

OS 4



Contents.

1 Original MSS of The Soul of the Desert  
 2 Sketches of ideas for scenes of stories - one of which has not survived

3 Comm. R.

Chant before battle

4 O.T.O. M.M.M. Byelars with reference to the  
 Confess Houses of the Order.

5 Drafts of letters to O.T.O. members

Property of J. J. G. G. G.  
 5 Montagu Square  
 London

W. 1

Cat No 4 ✓

Date 1911

4

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Respectfully to J. J. York  
5 Montagu Square  
London  
W. 1

I too am the Soul of the Desert; thou shalt seek  
me yet again in the wilderness of sand

Libra LXV. N. 61.

At Tozeur.

I

The Journey.

The soul is in its own nature a well, perfect purity, perfect calm, perfect silence. <sup>and so a well</sup> ~~It~~ springs from the very veins of the earth itself, so is the soul nurtured of the blood of God, the ecstasy of things.

This soul can never be injured, never be marred, never defiled. Yet all things added to it do for a time trouble it; and this is sorrow.

To this language itself bears witness; for all words which mean unhappy, mean first of all disturbed, disquieted, troubled. The root-idea of sorrow is this idea of stirring up.

For many a year now man in his quest of happiness has travelled a false road. To quench his thirst, he has added salt in ever increasing quantities to the water of life; to cover the ant-hills of his imagination he has raised mountains wherein wild beasts and deadly fowl. To cure the itch, he has flayed the patient;

Tozeur  
17-3-14





exercise  
to conjure the ghost, he has evoked the devil.

It is the main problem of philosophy, how  
this began. The ~~Hebrew~~ Rishis, seven that  
sat upon Mount Kailasha and considered, thus  
answered, that the soul became self-conscious  
and crying 'I am That!' became two even  
in the act of asserting that it was one.  
~~But~~ This theory may be found not too  
remote from truth by whose returns to  
that tower upon the ramparts of the soul  
and beholds the city.

But let us leave it to the doctors to  
discuss the cause of the malady; for  
the patient it is enough to know the cure  
and take it. Abana and Phephlog, rivers  
of Damascus, are not worth the simplicity  
of Jordan. The prophet has spoken; it is  
our cure only to obey and so sweet  
and so full of virtue are these waters that  
the first touch stills the soul with  
the sure pre-taste of its cure.

Doubt not, brother! reason in deed may  
elaborate complexities; are not these the  
very symptoms of the disease? Use but

Shirley

{ Voice of Silence

Du Potet.

The wide common sense, heritage of simpler  
and happier forefathers, that they have  
transmitted to thee by the wand.

The cure of disease is ease; of desquiet,  
quiet; of strife, peace. And as to  
obtain horsemanship, the study of folios  
aids not, but the mounting of an horse;  
as the best way to learn to swim is  
to enter the water and <sup>strike out</sup> ~~try~~; so is it  
~~can~~ <sup>cool</sup> sense, not feverish reason, that  
says: to obtain quiet, practise quiet.

There are men so strong of will, so able  
to concentrate the mind, to neglect the  
impressions that they do not wish to  
receive, that they can withdraw themselves  
from their surroundings, even when those  
are as multitudinous and insistent as  
those of a great city. But for the  
most part of men, it is best to  
begin in easier circumstances, to  
climb the mountain in fine weather before  
attacking it in the snowstorm.

And yet the eager aspirant will answer:  
Provided that the cure is complete. Provided



That the sickness does not return when the medicine is stopped.

ah! that were hard. So deep-seated is the malady, that years <sup>its symptoms have passed</sup> after, it seizes on a moment of weakness to bludge out again. It is a malarial fever that lurks ~~deep~~ low, that hides in the very substance of the blood itself, that has made the very fountain of life parched with it in the sacrament of death.

"Had a spider found at the communion-cup?"

"Was a toad in the christening font?"

No: the remedy cures severely enough; but not often does it cure all for all, beyond relapse. But it is simple; and once the symptoms have properly abated, they never return with equal force, and if the patient has but the wit to stretch out the hand for another dose, the fever flies.

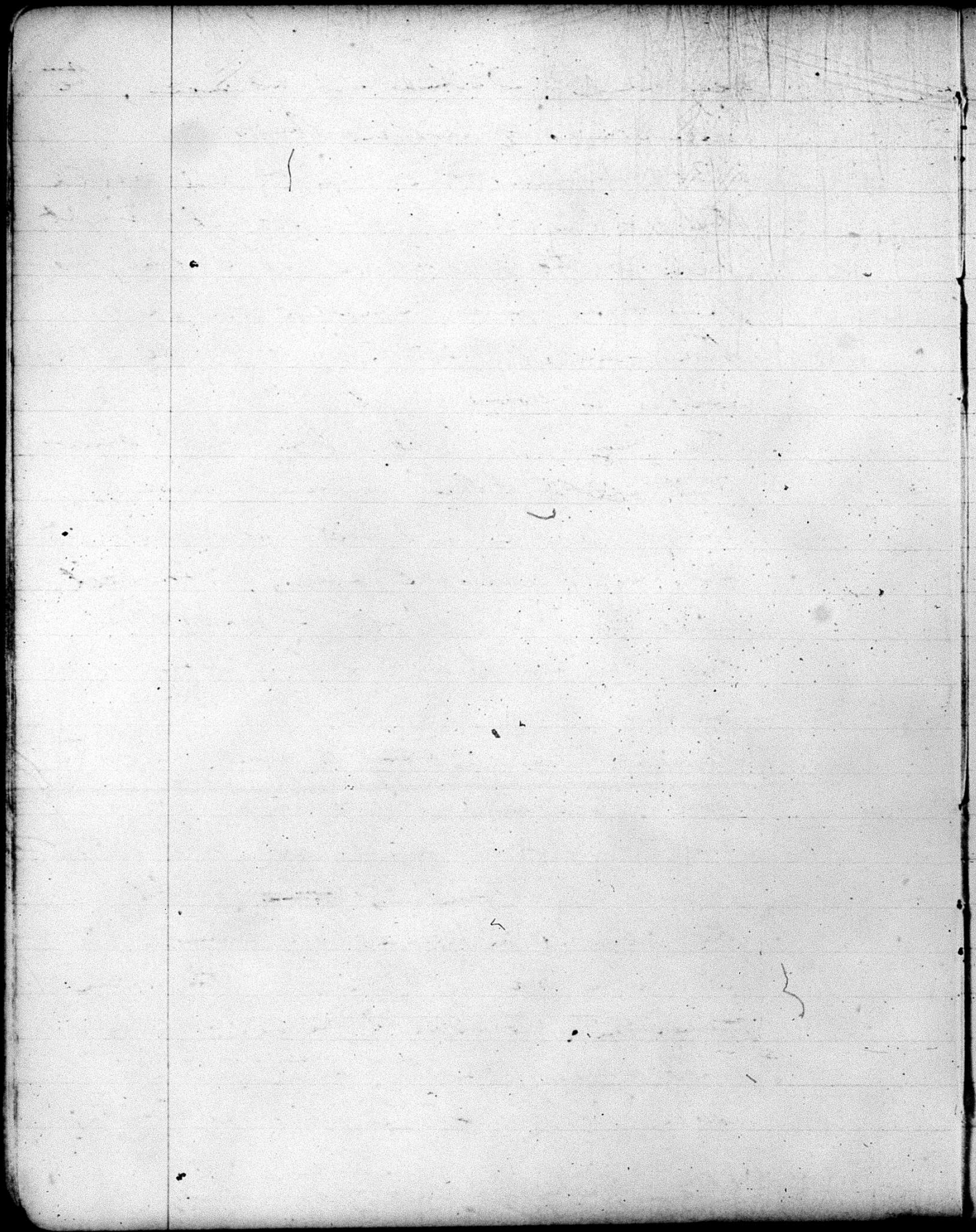
What is then the essential? To cure the patient once; to give him faith in its efficacy, so that when perchance he falls sick, and no doctor is near, he

the man is a  
I know ~~is~~ a perfect bogey ~~man~~ <sup>I am</sup>  
going to draw a funny picture of him <sup>my</sup> Lodge  
as Principal Ogre, to try & inspire some financial  
back the Giant Killer to come & bombard <sup>him</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>said</sup>  
house from the top of Blackford Hill \*  
3 <sup>there was</sup> nothing else to say I omitted to remind you  
that ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> <sup>o</sup> <sup>to the</sup> <sup>extent of</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>00</sup> <sup>didn't</sup> <sup>quite</sup>  
who <sup>was</sup> <sup>passed</sup> <sup>to the</sup> <sup>extent of</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>00</sup> <sup>didn't</sup> <sup>quite</sup>  
understand <sup>what</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>said</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>draft</sup>, but <sup>I</sup> <sup>suppose</sup>  
it means that you are clear, but with a  
small balance \* <sup>I</sup> <sup>don't</sup> <sup>think</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>plan</sup>  
to use <sup>a</sup> <sup>non</sup> <sup>deplorable</sup>, especially on official  
documents. Can't you  
differentiate <sup>from</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>other</sup>  
signature <sup>without</sup> <sup>that?</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>hate</sup>  
fraternally \*  
x

may be able to ~~save~~ himself.

If thought then be that which troubles the soul, there is but one way to take. Stop thinking.

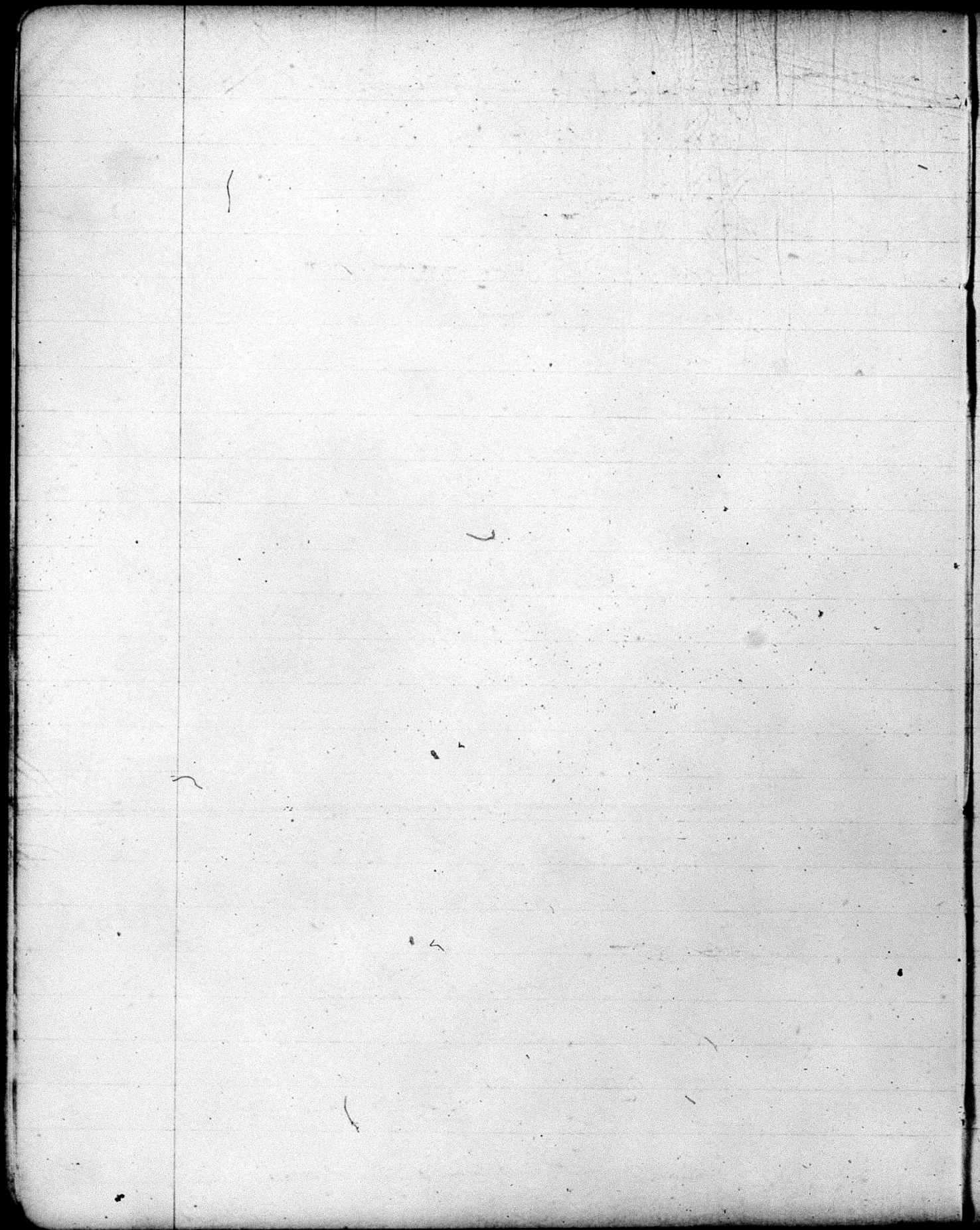
It is the most difficult task that man can undertake. Give me a fulcrum for my lever, said Archimedes, and I will move the earth. But how when one is within and part of that very system of motion which one desires to stop. Newton's First Law drops like the headman's axe on the very nape of our endeavour. Well for us that this is not as true as it is obvious! For this fact saves us, that the resolution of all these motions is rest. The motion is but in reciprocal pairs, <sup>the sum of its vectors is zero.</sup> the knot of the Universe is a fool's knot; for all its ~~apparent~~ seems Gordian, pull but firmly, and it ravel's out. It is this seeming that is all the mischief; gloomy is the gulf, and the clouds gather angrily in monstrous shapes; the false moon flickers behind them, abyss upon abyss opens on



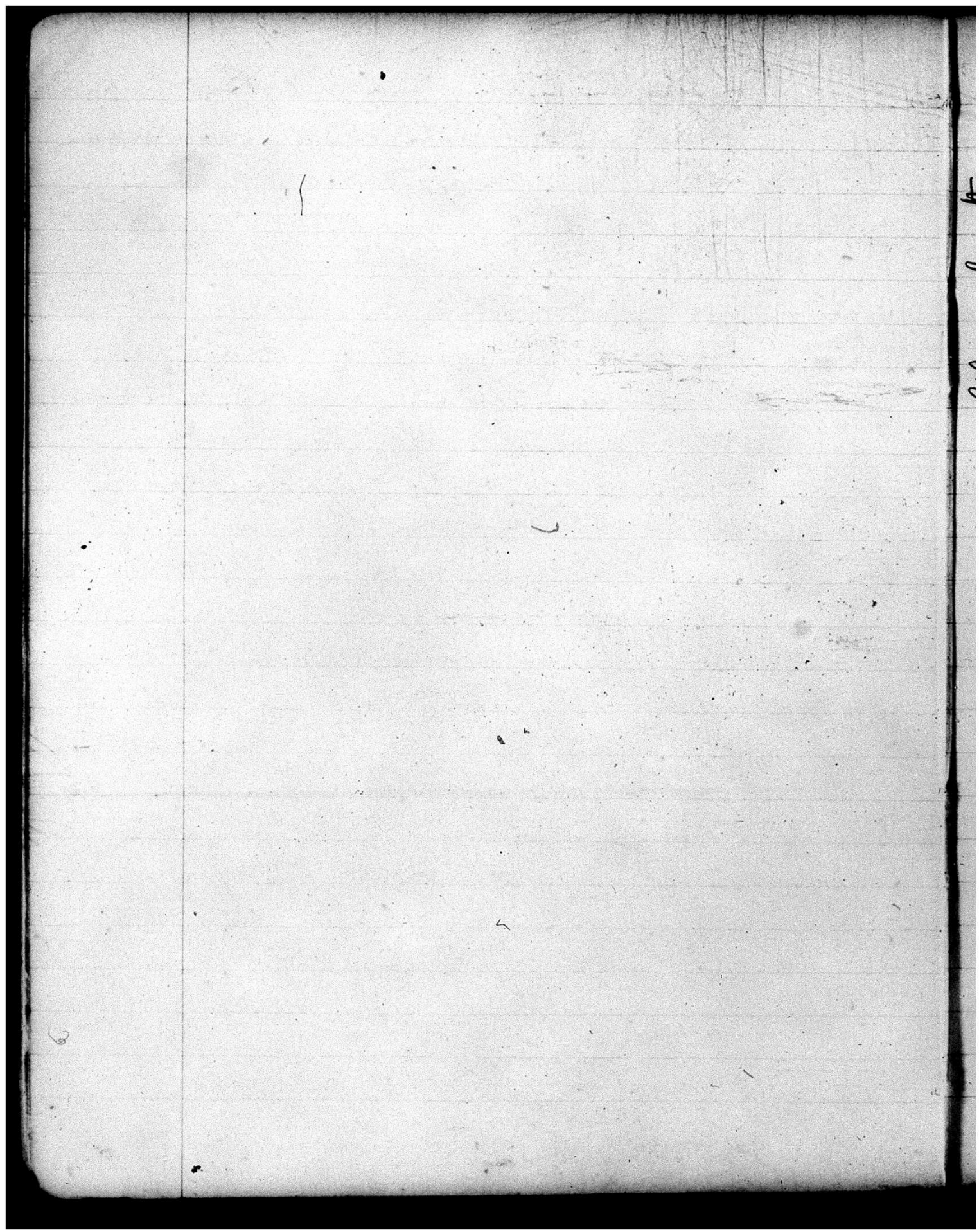
every hand. Darkness and menace, the fierce sounds of hostile things.

The glimmer of starlight, and behold the golden bridge! Narrow and straight, keen as the razor's edge and glittering as the sword's blade, a proper bridge if thou leapest not to right or left. Cross it - good! but all this is in the dream. Wake! Thou shalt know that all together, gulf, moon, bridge, dragon and the rest were but the phantasms of sleep. Howbeit, remember this, that to cross that bridge in sleep is the only way to waking.

I do not know if many of men have the same experience as myself in the matter of voluntary dreaming, or rather of contest between the ~~voluntary~~ sought and the unsought in dream. For example, I am on a ridge of ice with Oscar Eckenstein. He slips to one side; I throw myself on the other. We begin to cut steps up to the ridge;



my axe snags, or is snatched from my hand. We begin to pull ourselves up to the ridge by the rope; the rope begins to fray. Suddenly it is caught lower down ~~between two~~ in a cleft of rock. A Sammergeier swoops; I invent a pistol, and blow its brains out. and so on through a thousand adventures, making myself master of each event as it arises. But I am old to-day and weary of hills: now-a-days at the first hint of danger I take wing and sail majestically down to the glacier. If I have thus depressed, it is to superpose this triangle in part of the task "Stop Thinking" Simple it sounds; and simple it is - when you have mastery. In the meantime it is apt to lead you far indeed from simplicity. I have myself written some million words in order to stop thinking! I have covered miles of canvas with pounds of paint in order



view the difficult circumstances of ordinary life, or for the  
enthusiast who wisely determines, like the red Comyn,  
to make sure.

to stop thinking. In such case that I am  
at least to be considered as no mean  
authority on all the woody ways, and  
so perhaps by a process of exclusion  
in the right way.

Unfortunately, it is not as easy as this;  
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal laws,  
and every single one of them is right."

and right for A is often wrong for B.  
But luckily the simpler the goal is kept,  
the simpler are the means. ~~In Book of~~  
~~Part I~~ <sup>Elsewhere in my writings</sup> will be found a fairly  
pound-aching and accurate account of the  
process. The present essay is but to  
advocate a mighty engine, a <sup>4</sup>levant  
the shoulder of Hercules by the cart wheel of the  
a ~~kind of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~simplest~~ <sup>simplest</sup> ~~requirement~~ <sup>requirement</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup>  
~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> incapable of following these  
instructions, and indeed the cues of  
this world and the deceitfulness of  
riches and the lusts of the flesh and the  
eye and the pride of life and all  
the other enemies of the saint do indeed

to a duty.

which is



in the right way.

Unfortunately, it is not as easy as this;

"There are nine and six ways of constructing tribal legs  
and every single one of them is right."

and right for A is often wrong for B.

But luckily, the simpler the goal is kept,

the simpler are the means. ~~to Book of~~

<sup>Elsewhere in my writings</sup>  
~~Part I and elsewhere~~, will be found a fairly

painstaking and accurate account of the  
process. The present essay is but to

advocate a mighty engine adjuvant<sup>d</sup>

the shoulder of Hercules to the cart wheel of the  
~~a foolish~~ ~~or the beginner~~ ~~who leads~~  
~~himself~~ ~~incapable~~ of following these  
instructions. And indeed the wiles of

this world and the deceitfulness of  
riches and the lusts of the flesh and the  
eye and the pride of life and all  
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~~to do by engine!~~

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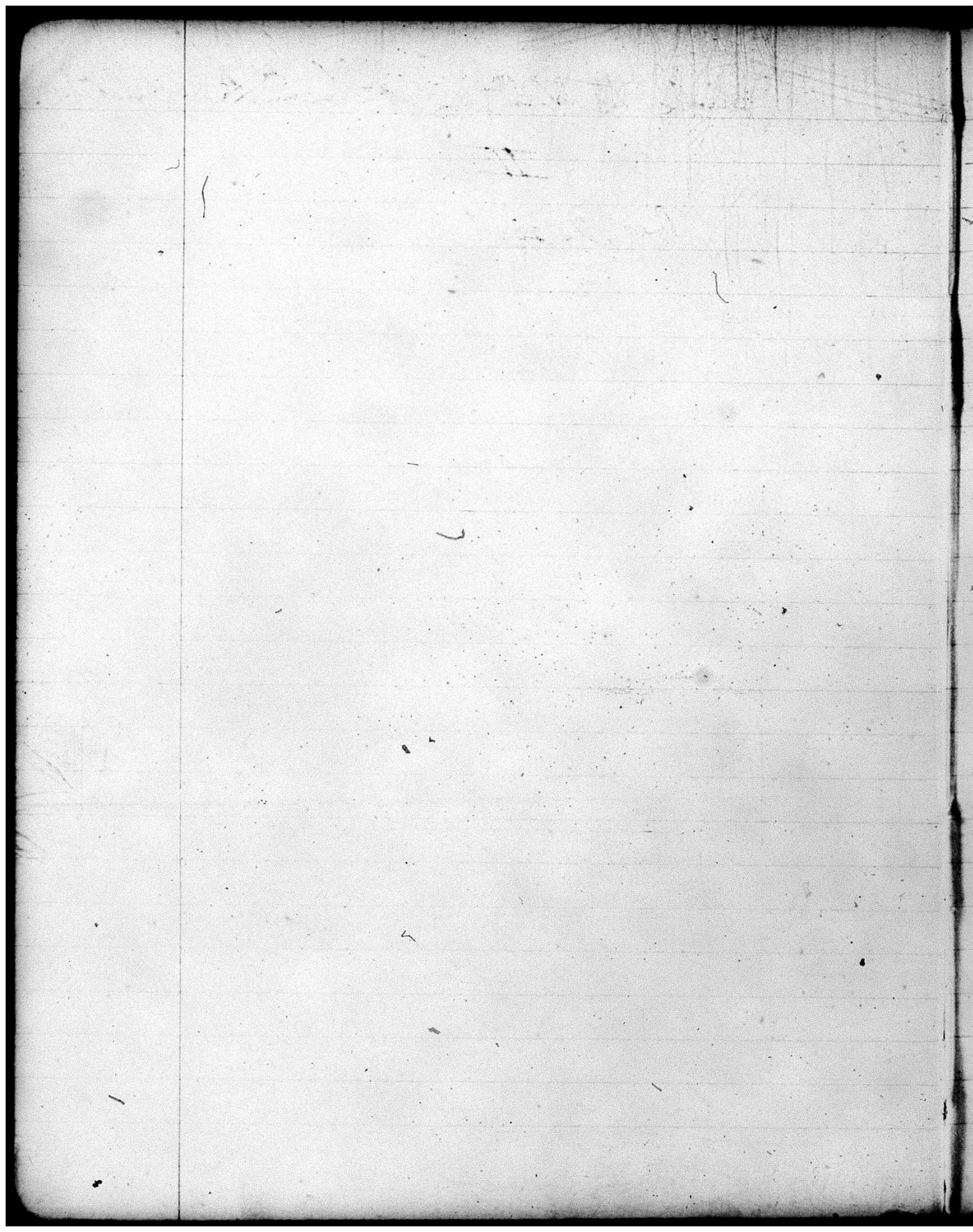
the simpler are the means. ~~to Book of~~  
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riches and the lusts of the flesh and the  
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the other enemies of the saint do indeed

to do this.

that his



choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful.

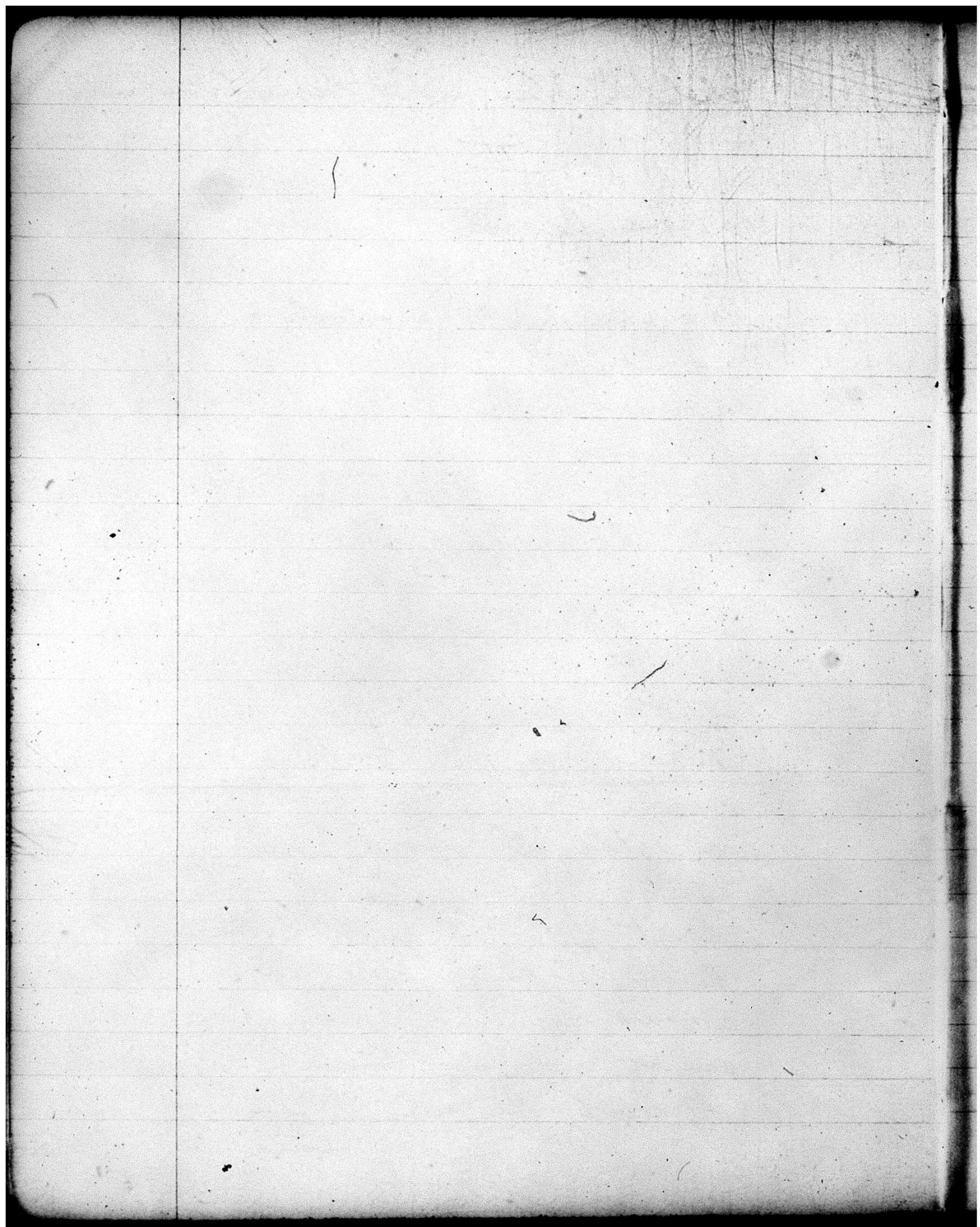
## II

### The Desert

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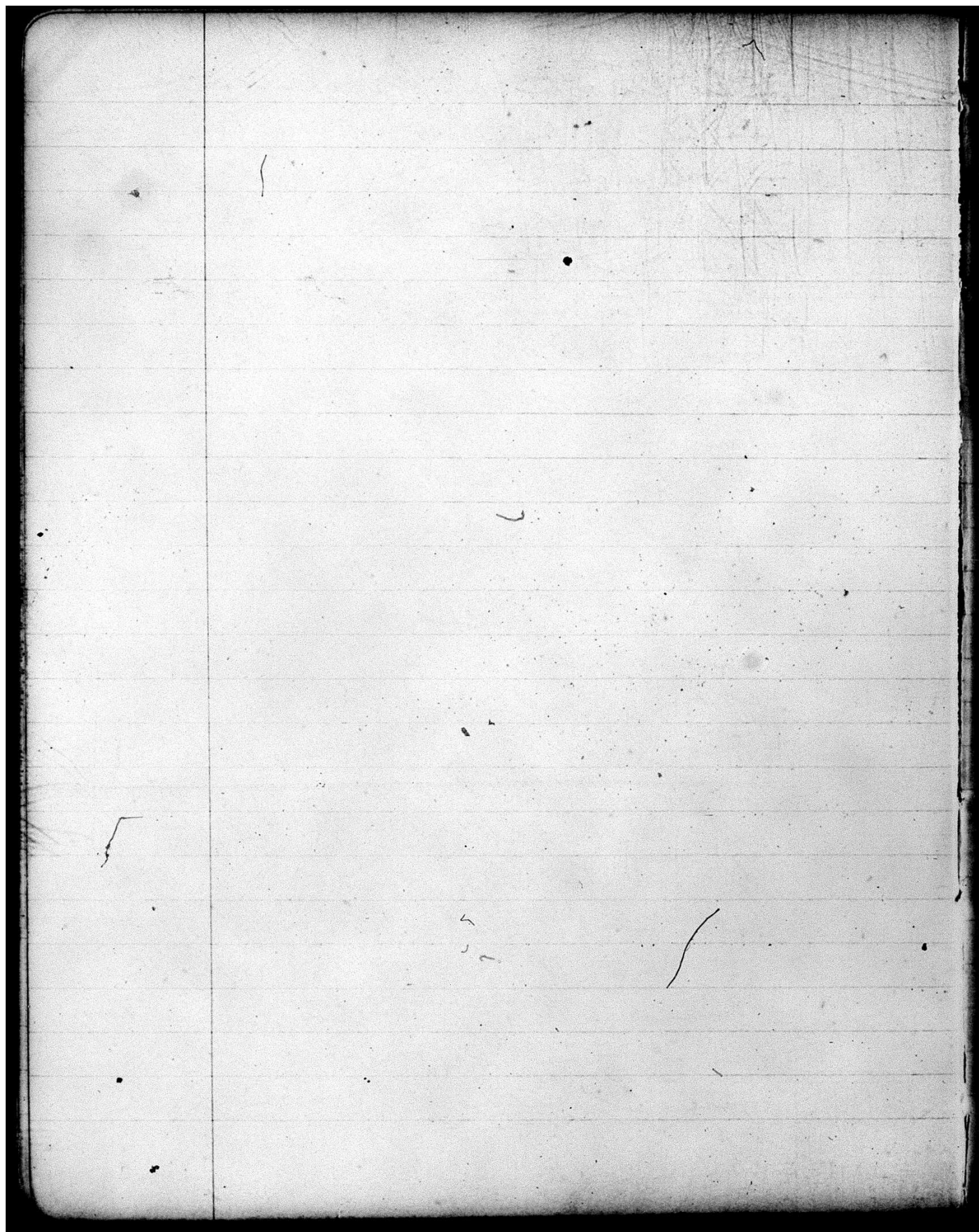
As a monastery is an ~~un~~unwholesome and artificial monotony, so is the desert nature's own cure for all the tribulations of thought.

And the soul undergoes a triplex weaving. First, the newness of the surroundings, their strange and salient simplicity, charm the soul. It has a premonition of its cure; it feels the atmosphere of home. It is sure of its vocation. Next, the mind, its frivolity once satiated with novelty, becomes bored, turns to acrimony, even to passionate revolt. The novice beats against the bars; the stranger in the desert flies to London or to Paris with the devil at his heels. A wise superior will not restrain a probationer who cannot restrain himself; but in the desert the refugee will do well  
would



if he fears his own powers - still more  
maybe, if he does not trust them!  
- would wisely make it impossible to return.  
But how should he do so? Believe me who  
have tried it, the longest journey, the  
most bitter hardships, are as nothing, an  
arrow-flight of joy, when the great  
horror lies behind and the sanctuary of  
Paris ahead.

For, indeed, this is the great horror, solitude,  
when the soul can no longer batten in  
the ever-changing wind, but shut up in  
the castle of a few thoughts, paces its  
narrow prison, wearing down the stone  
of time, feeding on its own excrement.  
There is no star in the blackness of that night,  
no foam upon that stagnant and putrid  
sea. Even the glittering health that the desert  
brings to the body is like a spear in the  
soul's throat. The passionate ache to act,  
to think, this eats into the soul like a  
cancer. It is the scorpion striking itself  
in its agony, sure that no poison can  
add to the torture of the circling fires.



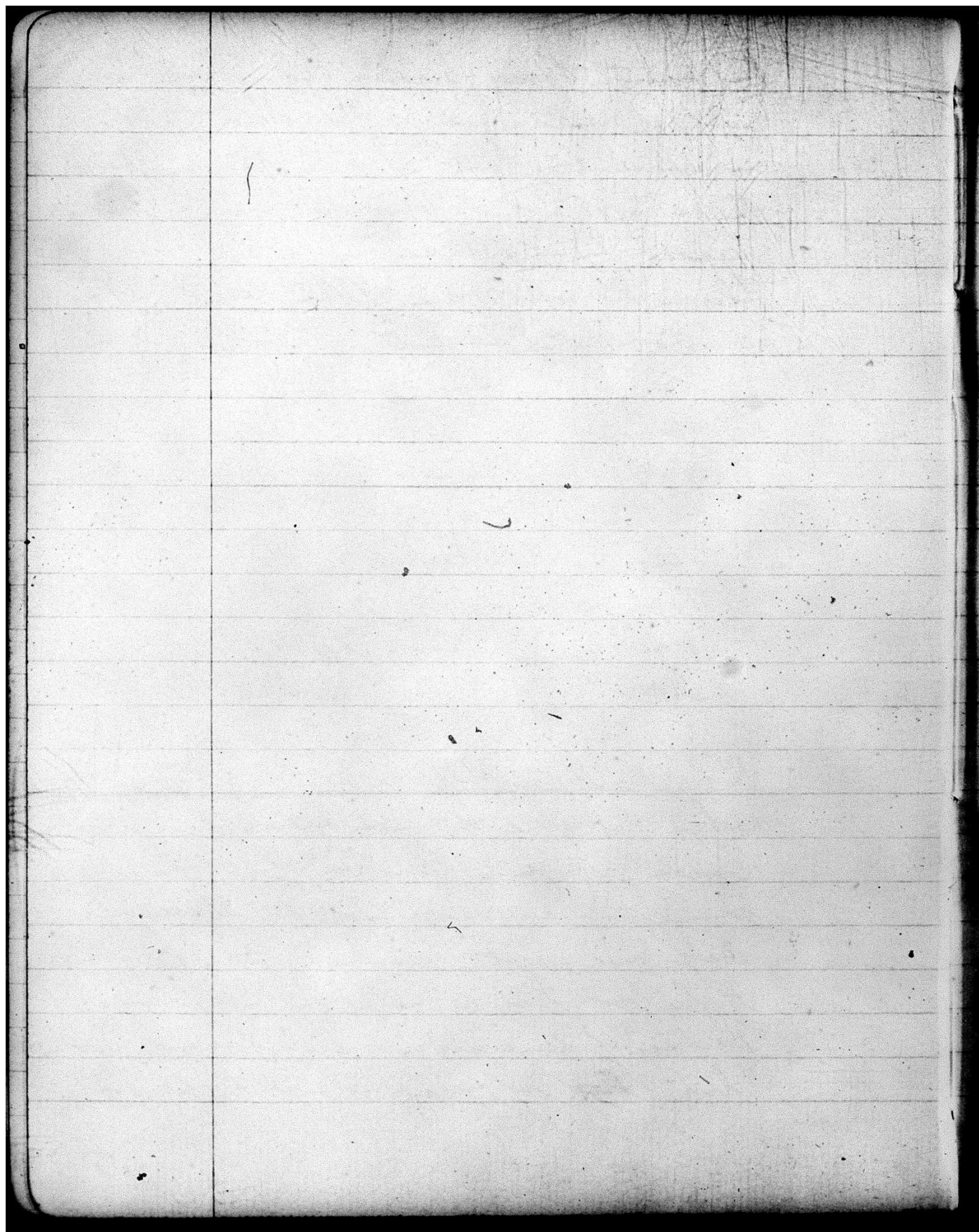
But against these paroxysms is an eightfold sedative. The ravings of madness are lost in soundless space, the struggles of the drowning man are not heeded by the sea.

These are the eight geni of the desert; they are the eight Elements of Fohi:

|        |              |
|--------|--------------|
| Sun    | Sun - Lingam |
| Windy  | Space        |
| Wood   | Wind         |
| Earthy | Water        |
| Space  | Earth        |
| Fire   | Fire         |
| Star   | Wood (life)  |
| Rock   | Moon - Yoni  |

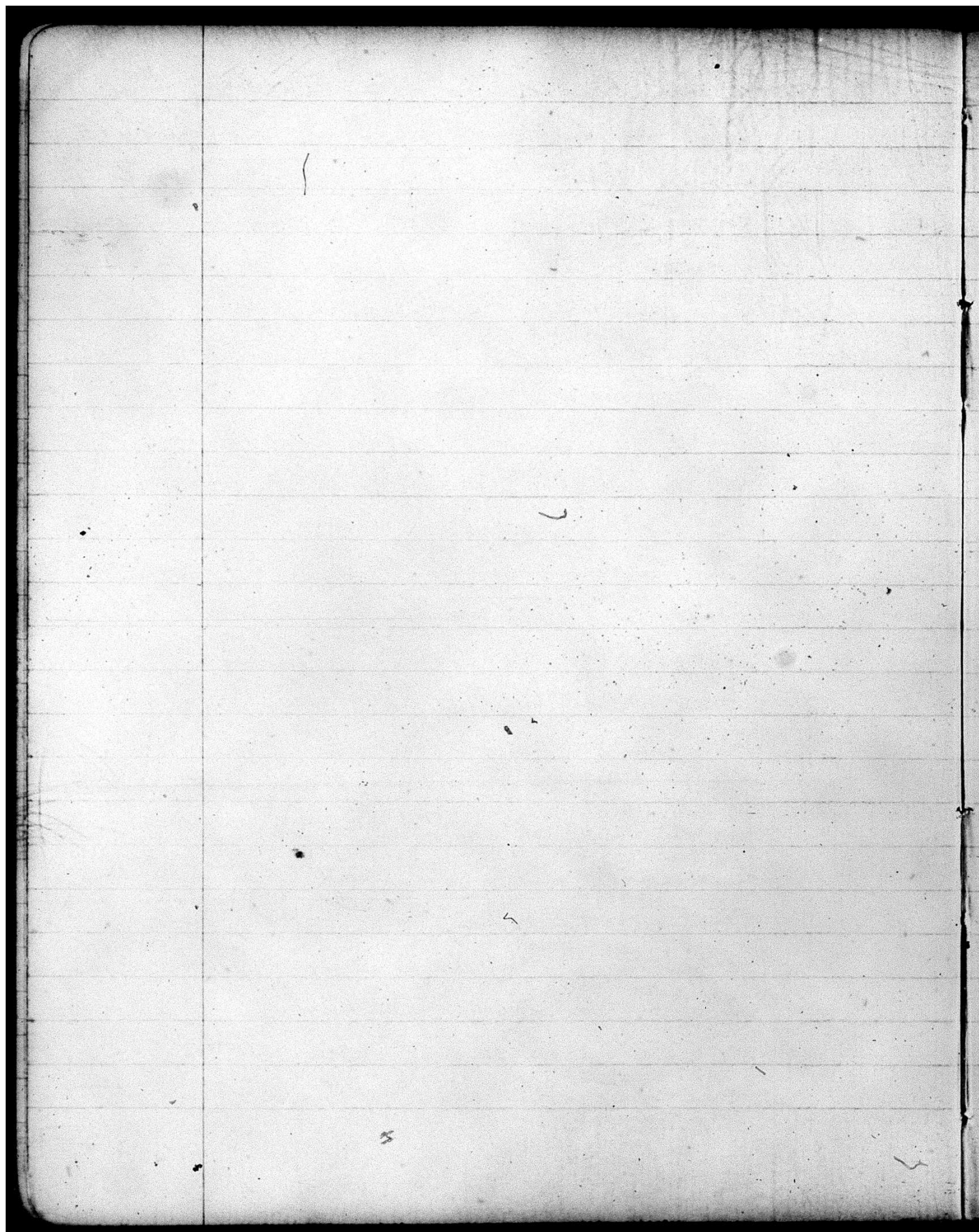
In the desert all these are single: all these are naked. They are pure and untroubled; not breaking up and dissolving by any comingling or communion; each remains itself and apart, harmonizing indeed with its fellows, but in no wise interfering.

The lines of demarcation are crude and harsh; but ~~the~~ softness is incomprehensibly



the result. They are irresistible, these eight elements; and together they mitigate immeasurably. The mind that revolts against them is ground down by their persistent ceaseless pressure. It is as when one throws a crystal of - say of microcosmic salt - into water: it is eaten silently and rapidly, and is no more; the water is undisturbed always; its action is like fate's, infinitely irresistible yet infinitely calm.

So the mind reaches out to think this or to think that; it is brought back into silence by the right great facts. The desert wind suffers no obstacle to impede it; the sun shines invincibly upon the baked earth of the village; the sand invisibly eats up the oasis, save for a moment where man casts up his earthenworks against it. Yet despite this, the spring keeps unexpected from the sand, and no simoon can stifle, nor sun evaporate it; nor can the immense sterility of the



desert conquer life. Look where you will, still every dune of sand has its inhabitants - not colonists, but natives of the inhospitable-seeming waste.

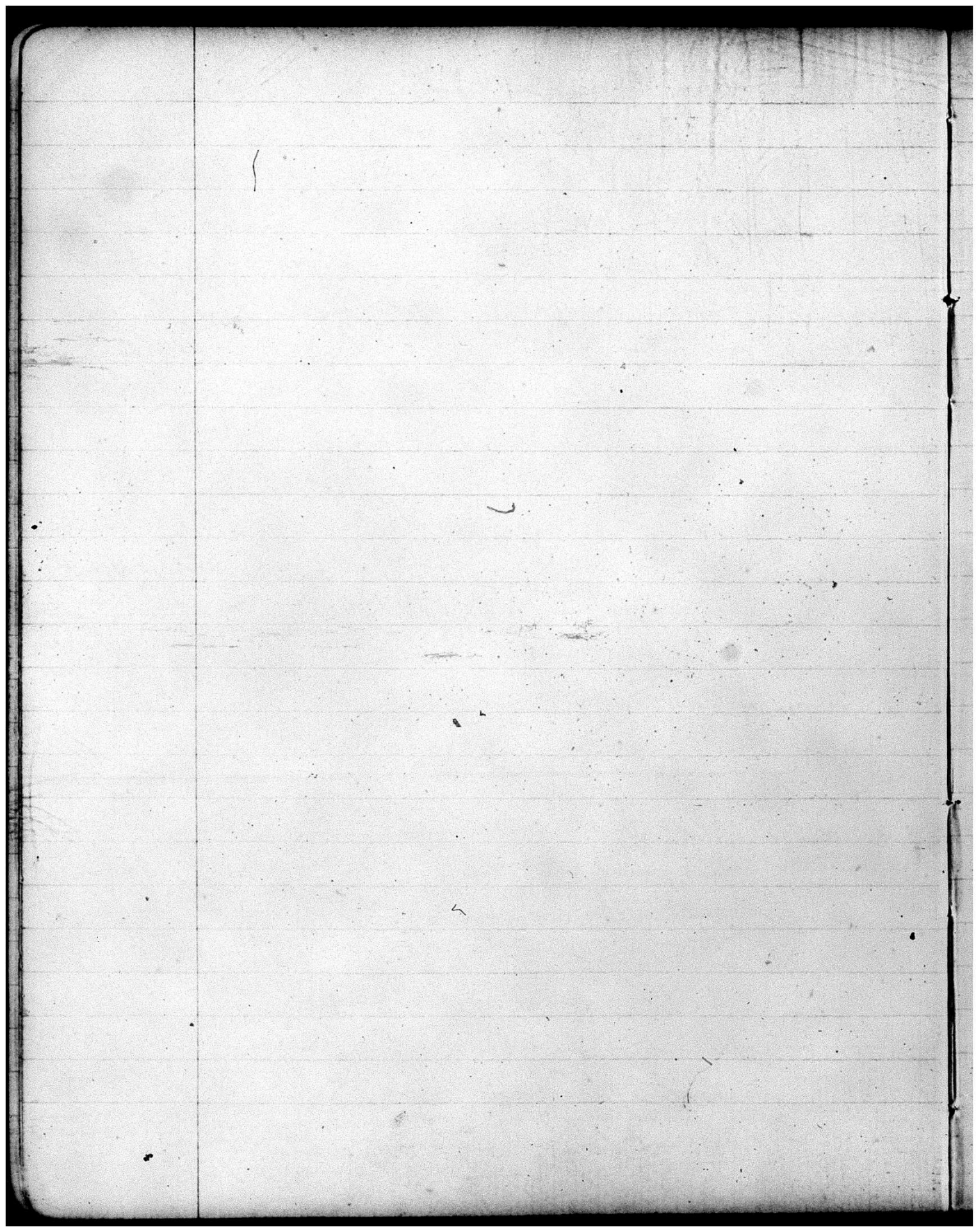
The moon itself, serenely revolving about earth, changes in appearance, as if to say: "Even so goest thou about the Sun."

Am I new or full? Never think it; that is but the point of view from which thou chancest to regard me. I am but a mirror of sunlight dark or bright according to the angle of thy gaze. ~~What is it?~~ Does the mirror alter? Is it not always the untrodden silver? Have not I always one face turned sunward? Thou but workest thyself when thou callest me "The Chaggyerful."

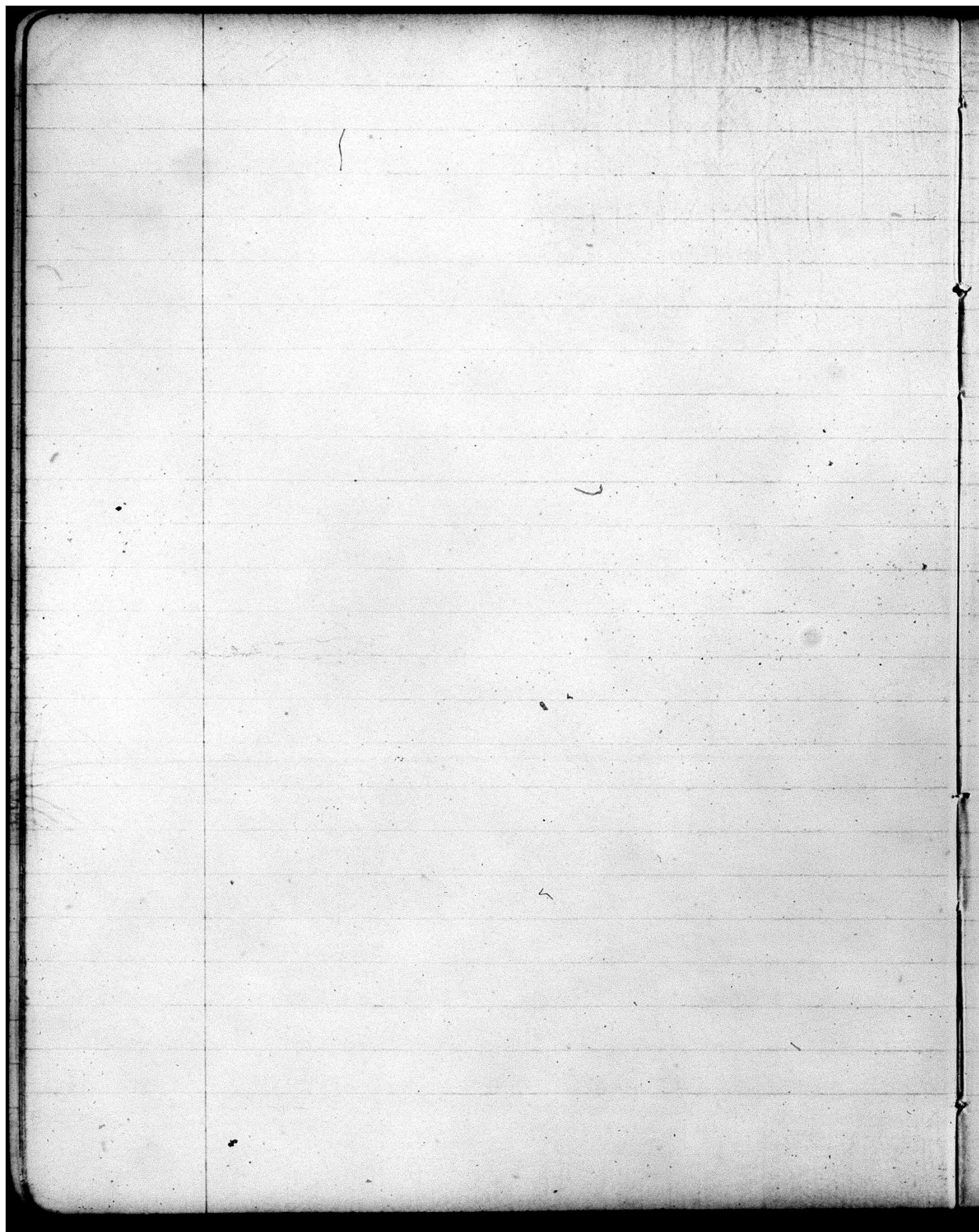
With such reflexions perhaps may come an end to the revolt of the monk against the desert.

For life itself, here in the oasis, is a thing ordered by these elements.

Night is for sleep; there is nothing to wake. There is no artificial light; <sup>interest</sup> no artificial food - literature.

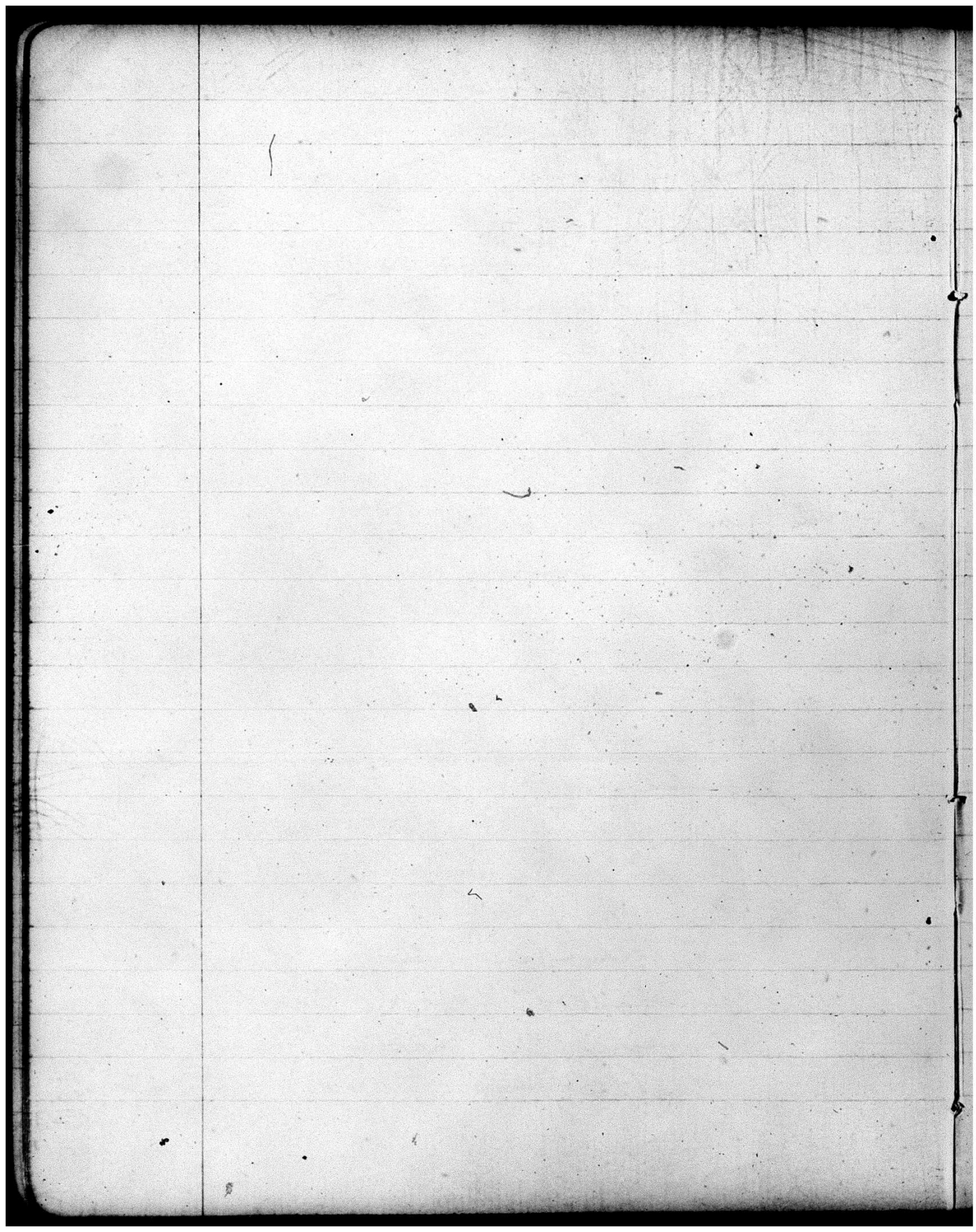


There is no choice of meats; one is always  
hungry. The Desert sauce is hungrier, maybe  
as and better than The King's Lincain's one  
sauce. Having eaten, one must walk; there  
is only one place to walk in. There is only  
one lesson to learn, peace; only one  
comment upon the lesson, thanksgiving.  
Love itself becomes simple as the  
rest of life. A glance in the Café  
Maure; a silent agreement with  
delight; a soft withdrawal to some  
hollow of the domes under the stars,  
where the village is blotted out as  
though it had never been, as one in  
that happy moment all the transgressions  
of the sinner, and all the woes of life  
by the Virtue of the Holy One, or else  
to some dim corner of a garden of  
the oasis by the stream, where  
through the softly stirring palms strikes  
the first moon-ray from the east, and  
life thrills in sleepy unrest; all, all in  
silence, not names or words exchanged,  
but with clean will an act accomplished.



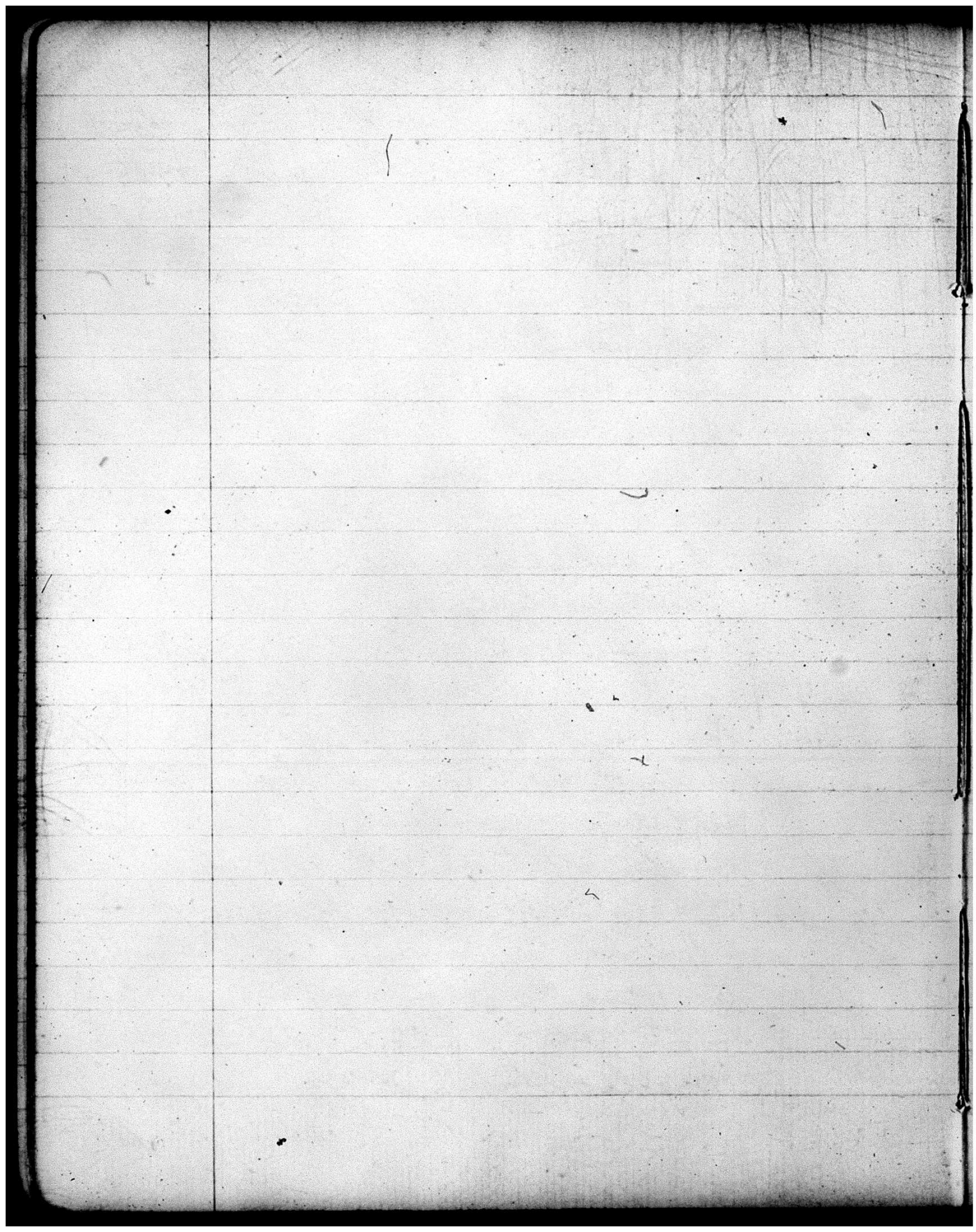
No more. No turmoil, no confusion, no despair,  
no self-torturing, hardly even memory.  
And this too at first is horrible; one  
expects so much from love <sup>three</sup> ~~such~~  
volumes of <sup>felchwood, a lady with for a garden.</sup> ~~compassion.~~ It is hard at  
first to realize that this is no more  
love than a carbuncle is part of a  
man's neck. All the spices where-  
with we are wont to season the flesh  
to our depraved palates, Maxim's,  
St. Margaret's, automobile rides, the Divorce Court,  
these are unwholesome pleasures. They  
are not love. Nor is love the  
exaltation of emotions, sentiments, follies.  
The stage love is not love, nor is the  
stale in Louis's Lane: love is the  
bodily ecstasy of dissolution, the  
pang of bodily death, wherein the  
Ego for a moment that is an aeon  
loses the fatal consciousness of itself  
and becoming one with that of another  
foreshadows to itself that greater  
sacrament of death, when 'the  
spirit returns to God that gave it.

St. Margaret's



And this great secret has also its part  
in the economy of life. By the  
word of silence we come to the gate  
of the City of God. As the mind  
is gradually stilled by the courage  
and endurance of the seeker, and by  
the warring might (that is peace  
unshakable) of these Eight Elements  
of the Desert, so, <sup>at last</sup> the Ego is found  
alone, unmasked, conscious of  
itself and of no other thing. This  
is the supreme anguish of the soul;  
it realizes itself as itself, as a  
thing separate from that which is  
not itself, from God. In this space  
there are two ways: if fear and pride  
are left in the soul, it shuts itself  
up, like a warlock in a tower,  
gnashing its teeth with agony "I am I"  
it cries "I will not lose myself" and  
in that state, damned, it is slowly  
torn by the claws of circumstance,  
disintegrated bitterly, for all its  
struggles, throughout ages and ages, its

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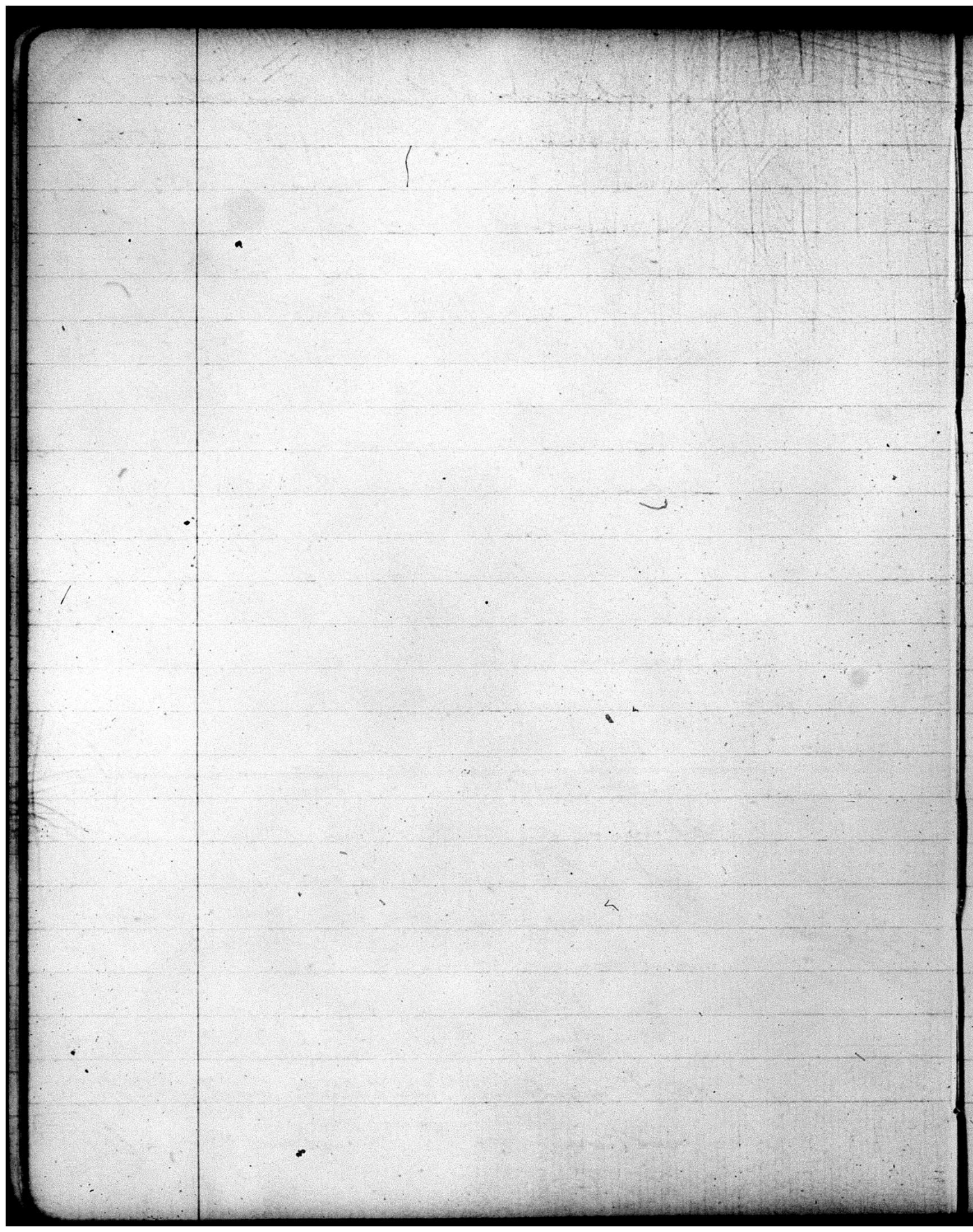
says to be cast piecemeal upon the  
dung heap without the city. And  
But the soul that has understood the  
blessedness of resignation, that  
is without hope or fear, without faith  
or doubt, without hate or love,  
dissolves itself ineffably into the  
abounding bliss of God. The organ  
of organs whose name is peace  
devours it; it cries with Shelley

... chains of lead about my flight of fire  
"I pant, I smother, I tremble, I expire"  
and with that last outbreathing is  
<sup>made one</sup> ~~single~~ with that primal and  
final breath, the Holy Spirit of God.

Such must be the climax of any  
retirement to the desert on the  
part of any aspirant to the  
Mysteries who has the ~~root of the~~  
<sup>spark of that fire</sup>  
~~scatter~~ in him.

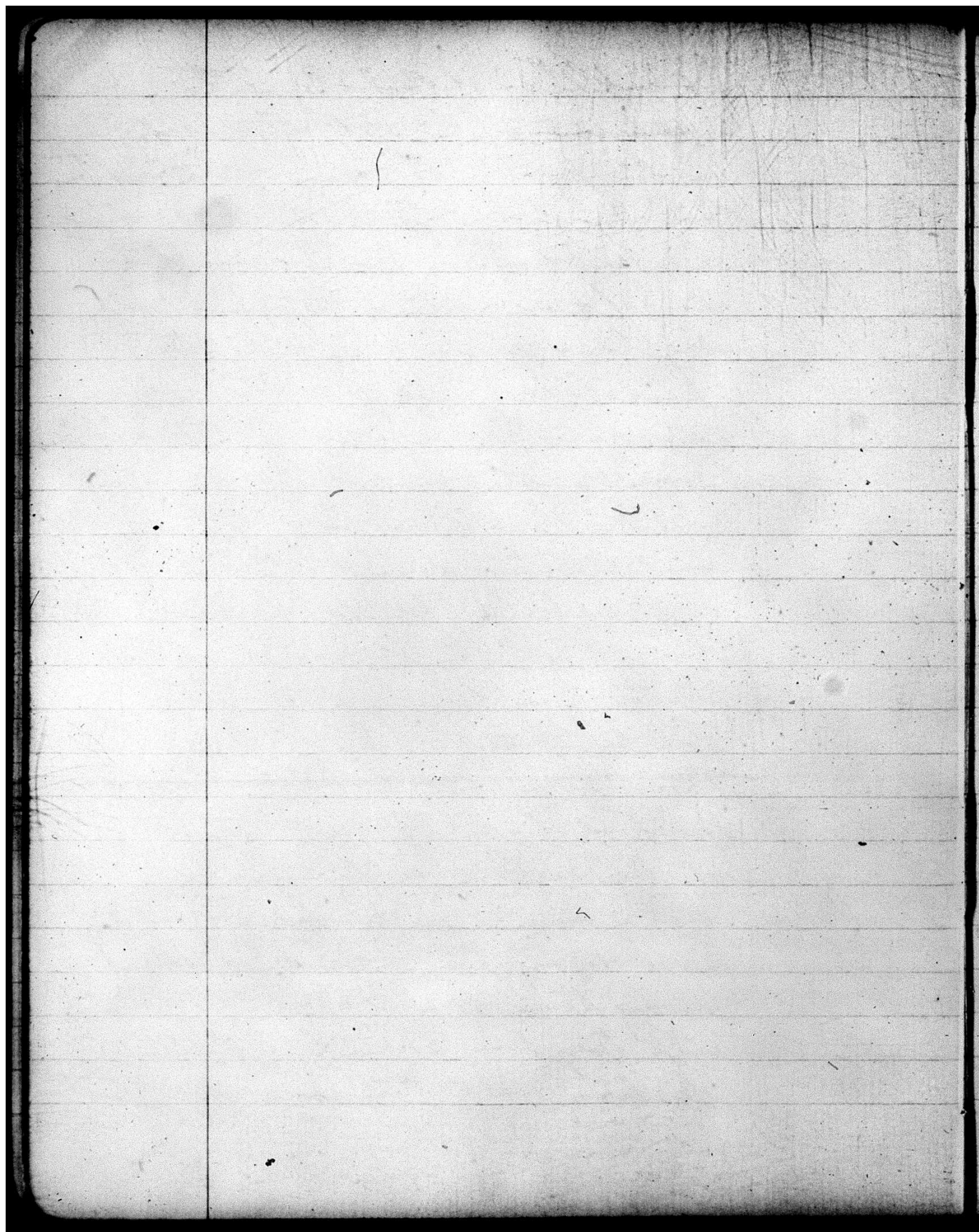
He is drawn to physical presence,  
or to regularity, simplicity, unity of  
motion, by the constant example

*Christy*



and compulsion of the elements. He is ~~compelled~~ obliged to introspection by the poverty of exterior impression, and through this he soon finds the sensations behind the thoughts, the perceptions behind the sensations, the laws underlying even the perceptions, and finally that consciousness which is the Lawgiver. Sooner or later, according to his energy and the sanctification of his will, must he tear down the great veil and behold himself upon the shining walls of space, uttering with shuddering rapture "This is I". Then let him choose!

From this moment of the annihilation of the Self in Pan, he is 'cured of the disease, self-knowledge'. He may return among his fellows, and move among them as a king, shine among them as a star. To him will they turn invisibly for light; to him will they come for the



healing of their wound.

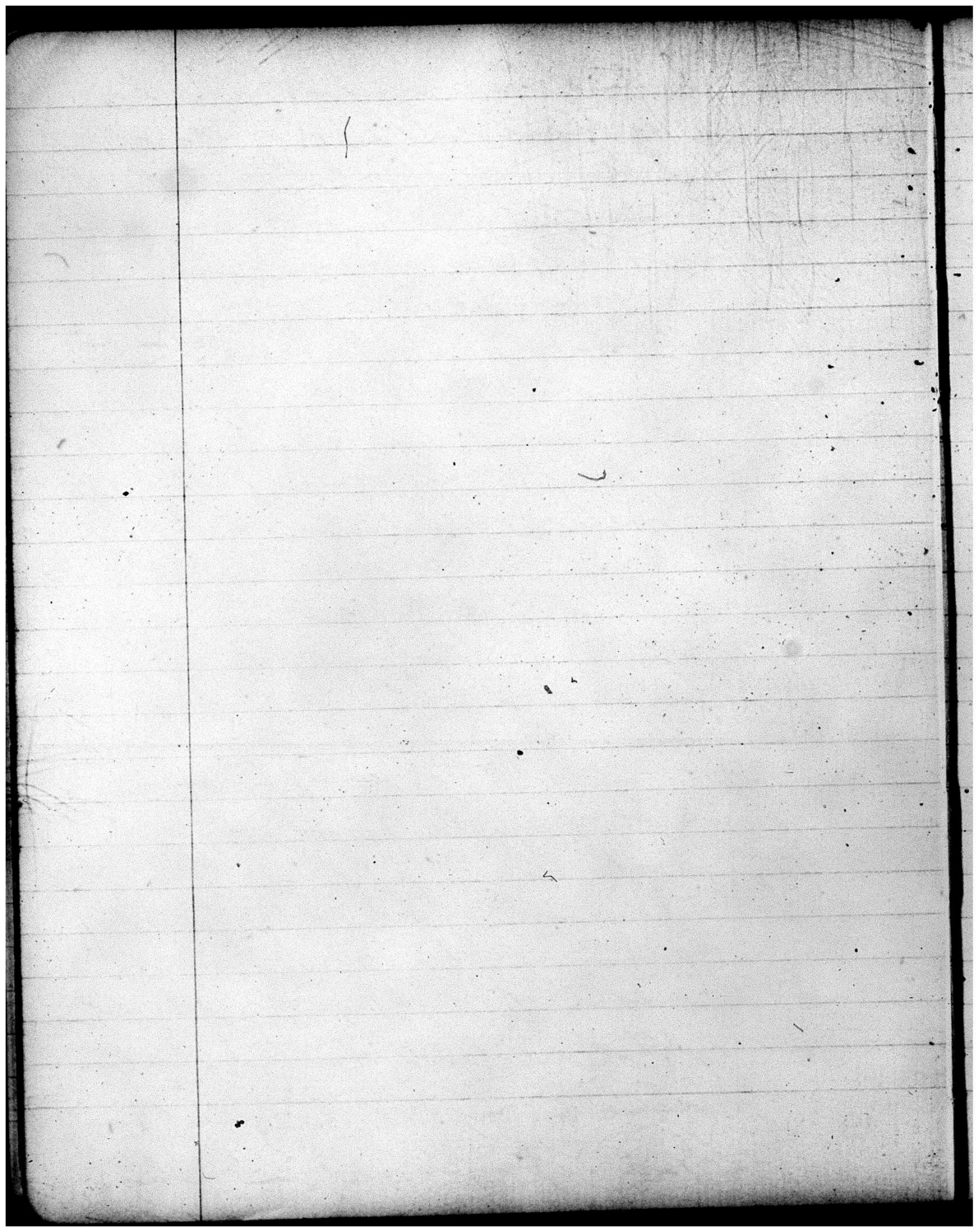
He shall lift up the Sacred Lance, and touch therewith the side of the King that was wounded by an lesser weapon; and the King shall be healed.

He shall plunge the point of the Lance into the Holy Grail, and it shall again glow with life and rest, giving forth its bounty of mysterious refreshment to all the company of knights.

And if ~~the~~ the rocks of life tear him, and its snows chill him, knoweth he not where to turn? Hath he not attained the secret? Hath he not entered into the Sanctuary of the Most High?

Is he not chosen and armed against all things? Is he not master of destiny of the world?

What can touch him, who hath become invulnerable, being lost in God? Or conquer him, who



hath become uncomprehensible, ~~be~~  
having compressed himself, and  
given himself up to God?

As well write upon the Sand, as  
write sorrow in his Soul. As well  
seek to dash the Sun, as to  
put out the light that is in him.

Thus I wrote in the palm-gardens of  
Tozeur, by the waters of its spring;  
Thus I wrote while the sun moved  
mightily down the sky, and the  
wind whispered that it came no  
whence and went no whither, even  
~~far~~ as it listed, from everlasting to  
everlasting. Amen.

Alexander Crowley