should marry one!” commented the Englishman. “And Pea-shooter Charley?”

“Don’t know. I think he is in prison in England.”

“Well, well; it saddens. ‘Where are the snows of yesteryear?’ I must have an absinthe; I feel old.”

“You are half my years,” answered Frédéric. “But come! If yesteryear be past, it is this year now. And all these distinguished persons who are gone, together are not worth one silver shoe-buckle of yonder——” Frédéric nodded towards the old beau.

“True, I never knew him; yet he looks as if he had sat there since Sedan. Who is he?”

“We do not know his name, monsieur,” said Frédéric softly, a little awed; “but I think he was a duke, a prince—I cannot say what. He is more than that—he is unique. He is—*le Revenant de la Rue des Quatre Vents!*”

“The Ghost of the Street of the Four Winds?” Roderic was immensely taken by the title; a thousand fantastic bases for the sobriquet jumped into his brain. Was the Rue des Quatre Vents haunted by a ghost in his image? There are no ghosts in practical Paris. But of all the ideas

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which came to him, not one was half so strange as the simple and natural story which he was later to hear.

“Come,” said Frédéric, “I will present you to him.”

“Monseigneur,” he said, as Roderic stood before him, ready to make his little bow, “let me present Monsieur Mason, an Englishman.”

The old fellow took little notice. Said Frédéric in his ear: “Monsieur lives on the boulevard St. Germain, and loves to paint the streets.”

The old man rose with alacrity, smiled, bowed, was enchanted to meet one of the gallant allies whose courage had—he spoke glibly of the Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol.

The little comedy had not been lost on Roderic. Wondering, he sat down beside the old nobleman.

What spell had Frédéric wrought of so potent a complexion?

“Sir,” he said, “the gallantry of the French troops at the Malakoff was beyond all praise; it will live for ever in history.”

To another he might have spoken of the *entente cordiale*; to this man he dared not.

Had not his brain perhaps stopped in the sixties?

Had the catastrophe of '70 broken his heart?

Roderic must walk warily.

But the conversation did not take the expected turn. The old gentleman elegantly, wittily, almost gaily, chattered of art, of music, of the changed appearance of Paris. Here, at any rate, he was *au courant des affaires*.

Yet as Roderic, puzzled and pleased, finished his absinthe he said more seriously than he had yet spoken: “I hear that monsieur is a great painter” (Roderic modestly waved aside

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the adjective), "has painted many pictures of Paris. Indeed, as I think of it, I seem to remember a large picture of St. Suplice at the Salon of eight years ago—no, seven years ago."

Roderic stared in surprise. How should any one—such a man, of all men—remember his daub, a thing himself had long forgotten? The oldster read his thought. "There was one corner of that picture which interested me deeply, deeply," he said. "I called to see you; you had gone—none knew here. I am indeed glad to have met you at last. Perhaps you would be good enough to show me your pictures—you have other pictures of Paris? I am interested in Paris—in Paris itself --- in the stones and bricks of it. Might I—if you have nothing better to do—come to your studio now, and see them?"

"I'm afraid the light—" began Roderic. It was now ten o'clock.

"That is nothing," returned the other. "I have my own criteria of excellence. A match-glimmer serves me."

There was only one explanation of all this. The man must be an architect, perhaps ruined in the mad speculations of the Empire, so well described by Zola in "*La Curée*."

"At your service, sir," he said, and rose. The old fellow was surely eccentric; but equally he was not dangerous. He was rich, or he would not be wearing a diamond worth every penny of two thousand pounds, as Roderic, no bad judge, made out. There might be profit, and there would assuredly be pleasure.

They waved, the one an airy, the other a courteous, good-night to grand old Frédéric, and went out.

The old man was nimble as a kitten; he had all the

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suppleness of youth; and together they ran rapidly down to the boulevard, where, hailing a fiacre, they jumped in and clattered down towards the Seine.

Roderic sat well back in the carriage, a little lost in thought. But the old man sat upright, and peered eagerly about him. Once he stopped the cab suddenly at a house with a low railing in front of it, well set back from the street, jumped out, examined it minutely, and then, with a sigh and a shake of the head, came back, a little wearier, a little older.

They crossed the Seine, rattled up the Rue Bonaparte, and stopped at the door of Roderic's studio.

II

LA RUE DES QUATRE VENTS

"Ah, well," said the old man, as he concluded his examination of the pictures, "what I seek is not here. If it will not weary you, I will tell you a story. Perhaps, although you have not painted it, you have seen it. Perhaps—bah! I am seventy years of age, and a fool to the end.

"Listen, my young friend! I was not always seventy years of age, and that of which I have to tell you happened when I was twenty-two.

"In those days I was very rich, and very happy. I had never loved; I cared for nobody. My parents were both dead long since. A year of freedom from the control of my good old guardian, the Duc de Castelnau (God rest his soul!), had left me yet taintless as a flower. I had that chivalrous devotion to woman which perhaps never really existed at any time save for rare individuals.

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“Such a one is ripe for adventure, and since, as your great poet has said, ‘Circumstance bows before those who never miss a chance,’ it was perhaps only a matter of time before I met with one.

“Indeed (I will tell you, for it will help you to understand my story), I once found myself in an extremely absurd position through my fantastic trust in the impeccability of woman.

“It was rather late one night, and I was walking home through a deserted street, when two brutal-looking ruffians came towards me, between them a young and beautiful girl, her face flushed with shame, and screaming with pain; for the savages had each firm hold of one arm, and were forcing her at a rapid pace—to what vile den?

“My fist in the face of one and my foot in the stomach of the other! They sprawled in the road, and, disdaining them, I turned my back and offered my arm to the girl. She, in an excess of gratitude, flung her arms round my neck and began to kiss me furiously—the first kiss I had ever had from a woman, mind you! Maybe I would not have been altogether displeased, but that she stank so foully of brandy that—my gorge rises at the memory. The ruffians, more surprised than hurt, began laughing, but kept well away. I tried to induce the girl to come home; in the end she lost her temper, and fell to belabouring me with her fists. I was not strong enough or experienced enough to contend with a madwoman, and I could not allow myself to strike her. She beat me sore. . . .

“I can remember the scene now as if it were yesterday: the bewildered boy, the screaming, swearing, kicking, scratching woman, the two ‘savages’ (honest *bourgeois* enough!)

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reeling against the houses, crying with laughter, too weak with laughter to stand straight.

“By-and-by they took pity, came forward, and released me from my unpleasant situation.

“But the shame of me, as I slunk away down the streets! I would not go home that night at all, ashamed to face my own servants.

“I told myself, in the end, that this was a rare accident; but for all that there must have remained a slight stain upon the mirror of perfect chivalry. In the old days when they taught logic in the schools one learnt how delicate a flower was a ‘universal affirmative.’

“It was some uneventful months after this ‘tragedy of the ideal’ that I was again walking home very late. I had been to the Jardin des Plantes in the afternoon, and, dining in that quarter, had stayed lingering on the bridge watching the Seine. The moon dropped down behind the houses—with a start I realised that I must go home. There was some danger, you understand, of footpads. Nothing, however, occurred until—I always preferred to walk through the narrow streets; there is romance in narrow streets!—I found myself in the Rue des Quatre Vents; not a stone’s-throw from this house, as you know.

“I had been thinking of my previous misadventure, and, with the folly of youth, had been indulging in a reverie of the kind that begins ‘If only.’ If only she had been a princess ravished by a wicked ogre. If only . . . If only . . .

“On the south side of the Rue des Quatre Vents is a house standing well back from the street, with a railing in front of it—a common type, is it not? But what riveted my

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attention upon it was that while the front of the house was otherwise entirely dark, from a window on the first floor streamed a blaze of light. The window was wide open to the street; voices came from it.

“The first an old, harsh, menacing voice, with all the sting of hate in it; nay, the sting of something devilish, worse than hate. A corrupt enjoyment of its malice informed it. And the words it spoke were too infamous for me to repeat. They are scarred upon my brain. Addressed to the vilest harridan that scours the gutter for her carrion prey, they would have yet been inhuman, impossible; to the voice that answered . . . !

“It was a voice like the tinkling of a fairy bell. Whoever spoke was little more than a child; and her answer had the purity and strength of an angel. That even the foul monster who addressed her could support it, unblasted, was matter for astonishment.

“Now the older voice broke into filthy insult, a very frenzy of malice.

“I heard—O God!—the swish of a whip, and the sound of it falling upon flesh.

“There was silence awhile, save for the hideous laughter of the invisible horror inside.

“At last a piteous little moan.

“My blood sang shrill within me. Out of myself, I sprang at the railings, and was over them in a second. Rapidly, and quite unobserved (for the scene was strenuous within), I climbed up the grating of the lower windows, and, reaching up to the edge of the balcony, swung myself up to and over it.

“As I stopped to fetch breath, as yet unperceived, I took in the scene, and was staggered at its strangeness.

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“The room, though exquisitely decorated, was entirely bare of furniture, unless one could dignify by that name a heap of dirty straw in one corner, by which stood a flattish wooden bowl, half full of what looked like a crust of bread mashed into pulp with water.

“Half turned away from me stood the owner of the harsh voice and soul abominable. It was a woman of perhaps sixty years of age, the head of an angel—so regular were the features, so silver-white the hair—set upon the deformed body of a dwarf. Hairy hands and twisted arms, a hunched back and bandy legs; in the gnarled right hand a terrible whip, the carved jade handle blossoming into a rose of fine cords, shining with silver—sharp, three-cornered chips of silver! The whole dripped black with blood. Upon the angel face stood a sneer, a snarl, a malediction. The effect upon one’s sense of something beyond the ordinary was, too, heightened by her costume; for though the summer was at its height she was clad from head to foot in ermine, starred, more heavily than is usual, with the little black tails in the form of *fleurs-de-lis*.

“In extreme contrast to this monster was a young girl crouching upon the floor. At first sight one would have hardly suspected a human form at all, for from her head flowed down on all sides a torrent of exquisite blonde gold, that completely hid her. Only two little hands looked out, clasped, pleading for mercy, and a fairy child-face, looking up—in vain—to that black heart of hatred. Even as I gazed the woman hissed out so frightful a menace that my blood ran chill. The child shrank back into herself. The other raised her whip. I leapt into the room. The old hag spat one infamous word at me, turned on me with the whip.

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"This time I was under no illusions about the sanctity of womanhood. With a single blow I felled her to the ground. My signet-ring cut her lip, and the blood trickled over her cheek. I laughed. But the child never moved—it would seem she hardly comprehended.

"I turned, bowed. 'I could not bear to hear your cries,' I said—rather obviously, one may admit. 'I came—' adding under my breath, 'I saw, I conquered.' 'Who is that?' I added sternly, pointing to the prostrate hag.

" 'Ah, sir' (she began to cry), 'it is my mother.' The horror of it was tenfold multiplied. 'She—she——' The child blushed, stammered, stopped.

" 'I heard, mademoiselle,' I cried indignantly.

" 'I am here' (she sobbed) 'for a month, starved, whipped—oh! By day the window barred with iron; by night, open, the more to mock my helplessness!' Then, with a sudden cry, her little pink hand darting out and showing a faultless arm: 'Look! look! she is on you.'

"The mother had drawn herself away with infinite stealth, regained her feet, and, a thin stiletto in her hand, was crouched to spring. Indeed, as she leapt I was hard put to it to avoid the lunge; the dagger-edge grazed my arm as I stepped aside.

"I turned. She was on me, flinging me aside with the force of her rush as if I had been a straw. The snarl of her was like a wolf.

"This time she cut me deep. Again a whirl, a rush. I altered my tactics; I ran in to meet her. Hampered as she was by her furs, I was now quicker than she. I struck her dagger arm so strongly that the blade flew into the air, and

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fell quivering on the floor, the heavy hilt driving the thin blade deep into the polished wood. Even so I had her by the waist, catching her arm, and with one heave of my back I tossed her into the air, careless where she might fall.

“As luck would have it, she struck the balcony rail, broke it, and fell upon the pavement of the court. There was a crash, but no cry, no groan. I went to the balcony. She lay still, as the living do not lie, and her white hair was blackening, lapped by a congealing stream.

“I withdrew into the room. Since I have learnt that any death brings with it a strange sense of relief. There is a certain finality. *La comédie est jouée*—and one turns with new life to the next business.

“The golden child had never stirred. But now she crouched lower, and fell to soft, sweet crying.

“‘Your mother is dead,’ I said abruptly. ‘May I offer you the guardianship of my godmother, the Duchess of Castelnauudary? Come, mademoiselle, let us go.’

“‘I thank you, sir,’ she answered, still sobbing; ‘but Jean is awake and at the door. Jean is fierce and lean as an old wolf.’

“I pulled the dagger from the floor. ‘I am fierce and lithe as a young lion!’ I said. ‘Let the old wolf beware!’

“‘But I cannot, sir, I cannot. I . . .’ Her confusion became acute.

“‘I dare not move, sir—I—I—my mother has taken away all my clothes.’

“I marvelled. In her palace of gold hair nobody could have guessed it. But now I blushed, and lively. The dilemma was absurd.

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“ ‘I have it,’ said I. ‘I will climb down and bring up the ermine.’

“She shuddered at the idea. Her dead mother’s furs!

“ ‘It must be,’ I said firmly.

“ ‘Go, brave knight!’—a delicate smile lit up her face—‘I trust myself to you.’

“I bent on my right knee to her. ‘I take you,’ I said, ‘to be my lady, to fight in your cause, to honour and love you for ever.’

“She put out her right hand—oh, the delicate beauty of it! I kissed it. ‘My knight,’ she said, ‘Jean is below; he may hear you; you go perhaps to your death—kiss me!’

“With a sob I caught her once full in my arms, and our mouths met. I closed my eyes in trance; my muscles failed; I sank, my forehead to the ground before her.

“When I opened my eyes again she too was praying. Softly, without a word, I stepped to the window, took the dagger in my teeth, dropped from the edge, landed lightly beside the corpse. She was quite dead, the skull broken in, the teeth exposed in a last snarl. She lay on her back; I opened the coat, turned her over. The gruesome task was nearly finished when the door of the house opened, and an old man, his face scarred, one lip cut half away in some old brawl, so that he grinned horribly and askew, rushed out at me, a rapier in his hand. My stiletto, though long beyond the ordinary, was useless against a tool of such superior reach.

“A last wrench gave me the ermine cloak, an invaluable parry. Could I entangle his sword, he was at my mercy. He saw it, and fenced warily. Indeed, I had the upper hand throughout. Threatening to throw the cloak, catch his

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sword, blind him, rush in with my dagger—he gave back and back in a circle round the courtyard.

“No sound came from the room above. Probably we three were alone. The fight was not to be prolonged for ever; the weight of the fur would tire me soon, counter-balance the advantage of age. Then, almost before I knew what had happened, we were fighting in the street. I would not cry for help; one was more likely to rouse a bandit than a guardian of the peace. And, besides, who could say how the law stood?

“I had certainly killed a lady; I was doing my best, with the aid of her stolen cloak, to kill a servant of the house; I contemplated an abduction. Best kill him silently, and be gone.

“But when and how had Jean pulled open the iron gates and retreated into the street?

“It mattered little, though certainly it left an uneasy sense of bewilderment; what mattered was that here we were fighting in semi-darkness—the dawn was not fairly lifted—for life and death.

“‘Ten thousand crowns, Monsieur Jean,’ I cried, ‘and my service!’—I gave him my style—‘I see you can be a faithful servant.’

“‘Faithful to death!’ he retorted, and I was sorry to have to kill him.

“We fenced grimly on.

“‘But,’ I urged, ‘your mistress is dead. Your duty is to her child, and I am her child’s—’

“He looked up from my eyes. ‘An Omen!’ he cried, pointing to the great statue of St. Michael trampling Satan,

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for we had come fighting to the Place St. Michel. 'Darkness yields to light; I am your servant, sir.' He dropped on one knee, and tendered the hilt of his sword.

"But as I put out my hand to take it (guarded against attack, I boast me, but not against the extraordinary trick which followed) he suddenly snatched at the ermine, which lay loosely on my left arm, and, leaving me with sword and dagger, fled with a shriek of laughter across the Place St. Michel, and, flinging the furs over the bridge, himself plunged into the Seine and swam strongly for the other bank.

"There was no object in pursuing him; I would recover the furs, and return triumphant. Alas! they had sunk; they were now whirled far away by the swift river. Where should I get a cloak?

"How stupid of me! The old woman had plenty of other clothes beneath her furs; I would take them.

"And I set myself gaily to run back to the house.

III

"Whether by excitement I took the wrong turning, or whether—but you will hear!—in short, I do not clearly understand even now why I did not at once find the road. But at least I did fail to find it, discovered, as I supposed, my error, corrected it, failed once more. . . . In the end I got flustered—so much hung on my speedy return!—I fluttered hither and thither like a wild pigeon whose mate has been shot. I stopped short, pulled myself together. Let me think it out! Where am I now? I was under the shadow (the dawn just lit its edge) of the mighty shoulder of St. Sulpice. 'More

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haste, less speed!’ I said to myself. ‘I will walk deliberately down to the boulevard, turn east, and so I cannot possibly miss the Carrefour de l’Odeon’—out of which, as I knew of old, the Rue des Quatre Vents leads. Indeed, I remembered the carrefour from that night. I had passed through it. I remembered hesitating as to which turning to take. For, as you know, the carrefour is a triangle, one road leading from the apex, four (with two minor variations just off the carrefour) from the base.

“Following this plan, I came, sure enough, in three minutes or so into the Rue des Quatre Vents. It is not a long street, as you know, and I thought that I remembered perfectly that the house faced the tiny Rue St. Grégoire, which leads back to the Boulevard St. Germain. Indeed, it was down that obscure alley that Jean and I had gone in our fight. I remembered how I had expected to meet somebody on issuing into the boulevard; and then . . . I must have been very busy fighting: I could not remember anything at all of the fight between that issue and the place of Jean’s feint and flight.

“Well, here I was: the house should have been in front of me—and it was not. I walked up and down the street; there was no house of the kind, no railings. No residential house. Yet I could not believe myself mistaken. I pinched myself; I was awake. Further, the pinching demonstrated the existence of a sword and dagger in my hands. I was bleeding, too; my left arm twice grazed. I took out my watch; four o’clock. Since I left the bridge—ah! when had I left the bridge? I could not tell—yes, I could. At moon-set. The moon was nine days old.

“No; everything was real. I examined the sword and

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the stiletto. Silver-gilt; blades of exquisite fineness; the cipher of a princely house of France shone in tiny diamonds upon the pommels.

“The thought sent new courage and determination thrilling through me. I had saved a princess from shame and torture; I loved her! She loved me, for I had saved her—ah! but I had not yet saved her. That was to do.

“But how to act? I had plenty of time. Jean would not return to the house, in all probability. But the markets were stirring; the weapons and my blood would arouse curiosity. Well, how to act?

“The positive certitude that I had had about the name of the street was my bane. Had I doubted I could have more easily carried out the systematic search that I proposed. But as it was my organized patrol of the quarter was not scientific; I was biased. I came back again and again to the street and searched it, as if the house might have been hidden in the gutter or vanished and reappeared by magic; as if my previous search might (by some incredible chance) have been imperfect, through relaxed attention. So one may watch a conjuror, observing every movement perfectly, except the one flash which does the trick.

“The search, too, could not be long; so I reflected as disappointment sobered me. One cannot go far from the Carrefour de l’Odéon in any direction without striking some unmistakable object. The two boulevards, the schools, the Odéon itself, St. Sulpice—one could not be far off. Yet—could I possibly have mistaken the Odéon for the Luxembourg?

“Could I . . . ? . . . ? A host of conjectures chased each

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other through my brain, bewildering it, leading the will to falter, the steps to halt.

“Beneath, keener anguish than the thrust of a poisoned rapier, stabbed me this poignant pang: my love awaits me, waits for me to save her, to fly with her . . .

“Where was she?

“It was broad day; I cleansed myself of the marks of battle, sat down and broke my fast, my sane mind steadily forcing itself to a sober plan of action, beating manfully down the scream of its despair. All day I searched the streets. Passing an antiquary, I showed him my weapons. He readily supplied their history; but—there was none of that family alive, nor had been since the great Revolution. Their goods? The four winds of heaven might know. At those words ‘the four winds’ I rushed out of the shop, as if stung by an adder.

“I drove home, set all my servants hunting for railed houses. They were to report to me in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Any house not accounted for, any that might conceal a mystery, these I would see myself.

“All labour lost! My servants tried. I distrusted their energy: I set myself obstinately to scour Paris.

“There is a rule of mathematics which enables one to traverse completely any labyrinth. I applied this to the city. I walked in every road of it, marking the streets at each corner as I passed with my private seal. Each railed house I investigated separately and thoroughly. By virtue of my position I was welcome everywhere. But every night I paced the Rue des Quatre Vents, waiting . . .

“Awaiting what? Well, in the end, perhaps death. The children gibed at me; passers-by shunned me.

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“ ‘*Le Revenant,*’ they whispered, ‘*de la Rue des Quatre Vents.*’

“I had forgot to tell you one thing which most steadfastly confirmed me in the search. Two days after the adventure I passed, hot on the quest, by the Morgue. Two women came out. ‘Not pretty, the fish!’ said one. ‘He with the scarred lip——’

“I heard no more, ran in. There on the slab, grinning yet in death, was Jean. His swim had ended him. Faithful to death!

“I watched long. I offered a huge sum for his identification. The authorities even became suspicious: why was I so anxious? How could I say? He was the servant of . . .

“I did not know my sweet child’s name!

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“So, while a living man, I made myself a ghost.

IV

“It may have been one day some ten years later,” continued the old nobleman, “when as I paced uselessly the Street of the Four Winds I was confronted by a stern, grey figure, short, stout, and bearded, but of an indescribably majesty and force.

“He laid his hand unhesitatingly upon my shoulder. ‘Unhappy man!’ he cried, ‘thou art sacrificing thy life to a phantom. “Look not,” quoth Zoroaster, “upon the Visible Image of the Soul of Nature, for Her name is Fatality.” What thou hast seen—I know not what it is, save that it is as

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a dog-faced demon that seduceth thy soul from the sacred Mysteries; the Mysteries of Life and Duty.'

" 'Let me tell my story!' I replied, 'and you shall judge—for, whoever you may be, I feel your power and truth.'

" 'I am Eliphaz Levi Zahed—men call me the Abbé Constant,' returned the other.

" 'The great magician?'

" 'The enemy of the great magician.'

"We went together to my house. I had begun to suspect some trick of Hell. The malice of that devilish old woman, it might be, had not slept, even at her death. She had hidden the house beneath a magic veil? Or had her death itself in some strange way operated to—to what? Even conjecture paled.

"But magic somewhere there must be, and Eliphaz Levi was the most famous adept in Paris at the time.

"I told my story, just as I have told it to you, but with strong passion.

" 'There is an illusion, master!' I ended. 'Put forth the Power and destroy it!'

" 'Were I to destroy the illusion,' returned the magus, 'thinkest thou to see a virgin with gold hair? Nay, but the Eternal Virgin, and a Gold that is not gold.'

" 'Is nothing to be done?'

" 'Nothing!' he replied, with a strange light in his eyes. 'Yet, in order to be able to do nothing, thou must first accomplish everything.'

" 'One day,' he smiled, seeing my bewilderment, 'thou wilt be angry with the fool who proffers such a platitude.'

"I asked him to accept me as a pupil.

"I require pay,' he answered, 'and and oath.'

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“‘Speak; I am rich.’

“‘Every Good Friday,’ said the adept, ‘take thirty silver crowns and offer them to the Hospital for the Insane.’

“‘It shall be done,’ I said.

“‘Swear, then,’ he went on, ‘swear, then, here to me’—he rose, terrible and menacing—‘by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, that never again, neither to save life, nor to retain honour, wilt thou set foot in the Street of the Four Winds; so long as life shall last.’

“Even as he bade me, I rose with lifted hand and swore.

“As I did so there resounded in the room ten sharp knocks, as of ivory on wood, in a certain peculiar cadence.

“This was but the first of a very large number of interviews. I sought, indeed, steadfastly to learn from him the occult wisdom of which he was a master; but, though he supplied me with all conceivable channels of knowledge—books, manuscripts, papyri—yet all these were lifeless; the currents of living water flowed not through them. Should one say that the master withheld initiation, or that the pupil failed to obtain it?

“But at least time abated the monomania—for I know now that my whole adventure was but a very vivid dream, an insanity of adolescence. At this moment I would not like to say at what point exactly in the story fact and dream touch; I have still the sword and dagger. Is it possible that in a trance I actually went through some other series of adventures than that I am conscious of? May not Jean have been a thief, whom I dispossessed of his booty? Had I done this

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unconsciously it would account for both the weapons and the scene in the Morgue. . . . But I cannot say.

“So, too, I learnt from the master that all this veil of life is but a shadow of a vast reality beyond, perceptible only to those who have earned eyes to see withal.

“These eyes I could not earn; a faith in the master sustained me. I began to understand, too, a little about the human brain; of what it is capable. Of Heaven—and of Hell!

“Life passed, vigorous and pleasant; the only memory that haunted me was the compulsion of my oath that never would I again set foot in the Rue des Quatre Vents.

“Life passed, and for the master ended. ‘The Veil of the Temple is but a Spider’s web!’ he said, three days before he died. I followed Eliphaz Levi Zahed to the grave.

“I could not follow him beyond.

“For the next year I applied myself with renewed vigour to the study of the many manuscripts which he had left me. No result could I obtain; I slackened. Followed the folly of my life: I rationalised.

“Thus: one day, leaning over the Pont St. Michel, I let the whole strange story flow back through my brain. I remembered my agony; my present calm astonished me. I thought of Levi, of my oath. ‘He did not mean *for all my life*,’ I thought; ‘he meant until I could contemplate the affair without passion. Is not fear failure? I will walk through just once, to show my mastery.’ In five minutes—with just one inward qualm—again I was treading the well-worn flags of that ensorcelled road.

“Instantly—instantly!—the old delusion had me by

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the throat. I had broken my oath; I was paying the penalty.

“Crazier than ever, I again sought throughout changed Paris for my dream-love; I shall seek her till I die. If I seem calmer, it is but that age has robbed me of the force of passion. In vain you tell me, laughing, that if she ever lived, she is long since dead; or at least is an old woman, the blonde gold faded, the child-face wrinkled, the body bowed and lax. I laugh at you—at you—for a blaspheming ass. Your folly is too wild to anger me!”

“I did not laugh,” said Roderic gravely.

“Well,” said the old man, rising, “I fear I have wearied you . . . I thank you for your patience . . . I know I am a mad old fellow. But, if you should happen—you know. Please communicate. Here is my card. I must go now. I am expected elsewhere. I am expected.”

MARTIAL NAY.

THE LOST SHEPHERD

I

SHE walks among the starry ways,
A crimson full-blown rose;
Her heart bears all the yesterdays
That love from love-dawn knows;
Her sunny feet are shod in gold,
She swings a censer rare and old—
Her heart the censer that she sways,
Our Lady of the Snows.

II

I passed the morning she was born
Within the heart of day;
A shepherd with a twisted horn
I met upon the way.
The straying sheep that autumn-tide
Had wandered by the river-side;
And so I spent that gladsome morn,
And so I said my say.

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III

She passes by, she passes still
The secret ways of earth;
She kissed Will Blake beneath the hill,
Robbed Shelley's heart of mirth.
But I have stopped with love her lips,
And as into my arms she slips,
I clip her close, and take my fill
Of joy to make new birth.

IV

Oh, holloa! holloa! the hills among,
And holloa! down the dale:
I bear a golden lyre full-strung
With heart-strings bright and pale.
I've lilies from the fountain-head,
And purple flags and roses red,
And all the songs of Pan have flung
Their fragrance in my tale.

V

And but as yesterday it seems
She tripped me as I ran,
And scattering all my half-fledged dreams,
Hailed me a foolish man.
Perchance my dreams shall wing their way
To some such other fool, perfay——
God stop his mouth to still his screams,
And help him if He can!

THE LOST SHEPHERD

VI

Under the willows the stream runs strong
When the wind is shrill and high;
I wandered on, and I wandered long,
Under the fleecy sky.
A voice came out of a cloud to me,
Saying, "Hast thou brought thy heart with thee?"
And much I marvelled, and won a song,
And so the day passed by.

VII

I was a shepherd in other days,
Ere ever the earth was old;
I wandered far into the Northern ways
To bring back my sheep to the fold.
Heyday! but the time was drear and long,
For I lost my pipe and my mountain-song,
And all the others of my sweet lays
Lost all their wonted gold.

VIII

Greece and Rome and the Pagan lands
I knew ere the Christ was born;
I whistled songs between my hands,
And blew through an old ram's horn.
I was wise indeed! For I lost my way
Over the hills one summer's day,
And near where Venus' statue stands
I lingered all forlorn.

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IX

Laughing eyes and clear brown skin,
And dark locks ripping wide,
Where the sunbeams play and the eddies spin
I saw my face in the tide.
But I knew the trick Narcissus had done,
So I shook back my hair to stare at the sun;
My slim brown body I'd keep within
The shade of the green hillside.

X

I found the groves of Pan; I came
At length to a daisied field,
And the sun shone out with his yellow flame
That makes the harvest yield.
Yellow and purple are corn and grape,
But scarlet the god when he takes his shape
At the sound of the awful hidden name
In earth's eclipse revealed.

XI

And as he clasped me, slim and slight,
I roared with the pain he gave,
And he cried, "I will hold thee here all night,
My beautiful, dark-haired slave;
Kiss my lips and laugh in my eyes,
And I'll bring magic out of the skies,
And thy flame shall yield to my eyes' fierce light
Ere thine ashes are laid in the grave!"

THE LOST SHEPHERD

XII

Then did I learn the lore of Earth,
For mine was the light of Pan;
The barren riddle unsolved by birth
Was solved as the hot fire ran.
The god's tongue flashed, and he roared with glee
At each spasm he drew from the breast of me,
And the mystery of Panic mirth
Lay bare in the sight of a man.

XIII

And many a love long since I've known,
And many a city rare;
I have sung and harped, I have fought and flown,
I have wandered everywhere.
But the thought of that day by the water-side,
The god's hot breath and the hidden bride,
Makes me more shy as I wander alone,
Unknowing whither I fare.

XIV

And in the morning Pan rose and fled,
And left me alone to sleep;
And long I lay in a slumber dead.
Then on hands and knees did I creep
Back to the shade of the sheltering trees;
And I found my sheep on the shady leas;
And my body was flushed, and my cheeks were red,
And my eyes too bright to weep.

THE EQUINOX

XV

After long dreamless sleep I knew
The tale that had fled my tongue,
I found in far in the water blue,
In the song by the skylark sung,
In the melody slow of the waving corn,
In the rushing of wind through the vines re-born,
And wherever the water-lilies grew,
And the green, green willows swung.

XVI

And still the lady of my dream
As a light before me goes;
I see her in the sun's last gleam,
In the moonlight on the snows.
Ah! chiefly then her song is sung,
When the moon o'er the dark green woods is hung;
She is born at midnight on the stream,
A starry, full-blown rose.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

[This MS is now first printed from the private copies of certain adepts, after careful examination and collation. It is printed for the information of scholars and the instruction of seekers. By the order of the A.: A.: certain formulæ have been introduced into it, and omissions made, to baffle any one who seeks to prostitute it to idle curiosity or to fraud. Its practical use and the method of avoiding these pitfalls will be shown to approved students by special authority from V.V.V.V.V. or his delagates.]

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

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

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

“Direct not thy mind to the vast surfaces of the earth; for the Plant of Truth grows not upon the ground. Nor measure the motions of the Sun, collecting rules, for he is carried by the Eternal Will of the Father, and not for your sake alone. Dismiss from your mind the impetuous course of the Moon, for she moveth always by the power of Necessity. The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake. The wide aerial flight of birds gives no true knowledge, nor the dissection of the entrails of victims; these are all mere toys, the basis of mercenary fraud: flee from these if you would enter the sacred paradise of piety where Virtue, Wisdom, and Equity are assembled.”

ZOROASTER.

M	A	C	A	N	E	H
A	R	O	L	U	S	E
D	I	R	U	C	U	N
A	L	U	H	U	L	A
S	E	R	U	R	O	C
U	N	E	L	I	R	A
L	U	S	A	D	A	M



Aos

A HANDBOOK OF GEOMANCY

CHAPTER I

ATTRIBUTIONS OF GEOMANTIC FIGURES TO PLANETS, ZODIAC, AND RULING GENII

—	SIGN	EL.	GEOM. FIG.	SEX	NAME AND MEANING	GENIUS	RULER	PLANET
I	♈	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Puer Boy, yellow, beardless	Malchidael	Bartzabel	♂
2	♉	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Amissio Loss, comprehended without	Asmodel	Kedemel	♀
3	♊	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Albus White, fair	Ambriel	Taphthartharath	♂
4	♋	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Populus People, congregation	Muriel	Chasmodai	♂
5	♌	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Fortuna Major Greater fortune, greater aid, safeguard entering	Verchiel	Sorath	♂
6	♍	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Conjunctio Conjunction, assembling	Hamaliel	Taphthartharath	♂
7	♎	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Puella A girl, beautiful	Zuriel	Kedemel	♀
8	♏	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Rubeus Red, reddish	Barchiel	Bartzabel	♂
9	♐	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Acquisitio Obtaining, comprehending without	Advachiel	Hismael	♂
10	♑	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Carcer A prison, bound	Hanael	Zazel	♂
11	♒	△	⬤⬤⬤	M.	Tristitia Sadness, damned, cross	Cambiel	Zazel	♂
12	♓	▽	⬤⬤⬤	F.	Lætitia Joy, laughing, healthy, bearded	Amnixiel	Hismael	♂

THE EQUINOX

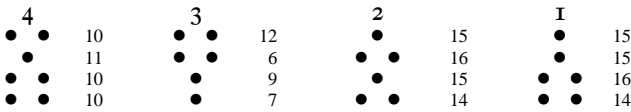
—	SIGN	EL.	GEOM. FIG.	SEX	NAME AND MEANING	GENIUS	RULER	PLANET
I3	♌	△	⋮	F.	Cauda Draconis The threshold lower, or going out	Zazel and Bartzabel	Zazel and Bartzabel	♄♂
I4	♍	▽	⋮	M	Caput Draconis The Head, the threshold entering, the upper threshold	Hismael and Kedmel	Hismael and Kedmel	♋♀
I5	♎	△	⋮	M.	Fortuna Minor Lesser Fortune, lesser aid, safe- guard going out.	Verchiel	Sorath	☉
I6	♏	▽	⋮	F.	Via Way, journey	Muriel	Chasmodai	♆

CHAPTER II

THE MODE OF DIVINING—MOTHERS—DAUGHTERS—
NEPHEWS—WITNESSES—JUDGE—RECONCILER—
PART OF FORTUNE

THINK fixedly of the demand; with a pencil mark 16 lines of points or dashes. Find whether number of points in each line is odd or even. For odd ●; for even ●●. Lines 1-4 give the first mother; lines 5-8 the second; and so on.

EXAMPLE



[The small Arabic numbers refer to the change number of dashes.]

Use clean (virgin) paper; place appropriate Pentagram (either with or without a circumscribed circle) invoking. If a circle, draw this first. Sigil of Ruler to which nature of question most refers should be placed in the Pentagram thus:

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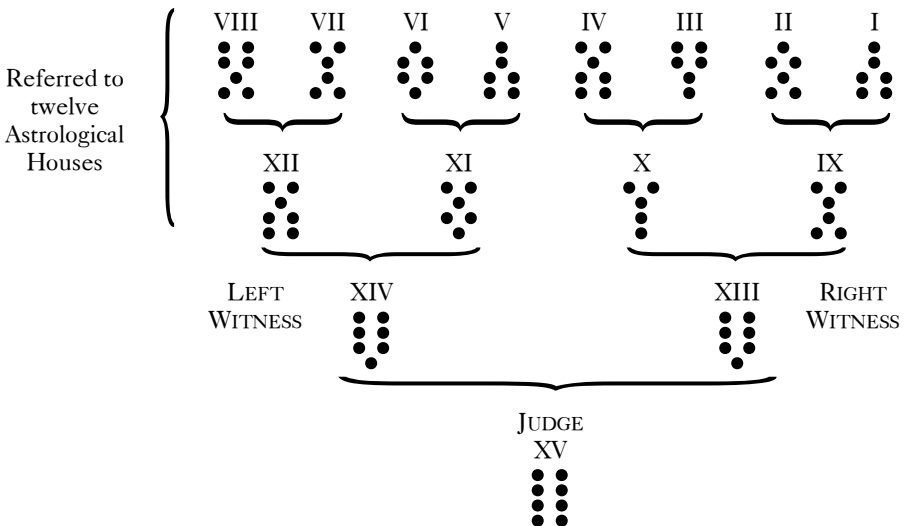
- ‡ Agriculture, sorrow, death.
- 4 Good fortune, feasting, church preferment.
- ♂ War, victory, fighting.
- ⊙ Power, magistracy.
- ♀ Love, music, pleasure.
- ♀ Science, learning, knavery.
-) Travelling, fishing, &c.

In diagram, p. 144, the Sigil of Hismael should be used.

In marking points fix attention on Sigil and on the question proposed; the hand should not be moved from the paper till complete. It is convenient to rule lines, to guide the eye.

The daughters are derived by reading the mothers horizontally.

The four nephews, Figures IX-XII, are thus formed:
 IX = I + II read vertically, added and taken as odd or even.
 So also XIII = IX + X, and XV = XIII + XIV.



THE EQUINOX

These last three are merely aids to general judgement. If the judge be good the figure is good, and *vice-versâ*.

The Reconciler = I + XV.

To find the Part of Fortune \oplus (ready money or cash belonging to the Querent), add points of the figures I-XII, divide by 12, and remainder shows figure. Here I + II + . . . + XII = 74 points = $6 \times 12 + 2$. $\therefore \oplus$ falls with $\ddot{\cdot}$ (II).

CHAPTER III

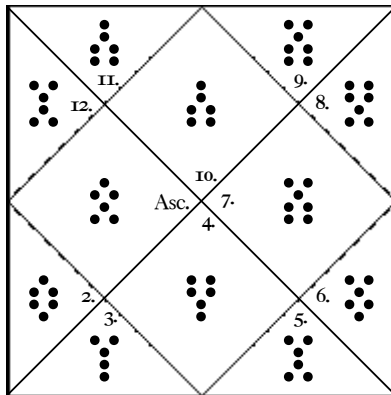
OF THE FIGURE OF THE TWELVE HOUSES OF HEAVEN

THE meaning of the twelve Houses is to be found, primarily, in any text-book of Astrology. Knowledge is to be enlarged and corrected by constant study and practice.

Place the figures thus:

I 10th	IV 7th	VII 5th	X 3rd
II Asc.	V 11th	VIII 8th	XI 6th
III 4th	VI 2nd	IX 12th	XII 9th

EXAMPLE



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CHAPTER IV

TABLES OF WITNESSES AND JUDGE

THE tables are classed by the Left Witness.

The judgement concerning a wife (*e.g.*) will hold good for all demands of the 7th House.

So of the others.

<div>L.W.</div> <div><div><div>●</div><div>●</div><div>●</div><div>●</div><div>●</div></div></div> <div>POPULUS</div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
		<div><div>■</div><div>■</div></div>	<div><div>♣</div><div>♣</div></div>	<div><div>♠</div><div>♠</div></div>	<div><div>♣</div><div>♣</div></div>	<div><div>♠</div><div>♠</div></div>	<div><div>♣</div><div>♣</div></div>	<div><div>♠</div><div>♠</div></div>	<div><div>♣</div><div>♣</div></div>
Life, &c.	1	Mod.	Good	Good	Mod.	Mod.	Evil	Good	Mod.
Money, &c.	2	Mod.	Good	Good	Bad	Mod.	Evil	Mod.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Mod.	Good	Good	Mod.	Good	Mod.	Mod.	Bad
Property	4	Mod.	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Bad	Mod.	Good
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Good	Bad	Good	Bad
Sex of Child	6	5*	Evil	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Dau.	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Soon health	Health	Perilous	Health	Health	Asc.
Prison	8	Come out	Out	Soon out	Out for nothing	Long	Out	Die there	Die there
Journey	9	Good by water	Slow	Medium	Good by water	Evil	Medium	Medium	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Not found	Found	Lost	Found	Part found









* Arabic numbers mean that the judgement is determined by the figure in that House of Heaven.









THE EQUINOX

L.W. <div><div><div></div><div></div><div></div><div></div><div></div></div><div>LÆTITIA</div></div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
Life, &c.	1	Good and long	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Increase	Evil	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good dignity	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil	Med.	Good
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	Dau.	5	Son	5	Son	5
Sickness	7	Health	II	Asc	Dangerous	Health	Health	Health	5
Prison	8	Late out	Come out	Come out	Come out	Soon out	Run away	Escape and re-capture	Come out
Journey	9	Good in end	Hurtful	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	Return	Good by water
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Part found	Part found	Part yielded	Part found	Part found









L.W. ● ● ● VIA		R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●	R.W. J. ●● ●
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.
Property	4	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good	Med.	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Evil	Med.	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	5	5	5	5	Son	5
Sickness	7	Health	Dangerous	Health	Death	Death	Death	Health	Health
Prison	8	Out for nothing	Evil	Come out	Not out	Not out	Not out	Come out	Soon out
Journey	9	Good by water	Good by water	Slack	Return	Return	Late	Late	Good
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Not found	Part yielded	Found	Found	Part found	Little found	Not found









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<div> <div>L.W.</div>  <div>FORTUNA MAJOR</div> </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Possibility good	Evil	Good	Good	Good	Med.	Good
Property	4	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Good
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Evil	Good	Good	Good	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	Son	5	Son	Dau.	5
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Good	Asc.	Health	Perilous	Health
Prison	8	Come out	Late	Come out	Die there	Come out	With harm	Come out
Journey	9	Good with speed	Evil	Difficult	Med.	Soon return	Late	Good
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Found	Found	Part found	Not found	Found










<div> <div>L.W.</div>  <div>ALBUS</div> </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Good	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Good	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Good	Med.	Good	Med.	Good	Evil
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Evil
Property	4	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good	Evil
Wife, &c.	5	Evil	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil
Sex of Child	6	Dau. die	5	Dau.	5	Dau.	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Death	Health	Death	Health	Death	Health	Health
Prison	8	Perilous	Late	Not out	Come out	Die there	Run away	Come out
Journey	9	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Difficult	Slow	Med.
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Not found	Not found	Part found	Part found	Found	Not found









THE EQUINOX

<div> <div>L.W.</div>  <div>RUBEUS</div> </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Evil
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil
Wife, &c,	5	Very good	Evil	Good	Med.	Evil	Good	Evil
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	Dau.	Son.	Dau.	5	5
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Death	Health	Health	Long sick	In danger
Prison	8	Come out	Difficult	Evil	Evil	Come out	Soon out	Doubtful
Journey	9	Difficult	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Slow	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Part found	Part yielded	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found










<div> <div>L.W.</div>  <div>TRISTITIA</div> </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good	Good
Property	4	Good	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Evil	Suffic'nt	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	5	Dau.	Son	Dau.	5	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Death	Death	Evil	Evil	Evil	Health	Health
Prison	8	Death	Death	Evil	Evil	Evil	Come out	Long
Journey	9	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Evil	Very late	Late
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Found

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<div style="text-align: center;"> L.W.  PUELLA </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Med.	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Good	Good	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	V. good	Good	Evil	Good	Good
Property	4	Evil	Good	Med	Good	Med.	Med.	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Med.	Good	Good	Good	Evil	Med.	Good
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	Son	5	5	5	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Dangerous	Asc.	Health	Health	Long
Prison	8	Out by ill means	Come out	Come out	Good end	Come out	Come out	Long
Journey	9	Perilous	Good	Good by 	Good	Perilous	Slow	Good
Thing Lost	10	Part found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Not found	Found









<div style="text-align: center;"> L.W.  PUER </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Some-what good	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Property	4	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c,	5	Good	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Son	Dau.	5	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Son.
Sickness	7	Health	Soon die	Asc.	Death	Health	Perilous	Health
Prison	8	Well out	Soon out	Dangerous	Die there	Come out	Perilous	Come out
Journey	9	Return	Med.	Spoiled	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Thing Lost	10	Found	Part found	Not found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found









THE EQUINOX

L.W.  CAPUT DRACONIS		R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 
Life, &c.	1	Evil	Good	V. good	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	Good
Money, &c.	2	Evil	Good	V. good	Suffic'nt	Med.	V. good	Evil	V. good
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Good	V. good	Evil	Good	Good	Evil	Good
Property	4	Evil	Good	V. good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Good	Evil	Good
Wife, &c,	5	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	5	5	Dau.	Son	Son	Dau.	Son
Sickness	7	Asc.	Health	Asc.	Health	Good end	Health	Health	Health
Prison	8	Long	Perilous	Come out	Hard	6	Soon out	Come out	Out late
Journey	9	Evil	Med.	Good by ▽	Evil	Evil	Good	Evil	V. good
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Found










<div>L.W. ⬆ ⬆ ⬆ CAUDA DRACONIS</div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
Life, &c.	1	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Tolerable	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Very evil	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Good	Evil
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Suffic'nt	Good	Evil
Property	4	Good	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Suffic'nt	Good	Med.
Wife, &c,	5	Med.	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Evil	Med.	Very evil
Sex of Child	6	Son	5	5	5	5	5	Son and live	5
Sickness	7	Health	Perilous	Death	Death	Death	Perilous	Health	Asc.
Prison	8	Good end	Out with pain	Death	Come out	Come out punished	Come out	Soon out	Dangerous
Journey	9	Evil	Evil	Very evil	Med.	Evil	Evil	Good	Very evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Not found	Found	Not found	Part found	Found	Not found










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L.W.  ACQUISITIO		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Good	Evil	V. good	Med.	Good	Med.	Good
Money, &c.	2	Med.	Evil	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good
Property	4	Med.	Evil	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Evil	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Good
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	5	5	Son	Dau.	5
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Asc.
Prison	8	Death	Come out	Come out	Come out	Long	Come out	Late out
Journey	9	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Soon return	Med.	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Found	Found










L.W.  AMISSIO		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
								
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Med.	Evil
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Med.	Med.	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil
Property	4	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.	Med.	Evil	Evil
Sex of Child	6	5	Son	5	5	Dau.	Son	5
Sickness	7	The end health	Health	Perilous	Health	Health	Health	Death
Prison	8	Long	Good end	Hard	Soon out	Come out	Come out	Out in the end
Journey	9	Good	Med.	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Not found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Part found

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L.W.  CONJUNCTIO		R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Hard
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Evil	Med.	V. good	Evil	Good	Good	Med.
Sex of Child	6	Son	5	5	Dau.	5	Son	Dau.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Long & pining	Death	Death	Asc.	Asc.	Health	Perilous	Hard
Prison	8	Long time	Out with fear	Perilous	Long	Good	Come out	Come out	Long
Journey	9	Slow	Med.	Good by ▽	Good	Med.	Evil	Slow	Hard
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found	Not found	Found

L.W.  CARCER		R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 	R.W. J. 
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Evil	Good	Med.	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Evil	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil	Med.
Property	4	Med.	Evil	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Med.	Good
Wife, &c.	5	Evil	Med.	Good	Good	Med.	Suffic'nt	Evil	Good
Sex of Child	6	Dau.	5	Son	Dau.	5	5	5	Dau.
Sickness	7	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Health	Perilous	Dangerous
Prison	8	Good end	Soon out	Late out	Come out	Come out	Come out	Evil	Late out
Journey	9	Slow	Good	Slow	Slow	Slow	Slow	Difficult	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Little found	Part found	Part found	Part found	Not found	Not found	Be found

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<div style="text-align: center;"> L.W.  FORTUNA MINOR </div>		R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.	R.W. J.
									
Life, &c.	1	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Med.
Money, &c.	2	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Evil	Good	Med.
Rank, &c.	3	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Good	Evil
Property	4	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Wife, &c.	5	Good	Med.	Med.	Good	Evil	Med.	Evil	Med.
Sex of Child	6	5	5	5	Son	Dau.	Son	Dau.	Dau.
Sickness	7	Health	Death	Health	Health	Asc.	Health	Health quickly	Perilous
Prison	8	Come out	Come out	Hard prison	Long in prison	Come out	Sorrow	Come out	Die
Journey	9	Good	Med.	Good	Late good	Good	Med.	Med.	Evil
Thing Lost	10	Found	Found	Part found	Found	Not found	Not found	Not found	Found

CHAPTER V

THE GENERAL MEANING OF THE SIXTEEN FIGURES IN THE TWELVE HOUSES

HEREIN follows a set of general tables of the sixteen figures in the twelve Houses, for the better convenience of forming a general judgement of the scheme. Under the head of each figure separately is given its general effect in whatever House it may happen to fall.

Thus, by taking the House signifying the thing demanded, and also that signifying the end of the matter (fourth House), and noticing what figures fall therein, you may find by these tables their general effect in that position.

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ACQUISITIO			FORTUNA MINOR		
Generally good for profit or gain.	1	Happy success in all things	Good in any matter where a person wishes to proceed quickly.	1	Speed in victory or love; but choleric
	2	Very prosperous		2	Very good
	3	Favour and riches		3	Good but wrathful
	4	Good fortune and success		4	Haste; rather evil, exc. for peace
	5	Good success		5	Good in all
	6	Good, esp. agreeing with 5 th		6	Medium in all
	7	Reasonably good		7	Evil, exc. for war or love
	8	Rather good, not very, the sick die		8	Evil generally
	9	Good in all		9	Good, but choleric
	10	Good in suits, very prosperous		10	Good, exc. for peace
	11	Good in all		11	Good, esp. for love
	12	Evil, pain, and loss		12	Good, exc. for alteration or serving another

AMISSIO			LÆTITIA		
Gd.for loss of substance, and some- times for love, but v. bad for gain.	1	Ill in all but for prisoners	Good for joy, present or to come.	1	Good, exc. in war
	2	V. evil for money, good for love		2	Sickly
	3	Ill end, exc. in quarrels		3	Ill
	4	Ill in all		4	Meanly good
	5	Evil, exc. for agriculture		5	Excellently good
	6	Rather evil, exc. for love		6	Evil generally
	7	V. good for love, otherwise evil		7	Indifferent
	8	Excellent in all questions		8	Evil generally
	9	Evil in all		9	Very good
	10	Evil, exc. for women’s favour		10	Good rather in war than in peace
	11	Good for love, otherwise bad		11	Good in all
	12	Evil in all		12	Evil generally

FORTUNA MAJOR			TRISTITIA		
Good for gain in things where a person has hopes to win.	1	Good, save in secrecy	Evil in almost all things.	1	Med., but good for treasure and fortifying
	2	Good, save in sad things		2	Med., but good to fortify
	3	Good in all		3	Evil in all
	4	Good in all but melancholy		4	Evil in all
	5	Very good in all		5	Very evil
	6	Very good, exc. for debauchery		6	Evil, exc. for debauchery
	7	Good in all		7	Evil, but in secrecy good
	8	Moderately good		8	Gd. for inheritance and magic only
	9	Very good		9	Evil, exc. for magic
	10	Exceeding good, to go to superiors		10	Evil, exc. for fortification
	11	Very good		11	Evil in all
	12	Good in all		12	Evil, but good for magic and treasure

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PUELLA		ALBUS	
Good in all demands, especially those relating to women.	I	Good, exc. in war	Good for marriage; mercurial; peace
	2	Very good	Good in all
	3	Good	Very good
	4	But indifferent	Good, exc. in war
	5	V. good, but notice the aspects	Good
	6	Good, but esp. so for debauchery	Good in all
	7	Good, exc. for war	Good, exc. for war
	8	Good	Good
	9	Good for music, otherwise medium	A messenger brings letters
	10	Good for place	Excellent in all
	11	Good, and love of ladies	Very good
	12	Good in all	Marvellously good
PUER		CONJUNCTIO	
Evil in most demands, except those relating to war and love.	I	Indifferent; best in war	Good with good, evil with evil
	2	Good, but with trouble	Commonly good
	3	Good fortune	Good fortune
	4	Evil, exc. in war and love	Good, save for health. C/8th
	5	Medium good	House's figure
	6	Medium	Medium
	7	Evil, save in war	Good for immorality only
	8	Evil, exc. in love	Rather good
	9	Evil, exc. for war	Evil, death
	10	Evil rather; good for love and war; else medium.	Medium good
	11	Medium; good favour	For love good, for sickness evil
	12	Very good in all	Good in all
Evil in all that is good, and good in all that is evil.	I	Destroy the figure	Evil except to fortify a place
	2	Evil in all	Good in Saturnian questions, otherwise evil
	3	Evil, exc. to let blood	Evil
	4	Evil, exc. in war and fire	Good, only for melancholy
	5	Evil, exc. for sowing seed	Receive a letter in three days; evil
	6	Evil, exc. for blood-letting	Very evil
	7	Evil, exc. for war and fire	Evil
	8	Evil	Very evil
	9	Very evil	Evil in all
	10	Dissolute, love, fire	Evil, save for hid treasure
	11	Evil, exc. blood-letting	Much anxiety
	12	Evil in all	Rather good
RUBEUS		CARCER	
Evil in all that is good, and good in all that is evil.	I	Destroy the figure	Evil except to fortify a place
	2	Evil in all	Good in Saturnian questions, otherwise evil
	3	Evil, exc. to let blood	Evil
	4	Evil, exc. in war and fire	Good, only for melancholy
	5	Evil, exc. for sowing seed	Receive a letter in three days; evil
	6	Evil, exc. for blood-letting	Very evil
	7	Evil, exc. for war and fire	Evil
	8	Evil	Very evil
	9	Very evil	Evil in all
	10	Dissolute, love, fire	Evil, save for hid treasure
	11	Evil, exc. blood-letting	Much anxiety
	12	Evil in all	Rather good

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CAPUT DRACONIS			VIA		
Good with good, evil with evil; gives a good issue for gain.	1	Good in all	Injurious to the goodness of other figs. generally, but gd.for journeys & voyages	1	Evil, exc. for prison
	2	Good		2	Indifferent
	3	Very good		3	Very good in all
	4	Good, save in war		4	Good in all, save love
	5	Very good		5	Voyages good
	6	Good for immorality only		6	Evil
	7	Good, esp. for peace		7	Rather good, esp. for voyages
	8	Good		8	Evil
	9	Very good		9	Indifferent; good for journeys
	10	Good in all		10	Good
	11	Good for the Church and eccle- siastical gain.		11	Very good
	12	Not very good		12	Excellent

CAUDA DRACONIS			POPULUS		
Good with evil, and evil with good; good for loss, and for passing out of an affair.	1	Destroy the figure	Sometimes good, sometimes bad; good with good, evil with evil.	1	Good for marriage
	2	Very evil		2	Medium good
	3	Evil in all		3	Rather good than bad
	4	Good, esp. for conclusion of the matter		4	Good in all but love
	5	Very evil		5	Good in most
	6	Rather good		6	Good
	7	Evil, war, and fire		7	In war good, else medium
	8	No good, exc. for magic		8	Evil
	9	Good for science only; bad for journeys; robbery		9	Look for letters
	10	Evil, save in works of fire		10	Good
	11	Evil, save for favours		11	Good in all
	12	Rather good		12	Very evil

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CHAPTER VI

OF THE ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES OF THE FIGURES IN THE HOUSES; OF THE ASPECTS OF THE HOUSES; AND OF THE FRIENDSHIP AND EMNITY OF THE RULERS IN ASPECTS, ETC.

BY Essential Dignity is meant the strength of a figure when found in a particular House. A figure is therefore strongest in what is called its House; very strong in its Exaltation; strong in its Triplicity; very weak in its Fall; weakest of all in its Detriment. A figure is in its Fall when in a House opposite to that of its Exaltation; in is Detriment when opposite to its own House. The following list shows the Essential Dignities; that is to say, they follow the Dignities of their Ruling Planets, considering the twelve Houses of the scheme as answering to the twelve signs, thus: Asc. to ♈, 2 to ♉, 3 to ♊, &c., . . . 12 to ♎. Therefore ♄ figures will be strong in Asc. and weak in 7th and so on. *See* chapter i. for attribution of figures to planets.

♄ is strong in Dignities of ♈ and ♎.

♅ is strong in Dignities of ♉ and ♊.

TABLE OF ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES

—	HOUSE	EXALTATION	TRIPPLICITY	FALL	DETRIMENT
ASC.	II2I, 2I22, III2	22II, II22	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	I22I, 222I	I2I2, I2II
2	I2I2, I2II, 2III,	2222, IIII	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	—	II2I, 2I22, III2
3	2II2, 22I2	2III	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2II2, II2	III2	2I2I, I222, 2III

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TABLE OF ESSENTIAL DIGNITIES—*continued*

—	HOUSE	EXALTATION	TRIPPLICITY	FALL	DETRIMENT
4	2222, IIII	2I2I, I222	II2I, 2I22, II2	II2I, 2I22	I22I, 222I, II2
5	22II, II22	—	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	—	I22I, 222I, II2
6	2II2, 22I2	2II2, 22I2	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	I2I2. I2II	2I2I, I222, 2III
7	I2II, I2I2, 2III	I22I, 222I	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2II2, II2	22II. II22	II2I, 2I22, II2
8	2I22, II2I, II2	—	II2I, 2I22, II2	2222, IIII	I2I2, I2II, 2III
9	2I2I, I222, 2III	II2	22II, II22, 2I2I, I222, 2III	2III	22I2, 2II2
10	I22I, 222I, II2	II2I, 2I22	2222, IIII, I2I2, I2II, 2III	I222, 2I2I	2222, IIII
11	I22I, 222I, 2III	—	I22I, 222I, 22I2, 2II2, II2	—	22II, II22
12	I222, 2I2I, 2III	I2I2, I2II	II2I, 2I22, II2	22I2. 2II2	22I2. 2II2

THE ASPECTS OF THE HOUSES

The Asc. is aspected by 11, 10, 9 (as *□ and Δ Dexter and by 3, 4, 5 . . . Sinister, and has 7 in opposition.

The Dexter aspect is that which is *contrary* to the natural order of the Houses; it is stronger than the Sinister. So for other Houses. Figures have Friends and Enemies:—
 ♄ : ♀ ☽ Friends; ♂ ♀ Enemies. ♄ : ♄ ☽ ♀ ☽; and ♂. ♂ : ♀; and ☽ ♄ ☽. ☽ : ♄ ☽ ♀ ☽; and ♄. ♀ : ♄ ☽ ♂ ☽; and ♄. ☽ : ♄ ☽ ♀ ☽; and ♂. ☽ : ♄ ☽ ♀ ☽; and ♄ and ♂.

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Also figures of \triangle are sympathetic with those of \triangle , friendly with \triangle and ∇ ; hostile to ∇ .

So ∇ symp. ∇ , friendly \triangle and ∇ , and host. \triangle : \triangle symp \triangle , friendly \triangle and ∇ , and host. ∇ . ∇ symp. ∇ , friendly ∇ and \triangle , and host. \triangle . Again, sign figures are friends to those \ast or \triangle , and hostile to those \square or in ϕ .

CHAPTER VII

OF THE GENERAL METHOD OF JUDGING A FIGURE

REMEMBER always that if $\ddot{\cdot}$ or $\ddot{\cdot}$ fall in the Ascendant, the figure is not fit for judgement. Destroy it instantly, and erect a new figure not less than two hours afterwards.

Your figure being thoroughly arranged as on p. 144, note first to what House the demand belongs. Then look for Witnesses and Judge in their special table, and see what is said under the head of the demand. Put this down. Note next what figure falls into the House required (if it spring into other Houses, these too should be considered); *e.g.* in a question of money stolen, if the figure in 2nd be also in 6th it might show the thief to be a servant in the house. Look next in the Table of Figures in the Houses, and see what the figure signifies in the especial House under consideration. Put this down also. Then by the Table of Aspects (p. 158) note down the figures \ast \square \triangle and ϕ , putting good on one side, evil on the other; noting also the strength or weakness, friendliness or hostility to the figure of the House required, of these figures. Then add the meaning of the figure in the 4th, to signify the end of the matter. It may also assist you to form a Reconciler from the figure in the House required and the

THE EQUINOX

Judge, noting what figure results and whether it harmonises with one or both by nature (pp. 158, 159). Now consider all you have written, and according to the balance of Good and Evil, form your final judgement. Consider also always in money questions where the Part of Fortune falls.

Take, *e.g.*, the figure on p. 144, and form a judgement for loss of money in business therefrom.

Table of Witnesses and Judge say: Moderate.

In 2nd is ☹. Evil, showing obstacle, delay.

Part of Fortune ⊕ is in Asc. with ☹, showing loss through Querent's own blunders.

☹ springs into no other Houses; ∴ this does not affect the question.

The figures ✱ and Δ of 2nd are ☺, ☺, ☺, and ☺, all good figures and friendly in nature = Well-intentioned help of friends.

The figures □ and ♂ are ☹, ☹, ☹, which are not hostile to ☹; therefore shows opposition not great.

The figure in the 4th is ☹, which shows a good end, but with anxiety.

Forming a Reconciler we get ☺ again, a sympathetic figure but denoting delay = Delay, but helping Querent's wishes.

Adding all together—

1. Medium.
2. Evil and obstacles, delay;
3. Loss through Querent's self;
4. Strength for evil, medium only;
5. Well-intentioned aid of friends;
6. Not much opposition from enemies.
7. Ending good, but with anxiety;
8. Delay, but helping Querent's wishes—

we formulate this judgement:

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That the Querent's loss in business has been principally owing to his own mismanagement; that he will have a long and hard struggle, but will meet with help from friends; that his obstacles will gradually give way; and that after much anxiety he will eventually recoup himself for his previous losses.



THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

THEN silence, and the veil of light is raised
And darkness seen behind. Now softly sound
The Angels' herald-trumpets, calling round
Thunders and mighty winds and powers amazed.
Now laden with the spirit of man's hand
There bursts an awful clarion-shout and brings
Strange whispering and rushing of strange wings
Battling, and furtive secrets of command.

Down from the height and up from the abyss
Are swept dominion, power, angel, throne,
For unimaginable ends, and hiss,
And fall. The heralds trumpet; they are gone.
Tread softly—'tis in God's house thou hast been—
And fearfully—'tis God that thou hast seen.

G. H. S. PINSENT

A NOTE ON GENESIS

FROM THE PAPER WRITTEN

BY THE

V. H. FRA. I. A. 5 = 6

A.: A.: Publication in Class C

Issued by Order :

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

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

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

A NOTE ON GENESIS

PREFATORY NOTE

THE following Essay is one of the most remarkable studies in the Hebrew Qabalah known to me.

Its venerable author was an adept familiar with many systems of symbolism, and able to harmonise them for himself, even as now is accomplished for all men in the Book 777.

In the year 1899 he was graciously pleased to receive me as his pupil, and, living in his house, I studied daily under his guidance the Holy Qabalah. Upon his withdrawal—whether to enjoy his Earned Reward, or to perform the Work of the Brotherhood in other lands or planets matters nothing here—he bequeathed to me a beautiful Garden, the like of which hath rarely been seen upon Earth.

It has been my pious duty to collate and comment upon this arcane knowledge, long treasured in my heart, watered alike by my tears and my blood, and sunned by that all-glorious Ray that multiplieth itself into an Orb ineffable.

In this Garden no flower was fairer than this exquisite discourse; I beg my readers to pluck it and lay it in their hearts.

It should be studied in connection with the Book 777, and with the Sepher Sephiroth, a magical dictionary of pure

THE EQUINOX

number which was begun by the author of this essay, carried on by myself, and now about to be published as soon as the MS. can be prepared.

The reader who is at all familiar with the sublime computations of the Qabalah will find no difficulty in appreciating this Essay to the full; but all will gain benefit from the study of the ratiocinative methods employed. These methods, indeed, are so fine and subtile that they readily sublime into the Intuitive. This study is truly a Royal Magistry, an easy and sure means of exciting the consciousness from Ruach to Neschamah.

PART I

IN the First Verse of the First Chapter of the First Five Books of the Holy Law: it is written:—B'RASHITH BaRA ALoHIM ATh HaShaMaIM VaATH HaAReTz, or in Aramaic script

בראשית ברא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ

Such are the Seven Words which constitute the Beginnings or Heads of One Law; and I propose to show, by applying to the Text the Keys of the Qabalah, that not merely the surface meaning is contained therein.

In the Beginning, created, God, the Essence of the Heavens, and the Essence, of the Earth.

In the Beginning	}	Created	{	God	}	the Essence†	{	of the
In Wisdom				The Elohim				Heavens
In the Head*				The Holy Gods				
				and the Essence		{	of the Earth	

Contained therein also are the Divine, Magical and Terrestrial Formulæ of the Passage of the Incomprehensible Nothingness of the Ain Soph to the Perfection of Creation

* *I.e.*, the White Skull. *Vide* Idra Zuta Qadisha, cap. ii. Distinguish from the skull of Microprosopus

† אב = the First and Last—Alpha and Omega—Aleph and Tau.

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expressed by the Ten Voices or Emanations of God the Vast One—Blessed be He!—even the Holy Sephiroth.

And the Method whereby I shall work shall be the One Absolute and inerratic Science: the Science of Number: which is that single Mystery of the Intellect of Man whereby he becometh exalted unto the Throne of Inflexible and Unerring Godhead.

As it is written, “Oh, how the World hath inflexible Intellectual Rulers” (Zoroaster).

But before I may proceed unto the Qabalistical* enumeration and analysis of the Text, a certain preamble in the fruitful fields of that Science will become necessary. The Evolution of the Numbers is the Evolution of the Worlds, for as it is written in the Clavicula Salomonis, “The Numbers are Ideas; and the Ideas are the Powers, and the Powers are the Holy Elohim of Life.” That which is behind and beyond all Number and all thought (even as the Ain Soph with its Mighty Veils depending back from Kether is behind and beyond all Manifestation) is the number 0. Its symbol is the very Emblem of Infinite Space and Infinite Time.† Multiply it by any active and manifested number; and that number vanishes—sinks into the Ocean of Eternity. So also is the Ain Soph. From It proceed all Things: unto It all will return, when the Age of Brahman is over and done, and the day of Peace-Be-with-Us is declared by Thoth,

* Here used in its true meaning of “the marshalling forth by number.” Qabalah, קבלה, by Tarot, “The Mystery shown forth in balanced disposition by Command.”

† “Hidden behind my Magic Veil of Shows,
I am not seen at all—Name not my Name.”

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the Great God, and the Material Universe sinketh into Infinity.

The first Number, then, is ONE; emblem of the All-Father; the Unmanifest Mind behind all Manifestation: the First Mind. Multiply by It any other Number—for the Multiplication of the Numbers is a Generation, as is the Multiplication of Men and Gods—and behold! the *Resultant* is a replica of the Number taken. So is One the All-Father, the All-begetter—generating and producing all.

The next step is the division into TWO. Thus was manifested the Great Dual Power of Nature. As above, so below. And thus we find that the simple division into two is the method of multiplication of the Amœba, the lowest, simplest, and most absolute form of physical life that we know.

The Dual Power of Nature is the Great Mother of the Worlds.

Again, to draw an analogy from the Material World, consider the Moon, our Mother. Behold in her the Typic representative of the Powers of the Two. Light and Darkness, Flux and Reflux, Ebb and Flow—these are her manifested Powers in Nature—where also she binds the Great Waters to her Will.

Now in the Yetziratic Attribution, is the second number, Beth (*i.e.* a House), an Abode, the Dwelling of the Holy One, shown to be equivalent to the Sphere of Kokab and his lords. And the symbolic weapon of ☿ is the Caduceus, whose Twin Serpents show again the Dualistic Power. (*Note.*—Woden, the Scandinavian Mercury, was the All-Father, as it is written in the Ritual of the Path of the Spirit of the Primal

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Fire ♄. “For all things did the Father of All Things perfect, and delivered them over unto the *Second Mind*; *whom all Races of Men call First.*”) Behold, then, in these two great numbers 1 and 2 the Father and the Mother of the Worlds and of Numbers.

Now these twain being Conjoined and manifest in ONE, produce the number 3; as it is written: “For the Mind of the Father said that ‘All Things should be cut into Three,’ Whose Will* assenting All Things were so divided. For the Mind of the Father said *Into three*, governing All Things by Mind. And there appeared in it the Triad, Virtue and Wisdom and Multiscient Truth.” Thus floweth forth the form of the Triad.† Thus is formulated the Creative Trinity which is, as it were, the essential preliminary to Manifestation.

This Mystic Son of the Eternal Parents, having for his number 3, is typified in all the sacred scripts by that number. Thus it is written of the manifestation of the Son of God upon the Earth, “Shiloh shall come” (the initial of which Mystery-Name is ♄ = 300). And in the Grecian tongue it is written: “In the beginning was the *Word*,” &c., which is *λογος* (λ = 30). But the best of all the Examples is found in the Holy Tetragram יהוה. For we may regard this venerable name as typical of the Father and the Mother, and so divided into יה and ה.‡ Now if into the midst of this divided Name

* ♄, the Magus of Power in Tarot = Will.

† Ritual of the Path of the Daughter of the Firmament.

‡ For it is written (Genesis 1: 27):

בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים אֱתֵּהוּאָדָם בְּצִלְמוֹ בְּצֶלֶם אֱלֹהִים בָּרָא אֹתוֹ זָכָר וּנְקֵבָה בָּרָא אֹדָם:

“And the Elohim created Mankind: in the Likeness of the Elohim created they them: Male and Female created they them. Now if ADAM be in the similitude of the Elohim: and are male and female, then must the Elohim

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we cast the triple fire of the Holy letter **ש** = 300, we get the name of the Godhead Incarnate upon Earth, **יהשוה**. But $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$, which is the number of **ו**, the third letter of the Venerable Name: Microprosopus and the Son of God.

We are now, therefore, arrived at the Great Mystery of the Tetractys, and to go further we must resort to the Twin Sister of the Science of Number—which, indeed, is but Number made Flesh: Geometry, or Absolute Symbolism. Even as it was spoken by the holy Pythagoras: “God geometrises.”

Let us behold the Work of His Fingers!

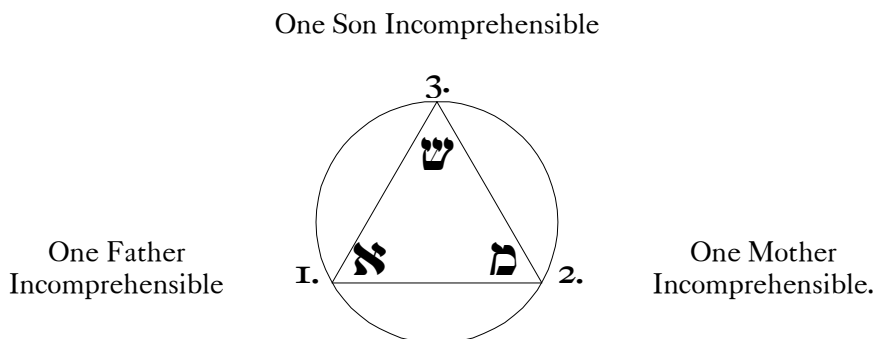


FIG. I.—THE TRINITY UNMANIFEST

be also male and female. Now in the first of these mysterious three verses in Exodus xiv. wherein the divided name is hidden it is written, “and went the *Angel of the Elohim* before the Camp,” &c. And this Angel of the Elohim, **מלאך אלהים**, is the Manifestations of their Presendce. Now **מלאך** hath the number 91, which is also the number of **יהיה ארני**, wherefore by Gematria “Tetragrammaton our Lord” is the Angel of the Elohim of the Divided Name. Therefore is the Tetragrammaton symbolic of the Manifested Presence of the Elohim; and if the Elohim be Male and Female, so also must be the Tetragram. Also is the number of **אמן** (also 91) by Aiq Bekar $1 + 4 + 5 = 10$ —the Perfection of the Sephiroth.

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One Son Eternal.

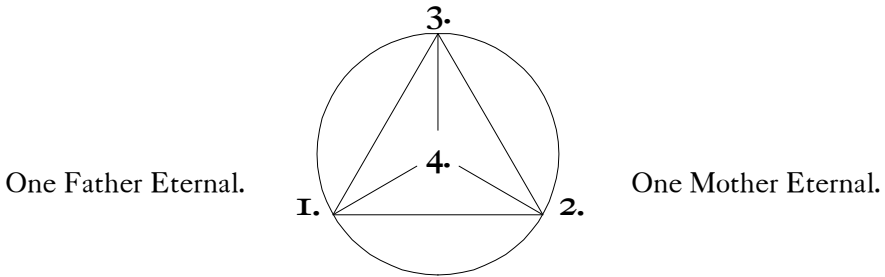


FIG. II.—THE TRINITY IN MANIFESTATION

In both of these Symbols the all-including circle represents the underlying idea of the Number 0: the Infinite: Parabrahman: the Ain Soph. In the first is shown the Mystic Trinity before manifestation; as it were unlimited, unbound, and unbounded, inoperative because of its diffusiveness and dispersion. In the second figure we behold their concentration: focalisation: producing by their joint action the number of manifestation—4. In the worlds—Assiah: in the Taro, the Princess—the throne of the Spirit: in the Tetragram, the Hé final, and in symbolic language—the Daughter: in the Cycle of Life (Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection), the fourth; in the Keys of the Book Universal, the Empress, *Κορη Κοσμου*, the Virgin of the World, Venus, Aphrodite: Centrum in Trigonis Centri—by whatsoever of a myriad names we call Her, still the same in Spirit, the same in Number and in form! And this number is herein formulated by the Concentration of the Three in One. $3 + 1 = 4$. Now in this Figure II. we behold six certain Paths; and in six days did God create the Heavens and the Earth. And the total numeration of its numbers is the Perfect Number, even the

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Decade of the Sephiroth. ($1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$.)

Thus can our Science teach us wherefore the Door* of Venus, ♀, is the Gateway of Initiation: that one planet whose symbol alone embraceth the 10 Sephiroth; the Entrance to the Shrine of our Father C.R.C., the Tomb of Osiris; the God Revealer, coming, moreover, by the Central Path of ♄ through the midst of the Triangle of Light. And the Lock which guards that Door is as the Four Gates of the Universe. And the Key is The Ankh, Immortal Life—the Rose and Cross of Life; and the Symbol of Venus ♀.

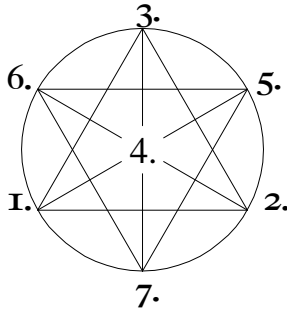


FIG. III—THIRD SYMBOL.

By producing the Paths whereby the Forces of the Three (*see* Second Symbol) were concentrated into four, we find they read $1 + 4 = 5$, $2 + 4 = 6$, $3 + 4 = 7$. And thus is revealed

* As above, so below; wherefore saith the Holy Qabalah that alone amongst the Shells is Nogah, the Sphere of Venus, exalted unto Holiness. (Venus is the Goddess of Love.)

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the Second Triangle of the Hexagram of Creation.*

Further, this Reflected Triangle showeth forth the evolution of the Four Worlds and their Consolidation: for

$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10 = \text{א} =$	Atziluth
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 = 15 = \text{ב} =$	Briah
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 = 21 = \text{ג} =$	Yetzirah
$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7^{\dagger} = 28 = 2 + 8 = 10$	Assiah

The Number 28, the total numeration, therefore represents Malkuth, the Tenth Sephira: Assiah made manifest —the Work of Creation accomplished: wherefore God rested on the *Seventh* Day. And 28 is 7×4 , the seven stars shining throughout the four Worlds.

One thing is significant, indeed. Let us take the Primal Three and convert those Numbers into Colours. So we get א, the Father, the Yellow Ray of the Dawning Sun of Creation; ב, the Mother, the Blue Ray of the Great Primæval Waters; ג, the Son, the Red Ray: the Ruach Elohim,‡ symbol of the Red Fire of God, which brooded (v. 2) upon the Face of the Waters: or like the Red Glory that lights up the Heavens at Dawn, when the Golden Sun illumines the Waters above the Firmament. Now this Red Glory is the IGNIS DEI: which is also the AGNUS DEI, or Lamb of God

* As it is written in the Path of the Child of the Sons of the Mighty: “And the Chaos cried aloud for the unity of Form and the Face of the Eternal arose. . . . That Brow and those Eyes formed the Δ of the Measureless Heavens: and their Reflection formed the ∇ of the measureless Waters. And thus was formulated One Eternal Hexad: and this is the Number of the Dawning Creation.”

† But herein is the Fall, that there were only six numbers, so that for the seventh was 5 repeated. Hence $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 5 = 26 = \text{וה}$. Assiah; Tetragrammaton as the Elemental Limitation, the Jealous God.—P.

‡ Remember that the enumeration of the Name אלהים is $300 = \text{ש}$.

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that destroyeth (literally *burns out*) the Sins of the World. As it is written in the Ordinary of the Mass: the Priest goeth unto the South of the Altar and prays: “O Agnus Dei! qui tollis—qui tollis Peccata Mundi—Dona Nobis Pacem!” And this Fire, this Lamb of God, is *Aries*, Symbol of the Dawning Year: whose colour also is as the Red Fire, and which is the head of the Fiery Triplicity in the Zodiac. So also in the Grade of Neophyte in the Order of the Golden Dawn the Hierophant weareth a robe of flame-scarlet as symbolic of the Dawn.

NOTE.—It may be objected to this enunciation of the colours that ♀, the Father, is Fire; that ♀, the Mother, is Water; that ♂, the Son, is Air, and Yellow instead of Red. This also is true, but it relates to the governance of the Elemental Kingdoms, which are in the Astral Worlds, and whose monads are on the descending arc of Life, whilst Man is on the Ascending; that scale is therefore inverted. For by the mighty sacrifice of the Man Made Flesh and by His Torturous Pilgrimage is evolved that Glorified Son Who is Greater than His Father. In Alchemy we have again the descending arc, for we find that the *red* powder cast upon the Water of the Metals produceth the Golden Sol. But it is important not to confuse. The Christians have terribly muddled their Trinity by making the Son the second instead of the third Principle; whilst with them the Holy Spirit at one Time symbolizes the Mother and at another the Son.

Thus at the Annunciation and at the Baptism of the Christ the S.S. appeareth as a Dove, emblem of ♀ and the Mother: whilst the S.S. that descended upon the Apostles at Pentecost was in reality the Spirit of the Christ, and therefore

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symbolised by the ☸ (*see* Lecture on Microcosmos in MSS. of R.R. et A.C.).

In Theosophical nomenclature this latter was the $\text{}^{\text{M}}_{\text{A}}\Delta_{\text{U}}$ anas or Jeheshua: the third principle.

For the same reason I have drawn the triangle with the 3 uppermost $\text{}^3_{1}\Delta_2$ instead of $\text{}^3_{1}\nabla^2_1$.

PART II

IT was necessary that I should go thus somewhat at length into this Mystery of the Opening of the Numbers, because without this explanation much of the meaning of the verse must necessarily remain obscure.

Now let us consider this most Mystic Verse!

The first thing that strikes us is that it contains *Seven Words*: the Second that the number of its letters is *twenty-eight*. Thus does it perfectly symbolise in its entirety the third Symbol in the numerical evolution.

Before proceeding to a detailed analysis, and following the Process of Creation by Time (*i.e.*, beginning at the first letter, and so proceeding), let me point out a few general facts. First as to the number of letters in each word, which converted into figures stands thus: 4.3.5.2.5.3.6. (Hebrew direction).

In the midst is 2, by Taro the Central Will: and this two-lettered word is **נח**. On either side of this is the pair of figures 35—53, balanced one against the other: as though symbolic of the great dawning of life of the *Mothers*—**ה** and **א**, vitalised by the SON (3) as the Vice-Gerent of His Father.

These balanced figures together make 16, whereof the Key is 7; the total number of letters in the third Symbol. Then we have left at either end 4 and 6 = 10,* the perfection of the

* *Vide* Sepher Yetzirah for this division of the Holy Sephiroth into a Hexad and a Tetrad.

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Sephiroth, as if to declare that this verse from, beginning to end thereof reflected the Voices from Kether even unto Malkuth: and $6 - 4 = 2$ again, the Central Will, **ב**, Thoth, in the Heart of the Universe (as in the centre of the verse). Note, then, this perfect equilibrium of the verse, and remember that Mystery—that equilibrium is strength.

Let us now look at the letters themselves. Counting them, we find that the two central ones are **מא**, the Supernal Mother; even as the number of letters had the dual symbol in their midst. Now their numeration is 41, yielding by Gematria **איל** = Force: Might: Power: **נאאל**, Divine Majesty: and **אהלב** = Fecundity, all symbolic of the attributes of the Dual Polar Force and Mother. Moreover, $4 + 1 = 5 = \text{ה}$, Mother Supernal once again—and in its geometric symbol the Pentagram—the Star of Unconquered Will. Add the next two letters on either side, and we get **מאבא**, or a concealed Tetragrammaton.

And this also reads **יב**, the Great Sea, **אב**, Alpha and Omega, or Essence. Add the next two, so that the six central letters are obtained; and we read **היבאבה**, which signifies **היב**, swollen, extended, or expanded; and hence *Thou* (*i.e.*, God, Ateh, the All) *in extension*. But by Metathesis of these six letters is obtained **היה אמת** = “Truth Was,” as if affirming solemnly the presence in the Creation of the Supernal Truth.

Now let us take the first and last letters of the verse and “cast into the midst thereof the Fire of the Sun”—*i.e.*, **ו** (6), “the Seal of Creation”—and we have **בויך**, an Egg. Where we see the whole universe enclosed in the Cosmic Egg of Hindu and Egyptian Mythology: and the Formulation of the Sphere

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of the Universe (or Magical Mirror in Man). As it were the Egg of the Black Swan of Time, the Kala Hamsa, the Triune $A^M U$, or word of Power or of Seb, the Bird of Life, whose will was heard in the Night of Time.

The total numeric value of the verse is $\text{וְהָיָה} = 4459$, of which the Key is 22, the number of the Paths from א to ת ; and the Key of 22 is 4, the Tetractys and the Threshold of the Universe.

Now to proceed to what I have termed the Time Process, the first Word of the Law then is בְּרֵאשִׁית . Now in the Hebrew Scriptures the first word of a Book is also its Title. Thus Genesis is called by the Rabbins “B’rasheth,” or “In the Beginning,” wherefore we may regard this Word as not the first word—albeit that is shadowed forth therein—but as the seal and title and Key of the whole book. Holding this in mind, let us proceed to analyse it. The number of its letters is six, the Seal of Creation, and their total numeric value is 2911. $2911 = 13 = \text{Death, the Transformer}^*$ —the distinct formulation of the Three in One, uniting once more to produce the 4.

Now Beth primarily signifieth a House or Abode, and in Taro it is ♀ , the Magus—the Vox Dei—and Thoth, the Recorder. Coalesce these two ideas and we get ב .

“This is the Magical History.”

א signifieth the Head or Beginning of Time and

* As it is written: “Thy youth shall be renewed as the Eagle’s.” Now the Eagle is א . For further consideration of this 13, *vide* in the Portal Ritual the explanation of that terrible Key. See account of this ritual in “The Temple.”

Also, 13 is the numeration of אחד = Unity, as also is the Great Name of God, אֵל , by Aiq Bekar or Temurah.

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Things; and by Taro it is glory, Life, Light, Sun.
Thus read:

“Of the Dawning of Life and Light.”

⚡ is by shape the Svastika, symbolically Aleph, the Ox, as though showing the fearful force of the Spiritual “Whirling Motions” upon the Material Plane, as a terrible and destructive Power. This is also shown by the Foolish Man, as the Material Tarotic emblem of that which in its proper and higher manifestation is the Spiritual Ether. Therefore we read:

“Begun are the Whirling Motions.”

⚡ signifieth mighty in flame, whereof it is also the Hieroglyph. It is that Ruach Elohim brooding upon the Face of the Waters. So read:

“Formulated is the Primal Fire.”

✋ is the Hand,* symbolising Power in Action, and its Taro Key is the Hermit and the Voice of Light, the Prophet of the Gods. Thus:

“Proclaimed is the Reign of the Gods of Light.”

Ω is the last letter of the Alphabet, the *finis*, the Omega, the Universe, Saturn, the outermost Planet, and it is also ⚡⚡⚡, Throa, the Gate of the Universe; and by Qabalah of nine Chambers it is ⚡, the Gateway of Initiation. Hence

“At the Threshold of the Universe.”

* The Hand of God, always the Symbol of His Power.

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So the Whole Word reads:

- ב This is the Magical History
- ך Of the Dawning of the Light.
- ס Begun are the Whirling Motions;
- ש Formulated is the Primal Fire;
- י Proclaimed is the Reign of the Gods of Light
- ת At the Threshold of the Infinite Worlds!

Now compare this with the Particular Exordium (G.: D.: MSS. ZI):

- ב {
 - At the ending of the NIGHT
 - At the Limits of the LIGHT
 - Thoth stood before the Unborn Ones of Time
 - Then was formulated the Universe.
- ך {
 - Then came forth the Gods thereof,
 - The Æons of the Bornless Beyond.
- * ס Then was the Voice Vibrated.
- † ש Then was the Name declared.
- ת {
 - At the Threshold of Entrance,
 - Betwixt the Universe and the Infinite,
- י {
 - In the Sign of the Enterer: Stood Thoth
 - As before Him the Æons were proclaimed.

The positions of the last two letters of the Word have been relatively changed, so as to render the meaning more harmoniously.

* Remember in the description of the “Caduceus” (*see* p. 269) the Air Symbol vibrating between them. [Also י, ☿, is a Mercurial sign, and Thoth is Mercury, though on a Higher Plane. The Hermit, with his Lamp and Wand, is Hermes, who guides the souls of the dead, in the Greek Ritual of ο = ο.—P.]

† The Name שם, the Spirit of God, second Deity-Name in the Law, the Trigrammaton, or Threefold Name, by which the Universe came forth.

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We will now proceed to the first word of the text as thus decapitated, taking B'rasheth as the Title rather than as the first Word. This latter stands Bet-Resh-Aleph, which hath three Letters, symbolising thereby the Unmanifest Trinity.

Now its letters further exemplify the Trinity, for that they are the initials of three Hebrew words, which are the Names of the Persons thereof, viz:

בן Ben, the Son.

רוח Ruach, the Spirit (here the Mother).

אב Ab, the Father

Note how here again the Son is first for Humanity and the Father last. These three letters, then, symbolise the three in One Unmanifest. Yet is there in them the All-potency of Life. For $2 + 2 + 1 = 5$, the Symbol of Power, Mother Supernal, and ה also is 𐤅 , Lamb of God and Dawn of the Life of the Year.

Wherefore in them lieth concealed and hidden, not alone the Divine White Brilliance of the Three Supernals (הוא, וקרוש, ברין), but even also that Gleaming Glory which partaketh of the Redness, and which cometh from the Bornless Age, which is beyond Kether. As it is written in Ancient Hindu Scripture, "In the beginning Desire, TĀNHĀ, arose in It: which was the Primal Germ of Mind." Now in the Aryan Mythology Tānhā, Desire, was the God of Love, Kāmā; whereof the symbolic tint was Pink: as it were the first pink blush of Dawn in the Macrocosmic Sky: Herald of the Rising Sun of the Worlds, when the Great Night of Brāhmā was over and done.

The next word in the Great Name of God the Vast One: אלהים. Let us meditate upon its Mystery! Herein behold

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five Letters: In its Centre is the Great Letter ה, Mother Supernal. Five once more; and its first and last letters are once again מם, 41, the Mother, and 5, the Maternal Essence. And its numeration is 86, whereof the Key is 14, whereof the Key is 5. Wherefore we say that this great name is 5 in its form symbolic, 5 in the Heart of its Power: the Beginning and the End thereof are 5; and 5 is it in its Venerable Essence!

Turn now back unto the third Symbol; gaze at it steadily for a few moments, and see hidden in the Six-fold Seal of Creation the Five-fold Star of Unconquered Will.

For this was the Divine Force which created the worlds! Power Eternal, Power Resistless, Power All-dominating, in its Absolute Supremacy—gleaming as the Great Name Elohim in the Heart of the Six-fold star! Flaming as the Purifying Fire, purging and ordering the Chaos of the Night of Time!

As in the midst of the Letters of the Verse we saw the words אלהים, “Thou in Extension,” so also does the Name Elohim read אל, “Deity,” הים, in Extension. *

And the numeration of Elohim is 86, which by Gematria reads פשה, again meaning “spread out, extended.”

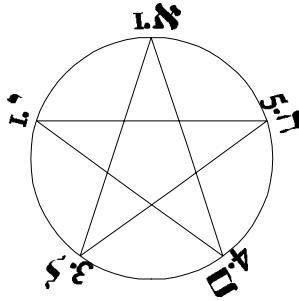
Write the letters of this Name in any Invoking Pentagram; and the Banishing Pentagram thereof will read 3.1415 (by Qabalah of nine Chambers), which is the Formula of the Proportion of diameter to circumference of the Circle.† Thus herein do we perceive the Hidden Power of the Three extended as a Mighty Sphere to the Confines of Space!

* And אל = אל, No, the Negative.

† The nearest computation to four places of decimals is 3.1416 (3.14159). But 3.1415 is good enough for the benighted Hebrews.—P.

In the sublime Computations of the Qabalah the Final Forms of letters have no increased numerical value. Mem is 40, whether final or not. The

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The next word is **לנ**, which we have seen to be the Central word: and its signification is the Alpha and Omega — From Beginning unto End: Essence: and its Key is 5.

Five again are the letters of the word **השמים**,* which next follows; and in this word **שמים**, the Heavens, we perceive **ש**† the Ruach Elohim, brooding upon the Face of the Waters, **מים** (Maim), even as it is afterwards set forth in Verse 2.

In the next word, **ולאה**, we find that the Conjunctive **ו** makes of the Key number of the Essence of the Earth **11** instead of 5: symbolising how the World should fall unto the Kingdom of the Shells, and how it should be redeemed by the Son of Man.‡

Ancient Hebrew Method of obtaining all numbers above 400 and below 1000, respectively **ת** and **ס**, was to make up the number with the proper letters. Thus 500 would have been written **תק**, not **ך**, and 800 **תת**, and so on. [Yet in some few Arcana the Finals are counted as such. This mystery, however, pertaineth to a Grade even more exalted than our beloved and erudite Brother had attained at the period of this Essay.—P.]

* Whose Key number is 17: by Taro—Hope; whose title is Daughter of the Firmament, dweller between the Waters.

† The initial **ה** is but the article “the.”

‡ For **11** is the Number of the Qliphoth; but when the Fall had occurred and the Sephira Malkuth had been cut off from the Tree by the folds of the Dragon there was added unto the Tree **רעת**, the Knowledge, as the **11th**

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And finally the word **הָאָרֶץ**, Ha Aretz, the Earth, hath four Letters showing its Elemental Constitution, and its Key is 17—also Hope—Hope in the Earth as there is Hope in Heaven. And the last letter of the verse is **י** (the letter of Hope), by Qabalah of Nine Chambers that number which contains in itself all the properties of Protean Matters: howsoever you may multiply it the Key of its Numbers is ever 9. Fitting Symbol of ever-changing matter which ever in its essence is One—one and alone!

Thus with the first appearance of the number of Matter does the first verse of B'rasheth close: formulating in itself the Beginning and the End of the Great Creation.

“The Characters of Heaven with Thy Finger hast thou traced: But none can read them save he hath been taught in Thy School.”

Wherefore closing do I name the Mighty Words:



Sephira, to preserve intact the *Ten*-ness of the Sephiroth. Showing how by that very eating of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and of Evil should come the Saving of Mankind; for Daath is the Priceless Gift of Knowledge and Intellect whereby cometh Salvation. Wherefore also is 11 the Key Number of the Great Saviour's Name (**יהושע** = 29 = 11), and this is also in the Taro the Wheel of the Great Law, **נ**, the Lord of the Forces of Life.

THE FIVE ADORATIONS

I PRAISE Thee, God, whose rays upstarts beneath the Bright
and Morning Star:

Nowit asali fardh salat assobhi allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, the fierce and swart; at noon Thou ridest
forth to war!

Nowit asili fardh salat assohri allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose arrows dart their royal radiance
o'er the scar:

Nowit asali fardh salat asari allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose fires depart, who drivest down the
sky thy car:

Nowit asali fardh salat al maghrab allahu akbar.

I praise Thee, God, whose purple heart is hidden in the abyss
afar:

Nowit asali fardh salat al asha allahu akbar.

DOST ACHIHA KHAN.

ILLUSION D'AMOUREUX

SHE lay, the gilded lily with geranium lips, in the midst of the flower of night. Kindlier than the moon, her body glowed with more than harvest gold. Fierier than the portent of a double Venus, her green eyes shot forth utmost flames. From the golden chalice of love arose a perfume terrible and beautiful, a perfume strong and deadly to overcome the subtler fragrance of her whole being with its dominant, unshamed appeal.

She lay with arms outstretched, as if awaiting the visitation of some god.

Some ghastly god, for sure? For where she lay, the gilded lily with geranium lips, was, as it were, a flower of night.

It was a small square room, black from edge to edge. A dull dead black that gave back no light from the two solemn candlesticks of silver, crowned with long guttering tapers, which gave the only relief in all that world of night.

These stood at the head of her strange couch. It was a huge coffin, lidless, with hinged sides, whereon she lay. She had loosened the girths and lowered the sides, to stretch herself at ease. Six black ropes of silk hung from the ceiling

THE EQUINOX

with their hooks, which could be attached to rings on the sides of the coffin, so that at will it might be made to swing slowly to and fro.

A heavy rug of black cats' skin was spread under her, as if her body, gleaming now like moonstone, now like amber, would coax electric sparks from the fur.

Wonderful was the body of the woman; she changed ever as she lay. She outran the gamut of all music and flowers and jewels and soft words; there is nothing beautiful upon the earth that she did not resemble. At the sides of the room stood tall pier-glasses in black frames, cunningly disposed so that from the centre one could see endless avenues of her beauty, reaching out into infinity.

Even the roof was mirror-clad, so that as she lay upon the furs she might look upward, and see herself hanging like a star from the black vault of night.

Beside her in the temple was but one strange image. Carved of that polished black granite of Egypt, which seems, as it were, the very bodily form of the Night of Time, there squatted a god upon his pedestal; an inscrutable god, smiling, ever smiling with a smile that spoke unfathomable lust and cruelty resolved—by what theurgic alchemy?—into a pure and passionless bliss. It was a thing eternal as the stars—nay, before it the very stars might bow as in the reverence of Youth to age! Yet in it stood a strength and beauty as of golden youth.

Its skin was polished and shining, not as if reflecting the guarded light of the electric globes, but as if the very soul of light—a light to essential to be recognised as light by men—did inhabit and inform it.

ILLUSION D'AMOUREUX

As she lay, the gilded lily, she moved the passionate lips in some mysterious orison that was subtler and stronger than prayer.

“O beautiful, adorable, wonderful! O soul of wickedness! Supreme abomination, I invoke Thee! I worship Thee! I love Thee! Body and soul, I invoke Thee! Awake! Arise! Move! Manifest thy bliss to me, the soul that hungers for thy wisdom, as my body aches for thy kisses!

“Have I not wooed Thee and awaited Thee? But Thou comest not. By what spell may I conjure Thee? Am I the mock of Thy majesty? Ah, my god, my master, my lover—nay, that Thou art not.

“But I love Thee! I worship Thee!”

With supreme force she cried out upon the God; she tore at her beautiful flesh with her fingers; she writhed upon the fur; words of dreadful passion bubbled at her lips; her mouth was like a raging sea of blasphemy; she moans and struggled, torn by some internal force even as a woman in childbirth; she sank back into black silence, exhausted, numb.

But now the words came back like echoes from the infinite—I love thee! I worship thee!

The lights went out; the black god gathered himself together; his mighty form outran the limits of space. He gathered himself in force and fire; he concentrated himself; as a black cloud he wrapped her round—body and soul. He ate her up with his first kiss; his armed crushed her into his mouth as a boy might crush some golden grape; the majesty of his passion clove her with white-hot steel; her life rushed headlong down the steep of annihilation.

THE EQUINOX

Yet in her rose the awful dawn of a new life, vast and magnificent. She became the god, absorbed in His being; her dreadful shriek—the cry of a soul at Heaven's gate smitten by the lightning into the abyss—changed to a marvellous laughter of love as she touched the summit of felicity.

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So much I saw; yet the cloud withdrew itself; the lights redeemed their lustre. There in the midst my love awaited me—me—and I stood, as a diver that hesitates, so that he may enjoy to the full the foretaste of the plunge.

I stood there, very God of very God, in the glittering green of her eyes, that darted flames of exquisite ardour upon me—ay, upon me.

Had I been standing there a moment or an æon?

FRANCIS BENDICK.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

(IN EIGHT FUGUES)

I

CROWN me with poppy-leaves: sere are the bays.
Fling down the myrtle: the myrtle decays.
Still be the strife of the strenuous days!

Still by thy stridency, Player Pandean!
Soothe me the lute; but oh hush to the pæan!
Feed me on kisses of flowers Lethean!

Specks on the wheel are the nights and the days,
Fast as they fall from me, lost in the haze,
Sobered to softness of silvery grays.

Satan is fallen from the pale empyrean
Down in the dusk with the dead Galilean:—
Fill me the Cup of the poppy Circean!

II

Hardly a glimmer to chasten the gloom.
Hardly a murmur of Time at his loom.
Nothing of sense by the poppy-perfume.

THE EQUINOX

Boy, as you love me, I charge you to fold
Pipe over pipe into gardens of gold
Such as a god may be glad to behold.

Seated on high in the aeons of doom,
Sucked as a seed into the infinite womb,
Sealed is my soul in the sheath of its tomb.

Boy, as you love me, I charge you to mould
Pipe after pipe, till the heavens are rolled
Back and are lost as a tale that is told!

III

Silence and darkness are weaving a web
Brodered with Nothing at uttermost ebb :—
Cover, oh cover the shaming of Seb!

Fling the wide veil, O Nuit, on the shame!—
Shame from the Knowledge and unto the Name—
Hide it, O hide it, in flowers of flame!

Now in the balance of infinite things
Stirs not a feather; the universe swings
Poised on the stealth of ineffable wings.

Surely the sable Osirian bird
Sole in the æther shall utter the Word
Now that its crying can never be heard!

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

IV

See how the Star of the Universe blazes!
Millions of meteors in marvellous mazes
Mingle their magic of peony praises.

Oh! the dark streak on the heart of its flood!
Smitten is the Star, and its poisonous blood
Drips through the race of the luminous scud.

Poison and poison and poison! I quiver,
Drenched with the hate of the horrible river—
O but the stars of it stagger and shiver!

Leave me in peace, O disaster of light!
Leave me to solitude, leave me to night!
Is there no moon to enkindle the height?

V

See how the moon with her amrita dew
Drinks up the death of the Star, and renews
Life in cascades of peonian hues!

Nay, but she curves to arise, to increase;
Glamour on glamour to sicken and cease.
How shall the warrior wing to the peace?

Fade, O thou moon, in thy magical bark!
Sink in the ocean thy silvery spark!
Leave me, ah leave me alone in the dark!

THE EQUINOX

Art thou not burnt in the fire of my will?
See, by the flashes that crimson and kill
I am the master; the magic is still.

VI

See! how the wrath of my rune that I send her,
Fire of my fire, is flung flying to end her,
Wrapping in ruin that scintillant splendour.

Fire of my fire! how the brilliance darts forth,
Runs to the uttermost pole of the North,
Splashing all space with the spume of my wrath!

Ah! but the subtle, the perilous way;
That hath no fire to enkindle the clay.
Ever to all be the word of me Nay!

I who am Being and knowledge and Bliss
Lack by so much of the utter abyss:—
Bring me, O bring me, O bring me to this!

VII

Nay! it is over; I may not attain.
Why am I faint but because I am fain?
Roll me the rapture of amber again!

Ah! but the poppy's deciduous dream
May not avail me to stand to the stream
Bearing me back from the Mighty Extreme.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

Subtle and sombre the eagle of sleep
Rolls up the bay to envelop the steep.
What then is left, what is left—but to weep?

Maybe the stridency purpled of Pan
Leads at the last to the light of His plan.
Maybe his work is the wealth of a man!

VIII

Bring me the tablets, the stylus of jade.
Lend me thy light, O compassionate maid!
Soul of the master, O come to mine aid!

Make me the man of the marvellous mission!
Sharpen the sword of veridical vision!
Cut me the knot of the mighty magician!

Here I devote me (record me the vow)
Unto the terrible task of the Tao.
Soul of the master, the writer be thou!

Bring me the tablets and stylus! Have done!
Guard me the doors; they are open to none,
Not to the Emperor! I have begun.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

THEOREMS

- I. The world progresses by virtue of the appearance of Christs (geniuses).
- II. Christs (geniuses) are men with super-consciousness of the highest order.
- III. Super-consciousness of the highest order is obtainable by known methods.
Therefore, by employing the quintessence of known methods we cause the world to progress.

ESSENTIALS OF METHOD

- I. Theology is immaterial; for both Buddha and St. Ignatius were Christs.
- II. Morality is immaterial; for both Socrates and Mohammed were Christs.
- III. Super-consciousness is a natural phenomenon; its conditions are therefore to be sought rather in the acts than the words of those who attained it.
The essential acts are retirement and concentration —as taught by Yoga and Ceremonial Magic.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

MISTAKES OF MYSTICS

- I. Since truth is supra-rational, it is incommunicable in the language of reason.
- II. Hence all mystics have written nonsense, and what sense they have written is so far untrue.
- III. Yet as a still lake yields a truer reflection of the sun than a torrent, he whose mind is best balanced will, if he become a mystic, become the best mystic.

THE METHODS OF EQUILIBRIUM

I. THE PASSIONS, ETC.

- I. Since the ultimate truth of teleology is unknown, all codes of morality are arbitrary.
- II. Therefore the student has no concern with ethics as such.
- III. He is consequently free 'to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.'

II. THE REASON

- I. Since truth is supra-rational, any rational statement is false.
- II. Let the student then contradict every proposition that presents itself to him.

THE EQUINOX

- III. Rational ideas being thus expelled from the mind, there is room for the apprehension of spiritual truth.

It should be remarked that this does not destroy the validity of reasonings on their own plane.

III. THE SPIRITUAL SENSORIUM

- I. Man being a finite being, he is incapable of apprehending the infinite. Nor does his communion with infinite being (true or false) alter this fact.
- II. Let then the student contradict every vision and refuse to enjoy it; first, because there is certainly another vision possible of precisely contradictory nature; secondly, because though he is God, he is also a man upon an insignificant planet.
- III. Being thus equilibrated laterally and vertically, it may be that, either by affirmation or denial of all these things together, he may attain the supreme result.

IV. THE RESULT

- I. Trance is defined as the ek-stasis of one particular tract of the brain, caused by meditating on the idea corresponding to it.
- II. Let the student therefore beware lest in that idea be any trace of imperfection. It should be pure, balanced, calm, complete, fitted in every way to dominate the mind, as it will.

POSTCARDS TO PROBATIONERS

Even as in the choice of a king to be crowned.

- III. So will the decrees of the king be just and wise as he was just and wise before he was made king.
The life and work of the mystic will reflect (though dimly) the supreme guiding force of the mystic, the highest trance to which he has attained.

YOGA AND MAGIC

- I. Yoga is the art of uniting the mind to a single idea.
It has four methods.

Gnana-Yoga.	Union by Knowledge.
Raja-Yoga.	Union by Will.
Bhakta-Yoga.	Union by Love.
Hatha-Yoga.	Union by Courage.
add Mantra-Yoga.	Union through Speech.
Karma-Yoga.	Union through Work.

These are united by the supreme method of Silence.

- II. Ceremonial Magic is the art of uniting the mind to a single idea.

It has four methods.

The Holy Qabalah.	Union by Knowledge.
The Sacred Magic.	Union by Will.
The Acts of Worship.	Union by Love.
The Ordeals.	Union by Courage.
add The Invocations.	Union through Speech.
The Acts of Service.	Union through Work.

These are united by the supreme method of Silence.

- III. If this idea be any but the Supreme and Perfect idea,

THE EQUINOX

and the student lose control, the result is insanity, obsession, fanaticism, or paralysis and death (and addiction to gossip and incurable idleness), according to the nature of the failure.

Let then the Student understand all these things and combine them in his Art, uniting them by the supreme method of Silence.

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE WILD ASS

I

THE secret of the House of Set
Is hidden in my sevenfold veil;
For I am he that doth beget
The Rood, and bear the Holy Graal.

Yet is my manhood woman-frail,
Barren my motherhood. They now
Shall men my mystic mountain scale?
These ram's-horn thumbs jut from my brow

To push them to the miry slough
Wherein the foes of Set are caught.
Come, let us pluck the Golden Bough
From the brave Tree of life and thought!

Who heareth naught, he heedeth naught.
Come, we are safely housed and shrined
Where subtler images are wrought
Than boast the treasures of Mind!

THE EQUINOX

II.

The secret of the House of Set.
As a poor pilgrim clambering
Toils on the slopes, so I to get
Halidom for my lord the King.

Faintly and feebly murmuring
I uttered the mysterious runes,
And bade my body's sleekness sing
Silky, satanic, subtle tunes.

Was he not holy? Milk of moons
Were not so pallid as his cheek,
And roses of a million Junes
His mouth left livid. So I seek

In all God's seas a tiny creek
Wherein to moor my shallop. Nay!
He is a mountain, chill with bleak
Stark winds of innocence astray!

The fearful passion sweeps me away.
So with a passionate thrill of fear
I creep—like shadows across Day!
Like Winter on the expended year!—

From those cold feet, a frozen meer,
To those cold knees, a lost lagoon,
To that wild woodland, strangely near
To the lone tower that tops the moon!

THE WILD ASS

Verily and Amen! Unhewn
The great grim forest menaces.
What gardener may dare to prune
Those woods to build me palaces?

So climb, each ledge an infinite stress,
Lustful as light, as lechery loth,
From the brutality of Besz
To the plumed perjury of Thoth!

I held him holy. Holier both
Than aught the bearers of the bier,
Thoum-aesh-neith and Auramoth,
Saw in the hiding-house of fear.

The sorceries that span the sphere,
The spells that harness star and sun,
I whispered in his siren ear—
Once, twice, and thrice for every one!

Once, twice, and thrice—the boon's begun!
With four and five and six it stirs:
With seven the druid dance is done,
And Death drives home his silver spurs!

Then—the last leap. What crowning curse
Can bid that cup of curses brim?
How may God's maniac ministers
Lash the last languor out of Him?

THE EQUINOX

I did it. How? So great and grim
The Gods are, I may never guess.
Suffice it, on his mouth I swim
A drowning dastard. The caress

Wakes the lost life. I see him dress
The godhead. Up he bounds and brays:—
The wild ass of the wilderness,
The soul that sees, the soul that slays!

Inhabit the untrodden ways;
Set! Thou my god and I thy priest,
Thy temple hidden in the haze
Of deserts death to god or beast!

Thou who art both shalt foin and feast
With me who am both, thy hate's co-heir,
Lord of the West and of the East—
The scorpion's hole, the lion's lair!

I kissed his mouth—sublime despair!
Our souls were one; our bodies met—
Yea! darkness cover everywhere
The secret of the House of Set!

ALYS CUSACK.

THE SPHINX AT GIZEH

THE SPHINX AT GIZEH

I SAW the other day the Sphinx's painted face.

She had painted her face in order to ogle Time.

And he has spared no other painted face in all the world but hers.

Delilah was younger than she, and Delilah is dust.

Time hath loved nothing but this worthless painted face.

I do not care that she is ugly, nor that she has painted her face, so that she only lure his secret from Time.

Time dallies like a fool at her feet when he should be smiting cities.

Time never wearies of her silly smile.

There are temples all about her that he has forgotten to spoil.

I saw an old man go by and time never touched him.

Time that has carried away the seven gates of Thebes!

She has tried to bind him with ropes of eternal sand, she had hoped to oppress him with the Pyramids.

He lies there in the sun with his foolish hair all spread about her paws.

If she ever learns his secret we will put out his eyes, so that he shall find no more our beautiful things—there are lovely gates in Florence that I fear he will carry away.

THE EQUINOX

We have tried to bind him with song and with old customs,
but they only held him for a little while, and he has always
smitten us and mocked us.

When he is blind he shall dance to us and make sport.

Great clumsy Time shall stumble and dance, who like to
kill little children and can hurt even the daisies no longer.

Then shall our children laugh at him who slew Babylon's
winged bulls and smote great numbers of the elves and fairies,
when he is shorn of his hours and his years.

We will shut him up in the Pyramid of Cheops, in the
great chamber where the sarcophagus is. Thence we will
lead him out when we give our feasts. He shall ripen our
corn for us and do menial work.

We will kiss thy painted face, O Sphinx, if thou wilt betray
to us Time.

And yet I fear that in his ultimate anguish he may take
hold blindly of the world and the moon and slowly pull down
upon him the House of Man.

DUNSANAY.

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!

For thee I have worshipped ever
With stains and sorrows and scars,
With joyful, joyful endeavour.

Hear me, O lilywhite goat!

O crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,
A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,

I build Thee a shrine of yew.
All green is the garland I wear,
But I feed it with blood for dew!

After the orange bars

That ribbed the green west dying
Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,
I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose

With breasts slow heaving in splendour
Drops wine from her infinite snows
Ineffably, utterly tender.

THE EQUINOX

O moon! ambrosial moon!
 Arise on my desert of sorrow
That the magical eyes of me swoon
 With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago
 I stood on the bank of a river—
Holy and holy and holy, I know,
 For ever and ever and ever!
A priest in the mystical shrine,
 I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
 In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
 Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's,
 Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
 I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
 From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever
 Brooding over the waste.
She that stirred or spoken never,
 She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness made me awake
 From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
 That her poisonous body held?

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

By night I ravished a maid
 From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade;
 I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's,
 That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyrambs
 Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
 I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
 On the deep of that blissful bale.
By cold grey kisses awake
 From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
 That her beautiful body held.

But—God! I was not content
 With the blasphemous secret of years,
The veil is hardly rent
 While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
 As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievous graft
 By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
 By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,
 In the realm of a sexless Owl,

THE EQUINOX

I am set apart from the rest
By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star
That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!
Let the soul of his God flow out!
Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

The mage hath wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lilywhite goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns.
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead
A foam of fire flowing over.
From the Lamb and his prison fare
And the Owl's blind stupor arise!
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,
By the strong immemorial spell,
By the subtle veridical rune
That is mighty in heaven and hell!

THE EQUINOX

Drip thy mystical dew
On the tongues of the tender fauns
In the shade of initiate yews
Remote from the desert dawns!

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.
Bring your beauty to man!
I am the mate for ye all;
I am the passionate Pan.
Come, O come to the dance
Leaping with wonderful whips,
Life on the stroke of a glance,
Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond
Shed in a secret sinew
Smitten through by the fond
Folly of wisdom in you!
Come while the moon (the moon!)
Sheds her ambrosial splendour,
Reels in the redeless rune,
Ineffably, utterly tender!

Hark! the appealing cry
Of deadly hurt in the hollow—
Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!
Smitten to death by Apollo.
Swift, O maiden moon,
Send thy ray-dews after;
Turn the dolorous tune
To soft ambiguous laughter!

THE PRIESTESS OF PANORMITA

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!
Surely your comfort is over.
All we laugh at you lorn.
Ours are the poppies and clover!
O that mouth and eyes,
Mischievous, male, alluring!
O that twitch of the thighs
Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now?
Where the sage and his doubt?
Surely the sweat of the brow
Hath driven the demon out.
Surely the scented sleep
That crowns the equal war
Is wiser than only to weep—
To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,
The decadent days of October,
I come to thee God, without fear;
Pious, chaste, and sober,
I solemnly sacrifice
This first-fruit flower of wine
For a vehicle of thy vice
As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by
I pray Thee give to me one;
A lover stronger than I,
A moon to swallow the sun!

THE EQUINOX

May he be like a lilywhite goat
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for his throat,
A scarlet bow for his horns!

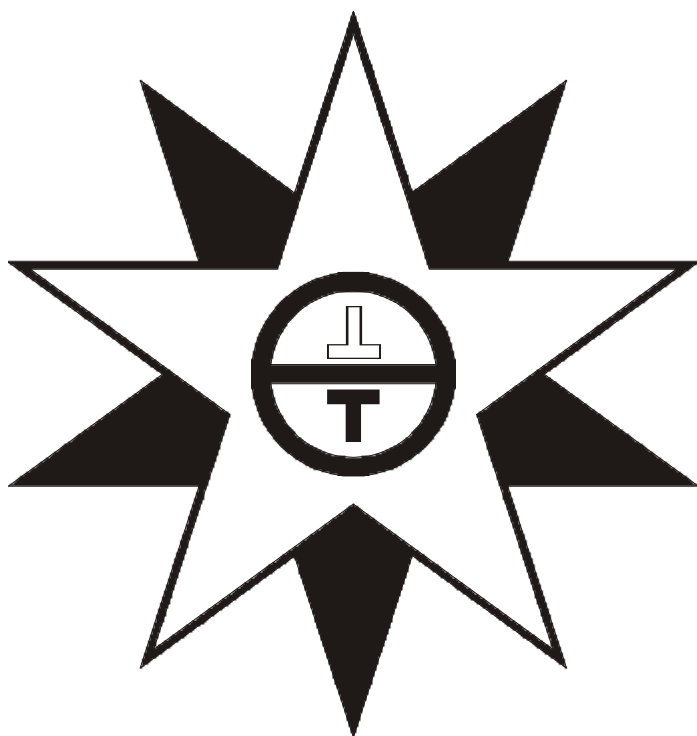
ELAINE CARR.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

BOOK II
The Scaffolding of the Temple
of
SOLOMON THE KING
and
The ten mighty Supports which
are set between the
Pillars of Death
and Life.

That which is below is like
that which is above, and
that which is above is like
that which is below, for the
performance of the miracles
of the ONE SUBSTANCE.

Hermes.



THE PILLAR OF CLOUD

OBSESSED by the chimera of his mind, lost in the labyrinth of his imagination, man wanders on through the shadowy dream-land he himself has begotten, slothfully accepting or eagerly rejecting, but ever seeking some unobtainable freedom, some power which will release him from those shackles he has in his studied folly and capricious ignorance welded to his thoughts.

Nothing contents him, nothing satisfies him; if he is not weeping he is laughing, if he is not laughing he is weeping; he grumbles and applauds, despises and reverses, insults and beslavers, loves and hates, fingers everything in turn, and when he has nothing further to soil and to thumb-mark sits down and cries for the moon, or else like the dog in the fable seeing his own image in the river of his dreams, loses all he has in the vain attempt to grasp more.

Slave to his own tyranny, shrieking under his own lash, the higher he builds the gloomy walls of his prison the louder he howls "Liberty": freedom is what he craves, yearns, and strives for—freedom to leap into some miasmal bog and wallow. If he is a ploughman he wants more fields to till; if a physician, more bodies to cure; if a priest, more souls to save; if a soldier, more countries to conquer; if a lawyer, more wretches to hang. If he obtains "more," he grumbles

THE EQUINOX

because it is “too much”; if he does not obtain it he continues to grunt and to growl, and the more he growls and grunts the more slavish he becomes, yet the freer he considers himself.

Once born he is carefully swaddled in the rags of Custom, rocked in the cradle of Caste, and nursed on the sour milk of Creed. And as with the individual so with the nation, the one or the many, it is taught to work its way into one narrow groove, and like the water in a drain or a gutter to flow for a time unobtrusively between dignified cobbles and over respectable cement, and then to vanish as genteelly as possible underground.

Sometimes there is a stoppage; too much filth has accumulated, and it refuses all conventional methods of being removed. Then comes a flood—a revolution—for a time there is a nasty mess, but soon the filth is washed away, and once again the drainage flows humbly down its customary gutter in the same old unobtrusive manner, between the same old cobbles, and over the same old cement until in time fresh filth silts up and there is more trouble and annoyance. “So runs my dream,” and civilised man dreaming from his drain naturally pictures God as a kind of Omnipotent Sewer-Husher who everlastingly ought to trudge about with scoop, ladle, and rake, and keep gutters clean and drains in an inoffensive condition. So it happens that when gutters get blocked up and drains stink, the Free-thinker laughs and says: “You barmy fool, ‘there is no sich a person’ ”; and when they don’t, the Believer cries: “My poor benighted brother, ‘He is like a refiner’s fire and like Fuller’s sope.’ ”

Compared to the civilised man, the water which flows

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

down the drain, the savage is like a mountain torrent cutting its own course amongst the hills and rushing on wildly yet wisely to the sea. No doubt, from the point of view of a sanitary engineer, the drain is more useful, more rational, altogether more proper than the wayward stream. But it is the rigid utilitarianism of this bread-and-water morality, this one-shirt-a-week thrift, this skimmed-milk philosophy, this cake-on-Sunday religion, and all the other halfpenny economies of a gluttonous mediocrity, that must be trampled under foot as if they were the very cockroaches of hell, before Freedom of even a protoplasmic kind can be brought to life. Better be a savage, a one-legged hottentot, better be anything than a civilised eunuch, a crape-capped “widder” in Upper Tooting lamenting her “demised husband” whilst she counts the halfpence he has left behind him in his trouser pockets. If there is going to be a flood, let it be grand, typhoonic, torrential; do not let others pass us by and say: “Really, my dear, what an insalubrious odour!”

The savage babe being born is taught the myths of his tribe, that uncorrupted are beautiful enough; the civilised child the myths of his nation, that corrupted are merely bestial, and are as rigid as the former are elastic. The savage youth passes through one great ordeal—the struggle with Nature: the civilised through another—the struggle with Reason. The one is taught the hero tales of his forefathers, the other the platitudes of the schools, which luckily are always a few decades behind the ideas current at his birth.

Few of us remember anything that happened during the first two years of our existence, and very little during the next two; thus it comes about that from two to four years of our

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life are blank. Perhaps during these years of nothingness we see things as they are; however, civilisation touches us on the lips and we speak and forget all about them. Directly we commence to chatter, our preparation to take life seriously begins. Books are given us, and the great wide road of wonderment becomes narrowed to a straitened right-of-way down which it is a privilege and honour to pass. If we are wild, it is naughty; if wanton—immoral; in innocence we lisp the ten commandments on our mothers' knees, only to break them when we really know what they mean. Then comes manhood and its responsibility, marriage with its one pleasure and its forty thousand plagues, as Heine says.

Our birth is a matter of law or chance—equivalent symbols for the Unknown; once born, environment, circumstance, position, convention, education, all in their turn come forward to claim us and smother us in their bestial kisses. Yet like the streams and the gutters, the drains and the rivers, we all flow, roar, or trickle onwards to the same unknown sea from which we came. Sometimes Evolution flouts Ethics and we have floods, earthquakes, and the spouting of volcanoes; sometimes Ethics flouts Evolution and we are turned into artificial ponds and ornamental Serpentine; yet upon other times it hastens our course and gives us good Doulton-ware to flow through; all of us, nevertheless, whether we be tear-drop or Dead Sea, sooner or later get back to the ever-rolling ocean; and there shall we once again be wooed by the bright beams of the Sun, that relentless God who in his fierce embrace ever and again draws us up like some earthly concubine to his heavenly couch, only once more to be divorced by the

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malicious winds and to weep through the storms of air. So the wheel of Time runs on through birth, death, and rebirth; and as we realise this we sink down in despair; and through our tears more clouds arise still further to obscure our path.

What is the use then of doing anything if we are but as drops of water which are splashed between the wanton hands of the Sun, the Wind, and the Ocean?—indeed the ways of God are inscrutable and past finding out. Thus the Unobtainable tempts us, and the little segments of God that we see become to us the fiercest and most terrible of the Dog-faced Demons which seduce us from the path. He is always at our elbow, whispering, tempting, jeering, advising and helping us; He it is that casts despair upon us when we have done nothing wrong, and elation when we have done nothing right; He it is who is ever rising before us like a mist to obscure our path or to magnify our goal; yet nevertheless He is not only the cloud but that ultimate fire—if we could only understand Him as He IS; Ah! my brothers, this is THE GREAT WORK.

Why does he do this and that, if he can do that and this? asks the Doubter. Because He chooses to, answers the Believer. But the man after God's own Heart thinks and reasons nothing, he feels there is neither doing nor choosing, and, dimly though it be, he sees that both of these foolish men, who think themselves so wise, possess but various little segments of one great circle, and that each imagines his segment a perfect circumference in itself. Presently the Mystic himself discovers that his circle which contained all their segments is but a segment of some greater circle, and that eventually he is living in a great cloud-land formed of myriads

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and myriads of little spheres, which he feels are in Reality one Great Ocean if he could only make them unite.

Each stage above him is his Ultimate goal for the time being. Possessing one little sphere, his one and only object is to unite it to another, or another to it; not two others, not to the whole, but only to that *One Other*. For the time being (let it appear as if it were for all time to the initiate), that *One Other* is God and Very God—the Omega of his quest, and that *all others* are Devils that would tempt and seduce him. Thus it happens that until you become God, God Himself is in Reality The Tempter, Satan, and the Prince of Darkness, who, assuming the glittering robes of Time and Space, whispers in our ears: “Millions and millions and millions of eternities are as nothingness to me; then how canst thou, thou little mote dancing in the beam of mine eye, hope to span me?” Thus God at the outset comes to us and like the old witch in “Cinderella” strews innumerable lentils before us to count—but begin! and soon you will find that you have left the kitchen of the world behind you and have entered the enchanted Palace “Beyond.”

It is all very difficult and complex at first; it is rather like a man who, setting out by a strange road to visit the capital of his country, comes to a great mountain and gazes up its all but endless slopes.

“It is too high for me to climb,” the little man will say; “it is indeed very beautiful; but I will go back and find some other road.”

“I am sure it would be too long a journey,” says a second; “I could not afford it; I too will return.”

“There are no guides here,” says a third; “how foolish for me to attempt so high a peak.”

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“I am not strong enough,” says a fourth. “I have no chart.” . . . “My business won’t let me.” . . . “My wife is against it.”

Thus God enters the heart of man in a thousand forms and tempts man as he tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden, and Abraham in the land of Moriah.

But the strong man replenishing his wallet, and filling his flask, girds a goat-skin about him, and taking his staff sets forth on his Great travel to the Summit of the Mountain of God; and curious to relate, and terrible to tell, the whole length of that wizard way Satan follows behind him in the form of a sleuth-hound ever tempting him from the right path.

Now he is overcome by a great loneliness, he is cold, he is hungry, he thirsts; the skyline he had thought the summit is but a ridge, and from it he sees ridge upon ridge in endless succession above him. On he toils, at length it is the summit—no! but another ridge and a myriad more. A thousand fiends enter him, a thousand little sleuth-hounds that would tear him back—comfort, home, children, wife; then he says to himself: What a fool am I!

At this stage many turn back and crawling into the valley of illusions reason how much more comfortable and interesting it is to read of mountain ascents than to accomplish them. These ones talk loudly and beat the drums of their valour in the ears of all men.

At the next stage few return, most perish on the way back; for the higher you climb that great mountain the more difficult it becomes to return.

Plod on, and when your legs tremble and give way under you, crawl on, crawl on if on all fours, and clench your teeth

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and say “I WILL”; but on! and on! and on! And behind you tireless strides along that old grey hound ever breathing forth temptations upon you; filled with crafts, and subtleties, and guiles, ever eager to lead you astray, ever ready to guide you back. And presently so great grows the loneliness of the Mountain that his very companionship becomes as a temptation to you, you feel a friendliness in resisting him, a burning hope that he will continue to tempt you, that his temptations and his mocking words are better than no words at all. This only happens far far up the mountain slope, some say not so far from the summit; but take heed! for at this stage there is a great precipice, and those who look round for the hound may perchance stumble and fall—and the foot of that precipice is the valley from which they came.

From here all is darkness, and there are no roads to guide the pilgrim, and the sleuth-hound can no more be seen because of the shadows of the night which obscure all things. And how can one write further about these matters? for those who have been so far and have returned, on account of the darkness saw nothing, therefore they have held their tongues. But there is an old parable which relates how the hound that had tempted man the whole length of his perilous journey, devoured him on the summit of that Mystic Mountain; and how that Ancient DOG was indeed GOD Himself.

THE ACOLYTE

BEFORE we enter upon the events of the Great Journey of Frater P., during which for six years he voyaged over the face of the globe in quest of the mystic knowledge of all nations, it will be necessary here to recount, briefly though it may be, the circumstances which led up to his entering into communication with the Order of A.: A.:

Born of an ancient family, but a few days after the fifty-sixth Equinox before the Equinox of the Gods, he was reared and educated in the faith of Christ as taught by one of the strictest sects of the many factions of the Christian Church, and scarcely had he learnt to lisp the simplest syllables of childhood than his martyrdom began.

From infancy he struggled through the chill darkness of his surroundings into boyhood, and as he grew and throve, so did the iniquity of that unnatural treatment which with lavish and cruel hand was squandered on him. Then youth came, and with it God's name had grown to be a curse, and the form of Jesus stood forth in the gloom of Golgotha, a chill and hideous horror which vampire-like had sucked dry the joy of his boyhood; when suddenly one summer night he broke away from the ghouls that had tormented him, casting aside the sordid conventions of life, defying the laws of his land,

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doubting the decaying religion of his childhood, he snapped, like rotten twigs, the worm-eaten conventionalities of the effete and hypocritical civilisation in which he had been nurtured, and sought refuge for a space in the wild and beautiful country which lies tangled like a head of tumbled hair to the north and north-west of England. Here he learnt from the whispering winds and the dreamy stars that life was not altogether a curse, and that every night dies in the arms of dawn.

His freedom, however, was of but short duration; yet, though he was dragged back to the prison from which he had escaped, he had learnt his own strength, a new life had flowed like a great sea dancing with foam upon him, and had intoxicated him with the red wine of Freedom and Revolt—his gauntlet of youth had been cast down, henceforth he would battle for his manhood, ay! and for the manhood of the World!

Then the trumpet-blast resounded; the battle had indeed begun! Struggling to his feet, he tore from him the shroud of a corrupted faith as if it had been the rotten cerement of a mummy. With quivering lip, and voice choked with indignation at the injustice of the world, he cursed the name of Christ and strode on to seek the gate of Hell and let loose the fiends of the pit, so that mankind might yet learn that compassion was not dead.

Nevertheless, the madness passes, like a dark cloud before the breath of awakening dawn; conscious of his own rightness, of the manhood which was his, of his own strength, and the righteousness of his purpose, and filled with the overflowing ambitions of youth, we find him unconsciously

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sheathe his blood-red sword, and blow flame and smoke from the tripod of life, casting before the veiled and awful image of the Unknown the arrows of his reason, and diligently seeking both omen and sign in the dusty volumes of the past, and in the ancient wisdom of long-forgotten days.

Deeply read in poetry, philosophy and science, gifted beyond the common lot, and already a poet of brilliant promise; he suddenly hurries from out the darkness like a wild prophetic star, and overturning the desks and the stools of the schoolmen, and casting their pedagogic papilla from his lips, escapes from the stuffy cloisters of mildewed learning, and the colleges of dialectic dogmatics, and seeks, what as yet he cannot find in the freedom which in his youthful ardour appears to him to live but a furlong or two beyond the spires and gables of that city of hidebound pedants which had been his school, his home, and his prison.

Then came the great awakening. Curious to say, it was towards the hour of midnight on the last day of the year when the old slinks away from the new, that he happened to be riding alone, wrapped in the dark cloak of unutterable thoughts. A distant bell chimed the last quarter of the dying year, and the snow which lay fine and crisp on the roadway was being caught up here and there by the puffs of sharp frosty wind that came snake-like through the hedges and the trees, whirling it on spectre-like in the chill and silver moonlight. But dark were his thoughts, for the world had failed him. Freedom had he sought, but not the freedom that he had gained. Blood seemed to ooze from his eyelids and trickle down, drop by drop, upon the white snow, writing on its pure surface the name of Christ. Great bats flitted by

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him, and vultures whose bald heads were clotted with rotten blood. “Ah! the world, the world . . . the failure of the world.” And then an amber light surged round him, the fearful tapestry of torturing thought was rent asunder, the voices of many angels sang to him. “Master! Master!” he cried, “I have found Thee . . . O silver Christ. . . .”

Then all was Nothingness . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . nothing; and madly his horse carried him into the night.

Thus he set out on his mystic quest towards that goal which he had seen, and which seemed so near; and yet, as we shall learn, proved to be so far away.

In the first volume of the diaries, we find him deep in the study of the Alchemistic philosophers. Poring over Paracelsus, Benedictus Figulus, Eugenius and Eirenaeus Philalethes, he sought the Alchemical Azoth, the Catholicon, the Sperm of the World, that Universal Medicine in which is contained all other medicines and the first principle of all substances. In agony and joy he sought to fix the volatile, and transmute the formless human race into the dual child of the mystic Cross of Light, that is to say, to solve the problem of the Perfect Man. Fludd, Bonaventura, Lully, Valentinus, Flamel, Geber, Plotinus, Ammonius, Iamblichus and Dionysius were all devoured with the avidity and greed which youth alone possesses; there was no halting here—

“‘Now, master, take a little rest!’—not he!

(Caution redoubled,

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)

Not a wit troubled

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)

Sucked at the flagon.”

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Plunging into the *tenebrae* of transcendental physics, he sought the great fulfilment, and unknowingly in the exuberance of his enthusiasm left the broad road of the valley and struck out on the mountain-track towards that ultimate summit which gleams with the stone of the Wise, and whose secret lies in the opening of the “Closed Eye”—the consuming of the Darkness.

He who dismisses Paracelsus with a twopenny clyster, or Raymond Lully with a sixpenny reprint, is not a fool, no, no, nothing so exalted; but merely a rabbit-brained louse, who, flattering himself that he is crawling in the grey beard of Hæckel and the scanty locks of Spencer, sucks pseudo-scientific blood from the advertisement leaflets of our monthly magazines, and declares all outside the rational muckheap of a *Pediculus* to be both ridiculous and impossible.

The Alchemist well knew the difference between the kitchen stove and the Heraclitean furnace; and between the water in his hip-bath and “the water which wetteth not the hands.” True, much “twaddle” was written concerning balsams, and elixirs, and bloods, which, however, to the merest tyro in alchemy can be sorted from the earnest works as easily as a “Bart’s” student can sort hair-restoring pamphlets and blackhead eradicators from lectures and essays by Lister and Müller.

Thus frenziedly, at the age of twenty-two, P. set out on the Quest of the Philosopher’s Stone.

Visita Interiora Terræ Rectificando Invenies Occultam Lapidem Veram Medicinam; this is indeed the true medicine of souls; and so P. sought the universal solvent VITRIOLUM, and equated the seven letters in VITRIOL, SUL-

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PHUR, and MERCURY with the alchemical powers of the seven planets; precipitating the SALT from the four elements—Subtilis, Aqua, Lux, Terra; and mingling Flatus, Ignis, Aqua, and Terra, smote them with the cross of Hidden Mystery, and cried: “Fiat Lux!”

Youth strides on with hasty step, and by summer of this year—1898—we find P. deep in consultation with the mystics, and drinking from the white chalice of mystery with St. John, Boehme, Tauler, Eckart, Molinos, Levi, and Blake:

“Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden’d air,
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.”

Insatiable, he still pressed on, hungering for the knowledge of things outside; and in his struggle for the million he misses the unit, and heaps up chaos in the outer darkness of Illusion. From the cloudless skies of Mysticism he rushes down into the infernal darkness on winged thoughts: “The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea,” and we find him now in the Goetic kingdoms of sorcery, witchcraft, and infernal necromancy. The bats flit by us as we listen to his frenzied cries for light and knowledge: “The Spiritual Guide,” and “The Cherubic Wanderer” are set aside for “The Arbatel” and “The Seven Mysterious Orisons.” A hurried turning of many pages, the burning of many candles, and then—the Key of Solomon for a time is put away, with the Grimoires and the rituals, the talismans, and the Virgin parchments; the ancient books of the Qabalah lie open before him; a flash of brilliant fire, like a silver fish leaping from out the black waters of the sea into

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the starlight, bewilders him and is gone; for he has opened “The Book of Concealed Mystery” and has read:

“Before there was equilibrium countenance beheld not countenance.”

The words: “Yehi Aour” trembled on his lips; the very chaos of his being seemed of a sudden to shake itself into form—vast and terrible; but the time had not been fulfilled, and the breath of the creation of a new world caught them up from his half-opened mouth and carried them back into the darkness whence they had all but been vibrated.*

From midsummer until the commencement of the autumn the diaries are silent except for one entry, “met a certain Mr. B --- an alchemist of note”† which though of no particular importance in itself, was destined to lead to another meeting which changed the whole course of P.’s progress, and accelerated his step towards that Temple, the black earth from the foundations of which he had been, until the present, casting up in chaotic heaps around him.

Knorr von Rosenroth’s immense storehouse of Qabalistic learning seems to have kept P. fully employed until the autumnal equinox, when B——, the alchemist of note, introduced him to a Mr. C—— (afterwards, as we shall see, Frater V.:N.: of the Order of the Golden Dawn). This meeting proved all-important, as will be set forth in the following chapter. Through C——, P. had for the time being laid aside von Rosenroth, and was now deep in “The Book of

* At this time P. was leading a hermit’s life on a Swiss glacier with one whom, though he knew it not at the time, was destined ever and anon to bring him wisdom from the Great White Brotherhood. This one we shall meet again under the initials D.A.

† Afterwards known as Frater C.S.

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the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage.” A time of transition was at hand, a spiritual renaissance was about to take place, so little wonder is it that we find P. much like St. Augustine lamenting his outward search, and crying with him: “I, Lord, went wandering like a strayed sheep, seeking Thee with anxious Reasoning without, whilst Thou wast within me. I wearied myself much in looking for Thee without, and yet Thou hast Thy habitation within me, if only I desire Thee and pant after Thee. I went round the Streets and Squares of the City of this World seeking Thee; and I found Thee not, because in vain I sought without for Him who was within myself.”

THE NEOPHYTE

IT was on November 18, 1898, that through the introduction of Fra. V. N., and under his guidance P. entered the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and became a Neophyte in the Grade of $0^{\circ} = 0^{\circ}$ in the Outer.

It may be of some interest to the reader, and also it may in some ways help to elucidate the present chapter, if a short account of the origin of this order is first entered upon. But it will be understood that the following historical sketch, as well as the accounts we are about to give of the rituals themselves, are very much abbreviated and summarised, when we state that the actual MSS. in our possession relating to the G.: D.: occupy some twelve hundred pages and contain over a quarter of a million words.

The official account of the G.: D.: (probably fiction) known as "The Historical Lecture," written and first delivered by Frater Q. S. N., runs as follows.

"The order of the G.: D.: in the Outer is an Hermetic Society which teaches Occult Science or the Magic of Hermes. About 1850 several French and English chiefs died and Temple work was interrupted. Such chiefs were Eliphas Levi, Ragon, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, and Fred Hockley. These had received their power from even greater predecessors,

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who are traced to the *Fratres Rosa (sic) Crucis* of Germany. Valentine Andrea (opera A.D. 1614) has given an esoteric account of the S. R., probably he also edited the ‘Fama Fraternitatis,’* or ‘History of the Society,’ which must have been derived from the old records of C. R.’s† pupils. . . .

“The first order is a group of four grades: the second order is a group of three grades of adeptship.

“Highest of all are those great rulers who severally sustain and govern the Third Order, which includes Three Magic Titles of honour and supremacy; in case of a vacancy the most advanced $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}\ddagger$ obtains by decree the well-earned reward. The grades of the first order are of Hebrew design; of the Second, Christian.

“The Rituals and Secrets are received from the Greatly Honoured Chiefs. . . .”

The account given in the first paragraph may or may not be correct; and the following “History Lesson” written by a brother of the Order of the A.: A.: throws considerable light on the origin of the above Society; and what is of still more interest to us mentions P. and his final rupture with the Order of the Golden Dawn. It runs as follows:

“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.

* See “The Real History of the Rosicrucians,” by A. E. Waite.

† Viz., Christian Rosencreutz.

‡ *Vide* Diagram of Paths and Grades.

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"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.

"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.

"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.

"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 to clear and precious, are given to the swine.

"The ordeals were turned into contempt, it being

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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.

“Scandal arose, and with it schism.

“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. . . .”

Here we must leave the “Lection,” returning to it in its proper place, and after explaining “the Diagram of the Paths and the Grades,” enter upon the ritual of the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of Neophyte.

It will be at once apparent to the reader that the Diagram of the Paths is simply the ordinary Sephirotic Tree of Life, combined with the Tarot Trumps, the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, the thirty-two paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, the signs of the Zodiac, and the signs of the planets and the elements.

The following account of it is taken from S.A.’s copy No. 2 of the “Ritual of the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths leading from the First Order of the G.: D.: in the outer to the $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$,” Associate Adept speaking:

“Before you upon the Altar is the diagram of the Sephiroth and Paths with which you are already well acquainted, having marked thereon the grade of the order corresponding to each Sephira, and the Tarot Trumps appropriated to each Path.

“You will further note that the First Order includes: Malkuth, answering to Neophyte and Zelator, and the element of earth. Yesod to Theoricus and air. Hod to Practicus and water. And Netzach to Philosophus and fire.

“Of these the last Three Grades alone communicate with the Second Order, though cut off from it by a veil which may

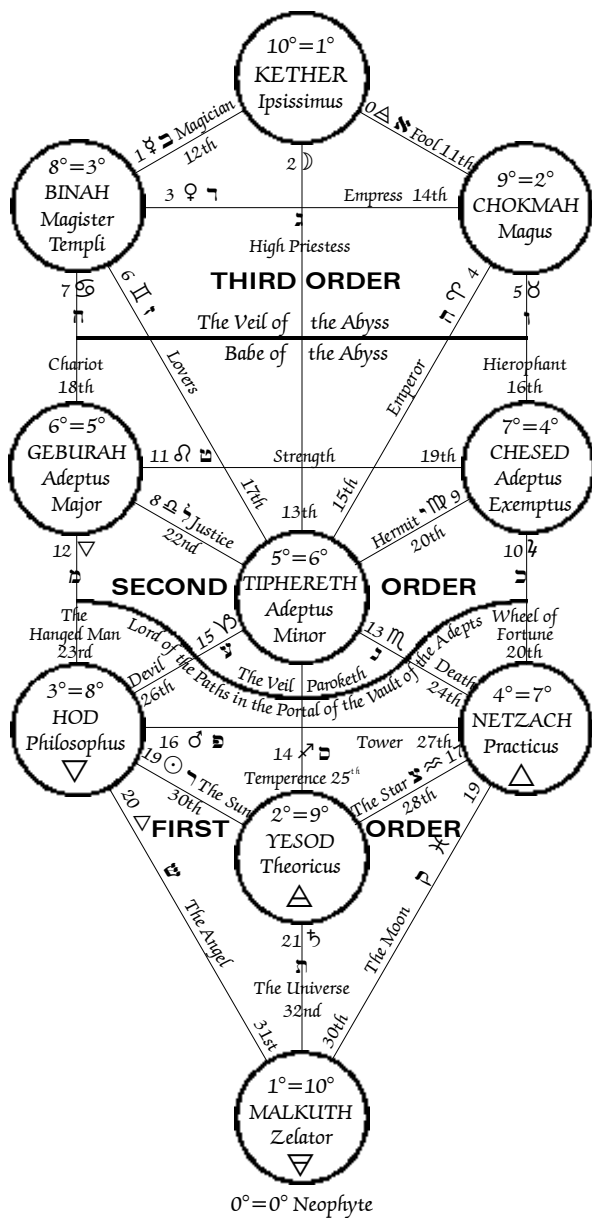


DIAGRAM 2. The Paths and Grades

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only be drawn aside by Invitation from the Second Order for the Philosophus who has passed the five examinations symbolic of the five elements and the five Paths leading from the First Order thereto, and who has been duly approved of by the Higher Powers.

“The Three grades of the Second Order are entitled: Adeptus Minor, or Lesser Adept, $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ answering to Tiphereth, the Reconciler, in the midst of the Sephirotic Tree. Adeptus Major, or Greater Adept, $6^{\circ}=5^{\circ}$ answering to Geburah. And Adeptus Exemptus, or Exempt Adept, $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$, answering to Chesed.”

THE RITUALS OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN

RITUAL OF THE $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ GRADE OF NEOPHYTE

As the Ritual of the Grade of Neophyte is, with perhaps the exception of the Ritual of the Grade of Adeptus Minor, the most important of all the Rituals of the G.:. D.:. , it will be necessary here to enter upon it fully, so that the reader may in some sort initiate himself.

But the pathway must be pointed out, and that clearly, so that the pilgrim does not take at the very commencement of his mystic journey a wrong turning, one of those many turnings which at the very start lead so many into the drear and dismal lands of fear and doubt.

The following description of the Temple and the Officers in the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade is taken from one of the official books of the G.:. D.:. called Z. I., and is as follows:

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“The Temple as arranged in the $0^\circ = 0^\circ$ Grade of Neophyte in the order of the G.'. D.'. in the Outer is placed looking towards the ⚡ of ⚡⚡⚡ (J.H.V.H.) in Malkuth of Assiah. That is, that as ⚡ and ⚡ answer unto the Sephiroth Chokmah and Binah in the Tree,* unto Aba and Aima,† through whose knowledge that of Kether may be obtained; even so, the sacred rites of the Temple may gradually, and as it were in spite of themselves, raise the Neophyte unto the knowledge of his Higher Self.‡

“Like the other Sephiroth Malkuth hath also its subsidiary Sephiroth and paths.§ Of these ten Sephiroth the Temple as arranged in the $0^\circ = 0^\circ$ of Neophyte includeth only the four lower Sephiroth in the Tree of life, viz.: Malkuth, Jesod, Hod, and Netzach, and the outer side of Paroketh,|| which latter formeth the East of the Temple.”

The plan of the Temple as arranged in this grade is shown on the adjoining diagram; therein it will be seen that it contains two pillars or obelisks. These two pillars, which are respectively in Netzach and Hod, need careful explanation.

They represent Mercy and Severity, the former being white and in Netzach, the latter black and in Hod. Their bases are cubical and black to represent the Earth Element in Malkuth; the columns are respectively white and black to manifest

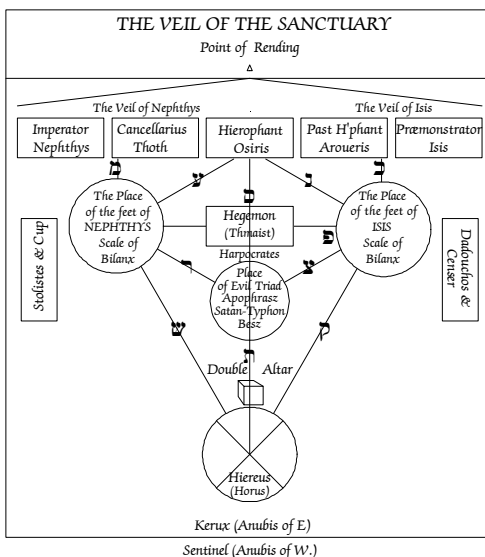


DIAGRAM 3.

Arrangement of the Temple in the $0^\circ = 0^\circ$ Ritual.

* ⚡ Stands for Chokmah, and ⚡ for Binah, ⚡ for the rest except Malkuth which is the final ⚡ .

† Father and (Glorified) Mother.

‡ The Theosophical term “Higher Self,” is usually termed in the G.'. D.'. “Genius.” Abramelin calls it “Holy Guardian Angel,” *vide* Preface.

§ The Sephiroth Scheme, it will be remembered, is divided into four worlds: Atziloth; Briah; Yetzirah and Assiah. Each world contains ten Sephiroth, and each of these Sephira again ten, making the total number four hundred.

|| “Paroketh” is the Veil which separates Hod and Netzach from Tiphereth; and as we shall see later on, in the Portal Ritual, the First Order from the Second Order.

THE EQUINOX

eternal Balance of the Scales of Justice. Upon them should be represented in counterchanged colours any appropriate Egyptian design emblematic of the soul. The scarlet tetrahedronal capitals represent the fire of Test and Trial, and between the Balance is the porch way of the Immeasurable Region.

The twin lights which flare on the summits are the “Declarers of Eternal Truth.”

The pillars are really obelisks with tetrahedronal capitals slightly flattened at the apices so as to bear each a lamp.

At the Eastern part of Malkuth, at its junction-point with the path of ♃ is placed the altar in the form of a double cube. Its colour is black to represent to the Neophyte the colour of Malkuth; but to the adept there lies hidden in the blackness the four colours of the Earth, in their appropriate positions on the sides. The base only is wholly black; whilst the summit will be of a brilliant whiteness although invisible to the material eye.

“The symbols upon the altar represent the forces and manifestations of Divine Light concentrated in the white triangle of the Three Supernals. Wherefore upon this sacred and sublime symbol is the obligation of the Neophyte taken as calling therein to witness the operations of the Divine Light. The red cross of Tiphereth representing $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ is placed above the white triangle; not as dominating it, but as bringing it down and manifesting it unto the Outer Order: as though the Crucified One having raised the symbol of Self-Sacrifice had thus touched and brought into action in matter the Divine triad of Light.

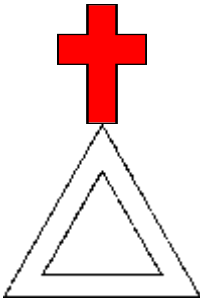


DIAGRAM 4.

The Altar Symbol in
the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Ritual

“Around the cross are the symbols of the four letters of Tetragrammaton, the Ψ of Jeheshua being only implied and not *expressed* in the Outer. And these are placed according to the winds.”

The door should be situated behind and to the West of the Throne of the Hieres; it is called “The Gate of the Declarers of Judgment,” and its symbolic form is that of a straight and narrow doorway between two mighty pylons.

THE THREE CHIEFS

At the East of the Temple before Paroketh sit the three Chiefs who govern and rule all things and are the viceroys in the Temple of the Second Order beyond. They are the reflections therein of the $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$, $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$, and $5^{\circ} = 6^{\circ}$ Grades, and are neither comprehended in, nor understood by, the Outer Order. They represent, as it were, *Veiled Divinities*, and their seats are before the veil (Paroketh) which is divided into two parts at the point of the rending, as though it answered unto the veils of Isis and Nephthys impenetrable save to the initiate.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Now the Emperor governeth, because in Netzach—which is the highest grade of the First Order—is the fire reflected from Geburah.

The Præmonstrator is second, because in Hod is the water reflected from Chesed.

The Cancellarius is third, because in Yesod is the air reflected from Tiphereth.

But in each Temple these three chiefs are coeternal and coequal, thus figuring the Triad in Unity, yet are their functions different:

The Emperor to command

The Præmonstrator to instruct.

The Cancellarius to record.

“Even as the Flaming Fire doth overcome, and the still Waters reflect all images, and the all-wandering Air receiveth sound.”

The synthesis of the Three Chiefs may be said to be in the form of Thoth who cometh from behind the veil.

Yet also the Emperor may be referred unto the Goddess Nephthys from his relationship unto Geburah. The Præmonstrator unto Isis from Chesed. And the Cancellarius unto Thoth in his position as recorder.

OF THE STATIONS OF THE INVISIBLES.

THE GODS OF THE ELEMENTS

Their stations are at the four cardinal points of the Hall without, as invisible guardians of the limits of the temple: and they are placed according to the winds, viz.: behind the stations of the Hierophant, Dadouchos, Hiereus and Stolistes.

Between them are placed the stations of the four vicegerents of the Elements; and they are situated at the four corners of the Temple, at the places marked by the four rivers of Eden in the Warrant,* which later represents the Temple itself; of which the guardians are the Kerubim, and the vicegerents in the palaces of the rulers Ameshet at the N.E., Thoumathph at the S.E., Ahephi or Ahapshi at the S.W., Kabetznuph at the N.W.

OF THE PLACE OF THE EVIL TRIAD

This is the place of Yesod, it is termed the Place of the Evil One, of the Slayer of Osiris. He is the Tempter, Accuser and Punisher of the Brethren. Wherefore is he frequently represented in Egypt with the head of a Water-Dragon, the body of a Lion or Leopard, and hindquarters of a Water- Horse. He is the administrator of the Evil Triad, whereof the members are:

Apophrasz. The Stooping Dragon.

Satan-Typhon. The Slayer of Osiris.

Besz. The brutal power of demoniac force.

* A document which by some of the members of the G.:. D.: was considered to be forged. It purported to be signed by S.D.A. and others, and authorised the founding of the Temple. *Vide* chapter called “The Magician.”

THE EQUINOX

OF THE PLACE OF HARPOCRATES

The next invisible station is in the path of ☐ between the place of Thmaist and that of the Evil Triad: and it is the place of the Lotus- throned Lord of Silence, even that Great God Harpocrates, the younger brother of Horus.

OF ISIS AND NEPHTHYS

The stations are the places of the Pillars in Netzach and Hod respectively; wherefore these great goddesses are not otherwise shown in this grade, save in connection with the Præmonstrator and Imperator.

OF AROUERIST

His secret place is the last of the invisible stations and he standeth with the Hierophant as though representing him unto the Outer Order. For while the Hierophant is $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$, yet he is only shown as a Lord of the Paths in the Portal of the Vault. So that when he moveth from his place on the throne of the East, the seat of Aeshuri, he is no longer Osiris but Arouerist. And the invisible station of Arouerist may therefore be said to be that of the immediate past Hierophant.

THE OFFICERS AND THE STATIONS OF THE OFFICERS.

The Hierophant. The place of the Hierophant is in the East of the Temple on the Outer side of Paroketh to rule the temple under the presidency of the Chiefs. He fills the place of the Lord of the Path, acting as inductor into the sacred mysteries. His symbols and insignia are:

The throne of the East in the path of ☐ without the Veil. The mantle of bright flame-red; the Crown-headed sceptre; the Banner of the East; the Great Lamén.



DIAGRAM 5.

The Banner of the East.

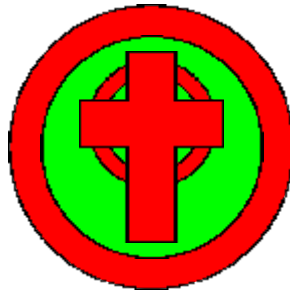


DIAGRAM 6.

The Lamén of the Hierophant.

“Expounder of the Sacred Mysteries” is the name of the Hierophant: and he is Aeshuri-st, “The Osiris in the Nether World.”

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Hiereus. The station of the Hiereus is at the extreme West of the Temple at the lowest point of Malkuth, and in the black portion thereof, representing a terrible and avenging God at the confines of Matter at the borders of the Qliphoth. He is throned upon Matter and robed in Darkness; and about his feet are the thunder and the lightning, which two forces are symbolised by the impact of the paths of ו and פ (Fire, Pisces), terminating respectively in the russet and olive quarters of Malkuth. There, therefore, is he placed as a mighty and avenging guardian unto the Sacred Mysteries. His symbols and insignia are:

The throne of the West at the limits of Malkuth; the robe of Darkness; the sword; the Banner of the West; the Lamén.



DIAGRAM 7.

The Banner of the West.



DIAGRAM 8.

The Lamén of the Hiereus.

“Avenger of the Gods,” is the name of the Hiereus, and he is “Horus in the City of Blindness” and of ignorance unto the Higher.

The Hegemon. The place of the Hegemon is between the two pillars, whose bases are in Netzach and Hod at the intersection of the paths of נ and ז in the symbolic gateway of Occult Science: as it were at the beam of the Balance at the equilibrium of the Scales of Justice, at the point of the intersection of the lowest reciprocal path with that of נ , which latter forms a part of the Middle Column, being there placed as the guardian of the threshold of Entrance, and the preparer of the ways for the Enterer thereby. Therefore the Reconciler between the Light and the Darkness, and the Mediator between the stations of the Hierophant and the Hiereus. His symbols and insignia are:



DIAGRAM 9.

The Lamén of the Hegemon.

The robe of pure Whiteness; the Mitre-headed sceptre; the Lamén.

THE EQUINOX

“Before the face of the Gods in the place of the Threshold” is the name of the Hegemon; and she is the Goddess

Thmaist of dual form as $\begin{cases} \text{Thmais}^* \\ \text{Thmait}^\dagger \end{cases}$

The Kerux.—The Kerux is the principal form of Anubis. The sentinel being the subsidiary form. The Kerux is the Anubis of the East, whilst the Sentinel is the Anubis of the West.

The Kerux is the herald, the guardian and watcher “within” the Temple; as the sentinel is the watcher without. And therefore is his charge the proper disposition of the furniture of the Temple. His peculiar insignia of office are the red lamp and the wand.‡
“Watcher of the Gods” is his name, and he is Anubis the herald before them.

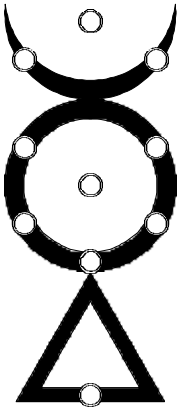


DIAGRAM 10.
The Cup of the Stolistes.

The Stolistes.—The station of the Stolistes is in the midst of the Northern part of the Hall; without, and to the North-West of the Black Pillar. He has the care of robes and insignia of the Temple. His peculiar ensign is the Cup.

“The Goddess at the Scale of the Balance at the Black Pillar” is the name of the Stolistes; and she is Auramooth, or the Light shining through the waters upon the Earth.

The Dadouchos.—The station of the Dadouchos is towards the midst of the Southern part of the Hall, and to the South-West of the White Pillar. He has the charge of the lights, the fire, and the incense of the Temple. His ensign is the Svastika.§

“Goddess of the Scale of the Balance at the White Pillar” is the name of the Dadouchos, and she is Thoum-aesh-neith, or Perfection through Fire manifesting upon the Earth.

THE GRADE OF NEOPHYTE

THE OPENING

The Officers and members being assembled the Kerux proceeds to the right of the Hierophant and facing West raises his wand, as a symbol of the ray of Divine Light from the white Triangle of the Three Supernals, and cries:

“HEKAS, HEKAS, ESTE, BEBELOI!”||

* More fiery. S.R.M.D. says Thmais contains the letters of **אֶמֶשׁ** and probably is the origin of the Greek **Θεμς**, the Justice-Goddess. † More fluidic.

‡ Or Caduceus. See Diagram 24. § Or Fylfot. See Diagram 14.

|| The same as “Eskato Bebeloi” used in the Eleusinian Mysteries.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

in order to warn the evil and uninitiated to retire so that the Triangle may be formulated upon the Altar.

The Hierophant then calls upon all present to assist him in opening the Hall of the Neophytes, and bids the Kerux see that the Hall is properly guarded.

The Fratres and Sorores of the Order then give the sign of the Neophyte, after which the Hiererus explains that the names of the three chief officers commence with “the letter of breath” H. But that in the name Osiris, the H is silent, and concealed, as it were shrouded in O. In the name Horus it is manifested and violently aspirated; while in the name Themis it is partly one and partly the other.

The Hiererus having explained the meaning of the letter H, then recapitulates the stations and duties of the officers, thus occultly affirming the establishment of the temple so that the Divine Light may shine into the Darkness.

In explaining his own station the Hierophant says:

“My place is on the throne of the East, which symbolises the rise of the Sun of Life and Light. My duty is to rule and govern this hall in accordance with the laws of the Order. The red colour of my robe symbolises Light: my insignia are the sceptre and the Banner of the East, which signify Power and Light, Mercy and Wisdom: and my office is that of the Expounder of the Mysteries.”

Then follows the purification of the Hall and the members by water and by fire, after which the Hierophant orders the Mystic Circumambulation to take place in the Path of Light.

The procession of officers and members is then formed in the North, in readiness for the mystic Circumambulation in the Path of Light. It is formed in the North beginning from the station of the Stolistes, the symbol of the waters of creation attracting the Divine Spirit, and therefore alluding to the creation of the world. Whilst the “Reverse Circumambulation” has its rise from the station of the Dadouchos, symbolic of the ending and judging of the world by fire.

But also the Circumambulation commences with the Paths ☿ and ♀, as though bringing into action the solar fire; whilst the reverse commences by those of ♂ and ♀ as though bringing the watery reflux into action.

This is the Order of the Circumambulation; first cometh Anubis, the watcher of the Gods; next Themis, the Goddess of the Hall of Truth; then Horus; then the remaining members in order of precedence; and lastly, the Goddesses of the Scales of the Balance, as though a vast wheel were revolving, as it is said:

“One wheel upon the Earth beside the Kerub.” And also note the Rashish ha-Gilgalim.*

Of this wheel the ascending side commenceth from below the pillar of Nephthys, and the descending side from below the pillar of Isis, but in the “Reverse Circumambula-

* The beginning of Whirling Motions, Primum Mobile.

THE EQUINOX

tion” this is contrary. And the nave or axis of the wheel will be about the invisible station of Harpocrates; as though that God stood there with the sign of Silence, and affirmed the concealment of that central atom of the wheel which alone revolveth not.

The object of the Mystic Circumambulation is to attract and make connection between the Divine Light above and the Temple, and therefore the Hierophant quitteth his throne to take part therein, but remaineth there to attract by his sceptre the Light from beyond the Veils.

Each member in passing the Throne of the East gives the sign of the enterer, projecting forwards the light which cometh from the sceptre of the Hierophant.

“But Horus passes only once, for he is the son of Osiris, and inheriteth the Light, as it were by birthright from him; wherefore he goeth at once unto the station of the Hieres to fix the light there. The Hegemon, the Goddess of Truth, passeth twice because her rule is of the Balance of the two Scales, and she retireth to her station there to complete the reflux of the Middle Pillar. But Anubis of the East and the others circumambulate thrice as affirming the completion of the reflexion of the perfecting of the white Triangle on the Altar.”*

The circumambulation being completed, the members and remaining officers remain standing whilst the Hierophant repeats the Adoration:

“HOLY ART THOU, LORD OF THE UNIVERSE!
HOLY ART THOU, WHOM NATURE HATH NOT FORMED!
HOLY ART THOU, THE VAST AND THE MIGHTY ONE!
LORD OF THE LIGHT AND OF THE DARKNESS!”

(At each of these sentences all bow and give the sign, the officers raising their banners, sceptres, sword and wand on high, and then sink them in salutation.)

The *Hierophant* then orders the Kerux to declare the Hall of the Neophytes opened by him, which he does in the following words:

“In the name of the Lord of the Universe, I declare that the Sun hath arisen, and that the Light shineth in Darkness.”

After which the three chief officers repeat the mystic words:

“KHABS AM PEKHT!”
“KNOX OM PAX!”
“LIGHT IN EXTENSION!”

THE OPENING is then at an end, and the next ceremony is: *THE ADMISSION*.†

The Candidate is in waiting without the Portal, under the care of the sentinel, the “Watcher Without,” that is, under the care of the form of Anubis of the West.

* Z. 1.

† The following explanatory remarks on the Admission and Ceremony of the Neophyte are taken from the MS. called Z. 3.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

The Hierophant informs the members assembled that he holds a dispensation from the greatly honoured chiefs of the Second Order, for the purpose of commencing the process of the initiation which shall ultimately lead the Candidate to the knowledge of his Higher Self. But he is first admitted to the Grade of Neophyte which hath no number, concealing the commencement of All-Things under the simulacrum of No-Thing.

The Hegemon, the representative of the Gods of Truth and Justice, is consequently sent to superintend the preparation, thus symbolizing that it is the Presider of Equilibrium who is to administrate the process of initiation by the commencement of the Equilibration of the forces in the Candidate himself, by the symbols of Rectitude and Self-control. But it is the sentinel who actually prepares the Candidate; whose body is now surrounded by a triple cord to show the restriction of the powers of Nature; and it is triple to show the white Triangle of the Three Supernals. His eyes are also bandaged, symbolising that the Light of the natural world is but as darkness compared with the radiance of the Light Divine.

The Ritual then continues:

Hegemon: “Child of Earth! arise, and enter into the Path of Darkness!”

The *Hierophant* then gives his permission, ordering the Stolistes and Dadouchos to assist the Kerux in the reception; but the Kerux bars the way saying:

“Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter our Sacred Hall.”

Whereupon the Stolistes purifies the Candidate by Water, and the Dadouchos consecrates him by Fire.

Then the *Hierophant* speaks: he does so not as to an assembly of mortals, but as a God before the assembly of the Gods. “And let his voice be so directed that it shall roll through the Universe to the confines of Space, and let the Candidate represent unto him a world which he is beginning to lead unto the knowledge of its governing angel. As it is written: ‘The lightning lighteneth out of the East and flameth even unto the West, even so shall be the coming of the Son of Man!’ ”

The Candidate during the ceremony is addressed as “child of Earth” as representing the earthly and material nature of the natural man: he who cometh forward from the darkness of Malkuth to strive to regain knowledge of the Light. Therefore it is that the path of the initiate is called the Path of Darkness; for it is but darkness and foolishness to the natural man.

The *Hierophant* giving his permission to the Kerux to admit the Candidate, seals the Candidate with a motto as a new name. This motto is not a name given to the outer man’s body, but an occult signifier of the aspiration of his soul.

“In affirmation of this motto, now doth Osiris send forward the Goddesses of the Scales of the Balance to baptize the aspirant with water and with fire. Even as it is written: ‘Except a man be born of water and of the spirit: in no wise shall he enter unto the Kingdom of Heaven’ ”

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The *Kerux*, however, at once bars the way, as the Candidate is still unpurified. Thereupon the Goddesses of the Scales purify and consecrate him. This is the first consecration. "But even as there be four pillars at the extremities of a sphere when the ten Sephiroth are projected therein; so also are there four separate consecrations of the Candidate."

The reception and consecration takes place in the black portion of Malkuth; when it is finished the Candidate is conducted to the foot of the altar, the citrine portion of Malkuth, and the part receiving the impact of the Middle Pillar.

The *Hierophant* then says to the Candidate: "Child of Earth! wherefore hast thou come to request admission to this Order?"

The *Hegemon* answers for the Candidate: "My soul is wandering in the Darkness seeking for the light of Occult Knowledge, and I believe that in this Order the Knowledge of that Light may be obtained."

Whereupon the *Hierophant* asks the Candidate whether he is willing "in the presence of this assembly to take a great and solemn obligation to keep inviolate the secrets and mysteries of our Order?"

To which the Candidate himself replies: "I am."

The Hierophant now advances between the Pillars as if thus asserting that the Judgment is concluded: "And he advanceth by the invisible station of Harpocrates unto that of the Evil Triad; so that as Arouerist* he standeth upon the Opposer." He thus cometh to the East of the Altar, interposing between the place of the Evil Triad and that of the Candidate. At the same time the Hieres advances on the Candidate's left, and the Hegemon standeth at his right, as formulating about him the symbol of the Triad, before he be permitted to place his right hand in the centre of the White Triangle of the Three Supernals on the Altar. And he first kneeleth in adoration of that symbol, as if the natural man abnegated his will before that of the Divine consciousness.

The *Hierophant* now orders the Candidate to kneel (in the midst of the triad Arouerist, Horus and Themis), to place his left hand in that of the initiator, and his right hand upon the white triangle as symbolising his active aspiration towards his Higher Soul. The Candidate then bows his head, and the Hierophant gives one knock with his sceptre; affirming that the symbol of submission into the Higher is now complete.

Only at that moment doth the colossal image of Thoth† Metatron cease from the sign of the enterer: and giveth instead the sign of the silence: permitting the first real descent of the Genius of the Candidate, who descendeth into the invisible station of Harpocrates as witness unto the obligation.

All then rise and the Candidate repeats the Obligation after the Hierophant. In it he

* He is Osiris when throned; when he moves he assumes the form of Arouerist.

† Thoth is one of the Invisible officers.

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pledges himself to keep secret the Order, its name, and the names of the members, as well as the proceedings which take place at its meetings. To maintain kindly and benevolent relation with all the Fratres and Sorores of the Order. To prosecute with zeal and study the occult sciences, &c. &c. He then swears to observe the above under the awful penalty of submitting "myself to a deadly and hostile current of will set in motion by the chiefs of the Order, by which I should fall slain or paralyzed without visible weapon, as if blasted by the lightning flash!"* (Hiereus here suddenly applies sword.) So help me THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE and my own Higher Soul."

As the Candidate affirmeth his own penalty should he prove a traitor to the Order, the evil triad riseth up in menace, and the avenger of the Gods, Horus, layeth the blade of his sword on the point of the Daäth junction (*i.e.*, of the brain with the spine) thus affirming the power of Life and Death over the natural body: and the Form of the Higher Self advanceth and layeth its hand on the Candidate's head for the first time, at the words: "So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul." And this is the first assertion of the connecting-link between them. Then after this connection is established doth the Hierophant in the following words raise the Candidate to his feet:

"Rise, newly obligated Neophyte in the 0°=0° Grade of the Order of the G.: D.: in the Outer. Place the Candidate in the Northern part of the Hall, the place of the greatest symbolic Darkness."

The Candidate is then placed in the North, the place of the greatest symbolic Darkness, the invisible station of Taur the Bull of Earth. But therein dwelleth Ahapshi the rescuer of Matter, Osiris in the Sign of the Spring. That as the earth emergeth from the Darkness and the Barrenness of Winter, so the Candidate may thus affirm the commencement of his emancipation from the darkness of ignorance.

The Hierophant and Hiereus return to their thrones, therefore it is not Arouerist but Osiris himself that addresseth the Candidate in the words:

"The voice of my Higher Soul said unto me: let me enter the path of Darkness, peradventure thus shall I obtain the Light; I am the only Being in the abyss of Darkness: from the Darkness came I forth ere my birth, from the silence of a primal sleep! And the Voice of Ages answered unto my soul: I am he who formulates in Darkness. Child of Earth, the Light shineth in Darkness, but the Darkness comprehendeth it not."

And this is to confirm the link established between the Neschamah and the Genius by communicating the conception thereof unto the Ruach. Thus, therefore, Osiris speaketh in the Character of the Higher Soul, the symbolic form of which is now standing between the pillars before him.

The Second Circumambulation then takes place in the Path of Darkness, the symbolic Light of Occult Science leading the way. This light of the Kerux is to show that the

* A later edition of the Ritual, issued subsequent to the Horos scandals, reads "an awful and avenging punitive current," &c.

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Higher soul is not the only Divine Light, but rather a spark from the Infinite Flame.

After the *Kerux* comes the Hegemon, the translator of the Higher Self, leading the Candidate, then the Stolistes and Dadouchos. Once they pass round the temple in solemn procession: it is the foundation in Darkness of the Binah angle of the whole Triangle of the Ineffable Light. The Hierophant knocks once as then pass him, and the Hiereus does likewise, as the affirmations of Mercy and Vengeance respectively. A second time they pass the Hierophant affirming the commencement of the formulation of the angle of Chokmah.

The *Kerux* then bars the Candidate's passage to the West, saying:

"Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter the Path of the West!"

Thus indicating that the natural man cannot even obtain the understanding of the "Son" of Osiris, except by purification and equilibrium.

The Candidate is then purified with water and consecrated by fire; after which he is allowed to approach the Place of the Twilight of the Gods. And now only is the hoodwink slipped up for a moment to obtain a glimpse of the Beyond.

The *Hiereus* then challenges as follows:

"Thou canst not pass by me, saith the Guardian of the West, unless thou canst tell me my Name."

In this challenge is signified the knowledge of the Formula; and that without the formula of Horus being formulated in the Candidate, that of Osiris cannot be grasped.

To the Candidate this appears as the anger of God; for he cannot as yet comprehend that before Mildness can be exercised rightly the Forces both of Severity and Mercy must be known and wielded.

Therefore the *Hegemon* answers for him:

"Darkness is thy Name! Thou art the Great One of the Path of the Shades."

The Hegemon then suddenly lifts the veil, and the Candidate sees before him standing on the steps of the throne the Hiereus with sword pointed to his Breast.

Slowly sinking the blade the *Hiereus* says:

"Child of Earth, fear is failure: be thou therefore without fear! for in the heart of the coward Virtue abideth not! Thou hast known me, so pass thou on!"

The Candidate is then re-veiled.

Then the *Kerux* again bars his way, saying:

"Child of Earth! unpurified and unconsecrated! Thou canst not enter the Path of the East."

This Barring of the Path is an extension of the meaning of the previous one, and the commencement of the formulation of the Angle of Kether.

Once again is the Candidate purified with water and consecrated by fire; and the hoodwink is slipped up to give a glimpse of the Light as dimly seen through

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Darkness yet heralding a Glory which is in the Beyond.

The *Hierophant*, then slowly lowering his sceptre, says:

“Child of Earth! remember that Unbalanced Force is evil. Unbalanced Mercy is but weakness: Unbalanced Severity is but oppression. Thou hast known me; pass thou on unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe.”

Thus formulating the Force of the Hidden Central Pillar. The Hierophant then leaveth his throne and passeth between the pillars, halting at either the station of Harpocrates, the place of the Evil Triad, or at the East of the Altar. The Hiererus standeth on the left of the Candidate, and the Hegemon on his right. Thus again completing the formulation of the Triad of the Three Supernals.

The Hierophant and Hiererus may hold their banners; anyhow it is done astrally; and the Higher Self of the Candidate will be formulated once more in the Invisible station of Harpocrates.

The *Hierophant* than says:

“Let the Candidate kneel, while I invoke the LORD OF THE UNIVERSE!”

After the prayer has been solemnly repeated, the *Hierophant* says: “Let the Candidate rise,”* and then:

“Child of Earth! long hast thou dwelt in Darkness! Quit the Night, and seek the day.”

Then only at the words: “Let the Candidate rise” is the hoodwink definitely removed. The Hierophant, Hiererus, and Hegemon join their sceptres and sword above the Candidate’s head, thus formulating the Supernal Triad, and assert that they receive him into the Order of the Golden Dawn, in the words:

“Fratr X Y Z, we receive thee into the Order of the Golden Dawn!”

They then recite the mystic words, “KHABS AM PEKHT,” as sealing the current of the Flaming Light.

But the Higher Soul remaineth in the Invisible Station of Harpocrates, and to the Spirit Vision, at this point, there should be a gleaming white Triangle formulated above the forehead of the Candidate and touching it, the symbol of the white Triangle of the Three Supernals.

The “Hierophant” now calleth forward the Kerux, and turning towards the Candidate says to him:

“In all your wanderings through darkness, the lamp of the Kerux went before you though you saw it not! It is the symbol of the Hidden Light of Occult Science.”

It here representeth to him a vague formulation of his ideal, which he can neither grasp nor analyse. Yet this Light is not the symbol of his own Higher Self, but rather a ray from the Gods to lead him there.

The *Hierophant* then continues:

* Meaning also: “Let the Light arise in the Candidate.”

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“Let the Candidate be conducted to the East of the Altar. Honoured Hiererus, I delegate to you the duty of entrusting the Candidate with the secret signs, grip, grand word and present pass-word of the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer, of placing him between the mystic pillars, and of superintending his fourth and final consecration.”

The East of the Altar is the place of the Evil Triad, and he is brought there as though affirming that he will trample upon and cast out his evil persona, which will then become a support unto him, but it must first be cast down unto its right place.

The Hiererus now confers the secret signs, &c., and during this part of the ceremony the position of the three chief officers is as follows: The Hierophant on the throne of the East; the Hiererus at the East of the Black Pillar; and the Hegemon at the East of the White Pillar. The three again formulating the Triad and strengthening it.

Thus the Higher Soul will be formulated between the Pillars in the place of Equilibrium; the Candidate at the place of the Evil Triad. The Hiererus now advanceth between the Pillars unto the invisible station of Harpocrates.

The signs having been explained, the Hiererus draweth the Candidate forward between the pillars, and for the second time in the ceremony the Higher Soul standeth near and ready to touch him. Then the Hiererus returneth to the East of the Black Pillar so that the three chief officers may draw down upon him the forces of the Supernal Triad.

The Candidate now therefore is standing between the pillars bound with the rope, like the mummied form of Osiris between Isis and Nephthys. And in this position doth the fourth and final consecration by the Goddesses of the Balances take place; the Aspirant for the first time standing between the pillars, at the point wherein are localized the equilibrated forces of the Balances, and meanwhile the Kerux goeth to the North in readiness for the Circumambulation, so as to link the latter with the final consecration of the Candidate.

The *Stolistes* then says: “Frater X Y Z, I finally consecrate thee by water.”

And the *Dadouchos*: “Frater X Y Z, I finally consecrate thee by fire.”

And the effect of this is to seal finally into the Sphere of Sensation of the Candidate the Pillars in Balanced Formulation. For in the natural man the symbols are unbalanced in strength, some being weaker and some stronger, and the effect of the ceremony is to strengthen the weak and purify the strong, thus gradually commencing to equilibrate them, at the same time making a link between them and their corresponding forces in the Macrocosm.

The *Hierophant* then says:

“Honoured Hegemon, the final consecration of the Candidate having been performed, I command you to remove the rope from his waist, the last remaining symbol of Darkness; and to invest him with the distinguishing badge of the grade.”

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The *Hegemon*, executing the Hierophant's order, says:

"By command of the Very Honoured Hierophant, I invest you with the distinguishing badge of the grade. It symbolizes Light dawning in Darkness."

The four pillars being thus established, now only is the Candidate invested with the badge of the White Triangle of the Three Supernals formulating in Darkness; and now only is the Higher soul able to formulate a link with him if the human will of the natural man be in reality consenting thereto. For the free will of the Candidate as a natural man is never obsessed, either by the Higher Soul, or by the ceremony. But the Will consenting, the whole of the ceremony is directed to the strengthening of its action.

And as this badge is place upon him, it is as though the two Great Goddesses, Isis and Nephthys, in the places of the columns, stretched forth their wings over the form of Osiris to restore him again unto life.

The Mystic Circumambulation then followeth in the Path of Light to represent the rising of the Light in the Candidate through the operation of self-sacrifice; as he passeth the Throne of the East, the red Cavalry Cross is astrally formulated above the astral White Triangle of the Three upon his forehead; so that so long as he belongeth unto the Order he may have that potent and sublime symbol as a link with his Higher Self, and as an aid in his search for the Forces of the Light Divine for ever, if he only *will it*.

But the Higher Soul or Genius returneth unto the Invisible Station of Harpocrates, into the Place of the hidden centre, yet retaining the link formulated with the Candidate.

The address of the *Hierophant* then follows:

"Fratr X Y Z, I must congratulate you on your having passed with so much fortitude through your ceremony of the admission to the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer. I will now direct your attention to a brief explanation of the principal symbols of your grade."

When these have been explained the *Kerux*, as the Watcher Anubis, announceth in the following words that the Candidate has been admitted as an initiate Neophyte:

"In the name of the LORD OF THE UNIVERSE and by command of the V.H. Hierophant, hear you all that I proclaim that A: B: who hereafter will be known unto you by the motto X Y Z, has been admitted in due form to the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade of Neophyte of the Order of the Golden Dawn in the Outer."

The *Hierus* then addresseth the Neophyte and congratulates him upon being admitted a member of the Order, "whose professed object and end is the practical study of Occult Science." After which the *Hierophant* stateth clearly the Principia which the Neophyte must now commence to study.

This being at an end the *Kerux* conducteth the Neophyte to his table and giveth him a solution telling him to pour a few drops on the plate before him. As he does so

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the solution changes to a blood colour, and the *Kerux* says:

“As this pure, colourless, and limpid fluid is changed into the semblance of blood, so mayest thou change and perish, if thou betrayest thine oath of secrecy of this Order, by word or deed!”

The *Hierophant* then says:

“Resume your seat in the N.W., and remember that your admission to this order give you no right to initiate any other person without dispensation from the greatly honoured chiefs of the Second Order.”

Thus ends the Admission, after which the Closing takes place.

THE CLOSING

The Closing Ceremony is opened by the cry:

“HEKAS, HEKAS, ESTE, BEBELOI!”

and the greater part of its symbolism is explained in the Opening. The reverse circumambulation is intended to formulate the withdrawal of the Light of the Supernal Triad from the Altar. The Adoration then takes place, after which followeth the mystical repast, or communion in the body of Osiris. Its mystic name is “The Formula of the Justified One.”*

The *Hierophant* saying:

“Nothing now remains but to partake in Silence the Mystic repast composed of

* The “Formula of Osiris” is given in Z. 1, and is as follows:

“For Osiris Onnophris hath said:

He who is found perfect before the Gods hath said:

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

For the secret of the Dying Rose is as the repressed sign of my suffering.

And the flame-red fire as the energy of my undaunted will.

And the cup of wine is the outpouring of the Blood of my heart sacrificed unto regeneration and the Newer Life.

And the Bread and the Salt are as the Foundations of my Body.

Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.

For I am Osiris Triumphant, even Osiris Onnophris the Justified.

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 rise with me.

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

I am purified; I stand upon the Universe:

I am the Reconciler with the Eternal Gods:

I am the Perfecter of Matter:

And without me the Universe is not!”

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the symbols of the Four elements, and to remember our pledge of secrecy.” (The *Kerux* proceeds to the Altar and ignites the spirit placed at the southern angle of the Cross. The *Hierophant*, quitting his throne, goes to the West of the Altar, and facing East, salutes and continues:)

“I invite you to inhale with me the perfume of this rose as a symbol of Air (smelling rose): To feel with me the warmth of this sacred Fire (spreading hands over it): To eat with me this Bread and Salt as types of earth (eats): and finally to drink with me this Wine, the consecrated emblem of elemental Water (drinks from cup).”

The Hierophant then goes to the East of the Altar and faces West. The Hiererus comes to the West of the Altar, and salutes the Hierophant, receiving the elements from him. All then partake in order of rank: Hegemon from Hiererus, Stolistes from Hegemon, Dadouchos from Stolistes, Senior Members from Dadouchos, and the *Kerux* from the Candidate.

But the *Kerux* says: “It is finished,” inverting the cup, to show that the symbols of Self-sacrifice and Regeneration are accomplished. And this proclamation is confirmed by the *Hierophant*, and the three chief officers give the three strokes emblematic of the Mystic Triad, and in the three different languages repeat the three mystic words:

“KHABS AM PEKHT!”

“KONX OM PAX!”

“LIGHT IN EXTENSION!”

The *Hierophant* then finally closes the ceremony by saying:

“May what we have this day partaken of, sustain us in our search for the Quintessence; the Stone of the Philosophers; the True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness, and the Summum Bonum.”

All then disrobe and disperse.

Undoubtedly the passing through the Ritual of the Neophyte had an important influence on P.’s mind, and on his Spiritual Progress; for shortly after its celebration, we find him experiencing some very extraordinary visions, which we shall enter upon in due course. Suffice it to say that by December he had passed the easy examination necessary before he could present himself as a candidate for the 1°=10° grade of Zelator.

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RITUAL OF THE $1^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$ GRADE OF ZELATOR*

The opening in this ritual is very similar to that in the last; the chief exception being that this grade is more particularly attributed to the element of “earth.”

The Temple having been declared open, the *Hierophant* says:

“Except Adonai build the House their labour is but lost that build it. Except Adonai keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain! Frater Neophyte, by what aid do you seek admission to the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Grade of Zelator of the G. ∴ D. ∴ ?”

The *Hegemon*, answering for him, says: “By the guidance of Adonai; by the possession of the requisite knowledge; by the dispensation you hold; by the secret signs and token of the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Grade, and by this symbol of the Hermetic Cross.”

The Neophyte is then conducted to the West, and being placed between the mystic pillars, pledges himself to secrecy.

The *Hierophant*, congratulating him, finally says: “Let the Neophyte enter the path of Evil.” Then the following takes place.

Hierus: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek the hidden knowledge in the Name of Adonai.

Hierus: And the Angel Samael (Angel of Evil) answered and said: I am the Prince

of Darkness and of Night. The wicked and rebellious man gazeth upon the face of Nature and he findeth therein naught but terror and obscurity; unto him it is but the Darkness of the Darkness; and he is but as a drunken man groping in the dark. Return, for thou canst not pass by.

Hierophant: Let the Neophyte enter the path of Good.

Hegemon: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek for the hidden Light of Occult Knowledge.

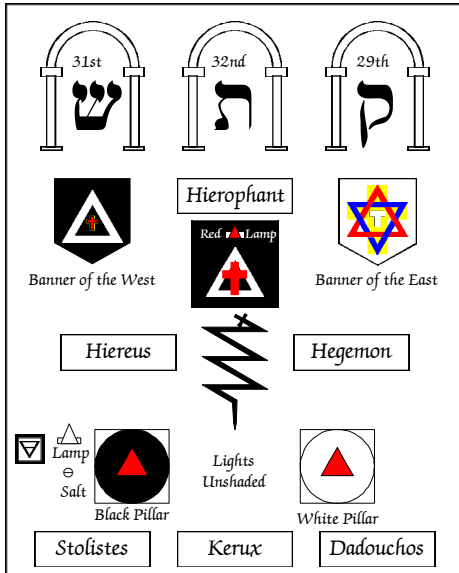


DIAGRAM II.

Arrangement of the Temple in the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Ritual (first part).

* The following five Rituals are considerably abridged; chiefly to economise space and so allow the rituals of the Neophyte and Adeptus Minor to be dealt with more fully. They are of little magical interest, value or importance.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Hegemon: And the great Angel Metatron (Angel of Good) answered and said: I am the Angel of the Presence Divine. The Wise man gazeth upon the Material Universe and he beholdeth therein the luminous Image of the Creator. Not as yet canst thou bear the dazzling radiance of that Light! Return, for thou canst not pass by!

Hierophant: Let the Neophyte now advance by the Straight and Narrow way which inclineth neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Hiereus and Hegemon: Whence comest thou?

Kerux (for Neophyte): I am come from between the pillars and seek for the hidden Light of Occult Science.

Hierophant: But the great Angel Sandalphon answered and said: "I am the Reconciler for the Earth and the Soul of the Celestial therein. Equally is form invisible in total Darkness and in Blinding Light. . . ."

The Hiereus and Hegemon return to their seats, whilst the Hierophant and Neophyte remain, both facing the Altar. Here the *Hierophant* confers on the Neophyte the Secrets and Mysteries of the grade; and explains to him the Symbolism of the Temple as follows:

"The three portals facing from the East are the gates of the paths which alone conduct to the Inner. . . ."

"The letters shin, tau, and qoph, make by metathesis קשת (Qesheth), which signifies a bow, the rainbow of promise stretched over our earth. This picture of the Flaming Sword of the Kerubim is a representation of the guardians of the gate of Eden; just as the Hiereus and the Hegemon symbolise the two paths of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

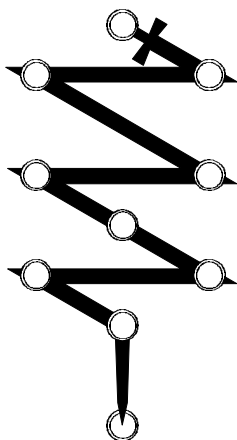


DIAGRAM 12.
The Flaming Sword.

"You will observe that in this grade the red cross is placed within the white Triangle upon the altar, and thus placed, it is identical with the Banner of the West."

"The triangle refers to the three above-mentioned paths connecting Malkuth with the above Sephiroth, while the cross is the hidden wisdom of the Divine nature which can be obtained by their aid. The two construed mean: LIFE IN LIGHT."

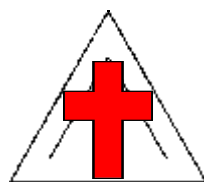


DIAGRAM 13.
The Altar Symbol in
the 1°=10° Ritual.

"This grade is especially referred to the Element Earth, and therefore, one of its principal emblems is the Great Watch-tower on the Terrestrial Tablet of the North. . . ."

". . . You will observe that the Hermetic Cross, which is also called Fylfat, . . . is formed of seventeen squares taken from a square of twenty-five lesser squares.

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These seventeen squares represent the Sun, the Four Elements, and the Twelve Signs. In this grade the lamps on the Pillars are unshaded, showing that you have quitted the darkness of the outer. . . .”

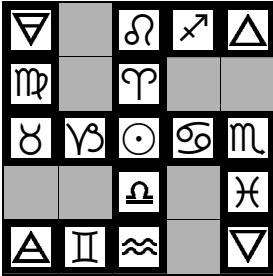


DIAGRAM 14.

The Hermetic Cross.

The Neophyte then retires for a short time before commencing the second ritual of this grade, which consists chiefly of symbolic explanations:

The *Hierophant* says:

“While the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ grade represents the portal of the Temple, the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ grade of Zelator will admit you into the Holy Place. Without, the altar of Burnt Offering symbolises the Qliphoth—or evil demons. Between the Altar and the entrance to the Holy Place stood the Laver of Brass, as a symbol of the Waters of Creation.”

The *Hegemon* then explains the symbolic drawing of the Zodiac, which is most complicated, but consists

mainly of twelve circles and a lamp in the centre to represent the sun. “The whole figure represents the Rose of Creation, and is a synthesis of the Visible Universe. Furthermore the twelve circles represent the twelve foundations of the Holy City of the Apocalypse, while in the Christian symbolism the Sun and the twelve signs typify our Saviour and the twelve Apostles.”*

After which the *Hierus* says: “At the Southern side of the Holy Place stood the seven-branched candlestick. The symbolic drawing before you represents its occult meaning. The seven circles which surround the heptagram represent the seven planets and the seven Qabalistic Palaces of Assiah, the material world which answer to the seven apocalyptic churches of Asia Minor, and these again represent, on a higher plane, the seven lamps before the throne.”†

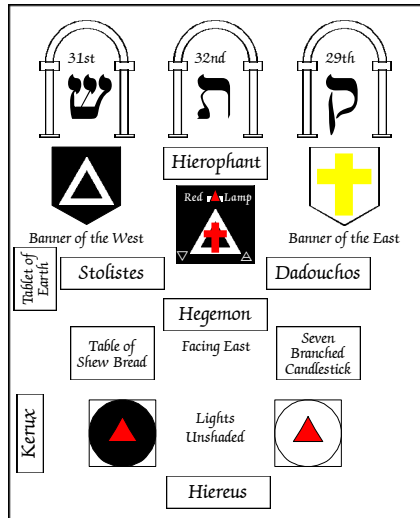


DIAGRAM 15.

The Arrangement of the Temple in the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Ritual (second part)

* See 777, Col. cxl., p. 27, “Twelve Banners of the Name,” and Revelations, xxi., 19, 20.

† See 777, Col. xxxvi., p. 11.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

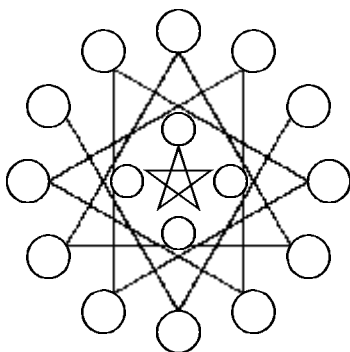


DIAGRAM 16.
The Rose of Creation.

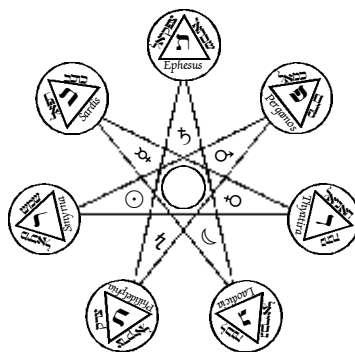


DIAGRAM 17.
The Seven-Branded Candlestick.

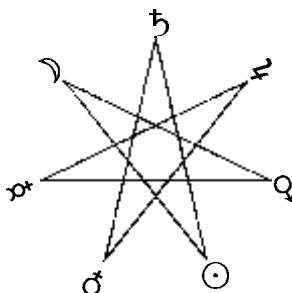


DIAGRAM 18.
The Heptagram of the Seven Days.

The Heptagram itself refers to the seven days of the week, and may also be made to show how their order is derived from the planets when placed at the angles of the Heptagram.

“... The lamp within the centre represents the Astral Light of the Universe concentrated into a focus by the Planets...”

The *Hierophant* then resumes: “Within the mystic veil which separated the Holy Place from the Holy of Holies stood the Ark of the Covenant. Before the veil stood the altar of Incense, of which this altar is a symbol. It was in the form of a double Cube, thus representing material form as the reflection and the duplication of that which is spiritual. The sides of the altar,

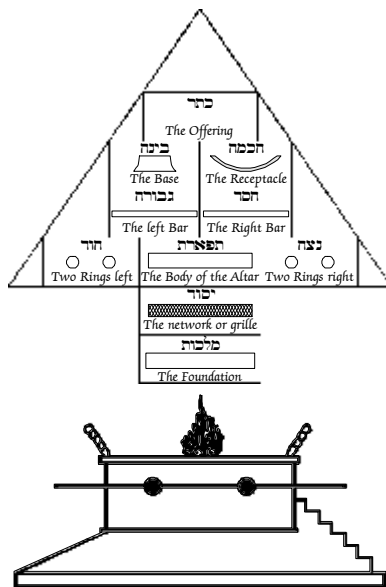


DIAGRAM 19.
The Altar of Incense.

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together with the top and underside, consist of ten squares, thus symbolising the Ten Sephiroth.” . . . “The altar of Incense was overlaid with gold, to represent essential purity, but the altar before you is black to typify the terrestrial earth. Learn then to separate the pure from the impure, the refined and spiritual gold of the Alchymist from the Black Dragon of Putrefaction in Evil.” . . . “I now congratulate you on having attained to the $1^{\circ} = 10^{\circ}$ grade of Zelator, and in recognition thereof I confer on you the mystic title of PERECLINOS DE FAUSTIS, which signifies that you are still far from the goal which has been reached by the complete Initiates.”

Shortly after this the Closing takes place, and the prayer of the spirits of the Earth is rehearsed, and the licence to depart pronounced, and in the name of ADONAI HA ARETZ, the *Hierophant* declares the Temple closed.

By the end of January 1899, P. was sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the grade of Theoricus.

It was about this time also that he met Mr. D., a certain brother of the G.: D.: known as Fra. I.A. This meeting, as we shall eventually see, ranks only second in importance to his meeting with Fra. V.N.

RITUAL OF THE $2^{\circ} = 9^{\circ}$ GRADE OF THEORICUS

This grade is particularly attributed to the element of Air; it refers to the Moon, and is attached to the Thirty-second Path of Tau, which alludes to the Universe as composed of the four elements, to the Kerubim, the Qliphoth, the Astral Plane, and the reflection of the Sphere of Saturn. After all this has been explained, the Advancement of the Zelator takes place, after which the Ritual of the Thirty-second Path is celebrated.

Hierophant, to Zelator: “Facing you are the Portals of the thirty- second, thirty-first, and twenty-ninth Paths leading from the grade of Zelator to the three other grades which are beyond. The only path now open to you, however, is the thirty-second, which leads to the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ grade of Theoricus, and which you must traverse before arriving at that degree. Take in your right hand the Cubical Cross, and in your left hand the Banner of Light, and follow your guide Anubis* the Guardian: who leads you from the Material to the Spiritual.”

* It will be noticed that from here this ritual becomes unnecessarily complicated with Egyptian deities—in fact, its mysteries become rather “forced.” Still more so will this be seen in the next ritual, which becomes ridiculously complex with Samothracian nonentities. The symbols in themselves are not wrong; but it is the “mixed-biscuit” type of symbol which is so bad, especially where it is not necessary, but chosen so as to “show off” superficial knowledge.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Kerux: “Anubis the Guardian spake unto to Aspirant, saying: ‘Let us enter into the Presence of the Lords of Truth.’ Arise and follow me.”

Hiereus: “The Sphinx of Egypt spake and said: ‘I am the synthesis of the Elemental Forces: I am also the symbol of man: I am Life: and I am Death: I am the Child of the night of Time.’ ”

Hierophant: “The priest with the mask of Osiris spake and said: ‘Thou canst not pass the gate of the Eastern Heaven: except thou canst tell me my name.’ ”

Kerux, for Zelator: “Thou art Nu: The Goddess of the Firmament of Air. Thou art Harmakhis, Lord of the Eastern Sun.”

Hierophant: “In what sign and symbol dost thou come?”

Kerux, for Zelator: “In the letter Aleph, with the Banner of Light, and the symbol of equated forces.”

Hierophant (falling back and making with fan the sign of Aquarius, ♒, before Zelator): “In the sign of the man, child of Air, art thou purified—pass thou on.”

Similarly the Zelator passes the Lion, the Eagle, and the Bull. The *Hierophant* then explains to the Zelator the symbolism of the cubical cross, as follows:

“The cubical cross is a fitting emblem of the equilibrated and balanced forces of the Elements. It is composed of twenty-two squares externally, which refer to the twenty-two letters placed thereon. Twenty and two are the letters of the Eternal Voice in the vault of Heaven; in the depths of the Earth; in the abyss of the Waters, and in the all-presence of Fire: Heaven cannot speak their fulness, Earth cannot utter it. Yet hath the Creator bound them in all things. He hath mingled them through Water: He hath whirled them aloft in Fire: He hath sealed them in the Air of Heaven: He hath distributed them through the Planets: He hath assigned unto them the twelve constellations of the Zodiac.”

He then explains that to the Thirty-second Path of the Sepher Yetzirah is attributed the seven Abodes of Assiah; to the four Elements, the Kerubim, and the Qliphoth.*

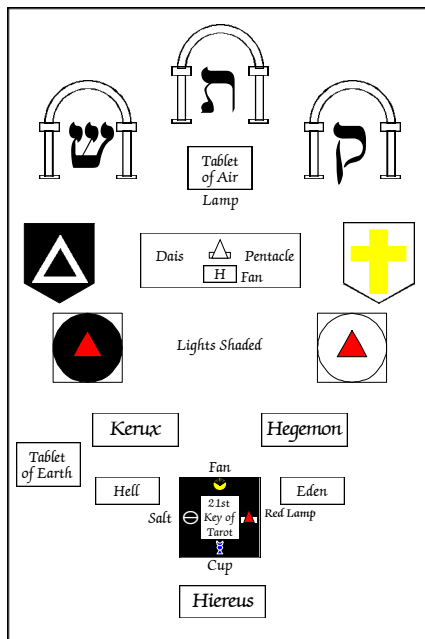


DIAGRAM 20.

Arrangement of Temple for the 32nd Path in the 2°=9° Ritual.

* See 777, cols. civ., cviii., pp. 20 and 23; and Revelations, chap. i.

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It represents the connecting-link between Assiah and Yetzirah. It is the rending of the Veil of the Tabernacle; and it is the passing of the Gate of Eden. After which he enters upon the symbolisms of the twenty-first Key of the Tarot, the naked female form of which represents the Bride of the Apocalypse, the Qabalistic Queen of the Canticles, the Egyptian Isis of Nature. Her two wands are the directing forces of the Positive and Negative currents. She is the synthesis of the Thirty-second Path uniting Malkuth and Yesod.

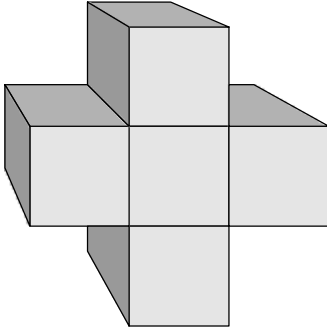


DIAGRAM 21.

The Cubical Cross of Twenty-two Squares.

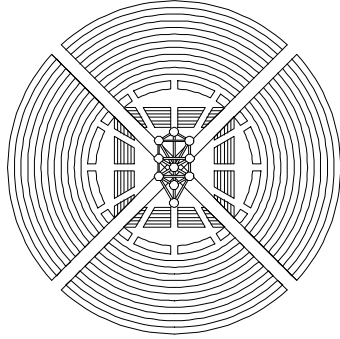


DIAGRAM 22.

The Garden of Eden and the Holy City.

The *Hegemon* then explains his tablet, which contains the occult symbolism of the Garden of Eden and the Holy City of the Apocalypse; and the *Kerux* also his—the seven Infernal Mansions and the four Seas.* After which the *Hierophant* confers on the Zelator the title of the Thirty-second Path; the Zelator then quits the Temple for a short time before passing to the Grade of Theoricus.

The Ceremony of Theoricus is opened by the *Hierophant*, who says to the Zelator: “Frater Pereclinos de Faustis: as in the grade of $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ there were given the symbolical representations of the Tree of Knowledge of the Good and Evil of the gate of Eden and of the Holy Place: so in the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ of Theoricus the ‘Sanctum Sanctorum’ with the Ark and the Kerubim is shown: as well as the garden of Eden, with which it coincides, while in the thirty-second path leading thereunto, through which you have just passed, the Kerubic Guardians are represented; and the Palm-trees, or trees of Progression in the Garden of Eden. Honoured *Hegemon*, conduct the Zelator to the West, and place him there before the portal of the thirty-second path through which he has just entered.”

The Zelator then seeks entrance by the Caduceus of Hermes, the symbolism of which the *Hegemon* explains to him.

* See 777, cols. cvi., cvii., p. 23.

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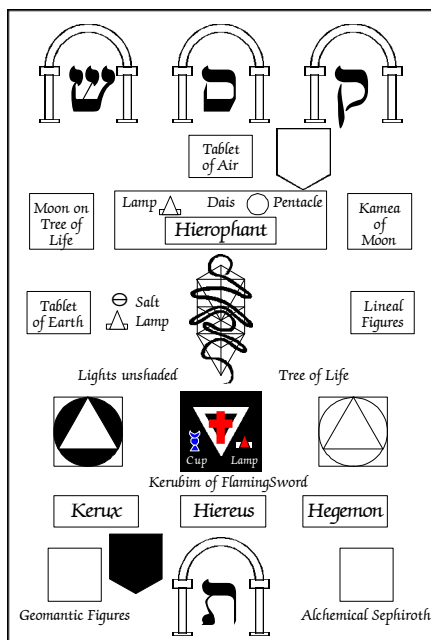


DIAGRAM 23.

Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony of Theoricus in the 2°=9° Ritual.

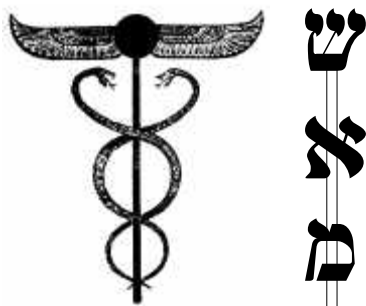


DIAGRAM 24.

The Caduceus of Hermes.

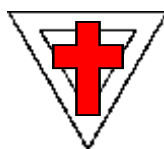


DIAGRAM 25.

The Altar Symbol in the 2°=9° Ritual.

The *Hierophant* then says: "The symbols before you represent alike the Garden of Eden,* and the Holy of Holies: Before you stands the Tree of Life formed of the Sephiroth and their connecting paths. . . . The connecting paths are twenty-two in number, and are distinguished by the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet, making with the ten Sephiroth themselves the thirty-two paths of Wisdom of the Sepher Yetzirah." The letters, he then points out to him, form the symbol of the Serpent of Wisdom, and the Sephiroth the Flaming Sword. "The two pillars right and left of the Tree are the symbols of the active and passive, male and female—Adam and Eve. . . . The pillars further represent the two Kerubim of the Ark; the right, male—Metatron; and the left, female—Sandalphon. Above them ever burn the lamps of their Spiritual Essence, the Higher Life, of which they are the partakers in the Eternal Uncreated One."

The Zelator is then instructed in the sign, grip, grand word, &c.: After which the

* See Diagram of the Paths and Grades.

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Hegemon rises and conducts the Zelator to the *Hiereus*, who explains to him the tablet of “The Duplicate form of the Alchemical Sephiroth.”* The *Hegemon* then explains to him “The Geometrical lineal figures attributed to the planets”;† and the *Kerux* “the sixteen figures of Geomancy.”‡ The *Hierophant* congratulates the newly initiated Theoricus, and confers upon him the title of PORAIOS (or PORAIA) DE REJECTIS, which hath the signification: “brought from among the rejected ones,” and gives unto him the symbol of Ruach, which is the Hebrew for Air.

The Closing then takes place. “Let us adore the Lord and King of Air!” says the *Hierophant*. The prayer of the Sylphs follows; and in the Name of SHADDAI EL CHAI the Temple is closed in the 2°=9° Grade of Theoricus.

The following month, February, P. passed through the next grade, that of 3°=8°.

RITUAL OF THE 3° = 8° GRADE OF PRACTICUS

This Grade is particularly attributed to the element of Water, and especially refers to the planet Mercury and to the thirty-first and thirtieth paths of ♿ and ♆. It opens with the Adoration to the King of the Waters, which is followed by the Advancement. The Theoricus first gives the necessary signs, and then, as before, solemnly pledges himself to secrecy, after which he is conducted to the East and placed between the Mystic Pillars. The *Hierophant* then says to him:

“Before you are the portals of the thirty-first, thirty-second and twenty-ninth paths. Of these, as you already know, the central one leads from the 1°=10° of Zelator to the 2°=9° of Theoricus. That on the left hand, which is now open to you, is the thirty-first, which leads from the 1°=10° of Zelator to the 3°=8° of Practicus. Take in your right hand the Pyramid of Flame, and follow your guide Axiokersa§ the Kabir, who leads you through the path of fire.

* See 777, cols. cxii., cxiii., p. 23.

† See 777, col. xlix., p. 15.

‡ See 777, col. xlix, p. 15 and note p. 41.

§ This introduction of the Samothracian mysteries is evidently a straining after effect. They were of a much lower order than the Eleusinian, and a great deal more obscure; in fact, even at the time, people could not define with anything like accuracy what the Kabiri really were. The student will find more concerning these semi-mythical beings in Strabo, Diodorus and Varro. Döllinger says: “This much is undoubted on the joint testimony of Strabo and Mnaseas; the gods whose initiation people received here (Samothrace) were Axieros, *i.e.*, Demeter; Axiokersos, *i.e.*, Hades; and Axiokersa, *i.e.*, Persephone.—Döllinger, “The Gentile and the Jew,” Eng. edition, 1906, vol. i., pp. 172-186.

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In this ritual the Three Cabiri are made to represent the triangle of fire, thus: Axieros, the first Kabir, says: "I am the apex of the Triangle of Flame: I am the Solar Fire pouring forth its beams upon the lower world: Life-giving, Life-producing." Then Axiokersos, the second Kabir, says: "I am the left-hand basal angle of the Triangle of Flame: I am Fire, Volcanic and Terrestrial, flashing and flaming through the deep abysses of Earth: Fire rending, fire penetrating, tearing asunder the curtains of Matter; fire constrained; fire tormenting; raging and whirling in lurid storm!" And lastly, Axiokersa, the third Kabir, says: "I am the right-hand basal angle of the Triangle of Flame. I am Fire, Astral and Fluid, winding through the Firmament of Air. I am the life of Being, the vital heat of Existence."

The *Hierophant* then takes the solid triangular pyramid and explains:

"The solid triangular Pyramid is an appropriate hieroglyph of fire. It is formed of four triangles, three visible and one concealed: which latter is the synthesis of the rest. The three visible triangles represent Fire, Solar, Volcanic and Astral; while the fourth represents latent heat. The three words: **אור אוב אוד** refer to three conditions of heat: Aud, Active; Aub, Passive;* Aur, the Equilibrated; while **אש** (Ash) is the name of Fire."

"The Thirty-first Path of the Sepher Yetzirah, which answereth to the letter **ש**, is called the Perpetual Intelligence; and it is so called because it regulateth the motions of the Sun and Moon in their proper order; each in an orbit convenient for it. It is, therefore, the reflection of the sphere of Fire; and the path connecting the material universe, as depicted in Malkuth, with the Pillar of Severity and the side of Geburah through the Sephira Hod."

He then explains to the Theoricus the twentieth Key of the Tarot. It is a glyph of the powers of Fire. The angel crowned with the Sun is Michael, the ruler of Solar Fire.

The serpents which leap in the rainbow are symbols of the fiery Seraphim. The trumpet represents the influence of the Spirit descending upon Binah; and the banner with the cross refers to the four rivers of Paradise. Michael is also Axieros; the left-hand

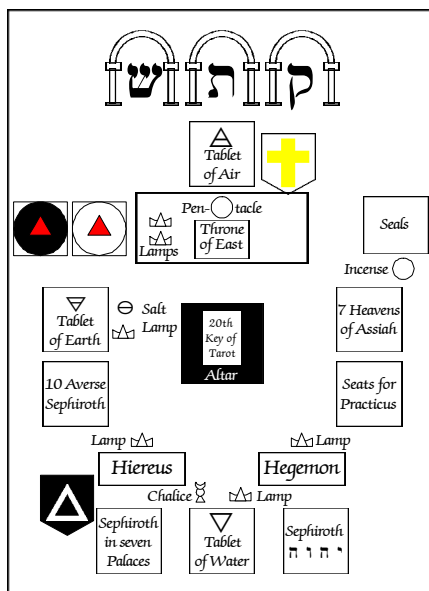


DIAGRAM 26.

Arrangement of Temple for the 31st Path in the 3^d = 8th Ritual.

* Hence: "Odic" force; and "Obi" or "Obeah," witchcraft.

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figure Samael, the ruler of Volcanic Fire—he is also Axiokersos; the right-hand figure is Axiokersa. “These three principal figures form the Triangle of Fire; and they further represent Fire operating in the other three elements of Earth, Water and Air.” The central lower figure is Erd, the ruler of latent heat, he is the candidate in the Samothracian mysteries, and rises from the Earth as if to receive and absorb the properties of the other three. The three lower figures form the Hebrew Letter schin, to which Fire is especially referred; the seven Hebrew Yodhs refer to the Sephiroth operating in each of the seven planets, and also to the Schemhamphorasch.”



DIAGRAM 27.

The Ten Sephiroth in the Seven
Palaces.

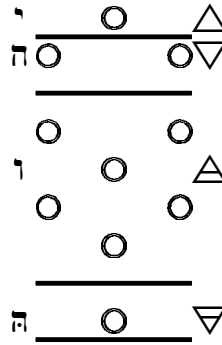


DIAGRAM 28.

The Attributions of the Ten Sephiroth
to the Four Letters.

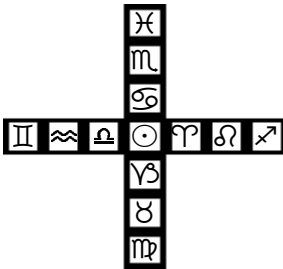


DIAGRAM 29.

The Solar Greek Cross.

The *Hiereus* then explains the two tablets: “The Ten Sephiroth in Seven Palaces,” and “The attribution of the Ten Sephiroth to the four letters of the Holy Name.” And the *Hegemon*: “The Seven Heavens of Assiah,”* and “The Ten evil Sephiroth of the Qliphoth.”†

The *Hierophant* then confers on the Theoricus the title of the Thirty- first Path, which ends the first part of the Ceremony of 3°=8°.

The second part consists of the ritual of the Thirtieth Path. The *Hierophant* explains the Solar Greek Cross, and then says:

“The Thirtieth Path of the Sepher Yetzirah, which answereth unto the letter ‘Resch,’ is called the collecting intelligence; and it is so called because from it astrologers deduce the judgment of the stars, and of the

* See 777, cols. xciii., xciv., xcv., pp. 21, 20.

† See 777, col. viii., p. 2.

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celestial signs, and the perfections of their science, according to the rules of their resolutions. It is therefore the reflection of the Sphere of the Sun; and the Path connecting Yesod with Hod, the Foundation with Splendour.”

And then enters upon the symbolism of the Nineteenth Key of the Tarot, which resumes these ideas: The Sun has twelve principal rays which represent the Zodiac; these are divided into thirty-six rays to represent the thirty-six Decantes; and then again into seventy-two Quinaries. Thus the Sun itself embraces the whole creation in its rays. The seven Hebrew Yodhs falling through the air refer to the Solar influence descending. “The two children, standing respectively on Water and Earth, represent the generating influences of both, brought into action by the rays of the Sun. They are the two inferior and passive elements, as the Sun and the Air above them are the superior and active elements of Fire and Air.” Furthermore, these two children resemble the sign Gemini (which the Greeks and Romans referred to Castor and Pollux), which unites the Earthly sign of Taurus and the Watery sign of Cancer.

The *Hiereus* then shows the Theoricus the tablet of “The astrological symbols of the Planets,”* and explains to him the tablet of “The true and genuine attribution of the Tarot Trumps to the Hebrew Alphabet.”† After which the *Hegemon* leads him to “The Tablet of the Olympic, or aerial planetary spirits,”‡ and shows him “The Geomantic Figures” with the ruling intelligences and genii, also the Talismanic symbols allotted to each geomantic figure.§

The *Hierophant* now confers upon the Theoricus the title of Lord of the Thirteenth Path, who quits the Temple for a short time.

By means of the symbol of the Stolistes—the chalice of Lustral Water—the Theoricus

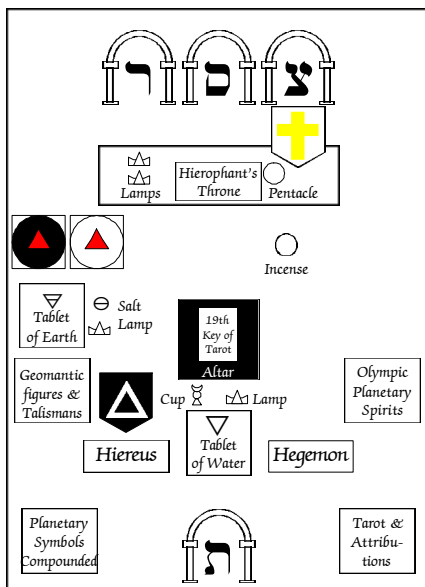


DIAGRAM 30.

Arrangement of Temple for the 30th Path in the 3°=8° Ritual.

* See 777, col. clxxvii., p. 35.

† See 777, col. xiv., p. 4.

‡ See 777, col. lxxx., p. 18

§ See “Handbook of Geomancy,” THE EQUINOX, vol. i., No. II. [pp 135-161, *supra*]

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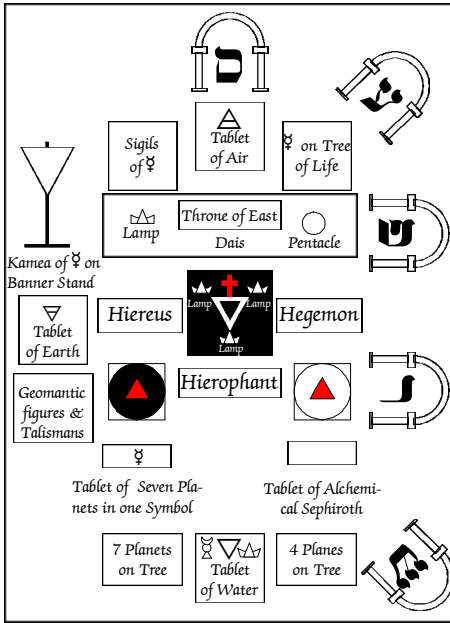


DIAGRAM 31.

The Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony of Practicus in the 3°=8° Ritual.

The *Hierophant* then gives the Theoricus the sign of this grade, and explains the Altar symbol: "The Cross above the triangle represents the power of the spirit of life rising above the triangle of waters; and reflecting the triune therein, as further marked by the lamps at their angles: while the chalice of water placed at the junction of the cross and triangle represents the maternal letter Mem." After which, the tablet bearing the mystic seals and names drawn from the Kamea of Mercury* is shown the Theoricus, as well as the tablet of the seven planes of the Tree of Life, answering to the seven planets, and the tablet showing the meaning of the Alchemical Mercury on the Tree of Life; also the symbols of all the planets resumed in a Mercurial Figure.

The *Hierophant* then congratulates the newly made Practicus, and confers upon him

seeks entrance to the Temple. The *Hierophant* rises, and facing the altar, addresses the Theoricus thus:

"Before you is represented the symbolism of the Garden of Eden, at the summit is the Supernal Eden containing the three Supernal Sephiroth. . . . And in the garden were the Tree of Life, and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, which latter is from Malkuth . . . and a river Nahar went forth out of Eden, namely, from the Supernal Triad, to water the garden—the rest of the Sephiroth. And from thence it was divided into four heads, in Daäth. . . . The first head is Pison, which flows into Geburah. . . . The second head is Gihor . . . flowing into Chesed. The third is Hiddekel . . . flowing into Tiphereth. And the Fourth . . . is Phrath, Euphrates, which floweth down upon Malkuth." These four rivers form the Cross of the Great Adam. In Malkuth is Eve, the completion of All, the Mother of All.

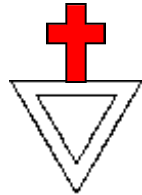


DIAGRAM 32.

The Altar Symbol in the 3°=8° Grade.

* A Kamea is a Magic square. See "Mathematical Recreations," by W. W. Rouse Ball.

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the mystic title of “MONOKEROS DE ASTRIS,” which means “The Unicorn from the Stars,” and gives him the symbol of Maim—water.

The closing of the Temple now takes place, and the prayer to the Undines is rehearsed, and in the name of ELOHIM TZABAOTH is the Dismissal pronounced.

In May, 1899, three months after P. had passed through the ceremony of $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$, he was sufficiently prepared for the further advancement to the grade of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$.

RITUAL OF THE $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ GRADE OF PHILOSOPHUS

The First Part.

This Ritual is particularly attributed to the Element of Fire, and refers to the plant Venus, and the Twenty-Ninth, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-seventh paths of Qoph, Tzaddi and Pé.

The Adoration commences by the Hierophant saying: “TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH! BLESSED BE THOU! THE LORD OF ARMIES IS THY NAME!” To this all answer “Amen.” The Hierophant then orders all present to adore their Creator in the name of Elohim, mighty and ruling, in the Name of Tetragrammaton Tzebaoth, and in the Name of the Spirits of Fire. Then in the Name of TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH he declares the Temple open.

After the Adoration has taken place, the Advancement ritual of the Path of \aleph is celebrated. The *Hegemon* leads the Practicus through the pillars and then circumambulates the Temple. As they approach the Hierophant, he rises, holding aloft the red lamp, and says:

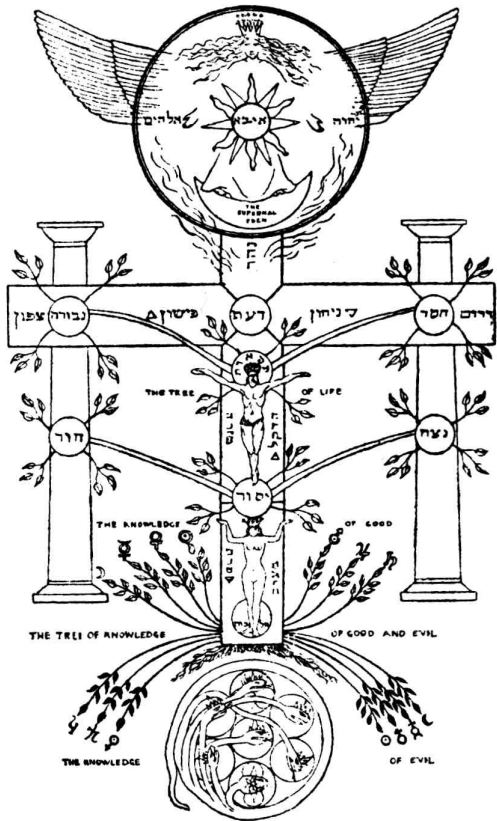


DIAGRAM 33.

The Garden of Eden.

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“The Priest with the mask of Osiris spake and said: ‘I am the water, stagnant, and silent, and still; reflecting all, concealing all. I am the Past! I am the inundation. He that ariseth from the great waters is my name. Hail unto ye! O dwellers in the land of Night. Hail unto ye! for the rending of the darkness is nigh!’ ”

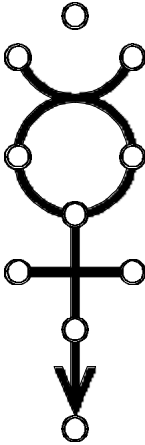


DIAGRAM 34.

Attribution of the Alchemical Mercury.

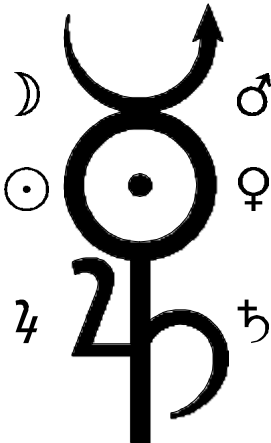


DIAGRAM 36.

The Unification of the Planets in Mercury.

The *Hiereus* says:

“The Priest with the mask of Horus spake and said: ‘I am the Water, turbid, and troubled, and deep. I am the Banisher of Peace in the vast abode of Waters! None is so strong that can withstand the Strength of the great Waters: the Vastness of their Terror: the Magnitude of their Fear: the Roar of their thundering Voice. I am the Future, mist-clad and shrouded in gloom. I am the recession of the torrent, the Storm veiled in Terror is my Name. Hail

unto the mighty Powers of Nature and the chiefs of the whirling Storm.’ ”

The *Hegemon* then says:

“The priestess with the mask of Isis spake and said: ‘The traveller through the gates of Anubis is my Name. I am the water perfect, and limpid, and pure, ever flowing out towards the silver sea. I am the everpassing Present, which stands in the place of the Past; I am the fertilized land. Hail unto the dwellers of the wings of the Morning!’ ”

The *Hierophant* then delivers the following oration:

“I arise in the Place of the Gathering of the Waters through the rolled-back clouds of Night. From the Father of Waters went forth the Spirit rending asunder the veils of the Darkness. And there was but a vastness of Silver and of Depth in the place of the Gathering of Waters.

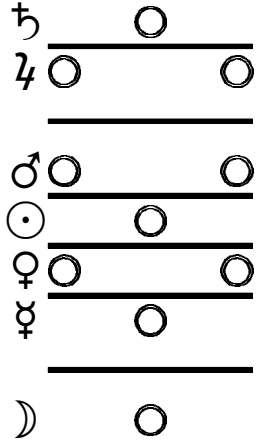


DIAGRAM 35.

The Seven Planes of the Tree of Life.

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“Terrible was the silence of an uncreated world. Immeasurable the depth of that Abyss. And the Countenances of Darkness half-formed arose.

“They abode not; they hasted away; and in the vastness of vacancy the Spirit moved; and the light-bearers were for a space.

“I have said: Darkness of the Dark-ness; are not the Countenances of Dark-ness fallen with the kings that were? Do the Sons of the Night of Time endure for ever? Not yet are they passed away.

“Before all things are the waters; and the Darkness and the Gates of the land of Night.

“And the Chaos cried aloud for the unity of Form, and the Face of the Eternal arose.

“And before the Glory of That Countenance the Night rolled back, and the Darkness hasted away.

“In the Waters beneath was that Face reflected in the Formless Abyss of the Void.

“Forth from those eyes darted rays of terrible splendour which crossed with the currents reflected.

“That Brow and those Eyes formed the Triangle of the measureless Heavens, and their reflection formed the Triangle of the measureless waters.

“And thus was formulated in Eternity the External Hexad; and this is the number of the Dawning Creation!”

The *Hegemon* having illuminated the Temple, the *Hierophant* then explains to the Practicus the Calvary Cross of twelve squares:

“The Calvary Cross of twelve squares fitly represents the Zodiac; which embraces the Waters of Nu, as the Ancient Egyptians termed the Heavens, the waters which be above the Firmament. It also alludes to the Eternal River of Eden, divided into four heads, which find their correlation in the four triplicities of the Zodiac.”

After which he explains to him the Eighteenth Key of the Tarot. It represents the Moon in its increase in the side of Gedulah; it has sixteen principal, and sixteen secondary rays. Four Hebrew Yodhs fall from it. There are also two Watch-towers, two dogs, and a cray-fish. “She is the Moon at the feet of the Woman of the Revelations, ruling equally over the cold and moist natures, and the passive elements of Water

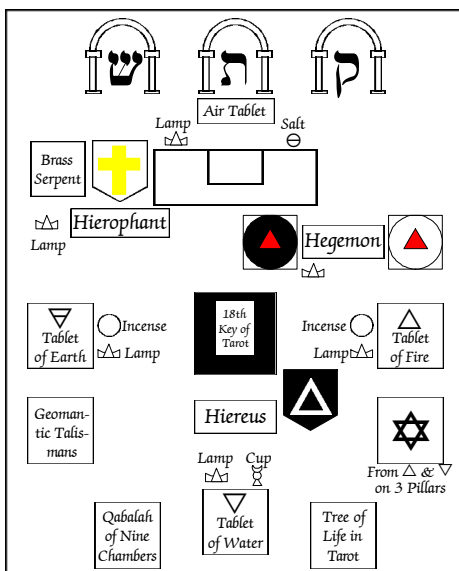


DIAGRAM 37.

The Arrangement of the Temple for the 29th Path in the 4°=7° Ritual.

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and Earth.” The four Yodhs refer to the four letters of the Holy Name. The dogs are the jackals of Anubis guarding the gates of the East and the West symbolised by the two Towers. The cray-fish is the sign Cancer, the Scarabaeus or God Kephera. “The emblem of the Sun below the horizon, as he ever is when the Moon is increasing above.”



DIAGRAM 38.

The Calvary Cross of Twelve Squares.

The Serpent is also a type of Christ the Reconciler, also it is known as Nogah amongst the Shells, and the Celestial Serpent of Wisdom. ‘But the Serpent of the Temptation was the Serpent of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil, and not the Serpent of the Tree of Life.’ ”

ח פ 8	ש ל 3	ת מ 4
ז ק 1	ה נ 5	ע ז 9
ו מ 6	י ע 7	נ ב 2

DIAGRAM 40.

The Qabalah of Nine Chambers.

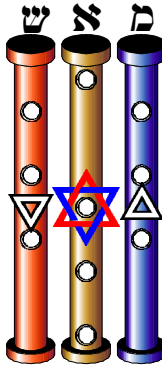


DIAGRAM 41.

The Tablet of the Three Columns.



DIAGRAM 39.

The Serpent of Brass.

After which the *Hiereus* shows the Practicus “The Qabalah of Nine Numbers,” and the tablet of the “Forming the Tree of Life in the Tarot.” And the *Hegemon*: The tablet representing the Formation of the Hexagram, and known as “The tablet of the Three Columns”; and also explains to him the mode of using the Talismanic Forms drawn from the Geomantic Figures.

The *Hierophant* then confers upon the Practicus the title of “Lord of the Twenty ninth Path,” and the first part of the Ritual is ended.

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The Second Part

The Second Part, the passage of the Path of **𐌸** begins by the *Hierophant* saying to the Practicus:

“Frater Monokeros de Astris, the Path now open to you is the Twenty- eighth, leading from the $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$ of Theoricus to the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ of Philosophus. Take in your right hand the Solid pyramid of the Elements and follow your guide through the Path.”

Then, as before, the *Hierophant* raises his red lamp, and cries:

“The Priestess with the Mask of Isis spake and said: ‘I am the rain of Heaven descending upon the Earth, bearing with it the fructifying and germinating power. I am the plenteous yielder of Harvest; I am the cherisher of Life.’ ”

“The Priestess with the Mask of
Nephthys spake and said: ‘I am the dew
descending, viewless,
and silent, gemming
the Earth with count-
less Diamonds of
Dew, bearing down
the influence from
above in the solemn
darkness of Night.’ ”

After which the
Hegemon says:

DIAGRAM 43.

“The Priestess with the Mask of Athoor spake and said: ‘I am the ruler of mist and of cloud, wrapping the Earth as it were with a garment, floating and hovering between Earth and Heaven. I am the giver of the mist-veil of Autumn: the Successor unto the dew-clad Night.’”

Shortly after this, the *Hierophant* explains to the Practicus the truncated Pyramid:

This pyramid is attributed to the four elements; on its apex is the word **אש** (Ath) composed of the first and last letters of the Alphabet, it signifies Essence. The square base represents the material universe.

And then the Seventeenth Key of the Tarot:

This Key represents a Star with seven principal and fourteen secondary rays, altogether twenty-one, the number of the divine name Eheieh. In the Egyptian sense it is Sirius, the Dog-Star, the star of Isis-Sothis. Around it are the seven planets. The nude figure

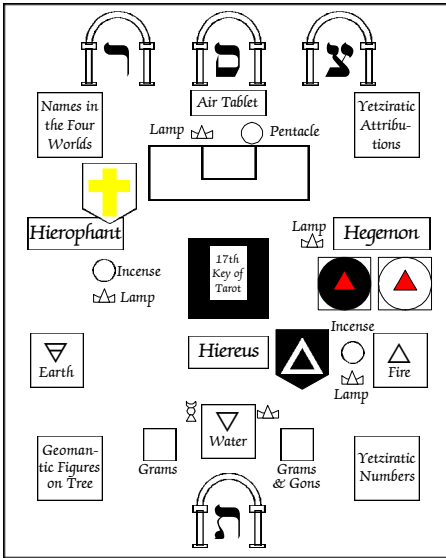


DIAGRAM 42.

The Arrangement of the Temple in the 28th Path in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

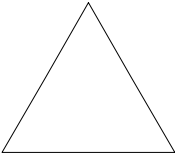


DIAGRAM 43.

The Pyramid of the Four Elements.

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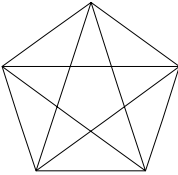
THE LINEAL FIGURES.



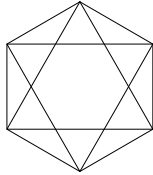
Triangle



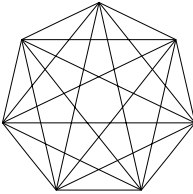
Square



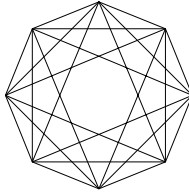
Pentangle



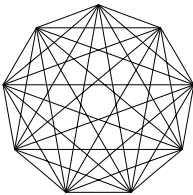
Hexangle



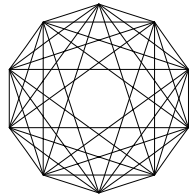
Heptangle



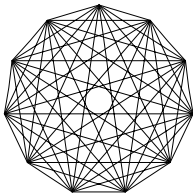
Octangle



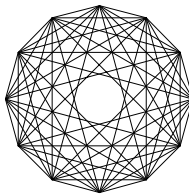
Enneangle



Dekangle



Endekangle



Dodekangle

is the synthesis of Isis, Nephthys, and Hathoor. She is Aima, Binah, and Teb-unah, the great Supernal Mother Aima Elohim pouring upon Earth the Waters of Creation. In this Key she is completely unveiled, whilst in the twenty-first she was only partially so. The two urns contain the influences of Chokmah and Binah. On the right springs the Tree of Life, and on the left the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil, whereon the bird of Hermes alights; therefore this Key represents the restored World.

This finished, the *Hierophant* shows him the method of writing the Holy Name in each of the four Worlds;* and also explains to him the method of writing Hebrew words by Yetziratic attribution of the Alphabet. The *Hierus* unveils "The Lineal Figures attributed to the Planets," showing dekagrams, hendekagrams, and dodekagrams; and explains to him the number of possible modes of tracing the lineal figures. The *Hegemon* informs him that the Sepher Yetzirah divides the ten numbers into a tetrad and hexad; also he explains the Geomantic Figures arranged according to their planetary attribution on the Tree of Life.†

This finishes the second part of this ritual, and the *Hierophant* confers upon the Practicus the title of: "Lord of the Twenty-eighth Path."

The Third Part

At the beginning of the Third Part the *Hierophant* says: "Frater Monokeros de

* See 777, cols. lxiii., lxiv., lxv., lxvi., pp. 16 and 17.

† See 777 col. xlix. and note, also "Handbook of Geomancy," *supra*.

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Astris, the Path now open to you is the Twenty-seventh, which leads from the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ degree of Practicus to the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ degree of Philosophus. Take in your right hand the Calvary Cross of ten squares and follow your guide through the Path of Mars.”

After which the *Hierophant* explains the Calvary Cross of ten squares: “The Calvary Cross of ten squares refers to the ten Sephiroth in balanced disposition; before which the formless and the void rolled back. It is also the opened-out form of the double cube, and of the Altar of Incense.”

And the Sixteenth Key of the Tarot:

It represents a Tower struck by a lightning-flash proceeding from a rayed circle and terminating in a triangle. It is the Tower of Babel. The flash exactly forms the Astronomical symbol of Mars. It is the Power of the Triad rushing down and destroying the Column of Darkness. The men falling from the tower represent the fall of the kings of Edom. “On the right-hand side of the Tower is Light, and the representation of the Tree of Life by Ten Circles. On the left-hand side is Darkness, and Eleven Circles symbolically representing the Qliphoth.”

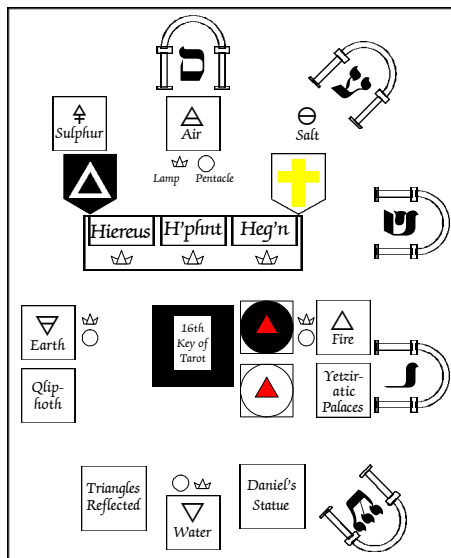


DIAGRAM 44.

Arrangement of the Temple for the 27th Path in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

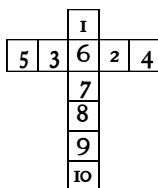


DIAGRAM 45.

The Calvary Cross of Ten Squares.

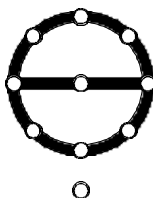


DIAGRAM 46.

The Symbol of Salt on the Tree of Life.

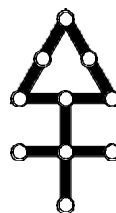


DIAGRAM 47.

The Symbol of Sulphur on the Tree of Life

The Alchemical Symbols of Sulphur and of Salt on the Tree of Life are then shown. After which the *Hierus* explains the tablet of the Trinity operating through the Sephiroth; and the *Hegemon* that of the seven Yetziratic palaces* containing the ten Sephiroth; and

* See 777 col. xc., p. 18.

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the Qliphoth* with their twelve princes, who are the heads of the Evil of the twelve months of the year. The *Hierophant* then confers upon the Practicus the title of "Lord of the Twenty-seventy Path," and the third part of the Ritual comes to an end.

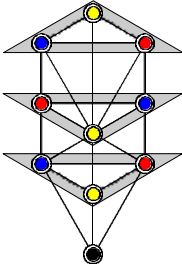


DIAGRAM 48.
The Trinity Operating
through the Sephiroth.

Yesod, resting upon Malkuth. Also the Calvary Cross of six squares within a circle, and is thus referred to the six Sephiroth of Microprosopus, which are: Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth, Hod, Netzach and Yesod."

And then explains to him the symbolic representation of the fall:

"The Great Goddess, who in the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ degree, was supporting the Columns of the Sephiroth in the form of the sign of Theoricus (*i.e.*, of Atlas supporting the World) being tempted by the

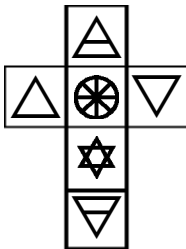


DIAGRAM 50.
The Calvary Cross of
Six Squares.

The Fourth Part.

In the Advancement Ceremony the Practicus seeks admission by the sign of the Calvary Cross of six squares within a circle. The *Hierophant* tells him:

"This cross embraces, as you will see, Tiphereth, Netzach, Hod and Yesod, resting upon Malkuth.

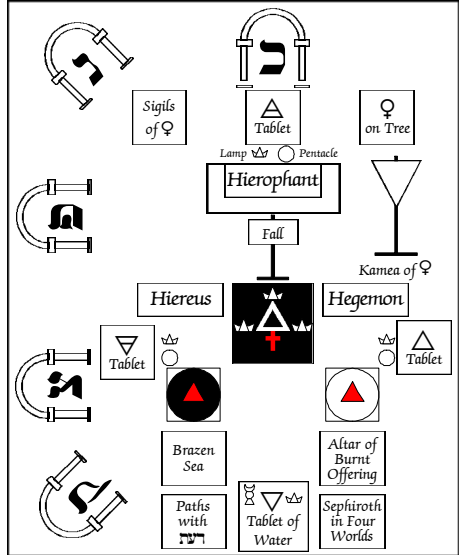


DIAGRAM 49.

Arrangement of the Temple for the Ceremony
of Philosophus in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, stooped down to the Qliphoth . . . the Columns were unsupported, and the Sephirotic Scheme was shattered; and with it fell Adam the Microprosopus. Then arose the Great Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, cutting by his folds Malkuth from the Sephiroth, and linking it to the Kingdom of the Shells. The Seven lower Sephiroth were cut off from the Three Supernals in Daäth, at the feet of Aima Elohim. And on the head of the Dragon are the names of the

* See 777 col. viii., p. 2.

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eight Edomite kings, and on the horns the names of the eleven dukes of Edom. And because in Daäth was the utmost rise of the Great Serpent of Evil; therefore there is as

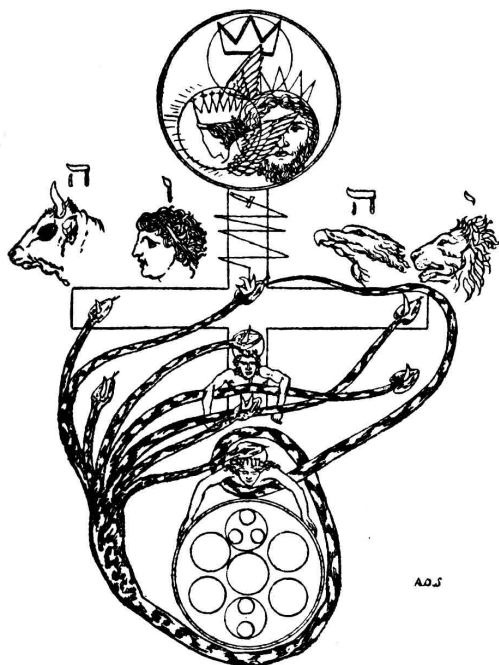


DIAGRAM 51.

The Fall.

NANS' which signifies—the Illuminating Tower of Light, and I give you the symbol of **ש** (Ash), which is the Hebrew name for fire.

Having passed through this grade, the newly made Philosophus earns the title of Honoured Frater and is eligible for the post of Hieres.

The closing then takes place, the adoration of the King of Fire is made, and the Prayer of the Salamanders is rehearsed, and in the name of TETRAGRAMMATON TZEBAOTH the Temple is closed in the grade of $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$.

In the space of seven months from a mere student in the Mysteries, P. had risen to the grade of Philosophus in the Order of the Golden Dawn. A light had indeed been

it were another Sefhira, making eight heads according to the number of the eight Kings; and for the Infernal and Averse Sefhiroth eleven instead of ten, according to the number of the eleven dukes of Edom. The infernal waters of Daäth rushed from the mouth of the Dragon—and this is the Leviathan. Tetragrammaton Elohim placed four letters of the Holy Name, and also the flaming sword, that the uppermost part of the Tree of Life might not be involved in the Fall of Adam."

The Hierophant then explains the symbolism of the Temple, and says:

"I now congratulate you on having passed through the ceremony of the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ of Philosophus and in the recognition thereof, I confer upon you the mystic title of 'PHAROS ILLUMI-



DIAGRAM 52.

The Altar Symbol in the $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ Ritual.

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winnowed from the husks of darkness, and now as an eye of silver it glided over the dark face of the waters. Chaos was taking form—red, vague and immense.

He had passed through the Ritual of Earth, Air, Water, and Fire, and now it was left to him to pass through the Ritual of the Portal, or the Ritual which completes the four elemental rituals by a fifth, the Ritual of the Spirit, before he could pass from the First Order to the Second.

This ritual is an important one, as it is the connecting-link between the first two orders, and in an abridged form is as follows:

THE RITUAL OF THE 24TH, 25TH, AND 26TH PATHS

Leading from the First Order of the G.:. D.:. in the Outer to the 5°=6°

Officers: V. H. Hierophant Inductor; V. H. Associate Adept.

OPENING

The Hierophant Inductor first asks the Frateres and Sorores present to assist him to open the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts. The Frateres and Sorores then give the signs of the various grades from 0°=0° to 4°=7°.

The *Hierophant Inductor* then says to the Associate Adept:

V. H. Associate Adept, what is the additional mystic title bestowed upon a Philosopher, as a link with the Second Order?

Associate Adept: Phrath.

Hierophant Inductor: To what does it allude?

Associate Adept: To the fourth River of Eden.

Hierophant Inductor: What is this Sign?

Associate Adept: The Sign of the rending of the Veil (gives it)*

Hierophant Inductor: What is the answering sign?

Associate Adept: The Sign of the closing of the Veil (gives it)†

Hierophant Inductor: What is the Word?

Associate Adept: Pe. פֶּה.

Hierophant Inductor: Resh. רֶשֶׁת.

Associate Adept: Kaph. כֶּף.

Hierophant Inductor: Tau. תָּ.

Associate Adept: The whole word is Paroketh, פֶּרֶכֶת, meaning the Veil of the Tabernacle.

* and †. For these signs see Liber O, No. II., vol. i., THE EQUINOX (*supra*, p. 11ff.)

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In and by this word the Hierophant Inductor declares the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts duly opened.

THE CEREMONY

At the bidding of the Hierophant Inductor the Associate Adept places the Candidate in the West between the Banner and the Black Pillar, before the Elemental Tablets, but facing the West. After which he presents him to the Hierophant Inductor.

The Hierophant Inductor then addresses the Philosophus and points out to him that if in the previous grades much information was imparted to him; it was done as a test of his trustworthiness. Continuing he says: "I therefore now ask you before proceeding further in the Order, to pledge yourself to the following, laying your hand upon the Central Tablet in the midst of the four Elemental Tablets."

The Philosophus then promises never to reveal the Secrets of this Ritual; never to use his practical Occult Knowledge for Evil; to use his influence only for the honour of God, not to stir up strife; and to uphold the authority of the Chiefs of the Order.

After which he confirms his obligation by saying, "I undertake to maintain the Veil between the First and Second Orders and may the powers of the elements bear witness to my pledge."

The Associate Adept then explains to the Philosophus the admission badge, which is the peculiar emblem of the Hieres of a Temple of the first Order. And the Hierophant Inductor explains the Hierophant's Lamen and the Banner of the East, thus completing his knowledge of the Emblems appropriate to the Officers of a Temple of the First Order.

The Diagram of the Paths is then explained to the Candidate, after which the Hierophant Inductor says:

"Before you in the East are represented the Five Portals of the 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th and 23rd Paths; thus shadowing forth by their number the Eternal Symbol of the Pentagram; for five will divide without remainder the number of the letter of each of these Paths, that is, its numerical value, as it will those of all the paths from 5, the 20th, to 25, the 32nd, inclusive; and also the sum of their numbers.

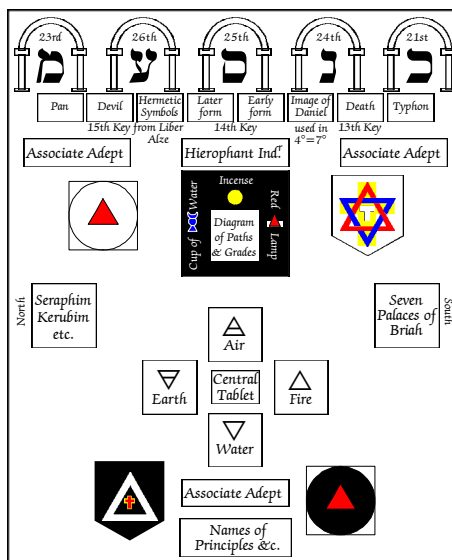


DIAGRAM 53.

Arrangement of the Temple for the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths in the Portal Ritual.

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“Regarding these five Paths, I will now ask you to observe that the Tarot Keys attached to four of them, viz., The Wheel of Fortune, Death, the Devil, and the Hanged Man, are of more or less sinister and terrible import, and that only the symbol of Temperance appears to promise aid. Therefore by this straight and narrow Path of \blacksquare let the Philosophus advance like the arrow from the centre of קשת (Qsheth) the Bow of Promise; for by this hieroglyphic of the arrow hath Sagittarius ever been represented. And as this sign of Sagittarius lieth between the signs Scorpio (Death) and Capricornus (the Devil) so hath Jesus to pass through the wilderness tempted by Satan. But Sagittarius the Archer is a Bi-corporate sign, the Centaur, the Man and the Horse combined. Recall what was said unto thee in the passage of the 31st Path of Fire leading into the $3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$ of Practicus. ‘Also there is the vision of the Fire-flashing Courser of Light, or also a child borne aloft on the shoulders of the Celestial Steed, fiery and clothed with Gold, or naked, and shooting from the Bow shafts of Light, and standing on the shoulders of the horse. But if thy meditation prolongeth itself thou shalt unite all these symbols into the form of the Lion.’* For thus wilt thou cleave upwards by the Path of \blacksquare , through the sixth Sephira unto the Path of \blacksquare answering unto Leo, the Lion, the Reconciling Path between Mercy and Severity, Chesed and Geburah; beneath whose centre hangs the Glorious Sun of Tiphereth.

“V.H. Associate Adept, will you explain to the Philosophus the 13th Key of the Tarot.”

Associate Adept: The 13th Key of the Tarot represents the figure of a skeleton. The five extremities of the Body, delineated by head, hands and feet, allude to the powers of the Number five, the letter \aleph , the Pentagram comprehending the concealed Spirit of Life and the four Elements, the originators of all living forms.

The sign Scorpio especially alludes to stagnant and fetid water; and to that property of the moist nature which initiates putrefaction and corruption.

The eternal change from Life to Death, and through Death to Life, is symbolised in the grass which springs from and is nourished by putrefying and corrupting carcasses. The top of the scythe forms the T, Tau-Cross of Life, showing that what destroys also renews.

The Scorpion, Serpent and Eagle delineated before the figure of Death in the more ancient form of the Key, refer to the mixed transforming (therefore deceptive) nature of this emblem.

The Scorpion is the emblem of ruthless destruction, the Snake is the mixed and deceptive nature, serving alike for good and evil, and the Eagle is the Higher and Divine nature yet to be found herein, the alchemical Eagle of Distillation, the Renewer of Life. As it is said: “Thy youth shall be renewed like the Eagle’s.” Great indeed and many are the Mysteries of this Terrible Key!

After explaining a symbol of Typhon the Associate Adept turns to the 15th Key of the Tarot.

The 15th Key of the Tarot represents a goat-headed Satyr-like demon standing upon

* See Preface.

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a cubical altar. In his left hand, which points downwards, he holds a lighted torch, and in his right hand, which is elevated, a horn of water.

The cubical Altar represents the Universe. The whole figure shows the gross generating powers of nature on the material plane, and is analogous to the Pan of the Greeks and the Egyptian Goat of Mendes.

As his hands bear the torch and the horn, the symbols of Fire and Water, so does his form unite the Earth in his hairy and bestial aspect, and the Air in his bat-like wings. The whole would be an evil symbol were it not for the Pentagram of Light above his head which regulates and guides his movements.

The figure of Pan is then explained, after which the Hierophant Inductor shows the Philosophus the 14th Key of the Tarot.

The more ancient form shows us a female figure crowned with a crown of five rays symbolising the five Principles of Nature, the Concealed Spirit and the four Elements of Earth, Air, Fire and Water. About her head is a halo of Light. On her breast is the Sun of Tiphereth. The five-rayed crown further alludes to the five Sephiroth of Kether, Chokmah, Binah, Chesed and Geburah. Chained to her waist are a lion and an eagle, between which is a large cauldron whence arise steam and smoke. The Lion represents the Fire of Netzach, the Blood of the Lion; and the Eagle represents the Water of Hod, the Gluten of the Eagle; whose reconciliation is made by the Air in Yesod uniting with the volatised Water rising from the cauldron though the influence of the Fire beneath it. The chains which link the Lion and the Eagle to her waist are symbolic of the paths of ♁ and ♂, Scorpio and Capricornus as shown by the Scorpion and the Goat in the background. In her right hand she bears the torch of solar fire, elevating and volatizing the Water in Hod by the fiery influence of Geburah; while with her left hand she pours from a vase the waters of Chesed to temperate and calm the fire of Netzach.

This explanation being ended, the Associate Adept places the red lamp, from the altar, in the right hand of the Philosophus and the cup of water in his left, and says:

“Let this remind you once more that only in and by the reconciliation of opposing

*Visita Interiora Terræ Rectificando
Invenies Occultum Lapidem
Veram Medicinam*

V.I.T.R.I.O.L.U.M.

1.2.3.4.5.6.7.

V.I.T.R.I.O.L.

S.V.L.P.H.U.R.

M.E.R.C.V.R.Y.

△ ▽ △ ▽

Subtilis Aqua Lux Terræ

S.A.L.T.

FIAT LUX

Flatus Ignis Aqua Terra

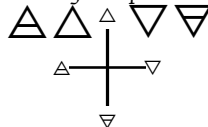


DIAGRAM 54.

The Symbolic Latin Names.

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forces is the pathway made to true occult knowledge and practical power. Good alone is mighty, and Truth alone shall prevail; Evil is but weakness, and the power of evil magic exists but in the contest of unbalanced forces, which in the end will destroy and ruin him who hath subjugated himself thereto. As it is said: “stoop not down, for a precipice lieth beneath the Earth; a descent of Seven steps; and therein is established the throne of an Evil and Fatal force. Stoop not down unto that dark and lurid world, defile not thy brilliant flame with the earthy dross of Matter. Stoop not down, for its splendour is but seeming, it is but the habitation of the sons of the unhappy.”

The lamp and cup are then replaced, after which the following symbols are explained to the Philosophus: The Image of Nebuchadnezzar’s Vision; The Symbol of the Great Hermetic Arcanum; The Tablet of Union between the four Elements; The tablet of the Symbolic Latin Names; The Seven Palaces of the Briatic World; and the Kerubim in the Visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and St. John.

The Hierophant Inductor now congratulates the Philosophus on the progress he has made, and proclaims him Master of the 24th, 25th, and 26th Paths in the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts. After which the Closing of the Portal takes place, the Hierophant Inductor saying:

“In and by that word Paroketh I declare the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts duly closed. Unto thee O Tetragrammaton be ascribed Malkuth, Geburah, and Gedulah unto the Ages. Amen.”

So finishes the Ritual of the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts, the connecting ritual between the grades of Philosophus and Adeptus Minor, between the First and the Second Order. But before we close this chapter, it will be necessary, briefly though it may be, to trace out the effect these six rituals and the mass of occult knowledge which appertains to them, had upon P., and further might be expected to have on the ordinary seeker in the mysteries of Truth.

To even the most casual student it must be apparent, once he has finished reading these rituals, that though they contain much that is scholarly and erudite, besides much that is essential and true, they, however, are bloated and swollen with much that is silly and pedantic, affected and misplaced, so much so that wilful obscurity taking the place of a lucid simplicity, the pilgrim, ignorant as he must be in most cases, is

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spontaneously plunged into a surging mill-race of classical deities and heroes, many of whom thrust themselves boisterously upon him without rhyme or reason.

Ushered as it were into a Judgment Hall in which the law expounded to him is not only entirely unknown but is written in a language which he cannot even read, he is cross-questioned in a foreign tongue and judged in words which at present convey not a symptom of sense to him. As the Rituals proceed it might be expected that these difficulties would gradually lessen, but this is far from being the case; for, as we have seen, the complexities already involved by the introduction of Ancient Egyptian deities, concerning whom it is probable the candidate has but little knowledge, are further heightened by a general intrusion on the part of Hebrew, Christian, Macedonian and Phrygian gods, angels and demons, and a profuse scattering of symbols; which, unitedly, are apt either so to bewilder the candidate that he leaves the temple with an impression that the whole ritual is a huge joke, a kind of buffoonish carnival of Gods which in the sane can only provoke laughter; or, on account of it being so utterly incomprehensible to him, his ignorance makes him feel that it is so vastly beyond him and above his own simple standard of knowledge, that all that he can do is to bow down before those who possess such an exalted language, concerning even the words and alphabet of which he can get no grasp or measure.

The result of this obscurity naturally is that in both cases the Rituals fail to initiate—in the first case they, not being understood, are jeered at; in the second they, though equally incomprehensible, are however revered. Instead of teaching the Alphabet by means of simple characters they teach it by grotesque and all but impossible hieroglyphics, and in the

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place of giving the infant adept a simple magic rag doll to play with, intrust to his care, with dire prognostication and portent of disaster, a gargoyle torn from the very roof of that temple on the floor of which he, as a little child, is as yet but learning to crawl. The result being, as it proved in most cases, as disastrous as it was lamentable.

There is a time and a place for everything, and there is a right use for the affectation of knowledge just as there is a wrong one. When a child has learnt the simple rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; it is legitimate to ask it to solve some simple little problem; but it is sheer waste of time to ask it: "If twenty-four sprats cost a shilling, and one sprat will make a meal for two children, how many children can you feed for twopence halfpenny?" before it knows that one plus one equals two. If a child is never taught to add one to one it is possible that even when grown up, the man to his dying day will look upon the setter of the twopenny-halfpenny sprat question as an advanced mathematician, perhaps even as an "advanced occultist." But when he has learnt the meaning of one plus one equals two, he will find this vast unthinkable problem to be after all but as simple as adding one to one or two to two.

The affectation of knowledge and the piling on of symbols is only legitimate to the ignorant when the purpose is to bewilder by a flashing image and not to instruct. In the present case the seeker after Truth is called the Child of Earth and Darkness, and instead of being shown the beautiful garment of light he will one day be called upon to wear, is at once rolled in a heap of tinselled draperies, in mummy wrappings, outgrown togas and the discarded underwear of

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Olympus and Sinai, the result being that unless his understanding is as clear as these rituals are obscure, all he obtains is a theatrical impression of “make-up” and “make-believe,” and a general detachment from the realities of Consciousness. The words obsess him; he cannot see that Typhon is as necessary in the Egyptian Scheme as Osiris; in the Christian, that Satan is but the twin of Christ. They fetter the freedom which they are supposed to unbind, producing not only a duality but a multiplicity of illusions; so that, in the end, the chances are, instead of conversing face to face with Adonai, he becomes a prig addressing a mass meeting in the Albert Hall, rationalising about irrational qualities.

Fortunately in the case of P. the result was somewhat different; already master of a vast storehouse of knowledge and learning he was less likely to gasp “Oh my!” at the display of Egyptian pyrotechnics than many of the others; he was in fact enabled by their help to weld to his knowledge a catalogue of disruptive learning, and from it add many words to the great dictionary of magical language he was at this time eagerly attempting to construct.

This construction of a language should be the object of all rituals; they should bring the seeker step by step nearer to his quest, that is to say, to perfect him in the tongue he one day hopes to speak. Each Ritual, be it a letter, a word, a sentence, or a volume, should contain a lesson clear and precise, it should leave behind it so bright and dazzling a picture that the very thought of it will at once conjure up the power dressed in its simple yet luminous symbols.

In the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ Ritual this is much more clearly carried out than in the following four. The candidate, the would-be

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Neophyte, is led up to the Portal of the First Grade, the Grade of Neophyte, and is momentarily revealed a flashing vision of Adonai, as it were a tongue of blinding flame out of the depths of darkness, to show him that there is light even in this dreadful night through which he has to journey. He learns that though Adonai is in Kether, Kether also is in Malkuth; but the Rituals which follow the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$, excepting the Portal, which consists more of symbols and their explanations than of rites and ceremonials, are more inclined to obsess than to illuminate. Of course it may be urged that as they constitute four great trials, it is after all a greater test to be placed under a false guide than an honest one. But indeed, if this be so, then most certainly should the Neophyte, Zelator, Theoricus or Practicus travel his own road unhelped by others; further, he should not be tempted by others, and when he is hopelessly entangled be relieved of his trials like the reader of a fairy-tale who invariably finds that after the most monstrous difficulties the hero and heroine always marry and live happily ever afterwards. It is a better trial of the powers of a swimmer to let him swim without a cork jacket, notwithstanding the fact that it is a greater trial by far if you order him to leap into the water with a millstone round his neck; but this is scarcely "cricket," even if at the last moment you pull him out of the water and restore life by artificial respiration. Further, it is not teaching him how to swim, or how to improve his powers of swimming.

In the $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ Ritual the Neophyte enters the first sphere of the Elements, the Element of Earth, and is at once liable to fall prey to the terrible worldly obsessions of the path of \aleph . This dark path he journeys up only to become child of the

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fickle element of Air whose sign is the ever-changing moon. The next step brings him under the unstable condition of Water and the seemingly unbalanced influences of Mercury. But if he has passed through the paths of ♃ and ♄ with cunning and earnestness he will understand why it is necessary to enter the grade of the Element of Water by the paths of the Sun and of Fire, as he will in his next step understand why it is that the paths of ♓ and ♈, that is, of Pisces and Aquarius, lead him to the fire of Netzach and not to the Water of Hod.

The path which connects Hod with Netzach is the 27th path of the Sepher Yetzirah which answers to the letter ז. It is the reflection of the Sphere of Mars and is the lowermost of the reciprocal paths. The Tarot Key attributed to this path is very rightly the 16th Key—the Tower; which we have seen in the 4°=7° Ritual represents a tower struck by a flash of lightning, symbolising the Tower of Babel struck by the wrath of Heaven, and also the Power of the Triad rushing down and destroying the columns of darkness, the light of Adonai glimmering through the veils and consuming the elementary Rituals of the 1°=10°, 2°=9°, 3°=8°, and 4°=7° grades.

In many cases the candidate, it is to be feared, can never have realised the necessity of this destruction of superficial knowledge, and the harnessing of the Bull, Eagle, Man and Lion under the dazzling lash of the Spirit. And we find that though these rituals enabled P. to master a language, they in many ways hindered his otherwise natural progress by helping largely to obsess his Nephesh by the Qliphoth—his passions and emotions being stirred up by a continuous pageant of

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naked Gods; his Ruach by the phantom of dead words—by the duality of the shell and of the fruit of things; and his Neschamah by Tetragrammaton, *i.e.*, he aspired chiefly to magic powers, not so that they might light him like the flame of a lamp along his road, but that they might consume, like the fire on the altar, his propitiations and sacrifices to a personal God.

Thus we find him, as it were, figuring before him a Pentagram and saying: “It is not complete without its top point.” This is undoubtedly correct, but at this time he still failed to realise that when once the Supernal Triad has descended and is resting on the topmost point of the Pentagram, this being now the point of juncture becomes the most important of all points, and that the lower four are little better than supports, legs and arms to the body whose head now wears the Crown.

When the pilgrim realises that the four characteristics of the Sphinx, the four elements, the four letters of the Name, are only answerable in the fifth; then may it be said that the Ritual has succeeded in its purpose and has initiated him, otherwise that it has failed. It is no good (even if you are the Hierophant himself) pretending to represent יהיה before you have realised what is meant by יהשועה.

The real knowledge acquired by P. at this time, as we shall find in a subsequent chapter, was gained by his workings with Fras. C.S., V.N. and I.A.; and so ardent was he in his search after knowledge that he even went so far as to invoke Mercury by obtaining access to and copying the 5°=6° Rituals and Knowledges belonging to Fra. F.L., saying to himself: “All for Knowledge, even life, even honour, All!”

THE SEER

IT is not to be wondered that the magic strain to which P. had been placed during the last seven months should have long since blossomed into flowers of weird and wonderful beauty. And so we find, as far back as the beginning of November 1899, the commencement of a series of extraordinary visions as wild and involved as many of those of Black or St. Francis.

But before entering upon these visions, it will be necessary to explain that by a vision we mean as definite a psychological state and as certain and actual a fact to the mental eye, as the view of a landscape is considered to be to the physical eye itself. And so when we have occasion to write "he saw an angel," it is to be taken that we mean by it as absolute a fact as if we had written "he saw a mountain," or "he saw a cow." It, however, is not to be accepted that by this we lay down that either angels or cows exist apart from ourselves, they may or they may not; but it is to be taken that angels, and mountains and cows are ideas of equal value in their own specific spheres: the astral and the material; and that they have their proper place in existence, whatever existence may be, and that every experience, normal, abnormal, subnormal or supernormal, whether treated as an illusion or a fact, is of equal value so

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long as it is conditioned in Time; and that a dream is of as real a nature as awakening, but on a different plane in existence, the conditions of which can alone be judged and measured by experimental science.

Science advances by means of accumulating facts and consolidating them, the grand generalisation of which merges into a theory when it has been accepted by universal inference. Thus, I infer that catching a ball is not a necessary sequitur to throwing a ball up in the air; however, if I had never thrown a ball up in my life, and suddenly commenced doing so, and invariably caught it, probably after the nine hundred and ninety-nine billionth time I might be excused if I considered that catching balls was a necessary law of nature.* Yet nevertheless if I did arrive at such a conclusion without being fully conscious that at any moment I might have to recast the whole of these laws, I should be but a bat-headed dogmatist instead of the hawk-eyed man of science who is ever ready to re-see and to reform.†

* "Why is it more probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood and is extinguished by water; unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or in other words a miracle, to prevent them?"—Hume, iv., p. 133.

"It is a miracle that a dead man should come to life, because that has never been observed in any age or country."—Hume, iv., p. 134.

† "If a piece of lead were to remain suspended of itself in the air, the occurrence would be a 'miracle,' in the sense of a wonderful event, indeed; but no one trained in the methods of science would imagine that any law of nature was really violated thereby. He would simply set to work to investigate the conditions under which so highly unexpected an occurrence took place; and thereby enlarge his experience and modify his hitherto unduly narrow conception of the laws of nature."—Huxley, "Essay on Hume," p. 155.

"A philosopher has declared that he would discredit universal testimony rather

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Before the birth of Copernicus the sun was universally considered to be a body moving round the earth; it was a FACT, and probably whilst it lasted the most universal fact the mind of man has ever accepted; but since that illuminated sage arose, it has been shown to be a simple fable, a child-like error, a puny optical illusion—so much for pseudo-scientific dogmatics.

To a child who has never seen a monkey, monkey is outside the circumference of its knowledge; but when once it has seen one it is mere foolishness for other children to say: “Oh no, you didn’t really see a monkey; such things as monkeys do not exist, and what proves it beyond all doubt is that we have never seen one ourselves!” This, it will be seen, is the Freethinkers’* old, old conclusive argument: There is not a God because *we* have no experience of a God.”† . . . “There is not a South Pole because we have not trudged round it six times and cut our names on it with our pocket-knives!”

Now what is knowledge?

Something is!—Call it Existence.

What exists?

“I exist!” answers the Idealist, “I and I alone!”

than believe in the resurrection of a dead person, but his speech was rash, for it is on the faith of universal testimony that he believed in the impossibility of the resurrection. Supposing such an occurrence was proved, what would follow? Must we deny evidence, or renounce reason? It would be absurd to say so. We should simply infer that we were wrong in supposing resurrection to be impossible.”—E. Lévi, “The Doctrine of Transcendent Magic,” pp. 121, 158, also p. 192.

Also see Capt. J. F. C. Fuller, “The Star in the West,” pp. 273-284.

* As opposed to “free thinker.”

† Not “There is not a God *for us*, because we have no experience of a God,” which, so long as they had no such experience, would be correct.

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“Oh no, you do not!” cries the Materialist, “you certainly do exist; but not alone, for I am talking to you!”

“Fool!” says the Idealist, “cannot you grasp the simple idea that you and your foolish argument are in fact part of me?”

“But surely,” replies the Materialist, “you do not doubt that the world exists, that the Evolution of Man exists, that Judas McCabbage exists and is an actual fact.”

“Granted they do exist,” sighs the Idealist, “so do the reflections of an ape’s face in a looking-glass, yes, they do exist, but not apart from my own mind.”

“Yet the world of a blind man,” says the Mystic, “is a very different place to the world a deaf man lives in, and both these worlds vary considerably from the world normally constituted man inhabits. Likewise animals, whose sense-organs vary from ours, live in altogether a different world from us. To give an eyeless worm eyes is only comparable to endowing us with a sixth sense. The world to us therefore depends wholly upon the development of our senses; and as they grow and decay so does the world with them, how much more then does the world of those who have out stepped the prison-house of their senses differ from the world of those who still lie bound therein. It is possible to conceive of a child being born blind (in a race of blind people) obtaining the use of its eyes when an old man, and thereupon entering a new world; why, therefore, should it be impossible to conceive of a man with all his senses perfect obtaining another sense or entering into another dimension.* The blind man, if a few minutes after he had

* “Whatever is intelligible and can be distinctly conceived implies no contradiction, and can never be proved false by any demonstration, argument, or abstract reasoning *a priori*.”— Hume, iv., p. 44.

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obtained possession of his sight were suddenly to return to a state of blindness, would have great difficulty in explaining to his blind brothers the sights he had seen, in fact none would believe him, and his difficulty in explaining in the language of blind-land the wonders of the land of sight would probably be so great that he would find more consolation in silence than in an attempted explanation: this has generally been the case with the true adepts; and those who have tried to explain themselves have been called mad by the *canaille*.

“The truth is,” continues the Mystic, “both of you have been talking foolishness through your material and idealistic hats. For:

“In the Material World Matter is Existence.

“In the Sensible World Sense is Existence.

“In the Spiritual World Spirit is Existence.

“And though in the Sensible World a cow or an angel exists solely as an idea to us, this does not preclude the possibility of a cow existing as beef in the Material World, or an angel as a spirit in the Spiritual World.”

“The fact is,” interrupts the Sceptic, “I doubt all three of you; for from the above you all three infer a chain of events—whether material, sensual, or spiritual, thus postulating the Existence of Causality as a common property of these three worlds. Let us strike out Matter, Sense and Spirit, and what is left? Surely not Time and Space, that twin inference conceived by that Matter, Sense and Spirit we have just put to bed.”

“Don’t you think,” says the Scientific Illuminist, “that instead of dreaming all your lives it would be a good thing to wake up and do a little work? There are four of you, and the

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Kerubim of Ezekiel might perhaps engage your individual attention.”

The truth is, it does not matter one rap by what name you christen the illusions of this life, call them substance, or ideas, or hallucinations, it makes not the slightest difference, for you are in them and they in you whatever you like to call them, and you must get out of them and they out of you, and the less you consider their names the better; for name-changing only creates unnecessary confusion and is a waste of time.

Let us therefore call the world a series of existences and have done with it, for it does not matter a jot what we mean by it so long as we work; very well then; Science is a part of this series, and so is Magic, and so are cows and angels, and so are landscapes, and so are visions; and the difference between these existences is the difference which lies between a cheesemonger and a poet, between a blind man and one who can see. The clearer the view the more perfect the view; the clearer the vision the more perfect the vision. The eyes of a hawk are keener than those of an owl, and so are a poet's keener than those of a cheesemonger, for he can see beauty in a ripe Stilton whilst the latter can only see two-and-sixpence a pound.

A true vision is to awakenment as awakenment is to a dream; and a perfectly clear co-ordinate vision is so nearly perfect a Reality that words cannot be found in which to translate it, yet it must not be forgotten that its truth ceases on the return of the seer to the Material plane.

The Seer is therefore the only judge of his visions, for they belong to a world in which he is absolute King, and to

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describe them to one who lives in another world is like talking Dutch to a Spaniard. Our business then is, to construct if possible a universal language. This the rituals of the Golden Dawn and the study of the Qabalah did for P., and when we talk of quadrating the circle, of blinding darkness, of silent voices, &c. &c., those who have learned the alphabet of any magical language will understand; and those who have not, if they wish to read any further with profit, had better do so, as it will help them to master the new magical language and doctrines we here offer them.

The vision of the adept is so much truer than ordinary vision that when once it has been attained to its effect is never relinquished, for it changes the whole life. Blake would have as soon doubted the existence of his wife, his mother or of himself, as that of Urizen, Los, or Luvah.

Dreams are real, hallucinations are real, delirium is real, and so is madness; but for the most part these are Qliphothic realities, unstable, unbalanced, dangerous.

Visions are real, inspirations are real, revelation is real, and so is genius; but these are from Kether, and the highest climber on the mystic mountain is he who will obtain the finest view, and from its summit all things will be shown unto him.

A child learning to play on the violin will not at the outset be mistaken for Sarasate or Paganini; for there will be discord and confusion of sound. So now, as we start upon the first visions of P. we find chaos piled on chaos, much struggling and noise, a roaring of wild waters in the night, and then finally, melody, silence and the communication of the mystic books of V.V.V.V.V.

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Let us now trace his progress in search of the Stone of the Philosophers, which is hidden in the Mountain of Abiegnus.

There are eighteen recorded visions* between the commencement of November and the end of December 1898, but as there is not sufficient space to include them all, only six of the most interesting will be given. Being all written in his private hieroglyphic cipher by Frater P., we have been obliged to re-write them completely, and elaborate them.

No. 5. "After fervent prayer I was carried up above the circle† which I had drawn, through a heavy and foggy atmosphere. Soon, however, the air grew purer, and after a little I found myself in a beautifully clear sky.

"On gazing up into the depths of the blue, I saw dawn immediately above me a great circle; then of a sudden, as I looked away from its centre, there swept out towards me at intolerable speed the form of a shepherd; trembling and not knowing what to say, with faltering voice I asked, 'Why speed ye?' Whereupon the answer came: 'There is haste!' Then a great gloom closed mine eyes, and a horror of defilement encompassed me, and all melted in twilight and became cloaked in the uttermost darkness. And out of the darkness there came a man clothed in blue, whose skin was of the colour of sapphire, and around him glowed a phosphor light, and in his hand he held a sword.

"And on seeing him approach I fell down and besought him to guide me, which without further word he did.

* Many of these visions were carried out with Frater C. S.

† A circle was first drawn, as in many invocations, in the centre of which the seer stood.

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“On turning to the left I saw that near me was a rock door, and then for the first time I became aware that I was clothed in my robes of white.* Passing through the door, I found myself on the face of a high cliff that sank away into the abysses of space below me; and my foot slipping on the slippery stone, I stumbled forward, and would of a certainty have been dashed into that endless gulf, had not the shepherd caught me and held me back.

“Then wings were given me, and diving off from that great rocky cliff like a sea-bird, I winged my course through the still air and was filled with a great joy.

“Now, I had travelled thus but for a short time, when in the distance there appeared before me a silver-moss rugged hill. And on its summit was there built a circular temple, fashioned of burnished silver, domed and surmounted with a crescent. And for some reason unknown to me, the sight of the crescent made me tremble so that I durst not enter; and when my guide, who was still with me, saw that I was seized with a great fear, he comforted me, bidding me be of good courage, so with him I entered. Before us in the very centre of the temple there sat a woman whose countenance was bright as the essence of many moons; and as I beheld her, fear left me, so I stepped towards her and knelt reverently at her feet.

“Then, as I knelt before her, she gave me a branch of olive and myrtle, which I folded to my heart; and as I did so, of a sudden a great pillar of smoke rose from the ground before me and carried her away through the dome of the temple.

“Slowly the pillar loosened itself, and spiral puffs of smoke, creeping away from the mighty column, began to circle round

* The robes of the Neophyte in the 0°=0° Ritual of the G.:. D.:.

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me, at which I stepped back to where my guide was still standing. Then he advanced, and beckoning me to follow him, we entered the great pillar of smoke and were carried through the bright dome of the temple.

“On, on we soared, through regions of cloud and air; on, on, past the stars and many myriads of burning specks of fire, till at length our journey led us to a vast blue sea, upon which was resting like a white swan a ship of silver. And without staying our flight, we made towards the ship, and descending upon it, rested awhile.

“On awaking, we found that we had arrived at a fair island, upon which stood a vast temple built of blocks of silver, square in form, and surrounded by a mighty colonnade. Outside it was there set up an altar upon which a branch had been sacrificed.

“On seeing the altar, I stepped towards it and climbed upon it, and there I sacrificed myself, and the blood that had been my life bubbled from my breast, and trickling over the rough stone, was sucked up by the parched lips of the white sand. . . . And behold, as I rose from that altar, I was alone standing upon the flat top of the square temple, and those who had been with me, the shepherd and my guide, had vanished;—I was alone . . . alone.

“And as I stood there, the east became as an amethyst clasped in the arms of the sard, and a great thrill rushed through me; and as I watched, the sard became as a fawn; and as I watched again, the east quivered and the great lion of day crept over the horizon, and seizing the fawn betwixt his gleaming teeth, shook him till the fleecy clouds above were as a ram’s skin flecked with blood.

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“Then thrill upon thrill rushed through me, and I fell down and knelt upon the flat roof of the temple. And presently as I knelt, I perceived other suns rising around me, one in the North, and one in the South, and one in the West. And the one in the North was as a great bull blowing blood and flame from its nostrils; and the one in the South was as an eagle plucking forth the entrails of a Nubian slave; and the one in the West was as a man swallowing the ocean.

“And whilst I watched these suns rising around me, behold, though I knew it not, a fifth sun had arisen beneath where I was standing, and it was as a great wheel of revolving lightnings. And gazing at the Wonder that flamed at my feet, I partook of its glory and became brilliantly golden, and great wings of flame descended upon me, and as they enrolled me I grew thirty cubits in height—perhaps more.

“Then the sun upon which I was standing rose above the four other suns, and as it did so I found myself standing before an ancient man with snow-white beard, whose countenance was a-fired with benevolence. And as I looked upon him, a great desire possessed me to stretch forth my hand and touch his beard; and as the desire grew strong, a voice said unto me, ‘Touch, it is granted thee.’

“So I stretched forth my hand and gently placed my fingers upon the venerable beard. And as I did so, the ancient man bent forward, and placing his lips to my forehead kissed me. And so sweet was that kiss that I would have lingered; but I was dismissed, for the other four suns had risen to a height equal to mine own.

“And seeing this I stretched out my wings and flew, sinking through innumerable sheets of blinding silver. And presently

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I opened mine eyes, and all around me was as a dense fog; thus I returned into my body.”

The vision being at an end, a thanksgiving was offered.

No. 7. This vision was undertaken by P. for strength to aid his cousin, who was in distress. As in No. 5, it commenced with a prayer, a circle being drawn around the Skryer.

“As I prayed, a feeling of drowsiness possessed me, and I found myself swinging backwards and forwards; then after a little while I grew steady, and speedily ascended. As I soared up through the air, I saw above me a great circle; this I passed through, only to behold another one greater still. As I approached it I perceived an angel coming towards me; therefore I entered the circle and knelt down.

“The angel, seeing me kneeling before him, approached me, and taking me by the hand, raised me up, kissing me as he did so. And having thus greeted me, he bade me tell him what I sought; this I did. And when I had finished speaking, he took me by the right hand and flew obliquely upwards. And as I was carried through the air, I looked down, and felt reluctant at leaving the great circle, which had now become as a point below me. And as I thought of it, of a sudden I found myself standing upon a marble floor, from out of which rushed up into the heavens a great pillar of fire. And as I gazed wonderingly at it, though on account of its brightness I could see no one, I became conscious that many people were worshipping around me. Then slowly, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw that the great pillar of fire was in truth the right leg of an immense figure.

“On becoming aware of this, a great awe filled me, and

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then did bewilderment possess me, for I found that I was robed in red garments in place of the white in which I had dressed myself. And as I wondered, the angel said to me: 'They have been given thee'; therefore again I knelt, and was endued with a great power.

"And as the great strength coursed through me I stood up and the angel gave me a white wand, placing it in my right hand; then fiery rain fell upon me, bursting into little flames as it touched me.

"Taller and taller did I grow, striving up and upwards to reach the face of the great figure. And as I strove, I emerged from the centre of the crown of mine own head like a white bird; and so great had been my desire that I shot upwards past my skull like an arrow from a bended bow. And swerving down, I played around the head of the great image and kissed it on the lips. But through for many minutes did I fly about that immense head, the countenance thereof was ever cloudy as a mountain seen through a storm of snow; yet nevertheless could I distinguish that the head was like an Assyrian clean-shaven, like a bull, a hawk, an Egyptian and myself.

"Intoxicated with rapture, I fluttered about the lips and then entered the great mouth.

"Up! up! I rise. I am in a chamber with two square pillars and an eye . . . I bathe in the light of this eye and the intense brilliancy of the whole room, which swallows me up.

"Bigger and bigger do I grow . . . I fill the room . . . I emerge from the top of the mighty head, and kissing once again the lips, swerve downwards and unite with the red figure below me.

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“I grow great, and my white wand becomes a wand of living fire. Then I perceived that the angel had left me, and that once again fiery rain was falling around me.

“After this I departed, and in the air was surrounded by dark forms, whom I commanded to lead me back to the circle. Then I sank amid a flock of eagles, and, descending, prayed and rejoined my body.

“My body was intensely strengthened; I was filled with a feeling of power and glory. I gave thanks.”

No. 10. “Queen’s Hall. During the *andante* of Beethoven’s Symphony in C (No. 5) I assume white astral, and fill the entire hall. Then I looked up to God, and impulses of praise and prayer possessed me. Presently I shrink forcibly and re-enter my body.”

No. 14. “I draw the circle and recite the ‘Lesser Banishing Ritual’;* but performed it badly, omitting an important section.

“At first there appeared to me a brightness in the West, and a darkening of the East; and whilst perplexed by this matter, I find I have entered a dirty street, and see near me a young child sitting on the doorstep of a very squalid house.

“I approached the house, and seeing me, the child scrambled to his feet and beckoned me to follow him. Pushing open the rickety door, he pointed out to me a rotten wooden staircase. This I mounted, and entered a room which apparently belonged to a student.

“In the room I found a little old man, but could not see him distinctly, as the blinds were down.

* See Liber O.

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“He asked me my business.

“And I answered I had come to seek of him certain formulae.

“Thereupon he opened a book which was lying on the table before him, and showed me a sigil. After I had looked at it carefully, he explained to me how I should make it, and finished by telling me that it was used to summon ‘things of earth.’



DIAGRAM 55.

Sigil in Book.

“As I looked incredulously at him, he took hold of the sigil, and no sooner had he done so than from out of every crack and seam in the floor there wriggled forth a multitude of rats and other vermin.

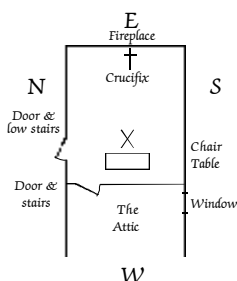


DIAGRAM 56.

Plan of the Adept's room and the attic above.

“After this, he led me upstairs to another floor, and into a room which in the dim light appeared to be an attic.

“At the west end of this room, lying upon her back, I saw a naked woman. Turning, I challenged the Adept, who at once gave me the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ and $1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$ signs; but he would not give me $2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$.*

“The Adept then turned from me and said: ‘She is in a trance; she is dead; she has been dead long.’ And immediately her flesh becoming rotten, fell from her bones.

“Hurriedly I asked for an explanation, but scarcely had my words left my lips than I saw that she was recovering, and that her bones were becoming once again clothed with flesh. Slowly she rose up, and then suddenly rolled round and fell heavily upon her face. For a moment she remained still, and

* These signs are given in Liber O. See plate facing p. 12.

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then her glistening skin writhed about her bones as she wriggled over the filthy boards towards the Adept. Having reached him, she embraced his feet and then lewdly climbed and writhed up him.

“ ‘Get to your styte,’ he said in a low, commanding voice. At which I felt intensely sorry for her.

“The Adept, noticing my sympathy, turned to me and said: ‘She is lust, fresh-fleshed and lovely, but rotten. She would clog the power of a man.’

“I thereupon thanked the Adept. But he, taking no notice of my thanks, pointed out to me a distant star through a hole in the roof, and then said, ‘Journey there.’

“This I did, streaming up towards it like a comet, dressed in long white robes, with a flashing scimitar in my hand.

“After much peril, on account of suns and things very hot and glowing, through which I sped, I arrived there safely, on the shore of a lake, upon which was floating a boat in which stood a man.

“On seeing me, he cried out: ‘Who art thou?’

“And having explained to him, he brought his boat close enough to the shore to enable me to spring into it. This I did, whereupon he seized the oars and rowed speedily into the darkness beyond.

“ ‘Shall I soon see thy master?’ I said to him. At which he glared round at me, so that his eyes looked like beads of glowing amber in the night; then he answered:

“ ‘I who stand in the boat am great; I have a star upon my forehead.’

“I did not reply, not understanding what he meant, and soon we reached the shore and entered a cave, in the mouth

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of which stood a man-like figure covered with brazen scales, horned and horrible. His colour was of verdigris; but his face was of a blackish tint. In his hand he held a club.

“ ‘What is your name?’ I cried, advancing towards him.

“ ‘Jokam,’ he answered sullenly.

“ ‘Your sign?’ (I here repeated the omitted part of the ritual). He winced, and I could see that he was a coward; nevertheless, though it displeased him, he gave me his sigil.

“His name is spelt: **מכמ**. Having no further question to ask him, I left him, bidding him sink.



DIAGRAM 57.
Jokam's Sigil.

“At the further end of the cave a man whom I had not seen as yet came rushing into my arms; at once I saw that he was being pursued by Jokam. I thereupon interposed, ordering him to make the sign of the Qabalistic Cross, which, however, he could not do.

“ ‘What God do you worship?’ I asked.

“ ‘Alas! I have no God.’ he answered. Thereupon I allowed Jokam to seize him, and re-entering the cave they sank, uttering most heart-rending yells of agony.

“As I once again approached the lake, a great albatross rose from the water, and as she did so, the star fell away from me, and a multitude of birds surrounded me and took me back to the garret which I first visited.

“For this I was very grateful, and on seeing that I had returned, the Adept came forward and took my hand, saying: ‘Go on,’ at which words I felt that a great strength had been imparted to me.

“I then asked him about ‘Abramelin,’ of whose Operation I

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at this time contemplated the performance; but all he answered was: 'Go on!'

" 'Shall I succeed?' I asked.

" 'No man can tell another that!' he answered with a smile.

" 'Is anything wanting in that book that is necessary to success?' I asked.

" 'No!' he answered.

"Then I took my leave of him, and after witnessing a strange fight, returned."

No. 15. This vision was undertaken to obtain rest. It took place in the actual temple built by P., and, as was generally the case, it was commenced by the "Lesser Banishing Ritual."

"Slowly the actual temple in which I was standing became wonderfully beautified, and a white shining film floated in feathers over the surface of the floor on which I was standing, and winding itself about me, formed a great column which carried me up through the roof to a great height. Then I found, as the cloud fell away from me, that I was standing in a fair green field, and by me in great solemnity stood a shining steel-grey-silver figure, unarmed.

" 'Welcome,' said the stranger with a cold dignity.

"Then he led me to a blue pool of water, and bade me plunge into it, which I did, half diving and half swimming, sending a million sparkling sapphires of water dancing in the light.

"The water was deliciously cool and refreshing, and as I struck out in it, I soon saw that I must have made a mistake, for the far shore was a great distance from me, and on it I could see shining a silvery palace.

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“As I neared it I leapt to the shore, and there I found, as I approached the wonderful building, many beautiful creatures playing about it. But my haste in leaving the blue waters had been ill-advised; for suddenly a great cloud of water enveloped me, and catching me up, carried me to a great height. Then I discovered that I had been changed into a lily, whose white petals were unfolded, and that I was growing in a garden, white with a multitude of the same wonderful flowers.

“Not over long had I been there, when the form of man was again given to me, and I threw my arms above my head and then extended them, forming a cross.

“I was standing in silver-grey garments, and before me was a great white marble temple. At once I prostrated myself, and then entered. Before me I saw that all was white and fine within, and that in the temple stood a cubical altar of silver.

“I knelt before the altar; and as I did so a coldness and moisture seemed to descend upon me, which thrilled me with a delicious freshness like the falling dew. From it a cool stream arose, in the limpid waters of which I bathed my hands. Whilst in this position an angel descended with a green garment and gave it me. At first I was unwilling to wear it, but presently I did so, and after I had worn it a little while, I sacrificed it before me, when at once it became a crown of fire.

“Then a voice said to me: ‘Wilt thou be of the guard?’ and before I could answer yea, or nay, most lovely maidens surrounded me and armed me in silver armour and a red tabard.

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“From where I had been standing I was led to the Northern entrance, where crowded a great concourse of people, and as I approached them they gave way before me. Then a voice whispered to me ‘Smite’; thereupon, drawing my sword with fury I smote three times, upon which a great wailing arose.

“Having smitten down many with those three blows, I descended among them, but left my sword behind me. Thinking I had forgotten it, in vain I tried to return, and in my strivings was of a sudden armed with many potent lightnings; then at my feet there fell away a great hollow column of rolling smoke. Seeing it, I approached it and gazing down it, beheld at its furthest extremity the earth, dark and strong. As I watched it rolling below me, a great desire possessed me to expand my consciousness and include All. This took me a vast time to accomplish, and even then my success was but moderate.

“From the column of smoke I returned to the outside of the temple and re-entered it by the Western door. Finding a gold crown upon my head, I held it up, and in the white vapour it glowed like a white light. Then an angel approached me and pressed it on to my brow, and as this was done, a feeling possessed me as if a cold shower of gold was falling through me. Then of a sudden was I carried upwards, and found myself in a second temple. Here I was conducted to the south, where stood a glittering shrine, and the light which flashed from it pierced me through and through. Blinded by the effulgence, I was led to the North to another shrine (Binah) where my eyes were anointed with cold molten silver, and immediately I saw vaguely before me a female form.

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“After this I returned to the central altar, where everything fell from me, and then I returned to earth, assuming my sword and red robe to dominate the astrals. Thus did I return.”

No. 18. To see Sappho.

“With bewildering speed I was carried upwards, and in the midst of my flight an angel approached me apparently to aid me, yet I tarried not, but still ascended. On, on I flew, until at length I became surprised at the great distance of my journey.

“Eventually I arrived in a strange land, and after some perplexity assumed a divine figure, which I believe to be that of Diana. Then I called Sappho, and immediately she appeared before me, a small dark woman with a wonderful skin and a copper sheen on her dark hair. Her face was very lovely, but her expression was ablaze with intense desire, and through her wild floating hair could be seen her eyes, in which glittered madness.

“On seeing me, she knelt down before me, and I, trying to comfort her, extended my hands to her, which she in turn kissed. Behind her stood the white astrals of weeping women—these were her many lovers.

“After a while I brought her into the circle in which I was standing, and raising her up, caressed her upon the forehead. Then I changed to my usual shape, at which she was exceedingly amazed, and only comforted when I told her of my great love for her. Thereupon we rose together, embracing, to a place where angels greeted us. Here we were told to go between the pillars into the temple; which we did, and saw in front of us an immense kneeling figure of some Oriental Deity.

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“Before us glared a human face above a human body with arms and feet; but behind it, it was as the body of a lion.

“Sappho then gave me the $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$ sign, which I returned, whereupon the great figure rose and blessed us, and we embraced. Then I knelt before Sappho and said:

“ ‘You have given me of your strength and brought me into this place of blessing; I will now give you of mine.’

“For answer she held my hands in hers, and wonderful tinglings of glory and passion flowed into me like live fire. I raised my head to her bosom, and kissed her passionately, and then I notice that I too was a woman!

“An angel approached me and advised restraint, and so with a great calmness I passed within her body, and at once felt all her passion and longings. A mighty joy and glory encompassed me, and we became a great brown bird taking part in a mystic ceremony, the priest being the great man-lion; then again we rose and re-assumed human shape, but larger than before.

“Now we saw standing before us a venerable, beautiful and kingly figure (Tiphereth), holding a flaming sword of dazzling whiteness. This he extended to us, whilst his attendants, who were angelic figures, sang a low, melodious tune. Then he placed it in our mouth, when at once there rushed from our lips an infinite and intolerable song, which presently ceased, when the sword was returned to the king.

“Then I noticed that the sun was burning below us, so once again assuming the form of the brown bird, we flitted round the sun, bathing in its fiery flames and molten substance.

“Presently I wished to return; but could not separate myself from her, for I was absorbed in Sappho. Becoming

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desperate, I called thrice unto Acheirah, who soon appeared; whereupon I explained to him my trouble. Seizing his sword, he smote at us, and we were again two human beings, just as when we met, I on the left of Sappho, whose hands were stretched out. We received the influx, and then I noticed our positions, and complained that they were wrong; for I would have been divided, so that Sappho in departing took of my left side. I left my love with her, but my strength belonged to God.

“This I explained to Acheirah, but he told me my idea was wrong, and that we were so divided that I might receive the influx of strength, and she that of mercy.

“So we returned into the temple, conversing, I saying to her: ‘Enter with me the temple of the living God!’

“This she did, following me, and then knelt down at the altar, and waving a censer adored the Lord of the Universe.

“After this was at an end, we clasped our hands (I°=Io° grip), kissed, and parted; she promising me that she would dwell in the temple sometimes, and hover about me, and watch me work, and aid me when I called her.

“Then I knelt before the altar, in adoration of the Lord of the Universe; but watched her upward and eastward flight, whilst she looked amorously back at me over her right shoulder, waving her hand to me. Once only did I call her, and then, once again turning to the Lord of the Universe with the sign of the Qabalistic Cross, returned to the body.”

Such are some of the early visions of Frater P. They commence as we see in a series of rapidly changing and for the most part unconnected pictures, flying past the observer as the houses of a town seen through the windows of a quickly moving train. The streets which connect them are not noticed,

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neither always the entire buildings themselves, nor the ground on which then stand, nor the substance of which they are built; and to one who had not travelled in a train before, say a bushman who never wandered far from his native kraal, wonder and astonishment would be his as he watched the extraordinary disorder of the fast-flying view. At first he might be excused if he actually doubted his senses, so suddenly do the apparently moving buildings come, change and vanish—now a roof, some chimneys—then a gap—a tree—a spire—a glimpse down a long street—it is gone; now a high bank—a cutting—a tunnel and darkness; and then once again the light and the continual whirling past of countless houses.

Yet the city clerk does not wonder; for he knows well enough—too well ever to notice it—that the houses he is speeding by are built of brick and mortar, constructed on geometric and architectural plans, connected by streets and roads, by gas and water pipes, and by drains; each a microcosm in itself, regulated, ruled and ordered by codes, customs and laws, an organized unit only wanting the breath of life for it to rise up complete, and like some colossal giant stride away from before our terror-stricken eyes.

Similarly, the adept will see in these visions a great ordered kingdom, and behind all their apparent chaos rule and law; for he will understand that the sudden changing, the leaping from blue seas to silver temples, and the rushing past fiery pillars, people worshipping, red garments, hawks; and then square pillars, an eye, or a flock of eagles, is not due to disorder in the realm of the vision, but to the want of paraphrase in the mind of the beholder when he, on his return, attempts to interpret what he has seen in rational symbols and words.

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A chain of thought is simply a series of vibrations arising from the contact of a sense with a symbol or a series of symbols. "If controlled by the Reasoning Power, and licensed by the Will, such vibrations will be balanced and of equal length. But if uncontrolled by the Lower Will and the Reason they will be unbalanced and inharmonious --- that is, of uneven length." This we find explained in a G.: D.: manuscript entitled: "The Secret Wisdom of the Lesser World, or Microcosm which is Man." Further we learn from this manuscript that:

In the case of the drunkard, the equilibrium of the Sphere of Sensations, and consequently of the Nephesh, is disturbed, and the Thought Rays in consequence are shaken at each vibration; so that the sphere of the sensation of the Nephesh is caused to rock and waver at the extremities of the Physical Body, where the Ruach's action is bounded. The thought therefore is dazzled by the Symbols of the Sphere of Sensations in the same way as the eye may be dazzled in front of a mirror if the latter be shaken or waved. The sensation, therefore, then conveyed by the thought is that of the Sphere of sensations oscillating and almost revolving about the physical body, that which translated to the physical body bringeth giddiness, sickness, vertigo, and loss of idea, of place, and position.

The fault as we see therefore lies in the preponderance of the Nephesh over the Ruach, in other words, the Emotion outbalancing the Reason.

In the last vision, No. 18, we find more exertion on the part of the Ruach than in any of the others, and this is undoubtedly accounted for by the fact that P., in this vision, set out with a definite object before him, namely, to see Sappho. The same might be said of Vision No. 7, but on consideration this will be found not to be the case, for, in No. 7, P. asks for strength to help his cousin, the very asking of which points to weakness; besides it is to be expected that a concrete idea will

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take a much more definite form than an abstract one. In the former case when Sappho has once appeared, except for a break here and there, the vision is rational enough—if we can use so bastard a term to express ourselves in; not so the latter, which is particularly vague.

In considering these visions and future ones, it must be remembered that through we now insist on a continuous chain of ideas as proof of their validity, and equally so with such as we may deal with later on, we at present find, above all else, that simplicity is our most certain guide; for we are as yet solely dealing with the visions of a student, who, as such, like a school-boy, is expected to work out all his visions in full as if they were mathematical problems. The master may use algebraical and logarithmic short cuts, if he likes, in the solution of his intricate problems, and we shall also find many of these masterly rights of way are quite as baffling, I am afraid, as the curious mistaken byways of the beginner. Further, it must ever be borne in mind that the deeper we dive into the occult sciences, although the simpler our language often becomes, the less we find our ability to express ourselves in mere words and ordinary phrases; from complex terms we sink to simple paradoxes, and from philosophic and scientific symbols we rise into a land of purely linguistic heiroglyphics—and thence silence.

The task of consciously classifying and interpreting the phenomena in the Spirit Vision (in contradistinction to optical vision) is one of the chief duties undertaken by the Adeptus Minor, that is to say, of an individual who has passed through the grade of $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$. P. had not as yet accomplished this. And in another part of the manuscript already referred to it is

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entitled “The Task undertaken by the Adeptus Minor,” and is lucidly summarized as follows:

This then is the task undertaken by the Adeptus Minor:

To expel from the Sephiroth of the Nephesh the usurpation of the Evil Sephiroth.

To equally balance the action of the Sephiroth of the Ruach and those of the Nephesh.

To prevent the Lower Will and Human Consciousness from falling into and usurping the place of the Automatic Consciousness.

To render the King of the Body (the Lower Will) obedient and anxious to execute the commands of the Higher Will; so that he be neither a usurper of the faculties of the Higher, nor a Sensual Despot, but an initiated ruler and an anointed King, the Vice-Roy and representative of the Higher Will (because inspired thereby in his Kingdom which is the Man).

Then shall it happen that the Higher Will, *i.e.*, the Lower Genius, shall descend into the Royal Habitation, so that the Higher Will and the Lower Will shall be as one, and the Higher Genius shall descend into the Kether of the Man, bringing with him the tremendous illumination of his Angelic Nature; and the man shall become what was said of Enoch: “And Chanokh made himself to walk for ever close with the essence of the Elohim, and he existed not apart, seeing that the Elohim took possession of his being.”

This is also a great mystery which the Adeptus Minor must know:

How the Spiritual Consciousness can act around and beyond the Sphere of Sensation.

“Thought” is a mighty force when projected with all the strength of the Lower Will, under the Guidance of the Reasoning Faculty, and illuminated by the *Higher Will*.

Therefore, it is, that in thine occult working thou art advised to invoke the Divine and Angelic Names, so that thy Lower Will may *willingly* receive the influx of the Higher Will, which is also the Lower Genius, behind which are all potent forces.

This, therefore, is the magical manner of operation of the initiate, when “Skrying in the Spirit Vision.”

He knowing *thoroughly* through his Arcane Wisdom the disposition and correspondences of the Force of the Microcosmus, selecting not any, but a certain symbol and that balanced with its correlatives, then sendeth he, as before said, a Thought-Ray from his Spiritual Consciousness, illuminated by his Higher Will, directly unto the part of his Sphere of Sensation or M. M. of the U.* which is consonant with the symbol employed. There, as in a mirror, doth he perceive its properties as reflected from the Macrocosmus shining forth into the Infinite Abyss of the Heavens; thence can he follow the Ray of

* Magical mirror of the Universe.

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Reflection therefrom, and while *concentrating his united consciousness* at that point of his Sphere of Sensation, can receive the *Direct reflection* of the Ray from the Macrocosmus.

But if instead of concentrating at that actual point of the Sphere of Sensation, and thus receiving the *Direct Ray*, as then reflected into his thought, and uniting himself with the Ray of his thought, so as to make one continuous ray from the corresponding point of the Macrocosmus unto the centre of his consciousness: if instead of this he shall *retain* the thought-ray only *touching* the Sphere of Sensation at that point, he shall, it is true, perceive the *reflection* of the Macrocosmic ray, answering to that symbol in the Sphere of his consciousness; but he shall receive this reflection, tintured much by his own nature; and therefore to an extent *untrue*. Because his united consciousnesses have not been able to focus along the thought-ray at the circumference of the Sphere of Sensation or M. M. of the U. And this is the reason why there are so many and multifarious errors in untrained Spirit Visions: for the untrained Skryer (*i.e.*, Seer)—even supposing him free from the delusions of Obsession,* doth not know or understand how to unite his consciousness: still less what are the correspondences and harmonies between his Sphere of Sensation and the Universe—the Macrocosmus. . . .

The Art of Skrying is further explained in a G.: D.: manuscript entitled “Of Travelling in the Spirit Vision,” in which this particular form of gaining contact, so to speak, with the Higher Will is explained as follows:

The symbol, place, direction or plane being known whereon it is desired to act, a thought-ray is sent unto the corresponding part of the Sphere of Sensations, and thence by drawing a basis of action from the refined Astral Light of the Sphere of Sensations of the Nephesh, the thought-ray is sent like an arrow from a bow right through the circumference of the Sphere of Sensations direct into the place desired. Arriving here a Sphere of Astral Light is formed by the agency of the Lower Will illuminated by the Higher Will, and, acting through the Spiritual Consciousness, by reflection along the thought-ray, the Sphere of Astral Light is partly drawn from the Nephesh, and partly from the surrounding atmosphere.

This Sphere being formed, a *Simulacrum* of the person of the Skryer is *reflected* into it along the thought-ray, and the united consciousness is then projected therein.

This sphere is therefore a duplicate reflection of the Sphere of Sensations. As it is said:

“Believe thyself to be in a place, and thou art there.”

In this Astral projection, however, a certain part of the consciousness must remain

* Or a cutting off of the Higher from the Lower Will.

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in the body to protect the thought-ray beyond the limits of the Sphere of Sensations (as well as the Sphere itself at that point of departure of the thought-ray) from attack by any hostile force, so that the Consciousness in this Projection is not quite so strong as the consciousness when concentrated in the natural body in ordinary life.

The return taketh place by a reversal of this process; and, save to persons whose Nephesh and physical body are exceptionally strong and healthy, the whole operation of “skrying” and travelling in the Spirit Vision is, of course, fatiguing.

Also there is another mode of Astral Projection, which can be used by the more practised and advanced Adept. This consisteth in forming first a Sphere from his own Sphere of Sensations, casting his reflection therein, and then projecting this whole Sphere to the desired place as in the previous method. But this is not easy to be done by any but the practised operator.

In fact if this projection of the Sphere to the desired place can be carried out successfully, the highest illumination may be obtained thereby, supposing the desired place to be God or Kether.

To a beginner this particular method of Attainment will appear very vague and unbalanced, for his astral journeys will consist of a chain of alarms and surprises; and the reason for this is that in almost every case he sets out with no clear idea of the place he is struggling to journey to, or the route he has chosen to adopt. He is like an explorer who sets out on a journey of discovery; the further he travels from his own native land, the more strange and uncommon do the lands appear to him through which he is journeying. Little by little the language of his country changes, melting as it were into another not unlike it but yet different; this in time also changes, and so by degrees do all his surroundings, until he finds himself in a strange country, as different from the one from which he started as an equatorial forest is from the ice-incrusted lands of the Pole.

Sometimes the change of scenery is slight, sometimes vast,

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according to the powers of attainment, but in all cases these journeys would be of little use unless method were brought into the extraordinary chaos which they at first reveal. And, as in Geography, little information could be obtained of the configuration of the Earth's surface unless explorers set out with a definite object in view, such as Columbus had when he set out on his great journey of discovery, and equipped with definite instruments; so in these Astral journeys, little or no spiritual information can be obtained unless the Skryer project, or at least set out with the intention of projecting, his Sphere to a certain and definite place. This, when applied to travelling to certain paths or places on the Tree of Life, is termed Rising on the Planes, and may lead, as above stated, should the place desired to arrive at be Kether, to the very highest Attainment.

This Rising on the Planes is a definite mystical process, and two initiates setting out to attain the same goal would find the journey, in its essentials, as similar as two ordinary individuals would find a journey from London to Paris.

Karma and environment have in these Risings on the Planes to be reckoned with, just as they would have to be taken into account in the case of the two men journeying to Paris. The one might be travelling third class, and the other first; the one might be travelling by a slow train, the other by an express; the one might see great beauty in the journey, the other little; yet both would know when they got to Dover, both would know when they were on the Channel, and both would in some way, different in detail through it might be, recognise Paris as Paris when they arrived at their destination.

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This particular method of Rising on the Planes is an exceptionally interesting one to study, not only because it is most intimately connected with the Eastern methods of Yoga,* but because we have many practical results to hand, many actual facts from which we can generalise and construct a theory. Two of such examples we will give here, the first a poem by Mr. Aleister Crowley called “The Ladder,” in which the projection is vertical, that is to say, directed along the central column of the Tree of Life; and in the second, which is called “The Ascent unto Daäh,” by V. H. Frater I. A. In the first of these “Risings” the goal of attainment is Kether, and the various headings of the poem point out clearly enough the different stages the Skryer has to pass through. From the darkness of Malkuth he passes the various symbolic colours, which will be discussed in a future chapter, as well as many of the symbols we have described, to arrive eventually at Kether. In the second, Fra. I. A. leads us as far as Daäth, the head of the Old Serpent, the Knower of Good and of Evil.

* The whole theory and practice of Raja Yoga is the awakening of a power named the Kundalini, which is coiled up in what is called the sacral plexus, and then forcing this awakened power up a canal called the Sushumna, which runs through the centre of the spinal column. “When the Kundalini is aroused, and enters the canal of the Sushumna, all the perceptions are in the mental space or Chittakasa. When it has reached that end of the canal which opens out into the brain, the objectless perception is in the knowledge space, or Chidakasa.” As in the Ascent of the Central Column of the Tree of Life, there are certain centres, such as Malkuth, the Path of Tau, Yesod, the Path of Samech, Tiphereth, the Path of Gimel, Daäth, and Kether; so in the Sushumna are there certain centres or Chakkras, viz., Muladhara, Svadisthana, Manipura, Anahaba, Visuddhi, Ajna, and Sahasara. For further attributions *see 777.*

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THE LADDER

“I will arise and go unto my Father.”

MALKUTH

DARK, dark, all dark! I cower, I cringe.
Only above me is a citron tinge
As if some echo of red, gold, and blue
Chimed on the night and lets its shadow through.
Yet I who am thus prisoned and exiled
Am the right heir of glory, the crowned child.

I match my might against my Fate's,
I gird myself to reach the ultimate shores,
I arm myself the war to win :—
Lift up your heads, O mighty gates!
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
The King of Glory shall come in.

TAU

I pass from the citrine: deep indigo
Is this tall column. Snakes and vultures bend
Their hooded hate on him that would ascend.
O may the Four avail me! Ageless woe,
Fear, torture, through the threshold. Lo! The end
Of matter! The immensity of things
Let loose—new laws, new beings, new conditions;—
Dire chaos; see! these new-fledged wings
Fail in its vaguenesses an inanitions.
Only my circle saves me from the hate
Of all these monsters dead yet animate.

I match, &c.

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YESOD

Hail, thou full moon, O flame of Amethyst!
Stupendous mountain on whose shoulders rest
The Eight Above. More stable is my crest
Than thine—and now I pierce thee, veil of mist!
Even as an arrow from the war-bow springs
I leap—my life is set with loftier things.
I match, &c.

SAMECH (and the crossing of the Path of Pe)

Now swift, thou azure shaft of fading fire,
Pierce through the rainbow! Swift, O swift! how streams
The world by! Let Sandalphon and his quire
Of Angels ward me!
Ho! what planet beams
This angry ray? Thy swords, thy shields, thy spears!
Thy chariots and thy horsemen, Lord! Showered spheres
Of meteors war and blaze; but I am I,
Horus himself, the torrent of the sky
Aflame—I sweep the stormy seas of air
Towards that great globe that hangs so golden fair.
I match, &c.

TIPHERETH

Hail, hail, thou sun of harmony,
Of beauty and of ecstasy!
Thou radiance brilliant and bold!
Thou ruby rose, thou cross of gold!
Hail, centre of the cosmic plan!

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Hail, mystic image of the Man!
I give the sign of slain Asar.
I give the sign of Asi towering.
I give the sign of Apep, star
Of black Destruction, all-devouring.
I give thy sign, Asar re-arisen:—
Break, O my spirit, from thy prison!

I match, &c.

GIMEL (with the crossing of the Path of Teth)

Hail, virgin Moon, bright Moon of Her
That is God's thought and minister!
Snow-pure, sky-blue, immaculate
Hacate, in Thy book of Fate
Read thou my name, the soaring soul
That seeks the supreme, sunless goal!

And thou, great Sekhet, roar! Arise,
Confront the lion in the way!
Thy calm indomitable eyes
Lift once, and look, and pierce, and slay!

I am past. Hail, Hecate! Untrod
Thy steep ascent to God, to God!
Lo, what unnamed, unnameable
Sphere hangs above inscrutable?
There is no virtue in thy kiss
To affront that soul-less swart abyss.

I match, &c.

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DAATH

I am insane. My reason tumbles;
The tower of all my being crumbles.
Here is all doubt, distress, despair:
There is no force in strength or prayer.
If pass I may, it is by might
Of the momentum of my flight.

I match, &c.

GIMEL (and the crossing of Daleth)

Free from that curse, loosed from that prison;
From all that ruin am I risen!
Pure still, the virgin moon beguiles
My azure passage with her smiles.

Now! O what love divine redeems
My death, and bathes it in her beams!
What sacring transubstantiates
My flesh and blood, and incarnates
The quintessential Pan? What shore
Stretches beyond this secret door?
Hail! O thou sevenfold star of green,
Thou fourfold glory—all this teen
Caught up in ecstasy—a boon
To pass me singing through the moon!

Nay! I knew what what glory shone
Gold from the breathless bliss beyond
But this I know that I am gone
To the heart of God's great diamond!

I match, &c.

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KETHER

I am passed through the abyss of flame;
Hear ye that I am that I am!

THE RETURN

Behold! I clothe mine awful light
In yonder body born of night.
Its mind be open to the higher!
Its heart be lucid-luminous!
The Temple of its own desire
The Temple of the Rosy Cross!
As Horus sped the flame, Harpocrates
Receive the flame, and set the sould at ease.
I who was One am One, all light
Balanced within me, ordered right,
As it was ever to the initiate's ken,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

THE ASCENT UNTO DAÄTH

Come unto Me, ye, the Divine Lords of the Forces of Intelligence: Whose Abode is in the Place of the Gathering of the Waters.
Come unto Me, ye in whom the Secrets of Truth have their Abiding.
Come unto Me, O Tzaphqial, Aralim, Qashial, by the white
Threefold Star, and in the Name of IHVH ELOHIM.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

Cause ye the Paths of Wrath to be opened unto me; that I may
advance over the Tree of Life unto the Place of the River.

I stand upon the Northern Quarter of the Universe of Matter,
and around me glows the Ruddy Flame of Earth.
Before me is the Portal of the Path of the Spirit of the Primal
Flame: Thence gleameth the Red Glory into the World of
Assiah.

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

I am come forth from the Gates of Matter:
I advance over the Path of Primal Flame:
And about me the Glory of the Fire is established.
Vast before me in the distance looms the Portal of the Glory.
I am come before the Gates of the Glory of God:
I cry against them in the Name of Elohim Tzebaoth.

Lift up your Heads O ye gates, &c.

Behind me is the Portal of the Primal Fire:
Behind me is the Golden Path of Sol:
At my right hand is the Ruddy Light of Mars:
And before me is the Gateway of the Waters of the Primal
Sea.

In the Vast Name of AL the All Enduring
Let me pass through the gate of the Waters of the Primal Sea.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, &c.

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I am come forth from the Gates of the Glory;
Around me are breaking the waters of the Primal Sea:
My path is in the Deep Waters,
And my footsteps are in the Unknown.

Vast before me is the Portal of Geburah:
Behind it is gleaming the Fire of the Wrath of God:
I cry against Thee in the name of Elohim Gibor:
Open unto me, Gateway of God the Mighty!

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates, &c.

I am come forth from the Path of the Waters:
I stand in the World of the Power of God:
I turn my face to the Right, and the Gate of the Lion is
before me—
Gate of the Path of the Lion, in the Sign of the Lion do thou
open before my face.

Lift up your Heads O ye Gates, &c.

I advance over the Path of the Leader of the Lion,
By the Power of the Daughter of the Flaming Sword.
About me the Lions are roaring for their prey;
But I am Sekhet, of the Flaming Eyes.
Turned is my face to the left,
And the Priestess of the Silver Star is my guide.
Now am I come forth upon the Path of the Lion,
And my thought in the Place of the gathering of the Waters.
I am the Established one in Daäth!
In me is the Knowledge of Good and of Evil!
In me is the Knowledge of the Light Supernal!
And my face is turned downward unto Malkuth.

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Like all other methods, these, Travelling in the Spirit Vision and Rising on the Planes, are only to be judged by their success. It is impossible to lay down a single task for each individual; one may suit one, and another another; nevertheless it must be pointed out here that though these two methods, or rather two phases of one method, are in most cases fruitful in result, it is generally but a slight step forward, and very seldom does supreme illumination follow. However, as appetisers they are excellent, the student attaining to just that hunger for the Beyond, that appetite for the Unobtainable, which will carry him over many a gloomy mood, many a whispering of the impossibility of his task. Yet that they can accomplish more than this is also certain: to a few they have unlocked the Portal, to the many the Postern; but in all cases it is best that the student should place himself under the guidance of one who has actually travelled, and not trust to his own intuitions in an unknown land, for, if he do so, he will almost of a certainty be led astray, and Obsession may take the place of Illumination, and failure that of success.

Between the grades $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$ and $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ seven months had to elapse, and during this time we find P. busily travelling the British Isles searching for a suitable house wherein to perform the Operation of Abramelin the Mage, which ever since the previous autumn had engaged his attention. In the month of May he had met D. D. C. F. $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$, official head of the Order of the Golden Dawn. But he was still bent on carrying out the Operation of Abramelin, and journeyed to and fro all over the country endeavouring to discover a suitable dwelling for the necessary Retirement. Thus it came about that in

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October of this year we find him settled in a remote and desolate district, a tumbled chaos of lake and mountain, in an ancient manor-house, making all necessary arrangements for this great operation in Ceremonial Magic.

[The continuation of Book II. will appear in Nos. III. and IV.
of THE EQUINOX.]

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

AMONGST THE MERMAIDS

“WALK up!” he shouted from the tent door. “Walk up! Walk up! and see the marvellous mermaid! Only four sous!” It was at the Gingerbread Fair of Neuilly, and the showman was a squat little fellow, ridiculously like the gingerbread figures which his neighbour was selling, and from which the Fair derives its name.

I admit I did not expect to see a mermaid, but I was tired of peep-shows and waxworks and fasting men, and there was something so incongruous in the idea of a mermaid, even an imaginary one, being exhibited in this rickety booth, by the light of a naphtha lamp, that, for a moment, I stopped to listen. The man stood in the doorway, shouting, to attract the passerby, and there was a picture too, to aid him: the picture of a wondrous creature with flaxen hair and a hectic flush, and decked with a silvern tail. I listened to his patter. She must be a wonderful person, this mermaid: she could swim, she could eat, and, at times, she could even talk. She was as large as life, and, by all accounts, she was more than twice as natural. So, at length, I paid my twopence, and I saw—a seal! There it lay, at the bottom of a miniature bear-pit, and with its wistful face and its great pathetic eyes it really did look quite as human as the majority of its audience. The thing was a

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swindle, I suppose, a fake—and yet, after all, this Gingerbread showman in this Gingerbread City was not the first to work the merry cantrip. For wherever seals are common, be it in our own northern islands or in further foreign lands, there will these mermaid legends be wrought around them. Only in Orkney or the Hebrides they are most easily garnered, for the language is our own language. One of the most beautiful of them, when told in full, is the tale of the Mermaid Wife.

On a moonlight night, as an Orkney fisherman strolled by the sea-shore, he saw, to his amazement, some beautiful maidens dancing a saraband on the smooth beach. In a heap by their side lay a bundle of skins, which, on his approach, the maidens seized and then plunged with them into the surf, where they took the form of seals. But the fisherman had managed to snatch up one skin, which lay apart from the rest, and so one maiden was left behind. Despite her entreaties and her tears, he kept the skin, and she was at last obliged to follow him to his hut. They married and had many children, who were like all other children, except for a thin web between their fingers, and for years husband and wife lived at peace. But every ninth night she would steal down to the beach and talk with one large seal in an unknown tongue, and then return with saddened countenance. And so the years passed, until one day, whilst playing in the barn, one of the children found an old dried skin. He took this to his mother gleefully, and she, snatching it from him, kissed him and his brothers and sisters, and then rushed down to the sea. And the fisherman, when he returned home that evening, was just in time to see his wife take the form of a seal and dive into the water. He never saw her again, but sometimes she would call o' nights, as

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she sported on the shore with her first husband, who was, of course, the large seal.

That is the story as they tell it to-day in Orkney, and that is the story as told by Haroun al Raschid. Only, in the "Arabian Nights" it is called the "The Melancholy Youth," and the seal is replaced by a dove, but all the essentials—the maidens, the bathing, the skins, the wedding, the flight—remain as they do to-day.

The seal is well known to be an animal in which the maternal instinct is abnormally developed, and many of the tales have this fact as their basis. Here is a particularly charming one—the story of Gioga's son:

One day, as a boat's crew were completing a successful raid on the seals, a great storm came on, and one of the party, who had become separated from the rest, was unavoidably left behind on the Skerry. The waves were dashing against the low rocks, and the unfortunate man had resigned himself to his fate, when he saw several of the surviving seals approaching. The moment they landed they threw off their skins, and appeared before him as Sea-trows or Seal-folk. And even those seals who had lately been skinned by the boatmen also revived in time, and took their human form, but they mourned the loss of their sea-vestures, which would for ever prevent them from returning to their homes beneath the ocean. Most of all did they lament for the son of Gioga, their queen. He, too, had lost his skin, and would be banished for ever from his mother's kingdom. But, seeing the forsaken boatman, who sat watching the rising waters in despair, Gioga suddenly conceived a plan to retain her son. She would carry the man on her back to the mainland, if he,

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in his turn, would restore the missing skin. She even consented to his cutting some gashes in her flanks and shoulders that he might more easily retain his hold; so the mariner, leaving his perilous position, started on his scarcely less perilous voyage through the storm. But at length Gioga landed him safely, and he, for his part, kept the bargain and restored the skin of her son, so that there was great rejoicing on the Skerry that night.

There is one other story of particular interest, in that it contains features not generally found amongst the bulk of the Seal-folk legends. It is the story of the Wounded Seal.

There was once an islander who made his living by the killing of seals. One night, as he sat by the fire, resting after his day's work, he heard a knocking at the door, and, on opening it, found a man on horseback. The stranger explained that he had come on behalf of one who wished to buy a large number of skins, and then told him to mount up behind. Hoping to effect a good sale, the seal-hunter obeyed, and was carried away at a wild gallop, which ended on the brink of a precipice. There his strange companion grasped him, and plunged with him into the sea. Down they went, and down, till at length they reached the abode of the Seal-folk. Here, after a not unfriendly reception, the hunter was shown a huge jack-knife. It was his own—one which, that very morning, he had left in the back of a seal, and this seal, so he learned, was the father of the horseman. He was then taken to an inner cavern, where the wounded creature lay, and was requested to touch the wound. This he did, and the seal was forthwith cured. Great rejoicings followed, and the hunter was given a safe conduct home, after swearing never

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to slay a seal again. The return was effected in the same way as the previous journey, and the horseman, on his departure, left sufficient gold to compensate the islander for the loss of his means of livelihood.

This story is the only one out of the scores told to me in which the seal may be said to take the offensive, and I cannot trace it to any foreign source.

Mr. Walter Traill Dennison in his "Orcadian Sketches" tells us that the seal held a far higher place among the Northmen than any of the lower animals. He had a mysterious connection with the human race, and had the power of assuming the human form and faculties, and every true descendant of the Vikings looks upon the seal as a kind of second cousin in disgrace. Old beliefs die hard, and, in illustration of this, the following paragraph from a Scottish daily newspaper may be appropriately given:

A MERMAID ON AN ORKNEY ISLE.—A strange story of the mermaid comes from Birsay, Orkney. The other day a farmer's wife was down at the seashore there, and observed a strange marine animal on the rocks. When she returned with her better half, they both saw the animal clambering amongst the rocks, about four feet of it being above water. The woman, who had a splendid view of it, describes it as a "good-looking person," while the man says it was "a woman covered over with brown hair." At last the couple tried to get hold of it, when it took a header into the sea and disappeared. The man is confident he has seen the fabled mermaid, but people in the district are of opinion that the animal must belong to the seal tribe. An animal of similar description was seen by several people at Deerness two years ago.

Mr. Dennison, in the above-mentioned book, only touches on seals once, but the story he gives is new to me and I have translated it and curtailed it from the Orcadian dialect. I wonder if the old Norseman who told it had ever heard of Androcles?

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THE SELKIE THAT DEUD NO' FORGET

A long time ago, one Mansie Meur was gathering limpets at the ebb tide, off Hackness, when he heard a strange sound coming from the rocks some distance off. Sometimes it would be like the sob of a woman, and sometimes louder, like the cry of a dying cow, but it was always a most pitiful sound. For a while Mansie could see nothing except a big seal close in to the rocks, who was craning his neck above the surface, and peering at a creek some distance off. And Mansie noticed that the seal was not frightened and never ducked his head once, but gazed continually at that creek. So Mansie crossed an intervening rock, and there, in a crevice, he saw a mother-seal lying in labour. And it was she who was moaning, whilst the father-seal lay out in the water watching her. Mansie stayed and watched her too, and after a while, she gave birth to two fine seal-calves, who were no sooner on the rocks than they clutched at their mother. Mansie thought to himself that the calf-hides would make a nice waistcoat, so he ran forward, and the seal-mother rowed herself over the face of the rock with her fins into the sea, but the two young ones had not the wit to flee. So Mansie seized them both, and the distress of the mother was terrible to see. She swam about and about, and beat herself with her fins like one distracted; and then she would clamber up, with her fore-fins on the edge of the rock, and glower into Mansie's face. He turned to go off with the two young ones under his arm—they were sucking at his coat the while—when the mother gave such a cry of despair, so human, so desolate, that it went straight to Mansie's heart, and turning again, he saw the

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mother lying on her side with her head on the rock, and the tears were streaming from her eyes. So he stopped down and placed the little selkies near her, and the mother clasped them to her bosom with her megs and then she looked up into Mansie's face, and all the happiness in the world was in that look: for on that day the selkie did everything but speak.

Mansie was a young man then, and sometime afterwards he married and settled on the west of Eday. One evening when he was fishing for sillocks on an ebb-rock, which could only be reached dry-shod at low water, the fish took unusually well, so that he stood and filled his basket. Indeed they took so well that he forgot all about the tide, and soon found himself cut off from the land. Mansie shouted and shouted, but he was far from any house, and nobody heard him. The water rose until it reached his knees, and then his hips, and then his shoulders. He shouted until he was hoarse, and then gave up all hope of life. But just as the sea was encircling his neck and coming now and then in little ripples to his mouth, just as the sea had almost lifted him from his rock, he felt something grip him by the collar of his coat, and in a few moments he found himself in shallow water. Looking round, he saw a big seal swimming to the rock, where she dived, picked up his basket of fish, and then swam back to the land. He took the basket from her mouth and then said with all his heart, "Geud bless the selkie that deus no' forget," for it was the same seal which he had seen on Hackness forty years before. She was a very old seal now but Mansie would have known her motherly face amongst a thousand.

In the folklore of the Hebrides, also, the seal occupies a

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prominent place. Not only has a certain mystery been woven into his life, but even in death his carcass has been accredited with various magical properties. The *Highland Monthly* for November 1892 contained an article dealing with this subject, by Mr. William Mackenzie, Secretary to the Crofter's Commission.

That the skin, after being dried, should sometimes have been made into waistcoats, is only natural, but it appears that it was also put to a more esoteric use, for persons suffering from sciatica wore girdles of it, with a view to driving that malady away.

The smoker and chewer, Mr. Mackenzie tells us, cut the skin into small squares, and converted them into spleuchain, or tobacco pouches, whilst the husbandman made thongs, which he used for the harness of his primitive plough.

Seal oil was also thought to possess medicinal virtues of no mean order, and, until quite recently, a course of oal-roin was a favourite, if not a never-failing, specific for all chest diseases. Furthermore, it is asserted by Martin (*circa* 1695) that seal liver, pulverised and taken with aqua vitae, or red wine, is a good prescription for diarrhoetic disorders.

Seal oil was used for lighting purposes in the monasteries, as the skins were for clothing, and from the pages of Adamnan we learn that the monks of Iona, in the time of St. Columba, had their own seal preserve.

The animal was also very popular as an article of food. The natives of the Western Islands, says Martin, used to salt the flesh of seals with burnt seaware. This flesh was eaten by the common people in the spring-time "with a pointed long stick instead of a fork, to prevent the strong smell which

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their hands would otherwise have for several hours afterwards." Persons of quality made hams of the seal flesh, and broth, made from the young seals, served the same purpose medicinally, but in a minor degree, as seal oil. In Roman Catholic districts the common people ate seals in Lent, on the ground that they were fish and not flesh! Annual raids were made on the seals after dark, usually in the autumn, and large numbers were captured. All, however, did not belong to the captors, for other persons of prominence were entitled to a share.

The parish minister, according to Martin, "hath his choice of all the young seals, and that which he takes is called by the natives Cullen-Rory, that is, the Virgin Mary's seal. The Steward of the Island hath one paid to him, his Officer hath another; and this by virtue of their offices."

In the Hebrides, as in Orkney, the seal is regarded not as an animal of the ordinary brute creation, but as one endowed with great wisdom, and closely allied to man. One of the old beliefs is that seals are human beings under magic spells.

The seal was credited with being able to assume human form. While in human guise, he contracted marriages with human beings, and if we are to credit tradition, the MacCodrums of North Uist are the offspring of such a union. In former times the MacCodrums were known in the Western Islands as *Sliechd nan Ron*, or the offspring of the seals. As a seal could assume the form of a man and make his abode on land, so a MacCodrum could assume the form of a seal and betake himself to the sea! While in this guise we are told that several MacCodrums had met their death.

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There is one local story which stands out from the rest, in that it contains a song by the animal:

A band of North Uist men slaughtered a number of seals on the Heisker rocks, and brought them to the main island. They were spread out in a row on the strand. One of the party was left in charge of them over night. To vary the monotony of his vigil he wandered a little distance away from the row of dead seals. When sitting under the shelter of a rock he beheld coming from the sea a woman of surpassing beauty, with her rich yellow tresses falling over her shoulders. She was dressed in an emerald robe, and, proceeding to the spot where the dead seals lay, she identified each as she went along soliloquising as follows:

Speg Spaidrig,
Spog mo chulein chaoin chaidrich,
Spog Fhiennkala,
Speg me ghille fada fienna—gheala,
'S minig a bheis a'greim de rudain,
A Mhic Unhdainn, 'ic Amhdainn,
Speg a ghille mhoir ruaidh
'S olc a rinn an fhaire 'n raeir.

Translated:

The paw (or hand) of Spaidrig,
The paw of my tenderly cherished darling,
The paw of Fingalia,
The paw of my long-legged, fair-haired lad,
Who frequently sucked his finger ---
Son of CEdan, son of Audan,
The paw of the big red-haired lad
Who badly kept the watch last night.

The watchman surmised that the beautiful woman who now stood before him was a “spirit from the vasty deep,” and

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resolving to kill her, hurried off for his weapons. She saw him, fled towards the sea, and in the twinkling of an eye assumed the guise of a seal and plunged beneath the waves.

Although tales about sea-trows and mermaids are still plentiful in the islands of Orkney, the land fairies are acknowledged to have departed for ever. This is the story of their departure as it has been pieced together by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson.

Once upon a time, many years ago, the trows became dissatisfied with their residence upon Pomona. They determined, therefore, to leave the Pomona hills and knowes, and take up their dwelling beside the Dwarfie Stone on the island of Hoy.

The change was to be effected one evening at midnight, when the moon would be full and everything in favour of their flitting. The fateful night arrived, and the fairy train set out upon their journey. They bade farewell to the grassy hillocks upon which they had danced so often, and to the rocky caverns, the scene of their nightly revels, and all hied to the trysting-place, which was the Black Craig of Stromness, chanting an elfin song as then went.

There they made the preparations necessary for crossing the intervening sea. They took a number of "simmons," or straw bands used in thatching houses, and, tying them together, made a long rope of sufficient length to stretch across the sound. One end was fastened to the top of the Black Craig, and a sentinel was told off to watch that it did not slip. The other end was seized by a long-legged trow called "Hempie," the "Ferry-leuper," who made an enormous leap

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and alighted upon the opposite shore. There he secured his end of the straw bridge and made ready to receive his fellow trows as they crossed.

At length a start was made and all the trows were soon upon the rope, but just as they reached the middle, he who was in charge at the Stromness end let go his hold, and the whole company of fairies were thrown into the sea, dragging Hempie along with them in their descent. And the sea, being rough at the time, overwhelmed them all, so that every one was drowned. When he who had caused the calamity saw what had occurred, he too plunged into the angry water, so as not to survive his friends, and thus perished with them.

For a few moments a solitary figure appeared upon one of the rocks. It was the Dwarf of Hey. He gazed at the scene of the catastrophe, chanted a fairy dirge, and then vanished for ever.

Such was the end of the land-trows, and, although it put a stop to the making of further fairy-stories, it opened up a new hunting-ground for the weaver of romances in the caves beneath the sea. And even where there is no definite tale or detailed legend to tell beside the inglenook, there is sure to be some quaint conceit of metempsychosis which they can whisper when a seal comes near them. Was not Pharaoh's army turned into a school of seals? And that great white seal, which the fishermen have seen, and whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, is that not Pharaoh himself? So the stories spread, and the passer-by may take his fill of them, but I, for one, like best of all the tale of Gioga's son. And if just one passer-by on hearing it is held from firing just one shot, the tale has not been told in vain.

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But if ever I see that great white seal, whose track is like the wash of an ocean steamer, I am not quite sure but that I might rise a gun myself. I think it would be rather good fun to have a shot at Pharaoh, for I never liked the man much.

NORMAN ROE.

AVE ADONAI

PALE as the night that pales
In the dawn's pearl-pure pavillion,
I wait for thee, my dove's breast
Shuddering, a god its bitter guest—
Have I not gilded my nails
And painted my lips with vermillion?

Am I not wholly stript
Of the deeds and thoughts that obscure thee?
I wait for thee, my soul distraught
With aching for some nameless naught
In its most arcane crypt—
Am I not fit to endure thee?

Girded about the paps
With a golden girdle of glory,
Dost thou wait me, thy slave who am,
As a wolf lurks for a strayed white lamb?
The chain of the stars snaps,
And the deep of night is hoary!

Thou whose mouth is a flame
With its seven-edged sword proceeding,

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Come! I am writhing with despair
Like a snake taken in a snare,
 Moaning thy mystical name
 Till my tongue is torn and bleeding!

Have I not gilded my nails
 And painted my lips with vermilion?
Yea! thou art I; the deed awakes:
Thy lightning strikes, thy thunder breaks
 Wild as the bride that wails
 In the bridegroom's plumed pavilion!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MAN-COVER

THE MAN-COVER*

I

THE flesh of the neck was much swollen, the little legs somewhat stiff; the eyes wore a sad and tired expression. . . . I am referring to a pigeon. The swollen neck was hidden by a soft grey down, the legs still held their burden, the eyes looked ahead—yet the symptoms of fatigue were apparent to a connoisseur of pigeons.

And I am that. Once upon a time I was the happy proprietor of hundreds of carrier-pigeons. Misfortune and a short acquaintance with some faddists caused me to drown my ennui. I drank most of my pigeons—dozens at the time—or rather their equivalent in temperance drinks. I ruined my health. An illness followed, long and painful; the doctor's bill took the rest. . . . But let us forget!

Now the pigeon came through my window, stood on the ledge and waited. It was a carrier, and it had a message. I took the pellucid note from the tube, and read its short contents, which aroused my curiosity.

“Kidnapped—Prisoner—have written report. Ignore where pigeon goes but trust the recipient will read this and send back the pigeon with a note giving news of England. Are Radicals still in power? Shall send the letter by return of carrier. Please fill up tubes with films. Extraordinary adventures!!!”

It was strange and attracted me. I fed the bird, put a short answer of a few words—“*Courage. Send message; there are no Radicals*”—and a supply of fresh films in the tubes, and, kissing its head, let it go with a sigh. Then my luck returned, and I forgot all about it until last week, when the pigeon came again. It was heavily loaded. I shall not reproduce all the notes, nor the whole of my correspondent's letter. I undertake all the responsibilities, and reserve, in consequence, my editorial right.

* We believe the author of this story to be as mad as his characters.—ED.

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However, and as a last preliminary, the reader will be glad to mark the following part of the letter:

"I beg of you, sir," concludes the Man-Cover, "not to send me any proofs before publication. It would be but an unnecessary trouble to you; to me such a mark of regard from an unknown benefactor would prove a burden and give occasion to my enemies for recrudescence of persecution. My mail is sure to be ransacked, if indeed I am to be blessed with any communication from the living. But when all the instalments are published and my name is flying from lip to lip, then, and then only, you, whoever you are, noble champion of the Men-Covers, please send me thirty-one copies to be given away.

"I claim no royalty—no money—no consideration! The creature who accumulates the most extremely interesting and highly noble characteristics of a cover and of a man can but shrink with horror from the very idea of a vulgar coinage. Only please send in a cheque for £1000 to the secretary of the S.P.T.B.P.* as an anonymous gift, to be nevertheless published in the records of the daily and periodical Press all over the world."

It is a big order for a man who despises money. My correspondent seems to know the powers which rule the world: Capital and Publicity. Alas! the puppies will keep on losing part of their tails in spite of the S.P.T.B.P., because of that third power, Fashion. As for the £1000, I may—or I may not. . . . But we are digressing. To use an expression from the French, somewhat slnaggy, but exprtessive, "*Je passe le crachoir à l'orateur.*" I believe the author to be mad. I nevertheless think it necessary to state that I am *not* an authority on insanity.

Ever since long before my birth I led a peaceful existence. As I grew, Science attracted me, and Art, and Poetry; my favourite recreation was the conversion of puppy-owners to the generous belief in the regeneration of the canine race by the preservation of their caudal appendage. Also the genius which breathed within me caused me to leave my house on the fifth of November. Passing a crowded street, I was surrounded by urchines who greeted me by the

* After a long and painful inquiry the present writer found out the society referred to by his correspondent. It is the Society for the Prevention of Tail-biting of Puppies, and stands in great need of generous contributions.

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name of Guy Fawkes. I hurried home through a torrent of rain.

A man was pacing my street, muttering some strange words which I could not understand. The rain, which fell heavily, had apparently not the slightest effect in cooling his heated brain. As I passed him I spoke:

“What a wretched night!”

The sound of my voice startled him. He seized my arm and hurried me towards the lamp-post. Then he stared at me for a long time, and, speaking slowly, hammering every syllable in my ear, while the rain continued its monotonous lamentation, he began:

“I should be very much surprised if this were not the cover I am waiting for. No fallacies will induce me to free you now that at last I have found you. I was dead; my life was nothing more than a spring without motion. Every twenty-one days, according to the calender, I came, pacing the lonely streets of this remote spot. For two hours each time did I wait and wait, longing, eager, nervous, hopeful, hopeless, desperate, distressed, with gigantic thoughts crowding my mind. I almost despaired of seeing this moment; at last it has come. I forgot the duties of art, the call of reason, the fear of uncertain meetings, the very natural care for the most precious existence on this planet. But I am well rewarded. You have come. My globe of transparent crystal had shown me the truth. You have come, escaping my enemies, and you are for the time to come at my disposition.

I thought at first that the many was under the influence of drink and that it was useless to argue with him. Besides, I am not very daring with strangers, especially when they speak

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in such questionable riddles. Accordingly I said nothing, but tried gently to regain my liberty. Alas! his grasp was stronger than my desire of liberty, and the only result was that he pinched me closer.

"I was dead," he resumed, "and my beautiful and lofty thoughts were wandering through space, shapeless and without expression. The cover which enclosed the shrine in which they were kept had been stolen from me, and my foes were expecting my surrender. Happily an angel sent by God ordered me to come out every twenty-one days, and promised me that I should find here the cover which I needed. I have it now, and mean to keep it."

"But what are you talking about?" said I. "I am a man; here is my house; and I don't know anything about your cover. You are mistaking me for some unknown person or object, sir; pray let me go."

"Let you go! Abandon once more the cover which shall keep my thoughts in! *You are mad!* Besides, why do you speak? And how is it that you come in such a shape?"

"I tell you I am a man. Leave me alone, or I shall have to call for assistance and give you in charge. I am a savant and a nobleman, known all over the world, I daresay."

"I am no fool, and I shall keep you. Come, I must be off to Brighton to-night; I have left my thoughts in the coverless box there."

"I shall not go to Brighton, sir! Are you mad? Do I look like a piece of wood?"

"The appearance has nothing to do with the case. As to madness, I fear I *should* have gone mad *if* I had not found you at least. Come; my men are waiting, ready for any

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emergency, and I shall be compelled to use their strength if you refuse to follow me. We are off to Brighton, and I shall there put you in your proper place. Oh, my thoughts, my lofty thoughts," he went on, "you shall to-night be sequestered from the world of your enemies!"

I should like to know, dear unknown being to whom my winged friend will bring this letter, what you would have done in my place! How was I to escape? There was certainly not the slightest doubt that the man was a lunatic. Now, as it happens, lunatics have always been exceedingly interesting to me. Here was a case for my curiosity. This fellow, thought I, must have deceived the vigilance of his guardians, and I shall find no difficulty in having him arrested at the railway station, or at least on our arrival at Brighton. So I followed him. At the turning a big motor-car was waiting, and two men stood by on the pavement. They bowed silently before my companion, and made me enter the car.

One of them took charge of the driving, and the other followed us two in the back seats. The man said but one word, "Scat," and we started at a terrific speed and were soon off on the road.

I began to feel uneasy; but prudence stopped my speech in time, and the man next to me began to titter. Then he spoke; and though he may have uttered different words, this is what I understood:

"You are trying to deceive us. I always notice such an attempt, even when it has only reached its mental stage. Indeed, I cannot help noticing it. No doubt you have heard of me; I am *the-man-whose-nose-sings-at-will*. That power has been granted me ever since I felt a strong impulse to kill my

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wife with an axe. I mastered my impulse, and by a triumph of my logical faculties I cut my own right arm. Having no arm, I could no more kill my wife with an axe. God rewarded me by giving me the power of reading thought, which constitutes an extra sense for me; and to my nose He gave a voice of its own. I was a dentist. Indeed, I have found a new way of extracting teeth without gas. You merely press the neck of your patient, who faints in consequence, and you can then safely operate. How did *you* come to this? What caused you to take the attire of a man in place of the usual brown coat of a cover?"

His companion—friend or master—bade him keep silent for a while, and we journeyed in silence.

When we came in sight of Brighton the motor-car stopped suddenly in front of a large gate. The moment after we entered a park, and the door being opened, I was taken into the house.

The man whom, so unhappily for me, I had met in the street was now alone with me. Without leaving me a moment's peace, he began to take my measure with the utmost care and caution. Then, pointing to me a strong and broad cage, he ordered me to step in.

It would be very tiresome and quite useless for me to express here my various thoughts and the miserable consternation into which I was thrown. I would not live those hours again for anything in the world, and had the devil been within my reach I should decidedly have given my soul to him in order that he should see me safely home. But no one came to my rescue, and, though most unwilling, I had to submit to my terrible fate.

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When the cage, made of the strongest steel, was closed upon me, I found myself a prisoner in the most degrading state. I began to look around and to shake the bars of my grating, but in vain. The man-without-a-cover had gone.

My next step was to inspect the prison. And in so doing I discovered in the left corner a box, resembling a coffin in shape, though it was certainly not a coffin such as I delight in seeing daily in the windows of the undertakers. It was divided into compartments!

“Is this the box of lofty thoughts, I wonder?” said I to myself.

In that case the man must have had a certain degree of reason about him after all, for the box was far from being empty.

In the first compartment was a red flower, blushing deeply with all the purest carmine of Nature. The flower was certainly not freshly cut, but had preserved all its beauties and delectable perfume.

In the second compartment was a doll. Oh, not an extraordinary doll! A plain, common hand-made wooden doll, which you could open by the middle, to discover inside it a second doll presenting exactly the same appearance. Just like those figureless old women of white wood made by the Russian peasants during the long evenings of their winter season. From the first to the last there were twenty-one dolls, one inside the other. The last was scarcely bigger than a poppyseed, but presented exactly all the particularities of the largest one.

In the third compartment were two books. You may judge of my surprise when I opened them and found that no

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black stain polluted the immaculate white of their leaves. Only the binding bore some words. They were the titles of those unwritten books. Thus they ran:

“The book	“Advice to
which	Mankind
contains all that I know	for
for	a better use of their faculties.”
certain.”	

No name of author was to be seen.

In the fourth compartment was a little framed picture, and though I examined it very closely I was not able at first to realize what the subject of the picture was. From a shallow little boat a gigantic snake was seen to emerge, fiercely staring, and on the opposite corner was a round black spot. As, when a child throws a stone in a river, the waves extend farther and farther, shunning the bruises which the child has inflicted upon them, in a like manner waver of a grey lighter and lighter as they extended towards the snake were painted in methodically eccentric gyrations. The last wave was almost white, and stopped at the head of the monster.

In the fifth compartment was a skull.

In the sixth compartment was a white rose, with a delicious scent.

In the seventh compartment, as well as in the eighth and last, I saw nothing, but a sweet music struck on my ear when I bent over them. The tunes were very different at first, one tender and soft, the other furious and thundering. At the end, however, both melted in a whisper, to die suddenly in a piercing cry of laughter.

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And the man-who-lost-his-cover came into the room again.

"Well," said he, "I thought that by now you would have found your way to submit to necessity and reintegrate your real personality. What did you see in my box?"

I told him, and instantly he grew pale and staggered. But after a moment he looked furiously at me, and resumed his former manner.

"By God!" he said, "I cannot believe you. How you have found out my secret and learned by heart the things which one ought to see in my box, but which one does not, I ignore. But you cannot possibly have seen them." I swore that I was no impostor. But he refused to listen to me, and called his two men. They came, and began verifying the measure he had taken of me.

"Too long," said he, when it was completed. "You have grown out of shape. We shall have to cut out and plane you in order that you should exactly fit my mighty box. However, as you pretend to have seen in it things which a cover cannot possibly see, I must give myself a day to think it over."

I felt instantly relieved, and began to hope again.

"Perhaps I shall not be cut out and planed after all," thought I; and smiled humorously upon the man.

Fool! I felt almost certain that a crueller punishment could not be conceived by the morbid imagination of a madman. And now I am here, in this secluded spot, with no prospect but the most horrible of lives. . . . But, dear unknown reader of this history, you to whom a trustworthy messenger will deliver it, do not let my personal sorrow trouble you because

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of this incoherent anticipation of the rest of my story. I should raise no sympathy in your heart by whimpering over myself. It is true that I am inclined to run riot in self-lamentations; but great men always are. And I shall try henceforth not to give way to that unwholesome tendency. I have much already to be forgiven.

In my cage, then, to resume, I was just passing from a state of dreadful mental agony to a more settled and hopeful disposition. For the second time the man-who-had-lost-his-cover left me alone; and I felt more relieved. He will never dare, thought I; and, after all, he does not look such a cold-blooded murderer. His eyes indicate some sort of inner life and his tone and voice are gentle at times. It is a joke, a mystification. . . . It must be.

Thus I tried to deceive myself, and I must admit that I utterly failed. Looking, then, around my prison, I began to feel a very peculiar sort of numbness coming over me. It was almost like intoxication, and I am not in the least ashamed to say that I know what intoxication is. I was drowsy; my head seemed to weigh as heavy as if it contained lead in place of the keenest brains. The coffin appeared to me a most comfortable bedstead, and the skull a soft pillow. A horrible attraction bent me towards the box, and in a moment I lay, stiff, snoring, over the eight compartments.

There is here a blank in my memory. Under the influence of a powerful narcotic, I was cut out and planed to fit the coffin exactly. About that time my tormentors must have been interrupted, for they forgot to nail me on the coffin, and the cage was hurriedly put on a motor and carried somewhere on

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the South Coast to the private yacht which, no doubt, was awaiting us. This is my way of explaining it, but of course it is a mere suggestion. It might have been an airship that took me away, independent of terrestrial laws, regardless of Customs Duties—who knows, perhaps hovering over London and Scotland Yard and my dear old house in which I was so happy—but . . . *Nec scire fas est omnia.*

The only thing I am certain of is that I was either planed to fit the coffin, or the coffin to fit me; and then I woke up. I was on board a sea-or air-ship. Believe me, she was in great danger.

However, this would prove a useless narrative. The floating machinery suffered, was nearly wrecked; the crew suffered, nearly perished; I suffered, and nearly died. After the storm was over I found myself on the shore of this island with the box; a small cage out of which two carrier-pigeons, almost dead with hunger, were struggling to escape; three sailors of the crew; the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will, and a dog; while my tormentor and the other souls were drowned, I suppose, or thrown upon some other land. It seems now almost as if I should wish my tormentor to be here. I might cure him; and at all events he would be compelled by necessity to adopt a more lenient attitude towards me. Besides, now that he has made me to fit his box, the worst is over. . . .

Here takes place an incoherent discussion on the bitter taste of sea-water and the possibilities of its sweetening, after which the MS. comes to an end. I have sent back the pigeon, and expect to receive a new supply of facts—more precise than the vague and uncanny allegations contained in the first. If I may be allowed to make a personal suggestion, I am inclined to believe the writer to be as mad as any tormentor of his, real or imaginary. However, the MS. is human, and so . . . *imprimatur!*

II

CONSIDERING the bulk of the MSS. trusted to the carrier-pigeon by my correspondent, I decided to send an extra porter with the first bird, in case of the next message being of an equal or superior volume, and as I know something about pigeons, as before mentioned, I managed that in a very clever way.

I say clever because it is a very simple scheme in its cleverness, and nobody would say it if not I, but nevertheless it had to be found—like the egg of the late C.C. I bought a fine hen pigeon, and kept it with the Man-Cover's messenger, so that they could rub acquaintance. When I noticed the first symptoms of love I bless the new pair and let them go. The new wife—as I thought she would—followed her husband.

They returned to me with the following strange document, and I think I must warn the reader against a certain feeling of sympathy towards the writer. The wickedness and cruelty with which he carries out his logical tendencies are too repulsive to permit any sentiment of pity. His sufferings appear to be simply the consequences of a wild and unhindered imagination, and the real victims—the only ones to be pitied—are his unhappy companions.

That is, of course, in the case of the documents being an expression of reality. I am sure every one feels the necessity of clearing up this matter. Alas! there are no Radicals in this country—that is, persons acting in a radical manner—as I have written to the Man-cover himself and consequently I have little hope that H.M. Government will give any orders on the matter. I am afraid that if an expedition is sent over it will be commanded by some distinguished foreign officer. However, should the expedition cover itself with ridicule by not finding the Man-Cover or his island, it is perhaps safer for the British reputation that it should be a foreign expedition. But to business.

Considering our present advanced state of civilisation, and how the Torch of Science has been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for 5000 years and upwards, as

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Carlyle puts it; and considering—as I think necessary to conclude, contrary to the immortal Scotsman—considering how very little more we know about the most important questions which concern the human race than did our tailed ancestors, it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that, however unpleasant they may be from a personal point of view, the most wondrous and striking experiences which I am undergoing will doubtless be of no little help to the *bonâ-fide* thinkers of our present day. Dean Swift and Samuel Butler stand, no one will deny it, as the greatest benefactors of humanity. If my sufferings could prove of any utility, in their turn, I should feel myself proud and most happy to describe at length the life I am now leading with three sailors, a dog, a musician, a box whose value I am learning every day to appreciate more and more, and our carrier-pigeons, in a distant island.

I must begin methodically and give a systematic account of my life here. I trust that the Authority presiding over our destinies will look upon me as the most logical of all men. As the surroundings play an important part in our life, my first duty is to describe them. The island is a large one. When I have gone round it myself I shall perhaps be able to give a rough estimate of its area. For the present I can but say: *it is a large island*. We have trees by thousands: water trees, from which, after the stems have been cut and slashed, the water pours down; kola-nut trees, papaw tress, with their flowers, male and female; dragon trees, fig trees, cocoa-nut palms, bread-fruit trees, and the rest. Beautiful birds are dwelling in the branches. All that is needed for life is abundant and easy to gather. The climate permits us to

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spend night and day in the open, and when I retire to sleep on the box whose cover I have turned out to be, my companions sleep in the trees.

No venomous or objectionable beast has yet dared to breathe the air of this balmy country. But it is not a deserted spot. The natives are black, but tame and pleasant, and one of my first steps will be to try and bring them into contact with the beauties of our civilisation. For this object the mighty box is of the utmost importance; and here I touch on the first difficulty which I encountered.

The destiny of man being precarious and unsettled, my soul was often wandering at large in its anxiety to provide for the future of the lofty thoughts of my late tormentor. I had banished all hatred and bitterness from my heart and forgiven my enemy. He had done me a great wrong, dragging me pitilessly away from the peaceful occupations of my life, cutting and planing my worthy form in order that I should fit his coffin. He had driven me to his ship, and was the cause of my present exile. Two young kittens had placed all their hope in me, and I was failing to fill my paternal duty towards them. I was working at my great work, in fifty-two volumes, on the various elements composing the shell of the oyster, and I had almost completed my Introduction, when I was thus deprived of my liberty by the man-who-had-lost-his-cover. Yet I bore him no grudge. He was right; I feel it more intensely every day. A box so mighty needed a cover. In consequence, knowing that the hour of my death might strike at any moment, I had to find a man-cover to replace me in that event; one who would never forget to reintegrate the box every night.

Proceeding in order, I looked around me; and at once

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discarded the two pigeons and the dog. I had only to choose between the three sailors and the man-whose-nose-sings-at-will. As the latter was of great help to us, and kept the negroes amused for hours with the harmonious though plaintive accords springing at will from his nasal organ, there remained only the sailors. The natives, were, of course, totally unfit for such a fate. They could find no inner delectation in the perpetual sufferings occasioned by so dreadful an ordeal—or doom!

Of the three sailors, one was much too short to prove of any use. If I could easily shorten, lop, prune, and curtail a too big substitute, I could not possibly add anything to that small pattern of our race. I decided, in consequence, to slay him, during his sleep, so that a useless impediment be done away with. As the four men, since the wreck of our ship, were sunk in a state of torpor and only stared at me with vacant looks, it proved easy to settle this slight matter. I removed the body; and left to time and the natural dryness of the air the care of dividing its various elements.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will was the first to notice the absence of the sailor, but he said nothing to me. In fact, I believe him to be mad also. He is continually looking anxiously towards the east, and seems lost to this world, since his friend or master has disappeared in the wreck. From the middle of his face gushed a sad tune, and from his eyes many a bitter tear; but, as I said before, he addressed me not. I was not a little surprised, as he is the only one with me to know the secrets of the box. But I respected his silence.

The two others were more suitable for my purpose. One was a strongly built fellow, with a certain air of intelligence

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about him; but he was yet too besotted with fear or moral distress to be made the recipient of my plans. So I had only one expedient left to me, and turned all my faculties towards the last of my companions.

He is not young by any means. His temples are already crowned with the grey silver of at least fifty years and his nose with the carmine of many gallons. But his remarkable acuteness renders him extremely valuable. When I opened my mind to him he simply lifted his eyes at me with a shrewd look and smiled gently with the smile of the Wise.

I told him the story of the meeting with my kidnapper; and explained to him the operation I had to go through before I could fit the coffin of lofty thoughts. With the exception of the secret of the eight compartments, I opened my very soul to that worthy successor. He must possess a keen sense of humour; for he began gently, and dry-humour-like, telling me a quite different story. His smile, of course, showed that he was only trying to entertain me. According to his version, I am a well-known surgeon who had lost his reason and was taken to the private yacht of a celebrated alienist. As I seemed to be always talking of a coffin without a cover, one had been made of my size. Unhappily, says the sailor, a wreck happened; and the doctor who was to cure me has been drowned.

This narrative caused me to laugh heartily. I could scarcely keep my ribs together. I had no trouble in pointing out to him the contradictions in his story, and he soon agreed with me. When he saw, moreover, that I alone of us all was armed, and that the natives treated me with great respect, he put himself entirely at my disposal. I took advantage of this

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happy mood to offer him my services in order that he should be cut out and planed on the spot. But he looked gently in my eyes, and said that he himself would see to that. I told him of my experiments, and how I still had at times a certain illusion that my body was absolutely complete. But (he said) the case is common with all men amputated; and he promised me that in case of my death he should at once prepare himself to take my place at night on the top of the coffin. My mind being thus at rest, I began studying more deeply the contents of that mighty box.

III

THE two carrier-pigeons have come to me. I am glad to say they look very happy. Though there is still much to be published before we arrive at the part of the Man-Cover's adventures with which this last message is concerned, he informs me of such surprising news that I think it my duty to let the readers share it at once. The news is startling. Having received my letter, he threatens to blow the island into the air, should any vessel approach within three miles. He informs me of his absolute decision never to leave the place, and never to allow any one to come within the distance mentioned. Provided he receives my pledge never to reveal the situation of his new landed property, he promises to keep me informed of all his doings. For the sake of the tale, I have made myself an accomplice of his crimes and follies. I am ashamed of myself, but curiosity is stronger than shame. The carrier-pigeons have fled back to him with my word of honour. I was too anxious to know more about the Man-Cover, and my duty as a reporter has made me forget the moral ideas painfully inculcated unto me by a life of hard experience and severely-paid-for mistakes. Scratch the man, you will find the beast. I must admit this has proved true for me also. It is the last time that I let my own personality come between the readers and the wickedly mad hero of history, and I apologise for this intrusion. I now give place to him, and will publish his notes as I receive them.

The contents of the coffin have not suffered from the wreck. Here they are all, the books and the skull, the roses white and red, the picture and the doll. From the seventh and eighth compartments sprang the same tunes. Truly, the sound reminded me of some hoarse singer, but the quantity of seawater absorbed during the floating journey from ship to land certainly accounts for it. I shall gather a few lemons and rub the wood carefully with their juices.

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Being a man of method and logic, I could not but begin with book-keeping. When they were dry the two books came very handy to me. I opened them at the first page, and started putting down with a blue pencil the most important among all the thoughts that came into my brain. In

“The book
which
contains all that I know
for
certain”

I began with these sentences:

“Your enemy, when his hatred and persecution lead you to a clearer perception of Life’s secrets, becomes your benefactor.”

“The men living in my company being unable to realise that my body is nothing but an illusion of their deficient sight, it is useless for me to try and oblige them to recognise it as a mere wood cover.”

“Their error will appear even more plausible and explicable when one considers that a few days ago I was myself unaware of my real personality; and that I am still at times under the influence of insufficiently keen senses.”

“The destiny of a Man-Cover being a case of exceptional scarcity, he cannot reasonably be bound by everyday morals and conventions. All that hampers him, all that comes in his way to prevent him from fulfilling his sacred duty, must be surmounted and overcome. What is crime in a man is often virtue in a cover.”

Having thus established a sound and most solid base of

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morality, which could be transmitted as a new gospel for the special use of the Men- Covers of future times, I opened the second book to put down in it some equally useful aphorisms. But as I took my pencil the white, immaculate page appeared covered with brown characters. I had scarcely time enough to read and they had vanished. But I remember what I saw.

“You must leave the study of the oyster-shells in order to perceive the invisible, to refine your senses and escape the delusions caused by them.”

“The duty of man is not to believe other men. They speak either truth or untruth; but if they speak truth, even then is it a falsehood.”

“All men are not necessarily obliged to kill their opponents or those who doubt them, or who are not of any use to them; but some men are—all Men-Covers are.”

I was interrupted in the profound meditation that followed this discovery by the approach of a strong party of natives. My heir-apparent, if I may be allowed to use that expression in regard to a Man-Cover, was absent; and our two other companions had also made themselves scarce.

These black men seemed to be frenzied with pugnacity, a very unusual disposition. After rapidly taking advice of the skull (the two books failing on the matter), I lay down in my usual place, protecting the lofty thoughts from impure contact, resolved to be pierced through and through rather than to let these black devils brush the holy books. To be pierced through could not do me much harm; and the holes would soon be stopped up by the skilful hand of my worthy understudy.

Evidently my attitude of passive resistance surprised the

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natives. They gathered around me and began singing a strange *mélopée*. One of their chiefs passed his hands over my face, and I became at once unconscious. . . .

When I awoke I was still covering the coffin, but the surroundings had changed. Over me was a huge canopy of magnificent trees in full bloom of youth. Nature had certainly not been helped in the forming of that beautiful corner of the world; nevertheless a Japanese gardener, master of his art, could not have done better. Two gaps at the foot of the coffin were apparently waiting for posts to be planted. Wild flowers of all colours, some of a shade quite unknown to me, perfumed the air. It was no more the sunny afternoon, but a morning splendid and enchanting. The dew covered the prairie, and it seemed as if the grass were weeping lukewarm tears. At intervals a gentle breeze came, softly caressing the head of each blade of grass, refreshing them with its breath. Then Father Sol moved also with sympathy, showed himself a while before he was due, drying the tears of the green blades.

It dried also my coffin, and from the musical compartments came the *roulades* of an invigorated voice. As I heard also the panting breath of the negroes, I looked for them, and saw that, quite unaware of the tune, they were sitting at a little distance, all talking at the same time, carolling and shouting. But they were not, I gather, plotting any serious mischief. They saluted me in a friendly manner when they saw me leave the box and walk towards them. I must have been a long time lying over it, a whole afternoon and night, maybe, during my unnatural sleep.

I bowed gracefully before them; but they seemed amazed

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at my forwardness. As I was going to address them an awful feeling passed over me. My old fancy took possession of my brains again, and I imagined myself made of flesh and bones. I began to suffer as if my body had in reality become stiff and benumbed. Happily it was enough for me to turn and see the coffin, and my delusion fled. Moreover, I noticed that I had forgotten one of the most important things. The very colour of the coffin ought to have told the truth to me long ago. Of course I was now of a dark brown complexion, almost black, and this was the reason of their surprise.

A movement which I detected among them made me turn quickly towards my box. Too late, alas! The scoundrels had taken advantage of my few steps towards them, and were pillaging the coffin, keeper of lofty thoughts.

The piercing cry I uttered perplexed them. One had already the skull in his hands, but on hearing me he put it back in the compartment instantly; and they all began chanting a slow prayer, which I could not understand. I went back straight to the box, and, kneeling over it, sought consolation in the sweet tune of the two last compartments. When I turned round again the miserable, unintelligent creatures had gone, all but two, who advanced towards me. They were women of a lovely type.

IV

I was a prisoner. An inextricable entanglement of tropical creepers encircled the little oasis. A small path had been managed, but it was severely guarded at the other end. What doom had been prepared for me? For what purpose had these two handsome creatures been left with me? I only reproduce here an infinitesimal part of the numberless thoughts which came to my mind in that moment.

However—for this should prove a too long narrative—I soon ceased ruminating upon the future, for the women began singing a sort of cheerless lay. “How, fah, fah, how, loh, hew, hew,” it went on, and I could foresee no end to the romance. In the meantime the maidens advanced towards me, and while their thoughts gave way to the noise referred to already, their hands soon began gently scratching my head, as if to prey upon my hair. I have always been rather sensitive to feminine beauty, and when they leant gracefully over me and began patting my cheeks I thought how simply delightful it would be to desert my duties, abandon my coffin, and live as a man who is not a cover. I was soon to feel ashamed of this intention.

After they had indulged in that little recreation they changed the tune of their lay and gave the same words with another air, which called at once to my mind the choir of the

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“Suppliants.” As a matter of fact they were asking me for some favour. At the sight of real tears rolling down the faces of these two most lovable creatures, so handsome and graceful, so perfect in all their proportions, my pity was set in motion; and soon love was to follow, thought I. Though of a slightly dark complexion, they were none the less remarkably pretty, and very near the finest type of white womanhood. Alas! their beauty was a trap, their sweet voices were meant to delude me; the sirens had been sent by those who could not but mean persecution against me.

I found this out as soon as I understood them. They wanted my flowers. With a supple and harmonious gesture, they suggested that I should let them have the mystical roses. As soon as I perceived their intentions I felt the most intense impulse to murder them. We talked for a long time without being able to gather much of each other’s thoughts. At last I turned to the books in the coffin, and in the book containing

“Advice to
Mankind
for
a better use of their faculties”

I saw, traced by an invisible hand, the following advice:

“Be careful of womanly traps.”

“Let the roses be planted; they are meant for that purpose.”

“A cover cannot fall in love except with boards and planks. Beware of the fallacies of sense.”

As any one may understand, my mind was a pandemonium, but still I could not refuse to submit to so clear an order, and I handed the roses to the maidens. I had not to repent the

concession. They clasped their hands and smiled upon me; then planted them instantly in the two big holes of which I have spoken already. The result was immediate. The plants began growing and growing, blossoming in many parts of their stalk, and their odour delighted my nostrils.

But this meant no peace for me. The two females, truly, shrank from me, but my senses were speaking in a rough way. They sat at the other end of the oasis; and looked on with wide-open eyes of delight as the two sweet and scented plants continued to grow. I could not detach my sight from the girls, and for the first time my ear did not perceive the music of the two compartments. It seemed to me as if there were two personalities in me, one simple and natural, as it becomes a wood cover, the other complex and full of passions, as if I were really the man whom I knew to be no more. I took the skull in my hands, and suddenly a light broke its way into my soul. How could I be deluded this time? I had arms and hands; I "SAW" them. I saw the women, I saw the coffin. It was not the feeling of a plain piece of brown wood. I went almost mad over the discovery. What was the meaning of all this? I then opened the book again, but scarcely had I time to glance at the white page before a large band of negroes came again to me; and this time I could not keep them at a distance. They chained me and drove me away. I fell unconscious.

At my awakening I found that I was alone by the shore with the old sailor, my willing successor. When he saw that I opened my eyes he spoke gently to me:

"Are you better now?"

"What has happened?" said I, instead of answering his question.

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“Oh you have been very ill for many days with brain-fever. You must not speak too much.”

“What? Where is the coffin?”

“The negroes have it; they have carried it away into the interior. But I suppose you are cured now?” he added in an anxious tone.

I shall not repeat the conversation that ensued. Enough to mention that I discovered the old sailor to be absolutely mad. And being unable to persuade him that I was still firmly convinced of being the cover of the lost coffin, I found it better to agree with him. And soon he fell into the trap. Hiding the longing after my box and its contents, the doll and the skull and the mighty books, I spoke to him as if completely unconcerned about the loss, and unrolled a scheme for civilising the natives. He told me of a little hut under the canopy, where my two wives were waiting for my arrival, as soon as I could get up and walk there.

He did not expect me to do so before a long while, but he was wrong. With a cautious look around me, I began creeping slowly towards him; and before he could call any one I had jumped at his throat. I had my idea; and being a logical man, I wanted to carry it out faithfully, without losing an instant. We struggled a long time; and, as I was getting exhausted, I succeeded at last in taking his knife, and sank it in his stomach.

It was not very pleasant for me to see his blood running black and hot on the sand; but I had to perform this execution, owing to his obstinacy. It was safer to destroy my understudy, as I had called him till then in my happy thoughts, and try afterwards to get another one to fill his place. His

hint about my wives suggested to me that I might soon have a child whom I could bring up in the idea that he was to take my place. I could also shape an infant better than an old seaman. So I left him to the whales and other fishes, and proceeded towards the oasis. The two wives he had spoken of were the same women who caused my last illness. But their sweet smile prevented me from using any abusive language, which, in fact, they could not understand.

Well aware that I was fated to conceal my thoughts for a very long while, I allowed them to advance and attend upon me. In that way began my new life as master of a harem. At first the negroes treated me with a certain reserve, even with hostility; but they soon changed, seeing me so tame and amiable. As the story goes,

The King of France and forty thousand men
They drew their swords and put them back again.

But I now perceive that my narrative will appear almost incoherent if I do not at this point of the history pass over a few incidents and the daily toil of civilising, in order to state immediately the chief facts.

The negroes after a while submitted to me; my two wives are most attentive, and wait upon me with a laudable zeal. The strongly built sailor, who has recovered from his fear, is my most devoted lieutenant, and as his ideas are scarce he never asks for any explanations, and follows faithfully all my orders.

The man-whose-nose-sings-at-will I have put in irons. His mutism was beginning to upset me. The natives enjoy immensely their visit to the cage, where, as a canary should, he continually sings through his nasal appendage.

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The circumference of the island is somewhat over fifteen miles, and the first discovery I made was that of a broken-down sailing-boat, which the niggers had never dared approach since the wreck that brought it there. In the cabins I found gunpowder in large quantities, rum, matches, and tobacco; I had all this carried to my oasis, together with a cannon; and when the negroes had heard the voice of this powerful engine my authority was established on the most solid basis.

This event helped me to recover the coffin, and I am glad to say that nothing had been done to it to spoil it. It had two hundred natives hanged, and as many burned alive, for form's sake, and in order to show their fellow black men that my justice was impartial; but apart from this unimportant little fact nothing followed the recovery of the mighty box.

I had undertaken the difficult task of civilising the negroes; and as it would be quite impossible for me to lose for an instant the sight and thought of my personal mission, I was not a little perplexed at the duality it presented at first. But I soon found out the truth. Cut in the most precious wood of the island, a cover was made of my shape, and prepared to take my place every time my various duties should call me away. Acting upon the advice of my wives, I had the coffin hidden from sight; and only once a month, when the moon breaks up with her thinnest crescent, are the natives admitted to the contemplation of its contents.

Before I take again to the main road of my history, which I shall neither leave again or follow further than necessary, I must give a word of praise to my wives. Of course the poor creatures think I am a mere man, but apart from this

little error they treat me gently and worship me so much that they seem very much concerned every time I venture myself out of their sight. The sailor, my lieutenant, calls them "Nurse," but then he is such a simple fellow!

Remembering the Laws of Manu, and how it is there said that there are seven kinds of wife, *i.e.*, a wife like a thief, like an enemy, like a master, like a friend, like a sister, like a mother, like a slave, and that the last four are good and the last of all the best, I cannot quite agree with the ancient. My wives are of the best, and I am afraid they are like a master to me, though their authority is always tempered with sisterly manners. And what fine cooks they both are! They will help me to civilise our negroes.

This task seems to me the most important. All the civilised world may disappear; and we must have cultured beings to put in its place. Have you never thought of the dreadful doom perhaps reserved to our race; of the very slight disturbance that might reduce to nothing all our proud civilisation, leaving only the puniest and less fitted amongst human beings? All to be begun anew! As perhaps it has begun again more than once in one or another planet—even in our own little one—along the past centuries. Nothing, nothing will be left, perhaps; not a book, even the Bible; not a statue, even "Demeter" or "La Vénus"; not a piece of art of any kind, save, mayhap, the skull of a monkey floating upon a new and fathomless Ocean. Worse even!—things may be preserved that would lead to serious blunders for our successors. Think of their extremity if the students of our times should find as the only documents a complete edition of the works of Miss Corelli or some of the numerous Utopias that are poured on us at the

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present time. Why, they would not then be surprised at our total disappearance.

I am afraid I am digressing again. But I must warn you against your intrusion upon me. I just have your message, and if you should at any time attempt to interfere with my mission, or try to have some one sent to my rescue, I would without the slightest hesitation blow our island in the air. And now let us back to my adventures.

I am sorry to say that no subsequent MSS. came to me from the Man-Cover.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

REVIEWS

A MODERN READING OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By KATHERINE COLLINS. C.W. Daniel, 1s.

Not bad; might start somebody inquiring how to acquire the Cosmic Consciousness.

ARCANA OF NATURE. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s. net.

Faecal filth about Spiritist—nouns—in simplified “speling.” Who shall cleanse the astral cesspool of these mental necrophiles?

And think of having a name like Hudson Tuttle!

LITTLE BOOK OF SELECTIONS FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., Litt.D. Headley Bros., 1s. 6d. net.

I dislike Brochette de Paragraphes, and I dislike second-raters. “Let the dead bury their dead!” But Dr. Jones apologises prettily enough. May I point out to him that his clients (even) demand the focussing of the attention on something or other, and that this ‘Tit-Bits,’ method is the contradictory course?

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE. By CHARLES WICKSTEED ARMSTRONG. Longmans, Green and Co., 2s. 6d. net.

Ne pedagogus ultra flagellum—for Mr. Armstrong is a schoolmaster. All he does is to rearrange other people’s prattle; and anyhow, I can’t read him.

He write “Carlisle” for “Carlyle,” “future” when he means “later,” and believes in castrating anybody who disagrees with him. Pp. 94, 123, and 114 respectively.

KANT’S PHILOSOPHY AS RECTIFIED BY SCHOPENHAUER. BY M. KELLY, M.D. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.

This excellent little book by Major Kelly sums up in a few pages, concisely enough, the greater portion of Kant’s philosophy; the only difficulty is to tell where Kant ends and where Major Kelly and Schopenhauer begin. Further,

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it is interesting reading, which is more than we can say of most recent works dealing with the Königsberg philosopher; except, however, two, which, as it happens, are also written by soldiers, viz., Captain William Bell McTaggart's "Absolute Relativism," and Captain J. F. C. Fuller's "Star in the West." This work, however, more than these two, which only deal with Kant *en passant*, shows him to be, as we have always considered him, the wild Irishman of Teutonic thought, who recklessly gallops at the philosophic hurdles set up by the seventeenth-century and early eighteenth-century philosophers. Some of these he clears skilfully enough, others he crashes through and shouts *a priori*, little seeing that these innate intuitions of his are but abstractions from experience—"inherited experiences," as Herbert Spencer has since shown—without furthering the solution of the problem "What is Existence?"

In fact, in many ways Kant may be said to be the eighteenth-century Spencer, and much more so than Spencer can be said to be the nineteenth-century Kant. He succeeded Berkeley and Hume, just as Spencer succeeded Hegel and Fichte; but, like the great transfigured realist, only ultimately and unconsciously to be overthrown by the very questions he fondly imagined he had explained away. Nevertheless he answered these questions so astutely that it has taken the whole of the nineteenth century to explain what he meant! This Major Kelly indirectly, if not directly, points out by attempting to rectify the Transcendental Æsthetics Analytic and Dialectic by the critical and idealistic pantheism of Schopenhauer. Interesting as this is, it would have indeed added further to the value of this little book had Major Kelly added a chapter dealing with the philosophy of Kant from to-day's critical standpoint, instead of halting with Schopenhauer's extension of the same. Had he done so he would scarcely have asserted, as he does (or is it Kant or Schopenhauer?), that from the law of Causality results the important *a priori* corollary "that Matter can neither be created nor destroyed" (p. 35). If, however, it can be destroyed, as Gustave le Bon has attempted to prove, what becomes of the *a priority* of Causality? Nay, further, of the *a priority* of the Transcendental Æsthetic itself—of Time and of Space, the fundamental sensual perceptions of Kant's system? Must we agree with the learned author of "The Star in the West," that Kant, after having for a hundred years lost his way in "the night of Hume's ignorance," has at length fallen victim to his own verbosity, and has indeed sadly scorched "his fundamental basis"?

THE LITERARY GUIDE AND RATIONALIST REVIEW, 1908-9. Monthly, 2d.

Of all the lame ducks that crow upon their middens under the impression that they are reincarnations of Sir Francis Drake, I suppose that the origin-of-religion lunatics are the silliest.

REVIEWS

Listen to Charles Callow-Hay on Stonehenge! Here's logic for you!

Stonehenge is built in the form of a circle.

The sun appears to go round the earth in a circle.

Argal, *Stonehenge is a solar temple.*

Or, for the minor premiss:

Eggs are round.

Argal, *Stonehenge was dedicated to Eugenics.*

Listen to Johnny Bobson on Cleopatra's Needle!

The Needle is square in section.

The old Egyptians thought the earth had four corners.

Argal, *The Needle was built to commemorate the theory.*

Or, even worse!

The Needle is square in section.

It must have been built so for a religious reason.

Argal, *The Egyptians thought that the earth had four corners.*

It is impossible to commit all possible logical fallacies in a single syllogism.

This must be very disappointing to the young bloods of the R.P.A.

The Rationalists have created man in their own image, as dull simpletons. They assume that the marvellous powers of applied mathematics shown in the Great Pyramid had no worthier aim than the perpetuation of a superstitious imbecility.

Here is Leggy James translating the Chinese classics.

Passage I. is of so supreme an excellence that it compels even his respect.

What does he do?

He flies in the face of the text and the tradition, asserting that "heaven" means a personal God. This shows what "God has never left himself without a witness"—even in China.

Passage II. is quite foolish—*i.e.*, he, He, HE, Leggy James Himself, cannot understand it. This shows to what awful depths the unaided intellect of even the greatest heathen must necessarily sink. How fortunate are We—*et cetera*.

It is such people as these who accuse mystics of fitting the facts to their theories.

Here is Erbswurst Treacle dictating the Laws of the Universe.

It is certain (saith Erbswurst Treacle) that there is no God. And proves it by arguments drawn from advanced biology—the biology of Erbswurst Treacle.

Oh! the shameless effrontery of the Pope who asserts the contrary, and proves it by arguments unintelligible to the lay mind! How shocked is the Rationalist!

My good professor, right or wrong, I may be drunk, but I certainly see a pair of you.

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So this is where we are got to after these six thousand, or six thousand billion years (as the case may be), that, asking for bread, one man gives us the stone of Homoiousios and another the half-baked brick of Amphioxus. Both are in a way rationalists. Wolff gives us idea unsupported by fact, and argues about it for year after year; Treacle does the same thing for fact unsupported by idea. Nor does the one escape the final bankruptcy of reason more than the other.

While the theologian vainly tries to shuffle the problem of evil, the Rationalist is compelled to ascribe to his perfect monad the tendency to divide into opposite forces.

The *ὁὐδεν* plays leapfrog with the *ἐν* as the *ἐν* has vaulted over the bar of the *πᾶλλα* and the *παν*. So the whole argument breaks up into a formidably ridiculous logomachy, and we are left in doubt as to whether the universe is (after all) bound together by causal or contingent links, or whether in truth we are not gibbering lunatics in an insane chaos of hallucination.

And just as we think we are rid of the priggishness of Matthew Arnold and Edwin Arnold and all the pragmatic pedants and Priscilla-scented lavenderians, up jumps some renegade monk, proclaims himself the Spirit of the Twentieth Century, and replaces the weak tea of the past by his own stinking cabbage-water.

It seems useless nowadays to call for a draught of the right Wine of Iacchus.

The Evangelicals object to the wine, and the Rationalists to the God.

We had filed off the fetter, and while the sores yet burn, find another heavier iron yet firmer on the other foot --- as Stevenson so magnificently parabled unto us.

Then how this nauseous stinkard quibbles!

This defender of truth! How he delights with apish malice to write "in England," wishing his hearers to understand "Great Britain"; and when taxed with the malignant lie against his brother which he had thus cunningly insinuated, to point out gleefully that "England" does not include "Scotland."

Indeed a triumph of the Reason!

And why all this pother? To reduce all men to their own lumpishness. These louts of the intelligence! These clods—Clodds!

My good fellows, it is certainly necessary to plough a field sometimes. But not all the year round! We don't want the furrows; we want the grain. And (for God's sake!) if you must be ploughmen, at least let us have the furrows straight!

Do you really think you have helped us much when you have shown that a horse is really the same as a cow, only different?

REVIEWS

Quite right; it is indeed kind of you to have pointed out that even Gadarene pigs might fly, but are very unlikely birds, and that the said horse is (after all) not a dragon. Very, very kind of you.

Thank you so much.

And now will you kindly go away?

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. By JACOB BOEHME. Translated by WILLIAM LAW. H.R.Allenson, 1s. net.

This admirable little treatise, now so beautifully and conveniently printed, deserves a place on every bookshelf. It contains the essential knowledge of our own community in the Christian—but not too Christian—dialect. I have bought a dozen copies to give to my friends.

MEISTER ECKHART'S SERMONS. Translated by CLAUDE FIELD, M.A. Same price and publisher.

Too pedantic and theological to please me, though I daresay he means well.

THE WORSHIP OF SATAN IN MODERN FRANCE. By ARTHUR LILLIE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s.

Arthur Lillie is as convenient as Mrs. Boole from the standpoint of the poet.

I should add that the catch-penny title is entirely misleading, and has no discoverable connection with the contents, save those of a short preface, cribbed, like the title, from Mr. Waite's "Devil-Worship in France."

What a wicked place France is!

THE WORKSHOP OF RELIGIONS. By ARTHUR LILLIE. Same price and publisher.

Slobber.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND FUN OF ALGEBRA. By MARY EVEREST BOOLE. C.W.Daniel, 2s. net.

Mrs.Boole is as convenient as Mr. Lillie from the standpoint of the poet. I am sorry for the children who search this book for fun, and there is as much philosophy as fun.

The book is as of a superior person stooping to instruct lesser minds, and so wrapped in the robe of priggishness that the voice is muffled.

THE MESSAGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE TO THE WORLD. Same author and publisher, 3s. 6d. net.

Dull tosh.

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SEEN AND UNSEEN. By E. KATHERINE BATES. Greening and Co., Ltd., 1s. net.
Superstitious twaddle; aimless gup; brain-rotting bak-bak.

THE QUEST. Quarterly, 2s. 6d. net. John M. Watkins.

We are threatened in October with the publication of a magazine of this title.

It is, we believe, to bear aloft as oriflamme not the Veil of Isis, but the stainless petticoat of Mrs. Grundy. You mustn't say psychism or C.W.L.

We note, however, with satisfaction that one of the contributors, a Mr. G. R. S. Mead, is a B.A. This sort of boasting is perfectly legitimate.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By OSWALD KÜLPE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 10s. 6d.

One of the most encouraging and significant signs of the times is the new Psychology, an excellent introduction to which is provided by the present work.

Oswald Külpe's work is of an essentially Teutonic character, having nearly all the characteristics, both good and bad, that one expects to find in a German technical scientific work; eminently typical is "Outlines of Psychology" in its thoroughness.

The experimental method, in which Külpe is an adept, shows conclusively and absolutely the essential unity of body and mind.

Psychology is still in its infancy; when it attains maturity it will be the most dread enemy that Supernaturalism has to face. The subjective view of life is undoubtedly destined to be the predominant one.

Your reviewer ventures to prophesy that in the science whereof Külpe is a brilliant pioneer will be found the key to the ecstasy that is the Vision in all religions.

The translator of "Outlines" is Mr. E. B. Titchener. He has succeeded admirably.

V.B. NEUBURG.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By OSWALD KÜLPE. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 5s.

An excellent introduction to formal Philosophy, explaining clearly the distinctions between the various schools that at present hold the field. The author is extremely calm and impartial as a rule, but in his denunciation of materialism he shows that a passionate human heart throbs in the breast of one who seems to the harsh gaze of the sceptic to be a formalist and a schoolman.

I commend the book to all those who wish to understand the tendencies of philosophy in the universities of to-day.

A word of praise is due to Mr. Titchener. He has again performed satisfactorily his difficult task of translation.

V.B. NEUBURG.

REVIEWS

INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By DR. THEODOR ZIEHEN.
Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 6s.

Luke vi. 39.

Professor Ziehen, the author of this useful little text-book—useful at least for examination purposes and “sixth-form” students in psychology—follows in the main the theories more widely known in this country through the works of Münsterberg, and rejects such of those of Wundt as are based by him upon that *a priori* auxiliary function, the so-called “apperception.” “From the outstart,” states Professor Ziehen, “the conception ‘unconscious psychical processes’ is for us an empty conception”; and so, on the strength of this assertion, he attempts to work out the whole of his argument empirically. This he does rationally enough, as we might expect from a professor of Jena; but in spite of the cunning of his logic and the lucidity of his numerous “because,” he, in the end, is as inconclusive as Wundt or any of the modern psychologists. Finally he explains nothing, or, to be charitable, very little, and in spite of this assertion, “Our thoughts are never voluntary,” we are still more in doubt as to this on closing his volume than we were upon opening it.

Further, he writes on p. 247: “The freedom which we think to possess in the so-called voluntary processes of thought is only semblance.” In spite of the dogmatism displayed in this sentence, we almost agree with it, and would heartily do so if our worthy Professor had included in it all mental conditions explicable in the language of man. Semblances we feel they all are, semblances of a something beyond book or word, a something alone attainable by Titanic work.

The individual, we feel, will never understand the minds of others until he understands his own. This our modern-day philosophers invariably seem to forget, and as long as they do so we cannot help further feeling that their grand generalisation must be as unbalanced as the minds of those asylum patients from which they are so fond of deducing them. “Know Thyself” comes before “Instruct others.” Let this be well remembered by all such as would teach without learning and would lead others without seeing.

F.

This admirable manual of Physiological Psychology cannot fail to be of great interest to every psychologist who cares for the physiological side of his fascinating science. At the same time, it should, we think, never be forgotten that the study of physiological psychology is hardly complete without a parallel research in psychological physiology.

Nor should confusion arise between physiology proper, psychology proper,

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and psycho-physiology; while for the physio-psychologist it is important to assimilate and co-ordinate the data of epistemology and embryology with those of ontogeny and phylogeny, for the psycho-physiologist it is sufficient to rest in that monistic autokineticism which is only distinguishable from blank atheism by its Hellenistic-Teutonic terminology. J. MCC.

IS A WORLD-RELIGION POSSIBLE? By DAVID BALSILLIE, M.A. Francis Griffiths, 4s. net.

Mr. Balsillie does not seem to realise the immensity of his subject. I remember once at school, in a general knowledge paper, being asked to give "a short account of the Equator." Frankly, I funked the task, but another spirit, more bold, stated that it was nicknamed "the line" and sailors play jokes in crossing it! That is just Mr. Balsillie's attitude. For my own part I would even dare to speak disrespectfully of the Equator rather than dismiss the vast subject of a World-Religion in 180 pages, a large number of which are taken up with the practical jokes of such comic mariners in deep water as Mr. Myers and the Rev. R.J. Campbell. NORMAN ROE.

Balsillie for short?—A.C.

THE BUDDHIST REVIEW. Quarterly, 1s.

Founded, as "Buddhism," in 1902, by Allan Bennett. *Lucifer, quomodo cecidisti!*

RAYS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY. By Rev. SEPTIMUS HERBERT, M. A. Second Edition. Samuel Bagster and Sons, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.

This book consists of theological discussions between two young men named Percy and Sidney! It must be a great help to a Master of Arts in attaining a Second Edition if he can pat his own musings on the back at psychological moments with such interpolations as "'Yes,' said Percy, 'I like that thought!'"

The clumps of quotations at the commencement of the various chapters read on occasion rather incongruously. For instance, in front of Chapter XIV.:

"'Jesus called a little child unto Him.' --- Matthew xviii. 2."

"' "Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there." '---"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

NORMAN ROE.

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM:

THE TENNYSON CENTENARY

THE judicious may possibly wonder why one should dig so deep into the tumulus of oblivion to rescue (though but for execration) the bones of so very dead a dog as Alfred Tennyson.

But the truth is not so near the surface. He can hardly be called dead who never lived; and a trodden worm writhes longer than a felled ox. So therefore Tennyson succumbed to contempt, not to hatred; men twitched their robes away from the contamination of the unclean thing—there was no fight, no bloodshed.

Now therefore the smirking approval of the neuters of England continues unashamed, until the younger generation (some of them) may be inclined to class Tennyson with the poets, rather than with the Longfellows and Cloughs.

They can hardly imagine any creature, however vile, so capulous as to prostitute the noble legend of England herself to dust-licking before that amiable Teutonic prig, the late Prince Consort. Yet this busy buttock-groom gives the best part of his flunky's life to the achievement. Even his own friendships—his *sd̄yspuəuɹɹ*—are made but the pretext for a new servility.

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And what an object for servility! The fashionable dilettante doubt, the fashionable dilettante faith, are neatly balanced in the scales of mid-Victorian pragmatism, whose coarse-fibred *affettuosi* bargain with God as with a huckster.

The British conception of the Noblest Man being that of a cheating tradesman, their God is fashioned in that image, and the ambition of them all is to cheat Him. So they avoid the sceptic's sneers by an affection of doubt, the fanatic's thunders by an affectation of faith: between which two stools they fall to the ground.

In the end they are more sceptic than the sceptic. Hear how they try to be pious!

“Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,”

implies that the whole question of religion is so trivial that it is really not worth while disturbing any one about it.

So too the play at scepticism results in an insane excess of maudlin piety.

As we look back on that whole dreadful period, we sicken at its loathsome cant, its *laissez-faire*, its sweating, its commercialism, its respectability, its humanitarianism, its inhumanity.

Of this age we have two perfect relics.

If art be defined as the true reflection of the inmost soul of the age, then the works of Alfred Tennyson and the Albert Memorial are among our chiefest treasures.

How harmonious, too, they are! There is nothing in Tennyson which the memorial does not figure in one or other of its gaudy features; no flatulence of the Memorial whose

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM

perfect parallel one cannot find in the shoddy sentimentalism of Tennyson.

Even where the vision is true and beautiful it is quite out of place.

The young gentleman waits in the park for his young lady; and sees, quite clearly and nicely:

“And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.”

Apart from the villainous cacophony and bad taste of the wording, the vision is true enough; I was once young myself, in a park—and the rest of it; and that is exactly the vision. But what a point of view! The young gentleman must certainly have been a curate.

At such moments the heart should race, the veins swell, the breath quicken, the eyes strain, the foot—not a word of the struggle not to show impatience, the tenseness of the whole being of a man!

No! this is indeed a glimmering ghost, a bloodless, vacant phantom.

Note, too, the degradation of the symbols.

To compare a girl to a “ghost”; to disenchant the glow and glamour of her to a “glimmer.”

To compare a volcano in eruption to the puffing of a steam-engine; the sun in heaven at high noon to a farthing dip.

The vision is accurate enough; but the point of view is throughout that of a flunkey, of a tradesman, of a gelded toady, of a stewed prune!

So too the very perfection of form which marks Tennyson is a shocking fault, a guide to the governess' mind of the creature. He is so determined to keep all the rules that he

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utterly breaks the first (and last) rule: “Rules are the devil.” He writes like a schoolboy for whom a false quantity means a basting. He counts his syllables on his fingers; he never writes by ear, as one whose ears are open to the heavenly melody of the Muses.

So we have all the artifice—and perhaps the worst artifice ever invented—but no art, no humanity.

As a mountaineer (I have seen very many of the greatest mountains of the earth) I must admit that

“ . . . phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And dewy dells in a golden air.”

is a very decent word-picture of the great mountain. But a Man would have felt his muscles tighten; and the lust to match his force against the stern splendour of those glittering ridges would have sent him hot-foot after rope and axe.

A great artist would rarely see so tremendous a vision as that of a mountain without emotion of terror and wonder and rejoicing. Tennyson sees it as a mere sight—he ticks it off in his Baedeker. He sees the dolly side of everything. Everything he touches becomes petty, false, weak, a mirage. He degrades the courteous Gawain to a vulgar lecher—but his lechery is as mild as an old maid’s Patience; he ruins women as a child plucks a daisy. Lancelot commits adultery with kind gloves on; and Enoch Arden moralises like a Sunday-School Teacher at a village treat.

In the mouth of this soft-spoken counter-jumper the wildest words take on the smoothest sense. By sheer dint of cadence.

STEWED PRUNES AND PRISM

“Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime”

sounds less terrible than a dog-fight.

“Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek’d ——”

is but a termagant.

“Ring out, wild bells” suggests no tocsin (as it might, for they symbolise the stupendous world-tragedy of the Atonement) but at most the pastoral summons to a simple worship, at least the dinner-gong—a dinner whose Turkey cooed, not gobbled; a Plum Pudding innocent of brandy.

Yet these lines are the most forcible one can remember; and if these things are done in the green tree——?

Lady Clara Vere de Vere feels (or is supposed to feel) a ladylike repugnance to the sight of a suicide’s scarred throat! She never is conceived of as rising either in joy or horror to the height of tragedy. Her atonement? To preside at the Dorcas Society!

This ridiculous monster!

Let us cover up these bones neatly and tidily and bury them yet deeper in their tumulus of oblivion.

Bones? Jelly!

A. QUILLER, JR.

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BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the G.: D.: and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, &c. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.: A.:, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indelible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G.C.J."

“The Bomb”

By FRANK HARRIS

(John Long, 6 / —)

☛ This sensational novel, by the well-known Editor of “Vanity Fair”, has evoked a chorus of praise from the reviewers, and has been one of the talked-of books of the season. We append a few criticisms:—

MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY:

“This book is, in truth, a masterpiece; so intense is the impression that one almost asks, ‘Is this a novel or a confession? Did not Frank Harris perhaps throw the bomb?’ At least he has thrown one now . . . This is the best novel I have ever read.”

The Times:

“ ‘The Bomb’ is highly charged with an explosive bent of Socialistic and Anarchistic matter, wrapped in a gruesome coating of ‘exciting’ fiction . . . Mr. Harris has a real power of realistic narrative. He is at his best in mid-stream. The tense directness of his style, never deviating into verbiage, undoubtedly keeps the reader at grips with the story and the characters.”

Morning Post:

“Mr. Frank Harris’s first long novel is an extremely interesting and able piece of work. Mr. Harris has certainly one supreme literary gift, that of vision. He sees clearly and definitely everything he describes, and consequently . . . is absolutely convincing. Never for a moment do we feel as we read the book that the story is not one of absolute fact, and so convincing in its simplicity and matter-of-factness is Mr. Harris’s style that we often accept his psychology before we realize . . . on how few grounds it is based. Some of the aspects of modern democracy are treated with astonishing insight and ability, and ‘The Bomb’ is distinctly not a book to be overlooked.”

JACOB TONSON in the *New Age*:

“The illusion of reality is more than staggering; it is haunting . . . Many passages are on the very highest level of realistic art . . . Lingg’s suicide and death are Titanic . . . In pure realism nothing better has been done, and I do not forget Tolstoy’s ‘The Death of Ivan Illytch!’ It is a book very courageous, impulsively generous, and of a shining distinction . . .”

Saturday Review:

“He (Mr. Harris) is a born writer of fiction. . . . Those two books of his, ‘Elder Conklin’ and ‘Montes, the Matador,’ contained the best short stories that have been written. . . . Mr. Harris touches a high level of tragic intensity. And the scene of the actual throwing, and then the description of Schnaubelt’s flight to New York in a state of mental and physical collapse, are marvels of tense narration. Altogether, the book is a thoroughly fine piece of work, worthy of the creator of Conklin. We hope it is the precursor of many other books from Mr. Harris.”

The Nation:

“Mr. Harris has a born writer’s eloquence, he has knowledge of his subject, and he often expresses himself with a distinction of phrasing and a precision of thought which give real value to his work.”

Daily Telegraph:

“A good book . . . this story reads like a page of real life written down by a man who actually did take part in the scenes described so vividly. . . . We follow their fortunes breathlessly. . . . Descriptions as vivid as any Mr. Upton Sinclair ever painted, and they are never tedious nor overdone. . . . We must not leave the tale without mentioning the wonderful love-story of Rudolph and Elsie, a fine piece of psychology, as true as it is moving, and of a quality rarely to be found in fiction.”

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[The remaining 2 pages of advertisements (for the Burne & Oates edition of *Amphora*, the typist who did the original key-bashing, and Colin Lunn the tobbaconist) which appeared at this point in the paper edition are here omitted. They may be restored in a later release of this electronic edition.— T.S.]