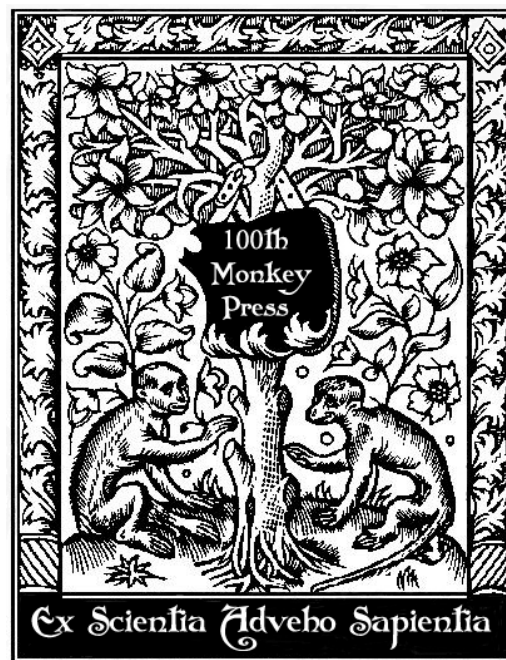
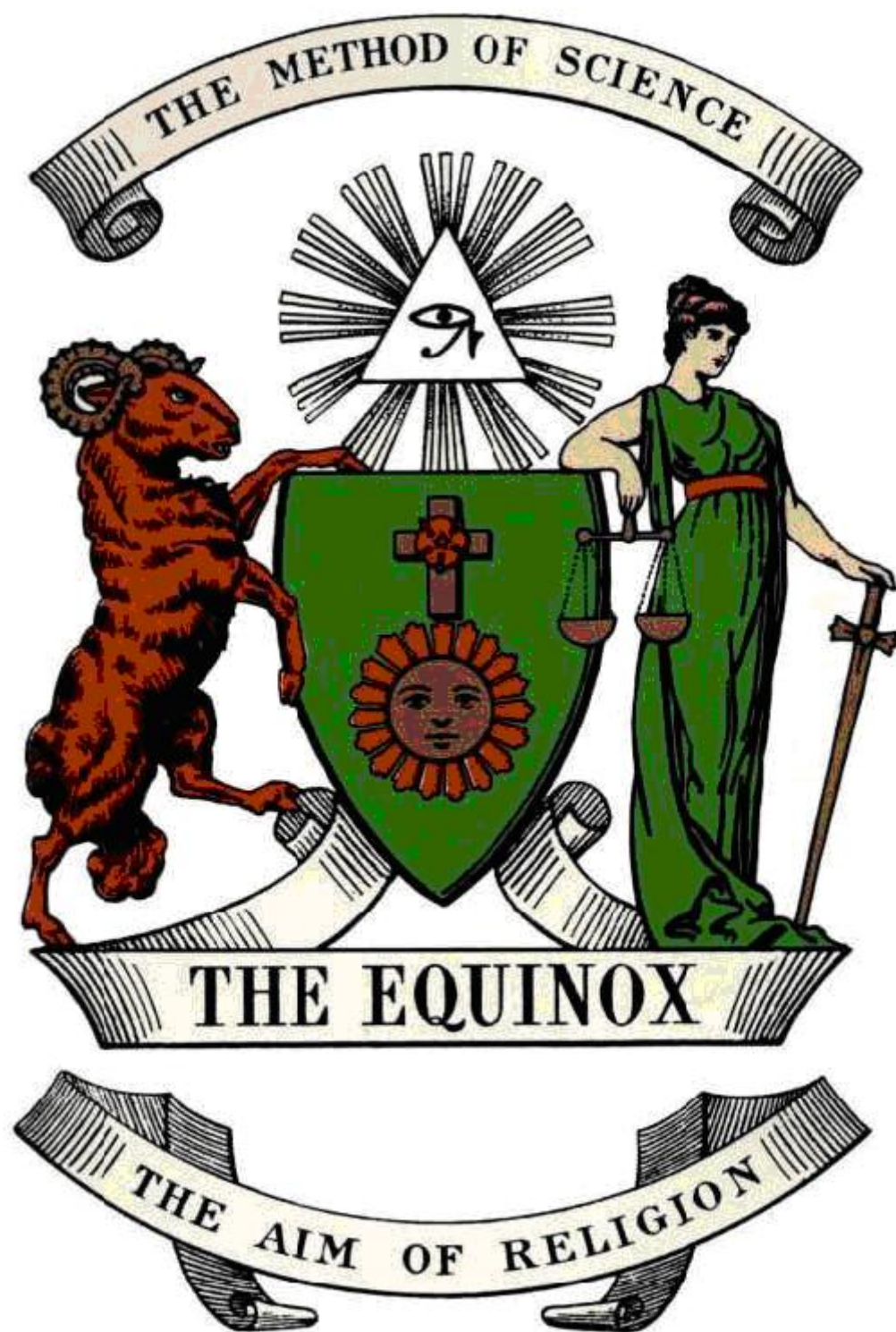


THE EQUINOX

100th Monkey Press
Austin, Texas
2007



“When a critical mass is achieved within a species, the behavior is instantaneously transferred to and exhibited by all members of the species”



This page is reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.: A.:]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.: A.:
c/o THE EQUINOX,
3 Great James Street,
W.C.
Telephone: CITY 8987

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A.: A.: considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows—

Maintenance of Temple, and service.	£200 p.a.
Publications.	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc.	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements.	<u>£200 p.a.</u>
	<u>£800 p.a.</u>

As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A.: A.:

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A.: A.: a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A.: A.:, under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A.: A.: must first pass three months as a Student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books:—

1. THE EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the present number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."
9. "Tannhäuser" by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.

[These last four items are to be found in his Collected Works.]

13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."

14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL)

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

Probationers are Reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A.: A.: views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

I. N. R. I.
BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS
O.T.O.
M.: M.: M.:

[The Praemonstrator of the A.: A.: permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A.: A.: and the O. T. O. and M.: M.: M.: and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern—

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an ex-

THE EQUINOX

ternal, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says—

“Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: ‘Let there be light!’ and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them.”

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself.

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection.

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Grand Secretary General, M.: M.: M.:, c/o THE EQUINOX, 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE

(Translated from the original French)

Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where PRINCE is GRAND MASTER of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son.

"I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

"These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

"You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

"This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

"Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

"View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

"Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: 'In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.'

"If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M."

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS

33 Avenue Studios

South Kensington

London, S.W.

THE EQUINOX

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

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.: A.:
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM
EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM
SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

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SEPTEMBER MCMXII

O. S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

WIELAND & CO.
3 GREAT JAMES STREET, GRAY'S INN
LONDON, W.C..

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EDITORIAL

LOVE! Dear Readers, have you ever thought what a wonderful thing love is? What would life be without love? A desert! There would be no *true* happiness without love.

And yet we must admit that love is in some ways a great danger. We must remember that many great teachers have forbidden it. What did the great Buddha say to Ananda? "Beware of women, Ananda!" But Lord, "they are subtle of speech!" "Don't speak to them, Ananda!" "But, Lord, suppose they speak to us?" "Keep wide awake, Ananda!"

Think of Paul's contemptuous permission, "It is better to marry than to burn" —it is easy to see that Paul had never been married!—and of his Master's plain prohibition of anything of the sort.

If our own Beloved Lord and Teacher does not join the band, it is (may I suggest with all humility?) because He wants us to be strong enough to manage our own affairs without resorting to the extreme of prohibition.

But it is hard upon the weak. Think of A, who left the noblest and the most exalted pursuits for a baser love, a love in a boarding-house in Hoxton, a love with spectacles and elastic-sided boots; think of B, who married (on her holiday as a maid-of-all-work in Bayswater) a forty-pfenning fly-by-night from Hamburg, who cuckolded him openly in the streets of Venice, and nearly sobbed the station into the lagoon as she was torn shrieking from her favourite gondolier by the girls she was supposed to be chaperoning; think of C, who forgot the heavenly choir for the earthly, and of D, who was last seen in Naples being sick out of a window on the second floor; think of E, who married a girl named Ethel Maud, reaping in himself that recompense of his error which was meet; think of F, who might have performed the Operation of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage, and has taken up Goat Golf instead; think of G, who went ashore once too often, and was caught by a girl named Alphonsina Nectarine Stubbs; think of H, who had to shave off the loveliest red beard to show what a strong chin he really had; think of I—no! that isn't grammar—think of Me!

My catalogue need not stop there, but it shall. Against all this what have we to urge but the awful example of J, who wanted to store up Ojas, and went off his K—nut?

No, dear readers, love is not all that it's cracked up to be. It's a good boy to have to answer the bell, but it's a bad packing-house when you're the pig!

Love is like champagne. You must drink it quickly; and if you keep it corked up too long, you find it has gone flat. It is a fine pick-me-up; but champagne all day is nastier than skilly.

FRATER PERDURABO is a wise man. He never says "Keep off the drink!" If you cannot drink soberly and decently you are not fit. If you can be your own master in the matter of love, you may perhaps master The Great Magician in the end. But if your Great Work means so little to you that the first *frou-frou* unsettles you, and the Perfume and the Vision mean no more than a whiff of patchouli and a glimpse of an open-work silk stocking—well, you're not the sort that was ever likely to do much good for the next few billion incarnations!

I could write on love for hours; but will conclude with only one other bit of advice—Don't marry a nigger!

By inadvertence two of the Official A.: A.: publications in No. VII were called *Liber Tau*. The Book DCCCXXI, formerly called *Vesta*, will therefore be called *Liber Iod* instead of *Tau*.

The lady who stole Mr. Crowley's Aldine Catullus is hereby warned that she is known, and had better return it before trouble arises. *Mæcha putida, redde codicillos.*

It is also hoped to secure at the mystic term in respect of known dedications sacramentally in fine a mystery-poem by our friend and co-disciple, restored and redeemed, Arthur Edward Waite. It is entitled,

THE EQUINOX

Epopt Istrarsis—Part I, "St. Leger's Eve"; Part II, "Moral Certainty"; Part III, "The Great Oath"; Part IV, "First Paces on the Path"; Part V, "Three spheres of Gold"; Part VI, "The Initiate's Pledge"; Part VII, "Beneath the Seat"; Part VIII, "The Maker of the Book"; Part IX, "Some Sixty-fold"; Part X, "The Bier"; Part XI, "The Bier" (continued); Part XII, "The Bier" (continued); Part XIII, "Blue Robes"; Part XIV, "The Dark Night"; Part XV, "Before the Accusers"; Part XVI, "The Assessor"; Part XVII, "Forte bobor tendas"; Part XVIII, "Aum sweet Aum!" Part XIX, "Welcome! The Allocution of Maria."

We must record our thanks to the noble generosity of many of our readers, which has enabled us to carry on the work of making known this clear description of The Path, given to us by the A.: A.:, which has so helped us all to enter and pursue that Path.

At Christmas we shall move to new premises. Notice will be sent by post to subscribers in due course.

ΘΕΛΗΜΑ

A TONE-TESTAMENT
BY
LEILA WADDELL

HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

LIFE that is lost in dullard
 Dream of the senses, go!
Life, by the soul fair-coloured,
 Thy valiant trumpets blow!

Far from the world where love is lust,
And work is pain, and wealth is dust,
Rise on the wings of love, and soar
To the sun's self, the eternal shore
Where flaming streamers soar and roll,
Angels to guard its secret soul,
The Garden where my love and I
May walk to all eternity.
Who dares to force the fiery gate
May win our world inviolate.
Children whose hearts are passionate;
Maidens whose flesh is fair and fain,
And men whose souls no senses stain,
Come! These mad miles of flame of ours
Are cool as springs and fresh as flowers.

And thou, sole star in my black firmament!
 Thou, night that wraps me close, thou, moon that glimmers
Chaste, yet embraced, serenest element
 Lapping my life as the sea laps a swimmer's;
Thou, by whose strength and purity and love
I leave this land, attain to the above,

Come thou rose-red, break on my soul like dawn
 And gild my peaks, and bid their fountains flow;
For in thine absence all their life withdrawn
 Congealed my being to a sterile snow,
Snow fallen from some accursed star to ban
All the high hope and heritage of man.

Come thou, a gleaming goddess of pure pearl,
 Price of mine homage to the great glad god!
Come, saint and satyr praise alike the girl
 Who to my whole life put the period
Of all fulfilment, whose prophetic breath
Girds me with life, and garlands me with death.

Come, be thy magic in the rime and rhythm,
 Until the sea sways to the tender tune,
And the winds whisper, and the leaves wave with them,
 The leaves wherethrough we look upon the moon,

THE EQUINOX

So that men hear me of the world within
Secure from sorrow, sanctified from sin.

The world of stranger deities and loves
Than haunted Ida, or were hidden in
The Cretan bowers, the Eleusinian groves,
A world that trembles on thy violin,
Eager to be—and then the curtain drops
Just as the music, with my heart's pulse, stops.

Nay! To this world of ours they shall not reach.
My rimes are shadows dancing in the breeze
By moonlight; there is no delight in speech
Such as the silence of our own heart's ease;
But even thy shadow is itself a sun
To the bleak universe of Everyone.

Then open sesame! The fairy cavern
Of gold and gems, strange land of misty truth
As witches' eyes in a polluted tavern
Glow with the vampire vanity of youth
Stolen from maids, so let thine own eyes shine
In this fantastic mystery of thine!

Thine eyes are love and truth and loyalty;
Thine eyes are mystery unveiled to one.
Let them ray forth incarnate deity
Fit to assoil the eclipse-attainted sun!
Let them point still my weather-beaten soul
Infallibly the pathway of the pole!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



ΘΕΛΗΜΑ. A TONE TESTAMENT

Andante con moto.

mp

cres.

f

tr

dim. e rit.

a tempo.

mp

f

mp

f

f

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' and the initial dynamic is 'mp'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. A crescendo ('cres.') is indicated in the third measure. The fourth measure starts with a forte ('f') dynamic. The fifth measure features a trill ('tr') over a note. The sixth measure is marked 'dim. e rit.' (diminuendo and ritardando). The seventh measure changes to a common time signature (C) and is marked 'a tempo.' and 'mp'. The final measure is marked 'f'. The score is divided into two systems, with the first system containing measures 1-5 and the second system containing measures 6-7.

THE EQUINOX

tr tr tr tr Allegro.
accel.

tr tr tr tr
sempre f

poco piu moderato.

rit.

f tr f

tr

The musical score for 'THE EQUINOX' is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of nine staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a trill (tr) above a quarter note. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and 'accel.' (accelerando). The second staff continues the melodic line, with trills (tr) above several notes. The dynamic is marked 'sempre f' (sempre forte). The third staff shows a change in the melodic pattern, with a trill (tr) above a note. The tempo is marked 'poco piu moderato.' (poco più moderato). The fourth staff continues the melodic line, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The fifth staff shows a change in the melodic pattern, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The sixth staff continues the melodic line, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The seventh staff shows a change in the melodic pattern, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The eighth staff continues the melodic line, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The ninth staff shows a change in the melodic pattern, with a trill (tr) above a note. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte).

ΘΕΛΗΜΑ. A TONE TESTAMENT

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, featuring a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with grace notes. The second staff includes triplets and slurs. The third staff starts with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The fourth staff features a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The fifth staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The sixth staff continues the melodic development. The seventh staff includes a first ending bracket labeled "1st time." The eighth staff concludes the piece with a *poco leggiero.* marking.

mp

cres.

f

1st time.

poco leggiero.

THE EQUINOX

The musical score for 'THE EQUINOX' is written on seven staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a dynamic marking of *f*. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The second staff continues the melodic line. The third staff features more complex rhythmic patterns with beamed sixteenth notes. The fourth staff includes a repeat sign followed by the instruction *2nd time.* The fifth staff starts with the instruction *ff più mosso.* and features a more active, rapid melodic line. The sixth staff continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The seventh staff concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction, a fermata over the final chord, and the word *FINE.*

THREE POEMS

BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG

THE WAY

PALE yellow moon, and pale green grass,
Oh, have ye seen Diana pass?
And are ye pale for longing or love,
Palest green grass, pale moon above?

Pale yellow moon, before the dawn,
 Palest green grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Soft-noted nightingales I love,
With the earth below, and the moon above,
And the rippling river singing slowly
Under the stars serene and holy.

Great staring moon before the dawn,
 Shining young grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, dimpling river, murmuring slowly
Under the starlight pale, and holy,
Oh, little green grasshoppers chirring, chirring,
What have ye seen in the bright night stirring?

Young moon chaste before the dawn,
 Softest young grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, little green grasshoppers sleepily chirring,
Have ye seen aught in the bright night stirring?
Palest moon, and pale green grass,
Have ye heard, have ye heard Diana pass?

Bright moon, virgin before the dawn,
 Listening grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

THE EQUINOX

A PICTURE

THE slim brown fingers kiss the viol-strings,
Dark, narrow eyes pierce to the soul within;
What slow enchanted joy reverie brings
To him, the lover of the violin;
Sorrow or joy: or saintliness or sin
To him are one, if only he may win
Unto the heart, the hidden heart that sings
What grave old histories, what mysterious things!

So there he squats to find the hidden flaw
In the dark doorway. God! I see him yet
With aweless face that yet reflects the awe
Of something greater than the music's fret;
On the dark soul within his thoughts are set;
No hope, no fear, no anguish, no regret,
But only wonder at some secret Law
That holds the sounds; he squats upon the straw.

Under that grave, blue sky no thing he sees:
The swift chameleon market-place; the white
Stern pillars of the churches; murmuries

That float on the summer air; the hot delight,
Awaken no response; only the might
Of the shy poesie that enchants the night
He cares to love; the eerie palaces
Where the soul finds forbidden harmonies.

Oh! Now his eyes dance up to meet the sun;
Curious, he peers into the hurtling air:
Oh! all his spirit follows, slim and fair;
The spears of light attract him: it is done;
The flaw is found; he bends again, to shun
The summer-heat: see! the swift fingers run
Like spiders o'er the strings: Look! it is bare,
The flaw: and he has found what godhead there!

THREE POEMS

A VALLEY SONG

OVER the hills the shadows creep,
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their golden, satiate sleep,
Singing, the skylark hovers.

His lyric gold the skylark spills
As over the bare, green hills he hovers;
The space betwixt love's breasts he fills
With songs from the hearts of lovers.

The shadows move across the green,
Slowly, over the grass and clover,
As gentle as the kiss between
Love's breasts from the lips of her lover.

The hills lie bare and green and steep,
And the skylark rises over,
Like the breath of love in the satiate sleep
Of the lover with her lover.

Oh, the hills of the scorching south,
Whereover the dim, poised skylark hovers!
Oh, why is the song of the skylark's mouth
Such pain to the weary lovers?

Over the hills the shadows creep
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their satiate, golden sleep
The shrilling skylark hovers.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON
THE KING

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

THE BABE

It was about a fortnight after the writing of *Liber Legis* that Fra. P. left Egypt for the grey skies of the Scottish Highlands, where, with the Seer, he began to put into practice the experiments suggested in the Book of the Law.

The astounding success of these experiments would have convinced any other man of the reality of his experiences, and induced him to devote his life absolutely to the work enjoined; but Fra. P. was not made of common clay. He issued a careless manifesto, calling upon the Universe to adore, and nothing particular coming of this, he lost interest. It's what he calls "The way of the Tao" to do everything by doing nothing. Take no trouble or care about a matter; it will come to pass. It seems to us a sort of happy fatalism; to him it is the highest of magical formulæ.

The upshot of all was that on the birth of a child he had completely put everything aside. He played at Yoga for about a week during the summer, and he took some little trouble to disperse the wreckage of the Rosicrucians, which constituted a danger to navigation, the wretch Mathers having by now abandoned all pretence at magic, and mingled stupid sorceries with his bouts of intoxication, ever more frequent and prolonged. This service to humanity he successfully performed; the "Rump" of the London Temple was dispersed, and its chief, his occupation gone, left to the more diverting pastime of trying to dodge the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

With autumn we find Fra. P. still less occupied with magic; he spent the winter skating at St. Moritz, where his only occult exploit seems to have been parson-baiting, and though he returned to Scotland in the spring, it was only for a few days. For on April 27, 1905, one of the old comrades of his journeys in Central Asia sought him out, and proposed a new Expedition. Fra. P. gleefully accepted, and on May 6, having got together his kit, left his home, and sailed for India on the 12th.

His diary is henceforth barren of all interest to us. We learn only that the success of his plans was spoilt by a mutiny, which resulted in the death of four innocent people, and a good deal of damage to the mutineers, and that in consequence he went off to visit his old friend the Maharaja of Moharbhaj, and shoot big game. After spending a few days with this amiable despot, he went off alone into the jungle, and his thoughts immediately reverted to magic, to the performance of the Great Work, though not as yet to the Egyptian revelations. His antipathy to these, with their irrational instructions, grew and grew. It was only with the shattering of his reason that he could possibly accept them, and act on them.

Yet even in this month's wandering in the jungle we find little in the diary but the record of exercise of strange magic powers. we read three or four times that a certain adept joined him by night in the magical body. And on one night—

"Had long colloquy with Golden Hawk; invited—(the Adept) and learnt that the Great Work was to create a new Universe. Whence severe self-criticism."

This at the end of his journey. Yet during this journey we find that he had written down the secrets of the Mystic Path in a mysterious MS., which few indeed have been privileged to see.

In Calcutta he was very busy. He had been attacked by armed robbers, and, slaying two of them, was, in the then political condition of Bengal, likely to be offered up as a scapegoat. Further, his wife and child joined him, and it seemed most desirable that he should pursue his travels, which he did.

But of this week one illuminating sentence is preserved. Fra. P. was driving through Calcutta with Mr. E—T—, and complaining to him that the analysis of impressions showed no connection between them. There was no coherence in the non-Ego, and so no sanity in the Universe.

His companion pointed out that the same criticism applied with equal force to the Ego.

This fell on Fra. P. with the force of a thunderbolt. He had always known this in an intellectual way; now it stabbed him to the heart. Through the rest of the drive he sat silent, and in the bustle of the succeeding days of Bandobast for his newly projected walk through China, this awakening stood behind his mind, alert and operative.

From Calcutta he proceeded to Rangoon (Nov. 3-6), where he found his old comrade, I. A., now a member of the Buddhist Sangha, under the name of Bhikku Ananda Metteya.

It was from him that he received the instructions which were to help him to reach the great and terrible pinnacle of the mind whence the Adept must plunge into the Abyss, to emerge naked, a babe—the Babe of the Abyss.

"Explore the River of the Soul," said Ananda Metteya, "whence and in what order you have come."

For three days—the longest period allowed by the Buddhist law—he remained in the Choung, meditating on this matter; but nothing seems to have come of it. He set his teeth and settled down doggedly to this consideration of the eternal why. Here is a being in Rangoon. Why? Because he wanted to see Bhikku A. M. Why? Because . . . and so on to the half-forgotten past, dark seas that phosphoresced as the clean keel of his thought divided them.

But, as appears, he was even more absorbed in the question of the consecution of impressions. Is there any connection between any two things?

We hear that he left Rangoon for Bhamo by the Irrawaddy steamer *Java* on the 15th. We can almost see him—lean, brown, stern and immobile, watching the wavelets of the great river, and the flying-fish, and the one thought: Why?

He shut off his reflective faculties, for he saw that there was nothing to reason about. Phenomena were consecutive, but not causally connected.¹

On the 18th he writes: "About now I may count my Speculative Criticism of the Reason as not only proved and understood, but realized"; and on the 19th: "The misery of this is simply sickening—I can write no more."

There is, however, an entry of this date in his little MS. book of vellum: I realize in myself the perfect impossibility of reason; suffering great misery. I am as one who should have plumed himself for years upon the speed and strength of a favourite horse, only to find not only that its speed and strength were illusory, but that it was not a real horse at all, but a clothes-horse. There being no way—no conceivable way—out of this awful trouble gives that hideous despair which is only tolerable because in the past it has ever been the Darkness of the Threshold. But this is far worse than ever before; for it is not a despair of the Substance, but of the Form. I wish to go from A to B; and I am not only a cripple, but there is no such thing as space. I have to keep an appointment at midnight; and not only is my watch stopped, but there is no such thing as time. I wish to make a cannon; and not only have I no cue, but there is no such thing as causality.

"This I explain to my wife" (! ! !—Ed.), and she, apparently inspired, says, 'Shoot it!' (I suppose she means the reason, but, of course, she did not understand a word of what I had been saying. I only told her for the sake of formulating my thought clearly in words.) I reply, 'If I only had a gun.' This makes me think of Siegfried and the Forging of the Sword. Can I heat my broken Meditation-Sword in the furnace of this despair? Is Discipline the Hammer? At present I am more like Mime than Siegfried; a gibbering ape-like creature, though without his cunning and his purpose.

"Only, no water's left to feed its play."

"Up with it on the tripod! It's extinct."

"But surely I am not a dead man at thirty!"

The entry is followed by an undated entry earlier than the 25th, suggesting a method of discipline. But nothing else.

Indeed, there is absolute silence on all mystic matters until December 20, over a month later. On that day, jumping on to his Burmese pony, a few yards after fording the stream which marks the Chinese frontier, the animal backed before he was in the saddle, and fell with him over a cliff of some forty feet in height. "Neither hurt," he remarks. "Later, kicked on the thigh by a mule."

It is of no purpose here to deal with Fra. P.'s private affairs; but one must mention that all this time of interior insanity he was "playing the man" very vigorously. His moral force no doubt saved the Europe-

¹ This should be studied with chapter VIII of *The Star in the West*, and Hume's "Essay on the Human Understanding" which he again read on the 17th.

ans of Tengyueh from a panic which might easily have resulted in massacre. After the death, perhaps by poison, of the Consul, the admirable and undervalued Litton, he was the only person who kept his head, and knew how to assert the authority of the white man. So that we must understand that this "black insanity" of which Fra. P. speaks was a private little insanity of his own; it in no way interfered with the normal working of his magnificent and heroic brain.

Not to be turned aside from any purpose, however trivial, once he had formulated it, we find him leaving Tengyueh-Ting for the wildest mountains and deserts of Western China.

But before this, the Light had begun to break into the ruins of his mind. On February 9 he writes: "About this full moon consciousness began to break through Ruach into Neschamah"; and two days later: "Pu Peng to Ying Wa Kuan. I 'shoot the Reason' by going back, though on a higher plane, to Augoeides (*i.e.* the Holy Guardian Angel). Resolve to accomplish a Great Retirement on lines closely resembling Abra-melin. The 'note-book and stop-watch method' is too much like criticism. Doubt whether I should actually do Op. or confine myself to Augoeides. Latter easy to prepare, of course." And so on, making a plan.

Now, how did this come about? Not from the meditation on the Reason, which ended once for all in the Destruction of that Reason, but by the "Sammāsati" meditation on his Kamma. Baffled again and again, the fall with his horse supplied the one factor missing in his calculations. He had repeatedly escaped from death in manners almost miraculous. "Then I am some use after all!" was his conclusion. "I am indeed SENT to do something." For whom? For the Universe; no partial good could possibly satisfy his equation. "I am, then, the 'chosen Priest and Apostle of Infinite Space.' Very good: and what is the message? What shall I teach men?" And like the lightning from heaven fell upon him these words: "THE KNOWLEDGE AND CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL."

Just that. No metaphysical stuff about the "higher self"; a thing that the very villagers of Pu Peng could understand. Avoid refinements; leave dialectic to the slaves of reason.

His work must, then, be to preach that one method and result. And first must he achieve that for himself; for if the blind lead the blind—

So again we read (in the Diary, this time) on February 11. "Made many resolutions of G. R. (Great Retirement). In dream flew to me an Angel, bearing an Ankh, to comfort me."

We may now transcribe the Diary. We find the great mind, the complex man, purged through and through of thought, stripped of all things human and divine, centred upon one single Aspiration, as simple as the love of a child for its father.

- Feb. 12. Continuing these Resolutions.
- " 13. Continuing these Resolutions. Read through Goetia, etc., etc.
- " 14. Thoughts of the Augoeides.
- " 15. Again thoughts of Augoeides. Knowing the Invocation (Preliminary Invocation in the Goetia) by heart, will repeat same daily.
- " 16. A.: (This cipher means "Invoked Augoeides.")
- " 17. A.: though unwell.
- " 18. A.: though ill.
- " 19. A.: some vision with Invocation.
- " 20. A.: in a.m. disturbed.
A.: in p.m. rather good.
(Henceforward he did it twice daily.)
- " 21. A.: in a.m. with M.: C.: good (Is M.: C.: Mystic Circumambulation or Magical Ceremony or—?) in p.m. disturbed by drugs and diarrhoea. A weird effect.
- " 22. A.: in p.m. poor (ill).
A.: in p.m. poor (sleepy).
- " 23. A.: in a.m. poor.
A.: in p.m. rather good.
- " 24. A.: in a.m. pretty good.
A.: in p.m. just on the point of being good.
- " 25. A.: in a.m. mediocre.

THE EQUINOX

- Qy. Are all these troubles in Yunnan-Fu due to Abramelin devils? I ask the Augoeides for "a sufficient measure of protection." Like an instant answer comes Wilkinson's letter setting up things.
- " 26. A.: sleepy (Baby ill). (He had been watching the child for two days and nights without sleep.)
- " 27. A.: in a.m. rather good.
A.: in p.m. disturbed.
- " 28. A.: omitted in a.m. through forgetful folly.
A.: in p.m. penitent but sleepy.
- Mar. 1. A.: penitent and fair.
Good, but should do new Pentagram ritual before and after to make a Magick Circle.
- " 2. New A.: very difficult (walking on cobbles).
- " 3. A.: difficult (walking).
- " 4. A.: difficult walking and very tired.
(It should be explained that this powerful magical ceremony had usually to be done under the most awkward circumstances. He averaged about ten hours' walking daily, and had all the business of camp life to attend to when he got in. People who complain that they have to go to the City every day please note.)
- " 5. A.: better but not good.
- " 6. A.: better.
- " 7. A.: still better.
- " 8. A.: really very good.
Ditto in p.m.
(Smooth sandy road perhaps helped.)
- " 9. A.: very poor (horseback, slippery wet sand, and cobbles).
- " 10. A.: good considering (horseback).
- " 11. A.: poor (evil thoughts).
- " 12. A.: unconcentrated.
- " 13. A.: literally against my own will. Beneath contempt. Qy. Effect of ease, etc.
(On the 10th he had arrived at Mengtzu, where the Collector of Customs kindly received him, and gave him the first meal and bed he had had since leaving Tengyueh.)
- " 14. A.: still very bad—a shade better.
- " 15. A.: still poor. (Rain, wind, horse, mud, cobbles).
- " 16. A.: a shade better (in chair) (*i.e.* his wife's Sedan chair).
- " 17. A.: slowly improving (boat). (By this time they had got to Manhao, and embarked on the dangerous rapids of the Red River. He was nearly drowned, the dug-out twice hitting rocks.)
- " 18. Arrived at Ho K'ow.
A.: at night nearly forgotten. Did it in the open late at night. Rather good.
- " 19. A.: mediocre (train).
- " 20. A.: a bit better. (He arrived at Hai-Phong.)
- " 21. A.: about the same.
- " 22. A.: bad (sleepy—sea-sick). He was now on a tramp steamer packed three-deep with pigs.)
- " 23. A.: better. (Magnificent Fata Morgana. Shipping, etc., upside down in air above itself. Qy. A sign for me?) (This question suggests that he is getting through the Abyss to that great obligation of a Master of the Temple, "I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul.") (A night of shocking and terrible nightmare.)
- " 24. A.: again a shade better.
- " 25. A.: good. Vision more convincing.
- " 26. A.: still good.
- " 27. A.: poor (heavy sea). (Off Hoi-How.)
- " 28. A.: again poor (heavy sea).

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- " 29. (At Hongkong). A.: poor (indigestion).
- " 30. A.: good: very good.
- " 31. A.: fairly good.
- April 1. A.: poor—sleepy.
- " 2. A.: again poor, in spite of two attempts.
- " 3. A.: mediocre (left Hongkong per SS. *Nippon Maru*). (He had sent his wife and child directly by steamer to England.)
- " 4. I foolishly and wickedly put off A.: work all day; now it is 1 a.m. of the 5th. By foolish, I mean contrary to my interest and hope in A.: By wicked I mean contrary to my will. A.: goodish: lengthy and reverie-like. Yet my heart is well. I spake it audibly.
- " 5. A.: vocalized: goodish. (Knocked sideways by malaria; a sharp attack of shivering.)
- " 6. At Shanghai. A.: very ethereal.
- " 7. Bowled clean over by fever; spent p.m. in bed drunk with Dover's Powder. Quite sufficiently ill to excuse slackness: *e.g.* I could not even read a light novel.
- " 8. Feeble but convalescent.
A.: nevertheless pretty good for concentration and sincerity; not notable for result. I think I had better begin to renounce idle things, save where politeness calls, and calls loud.
If I take life too easy, the Great Retirement will be harder: on the other hand an asceticism to no instant purpose may exhaust me for the struggle when it comes. One of those rare cases where a "golden mean" looks well.
- " 9. A.: at night good: considerable strain in ether.
(It is here fitting to mention Fra. P.'s idea of performing this "Preliminary Invocation" of the Goetia.)
The preamble: he makes a general concentration of all his magical forces, and a declaration of his will.
The Ar Thiao section. He travels to the infinite East among the hosts of angels summoned by the words. A sort of "Rising on the Planes," but in a horizontal direction. The same remarks apply to the next three sections in the other quarters.
At the great invocation following he extends the Shivalingam to infinite height, each letter of each word representing an exaltation of it by geometrical progression.
Having seen this satisfactorily, he prostrates himself in adoration.
When consciousness begins to return, he uses the final formula to raise that consciousness in the Shivalingam, springing to his feet at the moment of uniting himself with it, and lastly uttering that supreme song of the Initiate beginning: "I am He, the Borneless Spirit, having light in the feet; strong, and the Immortal Fire!"
(Thus performed, the Invocation means about half an hour of the most intense magical work imaginable—a minute of it would represent the equivalent of about twelve hours of Asana.)
- " 10. A.: no good (rather tired, especially at night).
- " 11. A.: very bad indeed: worried.
- " 12. A.: better, but sleepy. Not by any means good, but more impersonal.
- " 13. A.: sleepy: in fact dropped off. (He had been doing a magic for a Soror of the Great Order, and exhausted himself.)
- " 14. (Easter Eve). A.: mediocre.
The Op. of Abramelin being due to commence on Easter Sunday, methinks it would be well to make a certain profound conjuration of A.: on that day with a view to acquiring a proper knowledge of the Method of the G.: R.: The A.: should be definitely invoked for this purpose with all possible ceremony. Is it not written: "Unto whomsoever shall draw nigh unto Me will I draw nigh"? And, as I have proved, the help of A.: is already given as if the Op. were successfully brought to an end. Only can this right be forfeited by slackness toward the obligation. From this, then, O Holy Exalted One, preserve me! (The invocation had to wait till the 20th.)

THE EQUINOX

- " 15. A.: rather better.
- " 16. A.: above average; but little convincing.
- " 17. A.: about the same: very tired.
- " 18. Studying *Liber Legis*.
A.: much better; will go to sleep in vision. (The result curious: I woke up several times, and though I cannot at all remember, I know it was thinking of A.: in some way.)
- " 19. A.: fair. After-results again vaguely magnificent—memory seems quite in vain.
- " 20. A.: in the presence of my Soror F.
(The results of this and the next invocation were most brilliant and important. They revealed the Brother of A.: A.: who communicated in Egypt as the Controller of all this work. Their importance belongs therefore rather to the history of those relations than of this simple invocation-method, and will be dealt with in another place. P. was entirely sceptical of these results at the time.)
- " 21. A.: with Soror F. Left Shanghai.
- " 22. Ill. No regular A.: but much concentrated thought. Decided to reject results of 20th and 21st, and go on as if they had never happened.
- " 23. Fair to good. Asked A.: for sufficient health on voyage to perform invocations properly. (PS. This was granted.)
- " 24. At Kobe. A.: fair only; though I invoked all these powers of mine. Yet after, by a strong effort of will, I banished my sore throat and my surroundings, and went up in my Body of Light. Reached a room in which a cruciform table was spread, a naked man being nailed thereto. Many venerable men sat around, feasting on his living flesh and quaffing his hot Blood. These (I was told) were the Adepts, whom I might one day join. This I understood to mean that I should get the power of taking only spiritual nourishment—but probably it means much more than this.
Next I came into an apparently empty hall, of white ivory worked in filigree. A square slim altar was in the midst. I was questioned as to what I would sacrifice on that altar. I offered all save my will to know A.: which I would only change for its own realization. I now became conscious of god-forms of Egypt sitting, so vast that I could only see to their knees. "Would not knowledge of the gods suffice?" "No!" said I. It was then pointed out to me that I was being critical, even rationalistic, and made to see that A.: was not necessarily fashioned in my image. I asked pardon for my blindness, and knelt at the altar, placing my hands upon it, right over left. Then one, human, white, self-shining (my idea after all!), came forth and put his hands over mine, saying: "I receive thee into the Order of the——."
I sank back to earth in a cradle of flame.
- " 25. Yesterday's vision a real illumination, since it showed me an obvious mistake which I had utterly failed to see. The word in my Kamma-work (in Burma) was *Augoeides*, and the method *Invoking Often*. Therefore a self-glittering One, whether my conscience approves or not, whether my desires fit or not, is to be my guide. I am to *invoke often*, not to criticize. Am I to lose my grade of Babe of the Abyss? I cannot go wrong, for I am the chosen one; that is the very postulate of the whole work. This boat carries Caesar and his fortunes.
A.: fair to good; but attention wandered toward close.
- " 26. A.: fair. Am convinced I did not go to sleep: yet the end is completely veiled from memory. (Neighbourhood-concentration attained—Ed.)
A.: rather poor; yet a certain clarity of vision of a white one like him of the 25th.
- " 28. A.: poor; bodily health imperfect still, yet great clarity of vision in the matter of the four quarters.
- " 29. A.:
The same thing happens every time: the mechanical part is kept easily, but I fall instantly into a dull reverie or even slumber. This has nothing pleasant or alluring; is curiously impersonal and bewildering.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

- " 30. A.: exactly the same as yesterday. Will repeat. (It has struck me—in connection with reading Blake—that Aiwass, etc., "Force and Fire" is the very thing I lack. My "conscience" is really an obstacle and a delusion, being a survival of heredity and education. Certainly to rely on it as an abiding principle in itself is wrong. The one really important thing is the fundamental hypothesis: I am the Chosen One. All methods will do, if I only *invoke often* and stick to it.)
A.: repeated. Very good and lucid.
(It will be noticed that Fra. P., during this period, seems to have been constantly struggling with his "conscience." He had completely destroyed his intellect; now he was up against the last bulwark of the Ego, the moral self, the tendencies. Notice that in speaking of destruction of the intellect, nothing more is meant than recognition of the vanity of the intellect in relation to the absolute; so also for conscience. Twice two still make four, and killing is still murder: but all this is relative, and relates to the individual in his limitations, not to the absolute).
This very simple truth, that the planes are separate, is the greatest of all the discoveries of Fra. P. It is a complete key to life.
- May 1. A.: fair. No tendency to sleep.
(The O.: (operation) is a great test of faith and will; not at all of wit. Just what I have always lacked!)
- Yesterday's attribution of the hexagram given in vision clearly right. The descending triangle is the divine drawing down to man, the wedge of blue splitting matter; the upright triangle is the human flame aspiring.
(Compare the doctrine of the two arrows in *Liber 418*.)
- " 2. Worked hard at day at Comment on *Liber Legis*: lamentably little result.
A.: good, considering excessive fatigue.
- " 2 bis. (the extra day gained on crossing the 180°.)
A.: good—vision like the Milky Way in texture.
- " 3. A.: mediocre.
- " 4. A.: very energetic on my part, intently so, better perhaps than ever before.
However (or perhaps because) there was little vision.
Indeed, this work of A.: requires the Adept to assume the woman's part: to long for the bridegroom, maybe, and to be ever ready to receive his kiss; but not to pursue openly and to use force.
Yet "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." May it not be, though, that such violence should be used against oneself in order to attain that passive state? And, of course, to shut out all rivals? Help me, thou Holy One, even in this; for all my strength is weak as water, and I am but a dog. Help me, O self-glittering one! draw nigh to me in sleep and in waking, and let me ever be as a wise virgin, and expect thy coming with a lamp of oil of holiness and beauty! Hail, beautiful and strong one! I desire thy kisses more than life or death.
- " 5. A.: medium.
- " 6. A.: tired and excited, yet with great resolution.
Vision good. Aimed at passive attitude.
- " 7. A.: good; starry effect concentrating into a brilliant moonlight in my body.
- " 8. A.: same effect as yesterday.
- " 9. A.: poor. (This begins the railway journey from Vancouver.)
- " 10. A.: poor. Am really worn out.
- " 11. A.: better—much reverie; vision not acute.
- " 12. A.: not bad.
- " 13. A.: purposely done more rapidly than usual. But restful.
- " 14. A.: sleepy. Am by no means recovered from the fatigues of this journey.
- " 15. A.: mediocre and unwilling.
- " 16. (Arrived New York) A.: better but sleepy. I must really buck up.

THE EQUINOX

- " 17. A.: better, but "business" is a nuisance, and prevents the mind concentrating.
- " 18. A.: The usual thing. I forget about it till late, or at least put it off. A man cannot serve two masters.
I began A.:; then deliberately stopped, as it was a farce. I appoint Sunday from waking to sleeping as a day of fast and penance.
Unable, or unwilling, to sleep, recommenced A.:
Elaborate and really not bad.
- " 19. A.: most oppressive day—96°—heat-exhaustion, nearly prostration. A.: gabbled. My throat *ached*, and I was just out of a sodden sleep.
- " 20. A.: a shade better; am still pretty ill.
- " 21. A.: very tired, very determined, not altogether bad subjectively, but no voice or vision.
- " 22. A.: at first disturbed—with resolution, better vision somewhat, but confused and distorted.
(Imagination had been excited by reading Ludlow's "Hasheesh-Eater.")
- " 23. A.: in afternoon tired and sleepy.
- " 24. A.: not so bad, though most frightfully tired.
- " 25. A.: poor in vision. There has been no good work for a long while. Why?
- " 26. A.: same as yesterday. Must meditate on cause. (Sailed for Liverpool.)
- " 27. A.: Got through after incredible struggle of 1½ hours.
- " 28. A.: just a shade better. But my cabin is a little Hell.
- " 29. A.: shade better; but still very poor.
- " 30. A.: very good indeed. Renewed the terrible vows of this initiation, and was rewarded by the Divine Kiss. O self-glittering one, be ever with me! Amen.
- " 31. A.: better than ever yet. Vision quite perfect; I tasted the sweet kiss and gazed in the clear eyes of that Radiant One. My own face became luminous.
- June 1. A.: good but interfered with by fatigue. Used much resolution.
(And now Fra. P. was to be struck down by an overwhelming blow. It seems almost as if the experiences of May 30 and 31 were to prepare him to meet it.)
- " 2. Arrived Liverpool. Heard of Baby's death by letter from — and —. Arrived London, perfectly stunned.
(He travelled to London with the friends he had made on the voyage, refusing to allow them to suspect that anything was wrong.) A.: appropriate in tone, though of course mechanical. I solemnly reaffirmed the oath of mine obligation to perform the operation, offering under these terrible circumstances all that yet remains.
Fortunately I am quite unable to think of the thing in detail or as a reality.
(He adds a note to this on December 31. "Not 'fortunately' at all. One never gets able to do so. Stupor and pangs get to the limit, and that limit is easily reached by very partial conceptions of one's loss.")
- " 3. . . . I have lived through the day.
A.: a sad mechanic exercise.
- " 4. A.: no good.
- " 5. Practically broke down playing billiards. Have drugged myself. (He was playing with a surgical friend, who insisted on his taking Veronal.) Will do A.: and sleep.
- " 6. Went to *Tristan und Isolde*. Slept right through from overture to Act II; my neighbour then ejected me for snoring.
Did A.: feebly, in streets.
- " 7. Went to Plymouth to meet wife. Did A.: in train. A shade better, and more acquiescence or survival or transcendence—whichever name you prefer.
- " 8. Really too ill to do a regular A.: but struggled through, and repeated vows.
- " 9. Still breaking down at intervals and staggering from nervous weakness. Dropping off to sleep at odd times and places.
A.: practically nil.
- " 10. Vain attempts, interrupted by invincible sleep, to do A.:.

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- " 11. Still frightfully ill—sleep and nightmares. A.: again conquered by these, though I did my very utmost.
- " 12. A shade better. A.: in Turkish bath not bad considering.
- " 13. A.: futile.
- " 14. A.: a shade better.
- " 15. A.: and a further renewal of the Vow.
- " 16. Went to sleep doing A.: Am still very ill with throat.
- " 17. A.: better. Throat better.
- " 18. A.: mediocre.
- " 19. A.: I went to sleep, I fancy.
- " 20. A.: a shade better.
- " 21. A.: poor again. There seems little intention; perhaps owing to my bad health and the general uncertainty of things.
- " 22. A.: sleepy but a shade better.
- " 23. Saw Fra. D.D.S. A.: much better.
- " 24. A.: fair.
- " 25. Went to sleep trying to do A.:.
- " 26. A.: —————?
- " 27. Still very bad—my head aches all over, and my throat.
- " 28. Still very bad.
(There is no further entry till July 4. Fra. P. was evidently utterly broken down. Yet the A.: , though not recorded, was not interrupted.)
- July 4. Doctors insist on immediate operation.
- " 6. My throat and head still utterly bad—no work for these days—only the pretence of it. Before I had got to the end of the preamble I was almost delirious every time.
- " 7. Had a Turker and did A.: in it, though with great discomfort.
- " 8. To Nursing Home.
Unto thee, Adon-ai, do I commit my way.
Unto thee, the Augoeides, unto thee the Self-Glittering ne!
I put my trust in the power that hath devised me as I am or the achieving of a purpose, the Next Step.
A.: rather bad, but done. Being in bed has cured the eternal headache, and the throat is much better.
(The doctors were not sure whether Fra. P. was suffering from cancer or tubercle—pleasing alternative! Probably the real trouble was due to the fall with his horse months before. The microscope failed to reveal its real nature; but it was evidently nothing serious.)
- " 9. Operation performed with little pain. My display of cowardice (he asked for a drink of water during the operation, which was done with only local anaesthetics. But he had made up his mind not to speak during the operation, unless to make a joke) may partly be excused by my general nervous break-down, I hope.
A.: at night, a shade better. Some slight vision.
- " 10. A.: at night fair only.
- " 11. A.: rather reveresque.
- " 12. Throat very bad. A.: futile.
- " 13. A.: better (in A. M.)
(Twenty-second week of A.: ends. There ought to be a new current to-morrow.) (The idea was 22 weeks for the 22 letters of the Hebrew Alphabet. So he seeks a new method.)
- " 14. Avoided invoking A.: that He might instruct me in Vision. I am in serious trouble. Place, Method, Means, Time, etc. A wakeful night, followed by profound and dreamless sleep (Had spent much thought on A.:).
- " 15. Thought a deal of A.:.

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- " 16. Will think, again, not do the formal invocation.
- " 17. This thinking seems little or no good: but the fault is that the real P. is actually not thinking of A.: When he is, the invocation is unnecessary; when he isn't it's feeble. What *am I* to do?
(Should suggest sticking to it. D.D.S., whom I consulted agrees.)
- " 18. The new method appears to be a mere dumb aspiration—a Prayer of Silence continued throughout the twenty-four hours.
- " 19. Worried all day, but aspired.
- " 20. Stitches out. Aspiration to A.: very strong.
- " 21. Some thought of A.:
- " 22. Thoughts of A.:
- " 23. Turning to A.: was turning to sleep, as too often happens.
- " 24. A day off, apparently. (This means that there is no entry in the original diary. It does not imply that nothing was done, only that nothing was worthy of record, or that such record was omitted. Note the "apparently," as of surprise.
- " 25. A bad day. (Going out of Nursing Home.)
- " 26. Went down to stay with D.D.S.
- " 27. Here we have a most extraordinary entry, which needs explanation and illustration.
Fra. P. was crucified by Fra. D. D. S., and on that cross was made to repeat this oath: "I, P—, a member of the Body of Christ, do hereby solemnly obligate myself, etc., to lead a pure and unselfish life, and will entirely devote myself so to raise, etc., myself to the Knowledge of my higher and Divine Genius that I shall be He.
"In witness of which I invoke the great Angel Hua to give me a proof of his existence."
P. transcribes this, and continues: "Complete and perfect visualization of . . ." here are hieroglyphics which may mean "Christ as P—on cross." He goes on: " 'The low dark hill, the storm, the star.' But the Pylon of the Camel (*i.e.* the path of Gimel) open, and a ray therein: withal a certain vision of A.: remembered only as a glory now attainable.
"Humility, Purity, Confidence.
"INRI Instar Noli Revelare Ineffabile."
But Fra. P. made also a sketch of the vision, which we here copy and reproduce
- " 28. Twenty-fifth week of A.: begins.
- " 29. (A.: continued evidently, for P. writes.)
Perfect the lightning-conductor and the flash will come.
30. (The diary of P. from this date is now full of hieroglyphics, which are and must ever remain indecipherable. We may gather a certain amount from those passages which are intelligible. He apparently tried repeating the new formula given by D.D.S., conceived perhaps as a mental operation on the lines of that given in *Equinox* IV concerning an egg between pillars.)
- " 4. About to try the experiment of daily Aspiration in the Sign of Osiris Slain.
Did this twenty-two minutes, with Invocation as of old.
Cut cross on breast and circle on head.

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THE CRUCIFIXION OF FRA. P.

THE EQUINOX

(SCIRE) The vow of Poverty is to esteem nothing save A.:

(AUDERE) The vow of Chastity is to use the Magical Force only to invoke A.:

(VELLE) The vow of Obedience is to concentrate the Will on A.: alone.

(TACERE) The vow of Silence: so to regulate the whole organism that so vast a miracle as the Completion of the Great Work excites therein no commotion.

N.B.—To look expectantly always, as if He would instantly appear.

- Aug. 10. In Sign of Osiris Slain; cut cross and circle as before, renewing vows. Twenty-eight mins.
Got the Threshold—the awful doubt whether one shouldn't walk away and throw up the whole thing—presented first as a temptation, than as a doubt. Wherefore the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." But got no further—save from a sense of dew distilling from the Eye in the Triangle by the Ray.
- " 14. Am still very much below par. Not that I feel bad; but I sleep absurdly after massage. (As a matter of fact, he suffered intensely from neuralgia and eye trouble all this summer, with hardly any intermission.)
- " 18. Reobligated, though ill.
(Through the obstruction of a duct in the eye several extremely painful operations were needed, and he was in practically unintermittent pain.)
- Sept. 25. Reobligated, though ill.
- " 8. Pain too great to record vows, even if I made any.
(His practice was evidently to take the vows afresh every week: he seems to have recorded no practices, though he evidently did them daily. The diary is all this time blank of any records of any sort.)
- " 16. Renewed vows as usual.
- " 17. Went to A— P— H—, C.—
(The change of air cured his neuralgia instantly. Henceforth he may be considered well again. He speaks of himself on the 20th as "an absurd but athletic ass," after a night spent wandering about London talking to policemen and night watchmen.)
- " 21. Did a little Invocation. Inquiring how to invoke A.: got the instant reply "Often!"—and only saw later that this was the same old order as before. Which confirms it: discard methods, rituals, etc. (and their contradictions), but do it Often!
- " 22. D.D.S. visits me. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- " 23. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- " 24-30. (During this period Fra. P. was preparing, under the guidance of D.D.S., a certain ritual of initiation. This was to combine the Eastern and the Western methods.
The mind, exalted, fortified, initiated by the Holy Magick, was then in that very state of divine tension to concentrate itself on that Self-glittering One.)

It is time to break off for a moment from the Diary to ask the reader to remark how extraordinarily full is this passage of P.'s life. The scene opens on the slopes of Kangchenjunga with the death of five men. It continues with a jungle inhabited by savages, naked, armed with bows and arrows, ignorant even of any language containing so many as three hundred words, and by wild beasts. The next scene is of attempted robbery and murder, and P.'s successful defence. Then comes one of the wildest journeys possible to take on this planet, packed with every kind of adventure and privation. After this, practically continuous ill-health, only interrupted by the most shocking domestic tragedies.

Through all this, Fra. P. remains in perfect literal simplicity with his devotion to the Augoeides and his "invoking often."

He never flags, never falters, never faints, never fails. Impassive and inexorable as that Nature whom he had defied, he went steadily on with his work. Wealth and health had been torn from him; he was like Job, but even worse tormented; greater than Job, he resisted all without a murmur, and conquered all without a glimmer of self-satisfaction.

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When the Books are opened and the deeds of men are known, who dare say that there shall be found aught to surpass these marvellous months which Fra. P. set to the Operation of the Sacred Magic, to obtaining of the Knowledge and Conversation of the holy Guardian Angel?

We return to the Diary—

- Oct. 2. Did a little Invocation. Inquiring how to invoke A.: got the instant reply "Often!"—and only saw later that this was the same old order as before. Which confirms it: discard methods, rituals, etc. (and their contradictions), but do it Often!
(Fra. P. has now retired into the Adytum of God-nourished Silence to some purpose! We transcribe this day's entry; it is probably most important to us. The rest of the year's entries are nearly all of the same kind.)
The Stooping Dragon—the Floor of the . . . vide *Alexandra*.
The Critical Converse.
Before this is merely the Concealed At Home with its distinction of gift and graft, and very vagueness, where Apollo and Diana took the place of Mercury.
Scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visumst,
Non sane inlepidum neque invenustum.
Huc ut venimus incidere nobis.
Sermones varii.
(This means something! For example, the Stooping Dragon was painted on the Floor of the *Vault*. In *Alexandra* occur the words "vault on Vera." Hence in the diary the letters S.D. (for Stooping Dragon) will refer to somebody named Vera, or possibly "the true woman," or "true things."
As I am ninety-four years old come Martinmas, and have much more of this "Temple" anyhow, I feel justified in leaving the rest of this ingenious cipher to any lunatics who get tired of the Bacon-Shakespeare folly.
Anybody who understands this entry of October 6—
Brassies and Billiards.
Council of War.
The King's letter to the Queen:
"Pussy the Prince is ill"
Paedicabo ego vos et inrumabo
XVI.
Called on Rev. J. A. Hervey—is welcome to a copy of the diary.)
- " 9. Tested new ritual and behold it was very good! Thanked gods and sacrificed for—
In the "thanksgiving and sacrifice for . . ." I *did* get rid of everything but the Holy Exalted One, and must have held Him for a minute or two. I did. I am sure I did.

Such is the fragmentary account of what was then the greatest event in Fra. P.'s career. Yet this is an account of the highest of the trances—of Shivadarshana itself, as we know from other sources. The "vision," to use still the name become totally inadequate, appears to have had three main points in its Atmadarshana stage—

1. The Universal Peacock.
2. The Universe as Ego. "I who am all and made it all abide its separate Lord," *i.e.* the Universe becomes a single and simple being, without quantity, quality, or conditions. In this the "I" is immanent, yet the "I" made it, and the "I" is entirely apart from it. (This is the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, or something very like it.)
3. This Trinity is transcended by an impersonal Unity. This is then annihilated by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva. It is absolutely futile to discuss this: it has been tried and failed again and again. Even those with experience of the earlier part of the "vision" in its fullness must find it totally impossible to imagine anything so subversive of the whole base, not only of the Ego, but of the Absolute behind the Ego.

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There are, however, many suggestive poetical descriptions which we advise our readers to study. Notable are "Aha!" (passage quoted below) and many portions of Liber LXV, Liber VII, and Liber CCXX. It must be clearly understood that the Bhagavad-Gita, Anna Kingsford, St. John, and all other writers with the possible exception of Lao Tze, describe nothing higher than Atmadarshana. For the first time in the known history of the world there had arisen the combination of the utmost attainment with the intelligence and literary ability to make it comparatively articulate. It is no wonder, then, that we hail Fra. P. as the greatest of all Teachers.

This entire experience from the Passing of the Abyss to the Shivadarshana has been so wonderfully described in "Aha!" by Mr. Aleister Crowley, who was privileged to get his material first-hand from Fra. P. himself, that we make no apology for quoting the passage in full.

MARSYAS. Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil,
The Second Veil! . . . O spare me this
Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS. Master, I bend me at thy feet—
Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS. Blind horror catches at my breath.
The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dismaller than death!
Courage and will! What boots their force?
The mind rears like a frightened horse.
There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things too dreadful to recount!
There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its course
By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.
Destroy them, and destroy the mind!
O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to thee!
This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!
For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down come the house—a hail of bricks!
The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,
Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory-chain
Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
The Self disrupted! Blank, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,

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The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse.
OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's inquiry:
"Summa scientia nihil scire."
MARSYAS. Ay, but that reasoned thesis lacks
The impact of reality.
This vision is a battle axe
Splitting the skull. O pardon me!
But my soul faints, my stomach sinks.
Let me pass on!
OLYMPAS. My being drinks
The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.
This is a bitter medicine!
MARSYAS. Black snare that I was taken in!
How one may pass I hardly know.
Maybe time never blots the track.
Black, black, intolerably black!
Go, spectre of the ages, go!
Suffice it that I passed beyond.
I found the secret of the bond
Of thought to thought through countless years
Through many lives, in many spheres,
Brought to a point the dark design
Of this existence that is mine.
I knew my secret. *All I was*
I brought into the burning-glass,
And all its focussed light and heat
Charred *all I am*. The rune's complete
When *all I shall be* flashes by
Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning.
Vacant and accursed thing!
By my Will I swept away
The web of metaphysic, smiled
At the blind labyrinth, where the grey
Old snake of madness wove his wild
Curse! As I trod the trackless way
Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
I became a little child.
By nameless rivers, swirling through
Chasms, a fantastic blue,
Month by month, on barren hills,
In burning heat, in bitter chills,
Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
Smaragdine archipelago,
See me—led by some wise hand
That I did not understand.
Morn and noon and eve and night
I, the forlorn eremite,
Called on Him with mild devotion,
As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

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In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love
I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the intolerable light
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love
Blazed in me. Then some giant will,
Mine or another's thrust a thrill
Through the great vision. All the light
Went out in an immortal night,
The world annihilated by
The opening of the Master's Eye.
How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS. Master, master!
A sense of some divine disaster
Abases me.

MARSYAS. Indeed, the shrine
Is desolate of the divine!
But all the illusion gone, behold
The one that is!

OLYMPAS. Royally rolled,
I hear strange music in the air!

MARSYAS. It is the angelic choir, aware
Of the great Ordeal dared and done
By one more Brother of the Sun!

OLYMPAS. Master, the shriek of a great bird
Blends with the torrent of the thunder.

MARSYAS. It is the echo of the word
That tore the universe asunder.

OLYMPAS. Master, thy stature spans the sky.

MARSYAS. Verily; but it is not I.
The adept dissolves—pale phantom form
Blown from the black mouth of the storm.
It is another that arises!

The result of this upon Fra. P. seems to have been tremendous.
On the very next day the last sacrifice was made.

- Oct. 10. I am still drunk with Samadhi all day.
Discovered . . .
(We need not write his words. Enough if we say that the one person left for him to love was lost, stricken by hereditary vice, a beastliness taught her at the age of 16 by her mother, a clergyman's wife, which, after having lain dormant all these years, was now become rampant and incurable. He had nothing to look forward to but life with one who was in all essential ways a maniac, with no hope of any termination but the asylum or the grave.)
11. To bed with thoughts of A.: Persistent vision. . . . But oh! the constant rapture. . . .
12. . . . But oh! . . . as before. Did some prayer and fasting, but not enough.
13. . . . Things have *really* lost their value—I get what Blavatsky describes in the Voice of the Silence as “not quite disgust.”
14. . . . certain Samadhic effects linger—the unreality of things and one's own sense of success, etc.

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16. Samadhi not yet worn off.
 17. But oh! etc., only more so.
 18. Ditto. Note lack of impatience, perfect satisfaction with existing state. . . .
 21. I am still "polarized" a good deal; my "indifference" is pronounced.
 31. This account is almost unintelligible as it stands; so I edit it. He appears to have made the old "Preliminary Invocation." Result rather like Yoga; he gets at once into Pratyahara and then makes Samyama on the Augoeides.
 "Invoked twice—terrible agony." And then this note. "Barbarous names. Supreme test (*i.e.* to use words which he does not understand), for a man who is *really praying* cannot bring himself to say a ridiculous thing to his God, even on the latter's mandate."
 (From this it appears as if the Augoeides had told Fra. P. the real meaning of Zoroaster's injunction: "Change not barbarous names of evocation; for they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable.")
 "I shall go," continues Fra. P., and recite 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' (the most ridiculous thing that occurred to his mind)—if with faith, Samadhi! . . .
 "No faith, I suppose. Time after time I feel the sickening pangs of dissolution; physically I nearly faint; but I don't get over the bar. . . . I am sick, sick!
 "I retire in disorder pursued by dog-faced demons of all kinds.
 "Once again I nearly got there—all went brilliance—but not quite."
 Again, "There is nothing but dog-faced demons after I get to bed; but there is always the consciousness behind thoughts. Thus, when the consciousness realizes that 'I am apart from my thoughts,' that thought itself is pictorially shown as a thought." This seems to mean that he again got Atmadarshana; his complaint was the inability to pass beyond.
 He adds "to this consciousness all thoughts are alike; it would never trouble to command them." *Id est*, it is the Peace of the Universe, the Impersonal Absolute. He was That. Note that he got this without any Ritual to speak of; an enormous advance in power of meditation.
- Nov.
4. Descent into Hell. In the power of the Dweller—obsession by a devil left by F—— and J——called "?" (This devil is described in "Sir Palamede the Saracen," Sections XXXVI and XXXVIII. It asks "Is there any Path at all?" and "Are not you a fraud?") Return with great difficulty—awful pangs—Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!
 N.B.—I got back to very near Samadhi in the end. (This appears to have been a "natural" meditation arising out of the conversation of F—— the Buzite and J——the Shuhite!)
 14. Again got into the Samadhi-proximity-state; as it were, without trouble.
 (Now follows a period of two more months of ill-health of the severest kind, and apparently no work is done. There was, however, much question of his position in the mystic hierarchy. He had the highest attainment known—and what did it amount to? In the meantime Fra. D. D. S. himself must have attained Samadhi presumably Atmadarshana—for we find this entry.)
- Dec.
7. D. D. S. writes from Samadhi-Dhatu.
 (Dhatu—literally "element"—is a word chosen to avoid such implications as would be conveyed by "place," "state," and such words.)
 8. D. D. S. still in Samadhi.
 10. D. D. S. dined with me. He thinks my attainment makes me a Master of the Temple. He goes even further and says that I am *the* Master—the Logos—the next Buddha.
 . . . This (apparently some ceremony of Rose Croix) purifies and consecrates me, so that I feel "I am the Master" quite genuinely—without scruple or diffidence. No personality.
 11. Back to B——. D. D. S.'s amazing third letter.
 (This letter is too long and personal to publish in full; but it contains these words: "How long have you been in the Great Order, and why did I not know? Is the invisibility of the A.: A.: to lower grades so complete?")

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In spite of his illness he managed to do some most formidable work during this December. There is, however, nothing further in the diary of interest to our present purpose.

But it is most important to remark that although acclaimed as a Master of the Temple, as one who has passed utterly through the Abyss, as a Brother of the A.: A.: itself, he steadfastly refused to accept the hard-won grade for three years more.

(To be continued)

HIS SECRET

SIN

INSCRIBED ADMIRINGLY

TO

ALEXANDER COOTE

HIS SECRET SIN

Inscribed admiringly to Alexander Coote.

THEODORE BUGG had made England what she is. The last forty-two years had elevated him from errand-boy to biggest retail grocer in the Midlands. Twenty-eight years of wedded happiness had left him with a clear conscience, a five-year old grave to keep in order "To the memory of my beloved relict," as he had written until the clerk suggested a trifling alteration, and a strapping daughter just turned twenty.

I wish I could stop here. But there is a rough side to every canvas, and Theodore Bugg had forgotten all about England, and what she is, and how he had made her. Or if the good work was going on, it was subconscious. He was standing by the gilded statue of Jeanne d'Arc, his mouth wide open, his Baedeker limp in his perspiring hand. "She's riding astride!" The molten madness throbbed in his brain. "She's got man's clothes on!"

The shocking truth must out: Theodore Bugg had come to Paris for Pleasure!

He had only been able to spare two days, the Sunday and Monday of Whitsuntide. He had travelled by the night boat on Saturday, arriving in Paris on Sunday morning—the first step downward! The air of Paris intoxicated him; the Grands Boulevards ate into his moral fibre like a dragon chewing butter; and though he had not actually 'been in' anywhere, he felt the atmosphere of the music-halls as Ulysses heard the Sirens. He was fortunately tied to the mast of his ignorance of French and his fear of asking anybody such a very peculiar question, or he would certainly have discovered and visited the Moulin Rouge.

As it was, Joan of Arc was very much more than was good for him. He stared, fascinated as by a basilisk, his eyes starting further and further from his head as his moral sense dragged his body backwards along the Rue de Rivoli. By this means he cannoned into a worthy Frenchman (who refused to take him seriously) and so was shocked into himself.

He pulled out his watch. Only an hour and a half to catch his train. Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, too. What a shame! He couldn't even send a telegram without letting somebody know where he was—and at home they supposed him to be visiting a business acquaintance in Shropshire.

I'll have a memento, thought he, if I die for it. I'll—I don't care. I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—I'll go the whole hog. I know there's shops about here.

So, turning, in his excitement and determination, he saw when you invoke the devil he is usually half-way to you—a shop window full of photographs of the pictures and sculptures of the Louvre. He looked up and down the street—the sight of a top hat might have saved him even at the eleventh hour. But no! nothing that looked in the least like an Englishman, even to his overheated fear of discovery. He peered and dodged about for a little like a man stalking dangerous game, and then, with sudden stealth, his back to the door, pushed down the lever and slid into the shop.

"Avvy-voo photography?" he said hurriedly, with averted face.

"Certainly, sir," replied the shopkeeper in perfect English. "What does Monsieur require? Photographs of Paris, of Fontainebleau, of the Louvre, of Versailles?"

But English would not serve the turn of Theodore Bugg. He nearly bolted from the shop. An English voice—it was almost Discovery!

"Kerker shows," he muttered doggedly enough, though his head hung lower than ever. "Kelker shows tray sho. Voo savvy?—tray tray sho—par propre!"

The shopman, not yet old enough to master his disgust at the familiar incident, brought forward several books of photographs.

"Perhaps Monsieur will find there what he requires," he said coldly.

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Furtively and hurriedly, his glance divided between the forbidden book and the shop-door, his only safeguard from intrusion the thought that nobody who entered would be in a position to throw stones at a fellow-culprit, Theodore Bugg turned over the pages.

The book began mildly enough with the winged Victory and only entered the rapids with La Gioconda. Thence, Niagra-like, one plunge to the abyss—the Venus de Milo.

The blood flame to his face; his breath came hot and quick.

With fumbling fingers that trembled with excitement he withdrew the photograph from its leaf and half showed it to the proprietor with a whispered "Comby-ang?"

"Trente sous," said the shopman in his most rapid French. And in English, "We take English money here, sir; ten shillings, if you please. May I wrap it up for you?" But Bugg had thrust it into his inner pocket, and, pressing a sovereign into the man's hand, dashed without looking behind him from the shop, eager to put time and space between himself and his compromising position.

He hurried to his hotel, not without many a suspicious glance over his shoulder, and packed his bag. He had ten minutes to spare. He locked the door carefully, sat down with his back to the light, and pulling the photograph from his pocket, indulged in a long voluptuous gloat.

Then the boots knocked with the news of his cab, and Bugg, nobler than Lord Howard of Effingham, thrust his treasure into his pocket, unlocked the door and cried "Venny!"

II.

Theodore Bugg, a year later, was paying the price of his fall. He had allowed Gertrude to attend Art Classes, although he knew it to be wrong. But he had grown to fear his daughter, and—on such a point especially—he was incapable of fighting her.

For there were times when he tried to persuade himself that there was "nothing wrong in it." A brother church-warden had looked a little askance when the news of Gertrude's "advanced ideas" had come; but Theodore had stoutly and even a little sternly rebuked him with the original remark: "To the pure all things are pure." It was knowing when to be bold that had made Theodore the fine business man he was.

And very bold it was, for conscience makes cowards of us all. The secret shame of his orgies! Every week-night—once even on a Sunday!—after everyone had gone to bed, he opened the little safe in the wall at the head of his bed, and drew forth the obscene picture from its envelope marked "In case of my death or disability THIS PACKET is to be DESTROYED UNOPENED. T. Bugg." Then he would sit, and hold it in his hot hands, and gloat upon the evil thing, lifting it now and again to his mouth to cover it with greedy, slobbering kisses. And afterwards, when it was safely locked up again, he would undress with a certain unction. Once even he attempted—with the aid of a bath towel—to take the pose before the mirror. And he saw nothing ridiculous in that, just as he saw nothing beautiful in the photograph. Nakedness is lust: so ran his simple gospel of aesthetics.

Shame quickened him, too, to measures of expiation or precaution. He read family prayers twice a day instead of once, and he took the chair at the Annual Meeting of a Society for Sending Out Trousers to Converted Hindoos.

As everybody in the Midlands knows, "Hindoos" are Naked Savages.

And he discharged a groom for whistling on Sunday.

But if these expedients salved his conscience, they did nothing to quell Gertrude's incipient tendency to independence of thought and action. There had been a very unpleasant scene when he threw into the fire a book from Mudie's (I thought one could have trusted Mudie's!) called 'The Stolen Bacillus,' which he understood to be of a grossly immoral tendency. (Nasty filth about free love or something, isn't it?)

Theodore Bugg was not a sensitive man; excess of intuitive sympathy had not made his life a hell; but he felt that his domestic relations were strained. Especially since "that Mrs. Grahame" had evinced a liking for Gertrude. Her husband's colonelcy was the gilding of the pill; but the pill was a bitter one, for Mrs. Grahame went motoring and even golfing on Sunday instead of going to Church, and once or twice had taken Gertrude with her, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. Colonel Grahame, too, rather got on Bugg's nerves, in spite of the "honour of his acquaintance."

Such thoughts went dully through his mind as he waited in the garden for his daughter to come in to tea from the "Art Class." But when she arrived, portfolio in hand, her beauty and the splendour of her long easy swing determined him to be gracious.

Under such circumstances conversation is apt to be artificial; but Gertrude was gay and garrulous, and the tea went very pleasantly until her father's eye unluckily fell on the portfolio. "And what has my little fairy been doing lately?" he asked with elephantine lightness.

"Oh, sketches mostly, father. This week we're copying from old Greek masterpieces, though. Let me show you, father, dear." She opened the portfolio and turned over the leaves. "I'm getting on splendidly. Mr., Davis thinks I ought to go to Paris and study properly. Do let me."

How can you think of such a thing, Gertrude? A daughter of mine! Study properly!!! No indeed! A little sketching is a nice accomplishment for a young lady, but—

His jaw dropped. A thin, graceful pencil sketch it was that he clutched in frenzied fingers; but he could not mistake the subject.

"Wretched girl," he shouted, "where did you get the—the—the—Damn it all, what d'ye call it?—the—ay! that's it!—the model for this vile, filthy, lewd, obscene, lustful thing? Damn it! you're as bad as Cousin Jenny! (Cousin Jenny was a blot on the scutcheon of the Buggs). You're a harlot, miss!" And then, with an awful change as the truth came home to him: "O my God! O my God! Damn it!" he screamed, "how did you get the keys of my little safe?"

The girl had frozen colder than the stone, but there was a new light in her eye, and if the curl of a lip could tread a worm into the dust, that lip was hers and that worm the author of her being. She had withdrawn as one who comes suddenly upon a toad, and the first flaming of her face had died instantly to deadlier ice.

Bugg saw his mistake, his masses of mistakes. There being but one more to make, he made it; and, finding himself in the frying-pan of discovery, leapt into the fire of things irrevocable and not to be forgotten. His fat, heavy-jowled, coarse face all twitching, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands together. "So you found me out? Don't, don't give away your poor old father, Gertie! My little Gertie!"

There was a silence. "Excuse me, father," said the girl at last, "but I've just had a glimpse of you for the first time in my life, and it's a bit of a shock. I must think."

And she stood motionless until her hapless father attracted her attention by backing into his wicker chair. "Don't touch holy things," she snapped suddenly, taking the sketch from his nerveless hand, and replacing it reverently in the portfolio.

The action seemed to decide her.

"I'll give you an address to send my things to," she said, and walked out of the garden.

Theodore Bugg sat stunned. "Holy things," she had said. She called that lustful French photograph holy! Was this Original Sin; or was it that strange new thing people were talking about—what was it? Ah! heredity. Heredity? His secret sin become her open infamy? Truly the sins of the fathers were visited on the children!

By this time he was upstairs and in his bedroom. He must destroy the accursed thing; he must destroy—Ah! yes. He had contaminated Gertrude by having such a thing in his house. He must be the Roman father, and—what would a Roman father do?

He had the match alight, but he could not put it to the edge of the packet. Then the silence of the house hit him; he knew that his daughter would never return, and in a fit of rage he trampled on the envelope like a wild beast mauling a corpse.

He thrust it into the empty grate, lit the paper frills, watched all blaze up. Then, gulping down a sob, he went to the drawer of a cabinet and pulled out the revolver which he had bought (and loaded, under the shopman's guidance) against burglars.

Yes, he must kill himself. He drew back the hammer. Cold sweat beaded his flabby face. He could not; and anyhow, how did one? He thought of many stories of people who had shot themselves ineffectively. He felt for his heart and failed to find it, wondered if it had stopped and he were dying, had a fit of fear paralysing all his will. He thought of himself lying dead.

"No, by God! I can't do it!" he cried, and flung the pistol back into the drawer. As luck would have it, the weapon exploded. The bullet broke his jaw, tore away four molars, smashed the cheek-bone, pulped

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the right eye, and, glancing from the frontal bone, found its billet in the ceiling. He lost consciousness and fell. His head struck the grate where yet smouldered the ashes of the photograph.

It was three months before he recovered, and then with only half a face to face the world with. He still thinks that Gertrude gave him away, for the street-boys have taken to calling him "old Venus." But he is wrong; the boys have their aesthetic reasons for the name.

Gertrude in any case is much too busy to bother her head about him; for, after a year in the Latin Quarter, if she has failed to surpass Degas and Manet and O'Connor, she has at least conquered the great pianist Wlodywewsky, and it takes her all her time to manage him and keep the baby out of mischief.

Theodore Bugg needs no help of hers in his moral sculpture of the destinies of England.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LONG ODDS

How many million galaxies there are
Who knows? and each has countless stars in it,
And each rolls through eternities afar
Beneath the threshold of the Infinite.

How is it that will all that space to roam
I should have found this mote that spins and leaps
In what unutterable sunlight, foam
Of what unfathomable starry deeps

Who knows!? And how this thousand million souls
And half a thousand million souls of earth
That swarm, all bound for unimagined goals,
All pioneers of death enrolled at birth,

How were they swept away before my sight,
That I might stand upon the single prick
Of infinite space and time as infinite,
Who knows? Yet here I stand, climacteric,

Having found you. Was it by fall of chance?
Then what a stake against what odds I have won!
Was it determined in God's ordinance?
Then wondrous love and pity for His son!

Or was it part of an eternal law?
Then how ineffably beneficent!
Each thought excites an ecstasy of awe,
A rapture rending the mind's firmament.

Infinity—yet you and I have met.
Eternity—yet hand in hand we run.
All odds that I should lose you or forget,
But, soul and spirit and body, we are one.

Is this the child of Chance, or Law, or Will?
Is None or All or One to thank for this?
It will not matter if thanksgiving fill
The endless empyrean with a kiss.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

DOCTOR BOB

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE EQUINOX

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

DOCTOR ROBERTS ("Doctor Bob")

MRS. ROBERTS, *His wife.*

DOCTOR FIELDING

JANE SKIRING } *Patients.*

WILL STANLEY }

TWO GENTLEMEN

A MANSERVANT

DOCTOR BOB

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY

[The Scene represents the waiting-room of DR. ROBERTS' house. Doors L., R., and C. Door L. leads to dining-room; door R. to entrance-hall; door C. to consulting-room. This is a wide double door, which when open shows the doctor's bureau, chairs, and other usual furniture. Curtain may be used instead of door if more convenient.]

The waiting-room has a large table, with illustrated journals, &c. There are easy chairs, but no other furniture. On the table lie the hat and stick of a patient who is closeted with DR. BOB.

Time 2.30 p.m. A bright winter afternoon.

Enter the SERVANT, preceding DR. FIELDING, who is wearing his motor coat and cap.

The SERVANT goes through to Door L., and returns with MRS. BOB, who goes to greet DR. FIELDING warmly, while the SERVANT goes out R. and closes door.]

Mrs. B. How good of you to come so promptly!

Dr. F. I could never respond quickly enough to a call from you. I should have been here ten minutes earlier, but the Daimler doesn't like so much snow in the streets.

Mrs. B. How perfectly sweet of you!

Dr. F. I hope this is not professional; at least, I'm sure there's nothing the matter with you.

Mrs. B. Heavens, no! I have health enough for six.

Dr. F. And there's nothing wrong with Dr. Bob?

Mrs. B. Nothing serious; he has had a bit of a cough this month back.

Dr. F. Heaven help him if he has to make his own diagnosis—you know we call him Doctor Doom'em!

Mrs. B. It's just that I want to talk to you about.

Dr. F. You don't mean to say you mind?

Mrs. B. Mind! It's driving me mad.

Dr. F. But he's the greatest consultant we have; nobody ever comes to him while there's a chance anywhere else.

Mrs. B. Yes; but whatever other drug he gives them, he never gives them hope.

Dr. F. But they come for his opinion.

Mrs. B. And don't want to know it.

Dr. F. Perhaps it would be better if they didn't.

Mrs. B. That's it; that's what's driving me mad. I see them come there one after another, some cheerful, others desperate; some looking healthy, some looking half dead already; some hoping, some doubting; all fearing. But one and all go away hopeless, utterly hopeless. I could bear it better if his were not so great a name. But he's right—he's always right. That's what's so terrible—he's always right!

Dr. F. Come, come! Don't break down, Mrs. Bob!

Mrs. B. Wouldn't it be better to let them go on blindly to the end? Think of them watching and waiting! Think of the drawn faces, and the ghastly stare into the eyes of Death! Think of their ears strained if perhaps they may hear his stealthy tread! Their tongues licking their parched lips—oh, is there no hope? Then, at least, is there no mercy?

Dr. F. I should be inclined to deceive them nearly always. I'm sending him a girl this afternoon. Hang it! I must have his opinion, and yet I hesitated—long—over the wisdom of the course I was taking. She hasn't any idea of how seriously ill she is; the shock might kill her. I begged him in my note to spare her the full knowledge.

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Mrs. B. Poor child!

Dr. F. Well, if he says there's no hope You know her, I think—Jane Skiring?

Mrs. B. The little school teacher. Oh! I'd no idea she was so ill. I *am* sorry.

[The consulting-room door opens, and an elderly man, whose hat and stick are on the table, comes out. His face is drawn and his eyes haggard. He takes no notice of the people present, or of his hat and stick, but goes straight out, R. The banging of a door is heard. Enter the Servant, running; picks up the hat and stick, and runs out after him. Dr. Fielding and Mrs. Bob exchange glances significant of shocked pain.]

The consulting-room doors being now wide open, the audience can see Dr. Bob sitting at his bureau. He rises, and comes down stage, heartily, cheerfully, masterfully.]

Dr. B. Hulloo, Fielding! Glad to see you. Just got your note before lunch; I'll find out for sure what's up. Pretty girl—pity! See that old boy just went out? A typical Brightic; fellow who devilled his own kidneys. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder if he'll see that Christmas turkey—ha! ha! ha! Hulloo, dear! Didn't see you, little white mouse! Let's have coffee, dear, and the brown brandy. No more patients for a bit. Come along, Fielding, eh?

[He leads FIELDING to the consulting-room, while MRS. BOB goes out L.]

Dr. F. This is an exceptional case, old man. I do hope you won't frighten her.

Dr. B. Great God! always the same old story. They never come to me until the rest of you have finished them, and then it's my candid opinion you want. Then you get it, by Heaven! and instead of blaming yourselves, or the patient, or the disease, you blame me. Why don't you give me a chance? Why don't you bring them while there *is* hope? You all look upon me as the undertaker—Doctor Doom'em, isn't it?—because you are afraid to tell the patient what nine times out of ten you know as well as I do. Doctor Doom'em!

Dr. F. Now, old man, don't get excited.

Dr. B. Excited! Why my life would be one long hell if I hadn't chosen a very simple method. Tell the truth. I'm not a lawyer, paid to tell lies. Tell the truth. Then I've done my part; my conscience is clear; I eat hearty and sleep sound.

Dr. F. But is it always best to tell the truth? May you not sometimes overlook a grain of hope, and kill it by your diagnosis? *[Enter MRS. BOB with coffee.]*

Mrs. B. I can't believe it is right to send away people smashed.

Dr. F. Yes; you're a hanging judge.

Dr. B. I only record the effect of the verdict of the jury—twelve good symptoms and true.

Mrs. B. I can never forget seeing young Joe Whitney when he came from you. He had the face of a lost soul. And the next day the papers had the news that he had shot himself.

Dr. B. Well, what of that? He saved himself about four months of the most persistent and horrible torture that the mind of a devil could imagine. . . . People wonder why doctors are nearly always Atheists!

Mrs. B. Oh, Bob!

Dr. B. In his place I should have done as he did.

Dr. F. No, you wouldn't. You'd sit in a corner with your teeth clenched, waiting and watching and recording, killing each hope as it was born, yet wishing to God that you dared hope—even though you knew it to be vain.

Dr. B. There's where you are wrong. What's the use of lying and cheating? I never saw any good come of it. You tell a man he may get well this year—next year—sometime—never—like a silly girl blowing a puff-ball. Pah!

Mrs. B. If you only had sympathy, Bob dear, if you only had imagination! If you only could realize what these people really feel when you condemn them!

Dr. F. And hope is the best medicine; at least it helps the man to live out the little life that remains to him. An artist might finish his creation.

Dr. B. Oh, artists! Another set of liars!

Dr. F. A doctor will go on with his work better if his brain is not clouded with his own mortal fear.

Dr. B. Rot! if he's finished, he'd better finish. And besides, despair can often do more than hope. Put

DOCTOR BOB

the biggest coward in the world in a tight enough corner, and he'll show his teeth, and very likely win out. (*He coughs.*) By the way, have a look at this throat, will you? There's a little chronic irritation somewhere.

Dr. F. Why, of course. [*The bell rings.*]

Dr. B. A patient, hang it all! I must leave you to talk to Nan. Send em along!

[*He goes into consulting-room and closes the door.*]

Mrs. B. He's set on this telling the truth.

Dr. F. Oh, it's wrong: I know it's wrong. There's always a chance in the most hopeless cases.

Mrs. B. Can't we—can't we make him see it?

Dr. F. But how?

[*Enter SERVANT, showing in WILL STANLEY.*]

W.S. (*surprised*) How do you do, Dr. Fielding?

Dr. F. I didn't expect to see you here; I thought you were better months ago.

W.S. So I was—in fact I am—only the mother insisted on my seeing Dr. Bob. I guess he won't find much wrong with me!

Mrs. B. Oh, you mustn't mind even if he does. Doctors live on people's fears.

Dr. F. (*laughing*) Oh, Mrs. Bob, come now!

W.S. They can't frighten me; but they do mother. She wants to coddle me all the time.

Dr. F. You're a No. 1 size pet.

W.S. Rather; I'm the strongest man in college. If this silly old heart hadn't started to play the goat.

[*DR. BOB'S bell rings. SERVANT enters, shows WILL STANLEY into consulting-room, closes doors, returns, and goes out.*]

Dr. F. Poor devil! I've known for months that it was all over with him.

Mrs. B. Oh, how dreadful! He's not twenty yet.

Dr. F. He never will be.

Mrs. B. In my mind I can see him coming out; I can feel and understand. Oh, why won't Bob let him take hope to his mother?

Dr. F. It's a shame. It's silly, useless cruelty. I'd like to punch Bob's head. . . . oh! I beg your pardon,

Mrs. Bob—if he breaks down that fine boy's courage.

Mrs. B. Oh, I quite agree with you.

Dr. F. Then I say that he'd be all the better for a dose of his own medicine.

[*Silence. Then MRS. BOB clasps her hands, gives a little laugh, and cries out.*]

Mrs. B. Oh, I've got such a good idea.

[*The bell rings. Enter JANE, ushered by SERVANT.*]

Dr. F. Well, here you are, Jane. How splendid you're looking to-day. Fit as fit, eh?

Jane. It's this weather. I do love the snow. I'm as happy as happy; every fibre of my being quivers with joy. How do you do, Mrs. Roberts?

Mrs. B. I'm so glad to see you. I'm so sorry to see you.

Jane. Oh, it's nothing. Dr. Fielding tells me it's sure to be all right. Dr. Bob—oh, I mean Dr. Roberts—will say the very worst he can, and then we've got to hope for the best.

Dr. F. Yes. I always get his opinion; and then we're sure to err on the safe side. Eh?

Mrs. B. Yes; but he's so anxious to make people take proper care, and follow his instructions absolutely. Jane. Yes, of course. I know I've been careless.

Dr. F. Yes, yes. A bit of a fright is the very thing to do one good.

[*Enter Will Stanley, his hair dishevelled, a wild look in his eyes. He does not see Mrs. Bob and Jane, who are up L. at back of stage, but addresses Dr. Fielding, who is at table.*]

W.S. I say, doc., it's all up.

Dr. F. Nonsense. Cheer up, old son. It's never as bad as

Dr. Bob makes out.

W.S. Yes; I'm finished. God! but this will break up the mother.

Dr. F. Then you mustn't tell her.

W.S. I'm not going to. But she'll guess. Mothers seem to feel things. Look here, doc., I'm on for a night with the Indians. I'll have forgotten about it myself by to-morrow. That's the best way.

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Dr. F. I'm with you. And in the meantime, remember we doctors know very little.

Mrs. B. (*coming forward*) I wouldn't believe the whole lot of them if they said I had to die to-morrow.

Dr. F. Quite right.

[DR. BOB'S bell. SERVANT *enters and shows* JANE *into consulting-room*.]

Dr. F. I'll be with you in a moment, Jane (Jane *nods and smiles and goes in*.) Take my word for it, Will, there's always hope. I'll see you at the Club at 8 o'clock. W.S. Right you are! (*Seriously and pathetically*) And thank you so much for—lying to me!

[*He bows to* MRS. BOB, *shakes hands with* DR. FIELDING, *and goes out* R.]

Mrs. B. Another victim!

Dr. F. It's a shame!

Mrs. B. Will you stand by me?

Dr. F. You know I will. What is it?

Mrs. B. Let's teach him a lesson. I've got a splendid idea. It isn't hardness of heart; but he doesn't see clearly. I want to make him feel and understand what it is that he's doing.

Dr. F. And how do you propose to do it?

Mrs. B. Well, you know he asked you to look at his throat. Tell him it's something terrible, that he's got to die! Can you think of anything?

Dr. F. Why, of course, cancer!

Mrs. B. (*shocked*) Oh!

Dr. F. Cancer of the throat has just such slight symptoms. Nobody can tell without examination.

Mrs. B. Oh, you don't think it really might be that?

Dr. F. Not one chance in a thousand. But he'll believe me if I tell him that that is what it is. . . . Do you really wish me to do it?

[MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING *look at each other steadily. From within the consulting-room comes the sound of a cry, a fall, and overturned furniture*.]

MRS. B. Yes, I do.

[*The consulting-room door bursts open*.]

Dr. B. (*in doorway*) Here, Fielding!

[FIELDING *goes in*. JANE *is lying on floor in utter collapse. Both doctors work hard on her with heart massage and injections, at last recovering her sufficiently to bring her out*.]

Dr. B. Here, Nan, tell them to light the fire in the spare bedroom!

[MRS. BOB *goes out*. DR. BOB'S *telephone on bureau rings*. DR. BOB *goes to it*.]

Dr. B. Half a minute, Fielding. Look after her.

[JANE *gasps and opens here eyes*.]

Jane. You've been lying to me. Father of Heaven! I don't want to die. I cannot be so ill as he says!

Dr. F. No, dear child, no. The fact is—er—er—well, we've just discovered he's a bit mad, do you see? Listen to me, Jane.

Jane. Oh, I'm trying to.

Dr. F. He says the same thing to everybody—it's his mania. Don't believe a word of it.

Jane. No, no.

[*She collapses again*. DR. BOB *replaces telephone receiver, and comes forward. He and* DR. FIELDING *carry JANE out* L. Outer bell. SERVANT *ushers in a patient. Enter* L. MRS. BOB *in a state of violent excitement*.]

Mrs. B. Go! go! Why will you stay in this house of death?

(*The Patient manifests surprise*.)

Go! go! I say. My husband can see no more patients to-day.

[*She shows him out, returns to centre of stage, breaks out crying, and goes off* L. as DR. BOB and DR. FIELDING *return. Their loud voices are heard arguing without*.]

Dr. F. It might have killed her; and it very nearly did.

Dr. B. Look here, Fielding, this is too bad. Hang it, if you'd brought me the girl a year ago I might have cured her.

Dr. F. And now you've killed her.

Dr. B. I killed her? Well, let me tell you, you killed her yourself. You let her think that she was not as

bad as she was; that led her to neglect herself, and now you bring her to me with about a cubic inch of lung left to breathe with, and expect me to tell her that she'll live to be ninety. It's this infernal system of lying that's at the bottom of all the trouble.

Dr. F. Well, she'll die now, for sure. (*They are now in the consulting-room*). By the way, shall I look at that throat of yours?

Dr. B. Yes, I wish you would. It's very slight, but it's been hanging about for a month.

[*He sits and throws his head back for the examination, which DR. FIELDING begins. MRS. BOB comes in L., sees the two men, and draws back, facing audience, with a pleased expectant smile.*]

Dr. F. Whew! My God!

[*He draws himself up with a gesture of utter agony.**]

Dr. B. What's the matter?

Dr. F. My God! Pull yourself together, old man. I've bad news for you.

Dr. B. (*gone white*) It's you that need to pull yourself together. Come, out with it! It isn't it isn't

Dr. F. Yes, it is.

Dr. B. Cancer?

Dr. F. Cancer. Oesophagus involved, too; it's no use operating even. You haven't a month.

Mrs. B. (*aside*) What splendid acting!

Dr. B. Oh, my God! (*He falls back in his chair, sick and limp.*)

Dr. F. I'm sorry—I'm awfully sorry—but it's true.

Dr. B. Oh, my poor wife. Here! Think! Think! How shall we ever break it to her? (*He rises and staggers out of the consulting-room. Seeing MRS. BOB he stops.*)

Mrs. B. (*pretending not to notice his agitation*) Well, dear, and what does Dr. Fielding say?

Dr. B. (*hoarsely*) Nan, I hardly like to tell you. Oh, Nan, it's the very worst. It's the most malignant form of cancer. I haven't a month to live. (*Wildly*) Ha! ha! ha! Dr. Doom'em doomed at last! (*Breaking down*) Oh, Nan, Nan, what am I to say to you? And what am I to do about my work?

Mrs. B. You've been working too much, dear. I dare-say it's not really very bad; and the rest will do you good.

Dr. B. A pretty long rest. From now to the Day of Judgment. And you have nothing better to tell me than the same old lies! Lies! Lies! Here, I've work to do. Good God!—I've work to do.

[*He rushes into the consulting-room and bangs the door. MRS. BOB, hiding her face in her hands to cover her laughter, rushes off L., followed by FIELDING, his face white and sad. He hesitates a moment, stops, and says (aside)*]

I can't tell her—I daren't tell her. I must keep up the farce.

[*The door banged by DR. BOB swings open on the rebound, and he is seen at his bureau arranging papers. He completes this work methodically; then goes to a drawer, picks out a hypodermic syringe, and fills it, injects his arm. He then comes to the table, opens a box of cigars, and selects one, then puts it back with a little laugh and takes and lights a cigarette.*]

Dr. B. Ten minutes!

[*He seats himself comfortably, and puffs at the cigarette. A long pause. MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING return.*]

Mrs. B. I must tell him—I must tell him! He's suffering too much. (*Runs in.*) Bob! . . . What is it?

Dr. B. I have about seven minutes of life left, Nan. I could not bear to let you see me suffer for a month.

Mrs. B. What do you mean? Oh, don't you see it was all a joke? We wanted you to understand how the people felt when you condemned them. There's nothing the matter with you.

Dr. B. More of your lies. You've killed me with your lies now. I've injected cobra venom, and nothing can save me. Good-bye, Nan!

[*She is dazed, staggers, and falls into his arms, fainting.*]

* This is genuine. Dr. Bob has really cancer; this is the tragedy of the joke. Dr. F. must indicate this by his manner. But he daren't break it to Mrs. Bob, who thinks throughout that he is acting.

THE EQUINOX

A pleasant joke, Fielding. Well, you never had much sense.

[*He falls. FIELDING, distracted, walks about, waving his arms in despair. DR. BOB dies. MRS. BOB recovers, and kisses and embraces the corpse, sobbing.*]

Mrs. B. I've killed my husband! I've killed my husband!

Dr. F. Mrs. Bob, I can spare you one sorrow. It was no joke. Your husband really had cancer.

Mrs. B. Oh, you can't lie to me!

CURTAIN.

IN LIMINE

(IGNOTLUM PER IGNOTIUS)

O Rose of Death, open thy petals wide!
Aching with infinite sweetnesses within
To crush the wavering insect, and to win
From the deep crimson heart of thee a tide
Of wondrous Life; as when the Crucified,
Hanging in shame to expiate all sin.
Found in the dying thief a soul akin
To His own soul. Is not all Truth allied?

O miracle of miracles sublime,
That all created things should sink to climb!
O mystery incarnate of the soul,
That dies but to be born anew! The whole
One monstrous effigy of Life, that Time
Scrawls with fantastic hands from pole to pole.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE
WOODCUTTER

THE WOODCUTTER

PLACIDE GERVEZ was a woodcutter, like his father and grandfather before him. It is to be supposed that Nature was weary of the procession, for Placide had never married, but lived alone in his hut in the forest of Fontainebleau, just too far from the borders for it ever to be worth his while to go into a village for a drink except on very special occasions. He had even been overlooked for military service; and the Prussians had come and gone without interfering with his chopping. He could not read or write, and his language had many less than half a thousand words.

In such conditions he deserved his Christian name. In the forest even an hour calms the most turbulent spirit; a day will cure most worries; and a week with an axe may be recommended to neurasthenics as more than the equivalent of the most expensive Weir-Mitchell treatment and rest-cures. If fashionable doctors could afford to be honest, they would order work-cures for nine-tenths of their patients.

Forty-eight years with an axe in the forest had turned Placide Gervez into a mixture of Stoic, Cynic, and Epicurean; he boasted the simplicity and fortitude of each in respect of pain, propriety, and pleasure.

The droning hum of the forest, broken rarely by the birds—magpie, crow, cuckoo, and nightingale—meant nothing to him in the summer; nor did the monotonous drip depress him in the winter. The ringing thud of his axe and the crash of the murdered tree were neither history nor tragedy to him; the comic and the pastoral were equally sealed books, for the forest has neither satyrs nor shepherds. He had no sport, since in his boyhood his father had thrashed him for throwing his axe at a stag; and no society, for the nearest forester thought him a boor. He chopped to live, and lived to chop.

It was the philosopher of the Rue de Chevreuse who cast the grain of sand into the wheels of this approximation to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion. The philosopher was really a painter, but so bad a painter that he was only known as a theorist in the café which supplied his *crème de menthe*. There he would hold forth interminably on God and man.

Blessed with such means as a mediocre father's devotion to cutlery and an only son had supplied, it was his habit on occasion to descend into the country. Picture him, if you please, as very short and moderately fat, middle-aged at thirty-two, clad in a bourgeois suit and an artist's tie, a red handkerchief under a black felt hat upon a bushy head garnished with a little beard and moustache, perspiring in a sandy and interminable bridle-path leading from the Long Rocher to nowhere in particular.

These walks he would undertake (a) for his health, (b) to absorb the beauties of nature—as he would often demonstrate. Yet the greatest of philosophers are not always logical, and he would have been compelled to discover other reasons for his choice of company. This consisted of a lady whose age was rendered only more uncertain by her efforts to nail conjecture to the number 25. Her hair paled visibly from the scalp, and her neck darkened visibly from the chin. She had made the fortune of India in rice powder, and of China in vermilion. The extravagance of her person and attire, exaggerated even for the Café d'Harcourt, the fortress whence her sallies, was in Fontainebleau a thing to make earth's guardian angels throw up the sponge.

This was a summer's afternoon; and the strange pair, encountering Placide Gervez as he chopped, accosted him. The philosopher, whose irrelevant name was Théophraste Goulet, drew out a cigarette and offered it to his intended victim. It is impossible in a polite nation to leave a man until you have finished the cigarette he gives you—a man, if he was a man, once gave me an Irish cigarette, but that story is a separate cheque—and Placide could not have cut that knot save with his axe. However, in the first pause of the voluble ass for breath, he pointed to his work, uttered the adjective "Hard," and continued to chop.

However, the purport of the discourse—in a highly condensed form—was as follows.

God is good, was the First Postulate of Theophrastus. Hence, all God does is good. Hence, since God made man, He meant man to do good. Hence, man should do good. Agreed. Then, what is good? The necessities of life are good, for otherwise no other good were possible without them. Food is good, shelter is good, all that tends to the health of the individual and the reproduction of the species is good. For

if not, let food be bad, let art be good. Then, since artists need food, good is based on bad, which is absurd. Agreed, then, that necessary things are good. Yes; but are these the only good? No; for these benefits absorb only part of the time and energy of man. Is it good to chop wood? Yes, undoubtedly; but it is also good to render woodcutting in art. Then why should not the woodcutter be an artist? Why should he not chop miracles of carving? The Michael Angelo of Fontainebleau? Why not? What does Browning say? "I want to know the butcher paints, the baker rhymes for his pursuit," and so on. Very well; then what do you do that is truly good? That is, unnecessarily, supererogatively, and therefore superlatively good? You, my friend! You chop wood. Good. You cherish a fair wife; you have strong children to defend the fatherland. Good again. You eat, you drink, you make merry: all good. But do you achieve fame? No. Glory? No. Are you a great saint? No. A great artist? No. A great sinner? No. Nothing great? No. Very well, then: not good. Rise up, man! (the peroration) Be not slothful, be ambitious! Be statesman, artist, divine, strategist, inventor; nay, thief or murderer, if you will! But do not be content to chop wood!

During this quarter of an hour of eloquence his was not the only discourse. The fair friend of the philosopher, eager to impress men in her way as he in his, and equally omnivorous, was busy with Placide Gervez. First a sidelong glance struck armour quite impenetrable to such assault, quickly followed by smiles first secret and then open, gestures at first subtle and at last unmistakable, finally by the unspeakable grimace of the tongue which she had learnt in her time at the red-shuttered convent in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Her triumph was that once the woodcutter struck aslant, and swore.

Théophraste ended his discourse, and, pleasantly parting, sauntered off with his mistress, arm-in-arm. Neither of them give their victim another thought. Out of the wood they went, and (thank God!) out of the story.

But Placide leant upon his axe and stared after them. In his brain one thought only remained, which Théophraste might have formulated logically as "Some men do not chop wood." And in his heart and eye was a dull animal lust. Two strangers had come to his soul's Inn. There being only one room, he put them to bed together, in this form of something like it: "Chop—chop—chop—chop; I'm sick of it. Even if I had a fine girl from Paris like that, what could I do but chop—chop—chop—chop?"

For the first time in his life he went home half an hour earlier than his custom, to the accompaniment of a terrific thunderstorm that rolled up from the valley of the Loing and fell like night upon the forest, like a dark winter's night that afternoon of May.

He was wet to the skin before he reached his hut. Opening the door, he glowered with dull surprise. Equally wet, standing in one corner and wringing out a blouse, was a girl of about twenty years old, an Amazon maid. He could see that she was a lady—that is, that she was not a villager; but he had no means of knowing that she was the Honourable Diana Villiers-Jernyngham-Ketteringham.

Placide spoke a patois that a Parisian might have surmised to be Cherokee, and Diana's boarding-school French would have been given up by that Parisian as no earthly language at all.

She told him that she was staying at the Savoy Hotel at Fontainebleau, and had gone for a walk and lost her way in the forest; and she asked him how far was it to the nearest village, and would he please take her there, and she would give him money.

All this while Placide lit his fire, and proceeded to cook beans. He did not understand her, or try to understand her. There was a strange animal in his hut, possibly a human animal; it might like beans; he would offer it beans. It was not his affair; his affair was to chop—chop—chop—chop.

Diana was a little afraid of this silent beast at first. But the offer of food seemed kindly, and she ate some beans lest he should take offence, found them surprisingly good, nodded satisfaction, and even asked for more.

This part concluded, she went to the door. The rain poured unceasingly; the forest stood in pools; and it was too dark to tell one tree from another. The woodcutter joined her, shook his head, said "far" and "to-morrow," and pointed to a heap of straw.

This strong-minded young lady knew when to bow to the inevitable; she took an armful of the straw, and retiring with it to the other end of the hut, made the sleep sign which every savage understands, and lay down.

Placide Gervez grunted assent, and lying down with a surly "Bon soir" dropped instantly to sleep. How was he to know what dreams would echo his quarter of an hour with the two philosophers of Paris?

THE WOODCUTTER

About eleven o'clock the next morning some the well-horsed search-party from Fontainebleau reached the hut.

At the door, as carefully stacked as the rest, they found the severed limbs of the Honourable Diana. And in the forest the cheery, ringing thud of his axe led them to Placide Gervez, quietly, manfully chopping.

They told him of a Widow Lady in Paris who could beat him at his own game.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LA FOIRE

I

La Géante.

Ah! je suis fou d'amour pour la grasse géante,
Du rire sardonique et des regards hautains,
Démangeaisons de l' me et cançère des reins!
Les nichons sanglantes, la crevasse béante
M'attirent, me collent la noire et la puante
Peau qui sent d'Afrique tout le velours malsain,
De cruauté, de mort, d'eunuque, de putain,
La nuit tragique, affreuse—et oh! mais enivrante!

Sale et salé, ton corps! Ton me crapuleuse
Vaut bien l'amphisboene des mares vénéneuses:—
Que je m'y noye, sucer de tes impurs crachats
L'immondice d'enfer, d'où démon, tu sortis
Y perdre les enfants d'un Dieu anéanti
Par sortilège noir de tes poilus sabbats!

II

La Naine

Monstre effrayant, plus vil que tout autre animal,
Corps comique— crasé d'un ventre de catin!—
Chef d' uvre de blasphème, enfanté du Malin,
Insecte infecté, honteux et quand meme banal,
J'ajoute ton portrait au cortège infernal
De mes amours pourris. Ton glabre et libertin
Caresse vaut l'ivresse—oh! verse-moi le vin!
Un tel carême fait oublier le carnaval.

C'est l'amour? le dégoût? le luxure? la haine?
Je n'en sais rien: le Dieu qui t'a difformé, naine,
Me jette dans ton lit, me soumet, corps et me,
A tes pieds, l'amour brutal et hystérique.
Ce baiser la fois ridicule et lubrique
Evoque de Satan l'image—et le dictame!

BARBEY DE ROCHECHOUART.

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

MURIEL MADDOX was a blonde frail piquant thing, a fluffy baby of nineteen easy summers. But she was a hard-working orphan, too, with no relations but a semi-mythical brother on the Yukon who had not found enough gold to send her any; and she earned her living—two pounds a week—as violinist to the splendid tea-parties of the Hotel Escoffier. Her liking for Professor Zircon was little more than a child's, though the shaggy-headed old analyst told another story to his brother experts at the War Office. And indeed, though her nature was incapable of great passion, what she had she gave, and to the innocence of a child added a dog's fidelity and trust. Professor Zircon was a happy old man; he called her his Chloride of Gold. Muriel means salt, you know, he would explain to the fellows at the club, and salt is a compound of hydrochloric or muriatic acid—I wonder if we shall produce a little Zirconium Chloride! At this jest thus elaborated he was wont to laugh seven times a week; and trot happily back to his house in Kensington for dinner. Seven times a week he would let himself in through the laboratory and pretend surprise when he found Muriel reading a novelette in his own armchair.

"What, what! and how the deuce did you get in?" or "Tut! tut! my dear madam, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" or "I beg a thousand pardons, madam, I really thought this was my house," and Muriel, genuinely pleased and amused, would enter into the little comedy, always ending up with kisses in the old armchair, and a dainty dinner.

This had continued for nearly three years with no interruption but once when the Professor's wife, from whom he had long been separated, succeeded in getting into the house on some pretence, and creating a very considerable uproar before the professor and his butler could master her rage. She was a big muscular woman from Australia with the body of a tiger and the temper of a snake. She would have made a winning fight of it but for Zircon's adroit sortie to the laboratory and timely return with a bottle of chloroform.

The professor dined alone that night; at the very outset of the battle Muriel had fled in tears to the little room in Walham Green where she lived under the alleged guardianship of a most paunchy ex-dresser.

No other incident disturbed the ripples of their harmless, petty liaison. Even the earlier rumours of the brother in Alaska had died down to folk-lore. The Professor had never got away from his work in time to hear her play the fiddle; anyhow, he hated music. Nor had Muriel ever stayed too late to alarm her landlady, who thought she played at supper as well as at tea. The illness of the Secretary of War alarmed only the German Ambassador, who could not be positive that in case of his death an accident might not happen and a capable person be appointed to the post. The annoyance of his death—telephoned to the Office at three o'clock one afternoon—was concentrated on Professor Zircon, torn away from a compound with half the Greek Alphabet dotted about its name by a white-haired little Colonel who assured him that it really wasn't decent. "We won't go to the Club, dear man. We'll just drop in at the Escoffier for tea." The Professor grunted an assent; but he was more than half pleased. He wondered what his fairy looked like in her butterfly wings.

The lounge of the Escoffier was full of people; but right across the room Professor Zircon could see Muriel with cornflowers in her yellow-ashen hair and her simple muslin dress. But she wore the diamonds he had given her, a string of starlight at her neck. How well he remembered that evening! He had taken her into the laboratory and heated up some sugar with sulphuric acid, loving her amazement as it swelled and blackened. "That is carbon now," he had said, "if we could only crystalize it, what splendid diamonds we could have! But we can't—not to any effect. Diamonds are always found in a kind of blue mud—I suppose there can't be any here?" leading her to a box full of modelling clay which he used in some of his experiments. And he made her dive and dirty her dear little fingers ever so, before she ran against the necklace. And then they retrieved it quite, and washed it, and he put it round her neck for her very own!

She played in her demure, modest way; not very good, but pleasing enough to people who only wanted an excuse for not having to think sufficiently to talk while they wolfed *foie gras* and watercress, muffins and eclairs, cheesecakes and hot buttered toast. And she seemed to care as little for them as they for her.

The Professor and the Colonel had risen to go.

"That's my little Muriel—I call her the Spirit of Salt—ha! ha! ho!" "A damn nice little bit of fluff—damn lucky boy!" growled the Colonel, winking at a chorus girl (in two thousand pounds worth of furs) whose salary was thirty shillings a week.

Suddenly the Professor paled. A last glance over his shoulder showed him that a bearded man had risen and was handing a flower to Muriel. And Muriel was blushing and trembling with some emotion too profound to estimate, but clear enough to the analyst.

When a man has detected a thousandth of a grain of atropine in the carcass of a barmaid, he does not hesitate to read the heart of a girl. And as a Government expert he was clothed with official infallibility—a triple buckler.

He went on casually talking to the Colonel for a few minutes before politeness allowed him to throw himself into a moving taxicab and roar his address at the astonished driver. It was the first time he had come home to an empty house since he had picked up Muriel on an omnibus and carried her off to a discreet Italian restaurant near Sloane Square where a flask of Chianti emptied to the bottom had left not a dreg of discretion.

The arm-chair shocked him. This was the last time that she would sit in it, the false little harlot! The eternal emptiness of things, the unbreakable solitude of life, struck a chill to his marrow. How was he to know that only by uttermost surrender of the self to the Beloved can that curse be broken?

Then a gleam of sanity crossed the bigoted scientific mind of the man. She might be able to explain. But he brushed away the idea. How can a fact ever be upset?

Credulity itself is reason compared to the mind of the logician who has once allowed emotion to infect his brain, who has missed the factor of the personal equation.

The idea returned. So long she had sat there in her childish purity that the conservatism of his hard old brain reacted. It could not be. Things could not change. Yet? In the upshot he was English enough to try her before condemning her, German enough to lay a trap for her in the very nature of that trial.

His consideration passed from judgment to execution, and his face set like a mask. Ultimately he went to a small safe in the wall, took out a half-hoop diamond ring, and dropped it into the coal-scuttle. Reward or punishment! Either the old trick—or a new one! He turned on his heel and went softly into the laboratory.

Meanwhile Muriel Madox tripped along from the Escoffier in the bright February air. Her heart was very light and very anxious. The incident of the afternoon—should she tell the Professor? Concealment was foreign to her nature; for the first time in her life she hesitated. How would it affect their relations?

It would be better to think it over, to sleep on it. It never occurred to her for a moment that the Professor might already know. In the end she decided to say nothing; but so absorbed had been her tiny brain in its little problem that she forgot the obvious corollary of removing the flower from her dress.

She was nestled in the arm-chair when the old analyst tiptoed into the room and clapped his hands over her eyes. "Who is it?" said he gaily.

"Why, you're Jack from Alaska, of course," she answered, laughing. "Guess again?" And the child guessed the German Emperor, and Lewis Waller, and everyone else she could think of. "Wrong." Wrong." Wrong." "Why," she cried, jumping up and facing him, "it's Professor Zircon! The last person in the world I should have expected to find here!"

She threw her arms round his neck and called him a "dear silly."

"Well, what's the news, child?"

"No news. I'm so sorry the chief's dead."

"Doesn't matter to me. What a pretty flower in your dress!"

She had an instinct of sudden and terrible danger; and lied instantly. "I bought it for your button-hole." And she fastened it there.

Professor Zircon called her a sweet, thoughtful fairy, and gave her a kiss. Such a shudder ran through him as rarely stirred his veins. He had some flash of memory, of Judas, perhaps, signalled across

the forty years since he had heard the legend of the Gospels at his mother's knee.

"But there is news!" he added gaily. "I'm going to show you my great discovery. I've found out how to make diamonds. Just crystallizing coal, you see; so simple when you know how to do it. Wait a minute! And he fetched a small electric machine from the laboratory and solemnly made it spark in the coal-scuttle. There! he announced triumphantly. Now we'll see if we've managed to crystallize any coal!"

So the child began to hunt in the scuttle, and in a few minutes found the ring glittering in its dusty setting, like the eyes of a snake in the jungle.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Oh, you old fraud! You said nothing about making gold!"

"Ah! that's a little accident," replied the Professor. "Discoveries never come singly."

"And is it really for me? All my very own?"

"Who else should it be for, darling?"

"You're a darling sweet boy."

"Run away and wash your hands! I've warmed up your own element for you, you dear little Spirit of Salt!"

She ran gleefully into the laboratory. On the bench stood the basin she had used so often, with the soap and towels neatly at its side. She seized the soap, and plunged both hands into the nearly boiling hydrochloric acid. Then she turned her head to him, her mouth a tragic square, incapable even of uttering even a shriek.

"How will you play the fiddle," screamed Zircon, "with no fingers? How will you play the harlot? I saw you and your lover. There's his flower!" He flung it at her. "But I'm even with you—Oh! I'm even with you!" And he foamed into a spate of the filthiest abuse.

It broke the spell. Scream after scream broke from her mouth until, choking with their very volume, her voice broke to a strangled yell, and the agony of the acid bit into her soul. She fell on the floor fainting.

"Vile thing!" screamed Zircon, spurning her with his foot. He choked: his brain fell suddenly clear with the lucidity of intellect. He walked into the dining-room, and whistled as he walked. There he sat down. The next move in his infernal revenge was the waking of Muriel, and that might be soon or late. He had not calculated the effect of waiting; his nerves cried out. For the first time he had a glimpse of the doctrine of eternal punishment—perceived that the resurrection of the body was no necessary condition. Tortured, he gazed upon the second hand of his watch. He could have sworn it stopped, when it shook and staggered on with the importance of Big Ben, and he realized that his own time-sense was radically upset. He wondered if it was the same with her—the devil in him gloated.

"A gentleman to see you, sir!" said the butler, opening the door. "He wouldn't give his name!"

"I'll see him," said Zircon, as blithe as a lark. "Show him in!"

In strode the bearded stranger of the afternoon.

"You damned scoundrel!" he addressed the smiling Professor. "So this is where my sister spends her evenings! Be good enough to explain——" He broke off, for the Professor had thrust both hands deep into his trouser pockets and leant back against the bookcase, laughing, laughing, laughing.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE
SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION
OF THE
UNIVERSE

DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE
THROUGH THE SKRYING OF

SIR EDWARD KELLY

PART II
THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS

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

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

These are Most Solemn Invocations. Use these only after other invocations. Key tablet hath 6 calls, 1 above other 5.

1: Governs generally as a whole the tablet of Union. Use it *first* in all invocations of Angels of that tablet, but not at all with other 4 tables.

2: Used as an invocation of Angels E H N B representing governance of Spirit in the Tablet of Union: also precedes, *in the second place*, all invocations of Key tablet Angels. Not used in invocations of 4 other tables.

3, 4, 5, 6: Used in invocations of Angels of Tablet of Union, *also* of angels of 4 terrestrial tablets, thus.

3: Used to invoke Angels of the letters of the line e x a r p

For those of Tablet ORO as a whole and for the lesser angle of this tablet, which is that of the element itself, *viz.* i d o i g o. So for others.

The remaining 12 Keys refer to the remaining lesser angles of the tables, the order of the elements being Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

Pronounce Elemental language (also called Angelic or Enochian) by inserting the next following Hebrew vowel between consonants, *e.g.* e after b (bEth), i after g (gImel), a after d, etc.

THE OPENING OF THE PORTAL OF THE VAULT OF THE ADEPTS

פ . ד . ב . ת PAROKETH, the Veil of the Sanctuary.

The Sign of the Rending of the Veil.

The Sign of the Closing of the Veil.

[Give these.]

Make the Invoking Pentagrams of Spirit.

In the number 21, in the grand word אהיה;

In the Name יהשועה, in the Pass Word I.N.R.I.,

O Spirits of the Tablet of Spirit,

Ye, ye I invoke!

The sign of Osiris slain!

The sign of the mourning of Isis!

The sign of Apophis and Typhon!

The sign of Osiris Risen!

L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.

[Give these.]

In the name of I H V H A L V H V D O Th, I declare that the Spirits of Spirit have been duly invoked

[The Knock 1.4444]

THE EQUINOX

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

THE FIRST KEY¹

OL sonuf vaoresaji, gohu IAD Balata, elanusaha caelazod: sopra zod-ol Roray i ta nazodapesad, Giraa ta maelpereji, das hoel-qo qaa notahoa zodimezod, od comemahe ta nobeloha zodien; soba tahl gi-nonupe pereje aladi, das vaurebes obolehe giresam. Casarem ohorela caba Pire: das zodonurenusagi cab: erem Iadanahe. Pilahe farezodem zodenurezoda adana gono Iadpiel das home-tohe soba ipame lu ipamis: das sobolo vepé zodomeda poamal, od bogipa aai ta piape Piamoel od Vaoan!² Zodacare, eca, od zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa; zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, Hoathahe I A I D A !

86 words in this Enochian Call.

[Invokes the whole Tablet of Spirit]

THE FIRST KEY

I REIGN over ye, saith the God of Justice, in power exalted above the Firmament of Wrath, in whose hands the Sun is as a sword, and the Moon as a through thrusting Fire: who measureth your Garments in the midst of my Vestures, and trussed you together as the palms of my hands. Whose seats I garnished with the Fire of Gathering, and beautified your garments with admiration. To whom I made a law to govern the Holy Ones, and delivered ye a Rod, with the Ark of Knowledge. Moreover you lifted up your voices and swore obedience and faith to Him that liveth and triumpheth: whose beginning is not, nor end cannot be: which shineth as a flame in the midst of your palaces, and reigneth amongst you as the balance of righteousness and truth!

Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

169 words in this English Call.

THE SECOND KEY

ADAGITA vau-pa-ahe zodonugonu fa-a-ipe salada! Vi-i-vau el! Sobame ial-pereji i-zoda-zodazod pi-adapehe casarema aberameji ta ta-labo paracaleda qo-ta lores-el-qo turebesa ooge balatohe! Giui cahisa lusada oreri od micalapape cahisa bia ozodonugonu! lape noanu tarofe coresa tage o-quo maninu IA-I-DON. Torezodu! gohe-el, zodacare eca ca-no-quoda! zodameranu micalazodo od ozodazodame vaure-lape; lape zodir IOIAD!

THE SECOND KEY

CAN the Wings of the Winds understand your voices of Wonder? O you! the second of the First! whom the burning flames have framed in the depths of my Jaws! Whom I have prepared as cups for a wedding, or as the flowers in their beauty for the chamber of Righteousness! Stronger are your feet than the barren stone, and mightier are your voices than the manifold winds! For you are become a building such as is not, save in the Mind of the All-Powerful.

Arise, saith the First: Move therefore unto his servants! Shew yourselves in power, and make me a strong Seer-of-things: for I am of Him that liveth for ever!

[Invokes: The File of Spirit in the Tablet of Spirit.

E.—The Root of the Powers of Air.

H.—The Root of the Powers of Water.

N.—The Root of the Powers of Earth.

B.—The Root of the Powers of Fire.

The Four Aces.]

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF 2°=98°

GIVE the Sign of Shu.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Air!
Shaddai El Chai! Almighty and ever-living One, be Thy Name ever magnified in the Life of All. (Sign of Shu.) Amen!

[Make the Invoking Penta-gram } AHIH
of Spirit Active in these } AGLA
names: } EXARP.]

[Make the Invoking Penta-gram } IHVH
of Air in these names: } ShDI AL ChI.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Adam in our own image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fowls of the air.

In the Names of IHVH and of ShDI AL ChI, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[With air-dagger (or other suitable weapon) make the sign of Aquarius.] In the name of RPAL and in the Sign of the Man, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Eastern Quadrangle, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Hold dagger aloft.] In the Three great Secret Names of God, ORO IBAH AOZPI that are borne upon the Banners of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Again elevate dagger.] In the Name of BATAIVAH, great King of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Shaddai AL Chai, I declare that the Spirits of Air have been duly invoked.

[The Knock 333.333.333.]

THE THIRD KEY

MICAMA! goho Pe-IAD! zodir com-selahe azodien biabe os-lon-dohe. Norezodacahisa otahila Gigipahe; vaunud-elcahisa ta-pu-ime qo-mos-pelehe telocahe; qui-i-inu toltoregi cahisa i cahisji em ozodien; dasata beregida od torezodul! Ili e-OI balazodareji, od aala tahiranu-os netaabe: daluga vaomesareji elonusa cape-mi-ali vaoresa *cala* homila cocasabe fafenu izodizodope, od miinoagi de ginetaabe: vaunu na-nae- el panupire malpireji caosaji. Pilada noanu vaunalahe balata od-vaoan. Do-o-i-ape mada: goholore, gohus, amiranu! Micama! Yehusozod ca-ca-com, od do-o-a-inu noari micaolazoda a-ai-om. Casarameji gohia: Zodacare! Vaunigilaji! od im-ua-mar pugo pelapel Ananael Qo-a-an.

80 words in this Enochian Call.

THE THIRD KEY

BEHOLD! saith your God! I am a circle on whose hands stand Twelve Kingdoms. Six are the seats of living breath: the rest are as sharp sickles or the Horns of Death. Wherein the creatures of Earth are and are not, except (in) mine own hands; which sleep and shall rise!

In the First I made ye stewards and placed ye in twelve seats of government: giving unto every one of you power successively over the 456 true ages of time: to the intent that from the highest vessels and

THE EQUINOX

the corners of your governments you might work my Power, pouring down the fires of life and increase continually on the earth. Thus you are become the skirts of Justice and Truth.

In the name of the same your God, lift up, I say, yourselves!

Behold! his mercies flourish and (His) Name is become mighty among us. In whom we say: Move! Descend! and apply yourselves unto us as unto the partakers of His Secret Wisdom in your Creation.

167 words in this English Call.

[Invokes: Exarp; the whole Tablet of Air.

The angle of \triangle of \triangle .

The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF 3°=88

GIVE the Sign of Auramoth.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Water!

Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim of Hosts!

Glory be to the Ruach Elohim which moved upon the Face of the Waters of Creation!

AMEN!

[Make the Invoking Penta-gram } AHIH
of Spirit Passive and pro- } AGLA
nounce these names: } HCOMA.]

[Make the Invoking Penta-gram } A L.
of Water and pronounce: } ALHIM TzABAVTh.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Adam in our own image; and let them have dominion over the Fish of the Sea! In the name of A L, Strong and Powerful, and in the name of ALHIM TzBAVTH, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Make Sigil of Eagle with cup.] In the name of GBRIAL and in the Sign of the Eagle, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Make cross with cup.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Western Quadrangle, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Elevate cup.] In the three great Secret Names of God, MPH ARSL GAIOL that are borne upon the Banners of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Elevate cup.] In the Name of RAAGIOSEL, great King of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Elohim Tzabaoth, I declare that the Spirits of Water have been duly invoked.

[The Knock 1.333.1.333.]

THE FOURTH KEY

OTAHIL elasadi babaje, od dorepaha gohol: gi-cahisaje auauago coremepe *peda*, dasonuf vi-vau-di-vau? Casaremi oeli *meapeme* sobame agi corempo carep-el: casaremeji caro-odazodi cahisa od vaugeji; dasata ca-pi-mali cahisa ca-pi-ma-on: od elonusahinu cahisa ta el-o *calaa*. Torezodu nor-quasahi od fe-caosaga: Bagile zodir e-na-IAD: das iod apila! Do-o-a-ipe quo-A-AL, zodacare! Zodameranu obelisonugi resat-el aaf nor-mo-lapi!

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

THE FOURTH KEY

I HAVE set my feet in the South, and have looked about me, saying: are not the thunders of increase numbered 33, which reign in the second Angle?

Under whom I have placed 9639: whom none hath yet numbered, but One; in whom the Second Beginnings of Things are and wax strong, which also successively are the Numbers of Time: and their powers are as the first 456.

Arise! you sons of Pleasure! and visit the earth: for I am the Lord your God; which is and liveth (for ever)! In the name of the Creator, move! and shew yourselves as pleasant deliverers, that you may praise him among the sons of men!

[Invokes: hcoma; the whole Tablet of Water.

The angle of ∇ of ∇ .

The Queen of the Thrones of Water.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF 1°=108

GIVE the Sign of the God SET fighting.

Purify with Fire and Water, and announce. The Temple is cleansed.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Earth!

Adonai ha Aretz, Adonai Melekh, unto Thee be the Kingdom, the Sceptre, and the Splendour: Malkuth, Geburah, Gedulah, The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, Amen!

[Sprinkle Salt before Earth tablet.] Let the Earth adore Adonai!

[Make the Invoking Hexagram of Saturn.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of } AHIH.
Spirit Passive and pronounce AGLA
these names: NANTA.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of }
Earth, and pronounce this Name: ADNI MLK.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Man in Our own image; and let them have dominion over the Fish of the Sea and over the Fowl of the Air; and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the Earth. And the Elohim created AT-h- ADAM: in the image of the Elohim created They them; male and female created They them. In the Name of ADNI MLK and of the Bride and Queen of the Kingdom; Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Sign of Taurus.] In the name of AVRIAL, great archangel of Earth, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Northern Quadrangle, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Sprinkle water before Earth Tablet.] In the three great secret Names of God, MOR, DIAL, HCTGA, that are borne upon the Banners of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Cense the Tablet.] In the name of IC-ZOD-HEH-CAL, great King of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Adonai Ha-Aretz, I declare that the Spirits of Earth have been duly invoked.

The Knock 4444.333.22.1.

THE EQUINOX

THE FIFTH KEY

SAPAHE zodimii du-i-be, od noasa ta qu-a-nis, adarocahe dorepehal caosagi od faonutas peripesol ta-be-liore. Casareme A-me-ipezodi na-zodarethe *afa*; od dalugare zodizodope zodelida caosaji tol-toregi; od zod-cahisa esiasacahe. El ta-vivau; od iao-d tahlada das hubare *pe-o-al*; soba coremeffa cahisa ta Ela Vaulasa od Quo-Co-Casabe. Eca niisa od darebesa quoa- asa: fetahe-ar-ezodi od beliora: ia-ial eda-nasa cicalesa; bagile Ge-iad I-el!

THE FIFTH KEY

The mighty sounds have entered into the third angle, and are become as olives in the Olive Mount; looking with gladness upon the earth, and dwelling in the brightness of the Heavens as continual Comforters.

Unto whom I fastened 19 Pillars of Gladness, and gave them vessels to water the earth with her creatures; and they are the brothers of the First and Second, and the beginning of their own seats, which are garnished with 69,636 ever-burning lamps: whose numbers are as the First, the Ends, and the Contents of Time. Therefore come ye and obey your creation: visit us in peace and comfort: conclude us receivers of your mysteries: for why? Our Lord and Master is the All-One!

[Invokes: Nanta; the whole Tablet of Earth.

The angle of $\nabla \nabla$.

The Princess of the Echoing Hills, the Rose
of the Palace of Earth.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GRADE OF 4°=78

GIVE the Sign of Thaum-aesh-neith.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Fire!

Tetragrammaton Tzabaoth! Blessed be Thou! The Leader of Armies is Thy Name! AMEN!

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of } AHIH.
Spirit Active and pronounce these } AGLA.
names: } BITOM.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of } ALHIM.
Fire, and pronounce: } IHVH TzBAVTh.]

[Make the sign of Leo with censer (or other suitable weapon).] In the name of MIKAL, archangel of Fire, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Southern Quadrangle, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Elevate censer.] In the three Secret Names of God, OIP TEAA PDOCE, that are borne upon the banners of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Lower and lift censer.] In the Name of EDELPERNA, great King of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

In the Name of IHVH TzBAVTh, I declare that the Spirits of Fire have been duly invoked.

The Knock 333.1.333.

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

THE SIXTH KEY

GAHE sa-div cahisa *em*, micalazoda Pil-zodinu, sobam El haraji babalonu od obeloce samevelaji, dala-gare malapereji ar-caosaji od *acame* canale, sobola zodare fa-beliareda caosaji od cahisa aneta-na miame ta Viv od Da. Daresare Solpetah- bienu. Be-ri-ta od zodacame ji-mi-calazodo: sob-haatahe tariana luia-he od ecarinu MADA Qu-a-a-on!

THE SIXTH KEY

THE Spirits of the fourth angle are Nine, Mighty in the Firmament of Waters: whom the First hath planted, a torment to the wicked and a garland to the righteous: giving unto them fiery darts to vanne the earth, and 7699 continual workmen, whose courses visit with comfort the earth; and are in government and continuance as the Second and the Third.

Therefore hearken unto my voice! I have talked of you, and I move you in power and in presence, and the praise of your God in your Creation!

[Invokes: bitom; the whole Tablet of Fire.

The angle of \triangle of \triangle .

The Lord of the Flame and the Lightning,
the King of the Spirits of Fire.]

THE SEVENTH KEY

RA-ASA isalamanu para-di-zoda oe-cari-mi aao iala-piregahe Qui-inu. Enai butamonu od inoasa ni pa-ra-diala. Casaremeji ujeare cahirelanu, od zodonace lucifatianu, caresa ta vavale-zodirenu tol-hami. Soba lonudohe od nuame cahisa ta Da o Desa vo-ma-dea od pi-beliare itahile rita od miame ca-ni-quola rita! Zodacare! Zodameranu! Iecarimi Quo-a -dahe od I-mica-ol-zododa aaiome. Bajirele papenore idalugama elonusahi.od umapelifa vau-ge-ji Bijil-IAD!

THE SEVENTH KEY

THE East is a house of Virgins singing praises among the flames of first glory wherein the Lord hath opened his mouth; and they are become as 28 living dwellings in whom the strength of man rejoiceth; and they are apparelled with ornaments of brightness, such as work wonders on all creatures. Whose kingdoms and continuance are as the Third and Fourth strong towers and places of comfort, the Seats of Mercy and Continuance. O ye Servants of Mercy, Move! Appear! Sing praises unto the Creator; and be mighty among us. For that to this remembrance is given power, and our strength waxeth strong in our Comforter!

[Invokes the Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .

The Queen of the Thrones of Air.]

THE EIGHTH KEY

BAZODEMELO i ta pi-ripesonu olanu Na-zodavabebe *ox*. Casaremeji varanu cahisa vaugeji asa berameji balatoha: goho IAD. Soba miame tarianu ta lolacis Abaivoninu od azodijiere riore. Irejila cahisa da das pa-aox busada Caosago, das cahisa od ipuranu telocahe cacureji o-isalamahe lonucaho od Vovina care-bafe? NIISO! bagile avagao gohon. NIISO! bagile momao siaonu, od mabezoda IAD oi asa-momare poilape. NIIASA! Zodameranu ciaosi caosago od belioerasa od coresi ta a beramiji.

THE EQUINOX

THE EIGHTH KEY

THE Midday, the first is as the third Heaven made of 26 Hyacinthine Pillars, in whom the Elders are become strong, which I have prepared for mine own Righteousness, saith the Lord: whose long continuance shall be as bucklers to the Stooping Dragon, and like unto the harvest of a Widow. How many are there which remain in the Glory of the Earth, which are, and shall not see Death until the House fall and the Dragon sink? Come away! for the Thunders (of increase) have spoken. Come away! for the Crowns of the Temple and the Robe of Him that is, was, and shall be crowned are divided! Come forth! Appear! to the terror of the Earth, and to our comfort, and to the comfort of such as are prepared.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Princess of the Rushing Winds, the Lotus of the
Palace of Air.

THE NINTH KEY

MICAOLI beranusaji perejela napeta ialapore, das barinu efafaje *Pe* vaunupeho olani od obezoda, soba-ca upaahe cahisa tatanu od taranenu balie, alare busada so-bolunu od cahisa hoel-qo ca-no-quodi *cia*!. Vaunesa aladonu mom caosago ta iasa olalore ginai limelala. Amema cahisa sobra madarida zod cahisa! Ooa moanu cahisa avini darilapi caosajinu: od butamoni pareme zodumebi canilu. Dazodisa etahamezoda cahisa dao, od mireka ozodola cahisa pidiai Colalala. Ul ci ninu a sobame ucime. Bajile? IAD BALATOHE cahirelanu pare! NIISO! od upe ofafafe; bajile a-cocasahe icoresaka a uniji beliore.

THE NINTH KEY

A MIGHTY guard of Fire with two-edged swords flaming (which have eight Vials of wrath for two times and a half, whose wings are of wormwood and the marrow of salt) have set their feet in the West, and are measured with their 9996 ministers. These gather up the moss of the Earth as the rich man doth his Treasure. Cursed are they whose iniquities they are! In their eyes are mill-stones greater than the earth, and from their mouths run seas of blood. Their heads are covered with diamonds, and upon their heads are marble stones.³ Happy is he on whom they frown not. For why? The Lord of Righteousness rejoiceth in them! Come away, and not your Vials: for the time is such as requireth Comfort.

The Angle of \triangle of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Lord of the Winds and Breezes, the King of the
Spirits of Air.

THE TENTH KEY

CORAXO cahisi coremepe, od belanusa Lucala azodiazodore paebe Soba iisononu cahisa uirequo *ope* copehanu od racalire maasi bajile caosagi; das yalaponu dosiji od basajime; od ox ex dazodisa od salaberoxa cynuxire faboanu. Vaunala cahisa conusata das *daox* cocasa ol Oanio yore vohima ol jizodyazoda od eoresa cocasaji pelosi molui das pajei, laraji same darolanu matorebe cocasaji emena. El pataralaxa yolaci matabe nomiji mononusa olora junayo anujelareda. Ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! noibe Ohyo! caosagonu! Bajile madarida i zodiropo cahiso darisapa! NIISO! caripe ipe nidali!

THE TENTH KEY

THE Thunders of Judgement and Wrath are numbered and are harboured in the North, in the likeness of an Oak whose branches are 22 nests of lamentation and weeping laid up for the earth: which burn night and day, and vomit out the heads of scorpions, and live sulphur mingled with poison. These be the

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

thunders that, 5678 times in the twenty-fourth part of a moment, roar with a hundred mighty earthquakes and a thousand times as many surges, which rest not, neither know any⁴ time here. One rock bringeth forth a thousand, even as the heart of man doth his thoughts. Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Yea, Woe be to the Earth, for her iniquity is, was, and shall be great. Come away! but not your mighty sounds!

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters.

THE ELEVENTH KEY

OXIAYALA holado, od zodirome *O* coraxo das zodiladare raasyo. Od vabezodire cameliaxa od bahala: NIISO! salamanu telocahe! Casaremanu hoel-qo, od ti ta zod cahisa soba coremefa i ga. NIISA! bagile aberameji nonucape. Zodacare eca od Zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A!

THE ELEVENTH KEY

THE mighty Seat ground, and there were five Thunders that flew into the East. And the Eagle spake and cried aloud: Come away from the House of Death! And they gathered themselves together and became (those) of whom it is measured, and it is as They are, whose number is 31. Come away! For I have prepared (a place) for you. Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Princess of the Waters, the Lotus of the Palace of
the Floods.

THE TWELFTH KEY

NONUCI dasonuf Babaje od cahisa *ob* habaio tibibipe: alalare ataraahe od ef! Dirix fafenu *mianu* ar Enayo ovof! Soba dooainu aai i VONUPEHE. Zodacare, gohusa, od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A!

THE TWELFTH KEY

O YE that range in the South and are as the 28 Lanterns of Sorrow, bind up your girdles and visit us! bring down your train 3663 (servitors), that the Lord may be magnified, whose name amongst ye is Wrath. Move! I say, and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the
Hosts of the Sea.

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

NAPEAI Babajehe das berinu *vax* ooaona larinuji vonupehe doalime: conisa olalogi oresaha das cahisa afefa. Micama isaro Mada od Lonu-sahi-toxa, das ivaumeda aai Jirosabe. Zodacare od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE EQUINOX

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

O YE Swords of the South, which have 42 eyes to stir up the wrath of Sin: making men drunken which are empty: Behold the Promise of God, and His Power, which is called amongst ye a bitter sting! Move and Appear! unveil the mysteries of your Creation; for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Prince of the Chariot of Earth.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

NORONI bajihie pasahasa Oiada! das tarinuta mireca ol tahila dodasa tolhame caosago *homida*: das berinu orocahe *quare*: Micama! Bial. Oiad; aisaro toxa das ivame aai Balatima. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

O YE Sons of Fury, the Daughters of the Just One! that sit upon 24 seats, vexing all creatures of the Earth with age, that have 1636 under ye. Behold! The voice of God; the promise of Him who is called amongst ye Fury or Extreme Justice. Move and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Queen of the Thrones of Earth.

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

ILASA! tabaanu li-El pereta, casaremanu upaahi cahisa *dareji*; das oado caosaji oresacore: das omaza monasaji Baeouibe od emetajisa Iaiadix. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

O THOU, the Governor of the first Flame, under whose wings are 6739; that weave the Earth with dryness: that knowest the Great Name "Righteousness," and the Seal of Honour. Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

The Angle of \triangle of ∇ in the tablet of ∇ .
The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land, the King of the
Spirits of Earth.

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

ILASA viviala pereta! Salamanu balata, das acaro odazodi busada, od belioraxa balita: das inusi caosaji lusadanu *emoda*: das ome od taliobe: darilape iehe ilasa Mada Zodilodarepe. Zodacare od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa: zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

O THOU second Flame, the House of Justice, which hast the beginning in glory and shall comfort the Just: which walkest upon the Earth with 8763 feet, which understand and separate creatures! Great art thou in the God of Stretch forth and Conquer. Move and appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of \triangle of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Prince of the Chariot of Fire.

THE SEVENTEENTH KEY

ILASA dial pereta! soba vaupaahē cahisa nanuba zodixalayo dodasihe od berinuta *faxisa* hubaro tasa-tax yolasa: soba Iad i Vonupehe o Uonupehe: aladonu dax ila od toatare! Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE SEVENTEENTH KEY

O THOU third Flame! whose wings are thorns to stir up vexation, and who hast 7336 living lamps going before Thee: whose God is "Wrath in Anger": Gird up thy loins and hearken! Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Queen of the Thrones of Flame.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

ILASA micalazoda olapireta ialpereji belioresa: das odo Busadire Oiad ouoaresa caosago: casaremeji Laiada *eranu* berinutasa cafaame das ivemeda aqoso adoho Moz, od maoffasa. Bolape como belioeta pamebata. Zodacare od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe I A I D A.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

O THOU mighty Light and burning Flame of Comfort! that unveilest the Glory of God to the centre of the Earth, in whom the 6332 secrets of Truth have their abiding, that is called in thy kingdom "Joy" and not to be measured. Be thou a window of comfort unto me! Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation, be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the highest.

The Angle of ∇ of \triangle in the tablet of \triangle .
The Princess of the Shining Flame, the Rose of the
Palace of Fire.

MARK WELL!

THESE first 18 calls are in reality 19; that is, 19 in the Celestial Orders; but with us the first table hath no call, and can have no call, seeing that it is of the Godhead. Thus, then, with us hath it the number 0, though with them that of 1. (Even as the first key of the ROTA hath the number 0.)

THE EQUINOX

After this follow the calls or keys of the Thirty Aires of Æthyrs: which are in substance similar, though, in the name of the Æthyrs, diversified.

The titles of the Thirty Æthyrs whose dominion extendeth in
ever-widening circles without and beyond the Watch
Towers of the Universe

[*The first is Outermost*]

1	LIL	16	LEA
2	ARN	17	TAN
3	ZOM	18	ZEN
4	PAZ	19	POP
5	LIT	20	KHR
6	MAZ	21	ASP
7	DEO	22	LIN
8	ZID	23	TOR
9	ZIP	24	NIA
10	ZAX	25	VTI
11	ICH	26	DES
12	LOE	27	ZAA
13	ZIM	28	BAG
14	UTA	29	RII
15	OXO	30	TEX

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY ÆTHYRS

MADARIATZA das perifa LIL⁵ cahisa micaolazoda saanire caosago od fifisa balzodizodarasa Iaida. Nonuça gohulime: Micama adoianu MADA iaoda beliorebe, soba ooaona cahisa luciftias peripesol, das aberaasasa nonuça netaaibe caosaji od tilabe adapehaheta damepelozoda, tooata nonuça jimicala-zodoma larasada tofejilo marebe yareryo IDOIGO;⁶ od torezodulape yaodafe gohola, Caosaga, tabaoreda saanire, od caharisateosa yorepoila tiobela busadire, tilable noalanu paida oresaba, od dodaremeni zodayolana. Elazodape tilabe paremeji peripesatza, od ta qurelesata booapisa. Lanibame oucaho sayomepe, od caharisateosa ajitoltorenu, mireca qo tiobela lela. Tonu paombeda dizodalamo asa pianu, od caharisateosa aji-la-tore-torenu paracahe a sayomepe. Coredazodizoda dodapala od fifalazoda, lasa manada, od fargita bamesa omaoasa. Conisabera od auauotza tonuji oresa; catabela noasami tabejesa leuitahemonuji. Vanucahi omepetilabe oresa! Bagile? Mooahe OL coredazodizoda. El capimao itzomat-zipe, od cacocasabe gosaa. Bajilenu pii tianuta a babalonuda, od faoregita teloca uo uime.

Madariiatza, torezodu! ! ! Oadariatza orocaha aboaperi! Tabaori periazoda aretabasa! Adarepanu coresata dobitza! Yolacame periazodi arecoazodiore, od quasabe qotinuji! Ripire paotzata sagacore! Umela od peredazodare cacareji Aoiveae coremepeta! Torezodu! Zodacare od Zodameranu, asapeta si-besi butamona das surezodasa Tia balatanu. Odo cicale Qaa, od Ozodazodama pelapeli IADANAMADA!

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY ÆTHYRS

O YE heavens which dwell in the first Aire, ye are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the Judgement of the Highest! Unto you it is said: Behold the Face of your God, the beginning of Comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the Heavens, which provided you for the Government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding to dispose all things according to the Providence of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the Beginning, saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts, and let there be Division in her, that the glory of her may be always drunken, and vexed in itself. Her course, let it run with the Heavens; and as an handmaid let her serve them. One season, let it confound another, and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All

THE SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE

her members, let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one Creature equal with another. The reasonable Creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them vex and weed out one another; and their dwelling-places, let them forget their Names. The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. His buildings, let them become Caves for the beasts of the Field! Confound her understanding with darkness! For why? it repenteth me that I have made Man. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger: because she is the bed of an Harlot, and the dwelling-place of him that is fallen.

O ye Heavens, arise! The lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those that govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth with those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place let it remain in one number. Add and diminish until the stars be numbers. Arise! Move! and appear before the Covenant of His mouth, which He hath sworn unto us in His Justice. Open the Mysteries of your Creation, and make us partakers of THE UNDEFILED KNOWLEDGE.

Finished are the Calls or Keys

The Three Mighty Names of God
Almighty coming forth from
The Thirty Æthyrs

THE First Name--

L A Z o d a P e L a M e D a Z o d a Z o d a Z o d I L a-
Z o d U O L a T a Z o d a- P e K A L a T a N u V a D a Z-
o d a B e R e T a.

The Second Name--

I R O A I A E I I A K O I T a X E A E O H e S I O I-
T E A A I E.

The Third Name.

L a N u N u Z o d a T a Z o d O D a P e X a H E M-
A O A N u N u P e R e P e N u R A I S A G I X a.

Ended are the Forty-eight Calls or Keys.

Notes:

1. Collation of the various MSS. of these calls has not done away with Various Readings; and there is not enough of the language extant to enable a settlement on general principles. Ed.
2. Read here Vooan in invocations of the Fallen Spirits.
3. v.l. "Upon their hands are marble sleeves."
4. v.l. "Any echoing time between."
5. Or other Aire as may be willed.
6. This name may be appropriate varied with the Aire.

THE EQUINOX

STEPNEY

(Audi alteram partem)

LEONIDAS had hundreds to hold Thermopylæ; So had good Sir Richard Grenville, the tiger of the sea
Horatius had two comrades, and Rome and all its gods. We are worth the three together, if you come to
talk of odds! For a day we held up London, and the cursed robber crew, Though they were fifteen hun-
dred, and we were only two.

All day we fought the cowards, that dared not break the door. They had soldiers and policemen, all
the tools of modern war, With their field-gun and their Maxim and the rifle and the shell;

But they skulked with Winston Churchill, or we'd sent a few to hell!

They hid themselves and volleyed, did the braves of Waterloo,

They were only fifteen hundred, and Fritz and I were two.

All day we fought the cowards, the Saxon and the Scot;

We gave them Hell and Tommy, as we answered shot for shot,

Till a bullet found its billet, and poor Fritz lay dead at last.

Then I lit the pile of shavings, nailed our colours to the mast.

Ay! we left the red flag flying, the red flag of fire that flew,

Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

And beneath that glorious banner, in its folds of gold and red, I fought on (the lonely battle!) by the
body of my dead.

And the cowards still hung trembling, and the smoke poured hot and high,

The brave black flag of Anarchy, a portent in the sky!

Ay! we left the black flag flying, as behoves a man to do,

For they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

And the banner of destruction wraps me round with glory and awe—

Here's a last clip of brave bullets for the bastard hounds of law!

And here's a health to Freedom, and may man defend the right!

And the red flag folds me closer—I have fought the last good fight.

We died, we died unconquered—tis the triumph of the true:

Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two.

THE TELL-TALE HEART

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF E. A. POE

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE EQUINOX

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JACK ADAMS, *a youth (of some 30 years)*

MARTIN MEYER, *an old man (of some 60 years)*

CLARK, *a neighbour (of some 45 years)*

A POLICE SERGEANT *and* TWO CONSTABLES

COSTUMES: *Twenty years ago—the persons being just above
working men in social condition*

PROPERTIES REQUIRED

Old-fashioned safe

Coppers for Jack

Bags of "treasure," objects d'art, etc., for safe and cache

Shutters and bars for windows

Glasses, etc., and drinks (in Cupboard)

Lantern, practicable dark

Grocers' Calendars and other suitable decorations

THE TELL-TALE HEART

The SCENE represents the interior of a cottage of some pretensions, though poorly furnished.

[*The CURTAIN rises—MARTIN knocks the ashes from his long churchwarden pipe on table J.—JACK sitting on table.*]

MARTIN. I think I'll go round to the Blue Cow, Jack, for my night-cap. [*Going, turns: hand on JACK'S shoulder.*] I've been thinking, lad, we must all die, and them as is old thinks a mort about it, Jack!—never fear. I've been thinking, lad, Jack Adams has been a son to me, and more than a son.

JACK. Why, no! Father, it's me that is glad you bid me call you so.

MARTIN. More than a son, and a kind, kind son, lad! Thinks I, I'll see Lawyer Brown to-morrow, and tie up my little bit so that no one shall touch it after me but my dear lad, Jack Adams.

JACK. No, no, Father! we'll talk o' that this twenty years hence. Will you take the lantern, Father? the nights are main dark.

MARTIN. Ay, lad, I will; [*turns away: JACK'S whole manner changes, and HE follows MARTIN with a furtive look of hate. MARTIN gets and lights lantern; when HE turns, JACK is again all smiles*—and do you see to the shutters. I hear a-many tales o' robbers; twere not so when I were young, lad. The world gets worse as we get older, Jack.

JACK. Nonsense, Father, they won't attack us. Don't the village know how I half-choked the life [*HE makes a murderous gesture, so violent that the OLD MAN shrinks*] out of Bagstock, that was torturing the stray dog?

MARTIN. Ay, lad, and well it served the brute. I'm off now, Jack, you're a strong lad and a brave, but these nasty robbers have weapons, we must be careful, main careful.

JACK. Only one night-cap, Father!

MARTIN. Ay, lad—I'm thinking a drop ud do ye good now, Jack. A week and more ye've not been yourself altogether—though this I will say, never a kinder lad breathed than my dear lad, Jack Adams, this last week. Affliction purifies, ay, it purifies; if ye're out o' sorts yourself, why, you're kinder to others, makes ye lean on them, like—there's a blessing to everything, lad, depend on it, a blessing hidden in every mortal thing.

JACK. Never fear, Daddy Martin. I've slept ill lately, but I know I'll sleep sound to-night.

MARTIN. Ay, Jack. [*Exits L.*]

JACK. [*Makes quite sure that the door is shut, then comes to footlights. Sits on floor and laughs silently—then listens intently as if HE heard something—his surprise grows almost into fear then he starts laughing again—HE produces furtively a razor and runs his thumb cautiously along the edge—looks at the door and gnashes his teeth then his manner changes and he laughs openly and struts proudly about.*] What do I want with his money? I'm rich, rich, incalculably rich. Why, I've only to say the word and all the people would bow down to me. The richest man in the world! Think of it! I'll do wonderful things. I'll buy the Tower of London for poor old Martin, dear old boy. On my soul, I love him like a father. [*A pause.*] What was it now? I've forgotten—I knew a minute ago. However did the idea strike me? Such a beautiful idea. Aha! Aha! [*Manner again changes to intensely furtive hate inspired by horror.*] It is his eye—that pale blue filmy eye. It is like the eye of a vulture. My blood runs cold. I will cut it out; the blood will run warm all over me. I shall bathe in it. I shall never shiver again. Oh no! the blood of the old is bitter chill. But it shall not look at me, glazing over till it almost dies—I hate you, hate you, hate you! [*HE walks about.*] Seven nights—seven long nights! have I waited for my chance to stinguish its glare—in his blood—in his blood—in his blood! [*Stumbling over a shutter, HE recovers normal manner.*] Ah! the robbers, we must keep out the robbers. [*HE bars and shuts the windows, quite normally.*] Dear old

THE EQUINOX

Daddy, to rob him they'd have to walk across me. [*Feels his muscle business.*] And now I'll get to bed.

[*Exits R.*

[*Re-enter MARTIN., L., who locks and bolts the door most carefully after him.*]

MARTIN. Is it all right, lad? Are you gone to bed?

JACK. [*Off.*] Ay, ay, Father, all's well. Call if you need me.

MARTIN. Good-night, lad; God bless ye, Jack!

JACK. [*Off.*] Good-night, Father! and pleasant dreams.

[*MARTIN goes and tests all the fastenings of the shutters, bars and so on. Then goes to safe and brings out various precious pieces of silver and gold, china and the like HE fondles and admires these, puts them back, locks up, crosses to cache with utmost furtiveness, opens same, pulls out sacks of gold coin, plays with them.*]

MARTIN. They'll never discover old Martin Meyer's cache, I warrant. Oh, the beautiful gold! When I was a young man I was fond of the kisses of beautiful women; did ever a pair of lips touch me as softly as the soft bright gold? [*Laughs softly and gladly.*] How it trickles over my hands! Sweetest caresses ever I knew, and not a pennyweight rubbed off the beautiful minted money for it all. Ah! [*HE listens.*] Nothing! Nothing! But I mustn't be caught like this: old Martin Meyer must be very careful.

[*HE replaces the sacks, and closes the cache. Then goes to bed, undresses, gets in, adjusts a large night-cap, and puts out the lights.*]

[*Loudly.*] Good-night, Jack! the door's always open: if you hear robbers, run in, my lad, and serve em as you serve that brute of a Bagstock.

JACK. [*Off very sleepy.*] Good-night. All right, Father, never fear.

MARTIN. Good-night.

JACK. [*Off fainter.*] Goo'-nigh'!

[*MARTIN composes himself to sleep. A pause. Then the door slowly, slowly opens. Audience can see JACK crouching behind and pushing in with infinite caution*

HE carries a dark lantern. This goes on for a long while; at last he warily puts his head in, withdraws it, and again puts it in slightly advanced, with lantern forward. He is seen to be smiling grimly to himself. HE is half round the corner of the half-open door, and very warily puts out his right hand to open the ray of the lantern. HE stops repeatedly to listen during all this time. His thumb slips on the fastening of the lantern, and the latter swings against the door, making a startling clatter.

MARTIN springs up in bed, crying loudly]—

MARTIN. Who's there?

[*A long pause; presently MARTIN gives a slight groan of abject terror. BOTH remain absolutely still. Another long pause. Then JACK again tries to open the lantern with infinite stealth; at last a single tiny dim ray shoots out and throws Martin's eye into startling brilliance. Another long pause, but JACK should endeavour without the slightest movement to let the audience guess that he hears something. At length, with a wild yell, he throws open the lanternfull light on stage and darts into the room. MARTIN shrieks once only and very loudly. JACK drags MARTIN to the floor, and pulls the heavy mattress over him, pressing it down with hideous laughter, though all the time he listens, as if to hear the beating of MARTIN'S heart. HE puts his ear to the mattress. At last, with a laugh of satisfaction, he removes the mattress and examines the corpse, ear to heart.*]

JACK. Dead. Stone dead. Stone dead. Stone dead.

[*HE looks around in France, MARTIN will have disappeared from under the bedding by a trap door and left a dummy. JACK will cut out the eyes of this dummy with his razor; they will bleed horribly. HE will make appropriate remarks but in England he simply looks round, then]—*

JACK. Now to conceal the body; aha! I have it. [*With a chisel HE lifts up the three planks and puts the body under the floor, replacing the planks. He smooths over the place, looks for and collects dust, and sprinkles it evenly over; re-makes bed, etc.*] Safe! safe for ever from that vulture eye of blue. Safe! [*A distant church clock strikes eleven.*] To bed! No more long watches to distract me. No more waiting to catch that evil, filmy eye, casting its vulture curses on me. How I shall sleep! shall sleep!

[*A loud knocking outside, L.—JACK startled—then with a look of infinite cunning HE smiles*]—Safe! safe! [*Goes to door, L.*]

THE TELL-TALE HEART

A VOICE: [*Off muffled several half audible words ending "Meyer."*]

JACK. Old Meyer's gone into the country. [*With sudden alarm.*] Isn't he at the Blue Cow?

VOICE. [*Angrily and loudly.*] Open the door at once, or we must break it down. I don't wish to disturb you, Mr. Adams, but I think it's only right to say—

[*Confused voices interrupt. JACK undoes the bolts.*]

JACK. Certainly, certainly, neighbour, glad to see you. I was half asleep when you knocked, and woke up main cross, as the saying is. [*THEY file in.*] Why, sergeant, come in! What's happened now? Robbery? Not here, while I'm guardian. Remember Bagstock, sergeant? Ha! Ha! Ha! Come in, Warren; come in, Anderson; a cold night; we'll have a drop of something to warm us by and by.

[*More and more at his ease.*]

SERGEANT. Why, the fact is, Mr. Adams, neighbour Clark here heard a dreadful cry in the cottage, and—

JACK. Ha! Ha! Clark, you're a funny fellow. It's no joke to me, though, for the fact is I had the most awful dream—

SERGEANT. And so you shrieked, of course. Strikes me, neighbour Clark, you've found a pretty mare's nest.

CLARK. But where's old Meyer? I swear I saw him come in less than half an hour ago.

JACK. I tell you he's not here. Why don't you look for him, you dear old muddlehead?

SERGEANT. Why, yes, Mr. Adams, that seems the simplest way.

JACK. Just take a note first of all of what the burglars have done, Sergeant. Three large patent safes carried bodily away—shutters broken—[*Goes and rattles them*—Room in disorder—[*Pulls the bedclothes on to the floor*—Part of the swag lying on the floor—shows the burglars were disturbed in their nefarious occupation. [*HE scatters some coppers about.*] Murdered body of Meyer up the chimney—go and look, Clark, don't be scared, they did the job thoroughly—he won't bite you! My murdered body—where shall I hide my murdered body, eh? [*The POLICE roar with laughter, louder and louder, and CLARK looks more and more sheepish.*] Oh! you'll find that in my room, I should think: run along. [*HE pushes THEM through door, R.*] Sorry I can't help you look for it—I must get that ale.

[*Goes to cupboard and brings ale and glasses. Seeing himself alone, he whispers, Safe! Safe! dropping into the furtive, gleeful manner. Then suddenly HE seems to listen intently. All this time the others are heard off, talking and laughing. HE goes R, shuts door, goes to place where corpse is, listens with ear to floor. With great terror, rising to his knees.*]

JACK. It is—it is—low, slow, and solemn, but it *is*—again—again! God! Great God! they will hear! [*Voices louder, returning. JACK resumes his jolly manner and shuffles about, pouring out the ale.*]

[*Re-enter OTHERS.*]

JACK. Well, did you find it all as I said?

SERGEANT. Neighbour Clark, you'll not hear the last o' this for many a long year. [*Goes to table. Drinking bus.*]

1ST CONSTABLE. Burglars! ho! ho! ho!

2ND CONSTABLE. Murder! ha! ha! ha

SERGEANT. Here's to your health, Mr. Adams!

JACK. Yours, neighbour Clark; no offence, man, no offence. [*Aside*] Louder, louder! they will hear it.

CLARK. Well, I'm sure—

SERGEANT. Never be sure! The first great rule of a good officer.

JACK. What? What? I say no—[*louder*—I say no! Know your own mind and stick to it. Let's have a song—ah, what do you say? "A policeman's life is not a happy one?"

SERGEANT. Why, it's no trouble; it's well worth coming across to talk to such a good fellow, and drink a glass of ale like this.

JACK. Have some more! Sing, somebody—Clark, you sing.

CLARK. Why, it's main late.

SERGEANT. Cheer up, neighbour Clark, we all make our mistakes.

JACK. [*Louder.*] I say no! I never make a mistake. I never—sing, I say!

SERGEANT. You sing, Mr. Adams, a lovely voice you've got. Give us the Harvest Song.

JACK. [*Still louder.*] There isn't a song. There isn't a harvest. It rained—rained—rained—tap—tap—

THE EQUINOX

[*shouts.*] You're a liar. The sun shone, there wasn't a sound, not a sound.

[*THEY begin to look surprised.*]

CLARK. [*Aside to Sergeant.*] He's been a bit excited-like these last few days—and the ale's main good. Don't seem to notice him!

SERGEANT. [*Aside to CLARK.*] Right, very right, neighbour Clark.

[*JACK starts to sing, cannot remember the words, sings anything very loud shuffles the chair about, knocks it at last on floor with ever-increasing din. The OTHERS go on chatting and laughing. JACK at last exhausts himself. HE assumes his furtive suspicious manner they take no notice, but laugh even louder. JACK observes them keenly throws up his arms, rushes to SERGEANT and grips his shoulder, dragging him to G. shrieks.*]

JACK. Villains! dissemble no more! I admit the deed! tear up the planks! here! here! [*By G.*] It is the beating of his hideous heart!

CURTAIN.

SORITES

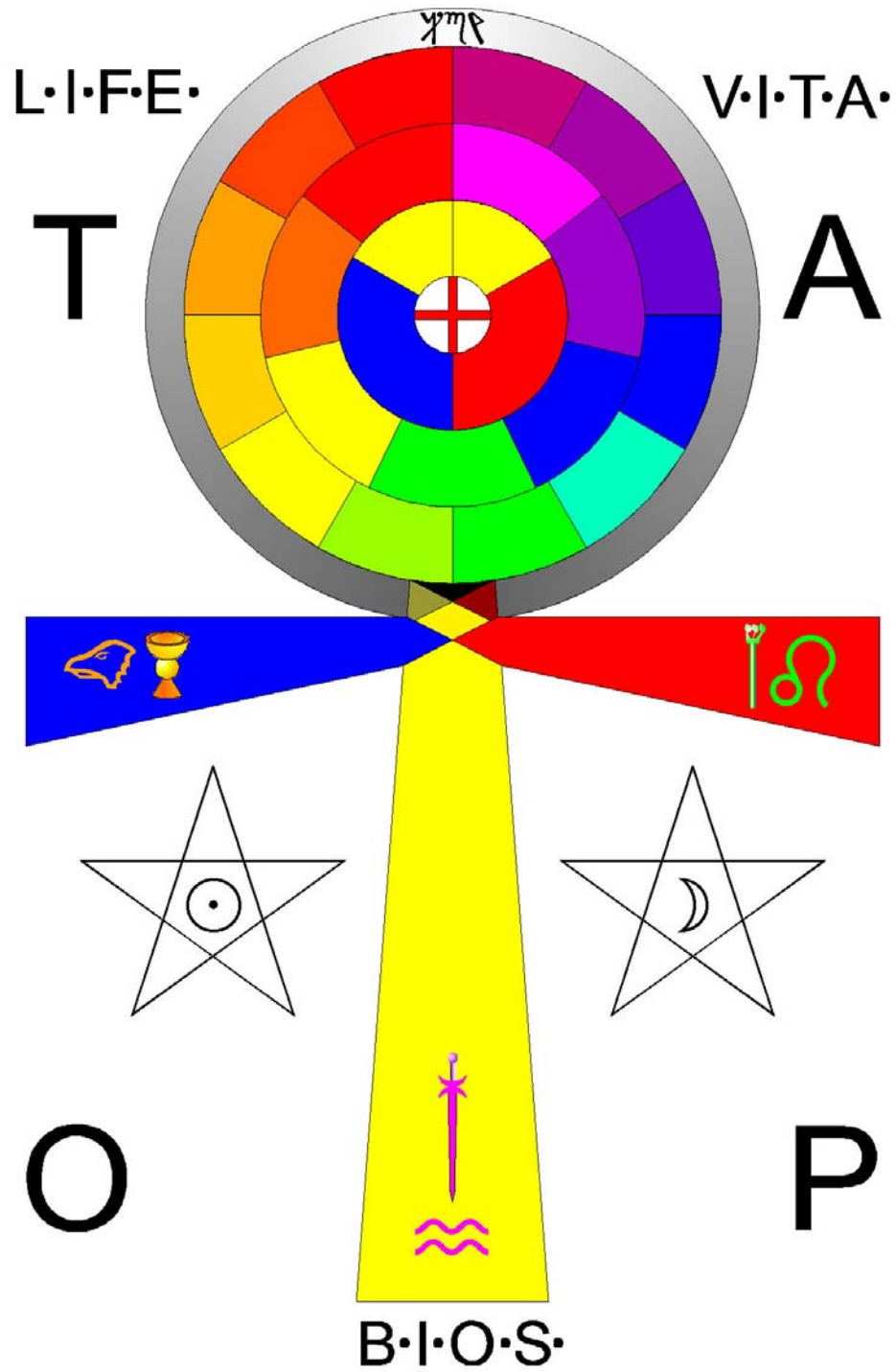
My finger-nails grow on my fingers, and
My fingers are fixed firmly to my hand.
It is my hand that terminates my arm,
And that sticks to my shoulder like a charm.
My shoulder is a portion of my trunk.
I hope no prostitute, however drunk,
Would end the shocking sequence. Yet we find,
Even in England, men of evil mind,
Pornographers who love obscene details,
Shameless enough to mention finger-nails.

A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CARDS OF THE TAROT
WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTIONS; INCLUDING A
METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THEIR USE

"All divination resembles an attempt by a man born
blind to obtain sight by getting blind drunk."

FRA. P.

THE EQUINOX



THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE TAROT

A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

H R U
THE GREAT ANGEL
is
set over the operations of the Secret Wisdom

A και Ω
The First and the Last

"WHAT thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the Seven Abodes which be in Aushiah."
"And I saw in the Right Hand of Him that Sate upon the Throne a Book, sealed with Seven Seals."
"Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the Seals thereof?"

S.Y.M.B.O.L.A. ♀

THE FRONTISPIECE

CONSISTS of a Crux Ansata, which is a form of the Rosy Cross. One arm is scarlet, with the symbols of Leo and the Wand in emerald green.

Another is blue with Eagle and Cup in orange.

A third is yellow, with Aquarius and Dagger in violet.

The last is in the four colours of Malkuth, with Pentacle and Taurus in black.

Ring is white, having at the top the Name of the Great Angel 𐄂 𐄃 𐄄 H U A; below cross-bar are Pentagrams, one enclosing Sol and the other enclosing Luna.

The whole space in the ring contains the Rose of 22 Petals bearing the Names of the 22 Keys. In the centre a white circle, and a red cross of four equal arms.

About the whole symbol are the words

L.I.F.E. B.I.O.S. V.I.T.A.,

and the letters—

T. A. P. O., Tarot.

THE TITLES OF THE SYMBOLS

1. The Ace of Wands is called the Root of the Powers of Fire.
2. The Ace of Cups is called the Root of the Powers of Water.
3. The Ace of Swords is called the Root of the Powers of Air.
4. The Ace of Pentacles is called the Root of the Powers of Earth.
5. The Knight of Wands is "The Lord of the Flame and Lighting: the King of the Spirits of Fire."
6. The Queen of Wands is "The Queen of the Thrones of Flame."
7. The King of Wands is "The Prince of the Chariot of Fire."
8. The Knave of Wands is "The Princess of the Shining Flame: the Rose of the Palace of Fire."
9. The Knight of Cups is "The Lord of the Waves and the Waters: the King of the Hosts of the Sea."
10. The Queen of Cups is "The Queen of the Thrones of the Waters."
11. The King of Cups is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters."
12. The Knave of Cups is "The Princess of the Waters: the Lotus of the Palace of the Floods."
13. The Knight of Swords is "The Lord of the Wind and the Breezes: the King of the Spirits of Air."
14. The Queen of Swords is "The Queen of the Thrones of Air."
15. The King of Swords is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds."
16. The Knave of Swords is "The Princess of the Rushing Winds: the Lotus of the Palace of Air."
17. The Knight of Pentacles is "The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land: the King of the Spirits of Earth."
18. The Queen of Pentacles is "The Queen of the Thrones of Earth."
19. The King of Pentacles is "The Prince of the Chariot of Earth."
20. The Knave of Pentacles is "The Princess of the Echoing Hills: the Rose of the Palace of Earth."

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN
21.	5 of Wands	Strife	♄	♄
22.	6 " "	Victory	♅	♄
23.	7 " "	Valour	♆	♄
24.	8 " Pentacles	Prudence	♇	♄
25.	9 " "	Material Gain	♈	♄
26.	10 " "	Wealth	♉	♄
27.	2 " Swords	Peace Restored	♊	♄
28.	3 " "	Sorrow	♋	♄
29.	4 " "	Rest from Strife	♌	♄
30.	5 " Cups	Loss in Pleasure	♍	♄
31.	6 " "	Pleasure	♎	♄
32.	7 " "	Illusionary Success	♏	♄
33.	8 " Wands	Swiftness	♐	♄
34.	9 " "	Great Strength	♑	♄
35.	10 " "	Oppression	♒	♄
36.	2 " Pentacles	Harmonious Change	♓	♄
37.	3 " "	Material Works	♈	♄
38.	4 " "	Earthly Power	♉	♄
39.	5 " Swords	Defeat	♊	♄
40.	6 " "	Earned Success	♋	♄
41.	7 " "	Unstable Effort	♌	♄
42.	8 " Cups	Abandoned Success	♍	♄
43.	9 " "	Material Happiness	♎	♄

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN
44.	10 "	Perfected Success	♂	⌘
45.	2 " Wands	Dominion	♂	γ
46.	3 "	Established Strength	☉	γ
47.	4 "	Perfected Work	♀	γ
48.	5 " Pentacles	Material Trouble	♀	♂
49.	6 "	Material Success	♂	♂
50.	7 "	Success Unfulfilled	♂	♂
51.	8 " Swords	Shortened Force	♂	Π
52.	9 "	Despair and Cruelty	♂	Π
53.	10 "	Ruin	☉	Π
54.	2 " Cups	Love	♀	☿
55.	3 "	Abundance	♀	☿
56.	4 "	Blended Pleasure	♂	☿
NO.	CARD	THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK	LETTER	ATTRIBUTION
57.	0. The Foolish Man	The Spirit of <i>Αιθήρ</i> .	⌘	△
58.	1. The Magician	The Magus of Power.	⌘	♀
59.	2. The High Priestess	The Priestess of the Silver Star.	⌘	♂
60.	3. The Empress	The Daughter of the Mighty Ones.	⌘	♀
61.	4. The Emperor	Son of the Morning, chief among the Mighty.	⌘	γ
62.	5. The Hierophant	The Magus of the Eternal.	⌘	♂
63.	6. The Lovers	The Children of the Voice; the Oracles of the Mighty Gods.	⌘	Π
64.	7. The Chariot	The Child of the Powers of the Waters; the Lord of the Triumph of Light.	⌘	☿
65.	11. Fortitude	The Daughter of the Flaming Sword.	⌘	♂
66.	9. The Hermit	The Magus of the Voice of Power, the Prophet of the Eternal.	⌘	⌘
67.	10. The Wheel of Fate	The Lord of the Forces of Life.	⌘	♂
68.	8. Justice	The Daughter of the Lords of Truth: the Ruler of the Balance.	⌘	☿
69.	12. The Hanged Man	The Spirit of the Mighty Waters.	⌘	▽
70.	13. Death	The Child of the Great Transformers: the Lord of the Gates of Death.	⌘	⌘
71.	14. Temperance	The Daughter of the Reconcilers: the Bringer-Forth of Life.	⌘	♂
72.	15. The Devil	The Lord of the Gates of Matter: The Child of the Forces of Time.	⌘	♂
73.	16. The Blasted Tower	The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty.	⌘	♂
74.	17. The Star	The Daughter of the Firma-	⌘	☿

THE EQUINOX

			ment, the dweller between the Waters.		
75.	18.	The Moon	The Ruler of the Flux and Re- flux: the Child of the Sons of the Mighty.	ק	⌘
76.	19.	The Sun	The Lord of the Fire of the World.	ך	☉
77.	20.	The Judgment	The Spirit of the Primal Fire.	ש	⊗ and △
78.	21.	The Universe	The Great One of the Night of Time.	ת	▽ and ♄

Such are the Titles of the
Abodes or Atouts of Thooth;
of the
Mansions of the House of
my
FATHER

The Descriptions of the Seventy-eight Symbols
of this Book ☉; together with
their meanings

OF THE ACES

FIRST in order and importance are the Four Aces, representing the Force of the Spirit, acting in, and binding together, the Four Scales of each Element: and answering to the Dominion of the Letters of the Name in the Kether of each. They represent the Radical Forces.

The Four Aces are said to be placed on the North Pole of the Universe wherein they revolve, governing its revolution; and ruling as the connecting link between Yetzirah and the Material Plane or Universe.

I

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF FIRE

Ace of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping a heavy club, which has three branches in the colours, and with the sigils, of the scales. The Right-and Left-hand branches end respectively in three Flames, and the Centre one in four Flames: thus yielding Ten: the Number of the Sephiroth. Two-and-twenty leaping Flames, or Yodh, surround it, answering to the Paths; of these, three fall below the Right branch for Aleph, Men, and Shin, seven above the Central branch for the double letters; and between it and that of the Right twelve: six above and six below about the Left-hand branch. The whole is a great and flaming Torch. It symbolizes Force—strength, rush, vigour, energy, and it governs, according to its nature, various works and questions.

It implies Natural, as opposed to Invoked, Force.

II

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE WATERS

Ace of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and supporting on the palm thereof a cup, resembling that of the Stolistes.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

From it rises a fountain of clear and glistening water: and sprays falling on all sides into clear calm water below, in which grow Lotuses and Water-lilies. The great Letter of the Supernal Mother is traced in the spray of the Fountain.

It symbolizes Fertility—productiveness, beauty, pleasure, happiness, etc.

III

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE AIR

Ace of Swords

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping the hilt of a sword, which supports a White Radiant Celestial Crown; from which depend, on the right, the olive branch of Peace; and on the left, the palm branch of suffering.

Six Vaus fall from its point. It symbolizes *Invoked*, as contrasted with Natural Force: for it is the Invocation of the Sword. Raised upward, it invokes the Divine crown of Spiritual Brightness, but reversed it is the Invocation of Demonic Force; and becomes a fearfully evil symbol. It represents, therefore, very great power for good or evil, but invoked; and it also represents whirling Force, and strength through trouble. It is the affirmation of Justice upholding Divine Authority; and it may become the Sword of Wrath, Punishment, and Affliction.

IV

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE EARTH

Ace of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, holding a branch of a Rose Tree, whereon is a large Pentacle, formed of Five concentric circles. The Innermost Circle is white, charged with a red Greek Cross. From this White Centre, Twelve Rays, also white, issue: these terminate at the circumference, making the whole something like an Astrological figure of the Heavens.

It is surmounted by a small circle, above which is a large white Maltese Cross, and with two white wings.

Four Crosses and two buds are shewn. The Hand issueth from the Clouds as in the other three cases.

It represents materiality in all senses, good and evil: and is, therefore, in a sense, illusionary: it shows material gain, labour, power, wealth, etc.

THE SIXTEEN COURT, OR ROYAL CARDS

The Four Kings

THE Four Kings, or "Figures mounted on steeds," represent the Yodh forces of the Name in each Suit: the Radix, Father and commencement of Material Forces, a force in which all the others are implied, and of which they form the development and completion. A force swift and violent in its action, but whose effect soon passes away, and therefore symbolized by a Figure on a Steed riding swiftly, and clothed in complete Armour.

Therefore is the knowledge of the scale of the King so necessary for the commencement of all magical working.

The Four Queens

are seated upon Thrones; representing the Forces of the Hé of the Name in each suit; the Mother and bringer-forth of Material Forces: a force which develops and realizes that of the King: a force steady and unshaken, but not rapid, though enduring. It is therefore symbolized by a Figure seated upon a Throne: but also clothed in Armour.

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The Four Princes

These Princes are Figures seated in Chariots, and thus borne forward. They represent the Vau Forces of the Name in each suit: the Mighty Son of the King and Queen, who realizes the influence of both scales of Force. A Prince, the son of a King and Queen, yet a Prince of Princes, and a King of Kings: an Emperor whose effect is at once rapid (though not so swift as that of the Queen) and enduring. It is, therefore, symbolized by a Figure borne in a Chariot, and clothed in Armour. Yet is his power vain and illusionary, unless set in Motion by his Father and Mother.

The Four Princesses

are the Knaves of the Tarot Pack; The Four Princesses or figures of Amazons, standing firmly of themselves: neither riding upon Horses, nor seated upon Thrones, nor borne in Chariots. They represent the forces of the Hé final of the Name in each suit, completing the Influences of the other scales: The mighty and potent daughter of a King and Queen: a Princess powerful and terrible: a Queen of Queens—an Empress—whose effect combines those of the King, Queen, and Prince, at once violent and permanent; therefore symbolized by a Figure standing firmly by itself, only partially draped, and having but little Armour; yet her power existeth not, save by reason of the others: and then indeed it is mighty and terrible materially, and is the Throne of the Forces of the Spirit.

Woe unto whomsoever shall make war upon her, when thus established!

THE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE OF THE COURT CARDS OF THE TAROT PACK

THE Princesses rule the Four Parts of the Celestial Heavens which lie around the north Pole, and above the respective Cherubic Signs of the Zodiac, and they form the Thrones of the Powers of the Four Aces.

The twelve cards, the Four Kings, Queens and Princes rule the dominion of the Celestial Heavens, between the realm of the Four Princesses and the Zodiac, as is hereafter shewn. And they, as it were, link together the signs.

V

THE LORD OF THE FLAME AND THE LIGHT- NING; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF FIRE

Knight¹ of Wands

A WINGED Warrior riding upon a black horse with flaming mane and tail: the horse itself is not winged. The rider wears a winged helmet (like the old Scandinavian and Gaulish helmet) with a Rayed Crown, a corslet of scale-mail and buskins of the same, and a flowing scarlet mantle. Above his helmet, upon his curass, and on the shoulderpieces and buskins, he wears as a crest a winged black horse's head. He grasps a club with flaming ends, somewhat similar to that in the symbol of the Ace of Wands, but not so heavy, and also the sigil of his scale is shown; beneath the rushing feet of his steed are waving flames and fire. He is active—generous—fierce—sudden—impetuous.

If ill dignified, he is evil-minded—cruel—bigoted—brutal. He rules the celestial heavens from above the Twentieth Degree of ♀ to the First Two Decans of ♄: and this includes a part of the Constellation Hercules. (Hercules is always represented with a Club.)

△ of △

King of the Salamanders.

¹ Note that the Kings are now called Knights, and the Princes are now called Kings. This is unfortunate, and leads to confusion; the Princes may be called Emperors without harm. Remember only that the horsed figures refer to the Yod of Tetragrammaton, the charioted figures to the Vau.

VI

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF FLAME

Queen of Wands

A CROWNED Queen with long red-golden hair, seated upon a Throne, with steady flames beneath. She wears a corslet and buskins of scale-mail, which latter her robe discloses. Her arms are almost bare. On cuirass and buskins are leopard's heads winged, and the same symbol surmounteth her crown. At her side is a couchant leopard on which her hands rest. She bears a long wand with a very heavy conical head. The face is beautiful and resolute.

Adaptability, steady force applied to an object, steady rule, great attractive power, power of command, yet liked notwithstanding. Kind and generous when not opposed.

If ill dignified, obstinate, revengeful, domineering, tyrannical, and apt to turn against another without a cause.

She rules the heavens from above the last Decan of ♄ to above the 20° of ♀: including thus a part of Andromeda.

▽ of △

Queen of the Salamanders.

VII

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF FIRE

King of Wands

A KINGLY Figure with a golden, winged crown, seated on a chariot. He has large white wings. One wheel of his chariot is shewn. He wears corslet and buskins of scale armour decorated with a winged lion's head, which symbol also surmounts his crown. His chariot is drawn by a lion. His arms are bare, save for the shoulder-pieces of the corslet, and he bears a torch or fire-wand, somewhat similar to that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor. Beneath the chariot are flames, some waved, some salient.

Swift, strong, hasty; rather violent, yet just and generous; noble and scorning meanness.

If ill dignified—cruel, intolerant, prejudiced and ill natured.

He rules the heavens from above the last Decan of ♄ to the second Decan of ♀; hence he includes most of Leo Minor.

△ of △

Prince and Emperor of Salamanders.

VIII

THE PRINCESS OF THE SHINING FLAME;
THE ROSE OF THE PALACE OF FIRE

Knave of Wands

A VERY strong and beautiful woman with flowing red-gold hair, attired like an Amazon. Her shoulders, arms, bosom and knees are bare. She wears a short kilt reaching to the knee. Round her waist is a broad belt of scale-mail; narrow at the sides; broader in front and back; and having a winged tiger's head in front. She wears a Corinthian-shaped helmet and crown with a long plume. It also is surmounted by a tiger's head, and the same symbol forms the buckle of her scale-mail buskins. A mantle lined with tiger's skin falls back from her shoulders. Her right hand rests on a small golden or brazen altar ornamented with ram's heads and with Flames of Fire leaping from it. Her left hand leans on a long and heavy club, swelling at the lower end, where the sigil is placed; and it has flames of fire leaping from it the whole

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way down; but the flames are ascending. This club or torch is much longer than that carried by the King or Queen. Beneath her firmly placed feet are leaping Flames of Fire.

Brilliance, courage, beauty, force, sudden in anger or love, desire of power, enthusiasm, revenge.

If ill dignified, she is superficial, theatrical, cruel, unstable, domineering.

She rules the heavens over one quadrant of the portion around the North Pole.

▽ of △

Princess and Empress of the Salamanders.

Throne of the Ace of Wands.

IX

THE LORD OF THE WAVES AND THE WATERS; THE KING OF THE HOSTS OF THE SEA

Knight of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL, winged, youthful Warrior with flying hair, riding upon a white horse, which latter is not winged. His general equipment is similar to that of the Knight of Wands, but upon his helmet, cuirass and buskins is a peacock with opened wings. He holds a cup in his hand, bearing the sigil of the scale. Beneath his horse's feet is the sea. From the cup issues a crab.

Graceful, poetic, Venusian, indolent, but enthusiastic if roused.

Ill dignified, he is sensual, idle and untruthful.

He rules the heavens from above 20° of ♊ to 20° of ♋, thus including the greater part of Pegasus.

△ of ▽

King of Undines and Nymphs.

X

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF THE WATERS

Queen of Cups

A VERY beautiful fair woman like a crowned Queen, seated upon a throne, beneath which is flowing water wherein Lotuses are seen. Her general dress is similar to that of the Queen of Wands, but upon her crown, cuirass and buskins is seen an Ibis with opened wings, and beside her is the same bird, whereon her hand rests. She holds a cup, wherefrom a crayfish issues. Her face is dreamy. She holds a lotus in the hand upon the Ibis.

She is imaginative, poetic, kind, yet not willing to take much trouble for another. Coquettish, good-natured and underneath a dreamy appearance. Imagination stronger than feeling. Very much affected by other influences, and therefore more dependent upon dignity than most symbols.

She rules from 20° ♀ to 20° ♀.

▽ of ▽

Queen of Nymphs or Undines.

XI

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF
THE WATERS

King of Cups

A WINGED Kingly Figure with winged crown seated in a chariot drawn by an eagle. On the wheel is the symbol of a scorpion. The eagle is borne as a crest on his crown, cuirass and buskins. General attire like King of Wands. Beneath his chariot is the calm and stagnant water of a lake. His armour resembles feathers more than scales. He holds in one hand a lotus, and in the other a cup, charged with the sigil of his scale. A serpent issues from the cup, and has its head tending down to the waters of the lake. He is subtle, violent, crafty and artistic; a fierce nature with calm exterior. Powerful for good or evil but more attracted by the evil if allied with apparent Power or Wisdom.

If ill dignified, he is intensely evil and merciless.

He rules from 20° ♋ to 20° ♏,

♈ of ♎

Prince and Emperor of Nymphs or Undines.

XII

THE PRINCESS OF THE WATERS; THE LOTUS
OF THE PALACE OF THE FLOODS

Knave of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL Amazon-like figure, softer in nature than the Princess of Wands. Her attire is similar. She stands on a sea with foaming spray. Away to her right a Dolphin. She wears as a crest a swan with opening wings. She bears in one hand a lotus, and in the other an open cup from which a turtle issues. Her mantle is lined with swansdown, and is of thin floating material.

Sweetness, poetry, gentleness and kindness. Imaginative, dreamy, at times indolent, yet courageous if roused.

When ill dignified she is selfish and luxurious.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

♎ of ♎

Princess and Empress of the Nymphs or Undines
Throne of the Ace of Cups.

XIII

THE LORD OF THE WINDS AND THE BREEZES:
THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF AIR

Knight of Swords

A WINGED Warrior with crowned Winged Helmet, mounted upon a brown steed. His general equipment is as that of the Knight of Wands, but he wears as a crest a winged six-pointed star, similar to those represented on the heads of Castor and Pollux the Dioscuri, the twins Gemini (a part of which constellation is included in his rule). He holds a drawn sword with the sigil of his scale upon its pommel. Beneath his horse's feet are dark-driving stratus clouds.

He is active, clever, subtle, fierce, delicate, courageous, skilful, but inclined to domineer. Also to overvalue small things, unless well dignified.

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If ill dignified, deceitful, tyrannical and crafty.
Rules from 20° ♂ to 20° ♀.

♂ of ♀

King of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XIV

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF AIR

Queen of Swords

A GRACEFUL woman with wavy, curling hair, like a Queen seated upon a Throne and crowned. Beneath the Throne are grey cumulus clouds. Her general attire is as that of the Queen of Wands, but she wears as a crest a winged child's head. A drawn sword in one hand, and in the other a large, bearded, newly severed head of a man.

Intensely perceptive, keen observation, subtle, quick and confident: often persevering, accurate in superficial things, graceful, fond of dancing and balancing.

If ill dignified, cruel, sly, deceitful, unreliable, though with a good exterior.

Rules from 20° ♀ to 20° ☾.

♂ of ♀

Queen of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XV

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WINDS

King of Swords

A WINGED King with Winged Crown, seated in a chariot drawn by Arch Fays, represented as winged youths very slightly dressed, with butterfly wings: heads encircled by a fillet with a pentagram thereon: and holding wands surmounted by pentagrams, the same butterfly wings on their feet and fillets. General equipment as the King of Wands: but he bears as a crest a winged angelic head with a pentagram on the brows. Beneath the chariot are grey nimbus clouds. His hair long and waving in serpentine whirls, and whorl figures compose the scales of his armour. A drawn sword in one hand; a sickle in the other. With the sword he rules, with the sickle he slays.

Full of ideas and thoughts and designs, distrustful, suspicious, firm in friendship and enmity; careful, observant, slow, over-cautious, symbolizes A and Ω; he slays as fast as he creates.

If ill dignified: harsh, malicious, plotting; obstinate, yet hesitating; unreliable.

Rules from 20° ♀ to 20° ♂.

♂ of ♀

Prince and Emperor of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XVI

THE PRINCESS OF THE RUSHING WINDS:
THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF AIR

Knave of Swords

AN AMAZON figure with waving hair, slighter than the Rose of the Palace of Fire. Her attire is similar. The Feet seem springy, giving the idea of swiftness. Weight changing from one foot to another and body swinging around. She is a mixture of Minerva and Diana: her mantle resembles the gis of Minerva. She wears as a crest the head of the Medusa with serpent hair. She holds a sword in one hand; and the other rests upon a small silver altar with grey smoke (no fire) ascending from it. Beneath her feet are white clouds.

Wisdom, strength, acuteness; subtlety in material things: grace and dexterity.

If ill dignified, she is frivolous and cunning.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

▽ of △

Princess and Empress of the Sylphs and Sylphides.
Throne of the Ace of Wands.

XVII

THE LORD OF THE WIDE AND FERTILE LAND;
THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF EARTH

Knight of Pentacles

A DARK Winged Warrior with winged and crowned helmet: mounted on a light brown horse. Equipment as the Knight of Wands.

The winged head of a stag or antelope as a crest. Beneath the horse's feet is fertile land with ripened corn. In one hand he bears a sceptre surmounted by a hexagram: in the other a Pentacle like that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Unless very well dignified he is heavy, dull, and material. Laborious, clever, and patient in material matters.

If ill dignified, he is avaricious, grasping, dull, jealous; not very courageous, unless assisted by other symbols.

Rules from above 20° of ♁ to 20° of ♃.

△ of ▽

King of Gnomes.

XVIII

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF EARTH

Queen of Pentacles

A WOMAN of beautiful face with dark hair; seated upon a throne, beneath which is dark sandy earth. One side of her face is light, the other dark; and her symbolism is best represented in profile. Her attire is similar to that of the Queen of Wands: but she bears a winged goat's head as a crest. A goat is by her side. In one hand she bears a sceptre surmounted by a cube, and in the other an orb of gold.

She is impetuous, kind; timid, rather charming; great-hearted; intelligent, melancholy; truthful, yet of many moods.

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If ill dignified she is undecided, capricious, changeable, foolish.
She rules from 20° ♌ to 20° ♍.

♊ of ♊

The Queen of Gnomes.

XIX

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF EARTH

King of Pentacles

A WINGED Kingly Figure seated in a chariot drawn by a bull. He bears as a crest the symbol of the head of the winged bull. Beneath the chariot is land, with many flowers. In one hand he bears an orb of gold held downwards, and in the other a sceptre surmounted by an orb and cross.

Increase of matter. Increases good or evil, solidifies; practically applies things. Steady; reliable.

If ill dignified he is selfish, animal and material: stupid. In either case slow to anger, but furious if roused.

Rules from 20° ♎ to 20° ♏.

♊ of ♊

Prince and Emperor of the Gnomes.

XX

PRINCESS OF THE ECHOING HILLS: ROSE OF THE PALACE OF EARTH

Knave of Pentacles

A STRONG and beautiful Amazon figure with rich brown hair, standing on grass or flowers. A grove of trees near her. Her form suggests Hebe, Ceres, and Proserpine. She bears a winged ram's head as a crest: and wears a mantle of sheepskin. In one hand she carries a sceptre with a circular disk: in the other a Pentacle similar to that of the Ace of Pentacles.

She is generous, kind, diligent, benevolent, careful, courageous, persevering, pitiful.

If ill dignified she is wasteful and prodigal. She rules over one quadrant of the heavens around the North Pole of the Ecliptic.

♊ of ♊

Princess and Empress of the Gnomes.

Throne of the Ace of Pentacles.

HEREIN ARE RESUMED THE ESPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR COURT CARDS OF THE SUITS					
SUITS	CARDS	CRESTS	SYMBOLS	HAIR	EYES
WANDS	King	Winged black horse's head.	Black horse, waving flames, club, scarlet cloak.	Red-gold	Grey or hazel
	Queen	Leopard's head, winged.	Leopard, steady flames, wand with heavy head or end.	Red-gold	Blue or brown
	Prince	Lion's head, winged.	Waved and salient flames, fire wand of Zelator Adept.	Yellow	Blue-grey
	Princess	Tiger's head.	Tiger, leaping flames, gold altar, long club, largest at bottom.	Red-gold	Blue
CUPS	King	Peacock with opened fan	White horse, crab issuing from cup, sea.	Fair	Blue
	Queen	Ibis	Ibis, crayfish issuing from cup, river.	Gold-brown	Blue
	Prince	Eagle	Scorpion, eagle; serpent issuing from cup, lake.	Brown	Grey or brown
	Princess	Swan	Dolphin lotus, sea with spray, turtle from cup.	Brown	Blue or brown
SWORDS	King	Winged hexagram	Winged brown horse, driving clouds, drawn sword.	Dark-brown	Dark
	Queen	Winged child's head	Head of man severed, cumulous clouds, drawn sword.	Light-brown	Grey
	Prince	Winged Angel's head	Arch fairies winged, whirling hair, nimbi, drawn sword and sickle.	Dark	Dark
	Princess	Medusa's head	Silver altar, smoke, clouds, drawn sword.	Light-brown	Blue
PENTACLES	King	Winged stag's head	Light-brown horse, ripe cornland, sceptre with hexagram, pentacle as Zelator Adept.	Dark	Dark
	Queen	Winged goat's head	Barren land, fan, light one side only, sceptre with cube, orb of gold.	Dark	Dark
	Prince	Winged bull's head	Flowery land, bull, sceptre with orb and cross, orb held downward.	Dark-brown	Dark
	Princess	Winged ram's head	Grass, flowers, grove of trees, sceptre with disk, pentacle like that in ace.	Rich-brown	Dark

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OF THE THIRTY-SIX DECANS

HERE follow the descriptions of the smaller cards of the four suits, thirty-six in number, answering unto the thirty-six Decans of the Zodiac.

Commencing from the sign Aries, the Central Decans of each sign follow the order of the Days of the Week. Thus—

CARD	CENTRAL DECAN OF	MEANING	DAY
3 of Wands	☿	Established Strength	☼
6 " P.	♈	Material Success	☽
9 " S.	♉	Despair and Cruelty	☿
3 " C.	♊	Abundance	♀
6 " W.	♋	Victory	♈
9 " P.	♌	Material Gain	♀
3 " S.	♍	Sorrow	♉
6 " C.	♎	Pleasure	☼
9 " W.	♏	Great Strength	☽
3 " P.	♐	Material Words	☿
6 " S.	♑	Earned Success	♀
9 " C.	♒	Material Happiness	♈

Being thus the Four Threes, Sixes, and Nines.

The first and third Decans follow the same order: Sunday beginning in the First Decan of ♌ and in the Third Decans of ♉ and ♈.

The planets govern respectively Decans with the following Titles—

	♈	
1. ♋	Strife	5 of Wands
2. ♌	Sorrow	3 " Swords
3. ♏	Oppression	10 " Wands
4. ♒	Abundant Success	8 " Cups
5. ☿	Success Unfulfilled	7 " Pentacles

Or in ☿ ♋ ♌ ♏ ♒ two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

	♈	
1. ♋	Victory	6 of Wands
2. ♌	Rest from Strife	4 " Swords
3. ♏	Harmonious Change	12 " Pentacles
4. ♒	Material Happiness	9 " Cups
5. ☿	Shortened Force	8 " Swords

Or in ♉ ♋ ♌ ♏ ♒ two swords: 1 each of the other suits.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

♂

1.	♂	Valour	7 of Wands
2.	♂	Loss in Pleasure	5 " Cups
3.	♂	Material Works	3 " Pentacles
4.	♂	Perfected Success	10 " Cups
5.	♂	Dominion	2 " Wands
6.	♂	Despair and Cruelty	9 " Swords

Or in ♀ II ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ 2 W. 2 C.: 1 each of the others.

One more Decan than the others.

☉

1.	♂	Prudence	8 of Pentacles
2.	♂	Pleasure	6 " Cups
3.	♂	Earthly Power	4 " Pentacles
4.	♂	Established Strength	3 " Wands
5.	♂	Ruin	10 " Swords

Or in ♀ II ♂ ♂ ♂ two pentacles: 1 each of others.

♀

1.	♂	Material Gain	9 of Pentacles
2.	♂	Illusionary Success	7 " Cups
3.	♂	Defeat	5 " Swords
4.	♂	Perfected Work	4 " Wands
5.	♂	Love	2 " Cups

Or in ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ two Cups: 1 each of others.

☿

1.	♂	Wealth	10 of Pentacles
2.	♂	Swiftness	8 " Wands
3.	♂	Earned Success	6 " Swords
4.	♂	Material Trouble	5 " Pentacles
5.	♂	Abundance	3 " Cups

Or in ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ two Pentacles: 1 each of the others.

♂

1.	♂	Peace Restored	2 of Swords
2.	♂	Great Strength	9 " Wands
3.	♂	Unstable Effort	7 " Swords
4.	♂	Material Success	6 " Pentacles
5.	♂	Blended Pleasure	4 " Cups

Or in ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

There being thirty-six Decans and seven Planets, it follows that one of the latter must rule over one more Decan than the others. This is the Planet Mars, to which are allotted the last Decan of ♂, and the first of ♀, because the long cold of the winter requires a great energy to overcome it, and initiate spring.

And the beginning of the Decantes is from the royal Star of Leo, the great Star Cor Leonis: and therefore is the first Decan that of ♂ in ♂.

Here follow the general meanings of the small cards of the suits, as classified under the nine Sephiroth below Kether.

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הכמה The Four Twos symbolize the Powers of the King and Queen just uniting and initiating the Force; but before the Prince and Princess are thoroughly brought into action. Therefore do they generally imply the initiation and fecundation of a thing.

בינה Realization of action owing to the Prince being produced. The central symbol on each card. Action definitely commenced for good or evil.

המד Perfection, realization, completion: making a matter settled and fixed.

גבורה Opposition, strife and struggle: war; obstacle to the thing in hand. Ultimate success or failure is otherwise shewn.

תפארת Definite accomplishment. Thing carried out.

נצח Generally shew a force transcending the Material Plane: and is like unto a Crown; which, indeed, is powerful, but requireth one capable of wearing it. The Sevens then shew a possible result: which is dependent on the action then taken. They depend much on the symbols that accompany them.

הוד Solitary success: *i.e.* success in the matter for the time being: but not leading to much result apart from the thing itself.

יסוד Very great fundamental force. Executive power, because they restore a firm basis. Powerful for good or evil.

ממלכות Fixed, culminated, complete Force, whether good or evil. The matter thoroughly and definitely determined. Ultimating Force.

Follow the particular descriptions of each of the thirty-six cards: with full meanings.

Decan-cards are always modified by the other symbols with which they are in contact.

XXI

THE LORD OF STRIFE

Five of Wands

Two White Radiant Angelic Hands issuant per nubes dexter and sinister. They are clasped together in the grip of the First Order, *i.e.* the four fingers of each right hand crooked into each other, the thumbs meeting above; and they hold, at the same time, by their centres, five wands or torches which are similar unto the wands of a Zelator Adeptus Minor. One wand is upright in the middle; the others cross each other. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above the middle wand is the sign ♄, and below is that of ♀: thus representing the Decante. Violent strife and boldness, rashness, cruelty, violence, lust, desire, prodigality and generosity; depending on whether the card is well or ill dignified.

Geburah of י (Quarrelling and fighting).

This Decan hath its beginning from the Royal Star of Leo: and unto it are allotted the two great Angels of the Schemhamphorash והיה and יליאל.

[The proper meaning of the small cards is to be found by making thorough meditation and harmony between these four symbols of each card. It will be seen that this is how the meanings have been done; but the advanced student can go beyond this rude working.]

XXII

THE LORD OF VICTORY

Six of Wands

Two hands in grip as the last, holding six wands crossed three and three. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are short wands with flames issuing, surmounted respectively by the symbols of ♄ and ♀, representing the Decan.

Victory after strife: Love: pleasure gained by labour: carefulness, sociability and avoiding of strife, yet victory therein: also insolence, and pride of riches and success, etc. The whole dependent on the dignity.

Tiphareth of י (Gain).

Hereunto are allotted the great Angels מיטאל and עלמיה of the Schemhamphorash.

XXIII

THE LORD OF VALOUR

Seven of Wands

Two hands holding by grip six wands, three crossed. A third hand issuing from a cloud at the lower part of the card, holding an upright wand which passes between the others. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above and below the central wand are the symbols of ϕ and Ω , representing the Decan.

Possible victory, depending on the energy and courage exercised; valour; opposition, obstacles and difficulties, yet courage to meet them; quarrelling, ignorance, pretence, and wrangling, and threatening; also victory in small and unimportant things: and influence upon subordinates.

Netzach of ν (Opposition, yet courage).

Therein rule the two great Angels משהאל and משהאל of the Schemhamphorash.

XXIV

THE LORD OF PRUDENCE

Eight of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud, and grasping a branch of a rose tree, with four white roses thereon, which touch only the four lowermost Pentacles. No rosebuds even, but only leaves, touch the four uppermost disks. All the Pentacles are similar to that of the Ace, but without the Maltese cross and wings. They are arranged like the geomantic figure Populus. Above and below them are the symbols \odot and \mathfrak{M} for the Decan.

Over-careful in small things at the expense of great: "Penny wise and pound foolish": gain of ready money in small sums; mean; avaricious; industrious; cultivation of land; hoarding, lacking in enterprise.

Hod of η (Skill: prudence: cunning).

Therein rule those mighty Angels אכאיה and כהתאל.

XXV

THE LORD OF MATERIAL GAIN

Nine of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a rose branch with nine white roses, each of which touches a Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged thus $\begin{smallmatrix} \vdots \\ \vdots \\ \vdots \end{smallmatrix}$: and there are rosebuds on the branches as well as flowers. ϕ and \mathfrak{M} above and below.

Complete realization of material gain, good, riches; inheritance; covetous; treasuring of goods; and sometimes theft and knavery. The whole according to dignity.

Yesod of η (Inheritance, much increase of goods).

Herein those mighty Angels אלדיה and הזיאל have rule and dominion.

XXVI

THE LORD OF WEALTH

Ten of Pentacles

An Angelic Hand, holding by the lower extremity a branch whose roses touch all the Pentacles. No buds, however, are shewn. The symbols of ϕ and \mathfrak{M} are above and below.

The Pentacles are thus arranged $\begin{smallmatrix} \vdots \\ \vdots \\ \vdots \end{smallmatrix}$.

Completion of material gain and fortune; but nothing beyond: as it were, at the very pinnacle of suc-

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cess. Old age, slothfulness; great wealth, yet sometimes loss in part; heaviness; dullness of mind, yet clever and prosperous in money transactions.

Malkuth of ה (Riches and wealth).

Herein are לאויה and ההעיה set over this Decan as Angel Rulers.

XXVII

THE LORD OF PEACE RESTORED

Two of Swords or Pikes

Two crossed swords, like the air dagger of a Z.A.M., each held by a White Radiant Angelic Hand. Upon the point where the two cross is a rose of five petals, emitting white rays. At the top and bottom of the card are two small daggers, supporting respectively the symbol ☾ thus, and ☿ representing the Decanate.

Contradictory characters in the same nature, strength through suffering; pleasure after pain. Sacrifice and trouble, yet strength arising therefrom, symbolized by the position of the rose, as though the pain itself had brought forth beauty. Arrangement, peace restored; truce; truth and untruth; sorrow and sympathy. Aid to the weak; arrangement; justice, unselfishness; also a tendency to repetition of affronts on being pardoned; injury when meaning well; given to petitions; also a want of tact, and asking question of little moment; talkative.

Chokmah of ו. Quarrel made up, yet still some tension in relations: actions sometimes selfish, sometimes unselfish.

Herein rule the Great Angels מבהאל and יולאל.

XXVIII

THE LORD OF SORROW

Three of Swords or Spears

THREE White Radiating Angelic Hands, issuing from clouds, and holding three swords upright (as though the central sword had struck apart the two others, which were crossed in the preceding symbol): the central sword cuts asunder the rose of five petals, which in the previous symbol grew at the junction of the swords; its petals are falling, and no white rays issue from it.

Above and below the central sword are the symbols of ה and ☿.

Disruption, interruption, separation, quarrelling; sowing of discord and strife, mischief-making, sorrow and tears; yet mirth in Platonic pleasures; singing, faithfulness in promises, honesty in money transactions, selfish and dissipated, yet sometimes generous: deceitful in words and repetitions; the whole according to dignity.

Binah of ו (Unhappiness, sorrow, and tears).

Herein rule the Great Angels הקמיה and הריאל.

XXIX

THE LORD OF REST FROM STRIFE

Four of Swords

Two White Radiating Angelic Hands, each holding two swords; which four cross in the centre. The rose of five petals with white radiations is reinstated on the point of their intersection. Above and below, on the points of two small daggers, are ה and ☿, representing the Decanate.

Rest from sorrow; yet after and through it. Peace from and after war. Relaxation of anxiety. Quietness, rest, ease and plenty, yet after struggle. Goods of this life; abundance; modified by dignity as is usual.

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Chesed of ו (Convalescence, recovery from sickness; change for the better).
Herein do לאויה and כליאל bear rule.

XXX

THE LORD OF LOSS IN PLEASURE

Five of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding lotuses or water-lilies, of which the flowers are falling right and left. Leaves only, and no buds, surmount them. These lotus stems ascend between the cups in the manner of a fountain, but no water flows therefrom; neither is there water in any of the cups, which are somewhat of the shape of the magical instrument of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Above and below are the symbols of ♂ and ♀ for the Decan.

Death, or end of pleasure: disappointment, sorrow and loss in those things from which pleasure is expected. Sadness, treachery, deceit; ill-will, detraction; charity and kindness ill required; all kinds of anxieties and troubles from unsuspected and unexpected sources.

Geburah of ה (Disappointment in love, marriage broken off, unkindness of a friend; loss of friendship).

Herein rule פהליה and לויה.

XXXI

THE LORD OF PLEASURE

Six of Chalices

AN Angelic Hand, as before, holds a group of stems of water-lilies or lotuses, from which six flowers bend, one over each cup. From these flowers a white glistening water flows into the cups as from a fountain, but they are not yet full. Above and below are ☉ and ♀ referring to the Decan.

Commencement of steady increase, gain and pleasure; but commencement only. Also affront, detection, knowledge, and in some instances contention and strife arising from unwarranted self-assertion and vanity. Sometimes thankless and presumptuous; sometimes amiable and patient. According to dignity as usual.

Tiphareth of ה (Beginning of wish, happiness, success, or enjoyment).

Therein rule ייאל and נלכאל.

XXXII

THE LORD OF ILLUSIONARY SUCCESS

Seven of Chalices

THE seven cups are arranged as two descending triangles above a point: a hand, as usual, holds lotus stems which arise from the central lower cup. The hand is above this cup and below the middle one. With the exception of the central lower cup, each is overhung by a lotus flower, but no water falls from these into any of the cups, which are all quite empty. Above and below are the symbols of the Decanate ☿ and ♀.

Possible victory, but neutralized by the supineness of the person: illusory success, deception in the moment of apparent victory. Lying, error, promises unfulfilled. Drunkenness, wrath, vanity. Lust, fornication, violence against women, selfish dissipation, deception in love and friendship. Often success gained, but not followed up. Modified as usual by dignity.

Netzach of ה (Lying, promises unfulfilled; illusion, deception, error; slight success at outset, not retained).

Herein the Angels מלהאל and ההואה rule.

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XXXIII

THE LORD OF SWIFTNESS

Eight of Wands or Torches

FOUR White Radiating Angelic Hands (two proceeding from each side) issuant from clouds; clasped in two pairs in the centre with the grip of the First Order. They hold eight wands, crossed four with four. Flames issue from the point of junction. Surmounting the small wands with flames issuing down them, and placed in the centre at the top and bottom of the card respectively, are the symbols of ☿ and ♃ for the Decan.

Too much force applied too suddenly. Very rapid rush, but quickly passed and expended. Violent, but not lasting. Swiftmess, rapidity, courage, boldness, confidence, freedom, warfare, violence; love of open air, field-sports, gardens and meadows. Generous, subtle, eloquent, yet somewhat untrustworthy; rapacious, insolent, oppressive. Theft and robbery. According to dignity.

Hod of ʾ (Hasty communications and messages; swiftmess).

Therein rule the Angels נַתָּהִיָּה and הָאֵלִיָּה.

XXXIV

THE LORD OF GREAT STRENGTH

Nine of Wands or Torches

FOUR hands, as in the previous symbol, holding eight wands crossed four and four; but a fifth hand at the foot of the card holds another wand upright, which traverses the point of junction with the others: flames leap herefrom. Above and below are the symbols ☽ and ♃.

Tremendous and steady force that cannot be shaken.

Herculean strength, yet sometimes scientifically applied. Great success, but with strife and energy. Victory, preceded by apprehension and fear. Health good, and recovery not in doubt. Generous, questioning and curious; fond of external appearances: intractable, obstinate.

Yesod of ʾ (Strength, power, health, recovery from sickness).

Herein rule the Angels שְׂאֵדִיָּה and יִרְתָּאֵל.

XXXV

THE LORD OF OPPRESSION

Ten of Wands

FOUR hands holding eight wands crossed as before. A fifth hand holding two wands upright, which traverses the junction of the others. Flames issuant. ☿ and ♃.

Cruel and overbearing force and energy, but applied only to material and selfish ends. Sometimes shows failure in a matter, and the opposition too strong to be controlled; arising from the person's too great selfishness at the beginning. Ill-will, levity, lying, malice, slander, envy, obstinacy; swiftmess in evil and deceit, if ill dignified. Also generosity, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, when well dignified.

Malkuth of ʾ (Cruelty, malice, revenge, injustice).

Therein rule אֲדֹמָאֵל and רִיִּיאֵל.

XXXVI

THE LORD OF HARMONIOUS CHANGE

Two of Disks or Pentacles

Two wheels, disks or pentacles, similar to that of the Ace. They are united by a green-and-gold serpent, bound about them like a figure of 8. It holds its tail in its mouth. A White Radiant Angelic Hand holds the centre of the whole. No roses enter into this card. Above and below are the symbols of ♄ and ♅. It is a revolving symbol.

The harmony of change, alternation of gain and loss; weakness and strength; everchanging occupation; wandering, discontented with any fixed condition of things; now elated, then melancholy; industrious, yet unreliable; fortunate through prudence of management, yet sometimes unaccountably foolish; alternatively talkative and suspicious. Kind, yet wavering and inconsistent. Fortunate in journeying. Argumentative.

Chokmah of ה (Pleasant change, visit to friends).

Herein the Angels לכבאל and ושריה have rule.

XXXVII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL WORKS

Three of Pentacles

A WHITE-WINGED Angelic Hand, as before, holding a branch of a rose tree, of which two white rosebuds touch and surmount the topmost Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged in an equilateral triangle. Above and below the symbols of ♄ and ♅.

Working and constructive force, building up, creation, erection; realization and increase of material things; gain in commercial transactions, rank; increase of substance, influence, cleverness in business, selfishness. Commencement of matters to be established later. Narrow and prejudiced. Keen in matters of gain; sometimes given to seeking after impossibilities.

Binah of ה (Business, paid employment, commercial transaction).

Herein are יהויה and להחיה Angelic Rulers.

XXXVIII

THE LORD OF EARTHLY POWER

Four of Pentacles

A HAND holding a branch of a rose tree, but without flowers or buds, save that in the centre is one fully blown white rose. Pentacles are disposed as on the points of a square; a rose in its centre. Symbols ☉ and ♄ above and below to represent the Decan.

Assured material gain: success, rank, dominion, earthy power, completed but leading to nothing beyond. Prejudicial, covetous, suspicious, careful and orderly, but discontented. Little enterprise or originality. According to dignity as usual.

Chesed of ה (Gain of money or influence: a present).

Herein do כוקיה and תנדאל bear rule.

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XXXIX

THE LORD OF DEFEAT

Five of Swords

Two Rayed Angelic Hands each holding two swords nearly upright, but falling apart of each other, right and left of the card. A third hand holds a sword upright in the centre as though it had disunited them. The petals of the rose, which in the four had been reinstated in the centre, are torn asunder and falling. Above and below are ☿ and ♁ for Decan.

Contest finished and decided against the person; failure, defeat, anxiety, trouble, poverty, avarice, grieving after gain, laborious, unresting; loss and vileness of nature; malicious, slanderous, lying, spiteful and tale-bearing. A busybody and separator of friends, hating to see peace and love between others. Cruel, yet cowardly, thankless and unreliable. Clever and quick in thought and speech. Feelings of pity easily roused, but unenduring.

Geburah of י (Defeat, loss, malice, spite, slander, evil-speaking).

Herein the Angels אַניאַל and חַעמִיָּה bear rule.

XL

THE LORD OF EARNED SUCCESS

Six of Swords

Two hands, as before, each holding two swords which cross in the centre. Rose re-established thereon. ☿ and ♁ above and below, supported on the points of two short daggers or swords.

Success after anxiety and trouble; self-esteem, beauty, conceit, but sometimes modesty therewith; dominance, patience, labour, etc.

Tiphareth of י (Labour, work, journey by water).

Ruled by the Great Angels יִיזְאֵל and רַהֲעָאֵל.

XLI

THE LORD OF UNSTABLE EFFORT

Seven of Swords

Two Angelic Radiating Hands as before, each holding three swords. A third hand holds up a single sword in the centre. The points of all the swords *just touch* each other, the central sword not altogether dividing them.

The Rose of the previous symbols of this suit is held up by the same hand which holds the central sword: as if the victory were at its disposal. Symbols of ☾ and ♁.

Partial success. Yielding when victory is within grasp, as if the last reserves of strength were used up. Inclination to lose when on the point of gaining, through not continuing the effort. Love of abundance, fascinated by display, given to compliments, affronts and insolences, and to spy upon others. Inclined to betray confidences, not always intentionally. Rather vacillatory and unreliable.

Netzach of י (Journey by land: in character untrustworthy).

Herein rule the Great Angels מִיכָאֵל and הַהֲהָאֵל.

XLII

THE LORD OF ABANDONED SUCCESS

Eight of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a group of stems of lotuses or water-lilies. There are only two flowers shown, which bend over the two central cups, pouring into them a white water which fills them and runs over into the three lowest, which later are not yet filled. The three uppermost are quite empty. At the top and bottom of the card are symbols ה and X. UUU
UU
UUU

Temporary success, but without further results. Thing thrown aside as soon as gained. Not lasting, even in the matter in hand. Indolence in success. Journeying from place to place. Misery and repining without cause. Seeking after riches. Instability.

Hod of ה (Success abandoned; decline of interest).

The Angels ruling are ילהיה and ווילהיה.

XLIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL HAPPINESS

Nine of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud holding lotus or water-lilies, one flower of which overhangs each cup; from it a white water pours. Cups are arranged in three rows of 3. ה and X above and below.

Complete and perfect realization of pleasure and happiness, almost perfect; self-praise, vanity, conceit, much talking of self, yet kind and lovable, and may be self-denying therewith. High-minded, not easily satisfied with small and limited ideas. Apt to be maligned through too much self-assumption. A good and generous, but sometimes foolish nature.

Yesod of ה (Complete success, pleasure and happiness, wishes fulfilled).

Therein rule the Angels עריאל and מאליה.

XLIV

THE LORD OF PERFECTED SUCCESS

Ten of Cups or Chalices

HAND, as usual, holding bunch of water-lilies or lotuses, whose flowers pour a white water into all the cups, which *all run over*. The uppermost cup is held sideways by a hand, and pours water into the left-hand upper cup. A single lotus flower surmounts the top cup, and is the source of the water that fills it. Above and below the symbols ה and X.

Permanent and lasting success and happiness, because inspired from above. Not so sensual as "Lord of Material Happiness," yet almost more truly happy. Pleasure, dissipation, debauchery, quietness, peacemaking. Kindness, pity, generosity, wantonness, waste, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of ה (Matter settled: complete good fortune).

Herein the Great Angels עשליה and מיהאל rule.

[This is not such a good card as stated. It represents boredom, and quarrelling arising therefrom; disgust springing from too great luxury. In particular it represents drug-habits, the sottish excess of pleasure and the revenge of nature.]

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XLV

THE LORD OF DOMINION

Two of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping two crossed wands. Flames issue from the point of junction. On two small wands above and below, with flames of five issuing therefrom, are the symbols of δ and γ for the Decan.

Strength, domination, harmony of rule and of justice. Boldness, courage, fierceness, shamelessness, revenge, resolution, generous, proud, sensitive, ambitious, refined, restless, turbulent, sagacious withal, yet unforgiving and obstinate. Chokmah of γ (Influence over others, authority, power, dominion).

Therein the Angels והואל and דניאל bear rule.

XLVI

THE LORD OF ESTABLISHED STRENGTH

Three of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, as before, issuing from clouds and grasping three wands in the centre (two crossed, the third upright). Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are the symbols \odot and γ .

Established force, strength, realization of hope. Completion of labour. Success after struggle. Pride, nobility, wealth, power, conceit. Rude self-assumption and insolence. Generosity, obstinacy, etc.

Binah of γ (Pride, arrogance, self-assertion).

Herein rule the Angels החשיה and עממיה .

[This card is much better than as described.]

XLVII

THE LORD OF PERFECTED WORK

Four of Wands

Two White Radiating Angelic Hands, as before, issuing from clouds right and left of the card and clasped in the centre with the grip of the First Order, holding four wands or torches crossed. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are two small flaming wands, with the symbols of ϕ and γ representing the Decan.

Perfection or completion of a thing built up with trouble and labour. Rest after labour, subtlety, cleverness, beauty, mirth, success in completion. Reasoning faculty, conclusions drawn from previous knowledge. Unreadiness, unreliable and unsteady through over-anxiety and hurriedness of action.

Graceful in manner, at times insincere, etc.

Chesed of γ (Settlement, arrangement, completion).

Herein are ניתאל and ונאאל Angelic rulers.

XLVIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL TROUBLE

Five of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand issuing from clouds, and holding a branch of the white rose tree, but from which the roses are falling, and leaving no buds behind. Five Pentacles similar to the Ace. Above and below are ☿ and ☿.

Loss of money or position. Trouble about material things. Labour, toil, land cultivation; building, knowledge and acuteness of earthly things, poverty, carefulness, kindness; sometimes money regained after severe toil and labour. Unimaginative, harsh, stern, determined, obstinate.

Geburah of ה (Loss of profession, loss of money, monetary anxiety).

Herein the angels מביה and פויאל rule.

XLIX

THE LORD OF MATERIAL SUCCESS

Six of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand holding a rose branch with white roses and buds, each of which touches a Pentacle. Pentacles are arranged in two columns of three each ☿. Above and below are the symbols ☿ and ☿ of the Decan.

Success and gain in material undertakings. Power, influence, rank, nobility, rule over the people. Fortunate, successful, liberal and just.

If ill dignified, may be purse-proud, insolent from excess, or prodigal.

Tiphareth of ה (Success in material things, prosperity in business).

Herein rule the Angels נמיה and יילאל.

L

THE LORD OF SUCCESS UNFULFILLED

Seven of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand issuing from a cloud, and holding a white rose branch. Seven Pentacles arranged like the geomantic figure Rubeus. There are only five buds, which overhang, but do not touch the five uppermost Pentacles. Above and below are the Decan symbols, ה and ☿ respectively.

Promises of success unfulfilled. (Shewn, as it were, by the fact that the rosebuds do not come to anything.) Loss of apparently promising fortune. Hopes deceived and crushed. Disappointment, misery, slavery, necessity and baseness. A cultivator of land, and yet a loser thereby. Sometimes it denotes slight and isolated gains with no fruits resulting therefrom, and of no further account, though seeming to promise well.

Netzach of ה (Unprofitable speculations and employments; little gain for much labour).

Therein הרהאל and מצראל are ruling Angels.

LI

THE LORD OF SHORTENED FORCE

Eight of Swords

FOUR White Radiant Angelic Hands issuing from clouds, each holding two swords, points upwards; all the points touch near the top of the card. Hands issue, two at each bottom angle of the card. The pose

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of the other sword symbols is re-established in the centre. Above and below are the Decan symbols ♄ and ♀.

Too much force applied to small things: too much attention to detail at the expense of the principal and more important points. When ill dignified, these qualities produce malice, pettiness, and domineering characteristics. Patience in detail of study; great care in some things, counterbalanced by equal disorder in others. Impulsive; equally fond of giving or receiving money or presents; generous, clever, acute, self-ish and without strong feeling of affection. Admires wisdom, yet applies it to small and unworthy objects.

Hod of ♄ (Narrow, restricted, petty, a prison).

Therein rule the Angels יההאל and ומבאל.

LII

THE LORD OF DESPAIR AND CRUELTY

Nine of Swords

FOUR Hands, as in the preceding figure, hold eight swords nearly upright, but with the points falling away from each other. A fifth hand holds a ninth sword upright in the centre, as if it had struck them asunder. No rose at all is shewn, as if it were not merely cut asunder, but utterly destroyed. Above and below are the Decan symbols ♂ and ♀.

Despair, cruelty, pitilessness, malice, suffering, want, loss, misery. Burden, oppression, labour, subtlety and craft, dishonesty, lying and slander.

Yet also obedience, faithfulness, patience, unselfishness, etc. According to dignity.

Yesod of ♄ (Illness, suffering, malice, cruelty, pain).

Therein do ענואל and מחיאל bear rule.

LIII

THE LORD OF RUIN

Ten of Swords

FOUR hands holding eight swords, as in the preceding symbol; the points falling away from each other. Two hands hold two swords crossed in the centre, as though their junction had disunited the others. No rose, flower or bud, is shewn. Above and below are ☉ and ♀, representing the Decan.

Almost a worse symbol than the Nine of Swords. Undisciplined, warring force, complete disruption and failure. Ruin of all plans and projects. Disdain, insolence and impertinence, yet mirth and jollity therewith. A marplot, loving to overthrow the happiness of others; a repeater of things; given to much unprofitable speech, and of many words. Yet clever, eloquent, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of ♄ (Ruin, death, defeat, disruption).

Herein the Angels דמביה and מנקאל reign.

LIV

THE LORD OF LOVE

Two of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Hand, issuant from the lower part of the card from a cloud, holds lotuses. A lotus flower rises above water, which occupies the lower part of the card rising above the hand. From this flower rises a stem, terminating near the top of the card in another lotus, from which flows a sparkling white water, as from a fountain. Crossed on the stem just beneath are two dolphins, Argent and Or, on to which the water falls, and from which it pours in full streams, like jets of gold and silver, into two cups; which in their turn overflow, flooding the lower part of the card. ☿ and ♀ above and below.

Harmony of masculine and feminine united. Harmony, pleasure, mirth, subtlety: but if ill dignified—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

folly, dissipation, waste, silly actions.

Chokmah of ה (Marriage, love, pleasure).

Therein rule the Angels חבוייה and איעאל.

LV

THE LORD OF ABUNDANCE

Three of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Hand, as before, holds a group of lotuses or water-lilies, from which two flowers rise on either side of, and overhanging the top cup; pouring into it the white water. Flowers in the same way pour white water into the lower cups. All the cups overflow; the topmost into the two others, and these upon the lower part of the card. Cups are arranged in an erect equilateral triangle. ☿ and ☿ above and below.

Abundance, plenty, success, pleasure, sensuality, passive success, good luck and fortune; love, gladness, kindness, liberality.

Binah of ה (Plenty, hospitality, eating and drinking, pleasure, dancing, new clothes, merriment).

Therein the Angels ראהאל and יבמיה are lords.

LVI

THE LORD OF BLENDED PLEASURE

Four of Chalices

FOUR cups: the two upper overflowing into the two lower, which do not overflow. An Angelic Hand grasps a branch of lotus, from which ascends a stem bearing one flower at the top of the card, from which the white water flows into the two upper cups. From the centre two leaves pass right and left, making, as it were, a cross between the four cups. Above and below are the symbols ☿ and ☿ for the Decan.

Success or pleasure approaching their end. A stationary period in happiness, which may, or may not, continue. It does not mean love and marriage so much as the previous symbol. It is too passive a symbol to represent perfectly complete happiness. Swiftmess, hunting and pursuing. Acquisition by contention: injustice sometimes; some drawbacks to pleasure implied.

Chesed of ה (Receiving pleasure or kindness from others, but some discomfort therewith).

Therein rule the great Angels מומיה and הייאל.

BRIEF MEANING OF TWENTY-TWO KEYS

0. If the question refers to spiritual matters, the Fool means idea, thought, spirituality, that which endeavours to transcend Earth. But if question is material, it means folly, stupidity, eccentricity, or even mania.

1. Skill, wisdom, adaptation, craft, cunning, or occult wisdom or power.

2. Change, alternation, increase and decrease, fluctuation; whether for good or evil depends on the dignity.

3. Beauty, happiness, pleasure, success. But with very bad dignity it means luxury, dissipation.

4. War, conquest, victory, strife, ambition.

5. Divine wisdom, manifestation, explanation, teaching, occult force voluntarily invoked.

6. Inspiration (passive, mediumistic), motive power, action.

7. Triumph, victory, health (sometimes unstable).

8. Eternal justice. Strength and force, but arrested as in act of judgment. May mean law, trial, etc.

9. Wisdom from on high. Active divine inspiration. Sometimes "unexpected current."

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10. Good fortune, happiness (within bounds). Intoxication of success.
11. Courage, strength, fortitude, power passing on to action. Obstinacy.
12. Enforced sacrifice, punishment, loss, fatal and not voluntary, suffering.
13. Time, age, transformation, change involuntary (as opposed to 18, Pisces). Or death, destruction (only latter with special cards). [Specially, a sudden and quite unexpected change.]
14. Combination of forces, realization, action (material effect, good or evil).
15. Materiality, material force, material temptation, obsession.
16. Ambition, fighting, war, courage, or destruction, danger, fall, ruin.
17. Hope, faith, unexpected help. Or dreaminess, deceived hope, etc.
18. Dissatisfaction, voluntary change. Error, lying, falsity, deception. This card is very sensitive to dignity.
19. Glory, gain, riches. With *very* evil cards it means arrogance, display, vanity.
20. Final decision, judgment, sentence, determination of a matter without appeal, *on its plane*.
21. The matter itself. Synthesis, world, kingdom. Usually denotes actual subject of question, and therefore depends entirely on accompanying cards.

[This table is very unsatisfactory. Each card must be most carefully meditated, taking all its correspondences, and a clear idea formed.]

Princes and Queens shew almost always actual men and women connected with the matter.

But the Kings (Knights) sometime represent coming or going of a matter, according as they face.

The Princesses shew opinions, thoughts, ideas, either in harmony with or opposed to, the subject.

A Majority of Wands	Energy, opposition, quarrel.
" Cups	Pleasure, merriment.
" Swords	Trouble, sadness, sickness, death
" Pentacles	Business, money, possessions.
" Keys	Strong forces beyond the Querent's control.
" Court Cards	Society, meetings of many persons.
" Aces	Strength generally. Aces are always strong cards.
4 Aces	Great power and force.
3 Aces	Riches, success.
4 Kings (Knights)	Swiftness, rapidity.
3 " "	Unexpected meetings. Knights, in general, shew news.
4 Queens	Authority, influence.
3 Queens	Powerful friends.
4 Princes	Meetings with the great.
3 Princes	Rank and honour.
4 Princesses	New ideas or plans.
3 Princesses	society of the young.
4 Tens	Anxiety, responsibility.
3 Tens	Buying and selling (commerce).
4 Nines	Added responsibilities.
3 Nines	Much correspondence.
4 Eights	Much news.
3 Eights	Much journeying.
4 Sevens	Disappointments.
3 Sevens	Treaties and compacts.
4 Sixes	Pleasure.
3 Sixes	Gain, success.
4 Fives	Order, regularity.
3 Fives	Quarrels, fights.
4 Fours	Rest, peace.
3 Fours	Industry.
4 Threes	Resolution, determination.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

3 Threes	Deceit.
4 Twos	Conferences, conversations.
3 Twos	Reorganization, recommendation.

OF THE DIGNITIES

A CARD is strong or weak, well dignified or ill dignified, according to the cards next to it on either side. Cards of the same suit on either side strengthen it greatly, for good or evil according to their nature. Cards of opposite natures on either side weaken it greatly, for either good or evil.

Swords are inimical to Pentacles.

Wands are inimical to Cups.

Swords are friendly with Cups and Wands.

Wands are friendly with Swords and Pentacles.

If a card fall between two other which are mutually contrary, it is not much affected by either.

A METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THE TAROT

[This method is that given to students of the grade Adept Adeptus Minor in the R. R. et A. C. But it has been revised and improved, while certain safeguards have been introduced in order to make its abuse impossible.—O.M.]

1. THE Significator.

Choose a card to represent the Querent, using your knowledge or judgment of his character rather than dwelling on his physical characteristics.

2. Take the cards in your left hand. In the right hand hold the wand over them, and say: I invoke thee, I A O, that thou wilt send H R U, the great Angel that is set over the operations of this Secret Wisdom, to lay his hand invisibly upon these consecrated cards of art, that thereby we may obtain true knowledge of hidden things, to the glory of thine ineffable Name. Amen.

3. Hand the cards to Querent, and bid him think of the question attentively, and cut.

4. Take the cards as cut, and hold as for dealing.

First Operation

This shows the situation of the Querent at the time when he consults you.

1. The pack being in front of you, cut, and place the top half to the left.

2. Cut each pack again to the left.

3. These four stacks represent I H V H, from right to left.

4. Find the Significator. It be in the ♄ pack, the question refers to work, business, etc.; if in the ♀ pack, to love, marriage, or pleasure; if in the ♃ pack, to trouble, loss, scandal, quarrelling, etc; if in the ♆ pack, to money, goods, and such purely material matters.

5. Tell the Querent what he has come for: if wrong, abandon the divination.

6. If right, spread out the pack containing the Significator, face upwards.

Count the cards from him, in the direction in which he faces.

The counting should include the card from which you count.

For Knights, Queens and Princes, count 4.

For Princesses, count 7.

For Aces, count 11.

For small cards, count according to the number.

For trumps, count 3 for the elemental trumps; 9 for the planetary trumps; 12 for the Zodiacal trumps.

Make a "story" of these cards. This story is that of the beginning of the affair.

7. Pair the cards on either side of the Significator, then those outside them, and so on. Make another "story," which should fill in the details omitted in the first.

8. If this story is not quite accurate, do not be discouraged. Perhaps the Querent himself does not

THE EQUINOX

know everything. But the main lines ought to be laid down firmly, with correctness, or the divination should be abandoned.

Second Operation

Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, invoke suitably, and let Querent cut as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks, for the twelve astrological houses of heaven.
3. Make up your mind in which stack you ought to find the Significator, *e.g.* in the seventh house if the question concerns marriage, and so on.
4. Examine this chosen stack. If the Significator is not there, try some cognate house. On a second failure, abandon the divination.
5. Read the stack counting and pairing as before.

Third Operation

Further Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks for the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
3. Divine the proper stack and proceed as before.

Fourth Operation

Penultimate Aspects of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Find the Significator: set him upon the table; let the thirty-six cards following form a ring round him.
3. Count and pair as before.

[Note that the nature of each Decan is shewn by the small card attributed to it, and by the symbols given in Liber DCCLXXVII, cols. 149-151.]

Fifth Operation

Final Result

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal into ten packs in the form of the Tree of Life.
3. Make up your mind where the Significator should be, as before; but failure does not here necessarily imply that the divination has gone astray.
4. Count and pair as before.

[Note that one cannot tell at what part of the divination the present time occurs. Usually Op. 1 seems to indicate the past history of the question; but not always so. Experience will teach. Sometimes a new current of high help may show the moment of consultation.

I may add that in material matters this method is extremely valuable. I have been able to work out the most complex problems in minute detail. O. M.]

ON—ON—"POET"

I To the open road,
You to the hunchbacked street—
Which of use two
 Shall the earlier rue
That day we chanced to meet?

I with a heart that's sound,
You with sick fancies of pain—
Which of us two
 Would the earlier rue
If we chanced to meet again?

I jingle homely lore,
While you rhyme is with kiss—
Which of us two
 Will the earlier rue
The love of the *Hoylake Miss*?

Not I the first to go,
Nor I the first to deceive—
Which of us two
 Shall the earliest rue

Our garden of make-believe?
You were a Chinese god,
I an offering fair,
As we entered the
 Garden of Allah,
To sing our holy prayer.

Entered with hearts bowed low,
Yet I heard a voice that cried:
For he is the god of the
 Sacrifice,
You are the crucified.

It was all make-believe,
A foolish game of play,
Our garden of Allah
 A drawing-room,
Our Chinese god of clay.

Strings of bruises for pearls,
Tears for forget-me-nots,
And a deadly pain
 Of the sickening shame
Watching the fading spots.

THE EQUINOX

As quickly they faded,
The heart of me faded as well,
Until nothing is left
 Of my garden,
But a soul sunk to hell.

Hail!

Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaire,
No more together we'll enter the
Enchanted garden of make-believe,
Nor my sad soul listen while thine deceive.
No more you'll be the God of Sacrifice,
Nor I the crucified.
Ah, Garden of Allah—how bitter sweet
Thy fruit. Why breakest thou the heart?
Why spoilest thou the soul with notes
From thy golden lute?
Lo! our garden a common room,
Our Chinese god burnt clay, and
The singing of verses a funeral hymn
That awakes with awakening day.
Twas all such a meaningless play,
Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaitre.

Hail!

Poet, take my hand—we'll walk
Still a little way.
I'll not desert thee at the close of day,
 I, too, must pray.
A beggar asking alms of passers-by,
 Does not refuse a drink to one who's dry
 That once by him did lie.
Poet, come close—before I leave for aye
Take thou my hand, we'll walk still
A little way.

One garment covered both to keep us warm,
What harmed the one, wasn't not the other's harm?
Close clasped, one single form.
Was it not meant of aye?
Poet, take thou my hand—we'll still
Walk a little way.

MARY D'ESTE.
(MARY DEMPSEY-BLINDEN-STURGES-BEY.)

ELDER EEL

A SKETCH

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

*To
Tom Bond Bishop*

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

MR. MEEK, *the Minister*

MR. DOSE, *the Doctor*

MR. BONES, *the Butcher*

MR. BUN, *the Baker*

MR. CHIPS, *the Carpenter*

MR. TONGS, *the Tinker*

MR. GRAB, *the Grocer*

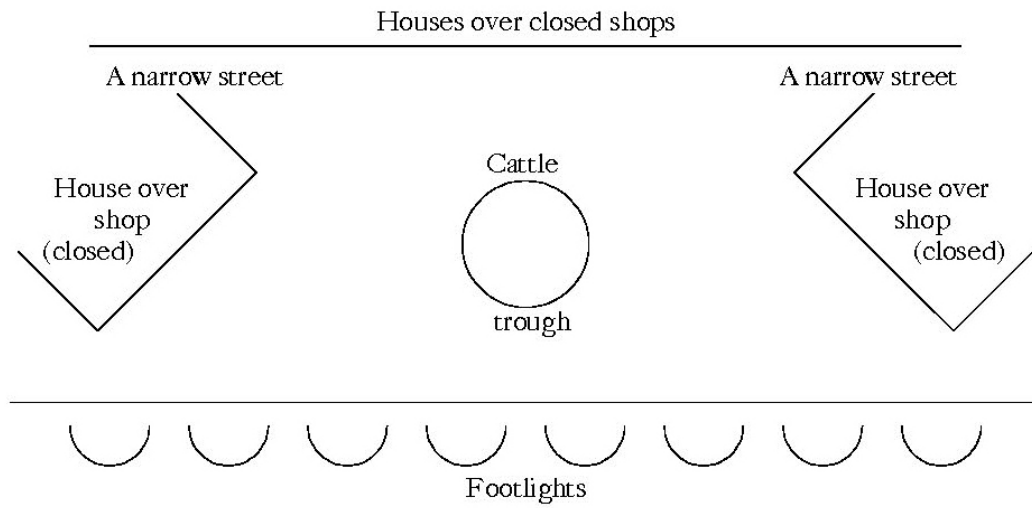
MR. AWL, *the Cobbler*

WOMEN, including JEANNIE MACKAY

ELDER EEL, *the Exciseman*
and

LILITH

THE EQUINOX



[The houses should have 14 or 16 windows arranged in two stories. All windows have practicable shutters.]

ELDER EEL

SCENE: *The Market-place of the Village of Houghmagandie.*

[*Enter L., BONES, BUN, CHIPS, TONGS, and GRAB. All are dressed in the black shiny clothes conventional on Sundays in the provinces. They are followed by a number of women dressed with equal propriety, who enter the houses that surround the market-place, and disappear. One of them, JEANNIE MACKAY, walks apart, and as if ashamed of herself. The scene is one of characteristic Sabbath gloom. The men carry immense black Bibles. They walk very slowly and heavily.*]

BONES. A stirring discourse.

CHIPS. Ay! the meenister was juist gran'.

TONGS. Losh! But that was guid aboot the destruction o' Sennacherib.

BUN. Ay!

GRAB. D'ye ken what he meant?

BONES. Ay! the meenister's verra clear.

GRAB. Na! Na! but d'ye ken he was drivin' the arrow of the Wurd to oor ain hairts?

BONES. Ay! But what d'ye mean?

[*Enter R., AWL. He is a tall, sprightly man in a decent suit of tweeds, and he is smoking a pipe. All turn from him as if he were a leper.*]

AWL. A braw day the day!

GRAB. Is this a day to be ta'king o' days?

[*All groan.*]

AWL. This is the Lord's Day, and a'm thankin' Him for his guid gift o'tobacco.

GRAB. Ye dirty little Atheist! D'ye no ken this is the Sawbath? Awa' wi' ye from the Lord's children!

BONES. An' dinna blaspheme!

GRAB. Beware, ye fausse loon! The judgment o' the Lord is nigh at han'.

CHIPS. The meenister preached o' the destruction o' Sennacherib.

AWL. An' wha's Sennacherib?

CHIPS. Juist sic anither as yoursel'. A fleetin', flytin', floutin', sweerin' deevil like yoursel'!

AWL. Ah, weel! puir bodies, ye don't know all! Guid job for you!

[*He passes over, and goes out, L.*]

BUN. The sculduddery wastrel!

BONES. The blaspheming loon!

CHIPS. The feckless child o' Satan!

TONGS. The rantin', roarin' lion!

GRAB. Ah! d'ye ken the noo wha the meenister meant by Sennacherib?

ALL. Ah!

GRAB. D'ye mind Sennacherib was King o' Babylon?

ALL. Ah!

GRAB. D'ye ken—ah! here comes Elder Eel, the guid man. He'll tell t' e. He's seen wi' his ain een!

[*Enter L., ELDER EEL, very tall and thin and lantern-jawed, more solemn and portentous than the others.*]

GRAB. The Blessing o' the Lord be on ye, Elder. Will ye tell the fowk o' the terrible scandal in Houghmagandie?

EEL. The han' o' the Lord is heavy upon us for oor sins.

ALL. Ay! Ay

GRAB. We are but puir sinners.

THE EQUINOX

EEL. Ay! we deserve it. But our punishment is greater than we can bear.

ALL. Woe unto us!

EEL. Wi' these een hae I seen it! Alack the day! My brethren, d'ye ken wha's ta'en the lodging ower Awl's shop?

BONES. When?

EEL. Last nicht. The very eve o' the Blessed Sabbath!

[All groan.]

CHIPS. Wha' then?

EEL. The Hoor o' Babylon!

ALL. The Hoor o' Babylon!

EEL. A wanton, forward wench! A Babylonish Harlot!

BONES. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

EEL. An actress body!

ALL. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

CHIPS. Fra' Glasgie, I doot?

EEL. Waur!

ALL. Waur?

EEL. Waur!

BUN. No' fra' Lunnon, Elder. It's main impawsible!

EEL. Waur!

BONES. It canna be! It canna be!

EEL. Waur. Far waur!

TONGS. Hoots! but we maun ha' fallen into terrible sin.

BONES. Fra' whaur? In the Lord's name, mon, tell. We're fair distrachit.

EEL. Fra' Pairisss!

GRAB. Fra' the Hame o' the De'il!

BONES. Fra' Hell! Fra' the Bottomless Pit!

CHIPS. The Hoor o' Babylon! The Scarlet Wumman that rideth on the Beast wi' Seven Heads!

TONGS. Fra' the very hairt o' a' sculduddery an' wickedness!

BUN. O Lord! ha' mercy upon us!

EEL. Indeed, I ha' seen her at the window. Aboot nine o' th' clock last nicht when a' guid fowk suld be abed—and I mysel' was wa'king hame fra' the meenister's. And there she was at the window, wi' her lang hair down on her bare shou'lders.

ALL. A' weel! a' weel! Tis a wicked wurld!

EEL. D'ye ken she leanit oot, the Jezebel, wi' her painted face, an'— an'—

ALL. Weel!

EEL. The audacious wench cried oot, "Gude-nicht, Chairlie!" an' blew me a kiss.

ALL. A' weel!

EEL. An' I cried oot i' the wurlds o' the gude buke: "An Jehu cried unto the eunuchs, Throw her dune!"

BONES. An' was she rebukit?

EEL. Nay! she cried back on me: "There's no eunuchs here, Chairlie, nor none wanted. Throw it up!"

CHIPS. The brazen, forward, sculduddery wench! The flytin', sweerin' harlot o' Babylon!

EEL. An' then she picks up her fiddle that she's lured thousands o' men to their doom wi', and she plays, "We are na fou, we're no that fou."

ALL. Shame on her!

GRAB. Hark! wha's that?

[The tuning of a violin is heard, off.]

EEL. There she is! There's the Hoor o' Babylon!

[LILITH, off, plays a lively though classical piece of music.]

EEL., To your tents, O Israel! To your hames, men o' Houghmagandie! On to the marrow-bones o' your knees, and pray that the curse may be removed from us!

ALL. Amen!

ELDER EEL

EEL. As for me, I'll wrastle wi' this deevil, and maybe have strength given me to owercome it. Here comes the meenister; I'll hae twa wurds wi' him on the matter!

ALL. Guid guide ye and preserve ye!

[All go off R., in consternation.]

EEL. An' noo to wrastle wi' the demon!

[Enter L., MEEK and DOSE. DOSE is an educated man, well dressed.]

EEL. Gude-mornin', meenister! Gude-mornin', doctor!

MEEK *[Very humble and quiet]*. Gude-mornin', Elder!

DOSE. Morning, Elder!

EEL. I wad hae twa wurds wi' ye, meenister!

MEEK. Ay! Ay! What is it, noo?

EEL. Meenister, it's verra terrible, what I wad say to ye. The Hoor o' Babylon's amang us.

[The doctor laughs.]

DOSE. At it again, Eel? Ha! Ha! Ha!

EEL. Ay, sir, d'ye ken this is a muckle serious affair! There's a French actress body in the village! In the Village o' Houghmagandie!

DOSE. Ha! Ha! Ha! I was just going to tell you about it, Meek. It's a dear little Russian girl, a friend of my wife's. She's had a tremendous season in Paris—they went mad over her—so we suggested her coming up here for a rest. She wouldn't stay with us—poor child, she has to practise eight hours a day!—so we got her the room over Awl's, and she comes to the Surgery for meals. My wife's bringing her up to the Manse to call on Monday.

MEEK. Oh! Oh! There, Elder, you see it's all right.

EEL. *[aghast]*. A' richt! ! !—a'—richt! ! !

[MEEK and DOSE nod and pass on, laughing.]

EEL. He's fair witched. He's the prey o' Satan! The meenister was laughing on the Sawbath! Oh, Lord! Lord! An' I'm left by my lanes to wrastle wi' the de'il i' petticoats! Witchcraft! fair witchcraft! An' sorcery! Whaur's ony help but in the A'mighty? *[He takes out a flat whisky flask and swallows a big dram.]* Whaur, I say, is ony help but in the A'mighty?

[Re-enter AWL, L., still smoking.]

AWL. Hullo, Elder, an' what's the matter noo? Hae ye discovered the sin of Achan again?

EEL. Ah, well, ah, well! Alack the day! . . . Hae ye come to torment me, ye dirty little Atheist?

ELDER EEL

AWL. Three lies in three words, Elder. Ye'll win the Bishop's Kettle this year, for sure! But what is it? Hae the Glasgie fowk got wind o' your little affair wi' Bungs? What d'ye mak' a year oot o' that?

EEL. Ye wicked deevil!

AWL. I dinna care. It's your affair to take the King's siller, and the whisky man's gowd! But I'm wondering hoo it gangs wi' sae muckle releegion!

EEL. Hoo dare ye?

AWL. Or have they found your ain private still o'er the brae? An' exciseman wi' a still o' his ain! ha! ha! ha!

EEL. Ye fausse fiend! Hae ye gi'en me awa'?

AWL. Na! I'm no sae releegious as ye are. But I doot it's fowk ken o' your dealin's wi' Jeannie Mac-kay!

EEL. Hoo did ye ken that?

AWL. Why, the lass is in trouble; and you best ken wha's the fault is.

EEL. Ay! And didna I gie her fower shilling an' saxpence to get tae Glasgie an' hide her shame? An' didna I rebuke her for the sin o't by the reever bank, so that she might hae found grace to droon hersel'?

AWL. Ay! ye're a mean, sneakin', coordly, murderous dog! That I didna ken, an' I thank ye for tellin' me. I'm for ben.

[He spits ostentatiously on the ground and goes off R. But remains visible to audience as one watching the scene. He whistles softly and beckons, off.]

EEL. Bad! Bad! I maun be fey to hae tellt him that. But I'll see Jeannie, and gie her twa pund sterling—na! one pund fifteen shillin'na! one pund ten shillin'—an' get her tae Glasgie—wi' the promise o'

THE EQUINOX

mair! Ay! yon's the teecket—wi' the promise o' mair! An' I'll chase the Babylonish Harlot fra' Houghmagandie, so that if the wurst comes tae the wurst, fowk winna gie ony creedit tae the lass. An' noo, then, wi' my conscience clearit, I'll confront the lioness i' her den.

[He turns to go off R., and is startled to find LILITH entering R. She wears a thin summer dress very beautifully made, and on her head is a coquettish hat with a suggestion of horns. On seeing him she laughs. His gloom deepens. She goes up and curtsies to him, then puts up her fiddle and plays the "Old Hundredth," or other Scottish hymn tune.]

EEL. Weel, wad ye aye play holy tunes, I wadna say!

[She plays a religious classical piece.]

EEL. That savours o' Popery, I doot! But i' the main ye mean weel!

[She plays "Auld Lang Syne," and other Scottish ballads, arranged so as to lead from grave to gay. He is by this time enthralled by the music, and begins to show animation, following the beats with his hands. Even his feet begin to be uneasy.]

EEL. Weel! weel! wha wad hae thocht it? There's no sic hairm after a', maybe.

[She sees him her prey, and plays a mad Hungarian dance. He is compelled to pick up the step, and she leads him, dancing, three or four times round the stage and off, L. AWL comes out to centre of stage.]

LILITH, *off*, changes to "The De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman."

AWL. *sings*:

The de'il cam' fiddling through our toun,
An's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries:

[the windows of every house burst open, and women appear, joining in the song.]

Auld Mahoun!
I wish ye joy o' your prize, mon!
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa'.
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
He's danced awa', he's danced awa'
He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

[Repeat chorus while the villagers flock back to the stage. The women are now dressed in the gayest peasant costumes. LILITH, off, resumes the dance tune and leads on EEL, who by this time is dancing with absolute abandon. All make way for him and stand back, laughing. The music stops. EEL, suddenly brought to himself, stares and gasps. He would go off, but AWL stops him.]

AWL. Na, Elder, ye've made this toon a hell lang eneugh! Tae the fountain, lads!

[They catch him, and duck him half a dozen times.]

[Enter MEEK.]

MEEK *[throws up his arms]*. An' what, i' the Lord's name, is come to Houghmagandie?

AWL. It's a' richt, meenister. But I'm the Law an' the Prophets the day!

[ELDER EEL comes dripping from the fountain.]

AWL. Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Whaur's Jeannie Mackay? Dinna fear, lass. Will ye wed this mon here?

JEANNIE. Ay, sir *[she is in tears]*. It's his bairn, Gude kens.

AWL. Now, meenister, this is whaur ye're wanted. D'ye consent, Elder? Ye've been a hairtless auld scoundrel, but ye can e'en dae the richt thing by the lass noo.

EEL. Ay! I repent sincerely.

AWL. None o' that! Say ye're sorry, like a mon!

EEL. I'm sorry, Jeannie. An' I'll be a gude mon tae ye, lass.

AWL. That's better. Now, meenister, the Blessing.

MEEK. In the name o' God, I declare ye lawful man an' wife. *[He joins their hands and blesses them.]*

AWL. An' no more private still, Elder, an' no more bribes fra distillers!

EEL. Ay! I mean it.

AWL. Guid. Now, lass, run off wi' him, lest he fa' into the snare o' the Hoor o' Babylon again; an' this

ELDER EEL

time for his soul's ill!

[All laugh. EEL goes off with JEANNIE.]

AWL. Noo, lads an' lasses a'! Prayer i' th' morning, an' thanksgivin' in th' afternoon.

[LILITH plays.]

[sings] We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew oor drink

We'll dance an' sing an' rejoice, mon,

An' mony braw thanks tae the mickle black de'il

[Bowing to LILITH]

That's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,

There's hornpipes an' strathspeys, mon!

But the ae best dance e'er came tae oor land

Was—the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

[Chorus as before. All dance merrily, and at last even the minister is carried off by a big flamboyant girl into the centre of the crowd.]

CURTAIN.

THE EQUINOX

THE SPADGER

BY JOHN MASEFIELD, JUNIOR

(No relation to the immortal poet of that name)

DEDICATED GRATEFULLY TO MR. AUSTIN HARRISON

There was a spadger
Went up a spout;
There came a thunderstorm,
And washed the out.
The little spadger
Sat on the grass,
And told the thunderstorm
To its
And when the storm was done,
And all the rain,
The little spadger
Went up again.
There came a spadger hawk
And spied the snuggery,
And with his claws he tore
That to
There came a thunderbolt
From the hand of God;
It hit that spadger hawk
And killed the
There is a moral
To this moral story—
If you goes up the spout
You goes to glory.

[DAVID HAMISH JENKINS, a native of Merthyr Tydfil, originally studied painting, and produced several excellent pictures. At the age of twenty-one he took up the study of the classics, and occupied the position of classical master at several public schools. Whilst in London he met Aleister Crowley, whose poetical works had a great charm for him. Jenkins was a prolific writer, but unfortunately, little of his work was published before his death at the early age of thirty-three. He died in March 1911, mourned by a large circle of friends. E. W.]

TO PERSIS

I

CHILD—forgive me if I call thee child—
The weight of my mortality in years,
I reckon not, but tribulations wild,
With stormy battle, stress of life and fears.
I see thee once again athwart the mist
Of Time, and past the wane of many moons
Not changed, with still a change—the same, I wist,
Yet not—as purest daylight's change from noon.

II

I then beheld thee with thy tresses rolled
In darkling curls and masses long adown:
A child thou wert, in maiden's youthful mould,
With childhood's pensive magic round thee thrown.
To see thee changed, ah! 'tis a sign of Time's
Unending, ceaseless march. You come again
With those thick dusky masses coiled betimes
And coifed around thy head in plait and chain.

III

Tis but a trifling change—a petty pace,
But fraught with all the force of Yet To Be:
For to mine eyes thy simple act of grace
Is one step onward, whither no one can see—
A little further to the Great Unknown
By ways where Life's Periodics plants her rood
The Living Progress landmarks all alone,
Soon passed:—thou reachest on to Womanhood!

IV

Fair—God grant that it be fair—thy world!
With influence of Goodness shed around.
Far from thee may the tongue of Spite uncurl
With venom'd spleen, and vicious raucous sound!
Have mercy, God! I am not proud, not proud!

THE EQUINOX

But all my pent-up wrath I pour on Spite.
It is enough! Forgive these murmurings loud
Against the Powers and Majesties of Night.

L'ENVOI

Good child, you will again depart—Fates weave their spell,
All hail! God-speed! May God be with you! and—Farewell!

D. HAMISH JENKINS.

WAITE'S WET

OR

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN

"All things come to him who Waites."

"I waited patiently on the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

It was a brilliant May afternoon when the Prodigal returned. At the offices of the *Equinox* the usual constellation was assembled. Crowley lay lost in meditation upon the 1500-guinea Persian rug, which he had received from the executors of the late John Brown; Neuburg, covered from head to foot with yellow paint and his own post-prandial poetry, was yelling with laughter over a telegram which informed him that his favourite uncle had been disembowelled by a mad bull; Wieland, his head among the fire-irons, his soul among the stars, was trying to remember two important engagements which he had written down in his note-book five minutes earlier; Ethel Archer, talked to by Meredith Starr, but not listening to him, sat pale and classical on the edge of a table in default of a promontory, saying softly: Bysses—aster—kisses—caster—blisses—faster—this is—master—misses disaster—Pisces—poetaster—Cambyses—chaster; Madam Strindberg, still smarting under the description of herself as "relict or derelict" of somebody, having telegraphed to the Bank to stop any cheques she might draw in the next twelve months, was committing suicide with the murmured apology: "After all, this isn't an hotel"; while "Boy Billy," tastefully costumed for walking in Bond Street as an Egyptian *sais*, was romping with her third best pal in spite of the broken heart which she had left beneath the boots of Mr. Hener Skene; Mr. Austin Harrison, who had dropped in for a quiet afternoon, was quite failing to grasp the situation created by the Editor herself, who, shaking in every chin, declared rather more than less than aloud that, waiters or no waiters, she meant to marry him, and the gentleman down-stairs could go—my grandmother's hat!—and—

She was interrupted by the arrival of a telegraph boy, who delivered a bulky envelope containing the following message—

"Notwithstanding categorical imputations sacramentally integrated similitudes undedicated warrants antecedent Paulopetrine typology casually unworthy hypostaticism predecessorial superincision archidi-aconal arch-amphibians ossify elpidize redintegration status lymphaticus."

"A cipher telegram! How romantic!" cried the Editor, releasing Austin Harrison for the fraction of a second.

"Oh no," said Crowley, "it's quite plain English; it's from Arthur Edward Waite. He repents; he comes back to the fold. He begs forgiveness. Osify means 'dare'; eplidize, 'hope'; redintegration, 'restoration'; status, 'status.' "

"But he says 'status lymphaticus.' "

"It's a disease; he read about it in the *Daily Mail* on the Underground between Aldgate and Blackfriars; but it sounds better than plain 'status'; so he damned the extra ha'penny, and put it. To my mind it's the shortest and plainest thing he's ever written. And I forgive him all."

The company, overborne by authority, acquiesced. Only Neuburg, always a pessimist, doubted. "It's unsigned!" he groaned, his lips, blood-stained bolsters dipped in ink, writhing like half-boiled lobsters.

The Editor, with one shriek, one sob, and one sigh, thinking of the veil of the temple, tore a napkin in default of anything else to tear, and cried: "It is finished! Votes for Women!" Neuburg, his nose working feverishly, burst into hyena-howls. The Master arose; calling for hot water and sulphuric acid, he comparatively cleaned the victim's left ear, and bit another piece off. Calm was restored.¹

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Remembering Mr. Waite's statement in *Who's Who* that he "holds nearly all degrees of Masonry known in England, and some which are here unknown," Crowley dictated the following telegram—

"Waite, Esquire, Etcetera, Sidmouth Lodge, South Ealing.

"Yes.

"ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"Apprentice, Companion, *Master*, Secret Master, Perfect Master, Intimate Secretary, Provost and Judge, Valiant Master, Elect of Nine, Elect of the Unknown, Elect of Fifteen, Perfect Elect, Illustrious, and in Scotland of the Holy Trinity, Companion, Master, Panissière, Master of the Triangle, of J.J.J., of the Sacred Vault, and of St. Andrew: Little Architect, Grand Architect, and Architect in Light and Perfection; Apprentice, Companion, and Master Perfect Architect, Perfect Architect, and in Scotland Sublime, and Sublime of Heredom; **Royal Arch**, Grand Axe, Sublime Knight of Choice, Knight of the Sublime Choice, Prussian Knight, *Knight of the Temple*, Knight of the Eagle, Knight of the Black Eagle, Knight of the Red Eagle, Knight of the White East, *Knight of the East*, Commander of the East, Grand Commander of the East, **Sovereign Commander of the Temple**, and *Prince of Jerusalem: Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of Kilwinning and of Heredom*, Knight of the West, Sublime Philosopher, Discreet of Chaos, Sage of Chaos, Knight of the Sun, *Supreme Commander of the Stars*, Sublime Philosopher Knight Noachite, of all four grades of the Key of Masonry, True Mason Adept, Sovereign Elect, Sovereign of Sovereigns, Grand Master of the Symbolic Lodges, Very High and Very Powerful, Knight of Palestine, Knight of the White Eagle, **Grand Elected Knight Kadosch Sovereign Inspector**, and **Grand Inquisitor Commander**, Beneficent Knight, Knight of the Rainbow, Knight of Banuka, Very Wise Israelite Prince, Sovereign Prince Talmudim, Sovereign Prince Zadkim, Grand-Haram, Grand Prince Haram, Sovereign Prince Hasid, *Sovereign Grand Prince Hasid*, and **Grand Inspector Intendant Regulator of the Order**: Sovereign Prince of the 78th, 79th, 80th and 81st degrees; Sovereign Prince of the 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th and 86th degrees; *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 87th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the First Series**, *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 88th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Second Series**, *Sovereign Grand Prince of the 89th degree*, **Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Third Series**, and of the NINETIETH AND LAST DEGREE SUPREME GRAND CONSERVATOR AND ABSOLUTE GRAND SOVEREIGN AND PATRIARCH OF THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL RITE OF MIZRAIM: Pastophoris, Neocoris, and Melanophoris; Christophoris, Perfect Master Balahate, Sublime Master Just and Perfect, *Sublime Epopot*, and Knight of the Iris; Sublime Minerval, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Elect Mysophilote, Knight of the Triangle, *Knight of the Sacred Arch*, **Knight of the Secret Vault**, *Knight of the Sword*, Knight of Jerusalem, Knight of the East and **Knight of the Rose Croix**: Knight of the Red Eagle, *Knight of the Temple*, Sublime Aleophilote, Knight of Libanus, *Knight of Heredom*, Knight of the Tabernacle, *Knight of the Serpent*, Knight Sage of Truth, *Knight Hermetic Philosopher*, Knight of the Key, Knight of the White Eagle, KNIGHT KADOSCH, Knight of the Black Eagle, KNIGHT OF THE ROYAL MYSTERY, and KNIGHT GRAND INSPECTOR; Knight of Scandinavia, Sublime Commander of the Temple, Sublime Negotiate, Knight of Shota, Sublime Elect of Truth, *Grand Elect of the ons*, Sage Savaist, *Knight of the Arch of Seven Columns*, *Prince of Light*, Sublime Hermetic Sage, *Prince of the Zodiac*, Sublime Sage of the Mysteries, Sublime Pastor of the Huts, *Knight of the Seven Stars*, *Sublime Guardian of the Sacred Mount*, and *Sublime Sage of the Pyramids*; Sublime Philosopher of Samothrace, *Sublime Titan of the Caucasus*, Sage of the Labyrinth, *Knight of the Phoenix*, Sublime Scald, Sublime Orphic Doctor, Pontiff of Cadmia, Sublime Magus, Prince Brahmin, Grand Pontiff of Ogygia, *Sublime Guardian of the Three Fires*, *Sublime Unknown Philosopher*, *Sublime Sage of Eleusis*, *Sublime Kawi*, Sage of Mythras, *Grand Installator Guardian of the Sanctuary*, *Grand Consecrator Architect of the Mystic City*, *Grand Eulogist Guardian of the Ineffable Name*, *Patriarch of Truth*, *Knight of the Golden Branch of Eleusis*, Patriarch of the Planispheres, Patriarch of the Sacred Vedas, Supreme Master of Wisdom, *Doctor of the Sacred Fire*, Sublime Master of the Sloka, and Knight of the Lybic Chain: Patriarch of Isis, Sublime Knight Theosopher, *Grand Pontiff of the Thebaid*, Knight of the Redoubtable Sada, Sublime Elect of the Sanctuary of Mazias, **Patriarch of Memphis**, Grand Elect of the Temple of Midgard, Sublime Knight of the Valley of Oddy, Doctor of the Izeds, Sublime Knight of Kneph, Sublime Philosopher of the Valley of Kabal, Sublime Prince of Masonry, *Grand Elect of the Sacred Curtain*, *Prince Pontiff of the Mystic City*, *Sovereign Master of Masonry*, and *Perfect Pontiff Sublime Master of the Great Work: Grand Defender of the Order*, Sublime Catechist, Adept of Sirius, Adept of Babylon, Companion Banuke, Companion Zerdust,

[illegible]

"Send this," quoth he, "to the Flapper-haunted fields where Prehistoric Peeps are frowned upon!"

To describe the scenes that followed would have beggared the fertile or perhaps fertilized pen of the Editor of the *Looking-Glass*; but he was in any case not there, being busy in working out by applied mathematics the problem as to which public man was worthiest of a biography in his columns next week.

The words "blasphemous orgie" altogether fail to give any idea of what occurred.

"Twenty-eight naked demi-mondaines now brimmed the buckets with satyrion," hardly describes it.

"These loathsome and abominable creatures next abandoned themselves to frenzied scenes unparalleled in Degenerate Rome," conveys an altogether false impression.

Only my own pen can describe it accurately; and I suppose the printer will refuse to set it up, and very likely telephone the Public Prosecutor. However, I shall try and sneak it through in Ciceronian Latin.

Crowlieus dixit: Quid circa—(What on earth's the Latin for "tea"?)?

Omnes biberunt.

(There must be some concealed horror in these words. It *apparently* means "Crowley said—what about tea? They all drank." With this reservation we prepare to fly to Ostend, but print it. Printer.)

The good news ran through London like wildfire, doing every hundred yards in even time.

Ralph Shirley, stirring uneasily in his office chair, stroked his pet rhinoceros, and murmured "Piles o' money"; Leopold Rothschild asked if the zebra could indeed change his stripes; and although ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance had that very minute been presented to the angels in heaven, the subject was completely forgotten in the exuberance of the higher joy.

Waite's photograph, frock-coat and all, was carried in its red plush frame shoulder high by Mr. Battiscombe Gunn; Kennedy took a tailor's bill from his bosom, and dropped a silent tear upon it, murmuring "*His* letter!" The Editor, bustling Austin Harrison aside, took a bottle of champagne and a taxi to South Ealing, ignorant or careless of the reception that she might expect from that mother of "one *d*," née "Ada Lakeman, of Devonshire family and Greek extraction," with the words "Sidmouth Lodge—lickitysplit—my grandmother's hat!" while the stock of all those "public companies," of which Mr. Waite is "its business secretary and director," soared beyond the clouds, and had subsequently to be watered with tears.

Brooklyn, N.Y., where he was born, organized a procession which, instead of taking so many hours to pass a given point, decided, in flattering imitation of its greatest son, to take several weeks to come to it. The "old family of Lovell," which boasts itself to be his ancestor through his mother, saw the culmination of its own fortunes in this great fortune of its fortune-telling scion, and gave itself the Glad Eye; the "earliest settlers in Connecticut," who were responsible for his father, wriggled with pleasure in their graves, like tickled children: the "orders and fraternities which are concealed within Masonry or have arisen out of it," with which he "is connected in particular," tyed themselves and gave themselves over to unbridled joy: the "Hermetic Text Society" recently established by him "for the production by experts of rare old books and MSS. belonging to the literatures of Christian Mysticism, Rosicrucianism, Kabalism, and Al-

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chemy" (more commercial candour!) tried in its joy to sell the MS. of the Book of Deuteronomy at Sothebys': the very timbers of the ship in which he was "brought in infancy" to England shivered with ecstasy; the girls at the London Wall Exchange unanimously resolved never again to ring up 3469, however often and however angrily asked for, that the Restored-to-Favour might remain in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence for ever.

Neuburg himself wrote the following sonnet—

"They also serve who only stand, and—Waite,
Sweeter than sugar and as soft as silk,
You could not stand, you would not serve! What fate
Threatened the hope of Horlick's Malted Milk?
Graver than Gladstone, decenter than Dilke,
You, called to be the Peter of the State,
Tried in your agony to do a bilk:—
Though you could handle rod, and master bait.

"Now all is changed. Offended Crowley cries
Upon your shoulder. All's red nose, wet eyes.
You shall be Mary now as well as Martha!
The mystic quest is yours as well as mine,
Dilucid: sacramentally, in fine,
Victoria loved Albert: I love Arthur."

I shall now draw the Veil of Sanctimoniousness upon this touching scene.

A. QUILLER, JR.

NOTES:

¹ In the event. Neuburg proved to have been justified in his scepticism. The telegram was not from Waite; it was a practical joke of Dr. Wynn Westcott's, possibly. But I can no more rewrite this article than Crowley can replace Neuburg's ear. A. Q., JR.

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. VI

AN OBITUARY

AN OBITUARY

PHILOSOPHERS have always erred by generalizing from too few facts. Into this trap fell even the author of the injunction, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," though one may concede that it was excusable, even creditable, in him to have been unable to foresee my Uncle.

Born, as will presently become clear, in the earliest years of the reign of Queen Victoria, his genius quickly developed. He had that simplicity of vision, that flashing insight, which stamps the highest types of intelligence. When only six years old, while meditating on the increasing difficulty of earning an honest living, and the increasing risk of earning a dishonest one, he saw a fond mother give her little boy a penny to buy sweets. In a single second his mind was made up; his career was determined. How, thrilled the Master-Thought—how can I get that penny?

A rapid calculation assured him of the soundness of his instinct. Probably at least a hundred thousand mothers—of the world's six hundred million—give a penny to some child every day.

A hundred thousand pence a day is over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; if he could only get ten per cent. of that, he wouldn't be doing so badly.

That night, as he said his prayers at his mother's knee, she was surprised and pleased to hear a new petition: "And oh! dear Jesus, do let me do ever such a great work for other little children! Bring them all in! Don't let me miss one out."

Hot stuff for six, I don't think.

It was evident, to his astuteness and business capacity, that this work demanded the most complete organization. He therefore obtained a post under the Government, so that, while touching a good salary, his whole time was free to devote to his great scheme. "Punctuality," he often said to me, "is the thief of time; procrastination is the soul of business," and would justify his paradox by pointing out that if you only left letters unanswered long enough, the need to answer them disappeared.

His system, in fact, became extremely popular; even Charles Dickens playfully animadverted upon it in one of his novels. A secretary being necessary to him, he pressed his sister A—— into the service, thereby saving her from such terrible temptations as love, marriage, or even occasional relaxation, which is known to be the devil's subtlest engine, and saving himself from the expense of hiring a drudge.

He applied the same fine intelligence to all the problems of life. Onanism, he argued, is demonstrably safe and economical; further, it is secret, and can be passed off as chastity; hence credit with the pious. "Again, I am out to get the money that parents give their children; I am the sole Inventor of the 'Kinchin-lay'; and I am certainly not going to queer my own pitch by getting children. I might have to give them pennies now and then myself." Onanism consequently became the rule of his life; and it is only fair to say that I believe the persistent rumours (especially in later years) of his assaults on young children to be entirely without foundation. At least it is certain that nothing was ever brought home to him. While he was still a young man he definitely founded an organization on the lines of the well-known and justly admired Children's Scripture Union. He issued a card, price one penny, with the days of the year, and "a portion of Scripture" indicated for reading on this day. As the card could be prepared in half an hour by any one, and printed at about fourpence halfpenny a hundred, there was a small but sufficient margin of profit—or would have been but for the expense of getting the scheme under way.

My uncle's genius never hesitated. "Of all the puppies on earth, the 'pi' set at Cambridge are the most priggish," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

So he got hold of a few, and called them Evangelists. They were to go down (of course, at their own expense) to the seaside—where the children with the pennies were, not to the slums, where there were plenty of children but no pennies—and hold "services," the object of all which was to sell these cards, and force the unhappy infant who was really interested in Judges to switch off to Leviticus. Christian parents were, however, quick to see that my uncle's genius had forged a new tyranny, and his scheme had the heartiest of receptions. The Children's Special Service Mission had met with unqualified success; his

own might easily match it, so he surmised—as the event proved, justly. Children were obliged to throw down spade and bucket, and gather round the unwashed feet and swelled head of the “university man” usually non-collegiate!—who found himself free to splutter as he would, without the wholesome fear of ragging which restrained him during term.

My uncle was now in a position to develop his scheme fully, and the ring of philanthropic blackmailers and blackguards who run religious charities were compelled to admit him to a share of the spoils. He founded a Magazine, with some external and internal resemblance to that excellent paper, *Our Own Magazine*, which, with consummate impudence, he declared to contain nothing but true stories. These stories are usually about the good little girl who “converts” the horrid, swearing bargee, and the good little boy who brings his “thoughtless” mother to Jesus. This, being a monthly, brought in another twelve pennies annually from every victim. He also published leaflets which he could sell by the hundred to the kind of idiot that likes to give such things to strangers who have never done it any harm. He had all these things translated into dozens of languages, and the rill of pennies swelled to a mighty river.

By this time his sister A—— was worn out, and died.

For a month he had to pay a typist; but she little knew my uncle if she thought she had a permanent job. He rushed off to some ghastly Welsh “resort,” to be acclaimed as the Founder of the Faith by the flourishing branch of the “Mission” which he had established there, and, selecting a female with features and character of an anæmic cow, married her and her money, sacked the typist, and settled down as the principal ornament of London's most suburban “subbub.”

I suppose none even of his accomplices will regret his death; to the lachrymal glands of a crocodile he added the bowels of compassion of a cast-iron rhinoceros; with the meanness and cruelty of a eunuch he combined the calculating avarice of a Scotch Jew, without the whisky of the one or the sympathetic imagination of the other. Perfidious and hypocritical as the Jesuit of Protestant fable, he was unctuous as Uriah Heep, and for the rest possessed the vices of Joseph Surface and Tartufe; yet, being without the human weaknesses which makes them possible, he was a more virtuous, and therefore a more odious, villain.

In feature resembling a shaven ape, in figure a dislocated Dachshund, his personal appearance was at the first glance unattractive. But the clothes made by a City tailor lent such general harmony to the whole as to reconcile the observer to the phenomenon observed.

Of unrivalled cunning, his address was plausible; he concealed his genius under a mask of matchless mediocrity, and his intellectual force under the cloak of piety. In religion he was an Evangelical, that type of Nonconformist who remains in the Church in the hope of capturing its organization and its revenues.

An associate of such creatures of an inscrutable Providence as Coote and Torrey, he surpassed the one in sanctimoniousness, the other in bigotry, though he always thought blackmail too risky, and slander a tactical error.

Without heart or conscience, either in his family relations or his public functions, he goes to a grave covered by the flowers of those who think it politic to pretend to honour him; and it is his tragedy that of all the obituaries penned by servile or venal dupes or accomplices of his misdeeds, none will survive the century. This article remains his sole enduring monument.

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE NEW EVELYN HOPE

I

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour
This is her bookshelf by her bed;
Nietzsche, Weininger, Schopenhauer.
Small wonder then that her soul should pass!
Much remains to be changed, I think:
She died of the swollen head, alas!
That maidens catch from Maeterlinck.

II

Sixteen years old when she died!
A Vestal, tending Minerva's flame;
It was not her time to read; beside,
Her life had hardly a hope or aim,
Nor duties enough, nor little cares;
She was never quiet; her mind was astir,
To Henrik Ibsen she said her prayers,
And she worshipped Edward Carpenter.

III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
We know that your soul was pure and true
From Alan Leo's Test Horoscope,
And Cheiro's words confirmed it too—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And because you thought me cynical, I'd
No place in the Higher Life, I was told;
I was Agnostic, naught beside.

IV

No, indeed! For God above
Is great to grant, is mighty to make,
But how about Tolstoy's "Thoughts on Love"?
And Havelock Ellis for culture's sake?
Delayed we may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;
E'en H. P. Blavatsky I shall forget
Ere again I read Annie Besant with you.

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V

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what's meant I shall say
By the novels of Evelyn Underhill,
And Tchekhof's and Wedekind's dramas gray.
Why you loved Bergson I shall divine;
The Lords of Karma may then have said
Why you never dipped into books of mine,
But read G. K. Chesterton's works instead.

VI

I have read, I shall say, so much since then;
Have ransacked Mudie's so many times;
Gained me the gains of various men,
From Machen's miasma to Lupin's crimes;
Yet one thing in my own Test Horoscope
Either I missed, or itself missed me:
I was not warned, Oh, Evelyn Hope,
Gainst lending the dramas of Strindberg to thee.

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart was full as it could hold
Of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' style—
Think what it cost me, I that was old.
So hush! I give you this leaf to keep—
See! I shut it inside the sweet cold hand;
Tis a tract on The Simple Life and Sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

REVIEWS

MY PSYCHIC RECOLLECTIONS. By MARY DAVIES. 2s. 6d. net. Nveleigh Nash, 36 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

JUST when I had given up hope, Mary Davies comes to make a third to myself and Geo. Washington. For on p. 2 she says, "More than forty years ago . . . I was a girl of seven years old."

This storms the citadel of confidence, and pulls out the back teeth of the Dragon Doubt. I was therefore prepared to believe anything she might say.

And accordingly we get a simple, charming, old-fashioned motherly book, full of kindly thought and real piety; that it may have no objective value for the S.P.R. is quite unimportant for the class of readers whom it is intended to reach.

Mrs. Davies is a "professional medium"; of such I have said things which only my incapacity for invective prevented from being severe. But though (no doubt) the phenomena recorded in this book are 'non-evidential,' I do feel the sincerity of the writer. I am confident of her good faith.

DIOGENES.

TABLOID TALES. By LOUISE HEILGERS. 1s.

To quote the preface of Horatio Bottomley, "Louise Heilgers is the only female writer of short stories of the present day."

She is in truth one of the ten million, her heart is their heart, her mind their mind, and consequently her thoughts their thoughts. She will soon be acclaimed as a popular author.

It is refreshing indeed to find somebody writing direct from the heart without in any way striving after originality.

Excepting as to their length, these stories do not in any manner resemble those of Baudelaire.

BUNCO.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W.L. GEORGE. Constable. 6s.

A VERY adequate and even thorough study of French bourgeois life as it really is. As a picture, it is better than anything Zola ever did, though (for the same reason) it lacks just that which Zola always gives—a sense of tragedy. Probably Mr. George will say (with a maiden blush) that his novel is none the worse for that; he would deny the truth of the poet's vision—insist that the cosmos is but incoherency of heterogeneous incident.

I may, however, urge with more hope of his attention that his novel breaks off at the really interesting part. What did Suzette say? Did the family tyranny make a man of Henri? Were they married, and, if so, what came of it? I wait patiently on Mr. George; may he incline unto me and hear my cry!

A. C.

ONE OF US. By GILBERT FRANKAU. 3s. 6d.

ADMIRABLE, this Odyssey of emasculation. The verse is at all times facile and clever beyond all praise, though there are three or four faulty rhymes, and I cannot pass (twice) "pleeceman" and "pleece," unless they are so spelt.

The story is very typical and very tragic. An idle youth without enough guts even to go wrong. When, after infinite struggle, he gets into debt, an aunt conveniently dies and leaves him everything. After innumerable mild philanderings, not one of which brings him even within whistling distance of the *méthode du Dr. Fernandez*, he returns to the lady whose acres adjoin his own; and Mr. Frankau, with consummate art, leaves us uncertain whether he will even summon up the energy to marry her.

Smart, shallow, shoddy society in every clime is pictured admirably well; this book will be a classic, in

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a hundred years, for its historical interest. But it behoves somebody to write a commentary within the next twelve months, or a good third of the allusions will be for ever unintelligible.

It is one of the most readable books I have struck for a long while; alas! that so depressing a portrait should be so real. Anarchy would become the only thinkable political creed if "One of Us" represented more than a negligible and almost outworn fringe of the antimacassar of society.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

STRANGER THAN FICTION. By MARY L. LEWES. William Rider & Son. 3s. 6d.

ANY one who likes to read rubbish can get large quantities at a reasonable price by reading this book—but it is rather amusing rubbish.

DAVID THOMAS.

THE PERFECT CEREMONIES OF CRAFT FREEMASONRY, WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES BY COLONEL R. H. FORMAN, P.G.M., A.S.F.I. George Kenning & Son.

WE extend the hand of brotherhood to Colonel Forman. While regretting to some extent the extreme lengths to which he has gone in making it quite clear to cowans and eavesdroppers exactly what happens in the Raising, and in publishing careful diagrams of the secret steps, etc., the only possible ambiguity, *e.g.* in the murder of H.A., being that l— t— might stand for left testicle, we think it is better so. Since English Freemasonry has become soulless formalism, let us at least perform the ceremonies with decorum!

Your reviewer is personally a staunch Tory, and cannot help preferring the "Emulation" working which long years have endeared to him.

But never will he consent to the foul hash of the 23rd Psalm (Milton's, I suppose) here still printed.

Colonel Forman shows a good deal of insight into the true meaning of Masonry, and a real understanding of the symbolism. He appears a suitable candidate for some more serious order, such as the M.: M.: M.: or even the O.T.O.

H.K.T.

TENTERHOOKS. By ADA LEVESON. 6s.

MRS. LEVERSON is easily the daintiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece *Tenterhooks*. Mrs. Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge and chalk until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of *An Idyll in Bloomsbury*, but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or Bayswater.

FELIX.

THE MASTER MASON'S HANDBOOK. By BRO. FRED. J. W. CROWE, P.M. 328, 2806; Member Lodge "Quatuor Coronati" 2076, P. Prov. G. Org., Devon, etc., with an Introduction by BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, P.G.D. England. Geo. Kenning & Son. 1s. 6d.

A USEFUL guide in the practical details of Freemasonry. On the subject of the serious study of the Order, however, Bro. Crowe is rather pathetic. He refers us to learned Bro. This, and illuminated Bro. That, and instructed Bro. Tother; but orthodox Freemasonry has apparently not yet any adherent who could pass the first standard in a Masonic Board School. *E.g.* on the apron of the 18° the Monogram of the Eternal is misspelt—blasphemously misspelt. Any Yid from Houndsditch could correct it. And on the M.W.S. jewel, Jeheshua is usually spelt with a Resh!

There was a fair Maid of Bombay
Who was put in an awkward situation, the nature of which
it is unnecessary to discuss,

REVIEWS

By the mate of a lugger,
An ignorant Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix
Who always spelt Jeheshua with a Resh.

Prate not of scholarship, Bro. Crowe!

Such ignorance, when combined with the Satanic Pride to which the possession of an apron with blue silk and silver tassels, value three half-bull! naturally predisposes mankind, leads to presumption, bigotry and intolerance. So we find Bro. Crowe asserting that all other degrees than his own are "spurious and worthless." Go slow, Bro. Crowe!

The intelligence of Freemasons may be guessed by the level at which they rate that of cowans and eavesdroppers. They print their secret rituals for any one to buy; so far, so good, why shouldn't they? But they print initials and finals of "missing words" which no single reader of "Pearson's Weekly" could miss.

"Advance a short step with your l—t f—t," would not have baffled Edgar Allan Poe!

They are even such b— f—s—(will they decipher this!—it stands for "bright fellows")—that when by accident they do baffle you—

"Gives him the P—e, C—w, and S—,"—they print it full in another place, but in the same connection—"The Pickaxe, Crow, and Shovel."

No, Bro. Crowe! Whoa, Bro. Crowe! (Blow Bro. Crowe! Ed.)

But for all Masons who wish to know the mysteries of how to address a V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur., and the order of precedence of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies, this is the Book.

K.S.I.

POEMS DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By CLIFFORD BAX. Daniel. 4s. 6d.

JUST the book of verse we should have expected from C. W. Daniel—the feeble, fluent, derived expression of a decadent and frail personality.

Mr. Bax is a pupil of Victor B. Neuburg, so far as form goes; but oh! what a lot he has to learn!

ST. MAURICE E. KULM.

PREHISTORIC PARABLES. By WILSON BELL. Milner & Co. 1s.

IN "Prehistoric Parables," Mr. Bell, with consummate skill, carries the reader back to the Carboniferous Period. He does not trouble himself about scientific facts, but he gives most adequate descriptions, often beautiful, of that happy happy age.

It is a quaint conceit of his to write the parable in prehistoric times, and the moral in the twentieth century.

I regret that the book is illustrated. The artist's conceptions are far below those of the author, which has a tendency to deter rather than help the reader.

There is a slight journalistic touch in the style, but there is much too much in this book to allow it to trouble you.

Read it, and know Thyself.

E. LE ROUX.

LYRA NIGERIAE: A BOOK OF VERSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE IN NIGERIA. By ADAMU (E. C. ADAMS). FISHER UNWIN. 3s. 6d. net.

No sentimental drivell in this little book, but songs sung by a man whose heart beats high and feels the good red blood tingling through his veins—who loves the scorching sun he curses, and the acrid country which gives him his splendid outlook upon life.

"In Articulo Mortis" is a volume of philosophy in itself, and should be circulated by the Religious Tract Society to all men, married or unmarried, in West Africa.

A complain could be made that this book is too reminiscent of Kipling; perhaps it is; but then again, perhaps the author has never read Kipling.

THE EQUINOX

The following, from "The Leper," is characteristic—

"Here through the live-long day I wait,
Allah! Allah!
In the shadows flung by the city gate,
Allah! Allah!
My fingers have gone and my toes as well,
And the leprous spots on my body swell,
But Allah Eternal does all things well.
Allah! Allah! Akbar!"

BUNCO.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS OF JIM CROW. J. & J. BENNETT. 1s.

THE best of this book is that it reads well. I thought a priori (*a*) it read very well weekly; in a lump it will bore; (*b*) it only read well weekly because of its pornographic or Prudential surroundings. But, lo! it is most excellent. St. James the Divine has indeed found a way to tell the truth (about most things) without frightening Respectability too much, though I think he might have spared us a thunderbolt against that feeble writer, Herbert Vivian.

Sanctus Jacobus Corvus once observed in his treatise on *Mysticism* (blue-pencilled by the common sub-editor), "Crow and Crowley—what a combination!" Not a bad one, either. If only he had stolen the holy water (as I begged him to do) and baptized our mandrakes properly—Never mind! I advise all our readers to read his book; and if he does not advise all the readers of "John Bull" to read mine, I shall despair of human nature.

A. QUILLER, JR.

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

SVB FIGVRÂ

D

(ó áριθμός)

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

PREFACE

CAN any good thing come out of Palestine? is the broader anti-Semitic retort to the sneer cast by the Jews themselves against the harmless and natural Nazarene; one more example of the poetic justice of History. And no doubt such opponents of the modern Jew will acclaim this volume as an admirable dis-proof of that thesis which it purports to uphold.

The dissimilarities, amounting in some cases to sheer contradiction, which mark many numbers, will appear proof positive that there is nothing in this numerical Qabalah, especially as we may presume that by filling up this dictionary from the ordinary Hebrew Lexicon one would arrive at a mere hotch-pot.

Apart from this, there is a deeper-lying objection to the Qabalah; viz., that the theory is an example of the fallacy *Post hoc propter hoc*.

Are we to believe, asks the sceptic, that a number of learned men deliberately sat down and chose words for the sake of their numerical value? Language is a living thing, with many sources and diverse; can it be moulded in any such arbitrary fashion?

The only reply seems to be a mere assertion that to some extent it certainly is so. Examples of a word being spelt deliberately wrong do occur; and such a jugglery as the changing of the names Abram and Sarai to Abraham and Sarah can hardly be purposeless. Once admit the end of such a wedge, and it is difficult to say whether it may not be driven home so far as to split asunder the Tree of Knowledge, if not the Tree of Life.

Another line of argument is the historical. We do not here refer to the alleged forgery of the Qabalah by Rabbi Moses ben Leon—was it not?—but to the general position of the ethnologist that the Jews were an entirely barbarous race, incapable of any spiritual pursuit. That they were polytheists is clear from the very first verse of Genesis; that Adonai Melekh is identical with "Moloch" is known to every Hebraist. The "Old Testament" is mainly the history of the struggle of the phallic Jehovah against the rest of the Elohim, and that his sacrifices were of blood, and human blood at that, is indisputable.

Human sacrifices are to-day still practised by the Jews of Eastern Europe, as is set forth at length by the late Sir Richard Burton in the MS. which the wealthy Jews of England have compassed heaven and earth to suppress, and evidenced by the ever-recurring Pogroms against which so senseless and outcry is made by those who live among those degenerate Jews who are at least not cannibals.

Is it to such people, indeed, that we are to look for the highest and subtlest spiritual knowledge?

To this criticism there are but two answers. The first, that an esoteric tradition of great purity may co-exist with the most crass exoteric practices. Witness the Upanishads in the land of Jagganath, hook-swinging, and the stupidest forms of Hatha-Yoga.

Witness the Tipitaka (with such perfections as the Dhammapada) in the midst of peoples whose science of torture would seem to have sprung from no merely human imagination. The descriptions in the Tipitaka itself of the Buddhist Hells are merely descriptions of the actual tortures inflicted by the Buddhists on their enemies.

The second, that after all is said, I find it works very well. I do not care whether $\sqrt{-1}$ is an impossible, an unimaginable thing, or whether de Moivre really invented it, and if so, whether de Moivre was an immoral man, and wore whiskers. It helps me to make certain calculations; and so long as that is so, it is useful, and I stick to it.

Other criticisms of the methods of the Qabalah itself have been made and disposed of in the article on the subject in "The Temple of Solomon the King" (Equinox V) and no further reference need be made to them in this place. It is only necessary to say that that article should be studied most thoroughly, and also the article "A Note on Genesis" in the second number of The Equinox.

With these two weapons, and the Sword of the Spirit, the Practicus, fully armed, may adventure himself in the great battle wherein victory is Truth.

PERDURABO.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS dictionary was begun by Allan Bennet (Fra.: Iehi Aour, now Bhikku Ananda Metteya) in the last decade of the nineteenth century since ♀-J.C. It was bequeathed to the present Editor, with many other magical MSS., on I.A.'s departure for Ceylon in 1899.

Frater Perdurabo used it, and largely added to it, in the course of his Qabalistic workings. With George Cecil Jones (Fra! Volo Noscere) he further added to it by making it a complete cross-correspondence to the book DCCLXXVII.

It was further revised and checked, re-copied by a Jewish scribe, and again checked through, in the year V of the present Era.

The mathematical additions were continued by Fra.: P. and Fra.: Lampada Tradam; and the MS. finally copied on a specially constructed typewriter by Gerald Rae Fraser (Fra! ♀) who added yet further mathematical data.

This copy has again been checked by Fra.: P. and Soror.: N.N. and the proofs further by three separate scholars.

The method of employing the dictionary has been fully indicated in The Temple of Solomon the King [Equinox V].

None of the editors claim to possess even the smallest degree of scholarship. The method of compilation has been to include all words given in Von Rosenroth's Qabalistic Dictionary, those specially commented on in S.D., I.R.Q., and I.Z.Q., those given in 777, and those found by Fratres I.A. and P. Some of them are found in texts of the Hebrew scriptures which appeared to those adepts to be of magical importance. Owing to their carelessness, the meaning of some few words has been lost, and cannot now be traced.

ABBREVIATIONS, SIGNS AND FIGURES

K.D. L.C.K. p.—	= KABBALA DENUDATA cuius Pars Prima continet Locos Communes Kabbalisticos
Dec.	= Decan.
S.P.M.	= Sphere of the Primum Mobile.
S.S.F.	= Sphere of the Fixed Stars.
L.T.N.	= Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Night.
L.T.D.	= Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Day.
K.Ch.B.	= Kether—Chokmah—Binah.
(Ch.)	= Chaldee.
S.D.	= Siphra Dtzenioutha.
I.R.Q.	= Idra Rabba Qadisha.
Tet.	= Tetragrammaton.
L.A. Angel	= Lesser Assistant Angel.
I.Z.Q.	= Idra Zuta Qadisha.
M.T.	= Magister Templi.
⚡	= Shemhamphorasch.
W.	= Wands.
C.	= Cups.
S.	= Swords.
P.	= Pentacles.
K. of S.	= Key of Solomon.
O.P.A.A.	= Oriens—Paimon—Ariton—Amaimon.

♈	= Aries.
♉	= Taurus.
♊	= Gemini.
♋	= Cancer.
♌	= Leo.
♍	= Virgo.
♎	= Libra.
♏	= Scorpio.
♐	= Sagittarius.
♑	= Capricorn.
♒	= Aquarius.
♓	= Pisces.

♄	= Saturn.
♌	= Sun.
♎	= Moon.
♂	= Mars.
♿	= Mercury.
♃	= Jupiter.
♀	= Venus.








	enclosing a number shows that the number is a perfect square.
	before " " " a perfect square.
	before " " " a perfect cube.
	before " " " a squared square.
	above " " " a perfect number.
	about " " " a factorial.
	about " " " a sub-factorial.
π	before " " " a prime number
$\Sigma (1-k)$ is an abbreviation for "the sum of the first k natural numbers."	

TABLE OF FACTORS

ODD NUMBERS FROM 1 TO 3321 (5'S EXCLUDED); SHOWING LOWEST FACTORS,
AND PRIMES (P.). "—" INDICATES THAT THE NUMBER IS DIVISIBLE BY 3.

1	P.	109	P.	221	13	333	—	447	—
2	P.	111	—	223	P.	337	P.	449	P.
3	P.	113	P.	227	P.	339	—	451	11
5	P.	117	—	229	P.	341	11	453	—
7	P.	119	7	231	—	343	7	457	P.
9	3 ²	121	11 ²	233	P.	347	P.	459	—
11	P.	123	—	237	—	349	P.	461	P.
13	P.	127	P.	239	P.	351	—	463	P.
17	P.	129	—	241	P.	353	P.	467	P.
19	P.	131	P.	243	3 ⁵	357	—	469	7
21	—	133	7	247	13	359	P.	471	—
23	P.	137	P.	249	—	361	19 ²	473	11
27	3 ³	139	P.	251	P.	363	—	477	—
29	P.	141	—	253	11	367	P.	479	P.
31	P.	143	11	257	P.	369	—	481	13
33	—	147	—	259	7	371	7	483	—
37	P.	149	P.	261	—	373	P.	487	P.
39	—	151	P.	263	P.	377	13	489	—
41	P.	153	—	267	—	379	P.	491	P.
43	P.	157	P.	269	P.	381	—	493	17
47	P.	159	—	271	P.	383	P.	497	7
49	7 ²	161	7	273	—	387	—	499	P.
51	—	163	P.	277	P.	389	P.	501	—
53	P.	167	P.	279	—	391	17	503	P.
57	—	169	13 ²	281	P.	393	—	507	—
59	P.	171	—	283	P.	397	P.	509	P.
61	P.	173	P.	287	7	399	—	511	7
63	—	177	—	289	17 ²	401	P.	513	—
67	P.	179	P.	291	—	403	13	517	11
69	—	181	P.	293	P.	407	11	519	—
71	P.	183	—	297	—	409	P.	521	P.
73	P.	187	11	299	13	411	—	523	P.
77	7	189	—	301	7	413	7	527	17
79	P.	191	P.	303	—	417	—	529	23 ²
81	3 ² =9 ²	193	P.	307	P.	419	P.	531	—
83	P.	197	P.	309	—	421	P.	533	13
87	—	199	P.	311	P.	423	—	537	—
89	P.	201	—	313	P.	427	7	539	7
91	7	203	7	317	P.	429	—	541	P.
93	—	207	—	319	11	431	P.	543	—
97	P.	209	11	321	—	433	P.	547	P.
99	—	211	P.	323	17	437	19	549	—
101	P.	213	—	327	—	439	P.	551	19
103	P.	217	7	329	7	441	- 21 ²	553	7
107	P.	219	—	331	P.	443	P.	557	P.

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

559	13	683	P.	809	P.	937	P.	1061	P.
561	—	687	—	811	P.	939	—	1063	P.
563	P.	689	13	813	—	941	P.	1067	11
567	—	691	P.	819	19	943	23	1069	P.
569	P.	693	—	821	—	947	P.	1071	—
571	P.	697	17	823	P.	949	13	1073	29
573	—	699	—	827	P.	951	—	1077	—
577	P.	701	P.	829	P.	953	P.	1079	13
579	—	703	19	831	—	957	—	1081	23
581	7	707	7	833	7	959	P.	1083	—
583	11	709	P.	837	—	961	31 ²	1087	P.
587	P.	711	—	839	P.	963	—	1089	- 33 ²
589	17	713	23	841	29 ²	967	P.	1091	P.
591	—	717	—	843	—	969	—	1093	P.
593	P.	719	P.	847	7	971	P.	1097	P.
597	—	721	7	849	—	973	7	1099	7
599	P.	723	—	851	23	977	P.	1101	—
601	P.	727	P.	853	P.	979	11	1103	P.
603	—	729	3 ⁶ =9 ³ =27 ²	857	P.	981	—	1107	—
607	P.	731	17	859	P.	983	P.	1109	P.
609	—	733	P.	861	—	987	—	1111	11
611	13	737	11	863	P.	989	23	1113	—
613	P.	739	P.	867	—	991	P.	1117	P.
617	P.	741	—	869	11	993	—	1119	—
619	P.	743	P.	871	13	997	P.	1121	19
621	—	747	—	873	—	999	—	1123	P.
623	7	749	7	877	P.	1001	7	1127	7
627	—	751	P.	879	—	1003	17	1129	P.
629	17	753	—	881	P.	1007	19	1131	—
631	P.	757	P.	883	P.	1009	P.	1133	11
633	—	759	—	887	P.	1011	—	1137	—
637	7	761	P.	889	7	1013	P.	1139	17
639	—	763	7	891	—	1017	—	1141	7
641	P.	767	13	893	19	1019	P.	1143	—
643	P.	769	P.	897	—	1021	P.	1147	31
647	P.	771	—	899	29	1023	—	1149	—
649	11	773	P.	901	17	1027	13	1151	P.
651	—	777	—	903	—	1029	—	1153	P.
653	P.	779	19	907	P.	1031	P.	1157	13
657	—	781	11	909	—	1033	P.	1159	19
659	P.	783	—	911	P.	1037	—	1161	—
661	P.	787	P.	913	11	1039	P.	1163	P.
663	—	789	—	917	7	1041	—	1167	—
667	23	791	7	919	P.	1043	7	1169	7
669	—	793	13	921	—	1047	—	1171	P.
671	11	797	P.	923	P.	1049	P.	1173	—
673	P.	799	17	927	—	1051	P.	1177	11
677	P.	801	—	929	P.	1053	—	1179	—
679	7	803	11	931	7	1057	7	1181	P.
681	—	807	—	933	—	1059	—	1183	7

THE EQUINOX

1187	P.	1311	—	1437	—	1561	7	1687	7
1189	29	1313	13	1439	P.	1563	—	1689	—
1191	—	1317	—	1441	11	1567	P.	1691	19
1193	P.	1319	P.	1443	—	1569	—	1693	P.
1197	—	1321	P.	1447	P.	1571	P.	1697	P.
1199	11	1323	—	1449	—	1573	11	1699	P.
1201	P.	1327	P.	1451	P.	1577	19	1701	—
1203	—	1329	—	1453	P.	1579	P.	1703	13
1207	17	1331	11	1457	31	1581	—	1707	—
1209	—	1333	31	1459	P.	1583	P.	1709	P.
1211	7	1337	7	1461	—	1587	—	1711	29
1213	P.	1339	13	1463	7	1589	7	1713	—
1217	P.	1341	—	1467	—	1591	37	1717	17
1219	23	1343	17	1469	13	1593	—	1719	—
1221	—	1347	—	1471	P.	1597	P.	1721	P.
1223	P.	1349	19	1473	—	1599	—	1723	P.
1227	—	1351	7	1477	7	1601	P.	1727	11
1229	P.	1353	—	1479	—	1603	7	1729	7
1231	P.	1357	23	1481	P.	1607	P.	1731	—
1233	—	1359	—	1483	P.	1609	P.	1733	P.
1237	P.	1361	P.	1487	P.	1611	—	1737	—
1239	—	1363	29	1489	P.	1613	P.	1739	37
1241	17	1367	P.	1491	—	1617	—	1741	P.
1243	11	1369	37 ²	1493	P.	1619	P.	1743	—
1247	29	1371	—	1497	—	1621	P.	1747	P.
1249	P.	1373	P.	1499	P.	1623	—	1749	—
1251	—	1377	—	1501	19	1627	P.	1751	17
1253	7	1379	7	1503	—	1629	—	1753	P.
1257	—	1381	P.	1507	11	1631	7	1757	7
1259	P.	1383	—	1509	—	1633	23	1759	P.
1261	13	1387	19	1511	P.	1637	P.	1761	—
1263	—	1389	—	1513	17	1639	11	1763	41
1267	7	1391	13	1517	37	1641	—	1767	—
1269	—	1393	7	1519	7	1643	31	1769	29
1271	31	1397	P.	1521	- 39 ²	1647	—	1771	7
1273	19	1399	P.	1523	P.	1649	17	1773	—
1277	P.	1401	—	1527	—	1651	13	1777	P.
1279	P.	1403	23	1529	11	1653	—	1779	—
1281	—	1407	—	1531	P.	1657	P.	1781	13
1283	P.	1409	P.	1533	—	1659	—	1783	P.
1287	—	1411	17	1537	29	1661	11	1787	P.
1289	P.	1413	—	1539	—	1663	P.	1789	P.
1291	P.	1417	13	1541	23	1667	P.	1791	—
1293	—	1419	—	1543	P.	1669	P.	1793	11
1297	P.	1421	7	1547	7	1671	—	1797	—
1299	—	1423	P.	1549	P.	1673	7	1799	7
1301	P.	1427	P.	1551	—	1677	—	1801	P.
1303	P.	1429	P.	1553	P.	1679	23	1803	—
1307	P.	1431	—	1557	—	1681	41 ²	1807	13
1309	7	1433	P.	1559	P.	1683	—	1809	—

SEPHER SEPHIROTH

1811	P.	1937	13	2061	—	2187	3 ⁷	2311	P.
1813	7	1939	7	2063	P.	2189	11	2313	—
1817	23	1941	—	2067	—	2191	7	2317	7
1819	17	1943	29	2069	P.	2193	—	2319	—
1821	—	1947	—	2071	19	2197	13	2321	11
1823	P.	1949	P.	2073	—	2199	—	2323	23
1827	—	1951	P.	2077	31	2201	31	2327	13
1829	31	1953	—	2079	—	2203	P.	2329	17
1831	P.	1957	19	2081	P.	2207	P.	2331	—
1833	—	1959	P.	2083	P.	2209	47 ²	2333	P.
1837	11	1961	37	2087	P.	2211	—	2337	—
1839	—	1963	13	2089	P.	2213	P.	2339	P.
1841	7	1967	7	2091	—	2217	—	2341	P.
1843	19	1969	11	2093	7	2219	7	2343	—
1847	P.	1971	—	2097	—	2221	P.	2347	P.
1849	43 ²	1973	P.	2099	P.	2223	—	2349	—
1851	—	1977	—	2101	11	2227	17	2351	P.
1853	17	1979	P.	2103	—	2229	—	2353	13
1857	—	1981	7	2107	7	2231	23	2357	P.
1859	11	1983	—	2109	—	2233	11	2359	7
1861	P.	1987	11	2111	P.	2237	P.	2361	—
1863	—	1989	P.	2113	P.	2239	P.	2363	17
1867	P.	1991	P.	2117	29	2241	—	2367	—
1869	—	1993	P.	2119	13	2243	P.	2369	23
1871	P.	1997	—	2121	—	2247	—	2371	P.
1873	P.	1999	P.	2123	11	2249	13	2373	—
1877	P.	2001	—	2127	—	2251	P.	2377	P.
1879	P.	2003	P.	2129	P.	2253	—	2379	—
1881	—	2007	—	2131	P.	2257	37	2381	P.
1883	7	2009	7	2133	—	2259	—	2383	P.
1887	—	2011	P.	2137	P.	2261	7	2387	7
1889	P.	2013	—	2139	—	2263	31	2389	P.
1891	31	2017	P.	2141	P.	2267	P.	2391	—
1893	—	2019	—	2143	P.	2269	P.	2393	P.
1897	7	2021	43	2147	19	2271	—	2397	—
1899	—	2023	7	2149	7	2273	P.	2399	P.
1901	P.	2027	P.	2151	—	2277	—	2401	7 ⁴ =49 ²
1903	11	2029	P.	2153	P.	2279	P.	2403	—
1907	P.	2031	—	2157	—	2281	P.	2407	29
1909	23	2033	19	2159	17	2283	P.	2409	—
1911	—	2037	P.	2161	P.	2287	P.	2411	P.
1913	P.	2039	P.	2163	—	2289	—	2413	19
1917	—	2041	13	2167	11	2291	29	2417	P.
1919	19	2043	—	2169	—	2293	P.	2419	41
1921	17	2047	23	2171	13	2297	P.	2421	—
1923	—	2049	—	2173	41	2299	11	2423	P.
1927	41	2051	7	2177	7	2301	—	2427	—
1929	—	2053	P.	2179	P.	2303	7	2429	7
1931	P.	2057	11	2181	—	2307	—	2431	11
1933	P.	2059	29	2183	37	2309	P.	2433	—

THE EQUINOX

2437	P.	2561	13	2687	P.	2811	—	2937	—
2439	—	2563	11	2689	P.	2813	29	2939	P.
2441	P.	2567	17	2691	—	2817	—	2941	17
2443	7	2569	7	2693	P.	2819	P.	2943	—
2447	P.	2571	—	2697	—	2821	7	2947	7
2449	31	2573	31	2699	P.	2823	—	2949	—
2451	—	2577	—	2701	37	2827	11	2951	13
2453	11	2579	P.	2703	—	2829	—	2953	P.
2457	—	2581	29	2707	P.	2831	19	2957	P.
2459	P.	2583	—	2709	—	2833	P.	2959	11
2461	23	2587	13	2711	P.	2837	P.	2961	—
2463	—	2589	—	2713	P.	2839	17	2963	P.
2467	P.	2591	P.	2717	11	2841	—	2967	—
2469	—	2593	P.	2719	P.	2843	P.	2969	P.
2471	7	2597	7	2721	—	2847	—	2971	P.
2473	P.	2599	23	2723	7	2849	7	2973	—
2477	P.	2601	-51 ²	2727	—	2851	P.	2977	13
2479	37	2603	19	2729	P.	2853	—	2979	—
2481	—	2607	—	2731	P.	2857	P.	2981	11
2483	13	2609	P.	2733	—	2859	—	2983	19
2487	—	2611	7	2737	7	2861	P.	2987	29
2489	19	2613	—	2739	—	2863	7	2989	7
2491	47	2617	P.	2741	P.	2867	47	2991	—
2493	—	2619	—	2743	13	2869	19	2993	41
2497	11	2621	P.	2747	41	2871	—	2997	—
2499	—	2623	43	2749	P.	2873	13	2999	P.
2501	41	2627	37	2751	—	2877	—	3001	P.
2503	P.	2629	11	2753	P.	2879	P.	3003	—
2507	23	2631	—	2757	—	2881	43	3007	31
2509	13	2633	P.	2759	31	2883	—	3009	—
2511	—	2637	—	2761	11	2887	P.	3011	P.
2513	7	2639	7	2763	—	2889	—	3013	23
2517	—	2641	19	2767	P.	2891	7	3017	7
2519	11	2643	—	2769	—	2893	11	3019	P.
2521	P.	2647	P.	2771	17	2897	P.	3021	—
2523	—	2649	—	2773	47	2899	13	3023	P.
2527	7	2651	11	2777	P.	2901	—	3027	—
2529	—	2653	7	2779	7	2903	P.	3029	13
2531	P.	2657	P.	2781	—	2907	—	3031	7
2533	17	2659	P.	2783	11	2909	P.	3033	—
2537	43	2661	—	2787	—	2911	41	3037	P.
2539	P.	2663	P.	2789	P.	2913	—	3039	—
2541	—	2667	—	2791	P.	2917	P.	3041	P.
2543	P.	2669	17	2793	—	2919	—	3043	17
2547	—	2671	P.	2797	P.	2921	23	3047	11
2549	P.	2673	—	2799	—	2923	37	3049	P.
2551	P.	2677	P.	2801	P.	2927	P.	3051	—
2553	—	2679	—	2803	P.	2929	29	3053	43
2557	P.	2681	7	2807	7	2931	—	3057	—
2559	—	2683	P.	2809	53 ²	2933	7	3059	7

3061 P.	3113 11	3167 P.	3219 —	3271 P.
3063 —	3117 —	3169 P.	3221 P.	3273 —
3067 P.	3119 P.	3171 —	3223 11	3277 29
3069 —	3121 P.	3173 19	3227 7	3279 —
3071 37	3123 —	3177 —	3229 P.	3281 17
3073 7	3127 53	3179 11	3231 —	3283 7
3077 17	3129 —	3181 P.	3233 53	3287 19
3079 P.	3131 31	3183 —	3237 —	3289 11
3081 —	3133 P.	3187 P.	3239 41	3291 —
3083 P.	3137 P.	3189 —	3241 7	3293 37
3087 —	3139 43	3191 P.	3243 —	3297 —
3089 P.	3141 —	3193 31	3247 17	3299 P.
3091 11	3143 7	3197 23	3249 -57 ²	3301 P.
3093 —	3147 —	3199 7	3251 P.	3303 —
3097 19	3149 47	3201 —	3253 P.	3307 P.
3099 —	3151 23	3203 P.	3257 P.	3309 —
3101 7	3153 —	3207 —	3259 P.	3311 7
3103 29	3157 7	3209 P.	3261 —	3313 P.
3107 13	3159 —	3211 13	3263 13	3317 31P.
3109 P.	3161 29	3213 —	3267 —	3319 P.
3111 —	3163 P.	3217 P.	3269 7	3321 —

The first dozen factorials, and sub-factorials; and the ratios they bear to one another; note that $\ln / \ln n = e$

N	\ln	$\ln n$	$\ln \div \ln n$	$\ln n \div \ln$
1	1	0	∞	0.000000
2	2	1	2.000000	0.500000
3	6	2	3.000000	0.333333
4	24	9	2.666666	0.375000
5	120	44	2.727272	0.366666
6	720	265	2.716981	0.368055
7	5040	1854	2.718446	0.367857
8	40320	14833	2.718262	0.367881
9	362880	133496	2.718283	0.367879
10	2628800	1334961	2.718281	0.367879
11	39916800	14684570	2.718281	0.367879
12	479001600	176214841	2.718281	0.367879

Factorial n , or \ln is the continued product of all the whole numbers from 1 to n inclusive and is the number of ways in which n different things can be arranged.

Sub-factorial n , or $\ln n$, is the nearest whole number to $n \div e$, and is the number of ways in which a row of n elements may be so deranged, that no element may have its original position.

Thus $\ln = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n$,

and $\ln n = \frac{1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n}{2.71828188\dots} \pm h$,

where h is the smaller decimal fraction less than unity by which the fraction $\frac{1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n}{2.71828188\dots}$ differs whole number, and is to be added or subtracted as the case may be.—The most useful expression for $\ln n$ is:

THE EQUINOX

$$\frac{1}{n!} \equiv n! - \frac{n}{1}(n-1)! + \frac{n(n-1)}{1 \cdot 2}(n-2)! - \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3}(n-3)! + \text{etc}$$

to (n+1) terms.

$$e \equiv 1 + \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} + \frac{1}{3!} \dots \text{to } \infty$$

$$\equiv (\#2.71828188\dots)$$

Names of the letters	Figures of the letters	Value of the letters	English equivalents of the letters
(M) Aleph	א	1	A
(D) Beth	ב	2	B
(D) Gimel	ג	3	C
(D) Daleth	ד	4	D
(S) Heh	ה	5	H (E)
(S) Vau	ו	6	V (U)
(S) Zayin	ז	7	Z
(S) Kheth (Cheth)	ח	8	Ch
(S) Teth	ט	9	T
(S) Yodh	י	10	Y (I or J)
(D) Kaph	כ ך	20 500	K
(S) Lamed	ל	30	L
(M) Mem	מ ם	40 600	M
(S) Nun	נ ן	50 700	N
(S) Samekh	ס	60	S
(S) Ayin	ע	70	O (A'a or Ng)
(D) Peh	פ ף	80 800	P
(S) Tzaddi	צ ץ	90 900	Tz
(S) Qoph	ק	100	Q
(D) Resh	ר	200	R
(M) Shin	ש	300	S Sh
(D) Tau	ת	400	T Th

When written large, the Value of a Hebrew letter is increased to one thousand times its ordinary value. A large Aleph is counted 1000: a large Beth, 2000: and so on.

Note that A, I, O, U, H, are really consonants, mere bases for the vowels. These vowels are not here given, as they have no importance in Gematria.

M, D and S before the names of the letters shew their division into Mothers, Double and Single letters, referred respectively to active Elements, Air, Water, Fire, Planets, and Signs. But װ and ן also serve to signify the Elements of Spirit and of Earth. See Liber 777.

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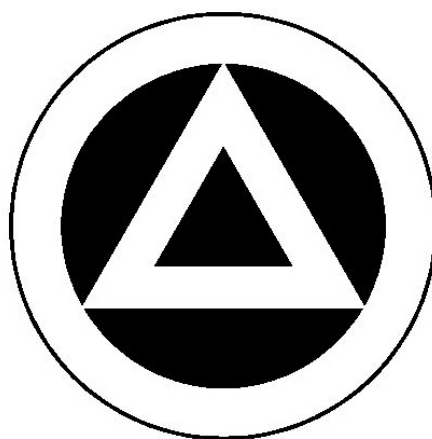
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"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The root of David shoots a stem.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)

"She lies alone amid the kine.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The straw is fragrant as with wine.

(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes—"The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

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"The shadows fall about the way;
Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;
The soul clings feebly to the clay,
For that, the void; for this, the tomb!"

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;
Her perfect face dispels the fears.
She charms Her melancholy knight
Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this falling breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illumine
The darkling corridors of death!"

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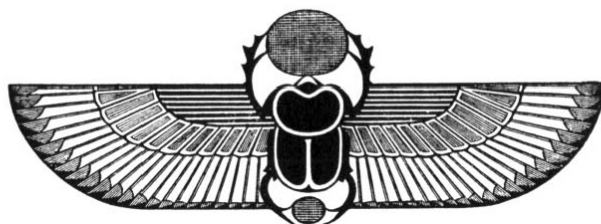
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