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X11.

93 Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

December 1943.

Dara Soror F.Y.,

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What then about AL III 40? (~~also see attached~~). This problem was solved only by achieving the task. In Paris, in a mood of blank despair about it all, out came the Comment. Easy, yes; inspired, yes; it is, as printed, the exact wording required. No further cavilling and quibbling and controversy and casuistry. All heresiarchs are smelt in advance for the rats they are; they are seen brewing (their very vile small beer) in the air (the realm of Intellect - Swords) and they are accordingly nipped in the bud. All Parliamentary requirements thus fulfilled according to the famous formula of the Irish M.P., we can get on to your other questions untroubled by doubt.

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My theory is that They chose me for (a) my literary skill, knowledge, and judgment; (b) my scientific training; (c) my familiarity with Eastern ways, habits of thought, and sympathetic predisposition; (d) my stern adherence to Truth; (e) my moral courage; (f) my dour persistence; and (g) my Karma as aforesaid.

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Yet, after all, AL II 10-11 should surely be enough. "O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing. I see thee hate the hand and the pen; but I am stronger".

To interrupt the dictation of a supremely important document, merely to jeer at the impotent resentment of the luckless scribe! It seemed to me downright ungenerous, the spirit of the triumphant schoolboy bully!

But Their ways are not as our ways; this question leads us on quite naturally to your next point, and the resolution of that Knot will unravel that querulous criticism. Just as a learned Divine might chuckle over a smoking-room story, or a heart overflowing with the honey of human kindness wish to have the housemaid "seven years a-killing", so may the greatest of the Masters - even discarnate! - have a perverted sense of humour, or a gross error in taste. (See AL. I 51 "sweet wines and wines that foam" - wines, bar Chateau Yquem and very full-bodied port, that I dislike and despise) or any other eccentricity. Look at H.P.B. - hot stuff, if you like!

It is most necessary that you should understand what happens when one goes from Adeptus Exemptus 7^o = 4^o to Magister Templi 8^o = 3^o. As you see from a glance at the Tree of Life, this advance entails the Crossing of the Abyss; and there is no Path. That means that one must jump. You must get rid of "all that you have, and all that you are" - that is one way to put it.

"The Vision and the Voice", Aethyrs XVI - end, gives an immense amount of detail; it must be studied intensely, with diligence, with Will, and with imagination. Not only the attainment of the Grade, but the events which go with, or come after it: all these are described as actual Experience. Even so, it is all extraordinarily difficult until you have been through it yourself.

But that part which answers your question is not really very hard to grasp: it is indeed almost obvious. Ask yourself: then what happens to the discarded elements of the Adept? They cannot be left as they are, to disintegrate, or to become vehicles for obsession. This entity which was the Exempt Adept has been built up in years of unremitting toil, a worthy Workshop wherein the Great Work should be accomplished. It has moreover been sanctified and glorified by the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

So as each Master has his own appointed work to perform in the world, he is cast down into the Sefhira suitable for that work. If his function is to be that of a warrior, he would find himself in Geburah; if that of a great poet or composer, in Tiphareth; and so on.

He, the Master, inhabits this dwelling; but, having already got rid of it, he is able to allow it to carry on according to its nature without interference from the false Self (its head in Death) which hitherto had hampered it. ("If I were a dog, I should bark; if I were an owl, I should hoot", says Basil King Lams in "The Diary of a Drug-Fiend") He is totally indifferent to the Event; so then it acts and reacts with perfect elasticity. This is the Way of the Tao; and that is why you cannot grasp the very idea of that Way - much less follow it! - unless you are a Master of the Temple.

Remember, in any case, that not only the Adept, but anyone with the smallest capacity for Adeptship, is fundamentally an Artist; he will certainly not possess any of those bourgeois "virtues" which are just so many reactions to Blue Funk.

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Also, asceticism is all right when it is the proper means of attaining some special end. It is when it produces eruptions of spiritual pride, and satisfied vanity, that it is poisonous.

The Greek word means an athlete; and the training of an athlete is not mortification of the body. Nor is there any rule which covers all circumstances. When men go "stale" a few days before the race, they are "taken off training", and fed with champagne. But that is part of the training. Observe, too, that all men go "stale" sooner or later; training is abnormal, and must be stopped as soon as its object is attained. Even so, it too often strains vital organs, especially the heart and lungs, so that few rowing 'Blues' live to be 50. But worst of all is the effect on the temper!

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published in Equinox Vol 11 Number 4

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F.Y. XIII.

93 Jermyn Street,
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December 17th, 1943 e.v.

Cara Soror F.Y.,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. "Eight Lectures on Yoga" gives a reasonable account of the essence of this matter, especially in the talks on Yama and

Niyama. (A book on this subject might well include a few quotations, notably from paragraphs 8, 9 and 10 in the former). It might be summarized as "doing that, and only that, which facilitates the task in hand". A line of conduct becomes a custom when experience has shewn that to follow it makes for success. "Don't press!" "Play with a straight bat!" "Don't draw to five!" do not involve abstract considerations of right and wrong. Orthodox Hinduism has raped this pure system, and begotten a bastard code which reeks of religion. *A political manoeuvre of the Brahmin caste*

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

In the lands of Hinduism and (to a less extent) of Islam the Sultan, the Dewan, the Maharajah, the Emir, or whatsoever they call "the Grand Pandjandrum Himself, with the little round button on top", it is almost a 100% rule that the button works loose and is lost! Even in less exalted circles, any absolute ruler, on however petty a scale, is liable to go the whole hog in an unexceptionably hoggish fashion. He has none to gainsay him, and he sees no reason for controlling himself. This suits nearly everybody pretty well; the shrewd Wazir can govern while his "master" fills up on "The King's Peg" (we must try one when champagne is once again reasonably cheap) and all the other sensuous and sensual delights unstinted. The result is that by the time he is 20 - he was probably married at 12 - he is no longer fitted to carry out his very first duty to the State, the production of an heir.

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

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

Similar conditions, curiously enough, existed in France; the 'fils à papa' was usually a hopeless rotter, and his wife often resorted to a famous monastery on the Riviera, where was an ex-

ceptionally holy Image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, prayers unto whom removed sterility. But when M. Combes turned out the monks, that Image somehow lost its virtue.

Now get your Bible, and turn up Luke VIII.21 When the sal volatile has worked, turn to John XIII 23, and ask a scholar what any Greek of the period would have understood by the technical expressions there unambiguously employed.

Presently, I hope, you will begin to wonder whether, after all, the "morality" of the middle classes of the 19th century in Anglo-Saxon countries, is quite as axiomatic as you were taught to suppose.

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

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

Even when, poor-spirited molluscs, they are honest, all that twaddle is Negation. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, And don't go near the water!" does not produce a Gertrud Ederle. Thank God, the modern girl has cast off at least one of her fetters - the ceinture de chasteté!

Perhaps we have now relaxed enough; we see that the "Holy Man" is not such a fool as he looks; and we may get on with our excursions into the "morality" of the Law of the New Aeon, which is the Aeon of ~~Horus~~, crowned and conquering child; and - "The word of the Law is *Osirya*".

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

"When Duty bellows loud "Thou must!"
The youth replies "pike's Peak or bust!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But as to your own wit of judgment as to the general rules of your own private Code of Morals, what is 'right' and what is 'wrong' for you, that will emerge only from long self-analysis such as is the chief work of the Sword in the process of your Initiation.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666.

P.S. Long years ago - too many! - I tried to say some of this "AHA!" :-

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

OLYMPAS I know such saints.

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

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

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

tv

93, Jermyn Street,
London, W.1.

Jan. 17 '44 ev.

Cara Soror,

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

You ask me, very naturally, for details of the promise of Nuit (**AL.I** 58) "certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death".

In the first place, I think that it means what it says. There may be, probably is, some Qabalistic inner meaning: Those four nouns most assuredly look as if there were; but I don't feel at all sure what the Greek (or Hebrew, or Arabic) words would be; in any case, I have not yet made any attempt in this direction.

To the straightforward promise, then! Certainly no word more reassuring could be given. But avoid anxiety, of course; remember "without lust of result", and **AL.III** 16: "Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises." Now, full speed ahead!

Like most promises of this type, it is, one must suppose, conditional.

Such a power is clearly of the Siddhi; and my instinct tells me that it is a result of devotion to Our Lady of the Stars. Somehow I can't think of it as a sort of Birthday

Present to a Favourite Nephew. ("Why not?" "You're right, as usual: anything may be a Play of Nuit. Still, I feel that this would be a rare case.

"But doesn't everything have to happen to everybody?" Yes, of course, in a sense; but don't keep on interrupting! I was coming to something interesting.)

I insist on putting forth the immediately useful point of view: "devotion to Nuit" must mean the eager pursuit of the fulfilment of all possibilities, however unpleasant.

Good: now see how logical this is. For how else could one have reasonable "certainty", as contrary with "faith" (= interior conviction), otherwise than by the acquisition of the "Magical Memory" - the memory of former lives. And this must evidently include that of former deaths. Indeed "Freudian forgetfulness" is very pertinacious on such themes; the shock of death makes it a matter of displaying the most formidable courage to go over in one's mind the incidents of previous deaths. You recall the Buddhist "Ten Impurities":- The Drowned Corpse, the Gnawed-by-wild-beasts-Corpse, and the rest.

"Magick" (though I say it as shouldn't) gives a very full

and elaborate account of this Memory, and Liber CMXIII (This is a) sound Official Instruction on the two main methods of acquiring this faculty.

(None of my writings, by the way, deal with the First Method; this is because I could never make any headway with it; none at all. F. Ichi Aour, on the other hand, was a wizard at it; he thought that some people could use that way, and others not: born so.

If it should happen that you have that faculty, and no gift at all for the other, it's just too bad; you'd better buzz off, and get another Holy Guru less one-legged.)

There are, however, as I find on reading over ^{Chapter} VII, quite a few lacunae in the exposition; and I may as well now do my best to stop one or two obvious gaps.

The period of my life which was the climax of my work on this subject is those weeks of thaumaturgy on the Hudson River - I fear the Magical Diary "The Hermit of Aesopus Island" is irretrievably lost - when I was shown the Codex of the Tao Teh King from which my (still unpublished!) translation is taken, and when the 'veil' was no more than a shimmering, scintillating

gossamer, translucent to the ineffable glory that glows behind it. For in those weeks I was able to remember and record a really considerable number of past lives. (I half believe, and hope, that the relevant passages were copied into one of my Cefalù diaries; but who will struggle through those still extant, on the chance?)

"But what about the intervals?" you ask, Shabashi Rem acu tetigisti.

It strikes me with immense and poignant power a right shrewd blow - what of the "other side"? What of the periods between excessive incarnations?

Let us look back for a moment to "Little Essays toward Truth", and see what it says about the Fabric of a man. (No, I'm not dodging your query; I'll get there in my own good time. Let a fellow breathe!) Nothing to our purpose, as your smiling shake of the head advised me. And yet -

The theory is that the Supernal Triad constitutes the "eternal" Essence of a man; that is, it is the positive expression of that ultimate "Point of View" which is, and is not, and neither is nor is not, etc. Quite indestructible.

Now when a man spends his life (a) building up and developing the six Sephiroth of the Ruach so that they cohere closely in proper balance and relation, (b) in forging, developing and maintaining a link of steel between this solid Ruach and that Triad, Death merely means the dropping off of the Nephesh (Malkuth) so that the man takes over his instrument of Mind- (Ruach) with him to his next suitably chosen vehicle. The tendency of the Ruach is of course to disintegrate more or less rapidly under the impact of its new experiences of after-death conditions.

(Hence the supposed messages from the Mighty Dead, usually Wish-phantasms or outbreaks of the during-life-suppressed Subconscious, often very nasty. The "Medium" gets into communication with the "Shells of the Dead" - Qliphoth, the Qabalah calls them. A month or so, perhaps a year or so in the case of minds very solidly constructed or very passionately attached, and the Shells' "messages begin to be less and less coherent, more and more fragmentary, more mundanously modified by the experiences it has met in its aimless wanderings. Soon it is altogether broken up, and no more is heard of it.)

It is therefore of the very first importance to train the

mind in every possible way, and to bind it to the Higher Principles by steady, by constant, by flaming Aspiration, fortified by the sternest discipline, and by continuously reformulated Oaths.

Such a man will be fully occupied after his death with the unremitting search for his new instrument; he will brush aside - as he has made a habit of doing during life - the innumerable lures of "Reward" and the like. (I am not going to ask you to waste any time on the fantastic fairy tales of Devachan, Kama Loka and the rest; this must come up if you want to know about Eeccheka-Badhas, Shooshoko, the Brahma-lokas and so on, - but not now, please!)

There is one Oath more important than all the rest put together, from the point of view of the A.:A.: You swear to refuse **all** the "rewards", to acquire your new vehicle without a moment's delay so that you may carry on your work of helping Mankind with the minimum of interruption. Like all true Magical Oaths, it is certain of success.

So then we have a man not only very well prepared to

reincarnate at once - this means about 6 months after his death, for his vehicle will be a foetus about 3 months old, but to ~~the~~ ignore ~~me~~ deliberately all impressions that may assail its integrity.

Alternatively, there may be something in the nature of such impressions that is unsuitable for carrying over into the conscious mind of the new man. Or there may be a rule - e.g. the draught of the waters of the River Lethe - and it might be possible for some Adept whose initiation is of a higher degree than, or of a different type to, mine to make his way through that particular barrier.

Enough of may, might, perhaps, and all that herby brood! The plain fact is that I remember nothing at all of any Post Mortem experiences, and I have never known any one else who does.

There is one exception. I do remember the first almost momentary reaction. I am in my Astral Form, in my best Sunday-go-to-meeting Ceremonial Vestments, and with my wand I seem to hold this raised, attaching great importance to the act - looking down upon the corpse, exactly as one does at the outset of an "Astral Journey" in one's days of learning how to do it.

I recall no impression at all made by this sight; neither

regret nor relief, nor even surprise.

But there is one intensely strong reaction - I fancy I have mentioned this already - when one first remembers one of one's deaths: "By Jove! that was a narrow squeak!"

What was it that one feared? I haven't the foggiest.

And that is what I had to tell you about the Magical Memory.

No: just one point to go to sleep on: suppose two or more people claim simultaneously to have been Julius Caesar, or Shakespeare, or - oh! always one very great gun. Well, fifty or sixty years ago or more there was a regular vogue for this sort of thing, especially among women. It was usually Cleopatra or Mary Queen of Scots or Marie Antoinette: something regal and tragic preferred, but unsurpassable beauty the prime essential, as one would expect.

Of the Mary Queen of Scots persuasion was old Lady Caithness, who seems moreover to have had a sense of humour into the bargain, for she gave a dinner-party in Paris to 12 other ladies, each of whom had also been the luckless victim of Henry VIII's failure to produce of his own loins a durable male succession. (His marriages were so many desperate efforts to save England from a second inn-

ings of the devastation of the Wars of the Roses, from which his father, who was not a miser, but a sound financier and economist, had rescued the country. You must understand this if English History is to be at all intelligible to you. The tragedy began with the early death of the Black Prince; the second blow, that of Henry V, coupled with the futility of his son and the murder of Prince Edward at Tewkesbury).

Well, that ^{time-party} was a big laugh, of course; it tended to discredit the whole theory of Reincarnation.

Quite unnecessarily, if one looks a little deeper.

What do I mean when I say that I think I was Eliphaz Levi? No more than that I possess some of his most essential characteristics, and that some of the incidents in his life are remembered by me as my own. There doesn't seem any impossibility about these bundles of Sankhara being shared by two or more persons. We certainly do not know enough of what actually takes place to speak positively on any such point. Don't lose any sleep over it!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

Abb.

210
Note. We talked most of this out the other day; but it goes, for the sake of all the others who will ultimately read this ^{at}.

Dec 28.

93, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

Cara Soror,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
The contents of your letter of December 27 appaled me. I had hoped that you had left behind for ever all that quality of thinking. It is unclean. It is stuffy and flabby. You write of a matter about which you cannot possibly have information, and what you say is not even a good guess: it is simply contrary to fact. It shews also that you have failed to grasp the nature of the O.T.O. Its main raison d'être, apart from social and political plans, is the teaching and use of a secret method of achieving certain results. This secret is a scientific secret; it is guarded against betrayal or abuse by a very simple automatic arrangement. Its guardians cannot be "dying" any more than electricians can be.

It is really difficult to answer your letters. You

have got things so higgledy-piggledy. You write of the constitutions of two orders, the A.A.A. and the O.T.O.; yet you ignore the printed information about them which you are supposed to have read.

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

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

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

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

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

toes, to have had hundreds of thousands of idiots worshipping me?

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

"It's only too easy to form a cult,

"To cry a crusade with "Deus Vult"

* * * * *

"A pinch of Bible, a gallon of gas,

"And I, or any other guess ass,

"Could bring to our mystical Moonlight Mass

"Those empty-headed Athenians."

and so on.

But I never forget that I am working on the 2000 year basis; my work will stand when all the pompous platitudes and pleasant pieties have withered for the iridescent soft-soap bubbles that they are.

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

I really cannot understand how you can be so inaccurate, with the very text before your eyes! You write - "you write that in Jan.1899 etc." But I don't. Captain J.F.C.Buller wrote it. A small point; but you must learn to be careful about

every tiniest detail.

Then you go on about "not only invisible chiefs^X of the A.'.A.'. but also the Chiefs of the Golden Dawn ?.."
The Golden Dawn is merely the name for the Outer Order:
see Magick pp.230-231. You have never been taught to read carefully. You write of Theoricus as the grade following Neophyte: it isn't. Back to Magick pp.230-231! You have never taken the trouble to go with me through the Rituals of O.T.O., or you would not ask such questions. The O.T.O. is a training of the Masonic type; there is no 'astral' work in it at all, nor any Yoga. There is a certain amount of Qabalah, and that of great doctrinal value. But the really vital matter is the gradual progress towards disclosure of the Secret of the Ninth Degree. To use that secret to advantage involves mastery both of Yoga and of Magick; but neither is taught in the Order. Now it comes to be mentioned, this is really very strange. However, I didn't invent the system; I must suppose that those who did knew what they were about.

X Footnote: How do you know They are "invisible"? I foresee that sooner or later you will be asking for more information about them, so I am planning a separate letter to supply this.

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

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

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

What blasphemy more hideous could be penned? What lie
so base so false, so nasty, what so devilish and deadly a
doctrine? I feel contaminated by the mere fact of being in
a world where such filth is possible to conceive. I am all

but in tears to think of my beloved sister tortured by so foul a denizen of the Abyss. Cannot you see in this the root of all your toadstool spawn of miseries, of doubts, of fears, of indecisions?

As an Artist you are a consecrated Virgin Priestess, the Oracle of the Most High. None has the right to approach you save with ~~the~~ most blessed awe, with arms outstretched as to invoke your benediction.

By "spiritually" you mean no more than "according to ² the lower and middle-middle-class morality of the Anglo-Saxon of the period when Longfellow and Tennyson were supposed to be poets and Royal Academicians painters."

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

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

What is the meaning of Initiation? It is the Path to the

realisation of your Self as the sole, ^{the}supreme, the absolute of all Truth, Beauty, Purity, Perfection!

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

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

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

I think this idea is a monstrous growth upon the tetanus-

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

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

With that command I turn to other tasks.

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours ever

bbb.

93, Jermyn Street,
London, W.1.

Cara Soror,

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

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

"On Soul's curtain

"Is written this one certainty that naught is certain"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doubt.

Doubt thyself.

Doubt even if thou doubtest thyself

Doubt all.

Doubt even if thou doubtest all

It seems sometimes as if beneath all conscious doubt

there lay some deepest certainty. O kill it!

slay ~~the~~ snake!

The horn of the Doubt-Goat be exulted!

Dive deeper, ever deeper, into the Abyss of Mind, until

thou unearth the fox THAT. On, hounds! Yoicks!

Tally-ho! Bring THAT 'to bay!

Then, wind the Mort!"

to say nothing of that double page at the onset, one with "?" and the other with "!" alone upon the blank, and the long essay "The soldier and the Hunchback: ! and ?" in the first volume and number of The Equinox.

But every one of those - rather significant, nightwar? -

X
slides into a rhapsody of exaltation, a dithyramb, a Paean:
no good here. For what you want is a penny plain pedestrian
prose Probability-Percentage: You want to know what the odds
are when I say 'certain'.

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

1. True.
2. Certain without error.
3. Of all Truth,

Clear enough, the difference between 1 and 2: ask me
the time, I say half past two; and that's true enough. But
the Astronomer Royal is by no manner of means satisfied with
any approximation of that kind. He wants it accurate. He
must know the longitude to a second; he must have decided

X
Footnote: It seems natural to me - epodeictic after a fashion - to
treat Doubt as positive, even aggressive. There is none of
the wavering, wobbling, woebe-gone wail of the weary and bewild-
ered wage-slave; it is a triumphant challenge, disagreement for
its own sake. Irish!

Browning painted a quite perfect picture of my Doubt:

what method of measuring time is to be used; he must make corrections for this and for that; and he must have attached an (arbitrary) interpretation to the system; the whole question of Relativity pops up. And, even so, he will enter a caveat about every single ganglion in the gossamer of his calculations.

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

Excuse me just a moment! When I was staying at the Consulate at Tengyueh, just inside the S.W. frontier of China, our one link with England, Home and Beauty was the Telegraph Service from Peking. One week it was silent, and we were

Footnote:

Up jumped Tokay on our table,
Like a pygmy castle-warder,
Dwarfish to see but stout and able,
Arms and accoutrement all in order;
And fierce he looked North, then wheeling South,
Blew with his bugle a challenge to Drouth,
Cocked his flap-hat with the tosepot feather,
Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,
Jingled his huge brass spurs together,
Tightened his waist with its Buda sash,
And then, with an impudence nought could abash,
Shrugged his hump-shoulder, to tell the beholder,
For twenty such knaves he should laugh but the bolder:
And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly jutting,
And dexter hand on his haunch abutting,
Went the little man, Sir Ausbruch, strutting!

It's not the leese bit like Tokay; rather the Bull's Blood" its neighbour, or any rough strong red wind like Rioja. Curious, though, his making him a hunchbacked dwarf; there must be somethin' in this deep down: I wonder what! *Psychanalysts would say that R. B. had found Tokay aphrodisiac.*

anxious for news, our last bit of information having been that there was rioting in Shanghai, 17 Sikh policemen killed. For all we knew the whole country might rise en masse at any moment to expel the "Foreign Devils". At last the welcome messenger trotted across from the city in the twilight with a whole sheaf of telegrams. Alas, save for the date of dispatch, the wording in each one was identical: each told us that it was noon in Peking.

They had to be relayed at Yung Chan, and both the operators had taken 10 days off to smoke opium, sensible fellows!

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

The Astronomer's exquisitely tailored Figure stands in abashed isolation, like a gawky young man at his first Ball; he feels that he doesn't belong. For this B.S.T., or Greenwich, or what not, however exact in itself, is so only

in reference to some other set of measurements which themselves turn out to be arbitrary; it is not of any ultimate import; nobody can dispute it, but it simply doesn't matter to anybody, apart from the particular case. It is not "Of all Truth."

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

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

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

This being so, a truth which is "of all Truth" should

mean any proposition which forms an essential part of this Khu - this 'Magical Identity' of a man.

Now how curious it must appear at the first glance to note that the truths of this order should prove to be what we call Axioms - or even Platitudes - - - - -

- - - - - What's that noise?

- - - - - I think I hear Sir Ausbruch!

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

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

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

Very good, but what am I to do about it? Some at least of such certainties must surely be "of all Truth". The test of admission to this class ought to be that, if one were to accept the contradictory, the entire structure of the mind would be

knocked to pieces, as is not at all the case with the Astronomer's determination, which may turn out to be wrong for a dozen different reasons without anybody getting seriously wounded in his tenderest feelings.

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

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

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

The Master of the Temple deals very simply and efficiently

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

You naturally object that this answer is little better than an evasion, that it automatically pushes the Gamut question outside the Charmed of-all-Truth Circle.

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

to both.

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

The prime function of intellect is differentiation; it deals with marks, with limits, with the relations of what is not identical; in Meschic all this work has been carried out so perfectly that the "rough working" has passed clean out of mind; just so, you say "I" as if it were an indivisible Unity, un-

conscious of the inconceivably intricate machinery of anatomical, physiological, psychological construction which issues in this idea of "I".

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

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

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

666.

24
(Feb 9)

93, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

Cara Soror, F.Y.,

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

A very witty way to put it! "Do angels ever cut themselves shaving?" Rem aeu tetigisti.

What sort of existence, what type or degree of reality, do we attribute to them? (By "angel," of course, you mean any celestial - or ~~infernal~~ - being, such as are listed in the Hierarchy, from Melatton and Ratzziel to Lilith and Nahema). We read of them, for the most part, as if they were persons - although of another order of being - as individual, almost, as ourselves. The principal difference is that they are not, as we are, microcosmic. The "Angels of Jupiter" contain all the Jupiter there is, within these limits, that their rank is not as high as their Archangel, nor as low as their Intelligence or their Spirit. But their Jupiter is pure Jupiter; no other planet enters into their composition.

We see and hear them, usually (in my own experience) as the result of specific invocation. Less frequently, we know them through the sense of touch as well; sometimes their pre-

sence is associated with a particular perfume. (This, by the way, is very striking, since it has to overcome that of the incense). I must very strongly insist, at this point, on the difference between "gods" and "angels". Gods are macrocosmic, as we microcosmic: an incarnated (materialised) God is just as much a person, an individual animal as we are; as such, he appeals to all our senses exactly as if he were "material".

But everything sensible is matter in some state or other; how then are we to regard an Angel, complete with robes, weapons, and other impedimenta? (I have never known a god thus encumbered, when he has been "materialised" at all. Of course, the mere apparition of a God is subject to laws similar to those governing the visions of angels)

For one thing, all the laws that we find in operation on various parts of the "Astral plane" are valid. Two things can occupy the same place at the same time. They are "swift without feet, and flying without wings" They change size, shape, appearance, appurtenances of all sorts at will. Anything that is required for the purpose of the vision is there at will. They bring their own background with them. They

are able to transfer a portion of their energy to the seer by spontaneous action without appreciable means.

But here is where your question arises - what is their "life" like? In the visions they never do anything but "go through the motions" appropriate to their nature and the character of the vision.

Are we to conclude that the whole set of impressions is no more than symbolic? Is it all a part of oneself, like a daydream, but a daydream intensified and made "real" because its crucial incidents turn out to be true, as must always occur during the testing of the genuineness of the vision?

Shall we infringe Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony if we extend our conception of our own powers, and conclude that the vision is but a manifestation of our Unconscious, presented in a symbolic form convenient for our understanding?

I'm sorry, but I can't let it go at that! Some of my own experiences have been so confoundedly objective that it just won't work. So there we are back to your original question about shaving; and I fear me sorely that "Occam's razor" will help us no whit.

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It seems to me much simpler to say that these Angels are "real" individuals, although living in a world of whose laws we have no conception; and that, in order to communicate with us, they make use of the symbolic forms appropriate; employ, in short, the language of the Astral Plane.

After all, it's only fair; for that is precisely what we do to them when we invoke them.

Ha! Ha! Ha! I suppose you think you've caught me out in an egasion there! Not so, dear child, not so: this state of affairs is nothing strange.

Ask yourself: "What do I know of Therion's mode of life? Whenever I see him, he's always on his best behaviour. I've hardly ever seen him eat; perhaps he does so only when I am there so as not to embarrass me by a display of his holiness! His universe touches mine at only a very few points. The mere fact of his being a man, and I a woman, makes sympathetic understanding on a vast range of experience almost impossible, certainly imperfect. Then all his reading and his travels touch mine at very few points. And his ignorance of music makes it an almost grotesque extension of magnanimity for me

to admit his claim to belong to the human species. U.S.W." Then: "How do we manage to communicate at all? There is bound to be an impassible gulf between us at the best, when one considers that his commutation of the commonest words like "mountain", "girl", "school", "Hindu", "oasis", is so vastly different from mine. But to do it at all! What actually have we done?"

Think it out!

We have made a set of queerly-shapen marks on a sheet of paper, given them names, attached a particular sound to each, made up (God knows how and why!) combinations of these, given names and sounds to them too, and attached a meaning - hardly ever the same for you as for me - to them, made combinations of these too, according to a set of quite arbitrary rules, agreed - so far as agreement is possible, or even thinkable - to label a thought with some such arrangement: and there we are! You have in this fantastically artificial way succeeded in conveying your thought to my mind.

Now, turn back to "Magick", and read there how we work to establish intelligible intercourse between ourselves and the "angels".

If you can find any difference between that method and this, it is more than I can.

Finally, please remember as a general rule that all magical experience is perfectly paralleled by the simplest and commonest phenomena of our daily life!

People who tell you that it is "all quite different beyond the Veil" or what not, are blithering incompetents totally ignorant of the nature of things.

Incidentally, Bertrand Russell has given us a superb mathematical proof of this theorem; but I won't afflict you with it at this time of asking.

On the contrary, I will tell you more about "communication".

There is a method of using Ethyl Oxide which enables one (a) to analyse one's thoughts with a most exquisite subtlety and accuracy, (b) to find out - in the French phrase - "what is at the bottom of the bottle." By this they mean the final result of any project or investigation; and this, surprisingly often, is not at all what it is possible to discover by any ordinary means.

For instance, one might ask oneself "Do I believe in God?" and, after a vast number of affirmative answers of constantly increasing depth and subtlety, discover with a shock that "at the bottom of the bottle" one believed nothing of the sort! Or vice versa.

On one occasion the following experiment was carried out. A certain Adept was to make use of the Sacred Vapour; and, when the time seemed ripe, to answer such questions as should be put to him by his Scribe. Presently, after about an hour's silence, the Scribe asked: "Is communication possible?"

By this he meant merely to enquire whether it would now be in order for him to begin to ask his prepared list of questions.

But the Adept thought that this was Question No.1: meaning "Is there any valid means of making contact between two minds?"

He remained intensely silent - intensely, as opposed to his previous rather fidgety abstention from talking - for a very long time, and then broke slowly into a long seductive

ripple of hushed laughter, suggestive of the possession
of some ineffably delicious secret, ~~and~~^{or} of a moonlight revel
of Pan with his retinue of Satyrs, nymphs and fauns.

I shall say no more, save to express the hope that you
have understood this story, and the Truth and Beauty of this
answer.

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally yours,

bbb.

XVIII

93, Jermyn Street,
London, W.1.

Care Soror,

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

Very glad I am, since at one time I was obliged to be starkly stern about impertinent curiosity, to note that your wish to be informed about the Secret Chiefs of the A.:A.: is justified; it is most certainly of the first importance that you and I should be quite clear in our minds about those under whose jurisdiction and tutelage we both work.

The question is beset with thickets of tough thorn; what is worse, the path is so slippery that nothing is easier than to tumble head first into the spikiest bush of them all.

You justly remind me that one of my earliest slogans was "Mystery is the enemy of Truth"; how then is it that I acquiesce in the policy of concealment in a matter so cardinal?

Perhaps the best plan is for me to set down the facts of the case, so far as is possible; from them it may appear that no alternative policy is feasible.

The first condition of membership of the A.:A.: is that one is sworn to identify one's own Great Work with that of raising mankind to higher levels, spiritually, and in every other way.

Accordingly, it stands to reason that those charged with the conduct of the Order should be at least Masters of the Temple, or their judgment would be worthless; and at least Magi (though not that particular kind of Magus who brings the Word of a New Formula to the world every 2000 years or so) or they would be unable to influence events on any scale commensurate with the scope of the Work.

Of what nature is this Power, this Authority, this Understanding, this Wisdom - Will?

(I go up from Geburah to Chokmah)

Of the passive side, it is comparatively easy to form some idea; for the qualities essential are mainly extensions of those that all of us possess in some degree. And whether Understanding, - Wisdom is "right" or "wrong" must be largely a matter of opinion; often Time only can decide such points.

But for the active side it is necessary to postulate the existence of a form of Energy at their disposal which is able "to cause change to occur in conformity with the Will" - one definition of "Magick".

Now this, as you know, is an exceedingly complex subject; its theory is tortuous, and its practice encompassed with every

kind of difficulty.

Is there no simple method?

Yes: the thaumaturgic engine disposes of a type of energy more adaptable than Electricity itself, and both stronger and subtler than this, its analogy in the world of profane science. One might say, that it is electrical, or at least one of the elements in (indeed) the "Ring-formula"

In the R.R. et A.C. this is indicated to the Adept Minor by the title conferred upon him on his initiation to that grade: Hodos Camelionis: - the Path of the Chameleon. (This emphasises the omnivalence of the force.) In the higher degrees of O.T.O. it is usually called "the Ophidian Vibrations", thus laying special stress upon its serpentine strength, subtlety, its control of life and death, and its power to insinuate itself into any desired set of circumstances.

It is of this universally powerful weapon that the Secret Chiefs must be supposed to possess complete control.

They can induce a girl to embroider a tapestry, or imitate a political movement to culminate in a world-war: all in pursuit of some plan wholly beyond the purview or the comprehension of the deepest and subtlest thinkers.

(It should go without saying that the adroit use of ~~these~~ Vibrations enables one to perform all the classical 'miracles')

These powers are stupendous: they seem almost beyond imagination to conceive.

"His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;

Imperium sine fine dedi."

as Vergil, that mighty seer and magician of Rome at her perihelion says in his First Book of the Aeneid. (Vergil, whose every line is also an Oracle, the leaves of his book more sacred, more significant, more sure than those of the Cumaean Sibyl!)

These powers move in dimensions of time and space quite other than those with which we are familiar. Their values are incomprehensible to us. To a Secret Chief, wielding this weapon, "the nice conduct of a clouded case" might be infinitely more important than war, famine, and pestilence such as might exterminate a third part of the race, to promote whose welfare is the crux of His oath, and the sole reason for His existence!

But who are They?

Since They are "invisible" and "inaccessible", may They not merely be figments invented by a self-styled "Master", not quite

sure of himself, to prop his tottering Authority?

Well, the "invisible" and "inaccessible" criticism may equally be levelled at Captain A, and Admiral B. of the Naval Intelligence Department. These "Secret Chiefs" keep in the dark for precisely the same reasons; and these qualities disappear instantaneously the moment they want to get hold of you.

It is written, moreover, "Let my servants be few and secret; they shall rule the many and the known" (A.C.I.10.)

But are They then men, in the usual sense of the word? They may be incarnate or disembodied: it is a matter of Their convenience.

Have They attained Their position by passing through all the grades of the A. A.?

Yes and no: the system which was given to me to put forward is only one of many. "Above the Abyss" all these technical wrinkles are ironed out. One man whom I suspect of being a Secret Chief has hardly any acquaintance with the technique of our system at all. That he accepts the Book of the Law is almost his only link with my work. That, and his use of the Ophidian Vibrations: I don't know which of us is better at it, but I am sure that he must be a very long way ahead of me if he is one of Them.

You have already in these pages and elsewhere in my writings examples numerous and varied of the way in which They work. The list is far from complete. The matters of Aboul-Diz and of Amalantrah show one method of communication; then there is the way of direct "inspiration", as in the case of "Hermes Eimi" in New Orleans. Again, They may send an ordinary living man, whether one of Themselves or no I cannot feel sure, to instruct me in some task, or to set me right when I have erred. Then there have been messages conveyed by natural objects, animate or inanimate. Needless to say, the outstanding example in my life is the whole Plan of Campaign concerning the Book of the Law. But is Aiwaz a man (presumably a Persian or Assyrian) and a "Secret Chief", or is He an 'angel' in the sense that Gabriel is an angel? (All about the nature and functions of

1. One thing I regard, from my own experience, as certain; when you call, They come. The circumstances usually show that the call had been foreseen, and preparations made to answer it, long before it was made. But I suppose that in some way the call has to justify its making.

'angels' in a separate letter.) Is Abdul-Diz an Adept who can project himself into the aura of some woman with whom I happen to be living, although she has no previous experience of the kind, or any interest in such matters at all? Or is He a being whose existence is altogether beyond this plane, only adopting human appearance and faculties in order to make Himself sensible and intelligible to that woman?

I have never attempted to pursue any such enquiry. It was not forbidden; and yet I felt that it was! I always insisted, of course, on the strictest proof that He actually possessed the authority claimed by Him; but I felt it improper to assume any other initiative. Just a point of good manners, perhaps?

You ask whether, contact once made, I am able to renew it should I so wish. Again, yes and no. But the real answer is that no such gesture on my part can ever

be necessary. For one thing, the "Chief" is so far above me that I can rely on Him to take the necessary steps, whenever contact would be useful; for another, there is one path always open which is perfectly sufficient for ~~a~~ all possible contingencies.

Elsewhere I have explained why They picked out so woebegone a ragamuffin as myself to proclaim the Word of the Aeon, and do ~~a~~ all the chores appurtenant to that particular work.

The burden is heavier as the years go by; but —
Perdurabo.

Love is the Law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

fff.

P.S. A visitor's curious story has reminded me of the possibility that I am a Secret Chief myself without knowing it; for I have sometimes been recognized by other people as having acted as such, though I was not aware of the fact at the time.

P.S. to XVIII

Reading this typescript over for 'literals', it struck me that you would ask, very reasonably:

"But if the Secret Masters have these boundless powers, why do They allow you to be plagued by printers, held up for lack of secretaries, worried by all sorts of practical problems? ... Why, in a word, does anything ever go wrong?"

There are several lines of reply; concisely, they suffice.

1. What is "wrong"? Since four words is Their idea of "right", you may well ask by what standard you may judge events.
2. Their work is creative; They operate on the dull mass of unrealised possibilities. Thus They meet firstly, the opposition of Inertia; secondly, the recoil, the reaction, the rebound.
3. Things theoretically feasible are practically im-

P.S. to XVIII - page 2.

possible when (a) desirable though their accomplishment may be, it is not the one feat essential to the particular work in hand at the moment (b) the sum total of available energy being used up by that special task, there is none available for side-issues, (c) the opposition, passive or active, is too strong, temporarily, to overcome.

More largely, one cannot judge how a plan is progressing when one has no precise idea what it is. A soldier is told to "attack"; he may be intended to win through, to cover a general retreat, or to gain time by deliberate sacrifice. Only the C-i-c knows what the order means, or why he issues it; and even he does not know the issue, or whether it will display and justify his military skill and judgment.

Our business is solely to obey orders: our responsibility ends when we have satisfied ourselves that they emanate from a source which has the right to command.

xviii P.S. No 2.

32. Further Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. and said:

33. Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!

Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of mother-of-pearl!
from them, that we may ride upon the river of Amrit!

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

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

36. (From a certain world came an infinite wail.)

That falling petal seemed to the little ones a wave
to engulf their continent.

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

38. He will be sore distressed.

39. All then understand not that thou and I are fash-
ioning a boat of mother-of-pearl. We will sail down the
river of Amrit even to the yew-groves of Yama, where we
may rejoice exceedingly.

— P.S. 2p-2-

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

50. Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:
The earth is ripe for vintage; let us est/ner ^{of} grapes
and be drunken thereon.

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

52. And He answered him: Not as thou canst see.

It is certain that every letter of this cipher hath
some value; but who shall determine the value? For it
varieth ever, according to the subtlety of Him that made it.

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

Reap thous, and rejoice!

57. Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm.

Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the

P.S. No 2 1/2 -3-

earth!

A casting down of them that sate in high places; a
famine upon the multitude!

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

These passages preceding from the Holy Books
illustrate the "hieroglyphic theory" of existence
which I have tried to set forth in this letter.

XIX

76
93, Jermyn Street,
London, W.1.

Cara Soror F.Y.,

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

Every Science is difficult, and, make no mistake,
"Occult" Science is the most difficult of them

all. For one thing, its subject matter includes the whole of ~~the~~ philosophy, from ontology and metaphysics down to natural history. More, the most rarified and recondite of ~~these~~ *its data* has a direct bearing upon the conduct of life in its most material details, and the simplest study of such apparently earthbound matters as botany and mineralogy lead to the most abstruse calculations of the ~~imponderables~~.

With what weapons, then, are we to attack so formidable a fortress?

The first essential is clear thinking.

In a previous letter I have dealt to some extent with this subject; but it is so important that you must

forgive me if I return to it, and that at length, from the outset, and in detail.

Let us begin by having our own minds clear of all ambiguities, ignoring ^{for} the purpose of this argument all metaphysical subtleties.[^] I want to confine it to the outlook of the "plain man".

What do we do when we "think" ?

There are two operations, and only two, possible to thought. However complex a statement may appear, it can always be reduced to a series of one or other of these. If not, it is a sham statement; nonsense masquerading as sense in the cloak of verbiage and verbosity.

Analysis and Synthesis.

Subtraction and Addition.

1. You can examine A, and find that it is composed of

B and C.

$$A = B + C$$

* I mean criticisms such as "Definition is impossible"; "All arguments are circular"; "All propositions are tautological". These are true, but one is obliged to ignore them in all practical discussions.

2. You can find out what happens to B when you add C to it



As you notice, the two are identical, after all; but the process is different..

Example. Raise Copper Oxide to a very high temperature; you obtain metallic copper and oxygen gas.

Heat copper in a stream of oxygen; you obtain copper oxide.

You can complicate such experiments indefinitely, as when one analyses coal-tar, or synthesizes complex products like quinine from its elements; but one can always describe what happens as a series of simple operations, either of the analytical or the synthetic type.

(I wonder if you remember a delightful passage in Anatole France where he interprets an "exalted" mystical statement, first by giving the words their meaning as concrete images, when he gets a magnificent hymn, like a passage from the Rig-Veda, secondly by digging down to the

original meaning, with an effect comical and even a little ribald. I fear I have no idea where to find it; in one of the "odds and ends" compilations ^{or S} most likely. So please look, somebody! you won't have wasted your time!

This has been put in as a sort of text, because the first stumbling-block to study is that one never has any certainty as to what the author means, or thinks he means, or is trying to persuade one that he means.

Try something simple: "The soul is a part of God." Now then, when he writes "soul" does he mean Atma, or Buddhi; or the Higher Manas, or Purusha, or Jechidsh, or *as the Angelides, or the Genius,* Neschamah, or Nephesh, or Nous, or Psyche, or Phren, or Ba, or Knu, or Ka, or Animus, or Anima, or Seele, or what?

As everybody, will ~~be~~ will ~~be~~, creates God in his own image, it is perfectly useless to inquire what he may happen to mean by that.

But even this very plain word "part". Does he mean to imply a quantitative assertion, as when one says

Sixpence is part of a pound, or a factor indispensable, as when one says "A wheel is part of a motor-car", or (Part actually means "a share, that which is provided" according to Skeat; and I am closer to the place where Moses was when the candle went out than I was before!)

The fact is that very few of us know what words mean; fewer still take the trouble to enquire. We calmly, we carelessly assume that our minds are identical with that of the writer, at least on that point; and then we wonder that there should be misunderstandings!

The fact is (again!) that usually we don't really want to know; it is so very much easier to drift down the river of discourse, "lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily, in the noon-dry sun."

Why is this so satisfactory? Because although we may not know what a word means, most words have a

pleasant or unpleasant connotation, each for himself, either because of the ideas or images thus begotten of hopes or memories stirred up, or merely for the sound of the word itself. (I have gone a month's journey out of my way to visit a town, just because I liked the sound of the name!)

Then there are devices: style, rhythm, cadence, rime, ornamentation of a thousand kinds. I think one may take it that the good writer makes use of such sacrifice to make his meaning clear; the bad writer to obscure it, or to conceal the fact that he has none.

One of the best items of the educative system at the Abbey in Cefalù was the weekly Essay.

Everyone, including children of 5 or 6, had to write on "The Housing Problem" "Why Athens decayed" "The Marriage System" "Buddhist ethics" and the like: the subject didn't matter much; the point was that one had to discover, arrange and condense one's ideas about

it, so as to ~~pr~~esent it in a given number of words, 93 or 156 or 418 as like as not, that number neither more nor less.

A superb discipline for any writer.

I had a marvellous lesson myself some years earlier. I had cut down a certain ritual of initiation to what I thought were the very barest bones, chiefly to make it easy to commit to memory. Then came a candidate who was deaf - not merely "a little hard of hearing"; his tympana were ruptured - and the question was How?

All right for most of it; one could shew him the words typed on slips. But during part of the ceremony he was hoodwinked; one was reduced to the deaf-and-dumb alphabet devised for such occasions. I am as clumsy and stupid at that as I am at most things, and lazy, infernally lazy, on the top of that. Well,

when it came to the point, the communication of the words became abominably, intolerably tedious. And then! Then I found that about two-thirds of my "absolutely essential" ritual was not necessary at all! That I learned 'im!

Love is the Law, Love under will.

Fraternally,

666.

93, Jermyn Street,
London, W.1.

Cara Soror,

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

You actually want to know how to distinguish gold from copper *pyrites* - "fool's gold" - they call ^{ed} it in '49 California - no ! I wasn't there - or "absolute", alcohol and Liqueur ^u Whisky from "alki" (commercial alcohol - see Jack London's "The Princess", a magnificent story - don't miss it!) and Wartime Scotch as sold in most British pubs in 1944. &v.

One pretty good plan is to take a masterpiece, pick out a page at random, translate it into French or German or whatever language you like best, walk round your chair three times (so as to forget the English) and then translate it back again.

You will gether a useful impression of the value of the masterpiece by noticing the kind of difficulty

XX

that arises in the work of translation; more, by observing the effect produced on you by reading over the result; and finally, by estimating the re-translation; has the effect of the original been enhanced by the work done on it? Has it become more lucid? Has it, actually given you the information which it purported to do?

(I am giving you credit for very unusual ability; this test is not easy to make; and, obviously, you may have spoilt the whole composition, especially where its value depends on its form rather than on its substance. But we are not considering poetry, or poetic prose: all we want is intelligible meaning.)

It does not follow that a passage is nonsensical because you fail to understand; it may simply be too

hard for you. When Bertrand Russell writes "We say that a function R is 'ultimately Q - convergent into α !' if there is a member y of the converse domain of R and the field of Q such that the value of the function for the argument y and for any argument to which y has the relation Q is a member of α ." Do we?

But you do not doubt that if you were to learn the meaning of all these unfamiliar terms, you would be able to follow his thought.

Now take a paragraph from an "occult teacher."

'What's more, I'll give you wheat, not tares; it seems terrifyingly easy for sound instruction to degenerate into a 'pi-jaw'.

"To don Nirmankes's humble robe is to forego eternal bliss for self, to help on man's salvation. To reach Nirvana's bliss but to renounce it, it the supreme, the final step - the highest on Renunciation's Path."

Follows a common-sense comment by Frater C.M.

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"All this about Gautama Buddha having renounced Nirvana is apparently all a pure invention of Mme. Blavatsky, and has no authority in the Buddhist canon. . . The Buddha is referred to, again and again, as having "passed away by that kind of passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind." The account of his doing this is given in the Mahaparinibbana Sutta; and it was the contention of the Theosophists that this "great, sublime, Nibbana story" was something peculiar to Gautama Buddha. They began to talk about Parinibbana, super-Nibbana, as if there were some way of subtracting one from one which would leave a higher, superior kind of a nothing, or as if there were some way of blowing out a candle which would leave Moses in a much more Egyptian darkness than we ever supposed when we were children.

This is not science. This is not business. This

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This is not science. This is not business. This

" is American Sunday journalism. The Hindu and the American are very much alike in this innocence, this naïveté which demands fairy stories with ever bigger giants. They cannot bear the idea of anything being complete and done with. So, they are always talking in superlatives, and are hard put to it when the facts catch up with them, and they have to invent new superlatives. Instead of saying that there are bricks of various sizes, and specifying those sizes, they have a brick and a super-brick, and 'one' brick, and 'some' brick; and when they have got to the end they chase through the dictionary for some 'other' epithet to brick, which shall excite the sense of wonder at the magnificent progress and super-progress - I present the American nation with this word - which is supposed to have been made. Probably the whole thing is a bluff without a single fact behind it. Almost the whole of the Hindu psychology is an example of this kind of

"journalism. They are not content with the supreme God. The other man wishes to show off by having a super~~er~~mer God than that; and when a third man comes along and finds them disputing, it is up to him to invent a supremest super-God.

It is simply ridiculous to try to add to the definition of Nibbana by this invention of Paranibbana, and only talkers busy themselves with these fantastic speculations. The serious student minds his own business, which is the business in hand. The President of a Corporation does not pay his book-keeper to make a statement of the countless billions of profit to be made in some future year. It requires no great ability to string a row of zeros after a significant figure until the ink runs out. What is wanted is the actual balance of the week.

"The reader is most strongly urged not to permit himself to indulge in fantastic flights of thought, which are the poison of the mind, because they represent an attempt to run away from reality, a dispersion of energy and a corruption of moral strength. His business is, firstly, to know himself; secondly, to order and control himself; thirdly, to develop himself on sound organic lines little by little. The rest is only leather and prunella.

There is, however, a sense in which the service of humanity is necessary to the completeness of the Adept. He is not to fly away too far.

Some remarks on this course are given in the note to the next verse.

The student is also advised to take note of the conditions of membership of the A. A. A."

Then we come down to the average popular 'teacher', the mere humbug. Read this:

"One day quite soon an entirely different kind of electricity will be discovered which will bring as many profound changes into human living as the first type did. This new electricity will move in a finer ether than does our familiar kind and thus will be nearer in vibration to the fifth dimension, to the innermost source of things, that realm of "withinness" wherein all is held poised by a colossal force that same force which is packed within the atom. Electricity number two will be unthinkably more powerful than our present electricity number one."

V.S. Alder, The Fifth Dimension, p. 132

Exhausted; I must restring my bow.

Love is the Law, Love under will.

Fraternally,

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V.S. Alder, The Fifth Dimension, p. 132

Exhausted; I must restring my bow.

Love is the Law, Love under will.

Fraternally,

The only way to get the envelope
reliable was to cut down the
margin - not too neatly,
I much fear
P.C.

F.Y. XXII

93 Jermyn St.,
London, S.W.1.

1st February, 1944.

Cara Soror:

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

Right glad am I to hear that you have so astutely detected the bulk of my remarks on morals as little better than plain sophistry.

"After all", you tell me, "there is for every one of us an instinct, at least, of what is 'right' and what is 'wrong'". And it is plain enough that you understand the validity of this sense in itself, in its own right, wholly independent of any codes or systems whatsoever.

Of what, then, is this instinct the hieroglyph? Our destructive criticism is perfect as regards teleology; nobody knows what to do in order to act "for the best". Even the greatest Chess Master cannot be sure how his new pet variation will turn out in practice; and the chessboard is surely an admirable type of a limited 'universe of discourse' and 'field of action'. (I must write you one day about Cause and Effect in magical practice).

I seem to have started up this rock chimney with the wrong leg! What I am trying to write is a sort of answer to your remark about "Does the end justify the means?" and I had better tackle it straightforwardly.

Cesspools in every theologian's back garden; sewers in every legislator's garden city: there is no end to the literature of the subject. But one point is amusing; the Jesuits have always been accused of answering that question in the affirmative, apparently for no better reason than that their doctrine is unanimously adverse to admitting it. (People are like that! They say that I spent months in Yucatan - the only province in Mexico that I did not visit. They say that my home is a Tibetan monastery; and Tibet is almost the only country in East and Central Asia that my feet have never trodden. They say that I lived for years in Capri - the only town in Italy, of those that I know at all, where I spent less than 48 hours)..

The Law of Thelema helps us to deal with this question very simply and succinctly. First, it obviates the need of defining the proper "End"; for with us this becomes identical with the "True Will"; and we are bound to assume that the man himself is the sole arbiter; we postulate that his "End" is self-justified.

Then as to his "means": as he cannot possibly know for certain whether they are suitable or not, he can only rely on his inhibited instincts, his learning, his traditions, and his experience. Of these all but the first lie wholly in the Intellectual Sphere, the Ruach, and can accordingly be knocked into any desired shape at will, by dint of a little manipulation; and if Thelema has freed him morally, as it should have done, from all the nonsense of Plato, Manu, Dracon, Solon, Paul (with his narpy brood), John Stuart Mill, and Kant, he can make his decision with purely objective judgment. (Where would mathematics be if certain solutions were a priori inadmissible?) But then, what about that plaguy first weapon in his armoury? It must be these instincts, simply because we have eliminated all the other possibilities.

What are they ?

Two are their sources: the spiritual (Neschamah) and the physiological (Nepesch). Note that both these are feminine; they pertain to Hé and Héfinah in Tetragrammaton respectively. That implies that they are, in a sense, imposed on you from the beginning. Of course it is your own higher principles, Yecidiah and Chiah, that have saddled you with them; but the "Human Consciousness", being in Tiphareth, cannot control Neschamah at all; and it has to be admirably unified, fortified, and perfected if it is to act efficiently upon Nepesch.

(How exquisitely keen is the Cabalah! How apt, how clear, how simple, how pictorially assimilable are its explanations of the facts of Nature! If you will only learn to use it, to refer your problems to it, you will soon need no Holy Guro!)

In practice, we most of us do act upon Nepesch a great deal. All learning, training, discipline, tend to modify one physiological reactions in a thousand minor manners. A complete branch of Yoga, Hatha Yoga, is occupied with nothing else. And you can have your face "lifted". Apart from this, we nearly all of us attend to matters like our waistline, our hours of sleep, our digestion, or our muscular development. Some men have even taught themselves to reduce the pulse-beat both in rate and in volume; so much so that they have sometimes been credited with the power to stop the heart altogether at will. (Wasn't it Colonel Somebody - not Blimp - who used to show off to his friends, after dinner. Did it once too often, in any case!)

Neschamah is an entirely different proposition. One of Tiphareth's prime assets is the influence, through the path of "The Lovers", from Binah. The son's milk from the Great Mother. (From his Father, Chiah, Chokmah, he inherits the infinite possibilities of Nuit, through the path of Hé, "The Star"; and from his "God", Kether, the Divine.

Consciousness, the direct inspiration, guidance, and ward of his Holy Guardian Angel, through the path of Gimel, the Moon, "The Priestess")

Neschamah, then, will not be influenced by Ruach, except insofar as it is explained or interpreted by Ruach. These "instincts" are implanted from on high, not from below; they would be imperative were one always sure of having received them pure, and interpreted them aright.

But this is a digression, though an essential one; the point is how to decide, when one's equation is solved by "a + b", and one feels that "a + b" is abhorrent to one's nature.

Now do you see the point of the digression? By "wrong" we mean anything that evokes dissent or protest from either Neschamah or Nephesh, or both.

People spoke to me, people whose experience and judgment in all matters of Sacrifice to Dionysius had my very fullest assent and admiration; they told me that of all drinks, the best was Beer. So I have wanted for many years to drink it. I can't. I once tasted a few drops on the end of a teaspoon. They told me that wasn't quite the same thing!

That's Nephesh.

I cannot bear to do any unkind action, however wise, necessary, and all the rest of it. I do it, but "it hurts me more than it hurts you" is actually true for me. (This only applies where the other party is unable to retaliate; I love hurting a stout antagonist in a fair fight).

That's Neschamah.

What one really needs to know is whether the protest of the Instinct should override the decision of the Reason. Obviously, one must assume that both are equally "right": that one's interpretation of one's instinct is full and accurate, that one's solution of "now shall I act for the best?" is uniquely correct.

First of all, one is tempted to argue that, that being so, there can be no disagreement; that is, on our general Theory of the Universe. True enough! The farther one goes in initiation, the rarer will such incidents become. Even a quite uninitiated person - always provided that Thelema has freed him morally -

should find that nine times in ten, the inhibiting antagonism is accidental, or at least apparently irrelevant. (Notice, please, that our conditions or the 'rightness' of both sides are rigid: the usual inhibition is a threat to vanity, or some instinct equally false, and to be weeded out.)

Wilkie Collins has an excellent episode in "Armadale"; his 'girl-friend' or wife or somebody wants to poison him, and gives the stuff in brandy, not knowing that the mere smell of it is enough to make him violently sick. So he won't touch it. I'm not sure that I've got this quite right, but you see the idea.

Occasionally it happens that an infinity of minute and meticulous calculation is necessary to decide between the duellists.

This is the sort of thing.

Suppose that by what is hardly fraud, but "undue influence" (as the lawyers say) I could persuade a dying person to leave me a couple of hundred thousand in his will. I shall use every penny of it for the Great Work; it sounds easy! "Of course! Damn your integrity! Damn you! The work is all that matters."

All the same, I say NO. I should never be the same man again. I should have lost that confidence in myself which is the spine of my work. No need that the fraud should be discovered openly; it would appear in all my subsequent work, a subtle contamination.

But suppose that it were not the matter of gulling a moribund half-wit; suppose that the price was a straightforward honest-to-God bank Robbery under arms on the highway, should I hesitate then? Here I should risk my head, and the dice are loaded against me; nor does the deed imply "moral turpitude". Stalin's associates regarded him as a martyred hero when the law of the country, less cogent than Thelemá, sat heavily on his devoted head.

It would really be a little difficult; my rough-and-tumble life was the best possible training for such desperate adventures, so that Nephesh could not enter a protest. As toeschamen, we nearly all of us (Thank God!) have a secret sympathy with the nobler type of criminal, whence the universal appeal of Arsene Lupin, Black Star, Raffles and Stinagaree. When they can make some show of justice-on-their-side, it is easier still: Scarlet Pimpernel and his tribe. We are now almost within the marches of those heroes of romance that enchanted our adolescence: Hereward the Wake, Robin Hood, Bonnie Prince Charlie. And there are, on the other hand,

few of us who do not secretly gloat over the discomfiture of "Money-Bags".

My retort, however, is convincing and final. Robbery in any shape is a breach of the law of Thelema. It is interference with the right of another to dispose of his property as he will; and if I did so myself, no matter with what tactical justification, I could hardly ask others to respect my own similar right.

(The basis of our ^{cr}iminal law is simple, by virtue of Thelema: to violate the right of another is to forfeit one's own claim to protection in the matter involved.)

So much for my own position; but let us look at the original case with another protagonist: let us say a young Thelemite, fanatically enthusiastic and not very far advanced in the path of Initiation. Suppose he argues: "to hell with my integrity, to hell with my spiritual development! I don't give a hoot what happens to me: all I know is that I can help the Order, and I'm jolly well going to do it."

Who is going to balance that entry in his karmic account? Might not even his willingness to give up his prospects of advance justify his title to go forward? The curious, complex, obscure and formidable path that he has chosen may quite conceivably be his best short cut to the City of the Pyramids!

I have known strange, striking cases of similar "vows to end vows". But not by any means such macabre fabrications as those of the ghouls at Colonel Olcott's death-bed, or the patient web of falsehood spun by the astrological-Tosophical spider about the dying dupe on whom he had fastened, Leo - I've forgotten the insect's name. Well, who hasn't? No, I haven't: Alan Leo he called himself.

I need hardly say that these cases may be multiplied indefinitely; nothing is easier, and few games more amusing, than to devise dilemmas calculated to stump the Master, or to catch him bending.

In fact, the "Schoolmen" wasted several centuries on this agreeable pastime; and they enjoyed the additional pleasure of torturing and burning anybody who happened not to be quite up-to-date with his views on Utrum Virgo Maria in congressu *cum* Spiritu sancto semen emisit, or some equally critical tickler.

Don't tease your pretty little head about it! Now you know the principles upon which one must make one's decisions, you will

not go very far wrong.

But - one has to take all these things into consideration.

Then - you ask - am I saying that the End does not justify the means?

- Hardly that.

What I really mean is that these two terms are unconnected. One decides about the "End"-in one way; about the "Means" in another. But every proposition in your sorites has got to justify itself; and, having done so, to estimate its exact weight in relation to all the other terms of your problem.

"Confusion worse confounded"? I dare say it is; it's the best I can do with such a difficult question.

But I am perfectly happy about it; the one important thing (as Descartes - and Francis Bacon - saw) is that you should acquire and assimilate the METHOD of Thelemic thinking.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

F.Y. XXIII.

93 Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

2nd February, 1944.

Cara Soror F.Y.,

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

In your last letter you mention "family pressure". Horrid word, family! Its very etymology accuses it of servility and stagnation. (Latin, famulus, a servant; Oscan, faamat, he dwells). It almost deserves the treatment it gets in that disreputable near-Limerick:

There was a young lady named Emily
Who was not understood by her family.
She acted so rummily,
The head of the family
Had her matched with a greyhound from Wembley.

A word ought to have more respect for itself!

Then, think what horrid images it evokes from the mind! Not only Victorian: wherever the family has been strong, it has always been an engine of tyranny. Weak members or weak neighbours: it is the mob spirit crushing genius, or overwhelming opposition by brute arithmetic. Of course, one must be of good family to do anything that is worth doing; but what is one to say when the question of the Great Work is posed?

Bless you, the whole strength of the family is based on the fact that it cares for the family only: therefore its magical formula, thus concentrated, is of necessity hostile to so exclusively individual an aim as initiation.

Its sentiments are reciprocated.

In every Yoga, or similar, system it is invariably the first condition which the aspirant must fulfil: he must once, and for all, and for ever, put his family outside his magical circle.

Even the Gospels insist clearly and weightily on this. Christ himself (i.e. whoever is meant by this name in this passage) callously disowns his mother and his brethren. (Luke VIII.19.) And he repeatedly makes discipleship contingent on the total renunciation of all family ties. He would not even allow a man to attend his

father's funeral!

Is the magical tradition less rigid? Not on your life!

The one serious grimoire of the Middle Ages is "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage". He makes no bones about it. He even condescends to point out the family as the most serious of all the obstacles to the performance of the Operation, and he gives the correct psychological reasons why this should be so. You said it yourself! "Family pressure" was your pungent and pertinent expression. Just so.

I think that "family" should include any body of persons with common interests which they expect or wish you to share. One's 'old school', or university, the regiment, the golf club, the business, the party, the country: any of these may dislike very much your absorption in affairs alien to their own. But the family is the classic type, because its pull is so potent and persistent. It began when you gave your first yell; your personality is deliberately wrenched and distorted to the family code; and their zoology is so inadequate that they always feel sure that their Ugly Duckling is a Black Sheep. Even for their fool they find a use; he can be invaluable in the Church or the Army, where docile incompetence is the sure key to advancement.

Curse them! they are always in the way. Even centuries after one of them is dead, he exercises his abominable craft; and you are only the less able to ward off the slaps of the dead hand, because (after all!) there is a whole lot of him in you. He appears at times as a sort of alien conscience; and, indebted as you may be to him for your physical constitution - I give him credit for not having saddled you with gout, rheumatism, T.B., or other plagues - and many of your most useful virtues, you want to handle your assets yourself, without a subterranean current of criticism, or even active interference through others in your sole preoccupation - the Great Work.

I have not actually detected any ancestor of mine stealing my whisky, as the advertisement warns us may happen; but - oh well! now ever you like to look at it, he is always an influence upon you; and that, good or bad, you quite rightly resent.

The unborn, too!

In the Brammin caste, the aspirant to yoga makes it a rule to fulfil his duties to the family and the state; once those jobs are definitely done, he cuts the painter, and becomes Sannyasi. Many a Maharajah, many a Wazir, to say nothing of less responsible people, plan their lives from their earliest days of wearing the sacred Cord

as Brahmacharyi, with these ambitions carefully mapped out; and when the right moment comes ~~for~~ him to disappear into the jungle - the rest is silence.

A sound scheme: that is, provided that one has full confidence in the General Theory. But we Caucasians happen not to believe in the Vedas, at least not in the dyed-in-the-wool sense which comes natural to the budding Brahmin; as to "our own" - why "our own" - scriptures, no intelligent person takes them seriously any more. Some folk whittle away merrily, and fashion a saviour in their own images; others strain the text and concoct a symbolic interpretation which is more or less satisfying - as can be done with any bunch of legends. But such devices leave us without accepted authority, and without that nobody is going to gamble away his life. Thus the path for men of spiritual integrity begins with absolute scepticism. Our methods must be exclusively inductive.

"Gamble away his life", did I say? Indeed I did. If there is any truth at all in anything, or even any meaning in life, in Nature herself: then there is one thing, one thing only, paramount. To find out who one is, what is one's necessary way.

The alternative to the Great Work is the hotchpot of dispersion, of fatuity, of disconnected nonsense. To the performance of this Work the nearest obstacle, and the most obvious, is the Family. Its presumption is manifest, in that it expects everybody to yield it first priority.

In the Russian troubles following the October Revolution, General Denikine, who was trying to put Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall, captured the aged parents of Leon Trotsky, in command of the enemy, and cavalrously telegraphed him to withdraw his troops to certain positions, otherwise the old people would be shot. Trotsky replied: "shoot".

The point of this story is that I hope it will answer your next question: - "you are so very clear and firm about the family; then why don't you insist on all your pupils starting with a domestic holocaust?"

Why? Because a lot of my early rock-climbing was done on Beachy Head. Ask me something harder!

Look you now, chala has every possible demerit from the standpoint of the cragsman. All the more glory to him who can master it!

It is an essential part of the Rosicrucian system that the Adept should "wear the costume of the country in which he is travelling". I take this in the widest sense. By that "country" I understand this planet and this social status "to which it has pleased God to call me". The Brethren of the Rose and Cross deprecated monastic life or hermit life; perhaps they thought such expedients cowardly, or at least as a confession of weakness.

I agree. One ought to be able to live the normal life of a member of one's class, to all external seeming; at least, sufficiently so as not to appear unduly eccentric. (Perhaps "Let my servants be few ~~and~~ secret" bears some such implication.) But the condition of allowing such apparent laxity is this: that one should be as swift and terse as Trotzsky in any similar situation.

If one's family were reasonable human beings, (but they never are, she sighed) one could perhaps do wiseliest by explaining the situation. "This work of mine - you don't understand it, no need that you should - is the only important part of my life. I mean to be scrupulously careful of your feelings, and I see no reason why my chosen career should damage our relations. There is only one thing to remember. If I ever get the faintest suspicion that you are opposing me, or undermining my plans, or interfering, even with the best intentions, THEN - with a single blow I sever our relations, and for ever.

I have to trust my pupils to live up to that.

"Well, that's really very nice of you, Holy One" you might say; "but you are not the only one to be considered. What about the Masters? Do they ride us on the snaffle? Tradition says not so".

This depends wholly on you. If you are a quite ordinary aspirant, and a few dozen incarnations one way or the other don't make such a difference, then they presumably won't bother about you at all. In the course of centuries, karma will roll out the creases.

But - suppose you are one of those specially chosen to execute some necessary operation in the course of Their plans? Quite another pair of boots to tread that path. Don't imagine that you are not on it yet, either, just because you happen to be in a mood of humility. A pawn may be more powerful than a king, in some positions.

However, even if you are not on it, you can start today. That

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However, even if you are not on it, you can start today. That

is one of the matters that depends exclusively on you. If you have already taken the appropriate and adequate oath, well and good; if not, take it now!

What oath?

To cross the Abyss you have to give up "all that you have and all that you are". This oath is unconditional: see "The Vision and the Voice" for details.

-But for the present so much is neither desirable nor possible; in fact, you cannot genuinely realise what it means.

So you may content yourself with a simple, reasonable and intelligible oath for the present: to devote "all that you have and all that you are" to the service of the Order.

The advantage of so doing is that the Grand-Auditor of the City of the Pyramids takes immediate notice. He brings your a/c (Karma) up to date, and starts you off with a Cash Ledger. That is, he arranges for your errors to be paid for on the spot, instead of the customary credit system that goes on for centuries. And the advantage of this is that you know what you are being punished for, and learn your lesson at once.

This process is, naturally, very painful at times; for one thing, you can't dupe yourself with illusions about your being a grand-souled, great-hearted, misunderstood saint, martyr or hero.

And - this I tell you from most bitter experience - the agony is sometimes all but unendurable. The Masters (or the Lords of Karma, or whatever you like: I have to put all this in a silly romantic language, if I am to get the meaning across at all) see the position with absolute accuracy; They know at once how so-and-so, which you made rather a point of offering, is really that which you cannot bear to surrender. Believe me, it is a very thorough winnowing, "with which he shall thoroughly purge his floor", when **various facchi** whirl in the mill.

My personal attitude to all this is it may be unduly positive. I may be a bit of a fanatic. But I'm inclined to think that you will feel the same, because of your detestation of the "elusive". Having decided to gamble, there is no sense in fumbling with the dice. Anything that makes for closer contact, prompter action, clearer vision, is to be welcome.

The deliberate swearing of such oaths, and the passionate adherence to them, is the surest method of approach to the Masters. You force the gate of Their Temple; if not actually one of Them, you are at least in Their class.

Only one reminder: it is worse than useless to take these oaths with any such ambition. One of the most precious privileges thus gained is the clean sweep that's made of all pretence.

This too is painful beyond words, at first. Until the process starts, you have not the faintest idea of how you have wrapped yourself in layers of lies. (The Baltis are like this, you know; they wrap the body when it is born, and add rag after rag, never removing any, until a prosperous citizen at 40 is more like a bale of cloth than a human being!) May I add that you are going to be shocked?

Ideas of the most atrocious and abominable nastiness, things literally unthinkable by your normal conscious apparatus, are discovered as the mainsprings of your character!

Those in attendance at confinements are always at first amazed and horrified by the remarks of the most virtuous and refined ladies; but that is the mere loosening of a few superficial layers, such as are accessible to anaesthetics. These revelations amount to not 1/10th of 1% of the grisly horrors that are revealed by samasati.

Now go ahead!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666.

F.Y. XXIV.

93 Jermyh Street,
London, S.W.1.

10th February, 1944 e.v.

Cara Soror:

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

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

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

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

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

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

I laff.

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

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

It may be no more than a personal fancy, but I think Allan Bennett's translation of the term, "recollection", is as near as one can get in English. One can strain the meaning slightly to include

re-collection, to imply the ranging of one's facts, and the fitting of them into an organised structure. The term "sati" suggests an identification of Being with Knowledge - see "The Soldier and the Hunchback; and?" (Ex. I.1.) So far as it applies to the Magical Memory, it lays stress on some such expedient, very much as is explained in Liber Thisarh (Magick pp. 415-422).

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

Never mind the why, for a moment; first let us be sure that it is so. Have we any grounds for expecting this to be the case?

We certainly have.

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

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

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

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

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

Let me put it *(in my honest rough-and-ready backwoodsman's way)* that the body is formed by the superposition of layers, each representing a stage in the history of the evolution of the species. The foetus displays essential characteristics of insect,

reptile, mammal (or whatever they are), in the order in which these classes of animal appeared in the world's history.

Now I want to put forward a thesis - and as far as I know it is personal to myself, based on my work at Cefalu - to the effect that the mind is constructed on precisely the same lines.

You will remember, from my note on "Breaks" in meditation, how one's gradual improvement in the practice results in the barring-out of certain classes of ideas, by classes. The ready-to-hand, recent, fugitive thoughts come first, and first they go. Then the events of the previous day or so, and the preoccupations of the mind for that period. Next, one comes to the layer of reveries and other forms of wish-phantasm; then cryptomnesia gets busy with incidents of childhood and the like; finally, there intrudes the class of 'atmospherics' where one cannot trace the source of the interruption.

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

"black wine in jars of jade
Cooled all these months in hoarded snow,
Black wine with purple starlight in its bosom,
Oily and sweet as the soul of a brown maid
Brought from the forenoon's archipelago,
Her brows bound bright with many a scarlet blossom,
Like the blood of the slain that flowered free
When we met the black men knee to knee".

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

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

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

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

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

Now then! In the course of that kind of initiation conferred by Sammasati, the layers are stripped off very much as happens in element-

ary meditation (Dharana) to the conscious mind.

(There is a way of acquiring a great deal of strange and unsuspected knowledge of these matters by the use of Sulphuric Ether, $(C_2H_5)_2O$, according to a special technique. I wrote a paper on it once, 16 pp. 4to. and, fearing that it might be lost, had many copies made and distributed. Where is it? I must write you a letter one day.)

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

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

Love is the law, love under will.

fraternally yours,

bbb.

F.Y. XXVI.

93, Jermyan Street,
London, S.W.1.

Sta. February, 1944 e.v.

Cara Soror:

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

Artless remark! Oh you!

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

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

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

No, no, not less: I meant more, so much more that it
amounts to nothing at all. Spencer Montmorency Bourbon Hohen-
staufen sounds very exclusive and aristocratic, and even posh or
nitzy; but if you bestow these names upon every male child, the
effect tends to diminish. The "Southern Gentleman" Lee Davis,
recently hanged for rape and murder, was not a near relation
either of the General or the President: he was a nigger.

Give me the old spade, I've got to go digging again!

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

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

Great seems to connect it with hills, swellings, boils, the
maternal breast; is that reason enough for us to connect it with
the idea of advantage, or—'Superiority' merely translates it into

* "the crowded couch of incest in the dwellings of the poor" Tennyson

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Latin:—worth, or—no, it's really too difficult. Of course, sometimes it has a 'bad' meaning, as of temperature in fever; but: nearly always it implies a condition preferable to 'low'.

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

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

When I first set myself to put a name to my 'mission' - the contemplation carried me half-way across South-west China - I considered these alternatives. I thought to cut the Gordian knot, and call it by Abramelin's title, the "Holy Guardian Angel": because (I mused) that will be as intelligible to the villagers of Pu Peng as to the most learned pundits; moreover, the implied theory was so crude that no one need be bound by it.

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

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

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

We of the Iama challenge all this briskly. "The word of sin is restriction" (A.E. I.41.) Our formula, roughly speaking, is to

go out and grab what we want. We do this so thoroughly that we grow thereby, extending our conception of "I" by including each new accretion instead of remaining a closely delineated self, proud of possessing other things, as do the Black Brothers.

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

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

When the entire system of the Universe is contemporaneous with your comprehension, 'inward' and 'outward' become identical.

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

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

To formulate the idea of 'self' at all, you must posit limitations; anything that is distinguishable is a mere temporary (and arbitrary) selection of the finite from the infinite; whatever you choose to think of, it changes, it grows, it disappears.

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

3. 'Self'. For a full discussion of this see Letter XXVII.

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

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

Crippen was an amateur.

Skeat hardly helps us at all, except by warning us that 'good' has nothing whatever to do with it. 'Dieu' comes from Deus, with all its Sol-Jupiter references, and *Θεός*, which Plato thought meant a runner; hence, sun, moon, planets.

The best I can do for you, 'honest Injun' is the Russian word for god, 'Bogg'; connected, probably, through the Lithuanian, with the Welsh Bwg, a spectre or hobgoblin. 'Bugge', too. Not very inspiring, is it, to replace the old hundredth by "Hush! Hush! Hush! here comes the Bogey man" or is it?

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

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

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

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

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

And the Buddhists won't admit any God at all in anything at all like the sense in which you use the word.*

What's worse, whatever you may mean by 'God' conveys no idea to me: I can **only** guess by the light of my exceedingly small knowledge of you and your general habits of thought and action. Then what sense was there in chucking it at my head? Half a brick would have served you better.

You think you can explain to me viva voce, perhaps? Don't you dare try! Whatever you said, I should prove to be nonsense, philosophically and in a dozen other ways. And the County Council Ambulance would bundle you off ~~back~~ your battered and bewildered debris to the bug-house, as is so etymologically indicated.

* One of the most amusing passages of irony is to be found in "The Questions of King Milinda" where the Arabat Nagasena demolishes Maha Brahma.

Do see it simply: the word must in any event connote ideas of Neschaman, not of Ruach.

"But you use the word all the time". Yes, I do, and rely on the context to crystallize this most fluid - or gaseous - of expressions. *I must admit that my conscience is not perfectly clear about this. But in serious technical works I seem to have been fairly careful.*

5. 'Us'. Why 'us'?

The rest "poetic license" + bind me over for 2 years on probation!

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

Anecdote of Lao-Tze. →

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

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

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

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

And so it does, by Brahman!

"Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing and any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!" (M.I.22-23)

I implore you not to point you that, this being the case, words like 'hurt' and 'chief' cannot possibly mean anything. The fact is that if we are to get on peaceably in the Club, we have to know when

to take any given expression in a Pickwickian sense.

In the Ruach all the laws of logic apply: they don't in Nes-chamah.

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

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

See?

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

No, N.O.^{no}: not harmless at all. My whole object is to train you to silence every kind of hypothetical speculation, and formulae both resonant and satisfying.

I want you to

abhor them,
abominate them,
despise them,
detest them,
eschew them,
hate them,
loathe them,

- no, not again!
and to get on with your practice. Then, when you get the results, you can try, albeit uselessly, to fit your own words to the facts, if you should wish to communicate, for any good reason, your experiences to other people.

Then, despairing of your impotence, how glad you will be that

you have been trained not to let anyone fob you off with phrases.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally yours,

666

Note. Humblest apologies for letting these letters
get out of their proper order. XXI is two letters, the latter
being unfinished - a technical hitch. XXV you have had.
XXVII is being typed, I think. XXVIII is not quite finished.
XXIX & XXX are determined & won't take long when I start.
Meanwhile, why aren't you pulling me to pieces, as the
Macnabs did to Coplens. Probably you need, as they did,
a few drinks! A.C.

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a few drinks!

A. C.

00269

you have been trained not to let anyone fob you off with phrases.

Love is the law, love under will.

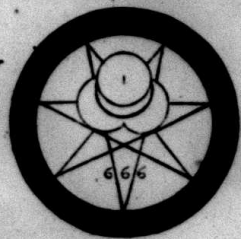
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a few drinks! A.C.

93 Vermont St

S.W. 1



Jan 27

Dear Son First God

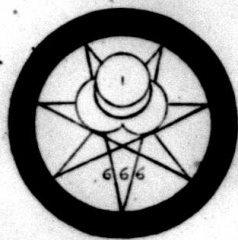
- Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

It is very good hearing that these letters do good, but rather sad to reflect that it is going to make you so unpopular. Your friends will notice at once that glib vacinities fail to impress, and hate you, and tell lies about you. It's worth it.

Yes, your brain is quite all right; what is wanted is to acquire the habit of pinning things down instantly. [He says 're-incarnation': now what exactly does he mean by that? He says "it is natural to suppose ---": what is 'natural', and what is implied by supposition?] Practice this style of criticism; write down what happens. Within a week or two you will be astounded to discover that you have got what is apparently little less than a new brain!

93 Vermont St

S.W. 1



Jan 27

Caria Somerest God

Do what Men will shall be the whole of the Law.

It is very good hearing that these letters do good, but rather sad to reflect that it is going to make you so unpopular. Your friends will notice at once that glib vanities fail to impress, and hate you, and tell lies about you. It's worth it.

Yes, your brain is quite all right; what is wanted is to acquire the habit of pinning things down instantly. [He says 're-incarnation': now what exactly does he mean by that? He says "it is natural to suppose ---": what is 'natural', and what is implied by supposition?] Practice this style of criticism; write down what happens. Within a week or two you will be astounded to discover that you have got what is apparently little less than a new brain!

P.S. I must write at length about the Rifa'ah or 'it's too easy to get muddled about it, and the subject requires careful preparation'

You must make this a habit, not letting anything get by the senses.

Indeed, I want you to go even further; make sure of what is meant by even the simplest words. Trace the history of the word with the help of Skeet's Etymological Dictionary: e.g. 'pretty' means 'tricky', 'deceitful'; on the other hand, 'hussy' is only 'housewife'; 'tummy', too; this: 'tabby' refers to Prince Attab, the grandson of Ommeya - the silk quarter of Baghdad where 'utabi', a rich watered waved silk, was sold.

This will soon give you the power of discerning instantly when words are being used to hide meaning, or lack of it.

That A.A. &c: your resolution is noble, but there is a letter ready for you which deals with what is really a legitimate enquiry; necessary, too, with so many hordes of "Hidden Masters" and "Mahatmas" & so on scurrying all over the floor in the hope of distracting attention from the vanities of their trusted benefactors.

Looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday.
Love is the law, love under will
Fraternally G.B.B.

P.S. I must write at length about the Khyber belt or "it's too easy to get muddled about it, and the subject requires careful preparation."

You must make this a habit, not letting anything get by the Sentries.

Indeed, I want you to go even further; make sure of what is meant by even the simplest words. Trace the history of the word with the help of Skeet's Etymological Dictionary: e.g. 'pretty' means 'tricky', 'deceitful'; on the other hand, 'hussy' is only 'housewife'; 'tummy', too; this: 'tabby' refers to Prince Attab, the grandson of Ommeysa - the silk quarter of Baghdad where 'utabi', a rich watered waved silk, was sold.

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Looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday.

Love is the law, love under will
Affectionally fbb.

P.S. I must write at length about the *Higher Self* or "God within us" or — it's too easy to get muddled about it, and the subject requires careful preparation.

You must make this a habit, not letting anything get by the senses.

Indeed, I want you to go even further; make sure of what I meant by even the simplest words. Trace

the history of the word with the *Collage of Words* Etymological Dictionary: e.g. pretty means tricky,

deceitful; in the old land, 'hurry' is only 'honesty';

The grammar of Ommeysa — the Silla Master of Baghdad, where 'utahli', such interest would sell, was sold.

These will give you the power of discerning subtlety when words are being used to hide meaning, or to

do it.

Sept 4. A. A. etc. your resolution is noble, but there

really a legitimate enquiry; necessary, too, with so many

handles of "Hiddle Masters" and "Masters" & so on

scouring all over the floor in the hope of discovering

something from the intricacies of their ~~travels~~ travels

travelling toward to seeing you on Wednesday.

Love & the Law, Love under vice

with tenacity SRS.

P.S. I must write at length about the Khye lall. or "End within us" or "it's too easy to get muddled about it, and the subject requires careful preparation"

You must make this a habit, not letting anything get by the senses.

Indeed, I want you to go even further; make sure of what is meant by even the simplest words. Trace the history of the word with the help of 'Sheets' Etymological Dictionary; e.g. 'pretty' means 'tricky', 'deceitful'; on the other hand, 'hussy' is only 'housewife'; 'tabby' refers to Prince Attab, the grandson of Ommeysa - the silk quarter of Baghdad where 'utabi', a rich watered waved silk, was sold.

This will soon give you the power of discerning instantly when words are being used to hide meaning, or lack of it.

What A. A. &c.: your resolution is noble, but there is a letter ready for you which deals with what is really a legitimate enquiry; necessary, too, with so many hordes of "Hidden Masters" and "Mahatmas" & so on scurrying all over the floor in the hope of distracting attention from the iniquities of their trusted benefactors.

Looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday.
Love is the law, love under will
Fraternally fbb.

F.Y. XXVII.

93 Jermyrn Street,
London, S.W.1.

14th February, 1944. e.v.

Cara Soror:

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

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

The English is very un-English, and the context hardly helpful. But the meaning is clear enough; the idea is to dismiss, curtly and rudely, the entire body of doctrine which insists on altruism as a condition of spiritual progress.

Why do I jump in with this text without warning? Because at the end of my letter on Sammasati the Dweller of the Threshold popped up, and that brings us to the black Brothers, and the Left-hand path, all of which subjects are very generally supposed to depend for origin upon "Selfishness".

This question is one of the most critical in the whole of Magical Theory; for in one sense it is certainly true that every error without exception is due to exacerbation of the Ego.

Yet the book of the Law flings at us disdainfully: "It is a lie, this folly against self".

How then?

I fear there is nothing for it but to go thoroughly into the whole matter of the 'self'. This may involve some recapitulation; but then didn't the Buddha himself repeat three times every one of those extravagantly verbose paragraphs which give the luckless Bhikkhu - timens, not tumens, as Catullius says - permission to have (a) walls (b) roof (c) window (d) door (e) hinge to door (f) fastening to door (g) h. & c. - no, he didn't! - anyhow, all those ancient conveniences?

'Self' is one of the trickiest words afloat. Skeat gives merely the equivalents, all practically the same in sound, in various Nordic languages; he doesn't say where it comes from, or what it means. I don't know either, bless your heart!

Latin and Greek don't help us at all; and, when we try Eastern languages, it seems, dimly, to give the idea of the ego; whatever that

may be. Or perhaps "that combination which is unified by Anamkara, the 'Ego-making' faculty".

Decidedly not illuminating!

One can't use the word as an ordinary noun. Skeat doesn't even label it as such. One can hardly say: Mr. Blenkinsop's self is good, or pneumatic, or gone for a walk. It makes nonsense. Yet philosophy has picked out this hapless tetragrammaton, and made endless mud pies with it!

When one says: I fell and hurt myself, it's only a conventional abbreviation. One means 'my nose', or 'my elbow', as the case may be. No, I can't conscientiously admit it is a noun.

And so what?

(Oh dear, I am tying ourselves into knots!)

So what? In me, nothing for it but to plunge head foremost into the hybrid abyss of Babu-Biavatzsky bak-bak!

Brahman - don't confuse with the brains of the Trimurti, as so many hippies and clippies are but too liable to do - is the macrocosmic Negative Absolute, when cross-examined; its microcosm is purusha or Atma. Very near our own cabalistic zero - thought in no dimensions - equals infinity (air ~~connu~~). Then comes Buddha, which curates, book-makers' clerks, miners, and Privy Councillors so often mistake for Buddha (Hah-hah!), the faculty of discrimination. Pretty much like the $0 = 2$ equation in our system.

Next, the higher Manas, which is our beschnaman, as near as a toucher; and the Lower Manas, which, as every lovely and cutie well knows, is our nusch. The rest of the Hindu system can easily be fitted in.

Note, however, the Anamkara, usually translated "Ego-making faculty", which collects what it can from this dump, and labels it "I".

There seems not much point in elaborating all this. The Hindu pundit is a whale for swallowing numberless oceans, all swarming with Jonans; he duplicates and discriminates and invents at his own sweet will, in order to get a pretty pattern with 64 or 108 *asankyas of crores* of lakhs of anythings.

We have done enough for honour.

Enough if we see that the system is in its essence identical,

with our own.

Well, then, what is this "higher Self" that you roll out upon me?

Actually, we are very far from being out of the wood. This Ut, or Uagibna, who looms so large in the Upanishads; the God peculiar to yourself, who appears in one of the Darshanas; some individual constructed from the material listed above; are these all one? If not, is the difference between them more than a quibble?

Really, all these speculations are based on a priori considerations; we had better drop the whole argument as little better than a waste of time; nay, as worse, for it encourages one in loose thinking, and especially in clinging to names which have no counterpart in things.

There is only one point of theory which matters to our practice. We may readily concur that the Anagoides, the "Genius" of Socrates, and the "Holy Guardian Angel" of Abramelin the Mage are identical. But we cannot include this "higher Self"; for the Angel is an actual individual with his own universe, exactly as a man is; or, for the matter of that, a bluebottle. He is not a mere abstraction, a selection from, and exaltation of, one's own favourite qualities, as the "higher Self" seems to be. The trouble is (I think) that the Hindu passion for analysis makes them philosophize any limited being out of existence.

This matter is of importance, because it influences one's attitude to invocation. I can, for instance, work myself up to a "Divine Consciousness", in which I can understand, and act, as I cannot in my normal state. I become "inspired"; I feel, and I express, ideas of almost illimitable exaltation. But this is totally different from the "knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, which is the special aim of the Adeptus Minor. It is ruin to that work if one deceives oneself by mistaking one's own 'energized enthusiasm' for external communication. The parallel on the physical plane is the difference between orgasm and sexual intercourse.

Probably, the reason for insistence on this point is my antipathy to introversion in any form. The "mystic path" itself is packed with dangers. Unless the strongest counter-irritants are exhibited, the process is almost certain to become morbid. It is

only one step from invocation of Zeus, or Apollo, or Dionysus, which does demand identification of oneself with the object of one's worship, to a form of self-worship which soon develops into a maniacal exacerbation of the ego; and if one persists in this involuted curve, one becomes a "black brother", or departs for the local loony-bin.

Invocations of even the most **positive** gods are dangerous, unless care can be taken to keep the personality of the God distinct from one's own.

Athene is a superb deity; but one does not want to be nothing but Athene, except in that supreme moment of samadhi with her which is the climax of the invocation.

Do you remember one of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "contes cruels" about a Spanish nobleman who anticipated one of the privileges of marriage instead of waiting for ecclesiastical licence? The inquisitor simply had him tied to his fiancée for 48 hours.

It is really rather like that: one of my mathematically-minded disciples - J.W.H. Sullivan, I think - told me that his sinister science had one peculiarly devilish pitfall; one is so satisfactorily equipped for work in one's but a bit of paper and a pencil - and a comfortable bed! He had to make a point of severe physical exercise to escape becoming bed-ridden in his early twenties!

So, even in divine invocation, one should insist on definite communication of knowledge (or what not) which is incontestably not one's own. The fact that the self-begotten feelings and ideas are so eminently satisfactory - naturally, since there is nobody to oppose them - is damnable, seductive.

Once started on that road, one can easily develop self-deception to a fine art. One can imagine that one has undergone, or achieved, all sorts of experiences "as described in the books", when all that one has actually done is to work the results of one's reading into a bubble inflated by imagination.

It should be obvious to you that the habit grows on one; every bad quality, from vanity to laziness, lends most willing aid. One

replaces reality more and more continuously by these exciting and flattering reveries, which by this time have no longer any shadow of a claim to be called mystic experiences at all.

It is desperately difficult to cure such conditions; the patient resents bitterly every touch of truth, for he feels it, accurately enough, as a thrust to the very core of his being.

Parallel with this, in my psychoanalytic practice I have had excellent success with all forms of sexual aberration, with the one exception of masturbation.

In these cases, even though I have often been successful in 'curing' the condition, so that the man has been able to carry on with satisfaction to himself and his family the normal functions of a husband, I have never really got rid of the peculiar mental and moral characteristics which have been, if not implanted, at least encouraged and fostered, by this devastating habit.

Now do remember this; it is the guarantee of wholesomeness in any invocation that there should be contact with another. It is better to conjure up the most obnoxious demons from the most noisome pit of hell than to take one's own exhilarations for divine benediction; if only because there was never a demon yet so atrocious as that same old ego.

You will discover the truth of these remarks when you approach the Frontier of the Abyss. Well now, is that isn't too funny! The text of this stupendous sermon, Job 11.22. I take this verse in its most obvious and ordinary sense; for instance, the following sentence: "The exposure of innocence is a lie". Now that means clearly enough hypocrisy. So "it is a lie, this folly against self" only means "to hell with sentimental altruism, with false modesty, with all those most insidious fiends, the sense of guilt, of shame - in a word, the "inferiority complex" or something very like it.

The whole tenor of the Book of the Law is to this effect. The very test of worth is that one should be aware of it, and not afraid to sock the next man on the jaw if he disputes it!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally Bob -

P.S. But what do I mean when I say "myself" in normal speech? I mean

Tiphareth, the human self as determining the ^{identity} ~~inferiority~~ of the Supreme Triad, plus as much Ruach as I have succeeded in organising as extensions of it.

Though your Supernal Triad is in essence identical with mine, your Tiphareth is quite definitely not mine. It is like mine in its nature and many of its sympathies; but your Ruach is altogether different from mine in (at a guess) 80% of its components.

We must add Malkuth as the medium which crystallizes the characters of our respective "selves".

This is all horribly, awfully difficult to put into words; there is bound to be misunderstanding, however cleverly I concoct the potion. But we understand pretty well for all that, at least so far as is necessary for most practical purposes. 666.

sent to p. 79 for his comment

57 in Magick

without bias

XLIIV

Things I have seen with my physical eyes

Cara Soror,

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

Well do you know my life ^{long} by rule never to make any assertion that cannot be verified, or at least supported by corroborative evidence, on any subject pertaining to Magick.

When, therefore, you express curiosity as to how much of the normally super-sensible world has been revealed to my senses, and especially that of sight, you must take my answer as "without prejudice" "e and o.e.", "under the rose",

and "in a Pickwickian sense".

If you choose to call me a lunatic and / or a liar, I shall accept the verdict with mine accustomed imperturbability. Whether what I am about to tell you is "true" or not doesn't matter, as in any case it proves nothing in particular. What does matter is to accept nothing whatever from the "Astral Plane" without the most conclusive and irrefragable internal evidence.

That is enough for the caveat part of it ; now I plunge direct into the autobiographical.

I begin with my childhood. There is one incident, not quite relevant in this place, but yet of such

supreme significance that I dare not omit it. I must have been about 6 years old. I was capering round my father during a walk through the meadows. He pointed out a bunch of nettles in the corner of the field, close to the gate (I can see it quite clearly to-day !) and told me that if I touched them they would sting. Some word, gesture, or expression of mine caused him to add : Would you rather be told, or learn by experience ? I replied, instantly ; I would rather learn by experience. Suiting the action to the word, I dashed forward, plunged into the clump, and learnt.

This incident is the key to the puzzle of my character. But, as a child, what did I see ? I cannot think of any one person who subsequently devoted his life to Magick who has not at least one early experience of seeing angels, or fairies, or something of the sort. But A.C. ? Wary a one. I was brought up on the Bible, a literalist, fundamentalist, ~~what~~-all that a Plymouth Brother could wish. It never occurred to me to doubt a word of what I was told. Perhaps the Wolf's Tail of an healthy scepticism gleamed pale at the age of 10, when I asked my form master how it was that Christ managed to be dead for three days and three nights between Friday night and Sunday morning. He said that he

did not know, and (to a further question) that no one had ever explained it. This merely filled with ambition to be the great exegetist who had explained it ! I never thought of doubting the story.

Well, all this time, and then through puberty, despite my romantic bent, my absorption in the grammar of Sir Walter Scott, my imaginative life as one of his heroes, and the rest of it, I never had even a moment's illusion that anything of the sort had ever happened to me. I went through all the motions; I haunted all the places where such things are reputed likely to happen; but nothing did happen.

There is one exception, and one only.

It was in 1896, at Arolla in the Pennine Alps. I took my cousin Gregor Grant, a fine climber but with little experience beyond scrambles, and in poor physical condition, for the second (first guideless) ascent of the N.N.E. ridge of Mont Collon, on long and ~~exacting~~ climb of more than average difficulty. I had to help him with the rope for most of the climb. This made us late. I dashed for the quickest way down, a short but very steep ridge with one decidedly bad patch, to the great snowfield at the head of the valley. At the bottom of the last pitch a scree- stream slope, easy going, led to the snows. We took off the rope, and I sat down to coil it and light a pipe, while he wandered down. By this time I was as tired as 14 dogs, each one more tired than all the rest put together; what I call 'silly tired'.

I took a chance (for nightfall was near) on resting 5 or 10 minutes. Restored, I sprang to my feet, threw the coiled rope over my shoulder, and started to run down. But I was too tired to run ; I slackened off.

Then, to my amazement, I saw on the slopes below me, two little fellows hopping playfully about on the scree. (A moment, while I remind you that all my romance was Celtic ; I had never even read Teutonic myths and fables) But these little men were exactly the traditional gnome of German folk-tales ; the Häntzelmann that one sees sometimes ~~in~~ German beer-rings ^{meigs} (I have never drunk beer in my life.), and in friezes on the walls of a Conditorei.

I hailed them cheerfully - at first I thought they were some of the local nobility and gentry of a type I had not yet encountered ; but they took no notice, just went on playing about. They were still at it when I reached my cousin, sheltering behind some boulders at the foot of the slope ; and saw no more of them.

I saw them as plainly as I ever saw anything ; there was nothing ghostly or semi-transparent about them.

A curious point is that I attached no significance to this. I asked my cousin if he had seen them; he said no.

My mind accepted the incident as simply as if I had seen Chamois. Yet even to-day, when I have seen lots and lots of things more wonderful, this incident stands out as the

as the simplest and clearest of all my experiences. I give myself full marks !

" Why ? " Isn't it obvious ? It means that I am not the semi-hysterical type who takes wish-phantasms for facts. When I started seriously to study and practice Magick in the Autumn of '98 e.v., I wished and wished and wished with all my might ; but I never got anything out of it, With the exception above recorded, my first experiences were the direct result of intense magical effort on the traditional lines ; there was no accident about it ; when I evoked N to visible appearance, I got N and nobody else. But even so, there isn't much to splash !

The first definitely physical sight was due to the " evocation to visible appearance " of the Goetia demon Buer by myself and V.H. Frater " Volo Nascere ". (Our object was to prolong the life, in imminent danger, of V.H. Frater *Lehi Acour* - Allan Bennett - *Bhaikkhu Ananda Metteya* - and was successful ; he lived another 20 odd years. And odd years they were !)

I was wide awake, keyed up, keenly observant at the time.

The temple was approximately 16 feet by 8, and

12 high. A small " double-cube " altar of acacia was in the centre of a circle ; outside this was a triangle in which it was proposed to get the demon to appear. The room was thick with the smoke of incense, some that of Abramelin, but mostly, in a special censer in the triangle, Dittany of Crete (we decided to use this, as H.P.B. once said that its magical virtue was greater than that of any other herb)

As the ceremony proceeded, we were aware that the smoke was not uniform in thickness throughout the room, but tended to be almost opaquely dense in some parts of it, all but clear in others. This effect was much more definite than could possibly be explained by draughts, or by our own movements. Presently it gathered itself together still more completely, until it was roughly as if a column of smoke were rising from the triangle, leaving the rest of the room practically clear.

Finally, at the climax of the ritual - we had got as far as the " stronger and more potent conjuration " we both saw, vaguely enough, but yet beyond doubt, parts of a quite definite figure. In particular, there was a helmet suggesting Athens (or, horror ! Brittania !) part of a tunic or chlamys, and very solid footgear. (I thought of "the well-greaved Greeks "). Now this was very far from satisfactory; it corresponded in no wise with the appearance of Buer which the Goetia had led us to expect. Worse, this was as far as it

went ; no doubt, seeing it at all had disturbed our concentration. (This is where training in Yoga would have helped our Magick) From that point it was all a wash-out. We could not get back the enthusiasm necessary to persist. We called it a day, did the banishings, closed the temple, and went to bed with our tails between our legs.

(And yet, from a saner point of view, the Operation had been a shining success. " Miraculous " things began to happen ; in one way and another the gates opened for Allan to migrate to less asthmatic climes ; and the object of our work was amply attained.)

I give prominence to this phenomenon because what we saw, little and unsatisfactory as it was, appeared to our normal physical sight. I learned later that there is a kind of sight half-way between that and the astral. In a ' regular ' astral vision one sees better when the eyes are shut ; with this intermediate instrument to close them would be as completely annihilating as if the vision were an ordinary object of sight.

It seems, too, as if I had picked up something of the sort as an after-effect of the Evocation of Buer-a Mercurial demon ; for phenomena of one sort or another were simply showered on me from this moment, pari passu with my constantly improving technique in regular " astral visions".

Sometimes I was quite blind, as compared with Frater V.N.; for when the circle was broken one night - see the whole story in my Autobiography - he saw and identified dozens and scores of Abramelin demons as they marched *widdershins* around my library, while all I saw of them was a procession of "half-formed faces" moving shadowy through the dimly-lit room.

When it was a matter of the sense of touch, it was far otherwise; I got it good and hearty - but that is not the subject of this letter.

I find all this excessively tedious; I resent having to write about it at all; I wonder whether I am breaking some beastly by-law; in fact, I shall ask you to be content with Buer as far as details go; I never saw anything of importance with purely physical sight with anything like the clarity of my adventure on Mont Collon.

Yes, as I think it over, that by-law's to thank. This Spring I saw very plainly, on four separate occasions, various beings of another order than ours. I was ass enough to tell one or two pupils about it

And I've never been able to see any more. This, however, it is a positive duty to tell you. One can acquire

the power of seeing, with this kind of sight that is neither wholly normal nor wholly astral, all the natural inhabitants of the various places that one reaches in one's travels ; one can make intimate contact with with individual ' elementals ' as closely as one can with human beings or animals, although the relation is rarely continuous or permanent.

The conditions of such intercourse are complex:

(a) one must have the necessary degree of initiation, magical efficiency, and natural ability ; (b) one must be at the time in the appropriate magical state, or mood ; (c) both parties must desire to make the contact, or else one must lawfully be the superior, a master and slave relationship (d) the magical conditions at the time must be suitable and propitious ; e.g., one would not make love to a salamandine during a sandstorm. Of course, like all operations, any such efforts must be justified by their consonance with one's True Will.

On this note I end this abortive letter.

Love is the law, love under will,

Yours fraternally,

LXXVII

Established in March 1885

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to 20 LXXV

End of "Chiefs" group of letters

The letter was addressed to Karl Jenner.
His widow gave me the MSS.

P. J. Yorke

The A. i. A. i. and the planet.

1 to Karl Jenner

1 to Capt. Gerald Yorke

7 Selwyn Gardner

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P. J. Yorke

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1 to Capt. Gerald Yorke

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