

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 "Sammastati" 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.

- 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).

- " 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.)

- " 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.

- " 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.
- " 2bis. (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.

- " 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.:.

- " 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.:

- " 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 Gimmel) 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.



THE CRUCIFIXION OF FRA. P.

(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 Kangchenjanga 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.

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.

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,

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.

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 suc-
 cess, etc.

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?")

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)