

93 Jermyn Street,  
London, W.1.

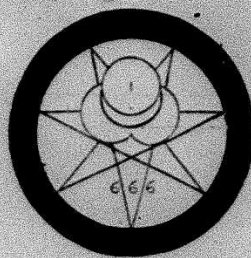
30th April, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Lecky,

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

Thank you for your long letter of no  
date, but received two days ago. I am very  
sorry you are still feeling exhausted. I am  
not too good myself, for I find this weather  
very trying. I will answer your various  
points as best I can.

I am arranging to send you the official  
papers connected with the O.T.O., but the idea  
that you should meet other members first is  
quite impossible. Even after affiliation, you  
would not meet anyone unless it were necessary  
for you to work in co-operation with them. I  
am afraid you have still got the idea that the  
Great Work is a tea-party. Contact with other  
students only means that you criticize their  
acts, and then their morals; and I am not going  
to encourage this. Your work is not anybody  
else's; and uninvited chatter is the most  
poisonous element in human society.



93 Jeram Street,  
London, E.1.

30th April, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Jacky,

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to encourage this. Your work is not anybody  
else's; and undirected, unthru is the most  
poisonous element in human society.

When you talk of the actual record of the Being called Jesus Christ, I don't know what you mean. I am not aware of the existence of any such record. I know a great many legends, mostly borrowed from previous legends of a similar character.

It would be better for you to get a copy of the 'Labyrinth of the Gods' and study it.

The Great Work is the uniting of opposites. It may mean the uniting of the soul with God, of the microcosm with the macrocosm, of the finite with the infinite, of the ego with the non-ego or what-not.

By love under will, one refers to the fact that the method in every case is love, by which is meant the uniting of opposites as above stated, such as hydrogen and chlorine, sodium and ~~hydrogen~~, and so on. Any reaction whatever, any phenomenon, is a phenomenon of 'love', as you will understand when I come to explain to you the meaning of the word 'point-event'. But love has to be 'under will', if it is to be properly directed. You must find your true Will, and make all your actions subservient ~~with~~ one great purpose.

Ahha is the sun God; Mahuti is the Egyptian Mercury; Thophre the sun of midnight.

About your problems: what I have to do is to try to teach you to think clearly. You

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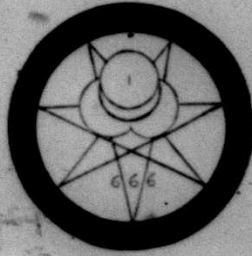
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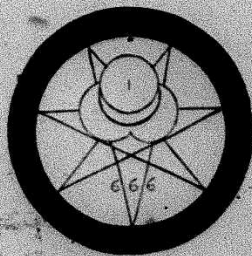
- 2 -

will be immensely stimulated by having all the useless trimmings stripped from your thinking apparatus. For instance, I don't think you understand the first principles of logic. You apparently take up a more or less Christian attitude, but at the same time you like very much the idea of karma. You cannot have both.

The question about money does not arise. This old and very good rule (which I have always kept) was really pertinent to the time when there were actual secrets. But I have published openly all the secrets. All I can do is to train you in a perfectly esoteric way. My suggestion about the weekly letter was intended to exclude this question, as you would be getting full commercial value for anything paid.

Your questions about the Spirit of the Sun, and so on, are to be answered by experience. Intellectual satisfaction is worthless. I have got to bring you to a state of mind completely superior to the mechanism of the normal mind.

A good deal of your letter is rather difficult to answer. You always seem to want to put the cart before the horse. Don't you see that, if I were trying to get you to do something or other, I should simply return you the kind of



- 2 -

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A good deal of your letter is rather difficult to answer. You always seem to want to put the cart before the horse. Don't you see that, if I were trying to get you to do something or other, I should simply return you the kind of

answer which I thought would satisfy you, and make you happy? And this would be very easy to do because you have got no clear ideas about anything. For one thing, you keep on using terms about whose significance we are not yet in agreement. When you talk about the "Christian path", do you believe in vicarious atonement and eternal damnation - or do you? A great deal of the confusion that arises in all these questions, and grows constantly worse as fellow-students talk them over - the blind leading the blind - is because they have no idea of the necessity of defining their terms.

Then, again, you ask me questions like "What is purity?" That can be answered in a dozen different ways; and you can't understand what is meant by a "universe of discourse". If you asked me - "Is it is ~~is~~ a couple of chloride of gold a pure sample?" I can answer you. ~~and~~ You must understand the value of precision in speech. I could go on rambling about purity and selflessness for years, and no one would be a penny the better!

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours sincerely,

*Walter Dill*

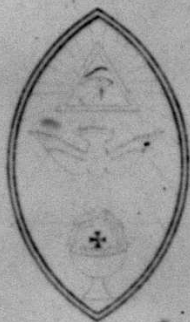
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Yours sincerely,

*Walter Dill*



This is the Official  
Seal of the S. S. O.

P.S. My father, I do not want to dictate his will!

I understand that the Commission of some members  
of the S. S. O. is going to meet that they  
will be interested in the same.

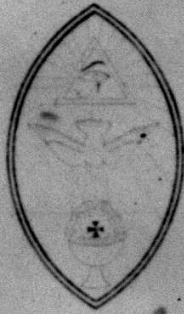
Do you really think that I would meet the  
Commission of some members of the S. S. O. in  
the same way?

I have been in a discussion with them and  
I have been very much surprised to find

that in what I have said, you would have  
understood & wonder, but I am explained by

myself to you that I have been very much  
surprised to find you say! Well, as to not  
as long as that, I would not mind

myself by discussing to you.  
I would be very glad to see you in the  
Committee for the same?



This is the Official  
Seal of the S. C. C.

PS. I have, I do not want to be late this time!

I believe that the... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

Do you really... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

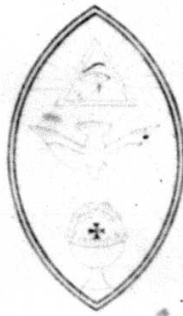
I believe that... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

There is a... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

I believe that... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

Should you... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...

... of... and...  
... of... and...  
... of... and...



This is the official  
seal of the...

...of the ...

...of the ...

Do you ...

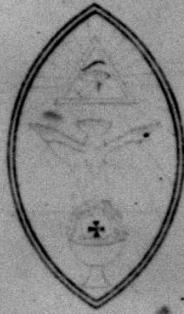
...of the ...

...of the ...

...of the ...

...of the ...

...of the ...



This is the official  
seal of the ...

... ..

... ..

Do you really ... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

P. O. O. is a serious body, engaged in a work of  
some scope: You should meet in yourself, what can I  
contribute?

Secrets. There is no exception to what I have said  
above, this is a warning: that the ultimate secret  
of P. O. O. is really so dangerous to disclose;  
but the safeguard, that you will not use it for  
the sake of a few pence, is a terrible defect; and  
you cannot be allowed to go so far unless you are  
satisfied that you are sincerely devoted to the  
Great Work. (See The Secret in Syst.) I will, the  
Bible, the Bible, and the Bible; but they will only  
destroy themselves.

Yours faithfully  
J. H. [unclear]

The O.T.O. is a serious body, engaged in a work of  
 Cosmic Scope. You should meet in yourself, that can I  
 criticize?

reacts there is no exception to what I have said  
 although this is a mystery; that is the ultimate secret  
 of the O.T.O. This is really too dangerous to disclose;  
 but the safeguard is that you will not use it. (F. J.)  
 But this, you are a mathematician. A secret; and  
 you will not be allowed to go so far unless we were  
 out there but you are very devoted to the  
 Great Work. (See The Star in Sight.) True, the  
 Black Brothers are in it; but they will only  
 lead by their lives.

Respect X  
 [Signature]

4

(ex ser)  
(40)

WHI:9331

93 Termyn St  
S.W. 1



June 8, '43 E.V.

Dear Mrs Mackay,

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

Thanks for your letter.

I couldn't find the O.T.O. typescript - and then it struck me that it would be useful to await your reactions. If I were expecting some presumably valuable papers by post, I should get anxious after 24 hours' delay (at most) and start enquiries.

Rayner, I can't find them for the moment; but Mr Bryant said he would lend you his "The Equinox": pages 195 to 270 give what you require.

But the real point of your affiliating is that it saves me from constantly being on my guard lest I should mention something which I am sworn not to reveal.

In every serious society, members are pledged not to disclose what they may learn, or who they may meet; it is so, even in Co-Masonry: isn't it? But one may mention the names of members who have died.

(See Lib. L11 par 2) Belafsky, then; the late King George  
was one of us. Hope that he and Pauloll Steiner will  
(between them) satisfy your doubts.

The A. A. is totally different. "The Star is Sight"  
tells you everything that you need know.

(Perhaps some of these regulations are hard to grasp:  
personally, I can never understand all this By-Law stuff. So  
you must ask me what, and why, and so on.)

There is really only one point for your judgment. "By  
their fruits ye shall know them." You have ready Lib. LXV  
& Lib. VII; that shows you what states you can  
attain by this curriculum. Now read "A Master of the  
Temple" (Blue Quinox pp 127-170) for an account of  
the early stages of training, and their results.\*

But do get it into your head that "If the blind lead  
the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch."

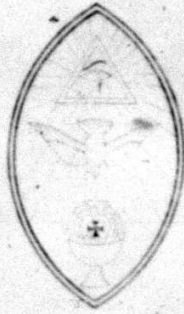
If you had seen 1% of the mischief that I have seen,  
you would freeze to the marrow of your bones at the  
mere idea of seeing another member through a telescope!

Well, I employ the figure of hyperbole, that I admit; but  
it really won't do to have a dozen evokes at the brook! If  
you're working with me, you'll have no time to waste on  
other people.

I fear your "Christianity" is like that of most others.

\* of course, your path might not coincide with, or even  
resemble, his path.

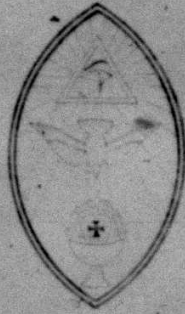
Vol. II.



folk. You pick out one or two of the figures from which the Alexandrians concocted "Jesus" (Too many cooks, again, with a vengeance!) and neglect the others. The *Zin*, & Christ of Matthew can have no value for you, nor can the Asiatic "Dying God" - compiled from Mithras, Adonis, Baechus, Osiris, Attis, Krishna, and others - who supplied the miraculous & ritualistic elements of the fable.

Rightly you ask: "What can I contribute?" Answer: One Book. That is the idea of the weekly letter: 52 of yours & 52 of mine, competently edited, would make a most useful volume. This would be your property, so that you would get full material value, perhaps much more, for your outlay. I thought of the plan because one such arrangement has recently come to an end, with amazingly happy results: they should lie open to your admiring gaze in a few months from now. Incidentally, I personally get nothing

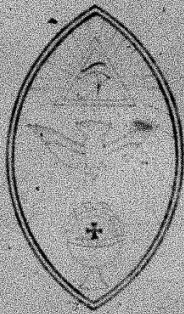
Lab. ii.



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there is another great advantage; it keeps both of us  
up to the mark. Also, in such letters a great deal of  
odds and ends of knowledge turn up automatically;  
valuable stuff, but hard to fit into an ordinary  
book. You suggest that fortnightly is frequent enough;  
yes, but one doesn't want to lose the thread, once  
one starts. Possibly ten days might be best.

But please understand that this suggestion arose  
solely from your own statement of what you thought  
would help you in your present circumstances.

Anyway, as you say, decide! If it is yes, I should  
like to see you before June 15 when I expect to go  
away for a few days; better to give you some ground-  
work to keep you busy in my absence.

I  
love is the love under will

Yours affectionately

Heister  
Gould

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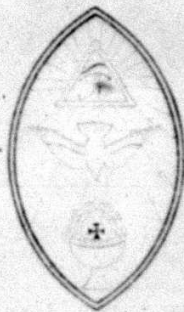
Yours fraternally

Herbert  
Crowley

— 4(a)

93 Jermya St

S.W. 1.



Aug 18

Dear Mrs Macky; in future Cara Soror,  
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Much thought has gone to the construction of  
your Motto.

"I will to become" can be phrased neatly  
enough as "Let there be"; by avoiding  
the First Person one gets the idea of  
"the absorption of the Self in the Beloved",  
which is exactly what you want.

"The creative Force of the Universe" is quite  
ready-made.

Pyramis, πυραμῖς, a pyramid, is that Force in  
its geometrical form; in its biological form  
it is Phallus, φαλλός, the Yang or Lingam.  
Both words have the same numerical value,  
831.

These two words can therefore serve you as the secret object of your Work. How, then, can you construct the number 831?

The letter  $\text{D}$  Kaph, Jupiter (Jehovah) The Wheel of Fortune in the Tarot — the Kaph  $\times$  is a picture of the Universe built up and revolving by virtue of the Three Principles,  $\text{♀} \text{♂} \text{⊙}$ , or Gunas, Sattvas, Rajas, Tamas — has the value 20. So also has the letter  $\text{D}$  You spelled in full,  $\text{YI}$ .

The Gnostic secret way of spelling and pronouncing Jehovah, is  $\text{IAO}$ ,  $\text{IA}\Omega$  and this has the value of 811. So has "Let it be"; Fiat, transliterating in Greek.

Resuming all these ideas, it seems that you can express your aspiration very neatly, very fully, by choosing for your motto the words  
 $\text{Fiat IAO}$ .

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally  $\text{+} \text{♁} \text{+}$  Baphomet  $\text{+} \text{♁} \text{+}$  O.T.O.

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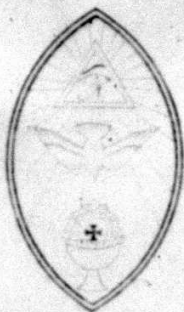
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93 Jermy Street,  
London, E.C.1.

20th August, 1943.

Cara Soror:

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

Let me begin by an apology referring to my letter about the motto; I was abominably tired when I made the fair copy and by mistake put **FIAT IAO** instead of fiat IOD. Let me now make clear to you the working of this letter.

In this motto you have really got several ideas combined, and yet they are really, of course, one idea. Fiat, being 811, is identical with IAO, and therefore **FIAT IOD** might be read not only as 'let there be' (or 'let me become') the secret source of all creative energy, but as "the secret source of the creative energy of Jehovah". The two words together, having the value of 831, they contain the secret meanings Pyramis and Pallas, which is the same idea in different forms; thus, you have three ways of expressing the creative form, in its geometrical aspect, its human aspect and its divine aspect. I am making a point of this, because the working out of this motto should give you a very clear idea of the sort of way in which the Qabalistic should be used. I think it is rather helpful to remember that the essence of the Qabalistic is in principle: thus, in your correspondences for Malkuth, Merod and Iod you are simply writing down some of the ideas which pertain to the numbers 10, 9 and 8 respectively. Naturally there is



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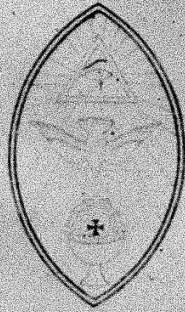
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93 Jermy Street,  
London, W.1.

30th August, 1945.

Caro Doros:

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In this motto you have really got several ideas combined, and yet they are really, of course, one idea. **FIAT**, being 'I11', is identical with **IAO**, and therefore **FIAT** **IOD** might be read not only as 'let there be' (or 'let us become') the secret source of all creative energy, but as 'the secret source of the creative energy of Jehovah'. The two words together, having the value of 'I11', they contain the secret meanings **Pyralis** and **Phallos**, which is the same idea in different forms; thus, you have three ways of expressing the creative form, in its geometrical aspect, its human aspect and its divine aspect. I am asking a point of this, because the working out of this motto should give you a very clear idea of the sort of way in which the **Qabalistic** should be used. I think it is rather helpful to remember that the essence of the **Qabalistic** is in principle: thus, in your correspondences for Malkuth, **Yod** and **od** you are slipping writing down some of the ideas which pertain to the numbers 10, 2 and 3 respectively. Naturally, there is

a great deal of redundancy and overloading as soon as you get to ideas important enough to be comprehensive; as is mentioned in the article on the **Qabalah** in 'Equinox', Vol. 1, No. 5, it is quite easy to prove, 1 = 2 = 3 = 4 etc.

On the other hand, you must be careful to avoid losing the correspondences given in the books of reference without thinking out why they are so given. Thus, you find a camel in the number which refers to the Moon, but the word "the Moon" refers not to the letter Qimel which means camel, but to the letter Qoph, and the sign Pisces which means fish, while the letter itself refers to the back of the head; and you also find fish as the meaning of the letter nun. You must not go on from this, and say that the back of your head is like a fish or a camel - the connection between them is simply that they all refer to the same thing.

In studying the **Qabalah** you mention six months; I think after that time you should be able to realize that, after six incarnations of uninterrupted study, you may realize that you can never know it; as Confucius said about the **Li**; "if a few more years were added to my life, I would devote a hundred of them to the study of the **Li**."

If, however, you work at the **Qabalah** in the same way as I did myself, in season and out of season, you ought to get a very fair grasp of it in six months. I will now tell you what this method is;

a great deal of redundancy and overloading as soon as you get to ideas important enough to be comprehensive; as is mentioned in the article on the Qabalistic 'Equinox', Vol. 1, No. 5, it is quite easy to prove  $1 = 2 = 3 = 4$  etc.

On the other hand, you must be careful to avoid taking the correspondences given in the books of reference without thinking out why they are so given. Thus, you find a camel in the number which refers to the Moon; but the Tarot card "the Moon" refers not to the letter Gimel which means camel, but to the letter Qoph, and the sign Pisces which means fish, while the letter itself refers to the back of the head; and you also find fish as the meaning of the letter Lamed. You must not go on from this, and say that the back of your head is like a fish or a camel - the connection between them is simply that they all refer to the same thing.

In studying the Qabalistic you mention six months; I think after that time you should be able to realize that, after six incarnations of uninterrupted study, you may realize that you can never know it; as Confucius said about the Y-King; "if a few more years were added to my life, I would devote a hundred of them to the study of the Y."

If, however, you work at the Qabalistic the same way as I did myself, in season and out of season, you ought to get a very fair grasp of it in six months. I will now tell you what this method is;



as I walked about, I made a point of attributing everything I saw to its appropriate idea. I would walk out of the door of my house and reflect that door is dalet and house beth; now the word 'debe' is Hebrew for bear, and has the number of 6, which refers to the Sun. Then you come to the fence of your property and that is cheth - number 8, number of Tarot trump 7, which is the Chariot; so you begin to look about for your car. Then you come to the street and the first house you see is No. 86, and that is Elohim, and it is built of red brick which reminds you of Mars and the blasted tower, and so on. As soon as this sort of work, which can be done in a quite light-hearted spirit, becomes habitual, you will find your mind running naturally in this direction, and will be surprised at your progress. Never let your mind wander from the fact that your Qabbalah is not my Qabbalah. A good many of the things that I have noted may be useful to you, but you must construct your own system so that it is a living weapon in your hand.

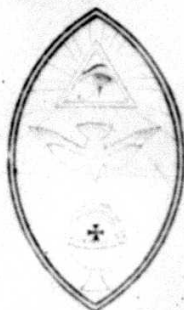
I think I am fair if I say that the first step in the Qabbalah which may be called success, is when you make an actual discovery which throws light on some problem which has been troubling you. A quarter of a century ago I was in New Orleans, and was very puzzled about my immediate course of action; in fact I may say that I was very much distressed. There seemed literally nothing that I could do, so I thought myself I had better invoke Mercury, and as soon as I got into the appropriate frame of mind, it

naturally occurred to me, with a sort of shout of joy "But I call Mercury!" I put it in Latin - "Mercurius sum", and suddenly something struck me, a sort of nameless reaction, which said: "That's not quite right" Like a flash it came to me to put it in Greek, which gave me "Hermes eimi", and adding that up rapidly I got the number 418, with all the marvellous correspondences which had been so abundantly useful to me in the past.\* My troubles disappeared like a flash of lightning.

Now to answer your questions seriatim; it is quite all right to put questions to me about the Book of the Law; a very extended commentary has been written, but is not yet published. ~~and~~ I shall probably be able to answer any of your questions from that manuscript; but you cannot go on after that, when it would become a discussion; as they say in the law-courts "You must take the witness's answer".

II. The Qabbalah, both Greek and Hebrew, also very likely Arabic, was used by the author of the Book of the Law. I have explained above the proper use of the Qabbalah. I cannot tell you how the early Rosicrucians used it, but I think one may assume that their methods were not dissimilar to our own. Incidentally, it is not very safe to talk about Rosicrucians, because their name has become a signal for letting loose the most devastating floods of nonsense. What is really known about the original Rosicrucians is practically confined to the three documents which they issued. The eighteenth century Rosicrucians may, or may not, have been legitimate successors of the original brotherhood - I don't know. But from them the O.T.O. derived its authority; the late O.H.O. Théodore Revesse possessed a certain number of documents which demonstrated the validity of this claim according to him; but I only saw two or three of them, and they were not of very great importance.

\* See Exx of the Gods p/38.



Unfortunately he died shortly after the last war, and he had got out of touch with some of the other Grand Masters. The documents did not come to me as they should have done; they were seized by his wife who had an idea that she could sell them for a fantastic price, and we did not feel inclined to meet her views. I don't think the matter is of any importance, the work being done by members of the Order all over the place is to me quite sufficient.

III. The Ruach contains both the moral and intellectual worlds, which is really all that we mean by the conscious mind; perhaps it even includes certain portions of the subconscious.

IV. In initiation from the grade of neophyte to that of zelator, one passes by this way. The main work is to obtain admission to, and control of, the astral plane.

Your expressions about 'purifying the feelings' and so on are rather too vague to enter into a scientific system like ours. The result which you doubtless refer to is attained automatically in the course of your experiments. You very soon discover the sort of state of mind which is favourable or unfavourable to the work, and you also discover what is helpful or harmful to these states in your way of life. For instance, a practice like the non-receiving of gifts is all right for an Hindu whose mind is branded for ten thousand incarnations by the shock of accepting a cigarette or a cup of tea. Incident-

ally, most of the Eastern cults fall down when they come West, simply because they make no allowance for our different temperaments. Also they set tasks which are completely unsuitable to Europeans - an immense amount of disappointment has been caused by failure to recognise these facts.

Your sub-questions a, b, and c are really answered by the above. All the terms you use are very indefinite. I hope it will not take too long to get you out of the way of thinking in these terms. For instance, the word 'initiation' includes the whole process, and how to distinguish between it and enlightenment I cannot tell you. 'Probation', moreover, if it means 'proving', continues throughout the entire process. Nothing is worse for the student than to indulge in these mild speculations about ambiguous terms.

V. You can, if you like, try to work out a progress of the Osiris through ~~A~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~mentation~~ the Tree of Life, but I doubt whether you will get any satisfactory result.

It seems to me that you should confine yourself very closely to the actual work in front of you. At the present moment, of course, this includes a good deal of general study; but my point is that the terms employed in that study should always be capable of precise definition. I am not sure whether you have my "Little Essays towards Truth". The first Essay in the book entitled "Man" gives a full account of the five principles which go to make up man according to the Qabbalistic system. I have tried to define these terms as accurately as possible, and I think you will find them, in any case, clearer than those to which you have become accustomed with the Eastern systems. In India, by the way, no attempt is ever made to use these vague terms. They always have a very clear idea of what is meant by words like 'Buddhi', 'Manas' and the like. Attempts at translation are all very unsatisfactory. I find that even with such a simple

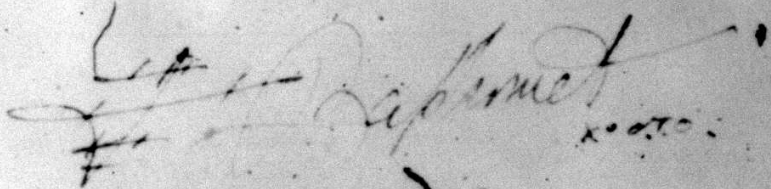
matter as the Eight Limbs of Yoga, as you will see when you come to read my eight lectures.

I am very pleased with your illustrations; that is excellent practice for you. Presently you have to make talismans, and a lamén for yourself, and even to devise a seal to serve what you might call a magical coat-of-arms, and all this sort of thing is very helpful.

It occurs to me that so far we have done nothing about the astral plane and this *bath* of *Taw* of which you speak. Have you had any experience of travelling in the astral? If not, do you think that you can begin by yourself on the lines laid down in Liber O, sections 5 and 6? (See Magick, pp.387-9) If not, you had better let me take you through the first gates. The question of noise instantly arises; I think we should have to do it not earlier than nine o'clock at night, and I don't know whether you can manage this.

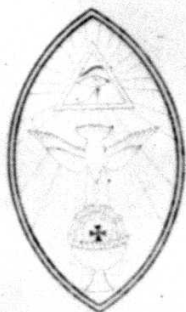
Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,



P.T.O.

P.S.)



Aug 23

Yours of 21<sup>st</sup> to hand this AM.

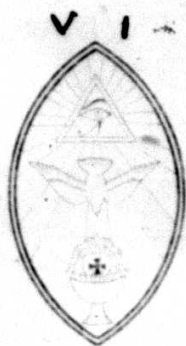
I still think 10 days a better interval than a fortnight, as keeping us both up to the mark: still, as you prefer. I think we agreed on a target of 50 letters each way at £2.2.0. Would it be convenient for you to send me £26.5.0 - 6 months in advance?

I will get a formal contract drawn up to secure you the copyright.

It will probably be desirable to have the book edited when the time comes. Edward Bryant would, I think, be very competent, and I am sure willing. A.C.

P.S. Aug 26. A million apologies for this wretched delay: also the bad typing - that I did not expect. I shall redouble my efforts to arrange things better in future. I suppose you don't know a girl who wants spare time work?  
A.C.

93 Jermya St  
S.W. 1



Sept 7 die Ois

Cura Soror Fiat Yod

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

"shall be" not "is" See Liber AL I.36. I.54. & II.54.

Not "Master Perdurabo": see Magick p xxix.

"Cura Frater" is enough.

777 is practically unpurchaseable: copies, fetch £10 or so.

Nearly all important correspondences are in "Magick" Table I. The other 2 books are being sent at once.

Working out games with numbers!! I am sorry you should see no more than this. When you are better

equipped, you will see that the Cabalah is the best (and almost the only) means by which an Intelligence can identify himself. And Gematria methods serve to discover spiritual truths. Numbers are the network of the structure of the Universe, and their relations the form of expression of our Understanding of it.

The Greek alphabet values go with the Hebrew up to  $\pi = \text{D} = 80$ ; but has no  $\text{B}$ , so that  $\text{I} \text{K} \text{P} \text{Q} = \text{Heb } \text{J}$  = 100 + so on. The rest are  $\text{P} \text{Q} (\text{R}) 100 \text{E} \text{O} \text{S} (\text{S}) \text{O} 200$ .

T (T) 300 Y (U) 400 Φ (Ph) 500 X (L) 600  
 Ψ (Ps) 700 Ω (O) 800 Π (Ss) 900 A very big 1000 & so on.

In Greek & Hebrew there is no other way of writing numbers;  
 our 1, 2, 3, & comes from the Phoenicians through the Arabs.

You need no more of Greek & Hebrew than these values,  
 some sacred words - knowledge grows by use - & books of  
 reference.

One cannot set a pupil definite tasks beyond  
 the groundwork I am giving you, and we should find  
 this correspondence taking clear shape of its own  
 accord. You have really more than you can do already.  
 And I can only tell what the right tasks - out of  
 hundreds - are by your own reactions to your own  
 study and practice.

Osis in Ammenti - see the Book of the Dead.  
 meant you might try to trace a parallelism  
 between his journeyings & the Path of Initiation.

Astral travel - development of the Astral Body  
 is essential to research; and, above all, to the  
 attainment of "the Knowledge and Conversation of  
 the Holy Guardian Angel".

You ought to demonstrate your proficiency in  
 the Pentagram Ritual to me: you are probably  
 making any number of mistakes.

Lab ii.

T (T) 300 Y (U) 400 Φ φ (Ph) 500 X χ (L) 600  
Ψ ψ (Ps) 700 Ω ω (O) 800 Π (Ss) 900 A very big 1000 & so on.

In Greek & Hebrew there is no other way of writing numbers;  
not 1, 2, 3, & comes from the Phoenicians through the Arabs.

You need no more of Greek & Hebrew than these values,  
some sacred words - knowledge grows by use - & books of  
reference.

One cannot set a pupil definite tasks beyond  
the groundwork I am giving you, and we should find  
this correspondence taking clear shape of its own  
accord. You have really more than you can do already.  
And I can only tell what the right tasks - out of  
hundreds - are by your own reactions to your own  
study and practice.

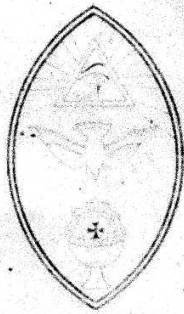
O Sir, in Hermetic - see the Book of the Dead.  
I meant you might try to trace a parallelism  
between his journeyings & the Path of Initiation.

Astral travel - development of the Astral Body  
is essential to research; and, above all, to the  
attainment of "the knowledge and conversation of  
the Holy Guardian Angel".

You ought to demonstrate your proficiency in  
the Pentagram Ritual to me: you are probably  
making any number of mistakes.

L. III

I will of course take  
the C.T.O. rituals to III  
families with them.  
is this:



you carefully through  
as soon as you are fairly  
The plan of the grades

0° Attraction to the Solar System

I° Birth

II° Life

III° Death

IV° Exaltation

P. I. "Humiliation"

V° - IX° Progressive comment on II° with very  
special reference to the central secret of  
practical Magick.

There is thus no connexion with the A.: A.: system and  
the tree of life. Of course there are certain analogies.

Your suggested method of study: you have got my idea  
quite well. But nobody can take you through "the Grades  
of A.: A.: The Grades confirm your Attainments as you make  
them; then, the new tasks appear. See "One Star in Sight"

I will send you a contract letter as soon as my  
mind feels equal to drafting it. The other point  
I cleared up in my note of yesterday.

Love & the Law, Love under will paternally 666

P.S. Please be careful of this, as I have no copy.  
ac.

93 Jermya St S.W. 1.

Oct 12, '43 W.

VII.

Card 3000: *Feat God!*

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

There is no other art of training the memory than the practice of the Holy Torah.

The use & mechanism of memory depends on joining up independent bits. You do this by adding a little to little, always joining the simple impressions by referring them to others which are more general; and so on until the whole of your universe is arranged like the brain and the nervous system. This system is just creating the universe. When you have got everything properly correlated, your central consciousness understands and controls every tiniest detail. But you must be in a transcendental state. - You call for a small, but the first thing you see is a car: that represents the Red Pill, the character, referred to cancer. When you come to a fish, you notice certain crustaceans, very malodorous. This color, under the spot sign of cancer. The next thing you notice is an amber-colored dress in the color; and amber also is the color of cancer in the color scale. Now these you have got out of three impressions which I joined together. But I don't think they all belong to the cancer class; and ambrosia will soon teach that you can remember all these very much more clearly and separately than you could any one of the three in itself. You have not increased the burden on your memory, but enriched it.

What you say about tension, or energy and force is very true. See the Book of the Law, 3. 1, 44.

"For pure will, unassuaged or purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect".

This, from a practical point of view, is one of the most important verses in the Book. The unusual word 'unassuaged' is very interesting. People generally suppose that "will" is the slave of purpose, that you cannot will a thing properly unless you are aiming at a definite goal. But this is not the case. Thinking of the will usually serves to disturb the mind. In these few words is included almost all the hermetic teachings of the hermetic doctrine of will about the surrender of the will. For is this idea of surrender actually correct; and will not be identified with the divine will, so-called. One wants to become like a flowing river, which is not

*the whole method*

93 Jermya St - S.W. 1.

Oct 12, '43 W.

VII.

Case Study: *Feat God!*

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

There is no better way of training the memory than the practice of the Holy Talmud.

The whole mechanism of memory depends on joining up independent data. You start upon adding a little to little, always joining the simple impressions by referring them to others which are more general; and so on until the whole of your universe is arranged like the brain and the nervous system. This system is fact because the universe. When you have got everything properly completed, your central consciousness understands and controls every tiniest detail. But you must begin on the main thing. - You go out for a walk, and the first thing you see is a car: that represents the Atu VII, the Chariot, referred to cancer. Then you come to a fishmonger and notice certain crustaceae, very malachostorous. This comes under the same sign of Cancer. The next thing you notice is an amber-colored dress in Swell's window; and under also is the colour of cancer in the King's scale. Now then you have a set of three impressions which is joined together with the fact that they all belong to the Cancer class; and experience will soon teach that you can remember all three very much more clearly and accurately than you could any one of the three singly. You have not increased the burden on your memory, but diminished it.

What you say about tension, eagerness and haste is very true. See the Book of the Law, Chap. I, 44.

"For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect".

This, from a practical point of view, is one of the most important verses in the Book. The unusual word 'unassuaged' is very interesting. People generally suppose that "will" is the slave of purpose, that you cannot will a thing properly unless you are aiming at a definite goal. But this is not the case. Thinking of the goal actually serves to fix the mind. In these few words is included almost all the best teaching of the servile doctrine of mysticism about the surrender of the will. For is this idea of surrender actually correct; the will must be identified with the Divine Will, so-called. One wants to become like a mighty-flowing river, which is not

*The whole method*

93 Jermya St S.W. 1.

Oct 12, '43 W.

VII.

Dear Son, *Fit God!*

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

There is no better way of training the memory than the practice of the Holy Qabalah.

The whole mechanism of memory depends on joining up independent data. You must go on adding a little to little, always joining the simple impressions by referring them to others which are more general; and so on until the whole of your universe is strung like the brain and the nervous system. This state is fact because the universe. When you have got everything properly correlated, your central consciousness understands and controls every tiniest detail. But you must begin at the beginning. - You go out for a walk, and the first thing you see is a car: that represents the Atu VII, the Chariot, referred to Cancer. Then you come to a fishpond, and notice certain crustacea, very malachostorous. This comes under the same sign of Cancer. The next thing you notice is an amber-coloured dress in Swan's odour; and amber also is the colour of Cancer in the King's scale. Now then you have a set of three impressions which is joined together by the fact that they all belong to the Cancer class; and experience will soon teach that you can remember all three very well, more clearly and accurately than you could any one of the items singly. You have not increased the burden on your memory, but diminished it.

What you say about tension, eagerness and haste is very true. See the Book of the Law, Ch. I, 44.

"For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect".

This, from a practical point of view, is one of the most important verses in the book. The unusual word 'unassuaged' is very interesting. People generally suppose that "will" is the slave of purpose, that you cannot will a thing properly unless you are aiming at a definite goal. But this is not the case. Thinking of the goal actually serves to distract the mind. In these few words is included almost all the best advice of the servile doctrine of mysticism about the surrender of the will. You is this idea of surrender actually correct; and will must be identified with the Divine Will, so-called. One wants to become like a mighty-flowing river, which is not

*The whole method*

93 Jermya St S.W. 1.

Oct 12, '43 W.

VII.

Care Honor *Fit God!*

Do what thou wilt & all be the whole of the law.

There is no better way of training the memory than the practice of the Holy Religion.

The whole mechanism of memory depends on joining up independent data. You must go on adding a little to little, always joining the simple impressions by referring them to others which are more general; and so on until the whole of your universe is arranged like the brain and the nervous system. This is done in fact before the universe. When you have got everything properly correlated, your central consciousness understands and controls every tiniest detail. But you must begin on the beginning. - You see out for a walk, and the first thing you see is a car: that represents the man VII, the Crucifix, referred to cancer. When you come to a fishpond, you notice certain crustacea, very malachosteous, this comes under the same sign of cancer. The next thing you notice is a man in a grey coat and dress in brown shoes; and again also is the colour of cancer in the King's coat. Now then you have a set of three impressions which is joined together by the fact that they all belong to the cancer class; and experience will both teach and you can remember all three very well, more clearly and accurately than you could for one of the things in it. You have not increased the burden on your memory, but diminished it.

Let you say that tension, in physics and in life is very true. See the Doctors The Law, Chm. 1, 44.

"For none will, unassured of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect".

This, from a practical point of view, is one of the most important verses in the book. The unusual word 'unassured' is very interesting. People generally say and do "will" in the line of purpose, but you cannot will a thing precisely unless you are aiming at a definite goal, and this is not the case. Thinking of one goal usually is a waste of time of the mind. In these few words is included what all the Buddhist sets of the servile doctrine of mysticism about the surrender of the will. None is this line of surrender actually correct; the will will be identified with the living I-I, so-called, one way to become like a light-brown river, which is not

*Handwritten mark*

consciously aiming at the sea, and is certainly not yielding to any external influence. It is acting in conformity with the law of its own nature, with the sea. One can describe it, if necessary, as "passive love"; but it is love in effect raised to its highest potential - we come back to the same thing: when passion is purged of all "lust of result", it is irresistible; it has become "law". I can never understand why it is that mystics fail to see that their esoteric doctrine of surrender actually insists upon the quality which they have set out to abolish.

I certainly have no intention of "holding you down" to a narrow path of words, or my path. All I can do is to help you to understand clearly the laws of your own nature, so that you may be free without extraneous influence. It does not follow that I wish that I have found success all in my own case will be argued to you. There is no, for example, instead of most teachers, who must have become a master of the people to annihilate an ego. Most teachers, consciously or unconsciously, try to make you to follow in their footsteps. I wish you all were you in a "last-day" crowd! ("In the days of the harvest" - at the feet of the Master -")

Please observe that the things you let on, the inner world potential, the greater it is, the more of you is, or even to break the conditioning you are. I can help you in finding the right path, contacts, and of the inner, in your own path; where you do not provide it. It is almost impossible to find the right path, unless you are in the right; but the right path is on your side. The ego is not to be used, until you "come into a state of mind". There's a chapter in my book of "The Path of the Master", and I have it for you. I wish to see you, and I wish to see you.

A >

... of the inner world, and if that is the case, it is not the right path, unless you are in the right; but the right path is on your side. The ego is not to be used, until you "come into a state of mind". There's a chapter in my book of "The Path of the Master", and I have it for you. I wish to see you, and I wish to see you.

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consciously aiming at the see, and is certainly not yielding to any external influence. It is acting in conformity with the law of its own nature, with the God. One can describe it, if necessary, as "passive love"; but it is love in effect raised to its highest potential - we come back to the same thing: when passion is purged of any "lust of result", it is irresistible; it has become "law". I can never understand why it is that mystics fail to see that their empty doctrine of surrender actually insists upon the duality which they have set out to abolish.

I certainly have no intention of "holding you down" to "a narrow path of words", or any path. All I can do is to help you to understand clearly the laws of your own nature, so that you may go ahead without extraneous influence. It does not follow that I mean that I have found successful in my own case will be any use to you. This is another cardinal mistake of most teachers. One must have become a master of the temple to admit to one's ego. Most teachers, consciously or unconsciously, try to get others to follow in their steps. I will do as well dress you in the "cast-off clothing" ("In the steps of the Master" - it is a part of the Master's - probably).

Please observe that the further you get on, the higher you are, the greater is the tendency to look, or even to break the containing vessel. I can help you by warning you against setting up obstacles, real or imaginary, in your own path; which is what most people do. It is almost laughable to find that the first step consists merely in "letting her rip"; but that's what you do from one side of the table can slide to the other, until you "come into the stream". (There's a chapter or two in the "Book of Ideas" about this, but I haven't time to copy. I must finish one, and put that in here).

A >

As in the 11th line, the 3rd and 4th lines departed from the original intention, and it takes all the rest of the paragraphs to get things straight again. The result, it is true, is superior; the perfection of the original has been enhanced and enriched by its experience.

This is another way of defining the Idea: one is not extruding from the whole object of manifestation; or, rather, from the perfection of "nothing" towards the perfection of "something", and one can consider this as a process, but it is quite inapplicable to copying. Every word, every letter, every syllable, is just what is necessary. Naturally, the copy is not the original until one becomes a master of the temple.

consequently one is perpetually plunged in sorrow and despair. There is, you see, a good deal more to it than merely learning from one's mistakes. One can never be sure what is right and what is wrong, until one appreciates that wrong is equally right. Now then one gets rid of the idea of 'effort' which is associated with "lust of result". All that one does is to exercise pleasantly and healthfully one's energies.

It will not do to regard "man" as the 'final cause' of manifestation. Please do not quote myself against me! "Man is so infinitely small, In all these stars, determinate Maker and master of them all, Man is so infinitely great".

The human apparatus is the best instrument of which we are, at present, aware in our normal consciousness; but when you come to experience the Conversation of the higher intelligences, you will understand how imperfect are your faculties. It is true you can project these intelligences as parts of yourself, or you can suppose that certain human vehicles may be temporarily employed by them for various purposes; but these speculations tend to be idle. The important thing is to make contact with beings, whatever their nature, who are superior to yourself, not merely in degree, but in kind. That is to say, not merely different as a great Dane differs from a Chihuahua - but as a buffalo differs from either.

Of course you are perfectly right about the senses, though I would not agree to confine the meaning to the five which are common to most people. There must, one might suspect, be ways of apprehending directly such phenomena as magnetism, electrical resistance, chemical affinity, and the like. Let me direct you once more to the Book of the Law, Chapter 2, v. 70 to 72.

2. p.  
2. p.  
"There is help and hope in other spells. Wisdom says "Be strong!" Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art; if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein! But exceed! exceed! Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine - and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! - death is the crown of all".

The mystic's idea of deliberately stupefying and stultifying himself is an "abomination unto the Lord". This, by the way, does not conflict with the rules of Yoga. That kind of suppression is comparable to the restrictions in athletic training, or diet in sickness.

Now we get back to the Qabalah - how to make use of it.

Let us suppose that you have been making an invocation, or shall

we call it an investigation, and suppose you want to interpret a passage of Bach. To play this is the principal weapon of your ceremony. In the course of your operation, you assume your astral body, and rise far above the terrestrial atmosphere, while the music continues softly in the background. You open your eyes, and find that it is night. Dark clouds are on the horizon; but in the zenith is a crown of constellations. This light helps you, especially as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, to take in your surroundings. It is a bleak and barren landscape. Terrific mountains rim the world. In the midst looms a cluster of blue black crags. Now there appears from their recesses a gigantic being. His strength, especially in his hands and in his loins, is terrifying. He suggests a combination of lion, mountain goat and serpent; you instantly jump to the idea that this is one of the rare Beings which the Greeks called Chimaera. So formidable is his appearance that you consider it prudent to assume an appropriate god-form. But who is the appropriate god? You may perhaps consider it best, in view of your complete ignorance as to who it is and where you are; to assume the god-form of Hippocrates, as good defence in any case; but of course this will not take you very far. If you are sufficiently curious and bold, you will make up your mind rapidly on this point. This is where your daily practice of the Qabalah will come in useful. You run through in your mind the seven Sacred Planets. The very first of them seems quite consonant with what you have so far seen. Everything suits Saturn well enough. To be on the safe side, you go through the others; but this is a very obvious case - Saturn is the only planet that agrees with everything. The only other possibility will be the Moon; but there is no trace noticeable of any of her more amiable characteristics. You will, therefore, make up your mind that it is a Saturnian god-form that you need. Fortunate indeed for you that you have practised daily the assumption of such forms! Very firmly, very steadily, very slowly, very quietly, you transform your normal astral appearance into that of Sebek. The Chimaera, recognising your divine authority, becomes less formidable and menacing in appearance. He may, in some way, indicate his willingness to serve you. Very good so far; but it is, of course, first essential to make sure of his integrity. Accordingly, you begin by asking his name. This is vital; because, if he tells you the truth, it gives you power over him. But if, on the other hand, he tells you a lie, he abandons for good and all his fortress. He becomes rather like a submarine whose base has been destroyed. He may do you a lot of mischief in the meantime, of course, so look out!

Well then, he tells you that his name is ~~Stilia~~ Stilia. Shall we try to spell it in Greek or in Hebrew? By the sound of the name, and perhaps to some extent by his appearance, one might plump for the former; but after all, the Greek Qabalah is so unsatisfactory.

We give Hebrew the first chance - we start with

ה'ש'ב'ט

Let us try this lettering for a start. It adds up to 135. I daresay that you don't remember what the Sepher Sepheroth tells you about the number; but, as luck will have it, there is no need to enquire; for 135 equals 3 x 45. 3 is the number, the first number of Saturn, and 45 the last. (The sum of the numbers in the magic square of Saturn is 45) That corresponds beautifully with everything you have got so far; but then, of course, you must know if he is "one of the believing Jinn" Briefly, is he a friend or an enemy? You accordingly say to him "The word of the Law is Okhrod." It turns out that he doesn't understand Greek at all, so you were certainly right in choosing Hebrew. You put it to him "What is the word of the Law?" He replies, darkly, "The word of the Law is Thora". That means nothing to you; anyone might know as much as that, Thorah being the ordinary word for the Sacred Law of Israel - and you accordingly ask him to spell it to make sure you have heard aright; and he gives you the letters, perhaps by speaking them, perhaps by showing them: Teth, Resh, Ain. You add these up, and get 279. This again is divisible by the Saturnian 3, and the result is 93; in other words, he has been precisely right. On the plane of Saturn one may multiply by 3, and therefore he has given you the correct word 'Thelema' in a form unfamiliar to you. You may now consider yourself satisfied of his good faith, and may proceed to inspect him more closely - The stars above his head suggest the influence of Binah, whose number also is 3, while the most striking thing about him is the core of his being; the letter Yod. (One does not count the termination A H: being a divine suffix, it represents the inmost light and the outermost light). This Yod, this spark of intense brilliance, of that pale greenish gold which one sees (in this world) in the fine gold leaf of Tibet. It glows with ever greater intensity as you concentrate upon observing him, which you could not do while you were preoccupied with investigating his credentials. Confidence being thus established, you enquire why he has appeared to you at this time, and at this place; and the answer to this question is, of course, your original idea, that is to say, he is presenting to you in other terms that "Mountainous Fugue" which invoked him. You listen to him with attention, make such enquiries as seem good to you, and record the proceedings.

The above example is, of course, pure imagination, and represents a very favourable case. You are only too likely, and that not only at the beginning, to meet all sorts of difficulties and dangers -

Love is the law, love under will.

(Please note the 3 last nouns of the above are spelt with small letters - See Liber AL I. 64).

Faternally yours,

 Baphomet  
X. 33. 90. 97.

Let us try this lettering for a start. It adds up to 135. I daresay that you don't remember what the Sepher Sepheroth tells you about the number; but, as luck will have it, there is no need to enquire; for 135 equals 3 x 45. 3 is the number, the first number of Saturn, and 45 the last. (The sum of the numbers in the magic square of Saturn is 45) That corresponds beautifully with everything you have got so far; but then, of course, you must know if he is "one of the believing Jinn" Briefly, is he a friend or an enemy? You accordingly say to him "The word of the Law is Okhrod." It turns out that he doesn't understand Greek at all, so you were certainly right in choosing Hebrew. You put it to him "What is the word of the Law?" He replies, darkly, "The word of the Law is Thora". That means nothing to you; anyone might know as much as that, Thorah being the ordinary word for the Sacred Law of Israel - and you accordingly ask him to spell it to make sure you have heard aright; and he gives you the letters, perhaps by speaking them, perhaps by showing them: Teth, Resh, Ain. You add these up, and get 279. This again is divisible by the Saturnian 3, and the result is 93; in other words, he has been precisely right. On the plane of Saturn one may multiply by 3, and therefore he has given you the correct word 'Thelema' in a form unfamiliar to you. You may now consider yourself satisfied of his good faith, and may proceed to inspect him more closely - The stars above his head suggest the influence of Binah, whose number also is 3, while the most striking thing about him is the core of his being; the letter Yod. (One does not count the termination A H: being a divine suffix, it represents the inmost light and the outermost light). This Yod, this spark of intense brilliance, of that pale greenish gold which one sees (in this world) in the fine gold leaf of Tibet. It glows with ever greater intensity as you concentrate upon observing him, which you could not do while you were preoccupied with investigating his credentials. Confidence being thus established, you enquire why he has appeared to you at this time, and at this place; and the answer to this question is, of course, your original idea, that is to say, he is presenting to you in other terms that "Mountainous Fugue" which invoked him. You listen to him with attention, make such enquiries as seem good to you, and record the proceedings.

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Faternally yours,

 Baphomet  
X. 33. 90. 97.

THE GUN-DRUM

Ality and erect is this Mill of mine, this  
Pyramid of fire, our summit is lost in  
Heaven. When it have I burned the corpse  
of my desires.

Ality and erect is this Mill of mine,  
The end thereof is that I have  
learned within me from eternity; and it is  
lost within the body of our Body of the  
Stars.

I am not ill; I am not a hollow tube to bring  
down fire from Heaven.

I am not marvellous in this darkness, this  
Heaven which hath the light of God,  
this Day which is dark, which is absorbent,  
no.

This is the light wherein I am lost, the Love  
through which I am no longer I.

THE GUN-DRUM

Consciousness is a signator of disease.  
All love, love, love, without will.  
All will, will, will, all intention is con-  
sciousness to die.

Practice a thousand times, and it is  
difficult to know a thousand and it be-  
comes easy; a thousand times a  
practice of love, and it is to know on which  
that cost it, but in the death itself there  
is no. Not until that is done which is done  
all done.

Love is a signator of disease, the  
lost from the top of the machine  
without ever getting his feet upon the  
ground.

THE GUN-DRUM

The GUR-BARIL

mighty and erect is this hill of mine, this  
Pyramid of fire, our summit is lost in  
Heaven. When it here I burned the corns  
of my fathers.

Mighty and erect is this hill of mine,  
the seed thereof is that which I have  
sown within me from eternity; and it is  
lost within the fold of our Lady of the  
Stars.

I am not I; I am the hollow tube to bring  
down fire from Heaven.

Mighty and marvellous in this darkness, this  
Heaven which crusheth us into dust, Omb,  
this best which death, which destruction,  
is.

It is in the night wherein I am lost, the love  
through which I am no longer I.

The GUR-BARIL

Consciousness is a mirror of disease.  
All that never fell never will.  
All that is, all that is, all that is, all that is,  
is to be.

Practised a thousand times, and I become  
difficult; a thousand thousand and it be-  
comes easy; a thousand thousand times a  
thousand times, and it is no longer I  
that death it, but is that death itself through  
me, not until that I, that I, is done  
and I am.

One spoke of a wheel, and I am the  
least part, and to rest of the spinning  
without ever ceasing, his eyes upon the  
ground.

REACHES

soft and hollow, how thou dost overcome the hard and  
full!  
It dies, it gives itself; to thee is the fruit!  
Be thou the bride; thou shalt be the mother's reporter.  
To all impressions thus. Let them not over-  
come thee; yet let them be bred within thee;  
the best of the impressions, give to its perfection,  
is left.  
Receive a thousand lovers; thou shalt bear but one  
child.  
His child shall be the heir of the father.

THE END

Of the best of the impressions upon the soul, which  
is the heart, the most perfect. When  
thou shalt be the mother's reporter,  
to all impressions thus. Let them not over-  
come thee; yet let them be bred within thee;  
the best of the impressions, give to its perfection,  
is left.  
Receive a thousand lovers; thou shalt bear but one  
child.  
His child shall be the heir of the father.

BUCHANAN AND ASHLEY

The cause of sorrow is the desire of the One  
to the many, or of the many to the One.

This also is the cause of joy.

But the desire of one to another is all of so now;  
its birth is hunger, and its death satiety.  
The desire of the soul for the star at least  
never has satiety.

Hunger thou, O man, for the infinite; be in-  
satiable even for the finite; thus at the end  
of all thou dost cover the finite, and become the  
infinite.

Be thou more ready than the gull, no a gull  
of waiting, than the wind among the pines.  
The weary pilgrim struggles on; the satisfied  
will not stop.

Thou dost not will; all law, all nature  
must be overgone.

Is it by virtue of Will in thyself, O man,  
which is, and nature do, but a discovery.

93 Jersey St  
N.Y. 1

VIII  
Nov 10/11 Lie & Inds 11 P.M. - 2 A.M.

Cara Soror

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

Yours of yesterday came to gladden me just when the whole evening lay blank before me: the one job such a big job that I simply can't get down to it until I get half. How annoying! Still, yours the gain!

That verse (A.L. 5.44) condenses the whole magical technique. It makes clear - when you have understood it - the secret of success in the Great Work. Of course, at first it appears a paradox. You must have an aim, and one aim only: yet on no account must you want to achieve it!!!

Those chapters of the Book of Lies quoted in my last letter do throw some light into his Abyss of self-contradiction; and there is meaning much deeper than the contrast between Will with a capital W and desire, want, or velleity. The main point seems to be that in aspiring to Power one is limited by the True Will. If you use force, violating your own nature either from lack of understanding or from petulant whim, one is merely wasting energy; things go back to normal as soon as the stress is removed. This is one small case of the big

Equation "Free Will = Necessity" (Fate, Destiny or Karma: it's all much the same idea.) One is most rigidly bound by the causal chain that has dragged one to where one is; but it is one's own Self that has forged the links.

Please refrain from the obvious retort: "Then, in the long run, you can't possibly go wrong: so it doesn't matter what you do." Perfectly true, of course! ("There is no single grain of dust that shall not attain to Buddhahood": with some such words did the debauched old reprobate seek to console himself when Time began to take its revenge.) But the answer is simple enough: you happen to be the kind of being that thinks it does matter what course you steer; or, ~~more~~ still more haughtily, you enjoy the pleasure of sailing.

No, there is this factor in all success: self-confidence. If we analyse this, we find that it means that one is aware that all one's mental and physical faculties are working harmoniously. The deadliest and subtlest enemy of that feeling is anxiety about the result; the finest gauge of doubt is enough to dim one's vision, to throw the entire field out of focus. Hence, even to be aware that there is a result in prospect must militate against that serenity of spirit which

is the essence of self-confidence. As you well know, all our automatic physiological functions are deranged if one is aware of them. This, then, is the difficulty, to enjoy consciously while not disturbing the process involved. The obvious physical case is the sexual act: perhaps its chief importance is just that it is a type of this exceptional spiritual-mental condition. I hope, however, that you remember what I have said on the subject in my 3<sup>rd</sup> Lecture on Yoga <sup>(in "Yellowbellies" (pp 71-72))</sup>; there is a way of obtaining ecstasy, for the most insignificant physiological function. Observe that in transferring the whole consciousness to (say) one's little finger or big toe one is not trying to interfere with the normal exercise of its activities, but only to realize what is going on in the organism, the exquisite pleasure of a function in its normal activity. With a little imagination one can conceive the analytical case of the Universe itself; one can understand the phrase "The stars of the morning sang together"; and, still less fettered by even the mildest limitation which material symbols necessarily (however little) suggest, "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy" (A.L. II. 9.)

Is it too bold to suggest that the gradual merging of all these ways into an interwoven unity may be taken as one mode of presentation of the Great Work itself?

At least, I feel fairly satisfied that meditation of

Now severally and jointly may help you to an answer to your first question.

2. Most people in my experience either cook up a hell-broth of self-induced obstacles to success in Actual travelling, or else shoot forth on the wings of romantic imagination and fool themselves for the rest of their lives in the manner of the Village Idiot. Yours, luckily, is the former trouble.

But - is it plain obstinacy? - you do not exercise the sublime Art of Gam - Bullying. You should have made one frenzied leap to my dying bed, thrust aside the cohorts of Mourning Archimandrites, and wrung my nose until I made you do it.

And you repeatedly insist that it is difficult. It is not. Is there, however, some very deep-seated inhibition - a (Freudian) fear of success? Is there some connexion with that sense of guilt which is inborn in all but the very very few?

But you don't give it a fair chance. There is, I admit, some trick, or knack, about getting properly across; a faculty which one acquires (as a rule) quite suddenly & unexpectedly. Rather like mastering some shot at billiards. Practice has taught me how to communicate this to students;

only in very rare cases does one fail. (It's incredible: one man simply could not be persuaded that intense physical exertion was the <sup>wrong</sup> way to do it. There he sat, with the veins in his forehead almost on the point of bursting, and the arms of my favourite chair visibly trembling beneath his powerful grip!) In your case, I notice that you have got this practice mixed up with Dharana: you write of "Emptying my mind

of everything except the one idea" &c. Then you go on "The invoking of a supersensible Being is impossible to me as yet". The impudence! The arrogance! How do you know, pray, malam? (Dial numbers at random: the results are

often surprisingly delightful!) Besides, I didn't ask you to invoke a supersensible (what a word! meaning?) Being right away - or at any time: that supersensible is getting on my nerves: do you mean "not in normal circumstances to be apprehended by the senses"? I suppose so.

In a word: do fix a convenient season for going on the Actual Plane under my eye: half an hour (with a bit of luck) or not more than 4 evenings would put you in a very different frame of mind. You will even "feel your feet" and then "get your tea-legs": and then, much sooner than

6.

You think "Aflout in the cables, or my God! my God!"  
"White swan, bear down me even up upon  
My Wings!"

3. Now then to your old Pons Asinorum about the Names of  
the Gods! Stand in the corner for half an hour with your face  
to the wall! Stay in after school and write Malkah  
be-Phairstein v. Ruesloth h. Schehelin 999 times!

My dear, dear, dear Sister, a name is a formula of  
power. How can you talk of "anachronism" when the  
Being is eternal? For the type of Energy is eternal.

Every Name is a Number: and "Every number is  
infinite: there is no difference" (A.L.I.4.) But one Name,  
or system of Names, may be more convenient - either (a)  
to you personally or (b) to the work you are at. E.g. I have  
very little sympathy with Jewish Theology or ritual; but  
the Qabalah is so handy and congenial that I use it  
more than almost any other - or all the others put together!  
For daily use & work. The Egyptian Theogony is the subject, the  
most truly magical, the most bound to me (or rather I to it)  
by some inmost instinct, and by <sup>the</sup> memory of my

incarnation as Ankhof-u-Khonsu, that I use it (with its Graeco-Phoenician child) for all work of supreme import.

Why, staph my vitals, madam! The Alchemic Operation itself turned into this form before I could so much as set to work on it! Like the Duchess' baby! (Excuse this enthusiasm; but you have aroused the British Lion-Serpent.

Note, please, that the equivalents given in 777 are not always exact. Taluti is not quite Truth, still less Hermes; Mercury is a very much more comprehensive idea, but not nearly so exalted; Hamman hardly at all. Nor is Tetragrammaton IAO, though even etymology asserts the identity.

In these matters you must be catholic, eclectic, even syncretic. And you must consider the nature of your work. ~~If~~ If I wanted to evoke Taptarath, there would be little help indeed from any but the Qabalistic system; for that spirit's precise forms & numbers are not to be found in any other.

The converse, however, is not so true. The Qabalah, properly understood, properly treated, is so universal

that one can vamp up a ritual to suit almost any "name and form" in any system. But in such a case, one may expect to have to reinforce it by a certain amount of historical, literary, or philosophic study - and research.

4. Quite right, dear lady, about your incarnatin-memories acting as a "Guide to the Way Back". Of course, if you missed - Egyptian Incarnation", you would not be so likely to be attracted by that symbolism. But, look here! you are getting a little like Martha, worried "about much sewing". Don't get superficial with knowledge, above all things; it is so very fascinating, so dreadfully easy; and the danger of becoming a pedant - "Neville takes all you pedants! say I." Don't "dry-rot at ease till the Judgment Day."

No I will N.O.T. recommend a 'book. It should not hurt you too much to browse on condensed hay (or thistles) such as articles in Encyclopedias. Take Roget's Thesaurus or Smith's Smaller Classical Dictionary (and the like) to read yourself to sleep on. But don't stultify yourself by taking up any such study too seriously. You only make yourself ridiculous by

9.  
trying to do at 50 what you ought to have done at 15. as  
you didn't - tant pis! You can't possibly get the spirit; if  
you could, it would mean merely mental indigestion. We have  
all read how Cato started to learn Greek at 90; but the  
story stops there. We have never been told what good  
it did to himself or any one else!

5. God-Names. See Mayick pp. 378-9. Quite clear:  
quite adequate: no use at all without continual practice.  
No one can join with you - off you go again! No, no,  
a thousand times no: this is the practice par  
excellence where you have to do it all yourself.  
The Vibration of God-names: that, perhaps, I can at  
least test you in. But don't you dare come up for a  
test until you've been at it - and hard - for at least  
100 exercises.

I think this is your trouble about being "left in the  
air". When I present many new things to you, the  
string is in the tail - the practice that vitalizes it.

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100 exercises.

I think this is your trouble about being "left in the  
air". When I present many new things to you, the  
string is in the tail - the practice that vitalizes it.

Doctrinal stuff is fine - Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily, in the noo-ondye sakhun!

An ounce of your practice is worth a ton of my teaching.  
GET THAT!

It's all your hatred of hard work:  
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!

Consider her ways, and be \_\_\_\_\_"  
I am sure that Solomon was too good a poet, and too experienced a Jew, to tail off with the antichain "wise."

6. Mineral. What is the matter? All you have to do is to understand it: just a dramatization of the process of incarnation. Better run through it with me: I'll make it clear, and you can make notes of your troubles & their solution for the use of future members.

7. The Book of Thott. Surely all terms not in a good dictionary are explained in the text. I don't see what I can do about it, in any case; the same criticism would apply to (say) Bertrand Russell's "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy" wouldn't it?  
Is  $x$  an R-ancestor of  $y$  if  $y$  has every R-hereditary that  $x$  has, provided  $x$  is a term which has the relation R to something or to which something has the relation R?

11

(Enthusiastic cries of "Yes, indeed it is!") He says "A number is anything which has the number of some class" Feel better now?

Still, it would be kind of you to go through a page or so with me, and tell me where the shoe pinches. Of course I have realized the difficulty long ago; but I don't know the solution - or if there is a solution. I did think of calling "Magick" "Magick without tears"; and I did try having my work cross-examined as I went on by minds of very superior education or capacity. In fact, Parts I + II of Book 4 were thus treated.

What about applying the Dedekindian cut\* to this letter?

Love is the Law, love under will

Sincerely O O O

\* I am sure that you would not wish it to develop into a Goelian Sorites, especially as I fear that I may already have deviated from the  $\delta$  &  $\pi$  of Hapaxlegomenon.

IV

93, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

November 20th, 1943.

Care Soror Fiat Yod ,

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

Your letter of yesterday: so happy that my last was useful; but the visit ? I must have failed to make myself clear. We shall come to that later in this letter.

It is reassuring to learn that you are  $\frac{2}{3}$  human! Greed, anger, and sloth are the 3 Buddhist bed-rock badnesses; and you have certainly given the last a miss in baulk. It is my own darkest and deadliest foe, and oh how mighty! With me he never relaxes. Sounds a paradox! but so it is.

Now as to fear. In the Neoplyte ceremony of G.....D....., when the bandage is first removed from the eyes of the Aspirant, Horus, in that Aeon Lord in the West, tells him: "Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure; be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Listen, my child! I, even I, moi qui vous parle, need no information about fear. When I was 12 years old, it was discovered that I had defective kidneys; the opinion, <sup>newline</sup> ~~meaning~~ contradicente, of the Medical Profession was that I could certainly never live to be 21. (Some people think that they were right!) But after a couple of years with tutors in the wildest parts of the country, I was found well enough to go to a Public School. They soon

found me out! This kidney weakness causes depression and physical cowardice, and the other boys were not sympathetic about kidneys, regarding them mostly as satisfactory parts of the body to punch.

Imagine my misery! The most powerful of all my passions - bar sloth - is Pride; and here was I, the object of universal contempt. So, when I was able to determine my own way of life, I observed mildly "Pike's Peak or bust!" and chose for my sports the two, mountain climbing and big-game shooting, reputed the most dangerous. It was a desperate remedy, but it worked. No half measures, either! I used to wander into the jungle alone, looking for tigers, and trusting to my sense of direction to take me back to camp. All my mountain climbing was guideless, and a very great deal of it solitary.

Well, this is not an example for you to copy, is it? But it gives an idea of the principle "Take the bull by the horns." A practice easier to imitate was this following. In most great cities, always in Eastern cities, are black <sup>Slums.</sup> ~~alleys~~. Here one may find blind alleys, dark doorways open to unlighted houses. One may explore such places, looking for adventure - and it was rather a point of honour to accept the challenge in whatever form it took. Again, one may walk with deliberate carelessness into the traffic; this practice does not, in my considerable experience, conduce to one's personal popularity. Another idea was to hasten to cholera-stricken cities, to places where Yellow Jack, plague, typhoid and typhus, dysentery (et haec turba malorum) were endemic; and (of course) the big-game hunting takes one to certainty of malarial fever, with no doctors (or worse, Bengali doctors!) within many a league.

The general principle seems to be "This boat carries Caesar and his Fortunes!" and no doubt Pride in its most Satanic degree is one's greatest asset. But the essence of the practice, as a practice, is to seek out and to face what one fears. Do not forget that courage implies fear - what else should fear be useful for?

Of course, fears differ greatly both in quality and in degree; and one must distinguish between <sup>r</sup>rational fear, ignorance of which implies stupidity, brutishness, imbecility, or what have you, and the pathological fear which springs from mental or moral disorder. There are in fact many types of fear which may be uprooted by some form of psycho-analysis. Generally speaking, it is up to you to invent a practice to meet each specific case.

One moment, though, about the fear of death. The radical cure is the gaining of the magical memory. (See also AL.I.58.) The more previous incarnations one can remember, the less important appears the moment when the curve of life dips below the horizon. (One very curious point: when one looks back at the moment of one of one's deaths, one exclaims: "By Jove! that was a narrow escape, and no mistake!" Escape from what? Me no savvy; but such is the fact.) How to acquire what Memory? The development of the Magical Record is by far the most important of one's weapons. How to use the Record is not easy to explain; but there is a sort of knack which comes to one suddenly. And there are certain types of Samadhi during the exercise of which these memories appear spontaneously, without warning of any kind.

There is comfort in the thought that the persistent practice of seeking out one's fears, analysing them and their causes, then deliberately evoking them to "come out, you cad, and fight!" (W.S. Gilbert), presently sets

Insert IX p 4

Received Oct 23<sup>rd</sup> 46  
Saulson

Let me tell you a fable from the East. It is one of those incomparably sublime blossoms of the Spirit of Islam, infinite depth of wisdom adorned with the most exquisite and delicate wit. [Contrast it with the poor thin propagandist stuff which passes for parable in the Gospels! There is hardly one to be found worth remembering.]

~~Isaiah~~ ~~ben~~ Isaak ben Hiddelkel was a Jew of Baghdad. Though poor in his first or even his second youth, he was in such health, and enjoyed such material prosperity, and commanded such universal respect and devotion that every moment of his life was dear to him. Among his treasures one of the chief was the friendship of the aged Mohammed ibn Hhaled ibn Mahmud of Basra, reputed a sage of no common stature, for it was said his piety had been rewarded with <sup>such</sup> gifts as the power to communicate with Archangels, angels, the Jin, and even with Gabriel himself. However this may have been, he held Isaak in very great esteem and affection.

It was shortly after leaving his friend's house after

2/

a short visit to Baghdad that he met Death.  
Good morning! said the saint. I do hope you're not going  
to Isack's; he is a very dear friend of mine. No, said  
Death, not just now; but since you mention it, I shall  
be with him at sunrise on the 13<sup>th</sup> of next month.  
Sorry he's a friend of yours; but no one knows better than  
you do that these things can't be helped.

Mohammed set off sadly for Bassorah. Indeed,  
as the days passed, he incessantly prayed upon his mind, until  
at last he resolved to risk the breach of professional  
confidence and warn his friend. He sent accordingly  
a letter of condolence and farewell.

But Isack was a man of action. Prompt and  
stealthy, on the day appointed he saddled his  
best horse and so passed through the silent streets  
of the city in search of a refuge.

That evening Mohammed was returning from the  
prayer "Nowit asali fardh salat al maghrab  
Allahu akbar" slowly and mournfully, when  
hardly half way from the mosque to his house,  
who should he meet but Death!

3

Peace be with thee! says Death. And  
peace with thee, replied the sage. But I did  
not expect to see thee here to-night; I thought  
I'm were to meet my friend Isaac, <sup>to</sup> ~~in England~~  
and he's in England. It wants an hour yet  
of the time, says Death briskly; and he's galloping  
hither as fast as he can.

up a habit of mind which is a strong fortress against all fear's modes of assault; one springs automatically to action when a patrol sneaks up within range of one's guns.

Particularly useful against the fear of death is the punctual and vigorous performance of Liber Resh. Meditate on the Sun in each station: his continuous and even way: the endless circle. That formula in the Tarot book is most valuable.

One excellent practice, the general idea of which can easily be adapted to a host of particular cases, is the use of the imagination.

Let me tell you how it worked in those early Air Raids on London. First, I looked at the question sensibly, taking the view that shelters and gas masks were soothing syrup with an element of booby-trap in it.

J.B.S. Haldane in Spain, running to escape a bomb, found himself racing towards the exact spot where it fell. At least, don't let the Gods have the laugh of you! Hello! here's the Book of Lies again! What fun. Now I ring up POL 5410 and borrow the book and get the chapter we need copied and - oh! with luck we shall get this space filled in a month or two!

#### The Smoking Dog.

Each act of man is the twist and double of an hare.  
 Love and Death are the greyhounds that course him.  
 God bred the hounds, and taketh His pleasure in the sport.  
 This is the Comedy of Pan, that man should think he  
 hunteth, while those hounds hunt him.  
 This is the Tragedy of Man when facing Love and Death  
 he turns to bay.  
 He is no more hare, but boar.

There are no other comedies or tragedies.

Cease then to be the mockery of God;  
 in savagery of love and death live  
 thou and die!

Thus shall His laughter be thrilled  
 through with Ecstasy.

Very good! Now where were we<sup>?</sup> in the 'blitz'? Oh yes! no sense in scuffling or slinking or skulking: so one decides to take no notice so far as practical action is concerned.

So, the noise making work rather difficult, one lies down in Shavasana ("the Corpse-Position" - flat on the back, arms by sides, everything relaxed) or the Templar (Sleep of Siloam) position, which is that of the Hanged Man in the Tarot. One then imagines a bomb dropping first in one place, then in another; one imagines the damage, and what one then has to do to counteract the new dangers - perhaps a wall of your house has gone, and you must get clear before the roof falls in. And so on - close the practice by a block-buster hitting you accurately on the tip of the nose. This must be done realistically enough to make you actually afraid. But presently the fear wears off, and you get interested in your various adventures after each explosion: ambulance taking you to hospital, getting tools and digging out other people, and so on - as far as your imagination takes you. After that comes yet another stage; your interest declines; you find yourself indifferent to the entire proceedings. After a few nights you can no longer distinguish between the real thing and your own private and peculiar Brock's Benefit. The fear will have vanished; familiarity breeds contempt. Finally, one is no longer even aware that the boys are out again on a lark.

Incidentally, one may draw a quite close parallel between these four stages and those accompanying Samadhi. (Probably listed in Mrs. Rhys Davies' books on Buddhist Psychology, or in Warren's bran-tub of translations from the Tripitaka, or Three Baskets of the <sup>D</sup>hamma. I haven't seen either book for 40 years or more, don't remember the exact titles; scholars would help us to dig them out, but it isn't worth while. I recall the quintessence accurately enough.

Stage 1 is Ananda, usually translated "Bliss". This is an intensity of enjoyment altogether indescribable. This is due to the temporary destruction of the pain-bearing Ahankara, or Ego-making faculty.

Stage 2. Ananda wears off sufficiently to allow one to observe the state itself: intense interest (objective) of a kind that suggests approach to the Trance of Wonder. (See 'Little Essays towards Truth' pp.24-28).

Stage 3. Interest exhausted, one just doesn't care. (Once more "Indifference": Op.cit, pp.39-44. How simple, how serene, how innocent a pleasure to write Op.cit.! It does make one feel good!)

Stage 4. "Neither indifference nor not-indifference." One hardly knows what to make of this translation of the technical Buddhist term: probably no meaning is really illuminating to one who has not experienced that state of mind. To me it seems a kind of non-awareness which is somehow different from mere ignorance. Rather like one's feeling about the automatic functions of physiology, perhaps: an acceptance so complete that, although the mind contains the idea, it is not stirred thereby into consciousness. These speculations are perhaps idle, and so distracting, for you in your present path. Was it worth while to make this analogy? I think so, vague and unscientific as it must have seemed to you, as reminding you of the way in which unlike ideas acquire

close kinship as one advances on the Path.

Enough of all this! I could not bear to hear you exclaim:

"Di magni! salaputtium disertum!"

as Catullus would certainly have done had I inflicted all this <sup>eee</sup> dry-as-dust dromedary-droppings upon him'.

Let us get on to your white rages!

Well I do know them, though I call them black - no, I shall not quarrel about the colour.

To me they come almost every day. When I see the maid dust my mantelpiece - which I pay her to do! - I want not merely to slay her in the extremity of torment; I want to abolish her, to annihilate her - and the mantelpiece too and everything on it! I can hardly keep from roaring at her to get out and "never darken my door again"! This is not because she is doing it badly; doing it at all is a token of the unspeakable horror of existence. The actual feeling is that she is somewhat disturbing my aura, which I had got so nice and clean and quiet after the nuisance of "getting up". I feel as if I were being pushed about in a crowd of swarming insect-citizens.

Then there is quite another kind, which is quite clearly penny-plain frustration. Something one wants to do, perhaps a trifle, and one can't. Then one looks for the obstacle, and then the enemy behind that again; maybe one gets into one of those 'ladder-meditations' (as described in Liber Aleph, quoted in the Book of Thoth, when discussing "The Fool" and Hashish, only the wrong way up!) which end by the conception of the Universe itself as the very climax, asymptote, quintessence of frustration - the perfect symbol of all uselessness. This is, of course, the absolute contradictory of Thelema; but

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it is the sorites on which both Hindu and Buddhist conclusions <sup>are</sup> based.

This kind of rage is, accordingly, most noxious; it is a direct attack from within upon the virgin citadel of Self. It is high<sup>r</sup>reason to existence. Its results are immediately harmful; it begets depression, melancholy, despair. In fact, one does wisely to take the bear by the ring in his snout; accept his conclusions, agree that it is all abject and futile and silly - and turn the hose-pipe of the Trance of Laughter on him, until he dances to your pleasure.

But - is this any answer to your problem? It disturbs me a little that you should try to palm off "Peace" as the password upon my sentries. Too often, peace is merely the result of war-weariness, and the very negation of victory. It is (or may be) the formula of sloth and the gateway of stagnation.

Life is to be a continuous vibration of ecstasy; and so it is for the Adept, whenever his work allows him time to consider the matter, consciously; and even when his work pre-empts his attention, is an eternal fountain of pure joy springing, a crystal fragrance of reverberating light from the most inmost caverns of the Heart. It secretly informs one's dullest thought with sparkling wine, radiant in the <sup>A</sup>ethyr - see well! the least excuse, since it is always there, and champing at its bit, to turn the dreary cart-horse drudge into proud Pegasus himself!

This is where I want to have you, with us who are come thus far, in a state utterly detached from the Ego, so that you appear the plain Anne Macky, "doing your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you" and consequently unremarked - like a Rosicrucian, "wearing the

habit of the country in which you are travelling" - but trembling with interior illumination, so that the first relaxation of the constant conscious burden of Anne Macky, Fiat Yod is automatically released, a pillar of Creative Light.

"I am Thou! and the Pillar is 'stablished in the Void!"  
 (Liber <sup>4</sup>XV, as you know, is full of these explosions.)

No: I am not at all sure that all this is the answer that you need about white rages. Yet it is certainly <sup>lined</sup> continued herein, or, at the least, implied.

Try another aspect.

We tracked the cause: it was frustration. Good: Then we must counter it. How? Only (in the last event) by getting the mind firmly fixed in the complete philosophy of Thelena. There is no such thing as frustration. Every step is a step on the Path. It is simply not true that you are being balked. The height of your irritation is a direct measure of the intensity of your Energy. Again, you soon come to laugh at yourself for your impatience. Probably (you surmise) your trouble is exactly that: you are pushing too hard. Your mind runs back to AL.I.44; you realize (again!) that any result actually spoils the Truth and Beauty of the Act of Will; it is almost a burden, even an insult. Rather as if I risked my life to save yours, and you tipped me half-a-crown! Here's that Book of Lies popping out its ugly mug again: "Thou hast become the Way." This is why the <sup>Ankh</sup> ~~Ankh~~ or "Key of Life" is a sandal-strap, borne in the hand of every God as a mark of his Godhead: a God is one who goes. (If I remember rightly, Plato derives Theos from a verb meaning 'to run', and is heartily abused by scholars for so going. But perhaps the dreary old sophist was not far wrong, for once.)

What you need to do, then, is to knit all these ideas into a very close pattern; to make of them a consecrated Talisman. Then, when rage takes you, it can be thrown upon the fire to stifle it: to thrust against the Demon, to disintegrate him. The great point is to have this weapon very firmly constructed, very complete. Your rage will pass in one of those two ways, which are one: Rapture and Laughter.

I want you to go over this apparatus very carefully; to analyse the argument, to make sure that there are no loose ends, to keep it keen and polished and well-oiled, ever ready for immediate use: not only against rage, but against any hampering or depressing line of thought.

Well, let us hope that I've got it all down fairly well this time, and that you will find it work. For I confess to a touch of my <sup>and</sup> Marienne-in-the-moated --Grange complex: I've been <sup>m</sup>upteen hours on this letter, and I must have killed a Cakravarti-Rajah, or wounded the body of a Buddha, in my last incarnation, or Tahuti (hang it all! I have been most devoted to him all my life) would have let me have a secretary. Well, that's that: so now to turn the Flak on to your so-called "Astral Flight". What a Tail Spin! (Here I dash my turban to the ground! Here I deliver you to Eblis, and reserve a private box for you in Jehannum! Here I melt into salt tears, and think of all the other Gurus that have had to hear it!)

Astral Flight!!!!!!!

Excuse me if I mention it, but - no doubt the fault is mine - you seem to have failed to note any single one of all my prayerful injunctions, either in the letter or on your visit.

Perhaps you thought that I should take circles and pentagrams etc. for granted: but you give no hint of the object of your journey. (No, don't quote AL. I.44 at me: it doesn't mean that. I don't expect you to answer the clerk at the booking-office "Where to, madam?" with "I don't mind in the least". Though, even in that case, it is magically true, or should be. As in the case of the young lady who got carried on to Crewe. The unplanned adventure may have proved much more amusing.) How am I to tell whether you were seeing correctly? Suppose your chosen hexagram had been VI Sung "Contention" or XXIX <sup>^</sup>I "nourishing"? Where would be the 'vision'? You are to set out to explore a country unknown to you: how can I be sure that you have actually been there? How can you be sure, yourself?? You can't. You have got to display the congruity of your vision with the account of the country given in the Text. If you take <sup>Khien</sup>~~Li~~ I, which is all Lingams and Dragons, and you describe it as a landscape in the Broads, I can only conclude that you did not get anywhere near it.

Then you produce a monk, and never get his name or office. Finally, after you return, you get this Caballero dropping in unmasked.

Alas! I fear me much this was no Astral journey at all; it reads like weak imagination tinged by desire. All you got of interest was the answer to your question: and that you should have gripped, made more precise, analysed, interpreted. Dear me, no!

Final shot: my instinct is all against the 'lying in bed! These visions are intensely active: the hardest kind of work. Read Liber CIXVIII 2nd Aethyr (and others) to understand the appalling physical strain, when you reach remote, well-guarded, and exalted confines of the Universe.

In every sense of the expression - SIT UP!

(I'm "sitting up" myself to finish this letter. Here goes for the last lap!)

Music. Justifiable? Why not? A help to your Great Work, an aspect of your Will, nicht war? Go to it!

Apollo is the God of Music, pre-eminently; but He is too all-comprehensive, all-pervading, to be much use in a Talisman except as a general background. But there are the Muses: Polymnia (or Polyhymnia) seems the one you want: she inspires the sublime hymn. How to invoke her is a matter for prolonged consideration. One would hardly see how to tackle the problem at all, unless by digging out an Angel from one of the Enochian Tablets. (See Equinox I, VII and VIII). Perhaps there is a square ruled by Sol (or Venus), Fire, Air and Water in the Tablet of one of these, with an appropriate Character on the summit of the Pyramid. If so, all would be plain sailing.

Of course, there are other Gods, notably Pan. (I must ask you to set my "Hymn to Pan" to music). But I doubt if any of these are what you want. Probably the most practical plan would be to make a musical conjuration of Sol; use this as your invocation when you go on the Astral Plane; there find a suitable guide to the proper authority - and so on!

And that, dear Sister, for to-night will be

exactly and precisely that!

Love is the law, love under will.

Faternally,

666

*bbb*

P.S. "under" not "until" will.  
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93 Jerryn Street,

S. W. I.

~~3rd~~ December, 1943.

Cara Soror Fiat Yod!

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

I have been thinking over what I wrote in my last letter with regard to the verification of appearances on the Astral Plane.

I did not mention a parallel question of even greater immediate practical importance: that of one's relations with Astral or Discarnate Intelligences, or with Those whom we call "the Masters" or "the Gods": the messages or gestures which reach us as through the normal physical channels. The importance is that they actually determine one's line of conduct in critical situations.

It seemed therefore a good idea to give you a couple of examples from "The Spirit of Solitude"; and here they are!

The first paragraph refers to the "miraculous" discovery of the MS of Liber A I some years after I had deliberately "lost" it.

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I knew in myself from the first that the revelation in Cairo was the real thing. I have proved with infinite pains that this was the case; yet the proof has not strengthened my faith, and disproof would do nothing to shake it. I knew in myself that the Secret Chiefs had arranged that the manuscript of the Book of the Law should have been hidden under the Watch Towers and the Watch Towers under

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the ski; that they had driven me to make the key to my position the absence of the manuscript; that they had directed Kenneth Ward's actions for years that he might be the means of the discovery, and arranged every detail of the incident in such a way that I should understand it as I did.

Yes; this involves a theory of the powers of the Secret Chiefs so romantic and unreasonable that it seems hardly worth a smile of contempt. As it happens, an almost parallel phenomenon came to pass ten years later. I propose to quote it here in order to show that the most ordinary events, apparently disconnected, are in fact only intelligible by postulating ~~some~~ such people as the Secret Chiefs of the A..A.., in possession of some such prevision and power as I ascribe to them. When I returned to England at Christmas, 1919, all my plans had gone to pieces, owing to the dishonesty and treachery of a gang which was bullying into insanity my publisher in Detroit. I was pledged in honour to look after a certain person; but I was practically penniless. I could not see any possible way of carrying on my work. (It will be related in due course how this condition of things came about, and why it was necessary for me to undergo it.)

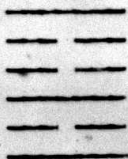
I found myself at Morêt, on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, with nothing to do but wait. I did not throw up the sponge in passionate despair as I had done once before, to my shame - I had been rapped sufficiently hard on the knuckles to cure me of that - but I said to the Gods: "Observe, I have done my damndest, and here I am at a dead centre. I am not going on muddling through; I demand a definite sign from you that I am still your chosen prophet." I

therefore note in my diary, on January 12, 1920, as follows:

" I am inclined to make my Silence include all forms of personal work, and this is very hard to give up, if only because I am still afraid of 'failure', which is absurd. I ought evidently to be non-attached, even to ~~Avoiding-The-Woes-Attendant-Upon-Refusing-The-Curse-Of-My-Grade~~, if I may be pardoned the expression.

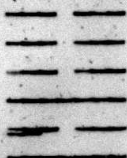
And why should I leave my Efficacious Tortoise and look at people till my lower jaw hangs down? Shall I see what the Yi says? *Av.* Question: Shall I abandon all magical work so ever until the appearance of a manifest sign?

Answer:

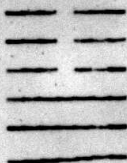


No symbol could be more definite and unambiguous.

I have invoked ~~Aiwas~~ to manipulate the Sticks; and, wishing to ask "What shall be the Sign?" got instantly the reference in CCXX to Our Lady Babalon: "The omnipresence of my body." But this is not quite clear; I took it mentally as referring to the expected arrival of Our Lady, but it might mean a trance, or almost anything. So I will ask Yi, as my last magical act for the time being.



I think this means the arrival of Our Lady. I have serious doubts whether the hexagram should not have been:



which would certainly have meant that. That I should doubt anything is absurd: I shall know the Sign, without fail. And herewith I close the Record, and await

that Sign.

The next entry is dated Sunday, February 1.

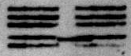
Kindly read over the entry of Jan. 12. with care exceeding. Now then: On Friday, Jan. 30., I went to Paris, to buy pencils, Mandarin, a palette, Napoleon Brandy, canvases, and other appurtenances of the artist's dismal trade. I took occasion to call upon an old mistress of mine, Jane Chéron, concerning

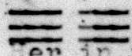
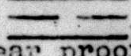
who see Equinox, Vol.1. "Three Poems". She has never had the slightest interest in occult matters, and she has never done any work in her life, even of the needlework order. I had seen her once before since my escape from America, and she said she had something to show me, but I took no particular notice, and she did not insist. My object in calling on this second occasion was multiple: I wanted to see the man with whom she is living, who has not yet returned from Russia; I wanted to make love to her; and I wanted to smoke a few pipes of opium with her, she being a devotee of that great and terrible God.

Consider now: The Work whereby I am a Magus began in Cairo (1904) with the discovery of the Stélé of Ankh-f-n-Khonsu, in which the principal object is the Body of our Lady Nuith. It is reproduced in colours in The Equinox, Vol.I. No.7. Jane Chéron has a copy of this book. On Friday afternoon, then, I was in her apartment. I had attained none of my objectives in calling on her, and was about to depart. She detained me to shew me this "something". She went and took a folded cloth from a drawer. "Shut your eyes", she said.

When I opened them, they saw a cloth four feet or more in length, on which was a magnificent copy, mostly in appliqué silk, of the Stélé! She then told me that in February, 1917, she and her young man had gone to the South of France to get cured of the opium habit. In such cases insomnia is frequent. One night, however, he had gone to sleep, and on waking in the morning found that she, wakeful, had drawn a copy of the Stélé on a great sheet of paper.

It is very remarkable that so large a sheet of paper should have been at hand; also that they should have taken that special book on such a journey; but still more that she should have chosen that picture, nay, that she, who had never done anything of the sort before, should have done it at all. More yet, that she should have spent three months in making a permanent thing of it. Most of all, that she should have shown it to me at the very moment when I was waiting an 'unmistakeable' sign.

For observe, how closely the Words of my Entry of January 12 describe the Sign, "the omnipresence of my body", and there she was - in the last place in the world where one would have sought Her. Note, too, the accuracy of the Yi King Symbol  for

 is of course the Symbol of our Lady, and the God below her in the Stélé is  the Sun.

All this is clear proof of the unspeakable power and wisdom of Those who have sent me to proclaim the Law.

Here is another instance of Qabalistic correspondences on the physical plane. The scene opens in Leadona Duncan's suite in the Savoy Hotel in London. The onset of this love-affair is described very fully and accurately in Chapter I of my "Moonchild". The actual issue - the appearance of Ab-ul-Diz - has however nothing to do with that story: so we start fair.

"A boisterous party was in progress. The dancer's lifelong friend, whom I will call by the name she afterwards adopted, Soror Virakam, was celebrating her birthday. This lady, a magnificent specimen of mingled Irish and Italian blood, possessed a most powerful personality and a terrific magnetism which instantly attracted my own. I forgot everything. I sat on the floor like a Chinese God, exchanging electricity with her.

After some weeks' preliminary skirmishing, we joined battle along the whole front; that is to say, I crossed to Paris, where she had a flat, and carried her off to Switzerland to spend the winter skating. Arrived at Interlaken, we found that Murren was not open, so we went on to St. Moritz, breaking the journey at Zurich. This town is so hideous and depressing that we felt our only chance of living through the night was to get superbly drunk, which we did.....

(Let me emphasize that this wild adventure had not

the remotest connection with Magiok. Virakam was utterly ignorant of the subject. She had hardly so much as a smattering of Christian Science. She had never attended a seance, or played Flanchette.)

.....Lassati sed non Satiati by midnight, I expected to sleep; but was aroused by Virakam being apparently seized with a violent attack of hysteria, in which she poured forth a frantic torrent of senseless hallucination. I was irritated, and tried to calm her. But she insisted that her experience was real; that she bore an important message to me from some invisible individual. Such nonsense increased my irritation. But - after about an hour of it - my jaw fell with astonishment. I became suddenly aware of a coherence in her ravings, and further, that they were couched in my own language of symbols. My attention being thus awakened, I listened to what she was saying. A few minutes convinced me that she was actually in communication with some Intelligence who had a message for me.

Let me briefly explain the grounds for this belief. I have already set forth, in connection with the Cairo Working, some of the safeguards which I habitually employ. Virakam's vision contained elements perfectly familiar to me. This was clear proof that the man in her vision, whom she called Ab-ul-Diz, was acquainted with my system of hieroglyphics, literal and numerical, and also with some incidents in my Magical Career. Virakam herself certainly knew nothing of any of these. Ab-ul-Diz told us to call him a week later, when he would give further

the remotest connection with

the remotest connection with

information. We arrived at St. Moritz and engaged a suite in the Palace Hotel.

My first surprise was to find that I had brought with me exactly those Magical Weapons which were suitable for the work proposed, and no others. But a yet more startling circumstance was to come. For the purposes of the Cairo Working, Ouarda and I had bought two abbai; one, scarlet, for me; one, blue, for her. I had brought mine to St. Moritz; the other was of course in the possession of Ouarda. Imagine my amazement when Virakem produced from her trunk a blue abbai so like Ouarda's that the only differences were minute details of the gold embroidery! The suggestion was that the Secret Chiefs, having chosen Ouarda as Their messenger, could not use any one else until she had become irrevocably disqualified by insanity. Not till now could her place be taken by another; and that Virakem should possess a duplicate of her Magical Robe seemed a strong argument that she had been consecrated by Them to take the place of her unhappy predecessor.

She was very unsatisfactory as a clairvoyant; she resented these precautions. She was a quick-tempered and impulsive woman, always eager to act with reckless enthusiasm. My cold skepticism no doubt prevented her from doing her best. Ab-ul-diz himself constantly demanded that I should show "faith", and warned me that I was wrecking my chances by my attitude. I prevailed upon him, however, to give adequate proof of his existence

and his claim to speak with authority. The main purport of his message was to instruct me to write a book on my system of Mysticism and Magick, to be called "Book 4", and told me that by means of this book, I should prevail against public neglect. I saw no objection to writing such a book; on quite rational grounds, it was a proper course of action. I therefore agreed to do so. But Ab-ul-Diz was determined to dictate the conditions in which the book should be written; and this was a difficult matter. He wanted us to travel to an appropriate place. On this point I was not wholly satisfied with the result of my cross-examination. I know now that I was much to blame throughout. I was not honest either with him, myself, or Virakam. I allowed material considerations to influence me, and I clung - oh triple fool! - to my sentimental obligations towards Laylah.

We finally decided to do what he asked, though part of my objection was founded on his refusal to give us absolutely definite instructions. However, we crossed the Passes in a sleigh to Chivenna, whence we took the train to Milan. In this city we had a final conversation with Ab-ul-Diz. I had exhausted his patience, as he mine, and he told us that he would not visit us any more. He gave us his final instructions. We were to go to "Rome, and beyond Rome", though he refused to name the exact spot. We were to take a villa, and there write Book 4. I asked him how we might recognize the right Villa. I forget what answer he gave through her, but for the first time he flashed

a message directly into my own consciousness. "You will recognize it beyond the possibility of doubt or error," he told me. With this, a picture came into my mind of a hillside on which were a house and garden marked by two tall Persian Nuts.

The next day we went on to Rome. Owing to my own Ananias-like attempt to "keep back part of the price", my relations with Virakam ~~and~~ <sup>had</sup> become strained. We reached Naples after two or three quarrelsome days in Rome, and began house-hunting. I imagined that we should find dozens of suitable places to choose from, but we spent day after day scouring the city and suburbs in an automobile, without finding a single place to let that corresponded in the smallest degree with our ideas.

Virakam's brat - a most god-forsaken lout - was to join us for the Christmas holidays, and on the day he was due to arrive we motored out as a forlorn hope to Posilippo before meeting him at the station at 4 o'clock or thereabouts. But the previous night Virakam had a dream in which she saw the desired villa with absolute clearness. (I had been careful to say nothing to her about the Persian Nuts, so as to have a weapon against her in case she insisted that such and such a place was the one intended).

After a fruitless search we turned our automobile towards Naples, along the crest of Posilippo. At one point there is a small side lane scarcely negotiable by motor, and indeed hardly perceptible, as it branches from the main road so as to form

an acute-angled "Y" with the foot towards Naples. But Virakam sprang excitedly to her feet, and told the chauffeur to drive down it. I was astonished, she being hysterically anxious to meet the train, and our time being already almost too short. But she swore passionately that the villa was down that lane. The road became constantly rougher and narrower. After some time, it came out on the open slope; a low stone parapet on the left protecting it. Again she sprang to her feet. "There," she cried, pointing with her finger, "is the Villa I saw in my dream!" I looked. No villa was visible! I said so, she had to agree; yet struck to her point that she saw it. I subsequently returned to that spot, and found that a short section of wall, perhaps 15 feet of narrow edge of masonry, is just perceptible through a gap in the vegetation).

We drove on; we came to a tiny piazza, on one side of which was a church. "That is the square and the church," she exclaimed, "that I saw in my dream!"

We drove on. The lane became narrower, rougher, and steeper. Little more than 100 yards ahead, it was completely "up," blocked with heaps of broken stone. The chauffeur protested that he would be able neither to turn the car nor to back it up to the square. Virakam, in a violent rage, insisted on proceeding. I shrugged my shoulders. I had got accustomed to these typhoons.

We drove on a few yards. Then the chauffeur made up his

mind to revolt, and stopped the car. On the left was a wide open gate through which we could see a gang of workmen engaged in pretending to repair a ramsheckle villa. Virakam called the foreman, and asked in broken Italian if the place was to let. He told her no; it was under repair. With crazy confidence she dragged him within, and forced him to show her over the house. I sat in resigned disgust, not deigning to follow. Then my eyes suddenly saw, down the garden, two trees close together. I stopped. Their tops appeared. They were Persian Nuts! The stupid coincidence angered me, and yet some irresistible instinct compelled me to take out my note book and pencil and jot down the name written over the gate - Villa Caldarazzo. Idly, I added up the letters -  $\text{אבגדזחטכאקלמנפצקש} \cdot \text{ו} \cdot \text{אבגדזחטכאקלמנפצקש}$ . Their sum struck me like a bullet in my brain. It was 418, the number of the Magical Formula of the Aeon, a numerical hieroglyph of the Great Work. Ab-ul-Diz had made no mistake. My recognition of the right place was not to depend on a mere matter of trees, which might be found almost anywhere. Recognition beyond all possibility of doubt was what he promised. He had been as good as his word.

I was entirely overwhelmed. I jumped out of the car and ran up to the house. I found Virakam in the main room. The instant I entered I understood that it was entirely suited for a temple. The walls were decorated with crude frescoes, which somehow suggested the exact atmosphere proper to the Work. The very shape of the room seemed somehow significant. Further, it seemed as

if it were filled with a peculiar emanation. This impression must not be dismissed as sheer fancy. Few men but are sufficiently sensitive to distinguish the spiritual aura of certain buildings. It is impossible not to feel reverence in certain cathedrals and temples. The most ordinary dwelling houses often possess an atmosphere of their own; some depress, some cheer; some disgust, others strike chill to the heart.

Virakam of course was entirely certain that this was the Villa for us. Against this was the positive statement of the people in charge that it was not to be let. We refused to accept this assertion. We took the name and address of the owner, dug him out, and found him willing to give us immediate possession at a small rent. We went in on the following day, and settled down almost at once to consecrate the Temple and begin the book.

Love is the law, love under will

Yours Fraternally,

bbb.

P.S. There are still some points in your letter; but they need great care & toil. I wrote 7 pages last night; it would be some days before I could get them typed; so it seemed best to let you have this at once, and incorporate the rest in my next letter see.

F.Y. XI.

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

December 13th, 1943.

Cara Soror:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
 (Suggested by points in your recent visit).

As some of your daily practices are ceremonial, it should not come amiss to vouchsafe a few hints of practical service. For in ritual Magick, it will of course be the first care to get everything balanced and tidy.

If you propose to erect a regular Temple, the most precise instructions in every detail are given in Book 4, Part II. (But I haven't so much as seen a copy for years!). There is a good deal scattered about in Part III ( - "Magick" which you have) especially about the four elemental weapons.

But if circumstances deny you for the moment the means of carrying out this Aedification as the Ideal would have it, you can certainly do your best to create a fairly satisfactory - above all, workable - substitute. (By the way, note the moral aspect of a house, as displayed in our language. Aedification - house-making: from Latin Aedes, house. Economy - house-ruling: from Greek OIKOC, House and NOMOC, law.

I was often reduced to such expedients when wandering in strange lands, camping on glaciers, and so on. I fixed it workably well. In Mexico, D.F. for instance, I took my bedroom itself for the Circle, my night-table for the Altar, my candle for the Lamp; and I made the Weapons compact. I had a Wand 8 inches long, all precious stones and enamel, to represent the Tree of Life; within, an iron tube containing quick-silver - very correct, lordly, and dampsilly. What a cwb! Also bought, a silver-gilt Cup; for Air and Earth I made one sachet of rose-petals in yellow silk, and another in green silk packed with salt. In the wilds it was easy, agreeable, and most efficacious to make a Circle, and build an Altar, of stones; my Alpine Lantern served admirably for the Lamp. It did double duty when required: e.g. in partaking of the Sacrament of the Four Elements, it served for Fire. But your conditions are not so restricted as this.

Let us consider what one can do with an ordinary house, such as you are happy enough to possess.

First of all, it is of immense advantage to have a room specially consecrated to the Work, never used for any other purpose, and never entered by any other person than yourself, unless it were another Initiate, either for inspection or in case you were working together..

The aura accumulates with the regularity and frequency of Use.

The first point is the Benishing: Everything is to be removed from the room which is not absolutely necessary to the Work.

In this country, one must attend to the heating: An electric stove in the East, or the South, is best: it must not need attention. One can usually buy stoves with excellently appropriate symbolism. (Last time I did this - '38 e.v. - I got a perfect Ferranti at Harrods. The circular copper bowl, with the central Disk as the source of heat, is unsurpassable). The walls should be "self-coloured", a neutral tint - green, grey or blue-grey? and entirely bare, unless you put up, in the proper quarters, the proper designs, such as the "Watch Towers" - see The Equinox I, vii.

Remember that your "East", your Kiblah, is Boleskine House, which is as near as possible due North from Plymouth. Find North by the shadow of a vertical rod at noon, or by the Pole-Star. Work out the angle as usual.

The Stèle of Revealing may be just on the N. wall to mark your "East".

Next, your Circle. The floor ought to be "Earth" green; but white will serve, or black. (A Masonic carpet is not at all bad). The Circle itself should be as shown in Book 4 Part II; but as this volume is probably unavailable, ask me to show you the large painted diagram in my portfolio when next you visit me, and we can arrange for it to be copied.

This should then be painted in the correct colours on the floor: the Kether square to the North, your "East".

The Altar must fit exactly the square of Tiphareth; it is best made as a cupboard; of oak or acacia, by preference. It can then be used to hold reserves of incense and other requisites.

Note that the height of the Altar has to suit

your convenience. It is consequently in direct relation with your own stature; in proportion, it is a doubled cube. This then determines the size of your circle; in fact, the entire apparatus and furniture is a geometrical function of yourself. Consider it all as a projection of yourself in terms of these conventional formulae. (A convention does really mean "that which is convenient". How abject, then, to obey a self-styled convention which is actually as inconvenient as possible!)

Next, the Lamp. This may be of silver, or silver-gilt, (to represent the Path of Gimel) and is to be hung from the ceiling exactly above the centre of the Altar. There are plenty of old church lamps which serve very well. The light is to be from a wick in a floating cork in a glass of olive oil. (I hope you can get it!) It is really desirable to make this as near the "Ever-burning Lamp of the Rosicrucians" as possible; it is not a drawback that this implies frequent attention.

Now for the Weapons!

The Wand. Let this be simple, straight and slim! Have you an Almond or Witch Hazel in your garden - or do I call it park? If so, cut (with the magic knife - I would lend you mine) a bough, as nearly straight as possible, about 2 feet long. Peel it, rub it constantly with Oil of Abramelin (this, and his incense, from Wallis & Co., 26, New Cavendish St., W.1.) and keep wrapped in scarlet silk. Constantly, I wrote, and meant it; rub it, when saying your mantra, to the rhythm of that same. (Remember, "A ka dus" is the best; ask me to intone it to you when you next visit me.)

The Cup. There are plenty of chalices to be bought. It should be of silver. If ornamented, the best form is that of the apple. I have seen suitable Cups in many shops.

The Sword. The ideal form is shewn in the Ace of Swords in the Tarot. At all events, let the blade be straight, and the hilt a simple cross. (The 32° Masonic Sword is not too bad; Kenning or Spencer in Great Queen St., W.C.2. stock them - or used to do).

The Disk. This ought to be of pure gold, with your own Pantacle, designed by yourself after prolonged study, graved thereupon. While getting ready for this, any plain circle of gold will have to serve your turn. Quite flat, of course. If you want a good simple design to go on interim, try the Rosy Cross or the Unicursal Hexagram.

So much for the Weapons! Now, as to your personal accoutrements, Robe, Lamén, Sandals and the like, the Book of the Law has most thoughtfully simplified matters for us. "I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress." (A.L.I., 61) The Robe may well be in the form of the Tau Cross; i.e., expanding from axilla to ankle, and from shoulder to - whatever you call the place where your hands come out. (Shape well shewn in the illustration "Magick" face p.380). You being a Probationer, plain black is correct; and the Unicursal Hexagram might be embroidered, or "appliqué" (is it? I mean "stuck on"), upon the breast. The best head-dress is the Nemyss: I cannot trust myself to describe how to make one, but there are any number of models in the British Museum, or in any Illustrated Hieroglyphic text. The Sphinx wears one, and there is a photograph, shewing the shape and structure very clearly, in the Equinox I, 1 frontispiece to Supplement. You can easily make one yourself out of silk; broad black-and-white stripes is a pleasing design. Avoid "artistic" complexities.

Well, that ought to be enough to keep you out of mischief for a little while; but I feel moved to add a line of caution and encouragement.

Listen!  
Paites attention!  
Achtung!  
Khabardar karo!

Just as soon as you start seriously to prepare a place for magical work; the world goes more cock-eyed than it is already. Don't be surprised if you find that six weeks' intense shopping all over London fails to provide you with some simple-requisite that normally you could buy in ten minutes. Perhaps your fires simply refuse to burn, even when liberally dosed with petrol and phosphorus, with a handful of Chlorate of Potash thrown in just to shew there is no ill feeling! When you have almost decided that you had better make up your mind to do without something that seems really quite unobtainable - say, a 60-carat diamond which would look so well on the head-dress - a perfect stranger comes along and makes you a present of one. Or, a long series of quite unreasonable obstacles or silly accidents interfere with your plans: or, the worst difficulty in your way is incomprehensibly removed by some extraordinary "freak of chance". Or, .....

In a word, you seem to have strolled into a world where - well, it might be going too far to say that the Law of Cause and Effect is suspended; but at least the Law of Probability

seems to be playing practical jokes on you.

This means that your manoeuvres have somehow attracted the notice of the Astral Plane: your new neighbours (May I call them?) are taking an interest in the latest Tenderfoot, some to welcome, to do all they can to help you to settle down, others indignant or apprehensive at this disturbance of routine. This is where your Banishings and Invocations come to the rescue. Of course, I am not here referring to the approach to Sanctuaries which of necessity are closely guarded, but merely to the recognition of a new-comer to that part of the world in general.

Of course all these miracles are very naughty of you; they mean that your magical power has sprung a few small leaks; at least, the water is oozing between some planks not sealed as Hermetically as they should be. But oh! - and this is naughtier still! - it is a blessed, blessed comfort that they happen, that chance, coincidence, and all the rest will simply not explain it all away, that your new vision of life is not a dream, but part and parcel of Experience for evermore, as real as any other manifestation of Reality through sense such as is common to all men.

And this brings us - it has been a long way round! - from the suggestion of your visit to the question (hitherto unanswered) in your letter.

( For various no-reasons the last half of this letter  
got typed first: "Excuse it, please!" )

6

You raise so vast and razor-edged a question when you write of the supposed antinomy of "soul" and "sense" that it seemed better to withhold comment until this later letter; much modification was most needful to compress the answer within reasonable limits; even to give it form at all is no easy matter. For this is probably the symptom of the earliest stirring of the mind of the cave-man to reflexion, thereunto moved by other symptoms - those of the "morning after" following upon the "night before." It is - have we not already dealt with that matter after a fashion? - evidence of disease when an organ becomes aware of its own modes of motion. Certainly the mere fact of questioning Life bears witness to some interruption of its flow, just as a ripple on an even stream tells of a rock submerged. The fiercer the torrent and the bigger the obstacle, the greater the disturbance to the surface - have I not seen them on the Bralduh eight feet high?

Lethargic folk with no wild impulse of Will may get through life in bovine apathy; we may well note that (in a sense) the rage of the water seems to our perturbed imagining actually to increase and multiply the obstructions; there is a critical point beyond which the ripples fight each other!

That, in short, is a picture of you!

You have mistaken the flurry of passing over some actual snag for a snag in itself! You put the blame on to your own quite rational attempts to overcome difficulties. The secret of the trick of getting past the rocks is elasticity; yet it is that very quality with which you reproach yourself!

We even, at the worst, reach the state for which Buddhism presents most ably, in the East, the case: as, in the West, does James Thomson (B.V.) in "The City of Dreadful Night"; we come to wish for - or, more truly, to think that we wish for "blest Nirvana's sinless stainless Peace" (or some such twaddle - thank God I can't recall Arnold's mawkish and unmanly phrase!) and B.V.'s "Dateless oblivion and divine repose".

I insist on the "think that you wish", because, if the real You did really wish the real That, you could never have come to exist at all! ("But I don't exist" - "I know - let's get on!")

Note, please, how sophistically unconvincing are the Buddhist theories of how we ever got into this mess. First cause: Ignorance. Way out, then, knowledge. O.K., that implies a knower, a thing known - and so on and so forth, through all the Three Waste Paper Baskets of the Law; analysed, it turns out to be nonsense all dolled up to look like Thinking. And there is no genuine explanation of the origin of the Will-to-be.

How different, how simple, how self-evident, is the doctrine of the Book of the Law!

There are any number of passages dealing with this matter in my writings: let's forget them, and keep to the Text!

Cap.I, v.26 "my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body."

V.30 "This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all". (There is a qabalistic inner meaning in this text; "the pain", for instance,  $\odot \Delta \Lambda \Gamma \circ \Sigma$  may be read XVII,  $\times$ , 22 "the expression of Star-love", and so on: all too complicated for this time and place!)

V.32 "Then the joys of my love" (i.e. the fulfilment of all possible experiences) "will redeem ye from all pain".

V.58 "I give unimaginable joys on earth; certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace<sup>x</sup> unutterable, rest, ecstasy".

Cap.II, v.9 "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass and are done; but there is that which remains". [The continuation is amusing! vv.10 and 11 read:

"O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.  
I see thee hate the hand and the pen; but I am stronger."

At that time I was a hard-shell Buddhist, sent out a New Year's Card "wishing you a speedy termination of existence"! And this as a young man, with the world at my feet." It only goes to show...]

Vv. 19,20. "Is a God to live in a dog? No; but the highest are of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us".

This chapter returns over and over again to this theme in one form or another.

What is really more significant is the hidden, the unexpressed, soul of the Book; the way in which it leaps into wild spate of rhapsody on any excuse or no excuse.

This is surely more convincing than some dreary thesis, plodding along doggedly with the "proof"(!) that "God is good", every sentence creaking with your chalk-stones, and squeaking with the twinges of your toe!

---

x Footnote. "Peace": the glow of satisfaction at achievement. It is not "eternal"; rather, it whets the appetite for another adventure. (Peace, H EIPHNH = 189 = 7 x 9 x 13 = the Venusian plus Lunar form of Unity).

Yet just because I proclaim a doctrine of joy in the language of joy, people - dull camels! - say I am not "serious"!

Yet I have found pleasure in harnessing the winged horses of the Sun to the ploughshare of Reason, in shewing the validity of this doctrine in detail. It satisfies my sense of rhythm and of symmetry to explain that every experience, no matter what, must of necessity be a gain of grandeur, of grip, of comprehension and enjoyment ever growing as complexity and simplicity succeed each other in sublime systole and diastole, in strophe and antistrophe chanting against each other to the Stars of the Night and of the Morning!

Of course it is easy as pie to knock all this to pieces by "lunatic logic", saying: "Then toothache is really as pleasant as strawberry shortcake": you are hereby referred to "Eight Lectures on Yoga". None of the terms I am using have been, or can be, defined. All my propositions amount to no more than tautology: A is A. You may even quote the Book of the Law itself: "Now a curse on Because and his kin! .... Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!" (AL.II 28-33). These things stink of Ignoratio Elenchi, or something painfully like it: a sort of slipping up a cog, of "confusing the planes", of wilfully misunderstanding the gist of an argument. (All magicians, by the way, ought to be grounded solidly in Formal Logic).

Never forget, at the least, how simple it is to make a maniac's hell-broth of any proposition, however plain to common sense.

All the above, now: - Buddhism refuted. Yet it is a possibility, and therefore one facet of Truth. "Rest" is an idea: so immobility is one of the moving states. A certain state of mind is (almost by definition) "eternal", yet it most assuredly begins and ends.

And so on for ever - I fear it would be negatory, pleonastic (and oh! several other lovely long adjectives!) to try to guard you from these hydra-headed and protean booby-traps; you must tackle them yourself as they arise, and deal with them as best you can: always remembering that often enough you cannot tell which is you and which is the Monkey Puzzle, or who has won. ("Everybody's won; so everybody must have prizes" applies beautifully). And none of it all matters a row of haricots verts sautés; for the conclusion must always be Doubt (see that beastly Book of Lies again - there's a gorgeous chapter about it) and the practical moral is this: these contradictions don't occur (or don't matter) in Neschamah.

Also, it might help you quite a lot (by encouraging you when depressed, or amusing you when you want to relax) to read "Sir Palamede the Saracen": Supplement to the Equinox Vol.I No.4. I expect quite a few of his tragicomic misadventures will be already

familiar to you, in one disguise or another.

And if the above remarks should embolden you to exclaim: "Perhaps a little drink would do me no great harm", I shall feel that I have deserved well of my country!

For - see Liber Aleph, after Rabelais! - the Word of the Last Oracle is TRINC.

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This plaint of yours tails off - and perks up in so doing - with confession of Ambition, and considerations of what you must leave over to your next life. Very right! but all that is covered by your general programme. It is proper to assimilate these ideas with the fundamental structure of your mind: "Perhaps I had better leave 'The Life and Opinions of Battling Bill, the Ballaret Bruiser' till, shall we say, six incarnations ahead" - But perhaps you have acquired that already!

No, better still, concentrate on the Next Step! After all, it is the only one you can take, isn't it? Without lust of result, please!

And I shall leave anything else to the Next Letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666

P.S. "Next letter": yes, they are running into one another more than somewhat; it is better so, for Life is like that. And we have the bould bad editor to sort them out.