



Ordo Templi Orientis



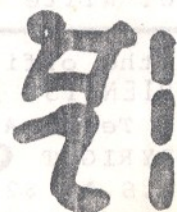
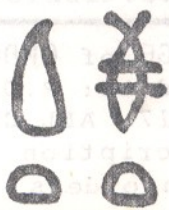
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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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The Scientific Solution to the Problem of Government

by

"Comte de Fenix"

(*Aleister Crowley*)

THEOREM.

The scientific solution of the problem of Government is given in AL (Liber Legis). This Law supersedes all the empirical theories hitherto current.

QUOTATION.

Chapter I.

2. Every man and every woman is a star.
10. Let my servants be few and secret: they shall rule the many and the known.
40. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
41. The word of Sin is Restriction.
42. Thou hast no right but to do thy will.
43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.
44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.
57. Love is the law, love under will.

Chapter II.

19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us.
They shall rejoice, our chosen; who sorroweth is not of us.
20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.
58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, and not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be kings for ever. The slaves shall serve.

Chapter III.

4. Choose ye an island!
5. Fortify it!
6. Dung it about with enginery of war!
7. I will give you a war-engine.
8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.
58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!
59. As brothers fight ye!
60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

DEMONSTRATION.

1. The average voter is a moron. He believes what he reads in newspapers, feeds his imagination and lulls his repressions on the cinema, and hopes to break away from his slavery by football pools, cross-word prizes, or spotting the winner of the 3.30.
He is ignorant as no illiterate peasant is ignorant: he has no power of independent thought. He is the prey of panic. But he has the vote.
2. The men in power can only govern by stampeding him into wars, playing on his fears and prejudices until he acquiesces in repressive legislation against his obvious interests, playing on his vanity until he is totally blind to his own misery and serfdom.
The alternative method is undisguised dragooning. In brief, we govern by a mixture of lying and bullying.

3. This deliberate resort to archaic weapons is the heritage of hypocrisy. *The theories of Divine Right, aristocratic superiority, the moral order of Nature, are all to-day exploded bluffs.* Even those of us who believe in supernatural sanctions for our privileges to browbeat and rob the people no longer delude ourselves with the thought that our victims share our superstitions.

4. Even dictators understand this. Mussolini has tried to induce the ghost of Ancient Rome to strut the stage in the image of Julius Caesar; Hitler has invented a farrago of nonsense about Nordics and Aryans; nobody even pretends to believe either, except through the "Will-to-believe".

And the pretence is visibly breaking down everywhere.

They cannot even be galvanised with spasms of pseudo-activity, as still occasionally happens with the dead toads of superstition.

5. *There is only one hope of uniting the people under intelligent leadership; because there is only one thing in which every one really believes. That is, believes in such a way that he automatically bases every action of his daily life on its principles. (This is true of practically all men, whatever their race, caste or creed.) This universally accepted basis of conduct is Science.*

6. *Science has attained this position because it makes no assertion that it is not prepared to demonstrate to all comers. (This part is so well understood that all the "false prophets" -- Spiritualism, Christian Science, ethnological cranks, Great Pyramid puzzle-mongers, and the rest of the humbugs -- all pretend to appeal to evidence, not to authority, as did the Kings and the Churches.)*

The problem of Government is therefore to find a scientific formula with an ethical implication. This formula must be rigidly applicable to all sane men soever without reference to the individual qualities of any one of them.

7. *The formula is given by the Law of Thelema. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."*

This injunction, in one sense infinitely elastic, since it does not specify any particular goal of will as desirable, is yet infinitely rigid, in that it binds every man to follow out exactly the purpose for which he is fitted by heredity, environment, experience, and self-development. The formula is thus also biologically indefeasible, as well as adequate, ethically to every individual, and politically to the State.

8. Let this formula be accepted by every government. Experts will immediately be appointed to work out, when need arises, the details of the True Will of every individual, and even that of every corporate body whether social or commercial, while a judiciary will arise to determine the equity in the case of apparently conflicting claims. (Such cases will become progressively more rare as adjustment is attained.) All appeal to precedent and authority, the deadwood of the Tree of Life, will be abolished, and strictly scientific standards will be the sole measure by which the executive power shall order the people. The absolute rule of the state shall be a function of the absolute liberty of each individual will.

LIBER CCC:

KHABS AM PEKHT

An epistle of Therion 9° = 2°, a Magus of A. A. A. to His Son, being an Instruction in a matter of all importance, to wit, the means to be taken to extend the Dominion of the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

[The quotations in this epistle are from Liber Legis, The Book of the Law.]

Son,

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

Firstly, let thine attention be directed to this planet, how the Aeon of Horus is made manifest by the Universal War. This is the first great and direct result of the Equinox of the Gods, and is the preparation of the hearts of men for the reception of the Law.

Let Us remind you that this is a magical formula of cosmic scope, and that it is given in exact detail in the legend of the Golden Fleece.

Jason, who in this story represents the Beast, first fits out

a ship guided by Wisdom or Athena, and this is his aspiration to the Great Work. Accompanied by many heroes, he comes to the place of the Fleece, but they can do nothing until Medea, the Scarlet Woman, puts into his hands a posset 'drugged with somnolence, Sleepy with poppy and white hellebore' for the dragon. Then Jason is able to subdue the bulls, sacred to Osiris, and symbolical of his Aeon and of the Magical Formula of Self-Sacrifice. With these he plows the field of the world, and sows therein 'the dreadful teeth of woe, Cadmean stock of Thebes' old misery,' which refers to a certain magical formula announced by the Beast that is familiar unto thee, but unsuited to the profane, and therefore not further in this place indicated. From this seed armed men spring to life; but instead of attacking Him, 'mutual madness strikes The warriors witless, and fierce wrath invades Their hearts of fury, and with arms engaged, They fell upon each other silently, And slew, and slew.' Now then, the Dragon being asleep, we may step quietly past him, and 'rending the branches of that wizard Oak, With a strong grasp tear down the Fleece of Gold.'

Let us only remember not to repeat the error of Jason, and defy Ares, who is Horus in his warrior mood, that guardeth it, lest He strike us also with madness. Nay! but to the glory of Ra-Hoor-Khuit and the establishment of His perfect kingdom let all be done!

Now, O my son, thou knowest that it is Our will to establish this Work, accomplishing fully that which We are commanded in The Book of the Law, "Help me, O warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the children of men!" -- and it is Thy Will, manifesting as thou hast done in the Sphere of Malkuth the material world, to do this same thing in an even more immediate and practical way than would naturally appeal to one whose manifestation is in the Heaven of Jupiter. So therefore We now answer Thy filial petition that asketh good counsel of Us as to the means to be taken to extend the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

Direct therefore now most closely thine attention to The Book of the Law itself. In it we find an absolute rule of life, and clear instruction in every emergency that may befall. What then are Its own directions for the fructification of That Ineffable Seed? Note, pray thee, the confidence with which we may proceed. "They shall gather my children into their fold; they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men." They 'shall'; there is no doubt. Therefore doubt not, but strike with all thy strength. Note also, pray thee, this word: "The law is for all." Do not therefore 'select suitable persons' in thy worldly wisdom; preach openly the Law to all men. In Our experience We have found that the most unlikely means have produced the best results; and indeed it is almost the definition of a true Magical Formula that the means should be unsuited, rationally speaking, to the end proposed. Note, pray thee, that We are bound to teach. "He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals." This refers, however, as is evident from the context, to the technique of the new Magick, "the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the

sword."

Note, pray thee, the instruction in CCXX I. 41 - 44, 51, 61, 63 κ.τ.λ. on which We have enlarged in Our tract 'The Law of Liberty' [*Equinox*, Vol. III, No. 1], and in private letters to thee and others. The open preaching of this Law, and the practice of these precepts, will arouse discussion and animosity, and thus place thee upon a rostrum whence thou mayest speak unto the people.

Note, pray thee, this mentor: "Remember ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but shadows; they pass and are done; but there is that which remains." For this doctrine shall comfort many. Also there is this word: "They shall rejoice, our chosen; who sorroweth is not of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us." Indeed in all ways thou mayest expound the joy of our Law; nay, for thou shalt overflow with the joy thereof, and have no need of words. It would moreover be impertinent and tedious to call again thine attention to all those passages that thou knowest so well. Note, pray thee, that in the matter of direct instruction there is enough. Consider the passage "Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with enginery of war! I will give you a war-engine. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! This is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house." The last phrase suggests that the island may be Great Britain, with its Mines and Tanks; and it is notable that a certain brother obligated to A.. A.. is in the most secret of England's War Councils at this hour. But it is possible that all this instruction refers to some later time when our Law, administered by some such Order as the O.T.O. which concerns itself with temporal affairs, is of weight in the councils of the world, and is challenged by the heathen, and by followers of the fallen gods and demigods.

Note, pray thee, the practical method of overcoming opposition given in CCXX III. 23 - 26. But this is not to Our immediate purpose in this epistle. Note, pray thee, the instruction in the 38th and 39th verses of the Third Chapter of the Book of the Law. It must be quoted in full.

So that thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order.

That is, the God himself is aflame with the Light of The Beast, and will himself push the order, through the fire (perhaps meaning the genius) of The Beast.

There is a secret door that I will make to establish your way in all the quarters (these are the adorations, as thou hast written) as it is said:

The Light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door

Into the House of Ra and Tum,

Of Kephra, and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,

The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
 By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
 Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!
 Bid me within thine House to dwell,
 O winged snake of light, Hadith!
 Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

In the comment in *Equinox* I. VII. this passage is virtually ignored. It is possible that this "secret door" refers to the four men and four women spoken of later in the "Paris Working", or it may mean the child elsewhere predicted, or some secret preparation of the hearts of men. It is difficult to decide on such a point, but we may be sure that the Event will show that the exact wording was so shaded as to prove to us absolute foreknowledge on the part of That Most Holy Angel who uttered the Book.

Note, pray thee, further, in verse 39, how the matter proceeds: "All this" -- i.e. the Book of the Law itself -- "and a book to say how thou didst come hither" -- i.e. some record such as that in The Temple of Solomon the King -- "and a reproduction of this ink and paper forever" -- i.e. by some mechanical process, with possibly a sample of paper similar to that employed -- "for in it is the word secret and not only in the English..."

Compare CCXX III. 47, 73. The secret is still a secret to us. "And thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; i.e. explain the text 'lest there be folly' as it says above, CCXX I. 36. "And to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!"

From this it is evident that a volume must be prepared, as signified -- Part IV of Book 4 was intended to fulfil this purpose -- and that this book must be distributed widely, in fact to everyone with whom one comes into social relations.

We are not to add to this gift by preaching and the like. They can take it or leave it.

Note, pray thee, verse 41 of this chapter: "Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house; all must be done well and with business way."

This is very clear instruction indeed. There is to be a modern centralized business organization at the Kaaba -- which, We think, does not mean Boleskine, but any convenient headquarters.

Note, pray thee, in verse 42 of this chapter the injunction: "Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch." This is not any bar to an explanation of the Law. We may aid men to strike off their own fetters; but those who prefer slavery must be allowed to do so. "The slaves shall serve." The excellence of the Law must be showed by its results upon those who accept it. When men see us as the hermits of Hadit described in CCXX II. 24, they will determine to emulate our joy.

Note, pray thee, the whole implication of the chapter that sooner or later we are going to break the power of the slaves of the slave-gods by actual fighting. Ultimately, Freedom must rely upon the sword. It is impossible to treat in this epistle of the

vast problems involved in this question; and they must be decided in accordance with the Law by those in authority in the Order when the time comes. Thou wilt note that We have written unto thee more as a member of the O.T.O. than in thy capacity as of the A.'. A.'. , for the former organization is coördinate and practical, and concerns itself with material things. But remember this clearly, that the Law cometh from the A.'. A.'. , not from the O.T.O. This Order is but the first of the great religious bodies to accept this Law officially, and its whole Ritual has been revised and reconstituted in accordance with this decision. Now then, leaving The Book of the Law, note, pray thee, the following additional suggestions for extending the Dominion of the Law of Thelema throughout the world.

1. All those who have accepted the Law should announce the same in daily intercourse. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" shall be the invariable form of greeting. These words, especially in the case of strangers, should be pronounced in a clear, firm, and articulate voice, with the eyes frankly fixed upon the bearer. If the other be of us, let him reply "Love is the law, love under will." The latter sentence shall also be used as the greeting of farewell. In writing, wherever greeting is usual, it should be as above, opening "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law", and closing "Love is the law, love under will".
2. Social gatherings should be held as often as is convenient, and there the Law should be read and explained.
3. The special tracts written by Us, or authorized by Us, should be distributed to all persons with whom those who have accepted the Law may be in contact.
4. Pending the establishment of other Universities and Schools of Thelema, scholarships and readerships and such should be provided in existing Schools and Universities, so as to secure the general study of Our writings, and those authorized by Us as pertaining to the New Aeon.
5. All children and young people, although they may not be able to understand the more exalted heavens of our horoscope, may always be taught to rule their lives in accordance with the Law. No efforts should be spared to bring them to this emancipation. The misery caused to children by the operation of the law of the slave-gods was, one may say, the primum mobile of Our first aspiration to overthrow the Old Law.
6. By all manner of means shall all strive constantly to increase the power and freedom of the headquarters of the O.T.O.; for thereby will come efficiency in the promulgation of the Law. Specific instructions for the extension of the O.T.O. are given in another epistle. Constant practice of these recommendations will develop skill in him or her that practiseth, so that new ideas and plans will be evolved continually.

Furthermore, it is right that each and every one bind himself with an Oath Magical that he may thus make Freedom perfect, even by a bond, as in Liber III it is duly written. Amen.

Now, son, note, pray thee, in what house We write these words. For it is a little cottage of red and green, by the western side of a great lake, and it is hidden in the woods. Man, therefore, is at odds with Wood and Water; and being a magician bethinketh Himself to take one of these enemies, Wood, which is both the effect and the cause of that excess of Water, and compel it to fight for Him

against the other. What then maketh he? Why, he taketh unto himself Iron of Mars, an Axe and a Saw and a Wedge and a Knife, and He divideth Wood therewith against himself, hewing him into many small pieces, so that he hath no longer any strength against His will. Good; then taketh He the Fire of our Father the Sun, and setteth it directly in battle array against that Water by his army of Wood that he hath conquered and drilled, building it up into a phalanx like unto a Cone, that is the noblest of all solid figures, being the Image of the Holy Phallus Itself, and combineth in himself the Right Line and the Circle. Thus, son, dealeth He; and the Fire kindleth the Wood, and the heat thereof driveth the Water afar off. Yet this Water is a cunning adversary, and He strengtheneth Wood against Fire by impregnating him with much of his own substance, as it were by spies in the citadel of an ally that is not wholly trusted. Now then therefore what must the Magician do? He must first expel utterly Water from Wood by an invocation of the Fire of the Sun our Father. That is to say, without the inspiration of the Most High and Holy One even we ourselves could do nothing at all. Then, son, beginneth the Magician to set His Fire to the little dry Wood, and that enkindleth the Wood of middle size, and when that blazeth brightly, at the last the great logs, though they be utterly green, are nevertheless enkindled.

Now, son, hearken unto this Our reproof, and lend the ear of thine understanding unto the parable of this Magick.

We have for the whole Beginning of Our Work, praise be eternally unto His Holy Name, the Fire of our Father the Sun. The inspiration is ours, and ours is the Law of Thelema that shall set the world ablaze. And We have many small dry sticks, that kindle quickly and burn through quickly, leaving the larger Wood unlit. And the great logs, the masses of humanity, are always with us. But our edged need is of those middle fagots that on the one hand are readily kindled by the small Wood, and on the other endure until the great logs blaze.

(Behold how sad a thing it is, quoth the Ape of Thoth, for one to be so holy that he cannot chop a tree and cook his food without preparing upon it a long and tedious Morality!)

Let this epistle be copied and circulated among all those that have accepted the Law of Thelema. Recieve now Our paternal benediction: the Benediction of the All-Begetter be upon thee. Love is the law, love under will.

ONPION 9° = 2° A.°. A.°.

Given under Our hand and seal this day of An XII, the Sun our Father being in 12° 42' 2" of the sign Leo, and the Moon in 25° 39' 11" of the sign Libra, from the House of the Juggler, that is by Lake Pasquaney in the State of New Hampshire.

System of the O.T.O.

[MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS: 13]

Cara Soror,

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

You inform me that the Earnest Inquirer of your ambit has been asking you to explain the difference between the A.'. A.'. and the O.T.O.; and that although your own mind is perfectly clear about it, you find it impossible to induce a similar lucidity in his. You add that he is not (as one might at first suppose) a moron. And will I please do what I can about it?

Well, here's the essential difference *ab ovo usque ad mala*: the A.'. A.'. concerns the individual, his development, his initiation, his passage from "Student" to "Ipsissimus"; he has no contact of any kind with any other person except the Neophyte who introduces him, and any Student or Students whom he may, after becoming a Neophyte, introduce.

The details of this "Pilgrim's Progress" are very fully set forth in *One Star in Sight*¹; and I should indeed be stupid and presumptuous to try to do better than that. But it is true that with regard to the O.T.O. there is no similar manual of instruction. In the Manifesto², and other Official Pronunciamenti, there are, it is true, what ought to be adequate data; but I quite understand that they are not as ordered and classified as one would wish; there is certainly room for a simple elementary account of the origins of the Order, of its principles, of its methods, of its design, of the Virtue of its successive Grades. This I will now try to supply, at least in a brief outline.

Let us begin at the beginning. What is a Dramatic Ritual? It is a celebration of the Adventures of the God whom it is intended to invoke. (The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this.) Now, in the O.T.O., the object of the ceremonies being the Initiation of the Candidate, it is he whose Path in Eternity is displayed in dramatic form.

What is this path?

1. The Ego is attracted to the Solar System.
2. The Child experiences Birth.
3. The Man experiences Life.
4. He experiences Death.
5. He experiences the World beyond Death.

In the O.T.O. these successive stages are represented as follows:

1. 0° (Minerval)
2. 1° (Initiation)

3. II° (Consecration)
4. III° (Devotion)
5. IV° (Perfection, or Exaltation)
6. P.I. (Perfect Initiate)

Of these Events or Stations upon the Path all but three (II°) are single critical experiences. We, however, are concerned mostly with the very varied experiences of Life.

All subsequent Degrees of the O.T.O. are accordingly elaborations of the II°, since in a single ceremony it is hardly possible to sketch, even in the briefest outline, the Teaching of Initiates with regard to Life. The Rituals V° - IX° are then instructions to the Candidate how he should conduct himself; and they confer upon him, gradually, the Magical Secrets which make him Master of Life.

To return for a moment to that question of Secrecy: there is no rule to prevent you from quoting against me such of my brighter remarks as "Mystery is the enemy of Truth"; but, for one thing, I am, and always have been, the leader of the Extreme Left in the Council-Chamber of the City of the Pyramids, so that if I acquiesce at all in the system of the O.T.O. so far as the "secret of secrets" of the IX° is concerned, it is really on a point of personal honour: my pledge given to the late Frater Superior and O.H.O., Dr. Theodor Reuss. For all that, in this particular instance it is beyond question a point of common prudence, both because the abuse of the Secret is, at least on the surface, so easy and so tempting, and because, if it became a matter of general knowledge the Order itself might be in danger of calumny and persecution; for the secret is even easier to misinterpret than to profane.

Lege! Judica! Tace!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

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¹Magick in Theory and Practice, Appendix II, p. 229.

²LIBER LII: Manifesto of the OTO, in The Equinox, Vol. III, No. 1; reprinted in KAABA #3.

O.T.O. PUBLICATIONS

O.T.O. NEWSLETTER, published quarterly by Θελημα Lodge, P. O. Box 2303, Berkeley, California 94702 U.S.A. Subscriptions: \$3.00 per year inside U.S.A.; \$5.00 per year elsewhere; single copies \$1.00. Also available: Tree of Life Work Sheets. (Inquire.)

KAABA, published biannually by RA HOOR KHUIT Lodge, P. O. Box 6018, Teall Avenue Station, Syracuse, New York 13217 U.S.A. Subscription price: \$2.00 per copy in U.S.A. All back issues available.

The Importance of our Conventional Greetings

[MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS: 18]

Cara Soror,

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

From time to time I have exhorted you with mine accustomed matchless eloquence never to neglect the prescribed Greetings; but I think it just as well to collect the various considerations connected with their use -- and in "Greetings" I include "saying Will" before set meals, the four daily adorations of the Sun (*Liber CC vel Resh*) and the salutation of Our Lady the Moon. I propose to deal with the general object of the combined rituals, not with the special virtues of each separately.

The practice of *Liber III vel Jugorum*¹ is the complement of these grouped customs. By sharp physical self-chastisement when you think, say, or do whatever it is that you have set yourself to avoid doing, you set a sentry at the gate of your mind ready to challenge all comers, and so you acquire the habit of being on the alert. Keep this in mind, and you will have no difficulty in following the argument of this letter.

When you are practicing Dharana² concentration, you allow yourself so many minutes. It is a steady, sustained effort. The mind constantly struggles to escape control. (I hope you remember the sequence of "breaks". In case you don't, I summarize them.)

1. Immediate physical interruption: Asana should stop these.
2. Things that are "on your mind".
3. Reverie, and "Wouldn't it help if I were to --?"
4. Atmospherics -- e.g. voices apparently from some alien source.

5. Aberrations of the control itself; and the result itself.
(Remember the practice of some Hindu schools: "Not that, not that!" to whatever it is that presents itself as Tat Sat -- reality, truth.)

Need I remind you how urgent the wish to escape will assuredly become, how fantastic are the mind's devices and excuses, amounting often to deliberate revolt? In Kandy I broke away in a fury, and dashed down to Colombo with the intention of painting the very air as red as the betel-spittle on the pavements! But after three days of futile search for satisfying debauchery I came back to my horses, and, sure enough, it was merely that I had gone stale; the relaxation soothed and steadied me; I resumed the discipline with redoubled energy, and Dhyana dawned before a week had elapsed.

I mention this because it is the normal habit of the mind to organize these counter-attacks that makes their task so easy. What you need is a mind that will help rather than hinder your Work by its normal function.

This is where these Greetings, and Will-sayings, and Adorations

come in.

It is not a concentration-practice proper; I haven't a good word for it. "Background-concentration" or "long-distance-concentration" are clumsy, and not too accurate. It is really rather like a public school education. One is not constantly "doing a better thing than one has ever done"; one is not dropping one's eye-glass every two minutes, or being a little gentleman in the act of brushing one's hair. The point is that one trains oneself to react properly at any moment of surprise. It must become "second nature" for "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" to spring to the forefront of the mind when one is introduced to a stranger, or comes down to breakfast, or hears the telephone bell, or observes the hour of the adoration, (these are to be the superficial reactions, like instinctively rising when a lady enters the room) or, at the other end, in moments of immediate peril, or of sudden apprehension, or when in one's meditation, one approaches the deepest strata.

One need not be dogmatic about the use of these special words. One might choose a formula to represent one's own particular True Will. It is a little like Cato (or Scipio, was it?) who concluded every speech, whether about the Regulations of the Roman Bath or the proposal to reclaim a marsh of the Maremma, with the words: "And moreover, in my opinion, Carthage ought to be destroyed."

Got it?

You teach the mind to push your thought automatically to the very thing from which it was trying to wander. "Yes, I get you Stephen! ...But, Uncle Dudley, come clean, do you always do all this yourself? Don't you sometimes feel embarrassed, or fear that you may destroy the effect of your letter, or 'create a scene' in the public street when you suddenly stop and perform these incomp- rehensible antics, or simple forget about the whole thing?"

Yes, I do.

Well now, have I any shadow of an excuse? Yes, I have, after a fashion; I don't think it good manners to force my idiosyncrasies down people's throats, and I don't want to appear more of an eccentric than I need. It might detract from my personal influence, and so actually harm the Work that I am trying to perform.

Love is the law, love under will.

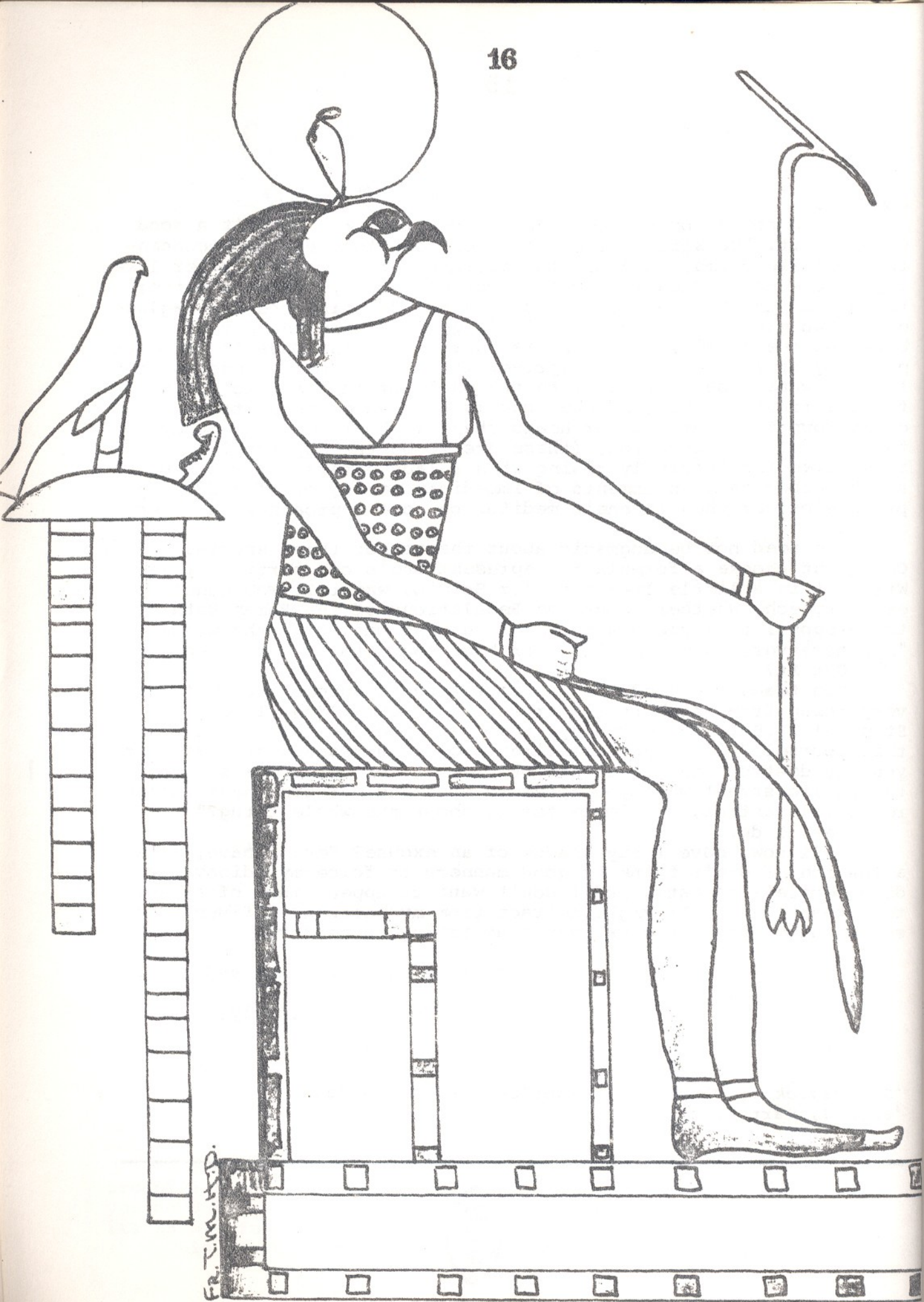
Yours fraternally,

666

¹See *Magick in Theory and Practice*, pp. 427 - 429.

²Book 4, Part I.





AN EVOCATION OF

BARTZABEL

THE SPIRIT OF MARS

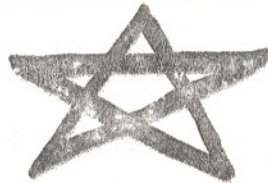
The Ceremony consists of Five Parts:

1. The Banishings and Consecrations.
2. The Special Preparation of the Material Basis.
3. The Particular Invocations of the Forces of Mars.
4. The Dealings with Bartzabel, that mighty Spirit.
5. The Closing.

Gloria Deo Altissimo

Ra Hoor Khuit

in nomine Abrahadabra et in hoc signo



The Circle has an inscribed Pentagon, and a Tau within that. Without are 5 pentagrams with 5 ruby lamps. There is an Altar with the Square of Mars and the Seal of Mars. The triangle has the names Primeumaton, Anaphaxeton, Anapheneton and Mi-ca-el within. Also the Sigil of Bartzabel, and his name. About the Circle is the name ALHIM.

The Chief Magus wears the robe of a Major Adept, and the Uraeus crown and nemmes. He bears the Lamen of the Hieres and the 1st Talisman of Mars. He bears as weapons the Spear and Sword, also the Bell.

The Assistant Magus wears the robe of a Probationer and a nemmes of white and gold. He attends to the suffumigations of Art. He bears the 3rd Talisman of Mars (from the Key of Solomon), and the consecrated Torch. The Magus Adjuvant is robed as his brother, but wears the 5th Talisman of Mars. He attends to the Lustrations of Art. He bears the Book and Pen.

Upon the Altar is the Image of Ra Hoor Khuit, Isis is the East his Mother, Khem is the West facing him. In the South is the Censer, in the North the Cup.

The Material Basis is masked, and robed in red.

On the Altar are also the rope, the burin, the oil, and the Lamen of Mars for the Material Basis.

The Lamps are all alight.

PART I

C.M. At Altar, kneeling in humility.

2 M. With sword of C.M.

3 M. In other chamber with M.B.

C.M. [knock]

2 M. Performs Banishing Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram around whole room, and replaces Sword on Altar.

3 M. Washes M.B. with pure water, saying:

Asperge eam Domine hyssopo et mundabitur;
eum

Iavabis eam et super nivem dealbabitur.
eum

He masks her with the Mask and Robe of Mars, saying:
him

By the figurative mystery of these holy vestures of concealment, doth the Lord cloak thee in the Shroud of Mystery in the strength of the Most High ANCOR AMACOR AMIDES THEODONIAS ANITOR that our desired end may be effected through thy strength, Adonai, unto whom be the Glory in Saecula saeculorum A M E N.

He leads her to her place in the Triangle.
him his

The Chief Magus now rises from his knees, and takes the Spear from the Altar.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!
 Be this consecrated Spear
 A thing of cheer, a thing of fear!
 Cheer to me who wield it! --
 My heart, its vigour shield it!
 Fear to them who face it --
 Their force, let fear disgrace it!
 Be a ray from the Most High,
 A glance of His unsleeping eye!
 Arm me, arm me, in the fray
 That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He hands Spear to 2nd Magus to hold.
 The Chief Magus takes the Sword.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!
 Be this consecrated Sword
 Not abhorred before the Lord!
 A guard of Steel, a tongue of flame
 Writing in adamant His Name!
 Puissant against the Hosts of Evil!
 A mighty fence against the Devil!
 A snake of lightning to destroy
 Them that work Mischief and Annoy!
 Arm me, arm me, in the fray
 That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He hands Sword to 3rd Magus to hold.
 The Chief Magus raises his hands above the Altar.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!
 Be this consecrated Altar
 A sign of sure stability!
 Will and Courage never falter,
 Thought dissolve in Deity!
 Let thy smile divinely curving,
 Isis, bless our dark device!
 Holy Hawk, our deed unswerving
 Be thy favoured sacrifice!
 Holy Khem, our vigour nerving,
 We have paid the priestly price.
 Hail, Ra Hoor, thy ray forth-rolling
 Consecrate the Instruments,
 Thine Almighty power controlling
 To the Event the day's events!
 Arm me, arm me, in the fray
 That shall be fought this dreadful day!

C.M. Takes Spear from 2nd M. and gives him the Censer and
 Torch; Sword from 3rd M. and gives him the Cup,
 Book and Pen.

C.M. Goes to apex of triangle. The others support him at the base.

C.M. Frater NI As thou art blindfolded save for that light and
Sorrow sight which I can give thee, so do I now bind thee, so that thou mayest be for a space subject to my will and mine alone. (*Ties hands and feet. Takes Spear from altar.*) And since thou art without the circle in the place of the triangle, with this Spear do I invoke upon thee the protection of Ra Hoor Khuit, so that no force either of Heaven or of Earth, or from under the earth, may act upon thee, save only that force that I shall invoke within thee.

Bahlasti! Ompehda!

So then, I being armed and exalted to the Power of the Most High, place upon thy head this drop of consecrated oil, so that the ray of Godhead may illumine thee.

And I place this holy kiss upon thy neck, so that thy mind may be favourable unto us, open to our words, sensible of the power of our conjurations.

And with this burin do I draw from thy breast five drops of blood, so that thy body may be the Temple of Mars.

Wherefore also I command thee to repeat after me:

I submit myself to thee and to this operation; I invoke the Powers of Mars to manifest within me. (*done*)

(C.M. places about ^{his} neck the Lamen of Mars.)
^{her}

Magi return to circle, face east.

C.M. Now, Brethren, since we are about to engage in a Work of so great danger, it is fitting that we make unto ourselves a fortress of defence in the name of the Most High, Elohim. Frater Adjuvant Magus, I command thee to purify the place with water.

(3rd M. sprinkles thrice around circle walking widdershins.)

C.M. Thus, therefore, first the Priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the waters of the loud-resounding sea.

Frater Assistant Magus, I command thee to consecrate the place with Fire.

(2nd M. censes the circle thrice around, walking widdershins.)

C.M. So when all the phantoms are vanished, and through the Universe darts and flashes that holy and formless fire -- Hear Thou the Voice of Fire!

(C.M. takes Sword.)

The Lord is my fortress and my deliverer; my God in whom
I will trust.
I will walk upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the
scorpion will I tread under my feet.
Because he hath set his Love upon me, therefore will I
deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath
known My Name.

(C.M. circumambulates thrice widdershins with sword.)

Hail unto thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!
Be this consecrated Tower
A place of power this fearful hour!
May the Names of God that gird us
Be our sign that he hath heard us!
By the five unsleeping Stars
Ward us from the wrath of Mars!
By the rood of God erect
Be He perfect to protect!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

(He now conjures the Dog of Evil.)

Arise, Dog of Evil, that I may instruct thee in thy
present duties.
In the name of Horus, I say unto thee, Arise.
Thou art imprisoned.
Confess that it is so.
I have done this in the name and in the might of Horus.
Except thou set thy face in my defence, thou art blind, and
dumb, and paralysed: but thou shalt hear the curses of thy
Creator, and thou shalt feel the torments of my avenging
wrath.
Therefore be thou obedient unto me, as a guard against
them that hate me.
Let thy jaws be terrible as the storm-parted sky.
Let thy face be as a whirlwind of wrath and fury against
the enemy.
Arise, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.
O thou! whose head is of coal-black fire!
Thou, whose eyes are as columns of smoke and flame!
Thou, from whose nostrils goeth forth the breath of
destruction!
Thou whose body is of iron and brass, bound with exceeding
strength: girt with the power of awful blind avenging
force -- under my control, and mine alone!
Thou, whose claws are as shafts of whirling steel to rip
the very bowels of my adversaries.
Thee, thee, I summon to mine aid!

In the name of Horus: rise: move: appear:
 And aid and guard me in this Work of Art!
 Rise, Dog of Evil, to guard the Abyss of Height!
 Rise, I say, to guard the Four Quarters: the Abyss of the
 North; the Abyss of the South; the Abyss of the East;
 the Abyss of the West.
 Rise, I say, to guard the Abyss of the Great Deep.
 Horus it is that hath given this commandment.
 Be thou terrible against all them that hate me!
 Be thou mighty to defend me from the Evil Ones!
 At the confines of Matter: at the Threshold of the Invisible:
 be thou my Watcher and my Guardian! Before the face of the
 Dwellers of the Abodes of Night!
 As a flaming sword turning every way to keep the gates of my
 Universe: let thy teeth flash forth!
 Nothing shall stop thee while thou settest thyself in
 my defence.
 In the name of Horus: Rise, Move, and Appear: Be thou obedi-
 ent unto me: for I am the Master of the Forces of Matter:
 the Servant of the Same thy God is my Name: true Worshipper
 of the Highest.

(Much incense is now burnt, and there is a pause.)

THE INVOCATIONS

*(C.M. first performs the Invoking Ritual of Mars.)
 (The Adepts stand at the points of the Tau.)*

C.M. Even as of old there came three Magi from the ends of the
 earth to adore the Fivefold Star, so come we, O Lord,
 armed for the holy work of an Evocation of Bartzabel the
 spirit of Mars, that is obedient unto the Intelligence
 Graphiel, chosen from the Seraphim who follow Kamael the
 Great Archangel that serveth God under his name of
 Elohim Gibor, a spark from thine intolerable light,

Ra Hoor Khuit!

Therefore hear Thou the Oath of the Obligation that we
 assume before Thee.

*(The Chief Magus points the Sword downward upon the
 apex of the Triangle of R. H. K. and the other Magi
 place their hands upon the hilt.)*

We, Perdurabo, a Neophyte of the A.'. A.'. , All for Knowledge,
 a Probationer of A.'. A.'. , and Αγαθα, a Probationer of

A.. A.., swear unto Thee, O Lord God, by Thine own almighty power, by Thy force and fire, by Thy glittering Hawk's eye and Thy mighty sweeping wings: that we all here in this place and now at this time do utterly devote ourselves, mind, body, and estate, at all times and in all places soever to the establishment of Thy holy Kingdom.

And if we fail herein, may we be burnt and consumed by the Red Eye of Mars!

(Magi return to stations.)

And this our purpose is fivefold:

Firstly, that the Kingdom of Ra Hoor Khuit may be established in the Aeon.

Secondly, that we may succeed in that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak, even before Thee.

Thirdly, that we may have power to help the weak.

Fourthly, that we may be filled with the Courage and Energy of Mars for the Prosecution of the Great Work.

And, lastly, that we may obtain the service of Bartzabel that he may be obedient unto us thy servants, that between him and us there may be peace, and that he may always be ready to come whensoever he is invoked and called forth.

Now because in such a work it is not possible for us to do anything at all of ourselves we have humble recourse unto Thine Almighty power, beseeching upon our knees Thy favour and Thine aid.

(The Magi kneel at three sides of altar, all clasping spears in the proper manner.)

I adore Thee in the Song:

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra Hoor Khuit!

Unity uttermost shewed!

I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God

Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before Thee;

I, I adore Thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!

Open the ways of the Khui!

Lighten the ways of the Ka!

The ways of the Khabs run through

To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

All say, repeatedly:

A Ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

When the Chief Magus is satisfied with the Descent of the God, let all rise and let C.M. say:

So that Thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters... as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the house of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadith!
Abide with me, Ra Hoor Khuit!

(Magus faces Δ, and others support him.)

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!
Send forth a spark of thine illimitable light and force, we beseech Thee, that it may appear in the Heaven of Mars as the God Elohim Gibor.
O winged glory of gold! O plumes of justice and stern brows of majesty! O warrior armed with spear and shield! O virgin strength and splendour as of spring! That ridest in thy Chariot of Iron above the Storm upon the Sea! Who shootest forth the Arrows of the Moon! Who wieldest the Four Magick Weapons! Who art the Master of the Pentagram and of the blazing fury of the Sun!
Come unto me, thou great God Elohim Gibor, and send thy Angel Kamael, even Kamael the mighty, the Leader of thine Armies the fiery Serpents, the Seraphim, that he may answer my behests.
O purple flame that is like unto the whirling wheel of Life!
O strong shoulders and virginal breasts and dancing limbs!
Kamael! Kamael! Kamael! Kamael! Kamael!

I see thee before me, O thou great Archangel! Art thou not the Leader of the armies of the Lord? Of the grey snakes upon whose heads are triple crowns of spiritual light, and whose tongues are triply forked with judgement? Whose bodies are like the Sun in his strength, whose scales are of the adamant of Vulcan, who are slim and splendid and virginal as they rush flaming over the lashed sea?

Come unto me, Kamael, thou archangel almighty, and send to me Graphiel that great intelligence of thine, that he may answer my behest.

O moon, that sailest on the shoulders of the Sun! Whose warrior body is like white-hot steel! Whose virgin limbs and golden wings move like ripe corn at the caress of the thunderstorm!

O thou that weildest the Sword and Balances of Power!

Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!

Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!

Come unto us, thou bright intelligence of Mars, and answer my behest. In the name of Kamael thy Lord, I say: Compel the spirit Bartzabel that is under thy dominion to manifest within this triangle of Art, within the Ruach of the material basis that is consecrated to this work, within this pure and beautiful human form that is prepared for his habitation.

And now I see thee, O thou dull decietful head, that I shall fill with wit and truth; thou proud heart that I shall humble and make pure; thou cold body that I shall fashion into a living flame of amethyst. Thou sexless being of whom I shall make the perfect child of Hermes and Aphrodite that is God; thou dull ox that I shall turn into the Bull of Earth; thou house of idleness wherein I shall set up the Throne of Justice. Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!

Come forth, and manifest beyond the bars!
Forth from the palace of seraphic stars!
Come, O thou Bartzabel, the sprite of Mars!

Come: I unbind thee from the chains of Hell,
Come: I enclose thee in the invisible
To be my slave, thou spirit Bartzabel!

By the spear, the sword, the spell,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the word that openeth Hell!
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the power o' th' panther's pelt,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the circling citadel,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By this mind of miracle
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By Ra Hoor Khuit, by Elohim Gibor,
 By Kamael and the Seraphim; by Hoor,
 Khem, and Mentu, and all the Gods of War,
 Ares and Mars and Hachiman and Thor,
 And by thy master, Graphiel,
 Come unto me, Bartzabel!

And if he come not, let the Chief Magus and his assistants humble themselves mightily, and repeat these holy invocations, even unto thrice.

And if still he be obdurate and disobedient unto the Words of Power, the Chief Magus shall assume the dignity of Khem, and conjure him and curse him as his own ingenium shall direct. Yet, if the rites have been duly performed, he will assuredly have manifested before this.

And these will probably be the tokens of the manifestation:
 A ruddy light will play about the form of the Material Basis; or even a dark lustre beetle-brown or black. And the Face thereof will be suffused with blood, and the Heart beat violently, and its words will be swift and thick and violent. The voice thereof must be entirely changed; it may grow deep and hoarse, or at least strained and jerky, and it may be that it will suffer the torment of burning.

On the appearance of the Spirit much incense is thrown upon the Censer.

THE CHARGE

Hail, Bartzabel, and welcome, thou mighty spirit of Madim!
 Welcome unto us art thou who comest in the name of Graphiel and of Kamael and of Elohim Gibor, and of Ra Hoor Khuit the Lord of the Aeon.

I charge thee to answer and obey.

1. How shall the Kingdom of the Aeon be established?
 2. Will success attend that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak?

3. We shall obtain power to aid the weak; in what manner?
 Give us a sign.

4. Give us a sign of the Courage and Energy of Mars that floweth and shall ever flow through us by virtue of this ceremony.

5. Lastly, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, lay thine hands upon this sword, whose point I then place upon thine head, and swear faith and obedience unto me by Ra Hoor Khuit, the Lord of the Aeon, saying after me:

I, Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars, do swear by the glory of Him that is Lord of the Aeon, and by the Might of Elohim Gibor, and by the Fear of Kamael and the Hosts of Fiery Serpents, and by Graphiel whose hand is heavy upon me -- before which names I tremble every day -- that I will punctually fulfil this present

charge, not perverting the sense thereof, but obedient to the inmost thought of the Chief Magus; that I will be ever the willing servant of thee and thy companions, a spirit of Truth in Force and Fire; that in departing I will do no hurt to any person or thing, and in particular that the Material Basis shall not suffer through this ceremony, but shall be purified and fortified thereby; that I will be at peace with thee and seek never to injure thee, but to defend thee against all thine enemies, and to work eternally for thy welfare; finally, that I will be ready to come unto thee to serve thee whensoever I am invoked and called forth, whether by a word, or a will, or by this great and potent conjuration of Magick Art. AMEN.

THE BENEDICTION

Let Ra Hoor Khuit bless thee!
 Let His light shine perpetually in thy darkness!
 Let His force eternally brace up thy weakness!
 Let His blessing be upon thee for ever and for ever!
 Yea, verily and Amen, let His blessing be upon thee for ever and for ever!

THE LICENCE TO DEPART

Now, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, since thou didst come at my behest and swear faith and fealty unto me by the Lord of the Aeon, I licence thee to depart in peace with the blessing of the Lord until such time as I have need of thee.

THE CLOSING

Let the Chief Magus perform the Banishing Ritual of Mars, give great Thanks unto the Lord of the Aeon, and perform the Lesser Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL is reprinted from
The Equinox, Volume I, Number 9, March 1913 e.v.



THE SCORPION

To AΓΑΘΑ in memory of the Hour of Initiation,
and to Lampada Tradam and Mohammed ibn Rahman
in memory of our wanderings in the Desert, and
to my brothers of the O.'. of K.D.S.H. in
memory of the Martyrdom of our G.'. M.'.

J. B. M.

I dedicate this tragedy.

A Tragedy in Three Acts

by Aleister Crowley

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT I

SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPPELLE, Preceptor of the Knights Templars
 SIR RAYMOND, SIR JAMES, SIR EUSTACHE, and OTHERS, his Knights
 JOCELYN, a Troubadour, in their company
 ESQUIRES, etc., to these
 SAID OMAR, an Arabian Emir. His band of Warriors
 LAYLAH, his newly-wedded bride
 A NYMPH, and children attendant on her

ACT I

SCENE: The desert. In the foreground, a walled well with a lever.
 Three palms. Tall grasses. The ground is uneven. In the back-
 ground other palms, among which are several military chargers,
 held by esquires. Around the well are Knights Templars, armed,
 reposing. Also JOCELYN, a troubadour.

JOCELYN [sings to his harp]:

Noon slumbers softly in the palms;
 The desert breezes whisper psalms;
 And we who rest must rise and ride
 Beneath the banner cruciform
 That braves the Saracen and the storm,
 This blessed Christmastide.
 For we are hardy, and worn with blows
 And battles,
 And languish for our mother snows.

What is the gladness of the well
 To us who pine for citadel,
 And joyous burg, and Christian feast?
 But we are vowed to Christ to fight
 For God, our honor, and our right
 Against the recreant East.
 We have left our ladies, you and I,
 My brothers!
 To keep our castles, and to sigh!

Oh! could some holy hermit give
 One short day's dalliance fugitive!
 Speed hither through the enchanted air
 Our ladies, for our faith's reward!
 Would it not sharpen every sword
 And perfume every prayer?

Love sharp as holly and pure as snow,
And kisses
Beneath the moon for mistletoe!

SIR RAYMOND: Something ill sung, Jocelyn, and too sadly, forsooth! Here the hermits are foul and malicious. I would clear the land of them.

SIR JAMES: Spies, every one. And enchanter to boot.

SIR EUSTACHE: The maids are worse, to my mind. Think of the gallant Florimond, as tall a knight of his hands as ever swung sword or couched lance.

SIR RAYMOND: Netted like a fish!

SIR JAMES: And now lives in the desert with the witch, a wild man, and banned.

SIR RAYMOND: Little better than a robber. And the word goes that he hath apostatized from our holy faith.

[ALL cross themselves.]

JOCELYN [sings]

Heigho! Heigho! the Crescent and Cross!
If the one is a bargain, the other's a loss.
Who would be found
On the ground
Of Mahound
A recreant knight, and a renegade boaster?
Better we each
Leave our bones here to bleach
And be saved, than go burn with the Paynim impostor!
For the infidel swine
Lack our spirit divine;
Their crazy old prophet prohibits them wine!
Drink, every knight!
God and my right!
We'll drive the black dogs to their kennels to-night!

SIR JAMES: Peace to thy ribaldry! Here comes the Preceptor. To saddle!

JOCELYN: Why cannot he ride with us, as a good knight and gay?

SIR JAMES: Who poises in his mind the destinies of Christendom needs not in his ear thy fool's prattle, or thy fool's face at his elbow. Though he have seen but five-and-twenty summers he is wiser than many a greybeard! See, even afar, how weightily he sits his horse. His forehead bent, his shoulders arched --

JOCELYN: The seat of a hunchback!

SIR JAMES: Like Atlas supporting the world.

SIR RAYMOND: Good Jocelyn, could thy wisest thought match his most foolish, thou would'st sit at the council.

JOCELYN: Gramercy! I smile awry. With a hawk on my wrist, and a madrigal at my lips, a prayer in the morning given, and a kiss stolen at night, I want none of your dusty conclaves. I had as lief be a scholar.

SIR JAMES: If the world were like thee, Christendom would perish in a year and a day. Thy good knights comrades would row the Turk-

ish galleys, and a few prize fools -- such as thou -- make sport for their Emirs or guard their women.

JOCELYN: And a good thing. I am weary of crusading. The sacred Sepulchre is empty -- praise God, Who performed a miracle to make it so! -- and we must perforce come and fill thousands more with good Christian flesh and blood, that was alive and jolly. Let us be off, though! The Preceptor sheds dullness as the sun sheds light, alike on the evil and on the good. One, two, three -- I'll race you all to Sidi Khaled.

[They go off R. toward their horses, JOCELYN singing as he goes.]

What is the worth
Of a hound or a hawk?

A monkey for mirth!

A parrot for talk!

Rosamond's skin

Is whiter than milk,

Seductive as sin

And softer than silk.

Would I were back

From crusade for an hour,

My limbs lying slack

In Rosamond's bower!

[From the palms C. comes forward LAYLAH, veiled, with a pitcher. She attaches it to the cord of the lever and dips it into the well. She looks about her, and seeing no one, raises her veil.]

LAYLAH: From the heart of the sand

The water wells up

Purer than the rain.

So in my heart

Love springs

Chaster than the grace of heaven itself.

Earth purifies

More subtly than the sea.

Only through matter

Can spirit understand itself,

Justify itself, become itself.

This mystery I heard

From the holy man of Bassu.

His beard was whiter than snow

Because it had once been blacker than burnt wood.

So will I cherish my love,

The love which I owe,

Which I give, to my husband

The noblest of the Emirs;

For I and my love and my service

And my duty

Are all his.

I have no duty to God
 But to obey my husband.
 So my heart is freer
 Than all other hearts,
 As the dweller among the palms
 Is freer than the wanderer in the desert.
 The wanderer must find the palms;
 The dweller is at ease.

My heart is a young gazelle
 Leaping with love toward my husband.
 He is black-bearded and bold and magnificent.
 Even on the morn of the wedding he rode forth
 Against the infidel.
 He is so strong and brave:
 God must look favourably upon him,
 Bidding him return as a conqueror
 To the flower of his garden
 That awaits his hand to pluck.

[During the last part of the song SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, preceptor of the Knights Templars, has entered L. quietly, dismounted, tethered his palfrey to palm, and approached LAYLAH. As she pulls the pitcher from the water he claps his hands over her eyes. She shudders with fear, but gives no sound.]

SIR RINALDO: You are a brave maiden.

LAYLAH: You are -- an infidel. I had not my dagger, or your shriek -- not mine -- would have summoned my kin.

RINALDO: I have a score good knights within sound of my horn. And your kin are but the dotards and women and little children. Your fighting men are away.

LAYLAH: Ay, slaying your good knights.

RINALDO: It may be so. But you are my hostage.

[He releases her. She faces him.]

LAYLAH: A worthless pledge.

RINALDO: These silks and pearls! I could draw your veil through a link in my chain mail.

LAYLAH: I am the bride of the Emir.

RINALDO: A fair bride. I guessed you his daughter.

LAYLAH: My feet have not entered his house.

RINALDO: Your feet are fair.... Can you tell fortunes?

LAYLAH: On the forehead of every man his destiny is written.

RINALDO: Read mine.

LAYLAH: Let me go to my house.

RINALDO: Then I will read yours. You are to be captive to a strange knight.

LAYLAH: Not to you, Sir Knight!

RINALDO: The rest is dark.

LAYLAH: You dare not touch me.

RINALDO: Sit there! [He seats her on the wall of the well.] Do you

guess what I have been thinking as I rode through the sun to these palms?

LAYLAH: Some new plot to carry fire and sword through our quiet villages.

RINALDO: No. I was wondering why men should not live at peace. I was wondering what was the quarrel that has beggared Europe and made Asia a shambles these nigh five score years.

LAYLAH: I cannot tell you.

RINALDO: This is all I know, that in the time of Pope Urban the Second, some pilgrims to Jerusalem began to grumble. And a madman screamed so loud on their behalf that all Europe was infected. All pilgrims grumble. All mankind grumbles. Can chivalry do nothing better than redress grievances? Progress and learning are dead in this eternal redressing. Or if we must redress grievances, let us redress the great grievance, man misunderstanding man!

LAYLAH: Let me go to my house. *[She tries to slip away.]*

RINALDO: Sit there! *[He puts her back very accurately.]* We worship one God, as you do. That is the essence of agreement. We have one prophet, as you have; there's little odds in a name. Let our fools go worship at the tomb of our prophets, as your fools go worship at the tomb of yours; and let us break the heads only of those who break the peace.

LAYLAH: Let me go to my house. You are breaking the peace now, and I will break your head.

[She has unloosened a stone from the well and strikes him. His cheek bleeds.]

RINALDO: *[unmoved]* Sit there! ...So this is my reading of the future. I who met you in hate shall leave you in love... and there an end of the Crusades!

LAYLAH: Love! *[bitterly sarcastic]*

RINALDO: Love! *[enthusiastic]*

LAYLAH: I had rather a scorpion stung me.

RINALDO: My crest is a scorpion. *[He points to the golden bejewelled crest upon his light helmet.]* I am thirsty. Give me water.

LAYLAH: I would give water to a thirsty dog. *[She pours water into his hands.]*

RINALDO: For water I will give you fire. Twelve hundred years ago came peace on earth and goodwill toward men through a virgin sacrifice.... History repeats itself.

LAYLAH: I am on the edge of the well; but I shall not fall in.

You are a renegade, I see; and, I think, a monster. You are mad with pride and conceit of your own wisdom. So I know you for a fool.

RINALDO: The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

LAYLAH: Prate on! Even the dust mocks at you.

RINALDO: There are snakes in the dust.

LAYLAH: What do you mean?

RINALDO: I saw it in your eyes three minutes since. I did not need to turn my head to know that on the horizon gallop your husband and his band.

LAYLAH: You are clever.

RINALDO: And you were forced despite yourself to drop a hint that might warn me to rejoin my knights.

LAYLAH: No!

RINALDO: Yes. By that I knew that you loved me.

LAYLAH: And by this (*she strikes him*) know that I hate you.

RINALDO: You are too young. I have seen lions.

LAYLAH: You are a savage.

RINALDO: Nature is savage. Passion is savage. The God alike of Jews and Moslems delights in death. Or why are we men and beasts slain in His honor? Brutal force is at the heart of things. Man is dragged crying from his mother's womb in dire agony; man fights his surroundings -- the nearer they are the more bitterly must he fight them -- and at last he is hurled fighting into the hungry mouth of death.

LAYLAH: The cloud grows.

RINALDO: Indeed you love me, if you bid me waste no time.

LAYLAH: Oh no! ... I must respect you. You treat me as if I were a pebble in the sand. Nothing moves you.

RINALDO: Love moves me.

LAYLAH: We are opposites in all.

RINALDO: So Nature hath ordained. Man hates his neighbor: but when he finds his opposite, he loves it. All joy is the warfare of enemies, from the clash of lance and sabre, when Saracen meet Christian on the plain to -- this, when Christian crushes Saracen in his arms and -- [*He clasps her.*]

LAYLAH: Oh! [*The pitcher is overturned and the water flows out*]

RINALDO: I love you.

LAYLAH: I am a speck of dust in the simoom.

RINALDO: Let it whirl! There is no more Christian and Saracen, but man and woman -- as it was in the beginning and for ever shall be

[*He has borne her in his arms to the tall grasses.*]

[*She struggles uselessly. They are now invisible.*]

LAYLAH: Help me, O God of Battles!

RINALDO: God is love.

[*Music. From the well issues a nymph dressed in silver and azure gauze, with jewels and roses in her hair.*]

[*After her a cluster of children.*]

THE NYMPH [*sings*]:

In the well
Where I dwell
It is cool, it is dusk;
But the truth
Of my youth
Is a place of musk.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
Light and night are one to Him!

In the dark
You may mark
The slow ooze of my springs,
But you know
Not the glow
Where the soul of me sings.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim:
Life and death are one to Him!

There is cold
 In the old
 Grey gloom of my caves;
 There is heat
 In the beat
 Of my passionate waves.
 Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
 Love and hate are one to Him.

[They dance and return to the well. R. and L. are now seen behind the grasses, she sobbing upon his shoulder.]

RINALDO: The cloud blackens all the sky. Laylah!
 [He takes the scorpion from his helmet.]

Keep this token of me.

LAYLAH: For a token of hate and of revenge!

RINALDO: As you will. But the Crusades are ended!

[He draws her to the well, and lays her down. With her arms on the low wall, and her face hidden, she sobs. RINALDO takes his palfrey, and, with one glance over his shoulder towards the enemy and another to LAYLAH, rides off, driving the spurs into his horse. LAYLAH remains sobbing. After a long interval she half-rises, and stretching her arms after him, calls brokenly:]

LAYLAH: Come back! ... Come back! ...

[Sobs again take her more violently than ever. She struggles to her feet, holds out the scorpion crest and calls:]

Come back! ... Come back!

[She collapses. Dead silence. After a little the distant galloping of horses is heard. It grows louder and louder. LAYLAH rises, mistress of herself, kisses the golden scorpion and hides it at her heart, and refills the pitcher.

[Enter a band of Saracens, who dismount. Their leader, the EMIR SAID OMAR, rushes forward to the well.]

SAID OMAR: Victory! we have chased the infidels three days, and the vultures of the desert are gorged, and the jackals burst with fatness. My gazelle, didst thou languish for me? My rose, my tulip, my anemone, slim palm of the oasis, sweet water of the well! We shall feast to-night, little one, star of the night, beautiful young moon over the sand-dunes!

[He clasps her in his arms.]

LAYLAH: [tonelessly] Victory! ay, victory is sweet. We shall feast to-night. [She shudders]

SAID OMAR: [seeing that all is not well] What is it? What is it?

LAYLAH: I have had evil dreams.

SAID OMAR [to his men]: On to the houses! We must feast; we must sleep. [He takes LAYLAH on his saddlebow.] You must sleep, whisper of the west wind!

LAYLAH: I shall have evil dreams.

SAID OMAR: No! you shall not sleep to-night, white fairy of

Paradise, black-eyed gazelle of the wilderness!

LAYLAH: Be gentle with me... I ache... I have been stung by a scorpion.

SAID OMAR: There are no scorpions in the winter. Where is the wound?

[LAYLAH puts her hand to her heart, and falls fainting limp across the saddlebow.]

Call Ibrahim, the wise physician! On to the houses!

[Exeunt. The voice of the nymph of the well, faintly from below:

"Truth comes bubbling to my brim:
Love and Hate are one to Him!"]

CURTAIN

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT II

LAYLAH, wife of Sidi Omar

SLIMAN, her son by Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle

OTHMAN, AKBAR, MOHAMMED, her sons by Sidi Omar

FATMA, her aged Nubian nurse

LEDMIYA, a young handmaiden, musical. Other waiting-women.

Pipe-slaves

ABDUL KHAN, an eunuch. Other eunuchs

ACHMET, sequerry to Sliman

A FAIR-HAIRED CHRISTIAN MAIDEN, daughter to Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle

MESSENGERS

THE POPULACE

ACT II

Twenty years later. An Oriental Palace in a city near Jerusalem; the Hall of Audience. In the throne is LAYLAH veiled. Around her are waiting-women and her old nurse FATMA. At the door an eunuch on guard with drawn scimitar.

LEDMIYA [a young girl with a stringed instrument]:

As the flower waits for the rain,
 As the lover waits for the moon,
 We wait, we wait, an hungry pain,
 For tidings from the battle plain --
 If those we love are hurt or slain,
 Or if the Lord hath smitten again
 The Legions of the Cross, and hewn
 A path of blood where glory flares,
 The sabre strikes, the trumpet blares,
 The warhorse neighs, -- Oh let us see
 The Crescent borne to victory!

LAYLAH: Is there no news?

FATMA: It is rumoured that the battle has begun.

LEDMIYA: Under the very walls of Jerusalem!

ABDUL KHAN: Within the southern gate.

FATMA: Many, many will fall. Alas, alas!

LAYLAH: Sliman is strong and brave -- my splendid boy.

FATMA: Ay, there are hairs on his chin. But the strongest and the bravest fall first.

LAYLAH: Thou ominous owl! Be silent, or I will have thee whipped.

FATMA: Oh! Oh! indeed I only say what we all know. If he should die indeed, thou mayest have Sidi Omar left, thy dear lord. And Othman, and Akbar, and Mohammed!

LAYLAH: Sliman is my first-born.

FATMA: Ay, he is not like his brothers. He is square and solid-set. He is more like the cedar than the palm.

LAYLAH: Sidi Omar's mother was a princess from Lebanon.

FATMA: He is silent and stern.

LAYLAH: Sidi Omar's father was the holiest man of Syria. He lived alone forty years in the mountain.

FATMA: He is relentless in anger, and obeys not. One would say there was Christian blood in him.

LAYLAH: On the night of his begetting there was Christian blood on Sidi Omar's hands.

FATMA: He is as fair as a Christian.

LAYLAH: The men of Sidi Omar's tribe are white men, thou wizened old black witch.

FATMA: Ah! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Happy the prince whose wife is as faithful as thou. Thou canst not open thy mouth without uttering his name.

LAYLAH: Do not take it in thine, mother of lies!

FATMA: My mouth has been shut these twenty years.

LAYLAH: What? Any time these twenty years thou hast deserved a beating, old scandal-monger! And often thou hast had it.

FATMA: It was not a beating that thou didst earn, princess. Many a time I have fetched water from the well by --

LAYLAH: Abdul Khan! take out this prating hag and beat her soundly. Fatma! this is the last time I leave thy lying tongue in that camel-lipped old face of an unbelieving Jinneeyah!

[The eunuch drags her out, screaming and scolding.]

What news? What news?

LEDMIYA [at the window]: A horseman gallops from Jerusalem.

LAYLAH: Oh, quick, quick, quick, his tidings! For pity's sake. Would it were the winged horse of brass! I am distracted. Mind me not! I can wait. A queen must be able to wait.

LEDMIYA: He is quite near now. And in the distance is a glint, and a faint shouting. I think the battle is coming here.

LAYLAH: Oh, we cannot have been beaten! Sliman is so strong and brave.

FATMA [re-entering]: All is lost! All is lost! Let us all flee!

LAYLAH: Peace, parrot! [Enter Messenger.]

MESSANGER: Pardon, princess!

LAYLAH: Thy news, or thy head shall pay it.

MESSANGER: Glorious news! Sidi Omar hath entered Jerusalem, and sacked the House of the Knights Templars, and the House of the Knights Hospitallers, and --

LEDMIYA [at window]: Oh, I can see the spears shining through the dust of the horses!

MESSANGER: -- but --

LAYLAH: Speak, if thou wouldst ever speak again!

MESSANGER: But the Knights of Malta appeared in great strength, riding from the valley on their noble chargers, armed at all points --

LAYLAH: Yes? Yes?

MESSANGER: So that we judged it best to fall back upon the reserves. The Maltese fell upon us -- you may see them fighting now.

LAYLAH: What news of my brave Sliman?

FATMA: And Sidi Omar? And Othman? And Akbar? And Mohammed?

LAYLAH: Peace. What news?

MESSANGER: Sidi Omar is hurt.

LAYLAH: And Sliman?

MESSANGER: I do not know, princess.

LAYLAH: Get forth, back to the fight. Reward him, ye!

FATMA: Reward for such bad news! What is the world coming to? In my young days --

LAYLAH: Such withered weeds were burnt.

FATMA: Alas, Sidi Omar! The strong, the brave, the comely! He is dead, he is dead.

LAYLAH: Hurt, said the messenger.

LEDMIYA: Now comes another from the fight, riding hard. He bears a fair-haired child across the saddle. Oh, do look!

LAYLAH: Is there no messenger?

LEDMIYA: It is Achmet! It is good Achmet!

LAYLAH: The equerry of Prince Sliman! Out of the way, girl!

[She pushes LEDMIYA roughly from the window.]

Booty! He must be well and victorious! Bring him in! Now we shall know -- good tidings! Good tidings!

[She paces up and down impatiently. Enter ACHMET with a young girl.]

ACHMET: The duty of my Lord! Good tidings from the battle. The spoils of my lord's spear! He prays you to keep her among the women until he return and place her in his harem.

LAYLAH: A man! He is a man! I have 'borne a man-child, a lion,

a conqueror!

ACHMET: Indeed, he has slain twenty Christians with his own hand. And still he is in the front of the battle. He laughed: "To-day I am a man, I need thee no more; be my chamberlain and carry this toy to my mother." I think she is a princess.

THE CHILD: My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he is coming to cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH: Leave her with us! Ride back on a fresh horse, and bear aid to the prince. [Exit ACHMET.]

LEDMIYA [at window]: There is a tumult in the courtyard, and a great wailing. [Wailing without.]

LAYLAH: The sun will be set in an hour. One hour more of favour and protection for my boy, oh God of Battles!

THE CHILD: Our God is love! He will protect me, I know.

LAYLAH: Imp! Be silent! How you startled me! And now I look at you -- what is it? what is it? You frighten me. Take her away -- there, with the pipe-slaves. [FATMA takes the child down stage to the pipe-slaves.]

THE CHILD: You are ugly, you black creature!

LEDMIYA: Oh! Oh! [She runs to LAYLAH and hides in the folds of her dress.]

LAYLAH: What now?

LEDMIYA: They are bringing in a corpse.

LAYLAH: Oh my God -- if Achmet lied!

[The door opens. The corpse of SIDI OMAR is brought in by six eunuchs.]

Ah! [She goes down hall.] Lay him there! [She rends her veil.] Sidi Omar, these twenty years have I been wedded to thee and thou hast not known my heart! Leave me, that I may bewail him as is fitting.

[All depart but FATMA and LEDMIYA and the PIPE-SLAVES with their prisoner.]

Fatma, do thou lament. I await tidings of the battle. Is there sign of a messenger?

[FATMA goes to corpse and mutters over it.]

LEDMIYA [at window]: There are many that make hither. Some bear the dead away -- two, three, five, eight, oh so many! Some ride weary or wounded...

LAYLAH: Some ride like messengers?

LEDMIYA: No. Yes, one. No, he has fallen from his horse, and lies still. [Wailing without.]

LAYLAH: Go, bid those fools be quiet. Is there not enough woe in this house but that their shrieks should edge it?

[LEDMIYA goes out. The wailing stops. Then suddenly it begins again more loudly than before.]

FATMA: More death! More misery!

[LEDMIYA returns, and goes again to window.]

LAYLAH: Silence, thou blotchy spider! Thou baboon of ugliness! Mother of curses!

[Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of the boy MOHAMMED.]

Ah God! my youngest, my own delicate darling! Lay him by his sire! [She goes down and bends over him.] Was not this arm too tender to

bear a sword? Why would he go to the battle? He was made for luting and the zephyr. His eyes were larger and lovelier than the gazelle's! His eyebrows were blacker than the kohl upon mine eyelids. Alas, my baby! My young one, my tender one! ... Is there tidings, girl?

LEDMIYA: One rides fast. His horse stumbles at the gate. He leaps clear. The horse has fallen. He runs hither.

LAYLAH: News! News!

[LEDMIYA goes out. Enter a Messenger.]

2ND MESSENGER: The duty of my lord to his mother! We keep the hounds at bay now. Prince Sliman is like the Angel of Death. No man can stand before him. The Christians tremble, and give back when he rides against them.

LAYLAH: A man! A man! He is not hurt?

2ND MESSENGER: Scratches. As if a lion were at play with kittens!

LAYLAH: I am glad he has scratches. Every one shall be sung by the poets as if it were the axe-blow of old Duke Walter.

[Again the wailing surges in the courtyard. LEDMIYA rushes in.]

LEDMIYA: Alas, alas, my queen! I cannot say it! Do not ask me to say it! ... They are bringing him in.

LAYLAH: Who? Devil-child! [She strikes her. Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of AKBAR.] Forgive me! I am not myself. I am not a woman. Lay him there, beside his father! [She goes down to corpse.] Akbar, my little one! Strong wast thou and greater than thy brothers. Thou hadst the hawk's eye, and the deer's foot; and thine hand on the bowstring was surer and stronger than thy father's! Three, of my five, my five that should guard me and cherish me! Three taken, and two left! Yet, while one is left...

LEDMIYA [at window]: The battle is fiercer every moment. Hundreds and hundreds must be killed. But the press is thinner. I can make out the banners. Oh! I can see Sliman's banner!

LAYLAH: Let me see! Let me see! [She rushes to window.] Yes! It flows free in the good air! How fierce he fights. I cannot see him; but he must be there. Yes! It moves forward now; the Christians part before him like the air before an arrow. The dust swallows all up again. [Wailing rises without, louder and more insistent.] A curse upon these fools! But for them I could hear his battle-cry.... Has he ever cried, and I not heard him? Oh, why did the strange knight not bear me on his palfrey? I must be mad.

FATMA: You must be mad!

LAYLAH: Bewail the dead, thou bald vulture, shaggy toothless crone, dam of perdition! There floats the banner again, above them all. The Templar's banner dips, some one has cut through the staff. The Christians are in rout....

[Four eunuchs enter, bearing the corpse of OTHMAN.]

FATMA: Othman is dead! Alas! Alas! Weep, mother, three brave boys beside their sire! All dead! dead!

LAYLAH [not turning from window]: Lay him beside his father and his two brothers! Brave banner! Brave banner! We go through the Christians as a wedge cleaves a plank, as a ship cleaves the sea, as a bird cleaves the air! Victory! Sliman! Sliman! Drive them, like cattle, to their walls again!

FATMA: She has always been mad! I wonder what really happened.

LAYLAH: The sun is setting in blood. There are storm-clouds lit like burning charcoal blown upon by the mightiest of the Djinn. I cannot see the banner. It grows dark. They must stop fighting soon. They will withdraw to their walls -- nay, let them camp among the dead! Come back with tidings! Tell me, Sliman is safe. Ah! there sounds the horn of truce.

THE CHILD: My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he will come and cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH [*goes down to her*]: Thou preposterous little curd of sour milk! Thy father is dead! I saw the Banner of the Temple snap like a dry twig. My brave son Sliman cut it at a single blow. He will whip home the dogs, your friends, and you shall be his toy to play with and break and make sport of. He will twist your skinny arm -- so! [*She catches the child's wrist, twists it, and makes her scream.*] Spindle-legged little spider! [*The child bites her wrist.*] Venomous as a scorpion!

THE CHILD: My father's crest is a scorpion.

LAYLAH: No! No! it cannot be. I am mad. I hear a strange thing. Now I know what I saw in your face. Child! Child! I am sorry I hurt you. I want to be friends with you. I am all-powerful here. No harm shall come to you! His child! Come and kiss me!

[*The child shrinks away.*]

No! I am sorry. I am your good friend. I will take you back to your father. He is not dead. I am sure he is not dead.

THE CHILD: I do not understand you.

LAYLAH: Oh, you shall understand. Your father will make you understand! [*changing again to roughness*] What was your mother like? Had she your golden hair, and the complexion like a shaved sow? And the simper, and the grey eyes? I have grey eyes too; but mine are steel-grey, true as steel; and yours are chill and watery. But you have your father's temper, and his silence, and his will.

THE CHILD: What do you know of my father?

LAYLAH: Nothing. I only jested; I wanted to try you, to hear what you would say. Tell me about your mother.

THE CHILD: She was a fair and noble lady. She died when I was born.

LAYLAH: Thank God!

THE CHILD: I do not understand.

LAYLAH: Oh! Will your father say, "I do not understand?" What am I? Yet I gave him my greatest gift -- and I have a gift that he has always had and I have never lost.

THE CHILD: Are you an enchantress? You do not talk sense.

LAYLAH: You are the child of an enchanter.

THE CHILD: My father burns enchanters alive when he catches them.

LEDMIYA [*at window*]: There is a great concourse without. The men are returning. They ride slowly, as in peace. But one rides fast, for I can hear his hoofs ring the gallop above all the trampling.

LAYLAH: It is Sliman! His horse has silver shoes. Wait there, Child! I have joy for you to come.

[*A horse is heard galloping into the courtyard, and a battle-cry, La Allah illa Allah, rings out in a boy's clear voice, a voice weary yet supremely happy.*]

LAYLAH [*Almost beside herself*]: Sliman! to me! to your mother!
 [*Sliman enters, in his right hand his sword still dripping blood.*]

SLIMAN: Splendid fun, mother! We should have had the whole city, but those cursed Knights of Malta threatened our flank. And father told me I was a better leader for withdrawing than if I had gone on and taken the city. There! Aha! little one! you are caged safely, canary. Thanks, mother! Don't kiss me. I'm all blood.
 [*She smothers him with kisses.*]

LAYLAH: Oh, you're wounded. Ledmiya, the kerchief, quick. And the Arabian oil, and the balsam.

SLIMAN: Nonsense, mother, it's nothing. But think! I slew twenty knights -- they haven't the strength of babies. It was like cracking eggshells. All except one. He was as strong as I, but not so quick. So I cut him down, and took his crest for a brooch for you, mother dear. [*He holds out a golden crest.*]

LAYLAH: The scorpion!

THE CHILD: The scorpion! [*She retires and watches.*]

LAYLAH: Boy, you have killed your father. [*She stands thunder-struck.*]

SLIMAN: Oh no, mother! Father and the boys all died in the *mêlée* when we were thrown back on the reserve. The Knights of St John charged in line. It was rough-and-tumble for a few minutes, indeed it was. When I got out, their banners were swept far down the fighting line. There was a mess of varlets between us; before I could sweep them away the Knights had rolled over Sidi Omar and my brothers -- the whole wing was destroyed. I rallied the right on the centre, and -- why, mother, you're not listening!

LAYLAH [*taking his sword*]: This sword killed your father. Listen! Sidi Omar was not your father. Your father ravished me, a virgin and a princess, and left me only this for a token. [*She takes the jewelled scorpion from her breast.*] I took it for hate and revenge; wherein I lied, for I loved him, and I love him. God has punished my lie, making you -- the token of love -- the minister of revenge. So then -- be he avenged!

[*She strikes the neck of SLIMAN and he falls dead. She stands stupefied.*]

THE CHILD [*coming forward and picking up the scorpion that SLIMAN had in his hand*]: I thank thee, lady. My brother is avenged. [*She dips the scorpion in his blood and fastens it in her dress.*]

LAYLAH [*shortly*]: Your brother lies there dead.

THE CHILD: I am sorry, if he was my brother. He was a brave boy. He picked me up and threw me to a servant just as if I had been an old tabard.

LAYLAH: Your father's trick!

THE CHILD: I do not understand.

LAYLAH: Understand this. I have slain my son because he slew his father; and all I look for is for some one to slay me also!

THE CHILD: But you say his father is my father.

LAYLAH: Was! Was!

THE CHILD: But it is my brother who was slain by Sliman. My father is in Rome; he is coming hither with the next fair wind.

LAYLAH: Fair wind! God! It is I then who have slain our son. The scorpion! My sole token. [*She falls on SLIMAN'S corpse.*] My son! only son of my love! one sole jewel of the world wert thou. And the accursèd scorpion has betrayed me. Oh, let me from this hour throw off all womanhood, all kindness, all compassion -- all but my love that has made my heart a hell. From this hell spring forth fiery scorpions -- Eunuchs! Girls! let us be men! Take swords! take spears! Truce or no truce, night or no night, out to the field. Let us slay the dogs as they lie. God, hear me! Make me mightier than Semiramis! Hate and revenge! Battle and death! To arms! To arms! Out into the night!

[*During this speech the eunuchs, girls, and slaves, catching her madness, have all armed themselves from the trophies on the wall. They troop out, running and jostling. LAYLAH turns to the Name of God above the throne, and waving her sabre, cries:*]

Hear me, thou God of Battles! [*Exit.*]

THE CHILD: God is love. And he has protected me.

[*Alone among the corpses.*]

CURTAIN

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT III

SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, *Grand Master of the Temple*

A BISHOP

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KING OF JERUSALEM

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST JOHN

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA

CLERKS, USHERS, ADVOCATES, etc.

TORTURERS

A PHYSICIAN

THE KING OF JERUSALEM

MANY DIGNITARIES AND THEIR LADIES

THE CROWD

ISAAC, a Jew.

AN URCHIN

LAYLAH, now known as Princess Koureddin

ACT III

SCENE I: Twenty years later. Jerusalem. The Council Chamber of the Grand Tribunal. A Bishop, as Grand Inquisitor. On his right, RINALDO; now become Grand Master of the Temple; on his left the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. Beyond these, the Grand Master of the Knights of St John and the representative of the King of Jerusalem. Clerks, Ushers, etc. A military guard. Clerical functionaries of all sorts. Under guard LAYLAH, unveiled, scarred with sword-cuts, a stern savage virago.

BISHOP: Let the indictment be read.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT: Princess Kahar-ud-din or Koureddin, you are arraigned of witchcraft. Firstly that on the night of the victory to the Crusaders' arms, by God's grace, during a period of truce, you did sally forth with a horde of slaves and women; by many accounted devils, and did attack and destroy the armies of the Crusaders.

PROSECUTOR: We say this was by witchcraft. How else could a rabble of slaves and women defeat the heroes who, though barely two thousand strong, had that day destroyed four hundred thousand and above of your best warriors?

LAYLAH: On our side was the God of Battles.

BISHOP: My daughter, God is love.

LAYLAH: Lord Bishop, I have heard that phrase thrice in three score years. The first time a man used it to destroy a child: the second time a child used it to murder her brother; this time you use it to torture and burn an honourable adversary.

BISHOP: Child of the devil, you blaspheme. Be silent! On the first count, guilty.

[Several JUDGES, but not RINALDO, echo "Guilty." Throughout this scene RINALDO sits absolutely silent and motionless, except that now and then he makes a gesture of weariness and impatience.]

THE CLERK: Secondly, that you have in these twenty years past gathered a band of lawless ruffians, and constantly assailed the defenders of the sepulchre, with malice and deadly hatred.

PROSECUTOR: We say that no woman could do thus, unless aided by Satan.

LAYLAH: Dido, Queen of Carthage, was renowned as a warrior, and Semiramis, Queen of Nineveh.

BISHOP: Both pagans. On the second count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK: Thirdly, that you did discard the modesty of womanhood and put on armour enchanted.

PROSECUTOR: We say that, forasmuch as many good knights have ridden against it with sword and lance and not availed to pierce it, this was by magic and forbidden art.

LAYLAH [contemptuously]: It was good armour.

BISHOP: The prisoner mocks us. On the third count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK: Fourthly, that you did at midnight upon Martinmas, eighteen years ago, in the valley of Hinnom, on the stone called Succoth, bind yourself in a diabolical pact with Satan, whereby he granted the power to change your sex at will, since which time you have become the father of an innumerable brood of devils, and in particular have travelled by night in the form of an owl to assault the virtue of many holy servants of the True Faith, notably at the Convent of St Anne in this city, whereby the bodies and souls of the nuns were possessed and destroyed.

PROSECUTOR: We say this is plain witchcraft.

[LAYLAH takes no notice.]

BISHOP: Silence under such a charge is contumacious, and equivalent to confession. On the fourth count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK: Fifthly, that you do take the form of a bat, and suck the blood of sleeping children, and moreover have bewitched divers cows to the prejudice of the Holy Orders of Knights Hospitaller and others, lawful owners of the aforesaid cows.

PROSECUTOR: All clear marks of a witch!

LAYLAH: Your Saviour sent devils into swine.

BISHOP: Blasphemy on blasphemy! [crosses himself] Sure only the devil could speak thus. On the fifth count, guilty.

[JUDGES echo "Guilty."]

CLERK: Sixthly --

BISHOP: Stay, gentle sir. Have we not heard enough? Must the ears of the Court be further polluted with a recital of these abominations?

G.M. OF ST J.: We have heard enough.

G.M. OF MALTA: Enough, my lord Bishop.

REP. OF K. OF JERUSALEM: Enough.

BISHOP [to RINALDO]: And you, Grand Master?

RINALDO: More than enough.

BISHOP: My beloved daughter! God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should repent and be saved. It is therefore the most merciful provision of our just and merciful law that none be condemned without confession. Let me urge you to make peace with God and man.

LAYLAH: Peace, peace! when there is no peace.

BISHOP: We are not moved by insult from our most merciful purpose. Summon the executioners.

[A CLERK goes with the order. Enter torturers with their implements. Also a Physician.]

LAYLAH: Your steel against my will. It is a fair bout.

BISHOP: Apply the thumbscrews.

[The torturers bind LAYLAH and apply the torture.]

[To G.M. of St John] My cook is a great knave, you must know. I bade him prepare me a pasty of quails toward to-night, and the varlet swears there are no quails on the market. Now this morning riding I saw quails with these eyes. The air was as thick with them as when the Children of Israel were miraculously fed.

G.M. OF ST J.: A new miracle if the knave escape. But will not

your lordship dine with me to-night?

BISHOP: Thanks, good Grand Master.

FIRST TORTURER: My lord, I think I heard a sigh.

PHYSICIAN: Only a natural motion of the body, by your leave, my lord, I venture to opine. Her lip is bitten through.

BISHOP: What wickedness! Truly, my lords, Satan hath great power in these latter days, spoken of by St Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. Force her mouth open.

[A torturer obeys.]

PHYSICIAN: Pardon, my lord, if she utters no sound. She hath swallowed her tongue, a notorious devilry of Arabian enchanters. By your leave, my lord, the tongue should be pulled forward. Her soul would be lost (begging your lordship's pardon) should she choke now.

BISHOP: Rightly said. And on your head be it! Redouble the thumb-screws.

[A torturer pulls her tongue forward with pincers. LAYLAH groans.]

TORTURER: I certainly heard somewhat.

BISHOP: Articulate?

TORTURER: I dare hardly say, my lord.

BISHOP: The needles.

TORTURER: They are white-hot. How many, my lord?

BISHOP: Three behind each eyeball should suffice.

TORTURER: It is done. There is a sound like "wa".

PHYSICIAN [in triumph]: "Aiwa", my lord Bishop, "aiwa" without a doubt. It is "yes" in their heathen tongue.

BISHOP: I heard it. We all heard it. Glory to God! Release the prisoner.

[LAYLAH is released. She is unconscious and falls limp.]

Sir Clerk, write down that the prisoner made full confession and repented of her crimes, desiring to be reconciled with God and His holy church. My own chaplain shall baptize her and administer the sacrament. Glory to God in the Highest for one more soul torn from the grasp of Satan.

My beloved daughter, behold you now at peace with God and with His holy church. Your sins are forgiven you. But the secular arm is not yet satisfied; your crimes, the crimes to which you have confessed, must be expiated according to law. The sentence of the Court is that you be handed over to the secular arm; I beg of you [turning to the Representative of the King of Jerusalem], the Court begs of you, that you will deal mercifully with the prisoner, without shedding of blood.

REPRESENTATIVE OF K. OF J. A stake shall be prepared. [To the soldiers:] Remove the prisoner to the strongest dungeon, and let the guard be trebled. Witchcraft has many tricks.

BISHOP: The Court is dissolved. My lords, will you please breakfast with me? [JUDGES murmur assent.]

RINALDO: Thank you, my lord, but I have my bellyful.

[The others exchange glances and go out. RINALDO is left alone. He goes to the place of torture.]

There is blood on the floor. It fell from her lip that she bit

through.... Pilate washed his hands in water. Had I power I would wash mine in blood, in the blood of these monsters of cruelty -- no, of stupidity. But I am too old. I gave all for power, and I used all my power to reconcile, to heal, to amend the matter. So at the end I find myself a toothless dog. Bigotry I could have beaten: it is this mountain of stupidity that crushes me. Shall I summon my knights and join the Saracen army? That were only to change the balance, to change the cross, soaked in the blood of humanity, for the crescent, pale flame of madness. Oh could I destroy both! ... Forty years ago I strove to reconcile them by love, by sympathy. What came of it? A frolic crime, sterile as all my thoughts are. Nothing, nothing has ever come of anything that I have ever done. Yet that came nearest to success; for it was my one touch of love. I have never loved since, as most surely I had never loved before. She is dead long ago.... Oh, these years of carnage! The Holy Sepulchre that hid the body of Him whose innocent blood was shed is not worth one drop of innocent blood -- like this. [*He bows, takes the blood on his finger and crosses his forehead with it.*] The brand of Cain! Would it have saved her if I had thrust my poniard into that hypocrite's throat? I can do nothing but wait, binding chosen knights with an oath -- the oath of the Knights of the Royal Mystery... that God is one; that to love God and man is enough.... Peace, Tolerance, Truth. Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase. If I cry out "Down with tyranny! Down with superstition and imposture!" the first knight thinks me mad; the second that I have some politic baseness toward; the third that I mean Saracens; the fourth suspects the truth, and destroys me. Anon... Anon...
 [*He goes sorrowfully out.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II. A few days later. A public place in Jerusalem. In the midst a stake with faggots. Seats for the dignitaries, some thirty or forty of whom are present, most with their ladies. There is present moreover a motley crowd of all classes of society, Christian and Saracen. Note especially ISAAC, a fat good-tempered Jew, and an URCHIN of some twelve years old. In front are jugglers, tumblers, singers and dancers, hucksters, etc., all of whom ply their trade merrily. The Official Procession now enters, the guard clearing away these folk. All take their seats, chatting. The Bishop is enthroned, in full canonicals. He is supported by three acolytes, bearing bell, book and candle. LAYLAH brought in and bound to stake. The Bishop rises at a signal from the King, and begins a long declamation in Latin. The general confusion gradually subsides.

URCHIN: Uncle Isaac, take me on thy stout shoulder. I want to see the witch burnt.

ISAAC: All in good time. The holy Bishop is still cursing, I think.

BISHOP [concluding, raises his voice to drown the general conversation]: In Saecula Saeculorum. Amen!

ALL: Amen!

K. OF J. [enthroned near the Bishop]: Let the sentence be executed.
[The Executioner brings forward his torch, which he lights at the BISHOP'S candle.]

BISHOP [blessing]: Absolvo te.

[The Executioner thrusts his torch into the pyre. The flames spring up. At this moment the wind suddenly rises in a fury, and the sky darkens. There is no light but the flicker of the straw.]

[All present are alarmed; many cry out.]

BISHOP: Witchcraft! [He cowers on his throne. The people move confusedly about, some trying to escape, others to get better places.]

K. OF J.: Keep order, guards!

[The guards restore order after a struggle.]

URCHIN: O do lift me up, Uncle Isaac!

ISAAC: What do you want to see a witch burnt for, boy?

[He takes the boy on his shoulder.]

URCHIN: O, it's jolly!

ISAAC: Well then, you're a fool for your pains. This woman isn't a witch at all. But she was a better and braver soldier than any of their knights, so when they caught her at last -- there you are!

URCHIN: She's a Saracen, isn't she?

ISAAC: Yes. If we only had a Jewess now-a-days like her! There was Deborah once, and Jael, and Judith. But the glory is departed, boy, the glory is departed.

URCHIN: I'm a Saracen, you know.

ISAAC: You're a heavy little old Man of the Sea!

URCHIN: The flames are creeping up her body now. Oh! I'm so angry; I'm so angry.

ISAAC: You mustn't be angry, or you'll never be fat.

URCHIN: I don't want to be fat. I want to kill all the people.

ISAAC: Well, well, you shall one day, if you're good.

URCHIN: Yes, I will.

ISAAC: There, the wind has blown her robe open. What's that? Diamonds, by Abraham! What waste! What terrible waste!

RINALDO [leaping from his seat]: The scorpion!

[He rushes to the pyre and clasps LAYLAH in his arms.]

Laylah! My one love!

LAYLAH: Rinaldo!

RINALDO: We might not live together. God is love; He lets us die together.

LAYLAH: Together at last!

RINALDO: You and I, love, you and I.

LAYLAH: You and I.

[The flames blaze to heaven with a roar. RINALDO and LAYLAH are blotted out.]

URCHIN: What has he done?

ISAAC: He was trying to save his diamonds. That was the Grand

Master of the Temple. It was his crest; she must have stolen it.
A diamond scorpion! Oh dear! Oh dear!

URCHIN: I'll be a dragon, with wings. They shan't burn me; I'll burn them.

ISAAC: Of course, you will, you little fire-eater. What's your great name?

URCHIN: Saladin.

CURTAIN

THE SCORPION first appeared in *THE EQUINOX*,
Volume I, Number 6, September 1911 e.v.

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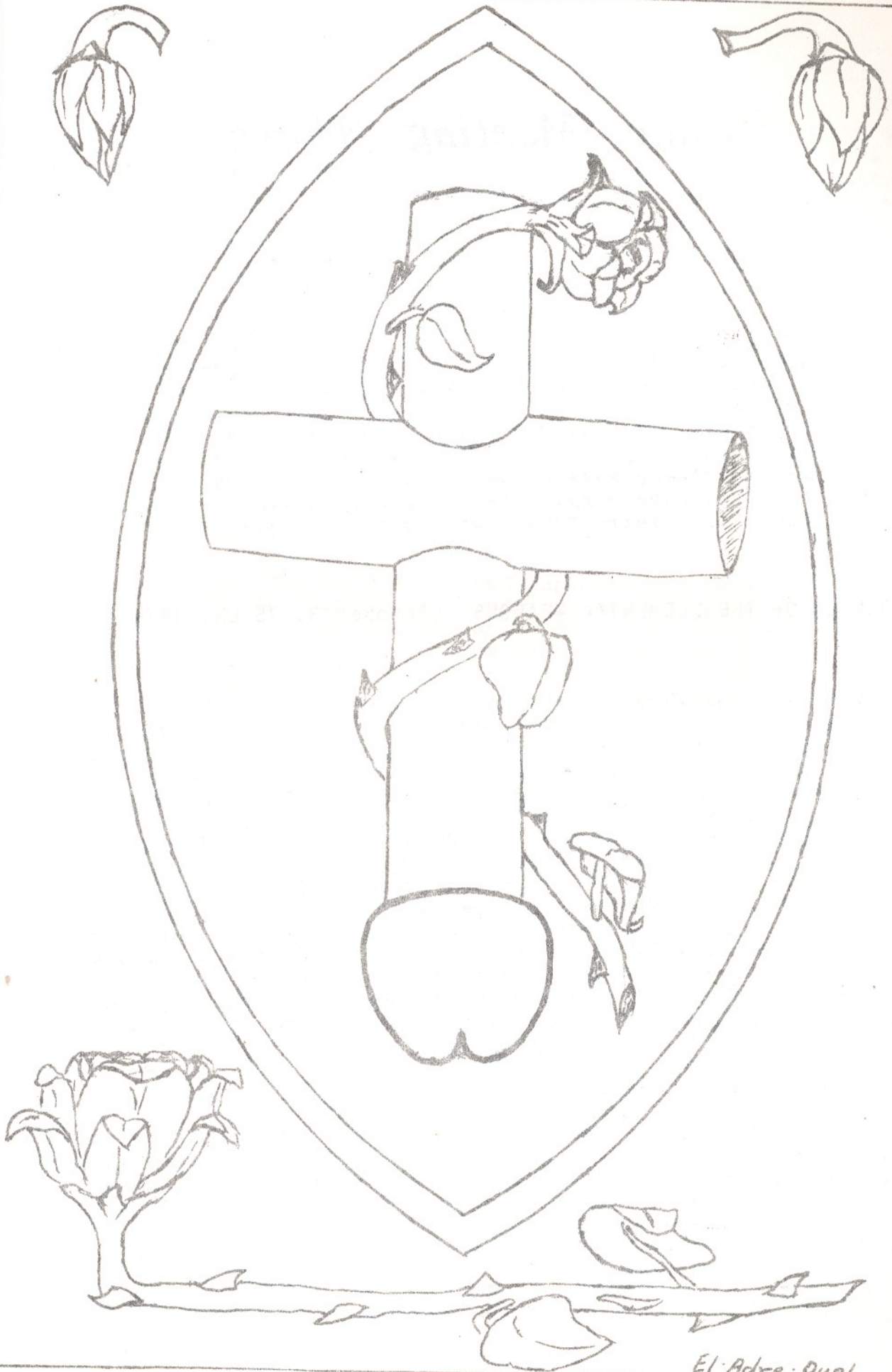
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Lodge Meeting Notes

[The following dialogue is extracted from recordings made during weekly study-workshops held by Ra Hoor Khuit Lodge. Since September, the topic has been Magick in Theory and Practice, one chapter each week. Participants in the following sessions were Ed Wormuth, Andy Chertow, Mike Ripple, Mechele, Dale Gowin, Alex Beck, Terry Dunne, and Scott Graham.]

I. FORMULA OF THE ELEMENTAL WEAPONS (October 3, 75 EN, 1979 ev)

ED: Aleister Crowley wrote the second chapter of MITAP, which he titled "The Formula of the Elemental Weapons"... He played with the elemental weapons till he got past the first one, decided he didn't like the idea of doing it at all, went on to something else, and talked about an entirely different thing throughout the entire chapter. He mentions the formula of the Wand, and says something that's really hazy to me. He says "he rises from point to point in a perpendicular line." [p. 16.] Perpendicular to what? From the line between the two points? From the floor? From what? What does that mean? And then the sentence, "or else, beginning at the top, he comes directly down, invoking first the god of that sphere..." Already he's out of the Wand; he's not talking about the Wand, that I can see. He goes on about conjuring. He said one sentence about the Wand. The next place where he's talking about an elemental weapon is the formula of the Cup, and all he says is that it's not well suited and that it's passive.

ANDY: He gives an interesting footnote, though.

ED: He says it's only suitable for the Highest. The third is the Dagger. While he does mention what its trip is, he does it in two sentences. The formula of the Pantacle he does not discuss. He just says it's of no particular use and it's neutral. At that point he goes on through methods of evocation or invocation. The five times I read this, that's what I got out of it.

Then he mentions the identification of the magician with the god: "...to do this in perfection involves the attainment of a species of Samadhi; and this fact alone suffices to link irrefragably magick with mysticism." Rather than being relevant to this chapter in particular, it is again him making the point of what the book is about in the first place, and trying to bring the word "magick" out of the superstitions and cosmic dust that are around it. I don't see anything about elemental weapons or the formula of elemental weapons from that point on. He refers to invocations, to methods of doing it, and he refers to the reciprocating formula where the magician is at first the active principle and then the passive principle; he refers to the Hebrew method -- but only negatively. It's like he started writing this chapter and he had to do something else, and when he came back to it he didn't want to do what he was doing so he went off and did something different. As much as I wanted to come off with a point-by-point critique of this thing, it just put me off. It was like he was putting off the question. I thought this was a really weak chapter, relative to the subject that it was supposed to cover.

MIKE: Before we get into our round-table, I'd like to point out some facets of the chapter. It began with the formula of the Wand, the Cup, the Dagger and the Pentacle. I feel that what is said about the pentacle is veiled, because the pentacle is the medium for fixing or grounding the force of magick, so it's extremely important. It's as important as any of the others.

I want to remind you that the title of this book is "Book 4", and the elemental weapons are four. I also remind you that the formula of 4 is A L, aleph lamed, three and one ($30 + 1 = 3 + 1$). ...The formula of the four elemental weapons can be seen in the symbolism of Yod Heh Vau Heh, or the Wand, the Cup, the Sword, and the Pentacle; or as Horus-Harpocrates, $0 = 2$. I'll give you examples of how he continually alludes to the four weapons throughout the entire chapter. Page 18, the top of the page: "...the attributes of the god are enshrined in speech, and such speeches are committed perfectly to memory. The invocation will then begin" -- here's the Wand, the Yod -- "with a prayer to the god, commemorating his physical attributes, always with profound understanding of their real meaning." That's the Yod. In the second part of the invocation comes the Cup, the first Heh, the Mother. "...the voice of the god is heard" -- it's recieved -- "and His characteristic utterance is recited." In the third part comes the Vau or the Sword. "...the magician asserts the identity of himself with the god." In the fourth part which is Heh Final or the Pentacle, "...the god is again invoked, but as if by Himself, as if it were the utterance of the will of the god that He should manifest in the magician. At the conclusion of this, the original object of the invocation is stated." -- and grounded, in the pentacle.

It gives the example of the Invocation of Thoth. It says, "the first part" -- here's the Yod, the Wand -- "begins with the words, 'Majesty of Godhead, wisdom-crowned TAHUTI, Thee, Thee I invoke.' Now I want to say that the formula of Yod Heh Vau Heh is the formula of the transition of consciousness from where one

begins a magical ritual, approaching the subject, getting into it, and then actually manifesting the force -- in real terms, in grounded, actual physical terms. He continually goes through this Yod Heh Vau Heh, or Wand Cup Sword Pentacle, right through the chapter. "At the conclusion of this a mental image of the God, infinitely vast and infinitely splendid, should be perceived, in just the same sense as a man might see the Sun." That's the Yod part: conceiving, naming the attributes, the speech, the initial approach.

"The second part begins with the words: 'Behold! I am yesterday, today, and the brother of tomorrow.' The magician should imagine that he is hearing the voice..." Now he's receiving this. He's done the Yod part, he's put the thrust out with the Wand, the will, and now he's receiving with the Cup. "...and at the same time that he is echoing it, that it is true also of himself." He's beginning to make the identification here in Heh. "This thought should so exalt him that he is able at its conclusion to utter the sublime words which open the third part:" -- the Vau or the Sword -- "Behold! he is in me, and I am in him." Now you're getting down to actual identification in a mental or intellectual sense.

"At this moment, he loses consciousness of his mortal being; he is that mental image which he previously but saw." He's making the wedding here in Tiphereth. Vau, the Sword, is centered in Tiphereth on the Tree of Life. Yod is Chokmah; Yod is the statement, the word, the beginning, the germ of the invocation. The Heh part where it says he hears it as an echo is the first reception, the beginning of the identification created through the will. Tiphereth is the Vau or the Sword part; that is where the actual mystical marriage takes place. It gives the relation of God and Man here in Tiphereth.

"The magician is only recalled to himself at the conclusion of the third part; in which occur, almost as if by accident, the words: 'Therefore do all things obey my word.' Yet in the fourth part" -- being the Pentacle or Malkuth -- "which begins: 'Therefore do thou come forth unto me', it is not really the magician who is addressing the God; it is the God who hears the far-off utterance of the magician."

On page 19 it talks about a 'reverberating' or 'reciprocating' formula; that again is the formula of Yod Heh Vau Heh or the four elemental weapons. Horus, in the beginning, is the active, Chokmah. Harpocrates is the reception. Horus is a part of the statement of identification. The 0 = 2 formula again reflects the four elemental weapons.

On page 20 (this is a change of subject) he goes into a thing about the Holy Guardian Angel. I think it's interesting; he ends the paragraph: "It is just possible that the magi wrote their conjurations on this crude hypothesis in order to avoid the clouding of the mind by doubt and metaphysical speculation." I believe this statement is significant. It seems to me that mystically speaking, the one thing that bars one from the experience of the Holy Guardian Angel is exactly metaphysical speculation. Down at the bottom of the page he goes on to say: "The mind is the great

enemy." Metaphysical speculation is a great enemy because it blinds us to the experience. "So, by invoking enthusiastically" -- a key word -- "a person whom we know not to exist, we are rebuking the mind." He goes on to say, "Yet we should not refrain altogether from philosophising in the light of the Holy Qabalah." It is the natural tendency of the mind to 'metaphysize' its experiences, and he's saying that you shouldn't just refute these altogether: "We should accept the Magical Hierarchy as a more or less convenient classification of the facts of the Universe as they are known to us; and as our knowledge and understanding of those facts increase, so should we endeavor to adjust our idea of what we mean by any symbol." Symbols should be left 'open' so they can be constantly adjusted and expanded.

In the last paragraph, where he says "...this 'straightforward' system of magick..." I think what he's maybe saying here is that never before have people really taken a very scientific relation to this sort of stuff. He's coming out and saying that the *correspondentia* -- *correspondentia* was the foundation of medieval science -- the correspondences of things in nature. But it was always like a supernatural thing. Material science as we know it today overthrew *correspondentia*, overthrew medieval science. What he's saying is that the correspondences in Book 777 really represent facts in nature. We have adjusted magick to the facts of nature and the facts of science. And at the end, "It has seemed as if the success were obtained almost in spite of the ceremony." He's saying that when he ran through some of these old rituals, like from the Goetia, that it was like running through old timber, and it just wasn't turning him on. And if it turned him on, it was something that he didn't understand about the ceremony, something mysterious. I think that has a lot to do with where it says, "Abrogate are all rituals" [AL I.49] and "the rituals of the old time are black." [AL II.5] He mentions the Goetia farther on in the book, in Liber Samekh, *Theurgia Goetia Summa*, which is the ritual employed by the Beast 666 for the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel. So obviously the Goetia is very crucial and important.

ANDY: But in the first case he's referring to the book of that title; that isn't the same as the Goetia in Liber Samekh.

MIKE: Yes, because he has taken it and adjusted it to the facts of the present Aeon.

I do agree in relation to the Pentacle, in terms of his treatment of that, but I think his silence there veils greater import.

ED: Well, thank you for making some of that clear. Would you make something else clear as long as you're doing that? You went by it really quick. On page 20: "He therefore said: 'Let me declare this Work under this title: The obtaining of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel'..." Now what does he mean when he says, "the theory implied in these words is so patently absurd that only simpletons would waste much time in analysing it"?

MIKE: Well, I believe that when he talks about "the next step", this isn't something that's going to be achieved through reason. The one thing he wants to make sure is that people understand that the HGA isn't something that's going to be reasoned out.

ED: He talks about invoking "a person whom we know not to exist"; what does he mean by that?

MIKE: I say that it's best to assume that you know nothing about the HGA, and invoke very passionately, so that you don't expect any particular thing to happen with the invocation, and then the thing will more or less hit you because you're open to it, because you haven't put any expectations up. If you assume any place in that invocation that you already know what's happening, then you may miss something that really is happening, because you've got this mental image up there of what it should be like, and you miss what it really is.

ED: It seems to me there's a difference between not attaching particular dogmas to a thing, and saying that you know something cannot exist -- I can't put that together.

ANDY: If the concept of obtaining the KCHGA is "patently absurd", it follows logically then that the HGA does not exist; because if it did exist, it wouldn't be patently absurd to obtain its knowledge and conversation. However, if he was really serious about that, then he couldn't be saying later on that the correspondences in 777 represent facts in nature; because they couldn't possibly if there were no angels.

MIKE: You're using two different concepts now; 'angels' and the HGA are two different things. An angel like Michael or Ratziel or Gabriel is an entirely different order of being than the HGA.

MECHELE: Ed, do you know that your HGA is there, for a fact?

ED: No, I don't know it for a fact.

MECHELE: But you're still trying to invoke that.

ED: But Crowley's saying just the opposite!

MECHELE: But you don't really know it's there.

DALE: But that's different from knowing that it's not there.

ANDY: Ed, maybe this will clarify it for you. In *The Sword of Song* he says that "The gods and devils too I find Are merely modes of my own mind."

DALE: He doesn't really know if his own mind is there or not.

MIKE: And who's to say what is the mind?

MECHELE: Who knows where it's coming from? Who knows what it is? Whether it's external or internal or whatever. You don't know any facts about it.

ED: Everything you said is fine; but to call that "knowing it does not exist" -- it does not relate.

ANDY: Well, it says here that it doesn't exist.

ED: I know, but why is he saying that?

MIKE: That is a pretty mysterious thing. I think it has something to do with the fact that, if one were to begin to make assumptions about what the HGA is, metaphysical assumptions which are a natural sort of thing, that one would actually be throwing up blinds. The enemy is the mind. Overthrow the mind.

ANDY: If the Holy Qabalah is dealing in emanations from the Ain, Ain Soph, and Ain Soph Aur, then that follows very consistently. If all of the Sephiroth are emanations from that, which ain't, then much the same could be said of the HGA.

MIKE: I think that's an excellent point.

ED: When I was growing up I knew lots of Catholic families that believed in the guardian angel.

ANDY: That's minor O.T.O. profanity.

MIKE: What they're referring to is an entirely different thing. More of a Christian conscience. That's how it's presented in the Roman Catholic church (being Roman Catholic myself). When I first encountered the term in the Book of Abramelin, it sort of blew my mind, because I had been familiar with that term since I was a very small child.

One thing that does describe the HGA is a being of the order of the Secret Chiefs, like Aiwass, and Ab-ul-diz, although Crowley does not say that that Secret Chief was his HGA or a HGA.

Let me point out something here. There's a chapter in *Magick Without Tears* that directly addresses the question of the HGA.

[From Chapter 43, *The Holy Guardian Angel: An Objective Individual*.]

On going over some recent letters I see that you meant not only to inquire into the order of being to which angels belong, but as to whether they are liable to accident, misfortune, and the like.

The answer is that it depends on the Angel -- for the purposes of this letter I propose to use the word 'angel' to include all sorts of disembodied beings, from demons to gods -- in all cases, they are objective; a subjective 'angel' is

different from a dream only in non-essentials.

Now, some angels are actually emanations of the elements, planets, or signs to which they are attributed. They are partial beings in very much the same way as are animals. They are not microcosms as are men and women. They are almost entirely composed of the planet (or whatever it is) to which they are attributed. The other components of their being I take to be almost accidental. For example, the Archangel Ratziel is lord of a company of angels called Auphanim; and one must not imagine that all these angels are identical with one another, or else there would not seem to be much sense in it. They have some sort of composition, some sort of individuality; and the character and appearance of the Angel can be determined by its name.

I do not think that I have anywhere mentioned how this is done. To take an example, let us have Qedemel -- the Hebrew letters Q.D.M.A.L., and the numeration 175, which is that of the sum of the first 49 numbers, as is proper to Venus. We may then expect the head or headdress of the spirit to be in some way characteristic of the Sign of Pisces. The general form of the body will be indicated by the Daleth, the letter of Venus, and the lower part (or perhaps the quality) will be determined by the watery Mem -- the termination Aleph Lamed is usually taken to indicate appropriate symbols. For instance, the Aleph might show a golden aura, and the Lamed a pair of ballances. Some further detail might be indicated by taking the letters Daleth and Mem together, for Dam is the Hebrew word for blood. From such considerations one can build up a pictorial representation in one's mind which may serve as a standard to which any appearance of him should more or less conform. The question then takes the form of inquiry into how far such beings are immortal or eternal.

In the above case, evidently his existence depends on that of the planet Venus; and one might suppose that, if that planet were stricken from the solar system, there would be no more Qedemel. But this is to judge too rashly; for Venus itself is only an emanation of the number 7, and is therefore indestructable.

It is some such idea as the above which is at the back of the conventional idea that elementals are immortal, that they incur mortality when their ambition and devotion cause them to incarnate as human beings.

Now, can an angel of this sort ever go wrong, by which one must mean, can he ever be untrue to his own nature? I do not see how one can imagine this to happen; for they are so completely creatures of the elements of which they are composed that they must be regarded as completely devoid of will in any intelligible sense of the word. Their actions in fact are merely re-actions.

They are, of course, entirely lacking in the Supernal Triad. There is therefore no question of anything in them which would persist through change. Perhaps it would be better to say that

change does not really affect them. Another way to put it would be that they are adjectives, not nouns. They are merely sensible manifestations of the elements to which they are attributed, and to the letters of their name.

Now on the other hand, there is an entirely different type of angel; and here we must be especially careful to remember that we include gods and devils, for there are such beings who are not by any means dependent on one particular element for their existence. They are microcosms in exactly the same sense as men and women are. They are individuals who have picked up the elements of their composition as possibility and convenience dictates, exactly as we do ourselves. I want you to understand that a goddess like Astarte, Astaroth, Cotytto, Aphrodite, Hathoor, Venus, are not merely aspects of the planet; they are separate individuals who have been identified with each other, and attributed to Venus merely because the salient feature in their character approximates to this ideal.

Now then, it is simple to answer the question of their development, their growing old and dying; for, being of the same order of Nature as we are ourselves, almost anything which is true of us is true also of them.

I have tended rather to elaborate this theme, because of the one personally important question which arises in more recent letters; for I believe that the Holy Guardian Angel is a Being of this order. He is something more than a man, possibly a being who has already passed through the stage of humanity, and his peculiarly intimate relationship with his client is that of friendship, of community, of brotherhood, or Fatherhood. He is not, let me say with emphasis, a mere abstraction from yourself; and that is why I have insisted rather heavily that the term "Higher Self" implies "a damnable heresy and a dangerous delusion."

If it were not so, there would be no point in "The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage."

Apart from any theoretical speculation, my Sammasati and analytical work has never led to so much as a hint of the existence of the Guardian Angel. He is not to be found by any exploration of oneself. It is true that the process of analysis leads finally to the realization of oneself as no more than a point of view indistinguishable in itself from any other point of view; but the Holy Guardian Angel is in precisely the same position. However close may be the identities in millions of ways, no complete identification is ever obtainable.

[In addition, from Chapter 42, "Self" Introversion:]

There is only one point of theory which matters to our practice. We may readily concur that the Augoeides, the "Genius" of Socrates, and the "Holy Guardian Angel" of Abramelin the Mage, are identical. But we cannot include this "Higher Self"; for the Angel is an actual Individual with his own Universe, exactly as a man is; or, for the matter of that, a bluebottle. He is not a mere abstraction, a selection from, and exaltation

of, one's own favourite qualities, as the "Higher Self" seems to be. The trouble is (I think) that the Hindu passion for analysis makes them philosophize any limited being out of existence.

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

II. MORE ON THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL (October 10)

ANDY: Before we get started on the next chapter, I'd like to go back to something we went over before: the question of who, or what, is the Holy Guardian Angel? Getting into doing a little research on the question, I first searched my mind, and was sure that there were occasions when Crowley spoke of the HGA as being the same as the 'Higher Self'. In his essay, *The Herb Dangerous: The Psychology of Hashish*, in *The Equinox* I. ii, in the last paragraph of section XIV [page 71], which is entitled *Vedana* -- he doesn't know anything about drugs, so he talks about mysticism in the essay -- without going into the context, he says: "We must not omit to attribute to this section the lower aspect of what Abramelin the Mage calls the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, another (and less metaphysically pretentious) way of speaking of the 'Higher Self' or 'Genius'." In *The Eye in the Triangle*, Regardie talks about this issue. He personally sees the two as identical. When he talks about Crowley he first says that he's basing his interpretation on the *Golden Dawn*, and he feels this is what Crowley followed. In a footnote he says, well, let's not be so sure here; then he quotes the chapter from *Magick Without Tears* that Mike read when we talked about this the first time. [See *The Eye in the Triangle*, pages 463 and 508.] This whole issue set my mind to working. There are a couple of points that I want to make about this. Whatever you think about it, it's got to be one of the most important questions in our whole trip. In the introduction to MITAP Crowley says that "This book is for All." Now in contrast, in the Curriculum of the A.'. A.'. the first item is *The Equinox*, and he calls that "the encyclopaedia of Initiation". We all, I hope, have become aware through our own trips that there's a difference between "the initiated" and "the uninitiated". That's not just a generalization, but it's something that everybody here should have at least an opinion about based on their own experiences. I think that we always have to look at a work of Crowley's and say, (1) who was this written for? and (2) what are the circumstances of its coming to be published? You'd be making a big mistake if you took *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* as an equivalent to *The Book of the Law*.

as a representation of what the Crowleyan trip is all about. I think that one of the main secrets of initiation is that it gives you the psychic perspective by giving you a chance to (1) attain to a different plane of existence, and (2) look back at your previous existence with the distance that this new plane involves you in. Then you are able to see not only that maybe a thing you thought was true is not really true; but also it gives you the perspective, the ability to see -- like on a screen you can only see one side, but from some non-physical perspective you can see the whole of the thing, regardless of stupid limits of geometry. You can then see why it would be that a thing like that would be disguised. Therefore, I think that the chapter in *Magick Without Tears* that describes as a great heresy and blasphemy thinking (as I tend to think) that the HGA is a representation of your own 'higher self' or Genius (or 61 other things, as Crowley suggests in MITAP) -- I think the reason he says that is that it's in line with other of his instructions, which state that it's better for the beginner not to get too caught up in what the thing is, to accept a definition that is simpler and more clear-cut of a particular phenomenon. Therefore in a book that's written for "all", or in a later book which was apparently meant to reach a wide audience -- after all, "*Aleister Explains Everything*" was the idea behind that one -- and also a book that has many statements in it that are manifestly untrue... without a copy of it in front of me, the only thing I can think of offhand is his description of how he came to accept the IX° O.T.O. from Theodore Reuss [see *Magick Without Tears*, pages 192 - 193], which is clearly spurious if you compare it with contemporary or almost-contemporary versions that he wrote when it was fresh in his mind, that didn't have any element of time travel or anything else unorthodox about them... this book is more on the fabulous level. It's meant for people who are on the outside of the trip.

MIKE: In *Magick Without Tears*, when he speaks of the 'Higher Self' he's actually addressing in particular the Theosophical conception.

MECHELE: Didn't he sort of put down that idea of the 'Higher Self'?

MIKE: Yes. I believe that *Magick Without Tears* in some senses represents Crowley's most refined thinking... I don't believe that he's attacking your idea of the Higher Self. The thing that he's going after there is the Theosophical term.

ANDY: The meaning of the Higher Self in Theosophy is -- it becomes an internal state that's possible for anyone to attain, but that's the same as Genius, it would seem to me; I don't quite see the distinction.

MECHELE: I think that has a lot to do with the question that Ed had -- what was it?

ED: About even a simpleton wouldn't argue about what we're arguing about?

MECHELE: Yes.

ED: But we're definitely in a class by ourselves.

ANDY: We're centers of pestilence, as it says in the Comment.

ED: When you quoted from "The Psychology of Hashish", didn't it also say "the lower aspect" of the HGA?

ANDY: Yes, but that doesn't change the grammar of the sentence. He's just saying that Abramelin's KCHGA is the same thing as the Higher Self. Then he goes on...

MECHELE: I would argue that the Higher Self has nothing to do with the HGA.

MIKE: It depends how Andy is defining it.

DALE: How about the Genius? Does that have something to do with it?

MECHELE: I think that has nothing to do with it. The HGA is separate from your self. It relates to your self, but it's beyond your self. It's a separate entity.

DALE: It's hard to say that anything is really separate from your Self.

SCOTT: Isn't it like the eternal you, though? The you that doesn't have a name?

MIKE: Yes, in that sense of 'the eternal you', if you take your self as being like a scratch or imperfection on an otherwise perfect You...

MECHELE: I think the HGA could help you with your Will, seeking your True Will, but just the idea of conversation with the HGA -- you're not conversing with yourself; it's something different.

DALE: It's something different than what you always thought you were; but not necessarily different than what you are.

MIKE: Crowley never came off as being Aiwass. He was always very careful to differentiate the two. And when Crowley did things, it was mostly the man acting, attempting to consult the HGA, to consult Aiwass, to get the communication going. Crowley always distinguished between the two... The problem if you don't do that is that you will mistake some aspect of your ego for the Angel, and suffer the corresponding delusions.

ALEX: This is what Andy was describing, this whole notion of a priori knowledge in a Platonist sense. I don't think that's the same thing as what Mechele's describing about the HGA. You would

be, in a sense, communicating with your perfect Self, being the reflection of the real.

ANDY: Experience teaches that different mental states induce widely different forms of consciousness. The first time that a particular being attains a mental state it has never attained before, whether it's dropping acid or achieving orgasm or being struck by lightning, whatever you like...

ALEX: ...or being Initiated.

ANDY: Precisely. This experience can be so radical that, from your prior standards, you might as well have been outside yourself during this experience. But that may not really be true just because it feels that way at the moment. The same could conceivably be said about the HGA, that this is a place that so few ever reach, that it's hard to recognize... I used to see HGAs flapping about out there on their own, but I don't at the present time...

MIKE: Neither do any of us imply that, simply to put it outside. It says, "The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs." [AL I. 8] In other words, the Light is innermost. Yet that innermost phenomenon is nothing that you could conceive of as being yourself. It is utterly different.

DALE: I think it depends on what you mean by your 'self'. If you mean, different from the one that you always have thought of yourself as manifesting...

MIKE: Any conception of yourself.

DALE: But you could look at it from the point of view of what you ultimately are...

MIKE: That's nothing but metaphysical speculation.

DALE: No, it's an experience. I'm talking about an experience of what you are, the nature of your being...

MIKE: You're speculating now, though, on that.

MECHELE: It's like Crowley said in the last chapter, not to intellectualize it. It's beyond that. You don't know what you're going after, yet you go after it. It helps you to realize your higher self, and through your higher self you can attain the HGA; but the HGA is separate from yourself.

MIKE: It's not to dismiss what Andy's saying; it's not a question of being right or wrong; it's a question of our beginning to understand each other and what we're saying, what we mean by the terms we're using...

[To Be Continued]

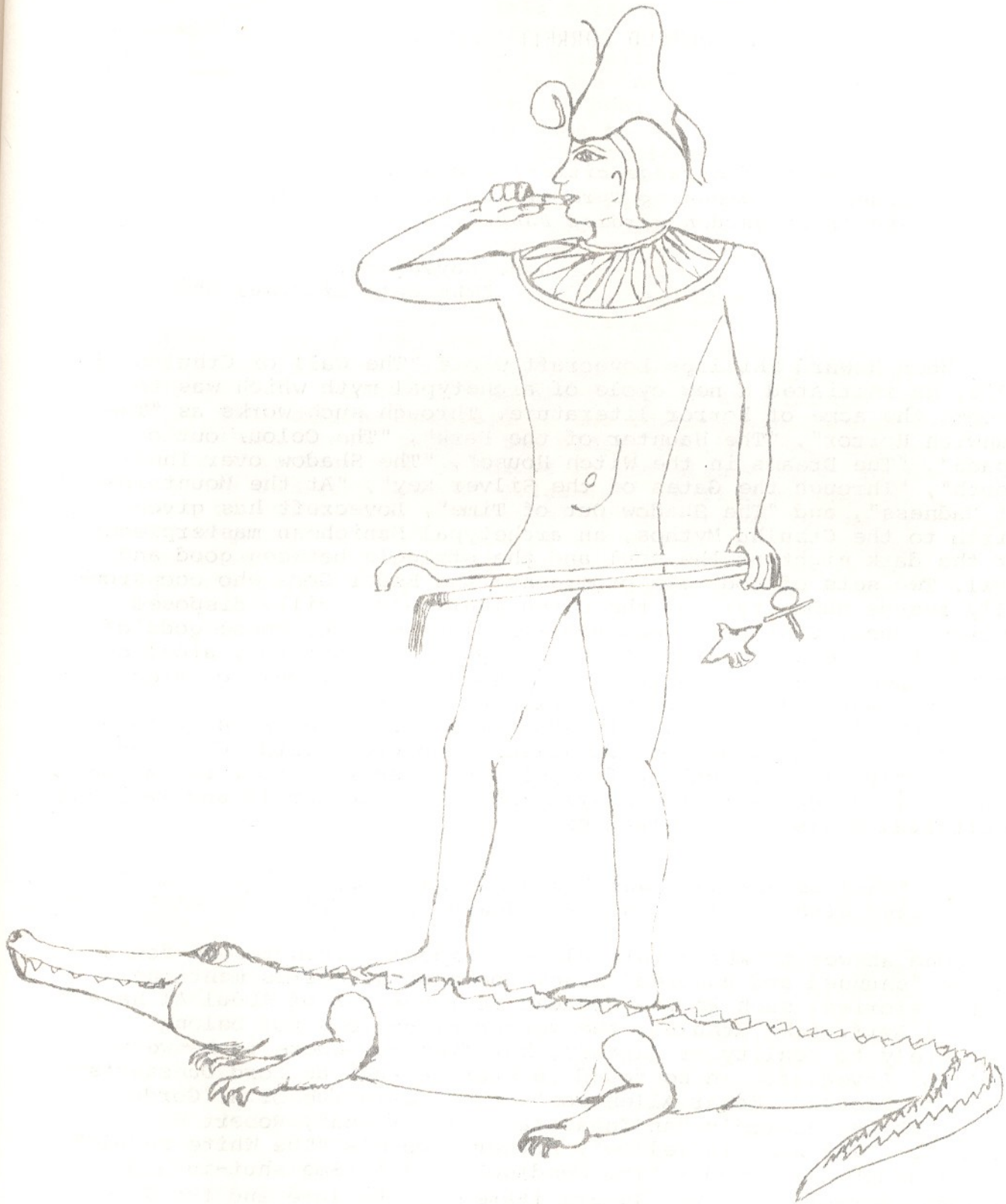
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ESSENCE

Atop immortal earth which doth reach into the sky
 A covering so soft so white will forever lie
 The earth beneath lies drinking with unquenchable thirst
 As to cause from hidden chasm a wild spring to burst
 Gushing forth with vigor as its waters crystal clear
 Slowly wear the stone away which tends to tame and steer
 While with this timeless carving the hidden Artist molds
 A path as new and changing as that which now it holds
 These waters stumble onward with hasty drunken bounds
 To create a symphony an orchestra in sounds
 Wed with the distant music of valley drawing near
 The brook in blissful quarry descends the final tear
 Within the pine-clad valley the brook now disappears
 Into the forest stream yet its essence perseveres

NEPTUNE

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El Adre Dual

The Cthulhu Mythos

A Study in Archetype

by DONALD CORRELL, 11° O.T.O.

"...dream of strange cities; and dreams are older than brooding Tyre or the contemplative sphinx or garden girdled Babylon..."

H.P. Lovecraft,
"The Call of Cthulhu"¹

When Howard Phillips Lovecraft wrote "The Call of Cthulhu" in 1926, he initiated a new cycle of archetypal myth which was to become the acme of horror literature. Through such works as "The Dunwich Horror", "The Haunter of the Dark", "The Colour out of Space", "The Dreams in the Witch House", "The Shadow over Innsmouth", "Through the Gates of the Silver Key", "At the Mountains of Madness", and "The Shadow Out of Time", Lovecraft has given birth to the Cthulhu Mythos, an archetypal Manichean masterpiece of the dark night of the soul and the struggle between good and evil. Two sets of gods are prominent: the Elder Gods who occasionally rescue humanity; and the often mentioned, evilly disposed Ancient Ones. Cast out aeons ago for black magick, these gods of chaos strive ever to break through a gate from outside, aided by their dupes, the black brotherhood. These ancient ones created humanity, and seek to regain rulership of Earth.

Avowedly fiction, the Cthulhu Mythos has been taken quite seriously by a growing host of writers and occultists. Compared incorrectly with everything from elemental spirits to *Liber Al vel Legis*, it is necessary to analyze the mythos to see if any rational historical basis does in fact exist.

*"That is not dead which can eternal lie;
And with strange eons even death may die."*²

One answer to where this class of ideas originates is found in the "shunned and abhorred" black books or grimoires mentioned in the stories, such as the dreaded *Necronomicon* of Abdul Al Hazzred, Al Azif. Like Cthulhu, the *Necronomicon* does not belong completely to reality or fantasy, but lies somewhere in between. Roots of Lovecraft can be found in stories such as Lord Dunsany's "Gods of Pegana", Edgar Allen Poe's "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym", Ambrose Bierce's "An Inhabitant of Carcosa", Robert W. Chambers' "The King in Yellow", Arthur Machen's "The White People" and Algernon Blackwood's "The Wendigo". A lifetime shut-in and recluse, Lovecraft naturally gravitated to the lure and the lore of forbidden, shunned, abhorred and dreaded books of elder magick.

Throughout the mythos constant mention is made of the *Necronomicon*, as well as such accretions as *Aklo Letters* (Malku Text, Tallquist?), *Dhol Chants*, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, *R'yleh Text*, *Book of Eibon*, *Unaussprechlichen Kuten*, *De Vermis Mysteriis*, etc. Books hinted to contain secrets for the evocation and invocation of spirits too dreadful for human consciousness to bear and remain sane. Obsession, possession, insanity, and death come to the protagonist when he unlocks the dreadful gates of the subconscious by discovering and reading the forbidden books.

Not all books mentioned by Lovecraft in the Cthulhu Mythos are fictitious. *The Book of Thoth* is mentioned, as well as the Stanzas of Dzyan, the Bible of Theosophists. The well known *Golden Bough* of Dr. J. G. Frazer and M. Murray's *The Witch Cult in Western Europe* are standard Mythos references. Others are less well known, such as W. Scott-Elliott's speculative *Atlantis and the Lost Lemuria*, and Churchward's "Naacal Tablets" from *The Lost Continent of Lemuria*.

In a sense Lovecraft has left us a clue to the unravelling of the Mythos: look for the oldest pre-flood Aryan cultures. The discovery of the Sumerian heritage in the Forties provides an important link in our chain. Sumer, the oldest of the Aryan cultures, was to Babylon what Rome was to Europe in the middle ages. In the prologue of the Sumerian epic of *Gilgamesh*³ we find an account of the abduction of the goddess Ereshkigal by the dragon Kur and the subsequent vengeance of Enki, Lord of the Abyss, on the monster. Here lies our clue to understanding Lovecraft and Cthulhu. Nodens or Dagon is the only "elder god" directly named by Lovecraft.

Ph'nglui mglw' nafh Cthulhu R'yleh w'gah' ngal fhtagn
[In his house at R'yleh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.]⁴

Chief of the pantheon is the 'squid-dragon' Cthulhu, "...a monster of vaguely anthropoid outline, but with an octopus-like head whose face was a mass of feelers, a scaly, rubbery looking body, prodigious claws on hind and forefeet, and long narrow wings behind. who sleeps dead but dreaming in his hideous monolith crowned citadel of sunken R'yleh."⁵

The underworld of ancient Sumer was known by many names, among them *absu* or "abyss", sometimes as *Nartnattaru*, the great underworld ocean, and also as *Cutha* or *Kutu* as it is called in the *Enumaelish* (the creation epic of the Sumerians). The phonetic similarity between *Cutha* and *Kutu*, chthonic (as in *Miskatonic*), as well as Cthulhu, is striking. Judging by a Sumerian grammar, the word *kutulu* or *cuthalu* (Lovecraft's Cthulhu Sumerianized) would mean "the man of Kutu", the man of the underworld, Satan or Shaitan.⁶ The slaying of the chaos-dragon however is what concerns us here. The conflict carried on between *Mummu* - *Tiamat* and many-named *Marduk*, the Solar Hero, son of Enki, is prototypical of all Aryan dragon-slaying motifs from *Indra* and *Hercules* to *St. Michael* and *St. George*.

SUMERIAN COSMOLOGY⁷

1. First was the primeval sea.
2. The primeval sea begot the cosmic mountain consisting of heaven and earth united after An had caused the Annuaki to be born.
3. Concieved as gods in human form, An (heaven) was the male and Ki (earth) was the female. From their union was begotten the air god Enlil.
4. Enlil, the air god, separated heaven from earth, and while his father An carried off heaven, Enlil himself carried off his mother Ki.

- AL I. 28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.
29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.
30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.⁸

When an author makes the romantic comparison of *Liber AL* to the fictitious *Necronomicon*, he betrays his own perversity. As clearly stated by Nuit, the purpose of *Liber AL* is to regenerate the world. The reunion of that which was sundered is the subject of *Liber AL*. Lovecraft's theme is superstition, poisoned darkness, the waning moon, the dyad, hatred, pain and alienation. To cross the abyss, all to the last drop of blood must be yielded up to the Cup of Babalon. Failure is to see the Lurker on the Threshold.

- AL II. 5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this knowledge go aright.
- AL III. 54. Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.
- AL II. 56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.⁹

The attained Thelemic adept percieves Adonai the glorious. The ego is destroyed crossing the abyss, but is transformed and reborn a Babe of the Abyss. (See the 14th Aethyr, *Liber 418*.)

"Thus the terrible aspect of the feminine always includes the uroboric snake woman, the woman with the phallus, the unity of child-bearing and begetting, of life and death...."¹⁰

"Now that we have gained some idea of the full scope of the Great Mother, who in truth encompasses almost everything -- heaven, water, and earth, while even fire is her son -- it becomes evident that the feminine cannot be identified with the Telluric-Chthonic, the lower earthly principle, as the later patriarchal world and its religions and philosophies would have it. The totality of the archetypal feminine goes far beyond the projection in which she unites the elements of earth, water, air and fire."¹¹

"Tiamat is far from being only the abysmal nocturnal monster that the later patriarchal world of the victorious Marduk saw in her. She is not only genetrix but also the true mother of her creatures."¹²

Finally, like Lovecraft, be "...awed by the cosmic majesty of this dripping Babylon of elder demons...."¹³

FOOTNOTES

¹ Lovecraft's "The Call of Cthulhu" originally appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine. It was recently reprinted in *Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* (Ballantine Books, 1971) and *The Colour Out of Space* (Jove/HBJ, 1978).

² *ibid.*

³ Samuel Noah Kramer, *Sumerian Mythology* (U. of Pa. Press, 1961, 1972)

⁴ "The Call of Cthulhu"

⁵ *ibid.*

⁶ *The Necronomicon*, ed. Simon (Schlangenkraft, Inc., and Barnes Graphics, Inc., 1977) Introduction, p. xix.

⁷ *Sumerian Mythology*, Introduction, p. vii.

⁸ *Liber AL vel Legis* (*The Book of the Law*), available in many editions.

⁹ *ibid.*

¹⁰ Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother* (Bollingen, 1977) p. 170.

¹¹ *ibid.*, p. 225.

¹² *ibid.*, p. 213.

¹³ "The Call of Cthulhu"

FURTHER READING ON LOVECRAFT AND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS:

LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY, by L. Sprague de Camp. Doubleday, 1975; Ballantine Books, 1976. A wealth of information is presented, although the whole story about Lovecraft's studies of the occult may not be revealed in this exoteric account.

THE H. P. LOVECRAFT COMPANION, by Philip A. Shreffler, Greenwood Press, 1977, \$13.95. A literary and bibliographical study with a section on Lovecraft's knowledge of witchcraft, demonology.

THE DREAM QUEST OF H. P. LOVECRAFT, by Darrell Schweitzer, Borgo Press, P. O. Box 2845, San Bernadino, CA 92406 -- pamphlet of literary criticism and analysis.

THE NECRONOMICON edited by Simon is available from Barnes Graphics, 233 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. 10013, \$30.00.

Periodicals:

NYCTALOPS, Silver Scarab Press, 500 Wellesley S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87106, \$2.00 per issue.

WHISPERS, edited by Stuart David Schiff, Box 1492-W, Azalea Street, Browns Mills, NJ 08015.

PHANTASY DIGEST, Box 326, Aberdeen, MD 21001, \$4 per issue.

FANTASY CROSSROADS, c/o Johnathan Bacon, Box 12428, Shawnee Mission, KS 66212.

AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY, c/o Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teecomwas Dr., Uncasville, CT 06382. Newsletter, \$1.00.

APPENDIX

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL TO 777

Table VII

Table XXV. [S]

0.	...	Anu (Tiamat)
1.	Sphere of the Primum Mobile	Enlil (Absu)
2.	Sphere of Zodiac or Fixed Stars	Enki; Lumashi (Igigi)
3.	Sphere of Saturn	Adar
4.	Sphere of Jupiter	Marduk
5.	Sphere of Mars	Nergal
6.	Sphere of the Sun	Utu
7.	Sphere of Venus	Inanna
8.	Sphere of Mercury	Nebo
9.	Sphere of the Moon	Nanna
10.	Sphere of the Elements	Kia
11.	Air	Anna
12.	Mercury	Gudud
13.	Moon	Sin
14.	Venus	Olibat
15.	Aries	Agru (Xubur)
16.	Taurus	Kakab Alap Shame (Kingu)
17.	Gemini	Re'ukinu Shameu, Tuami
		Rabuti (Viper)
18.	Cancer	Shittu (snake)
19.	Leo	Kalbu Rabu (Lakhamu)
20.	Virgo	Shiru (Whirlwind)
21.	Jupiter	Umunpaddu
22.	Libra	Zibantium (Ravens dog)
23.	Water	Badur
24.	Scorpio	Akrabu (Scorpion man)
25.	Sagittarius	Pa-bil-sag (Hurricane)
26.	Capricorn	Suxur Mash (Fish man)
27.	Mars	Mastabarru
28.	Aquarius	Gula (Horned beast)
29.	Pisces	Dilgan U Rikis Nuni (Weapon)
30.	Sun	Shamash
31.	Fire	Ag
32.	Saturn	Kaimanu
32 bis	Earth	Kia
31 bis	Spirit	Zi

A final note to anyone attempting invocations from the *Necronomicon* edited by Simon (from which the foregoing Table was extracted): There is no known effective banishing for the "Ancient Ones". Invocations of the Sun are recommended to counter any harmful effects.

-- Don Correll

The Man Who Called Aleister Crowley Eddie

by "MCLXXVII", II° O.T.O.

The man who called Aleister Crowley Eddie was seated in the bar. Somewhat intoxicated, he had spun his barstool around about a third of the way so he could watch all the broads go by. The man who... actually had nothing else to cling to as a claim to fame. It was, however, hard to realize that he was somebody after all. Sitting there half-sloshed mumbling insane gabalistic puns to himself, I mean you'd have to be fucking psychic or something to go up to him in the bar and say "hey, man, what's new in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis?" or something like that. And would you get an answer, a straight one that is? You could always make like Subvert Comics and give him the old "Do what thou wilt motherfucker"; but he might actually have occult powers. And then what?

T.m.w.c.a.c.e. (value of 68 according to a system of the English alphabet not currently accepted) enjoyed meeting new people. He felt less empty when he was dazzling a group of strangers with arcane wisdom. Some said he was the son of one of Crowley's coolies from the ill-starred Kangchenjunga expedition. Others with equal assurance swore that he had been the basis for one of the children in *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, possibly Crowley's son. But why Eddie, and didn't he have a name anyway? No one (in the bar anyway) knew him by any other name and after all the right name of his namesake was Edward Alexander Crowley. But nobody ever called him Eddie, you object. Read on. (As for those who object to not capitalizing the 'h' in him Eddie, go back to the beginning.)

"Eddie once got thrown out of Wimbledon for yelling 'the slave shall serve' during a big match." This remark was addressed to no one in particular but rather was a hook to snare the next shot. Why didn't that girl in the nearby booth get up and come over all dewy-eyed and ask him what Aleister Crowley was really like? Hadn't he just sent a powerful invoking pentagram her way? If only she'd look up, the slut. Fuck it, maybe some of the occult regulars would be in soon. This was not a very swift night in the bar and perhaps if it had been, the man who... would have been left behind. (Right behind!) Aleister Crowley has been dead for quite some time although sometimes it seemed that he too must be seated in the bar. Someone, the same someone, could often be seen talking to him. Crowley always maintained a polite silence and others would proclaim a complete cloak of invisibility for him as well. Two young men, at least one of whom is too superstitious to believe in the occult (it's scary, you know) have decided to grab free entertainment for the evening by starting a chat with our hero.

I feel that I am getting ahead of our story. You don't really know anything about our main character yet. Surely you don't wish to be numbered among those who just pass him by, never finding out unheralded Therionic mysteries. The man who... is of average height, fat, with hair that would appear to be of average length if it was not exceptionally unruly. In his barroom incarnation (virtually the only one he has left) he can be spotted by his unique drool and the clutchings of his hands when they enter a certain distance from eligible glutei. He may have had his good points as well; doesn't everyone? Seldom seen in the daylight but at night -- overlooked. Do not feel sorry for him for there are few who have their destiny as clearly marked as our "friend" whose mind is once again turning to Eddie.

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

"Luvzalaw, luvunnawill," came the reply from t.m.w... who was ready to cook. He'd always known there was hope for this fucking place yet.

"Uhh, we were wondering if you were busy or if we could talk to you for a few minutes."

"Never too busy to aid a fellow seeker. How about a scotch?"

The request for liquor always comes right at the beginning, not after an air of friendship has been achieved. Remember the 'Eddie' and consider that those who approach him are the sort who would have crossed the street or left town just to avoid gool ol' 666. A new drink in his hand while the remains of the old dampens his lap, he is transformed. Fire returns to his eyes and God knows his tongue is loosened. He feels it is his availability that brings them to him. He doesn't hide behind strange names or occult orders. Hell no, he's right out there, him and Eddie. He interrupts his reverie and tries to listen for cues.

Whether or not he ever knew Aleister Crowley, he knows his audience. "Whattsamatter, no girls in the bar tonight so ya gotta rap with an old fart like me?" he rasped. To hell with them master rang in his mind. You're surprised. His straight men were somewhat at a loss. Should they speak right up or try to ease into it? How many drinks should they limit the dude to anyway?

Ice, like some laws, was made to be broken. The young man on the right whose greatest wish was to overcome his fear so that he could scoff at the unknown with the full powers of his massive intellect, spoke up.

"Tell us of the qabalah, O thirsty one."

T.m.w... fixed the scoundrel in his stony gaze and replied, "Knock knock."

"What?"

"Knock knock."

"What?"

"Listen, asshole, when someone says knock knock the least you can do is say who's there."

"Who's there?"

"Hey fuckhead, I didn't say knock knock yet."

"Jesus fucking Christ on a crutch..."

"Knock knock." (I bet you thought they came in batteries of eleven.)

"Who's there?"

"Kether."

"Kether who?"

(Asshole catches right on, doesn't he?) "Kether ye rosebuds while ye may."

"I've had enough of this shit." Now both of the inquisitors have spoken but to no avail as t.m.w... is now warmed up.

"I've eaten many a mandarin meal myself but never have I cried whoa. Thou canst bear more joy, you know."

A glimmer of possibility now exists in the minds of our two skeptics. The old geezer might accidentally cough up something of value yet. They simultaneously resolve to be firm but not rude. They are aware that they are dealing with a difficult fucker.

"Look, man, we don't want to get on your case, we just want to check out Aleister Crowley." The would-be skeptic has pronounced it 'Croully'.

"You can start by saying 'Crow-ley' instead, although Eddie does just as well. Why smother ourselves in worthless formalities, especially where dead geeks are concerned? So old Eddie's your cup of tea, be happy to help, happy. Got another scotch?" This last was not really a question, although in order to assure success of the particular operation, it was not quite imperative either.

The appearance of another scotch foretold nothing in itself but served to prolong the encounter.

T.m.w... may not have sensed it but he has only two scotches to go.

"You guys may not know this, but I was a tourist guide at the Boulak museum when Eddie and Rose were there in 1904. Hell of a couple, him looking like a Persian faggot and her with that white-slave type look til you smelled her breath. Eddie asked me to find him an artist to copy exhibit 666 for him. It was full of hieroglyphic crapola so I knew I could make as many mistakes as I wanted and copied the fucker myself. Did a damn good job actually."

This revelation (which had never seen the light of day before, although this is generally true of anything t.m.w... has to say) started wheels turning in his audience. The two young men had never encountered a footnote to history before and were determined to wallow in the experience. Thus, the reader may note the appearance of another scotch at this point without the usual incantation.

"You seem to be a part of the story of *Liber AL*; did Crowley show you the manuscript before he left Egypt?"

"Sure as fuck didn't, didn't pay me for the friggin' stele either. I wasn't worried. I knew I'd catch up with him later and I did, too."

This conversation was only serving to increase the doubts of the scotch-buyers and really was not informative. However they plunged onward.

"When did you run into Crowley next?"

"Run into him nothin', I tole you I was gonna catch up with that great beast and that's just what I did. Found Eddie in Germany, fatter than ever, with a real problem on his hands. Some frigid bitch who had been a Thelemite for a day had given a copy of *Liber AL* to Hitler who was copping a wild buzz off it for sure. Eddie asked me to do something about it for him."

"You?"

"It was his way of evening up our debt."

Old coot or not, t.m.w... had lost both of them. They have not been drinking either.

I hope you are not lost as well although you may be forgiven if certain questions are bubbling in your subconscious. Let's start with the age of t.m.w.... Assuming he was seventeen when he met Crowley in 1904 (actually he was twenty-three), that would mean he was presently ninety-two (ninety-eight, but who's counting?) This may seem unlikely. Second, what would an Egyptian be doing in Germany in the Thirties? Third, how could an itinerant Egyptian (actually who said he was Egyptian anyway?) help prevent Hitler from getting warped out on the Book of the Law? These issues may be considered tabled as our two interrogators have chosen to pursue the relation of the debt to the Mission to Hitler instead. Ah, youth!

"Crowley tried to pay you off by sending you to Hitler?"

"You got it. Got another scotch?"

As he slurped his last scotch, he realized that the poor slobs were mystified. Being a partisan of the always leave them laughing school, he decided to rectify this. He foresaw many more pleasant scotches as the evening progressed, he placed a low value on casually sworn oaths. Crowley had opposed Hitler, and if our crew had realized that he cared little for t.m.w... as well they would have been able to advance the level of discussion.

"See, after Eddie compared the photographs of the stele with my copy he wanted to send the Terrible and Avenging Currants (that's spelled right; see *Konx om Pax*) my way but of course that would have been black magic, so he saw old Adolph as his big chance to even things up. Course I had already joined up with the Nazis, you boys ain't Jewish I trust, and knew the big H pretty well." Bars are generally not the best place to perform ceremonial magick, especially when they are crowded, so t.m.w...'s action in falling off his barstool may be viewed as an appropriate substitute for invocation.

"Are you all right, man?"

"Pretty good qabalah, huh, Kether is in Malkuth -- a practical demonstration with apologies to Kenneth Grant."

"I don't want to talk about Grant now, man, you were in the middle of telling us about Hitler."

"Right, right."

The fellow who is attempting to make my story follow in a somewhat linear fashion has yet to be described. While being afraid of the occult to some degree, his desire is to be part of it, and he has often quarreled with his egocentric colleague about such abstract matters as qliphoth and notarigons.

T.m.w... actually has very little desire to tell anything more about Hitler. He would rather deal in qabalah. You may have noticed that there have been three moments so far when our hero has acted foolishly in regard to the qabalah. He has not been doing this for any initiated reason because he has never been initiated. This may strike some as strictly old-aeon stuff but true nonetheless. If he were to continue his rap coherently he could blow his whole scene. Other people might begin to expect him to make sense when he spoke to them, there was no end to the danger

four scotches and two clowns (not clones, this is not science fiction) had gotten him into. Maybe he could interest them in the Tarot or a quick stroll for a little p.v.n. The mind being the great enemy, tmw (I've had it with those fucking periods) was now beset with images of Hitler dancing in his head as well as any sugarplums ever had. He remembered Hitler telling him that *Liber AL* had made him puke. Crowley had never known this and had suspected Hitler of attempting to set up one of those typical "do what we wilt" type of orders, using the royal 'we' of course.

"Two drafts."

"Now you boys are getting into it. Eddie wanted me to cool Hitler out for him, whilst at the same time Hitler was planning to ice the entire occult scene. I didn't owe Eddie anything while the reverse was not true so I simply disappeared. Adolf was a great guy but a loser."

"We talk and talk but this conversation gets nowhere." The skeptic speaks.

"If you call four scotches nowhere you're made out of sterner stuff than me, bucko." Maybe these dolts would change the subject for him. He hoped they didn't split, it was like the mummy's tomb in this dive tonight.

"You really are an asshole."

"Thash right and I was one before yer grandfather was born too. The tarot might help to clarify the issue for you."

This rapid change of pace has caused the first signs of division between our would-be chelas. The one who wishes he was strong enough to be occult is convinced he is in the presence of a charlatan, while his friend is in the mood for a good manifestation or two. They do not want to be seen bickering with each other in public and are attempting to communicate strictly by eye-contact. This is counter-productive as it allows our hero the opportunity to get up and go to the jane. When he returns they have decided against a tarot reading while he has forgotten it entirely. He does, however, have tarot cards with him but not the Thoth deck. They're not pocket-size is his excuse.

"I don't think you know a fucking thing about the occult and I doubt whether you ever knew Crowley at all. If you had, you wouldn't call him Eddie."

This is no way to treat a ninety-three year old man. Politeness is called for, not a direct assault on his most cherished hallucinations. Newly-minted hallucinations at that.

"You stand there reeking of cheap beer, obviously in the final tottering stages of chronic amotivational syndrome, telling me I know nothing about the occult. This means war."

This rap clearly could not even begin to intimidate a pregnant nun, so tmw is rummaging through his pockets in search of the appropriate magical weapon. While he is trying to decide between his consecrated dagger and the more solar-phallic condom, he was clearly losing the initiative. The late-night barmaid would be coming on duty soon though.

Some of you may be questioning the locale of this tale. A barroom might appear out of place in this web of occult hysteria. Look at it this way though, what good are secret grips and signs in private? A secret is only really juicy when those who don't

know the secret at least know that there is a secret. Bars are almost always denized with individuals making secret signs and gestures. Of course you don't understand. That's the idea.

He was afraid that he had seriously misjudged his audience. He might have been too harsh. The one on the left might be able to fight his way out of a brown paper bag after all. If you gave the fucker a flame-thrower that is. Tmw slapped his thigh in glee. I'm glad somebody appreciates this shit.

"Boys, I don't mean to fuck you up, that's the truth. I knew Eddie, damn right I did. Know a fair amount about the supposed unknown, too. Now, you've been more than kind to me, so I'd like to do something for you."

I'm not sure that it is an occult power, but our hero is truly great at inducing double-takes in onlookers. Our two (onlookers, can't you remember from one sentence to the next?) are certainly flabbergasted, but suspicious. They feel the need for a private conference. Lacking a powder-room, they stroll back to an empty table, leaving tmw alone at the bar.

"There's a good movie on the late show tonight; why don't we blow this joint? This pervert's got nothing to say. I ain't buying any more scotches either."

"Let's check the dude out. You're the one who always wants to be scientific. Well, here's your opportunity."

"Here's some science, ace, this fool's got four drinks in him and all we got is a line of bullshit which if it was true would make him a ninety-nine year old Nazi war criminal. I've seen more occult episodes on Charley's Angels. You gotta minimize your losses and quit while you still have a head."

This last remark is revealing. While possibly passing for wit in some quarters, it is noteworthy because it brings us face to face with the issue of anti-occult paranoia. If one attempts to speak of the occult in neutral or positive terms, then one discovers that the world is full of unbelievers; but should the conversation turn to the black arts then the woodwork is full of paranoids. The would-be debunkers are afraid of what they don't believe in. A strange state of affairs. A skeptic's skepticism is valid in the tenth aethyr but may be meaningless or even emetic in one's living room.

Although not decapitated (yet), our two young friends are still standing in the bar in a semi-paralyzed state. They can not cope with the man who called Aleister Crowley Eddie. They probably could deal with a man (although possibly not with the number of a man), they both knew others called Eddie, so it must be the Aleister Crowley-ness which defeats them. Yet, it is this aura of Crowley-ness which may not even be real, which brought them to the bar in the first place. A sad fate -- to be right where you want to be but too overwhelmed by supposed success to make a go of it. Tmw doesn't give a shit about such considerations.

This is a rare moment in the life of our major character. He has had his fill of these twerps and isn't even plastered. He would fain give them the licence to depart, but he hadn't even invoked them to begin with. Feeling his age more than his oats, tmw would have been in a better mood if he had had a place to spend the night. It was not a good night for sleeping outside and besides

it lacked class. The two clowns hadn't given the vibe that they could have crashers at their hovels, but they sucked anyway. Nobody had called him a liar in quite some time.

An unusual maneuver is about to take place. Even though there are still a few hours to go before closing, tmw is getting off his stool and is heading somewhere other than the rest room. His movements would have seemed ordinary for a sailboat but looked strained. He would have bet that his two fellow occultists would be gone when he returned. Fuck 'em anyway, he was more interested in checking for girly action. He might not be over ninety you know.

He had thought that he'd seen a young lady of his acquaintance sitting in the back of the bar, too far away to be sure. As he strolled toward her, he knew that he had indeed spotted the right one until she gave him the finger. He was able to wander nonchalantly into the men's room as if he had been headed there all along. He was surprised by the flaming pentagram on the east wall above the urinals. It had not been there before. You can count on that, chucko. It was getting larger and seemed to be changing from an orange-red to an almost infra-red appearance. It was bright as a motherfucker. He was going to take a piss anyway but had no intention of touching the thing. All Lon Chaney, Jr. fans know that if you have a pentagram on your palm you will be the next victim of a werewolf. "I don't need any of that shit," he thought. To set the record straight, he didn't think that Eddie (whoever he was) had anything to do with the present situation. With all the people doing the banishing ritual, you'd have to expect to encounter stray stars from time to time. When he turned towards the sink, south, he was not prepared for the pentagram flaming in the mirror. It was not a reflection. He faced west, toward the door. A pentagram was glowing on the doorknob. The other wall had always had a star on it. It was part of a graffito. Drawn in black, it was now red. A fellow who spends most of his time in bars must not be too all-fired claustrophobic, however. Who wants to hang out all night in the john all by yourself?

Situations of this sort can definitely be done without. Know what I mean? It was hard to say what to do. On the other hand, those damn stars might decide for him. If they came off the walls and moved at him, they might just pass through him harmlessly. They might not. Pentagrams were for warding off astral entities, but what warded off pentagrams? Hexagrams, septagrams, nonagrams, eleven-pointed stars? (So much for erudition.) "My imitation of the horned god oughta kick ass on them fuckin' pentagrams." Nothing beats having a plan. He locked the pentagram on the doorknob in the center of his vision. With his hands at his side he drew a deep breath in through his nostrils. When he felt the energy of the breath reach his toes, he threw his left foot forward while raising his hands to his temples and then hurling his arms forward. This accomplished, he reached for the knob, turned it and strolled out. There was no pentagram burnt into his palm. Before he could get too happy, he noticed something wrong on the back of his hand. It looked like it had the number 666 tatooed on it. A new development.

"That Eddie. Always fucking around," he said as he went out the door of the bar headed to his favorite alley. "Hope it don't rain."

LETTERS RECEIVED

June 2, 1979

A couple of months ago I did some work on the formula in *The Book of the Law*, II: 76. The manipulation was spontaneous, indeed almost automatic. The oddness of it is that I am not a student of Crowley's writings, nor had I been considering the formula in any concentrated way. I sent a copy of the working to Dr. Francis Israel Regardie since I do not have the background to properly appraise what I have done. Dr. Regardie kindly wrote back that "the gematria of that book" was "not (his) cup of tea, as it were," but he assured me that you would be most interested. Here are some notes on the working: (1) The first thing I did was convert the formula into Hebrew letters, then into English equivalents. (2) Next, I underlined word groups which I looked up to see if they were words in Hebrew, or nearly. The underlined segments in the first working are parallel to the underlined words in the second. (3) I pondered these results and added some stray thoughts as notes. (4) The third working came the most automatically. I have pencilled in a few things that might make things clearer. So, for what it is worth, here is the beginning of a Kabbalistic reduction of the formula, now in your hands. I look forward to hearing from you about this. In friendship,

D. KARR
Ithaca, N.Y.

LIBER AL VEL LEGIS II: 76

4 6 3 8 a b k 2 4 a l g m o r 3 y x 24 89 r p s t o v a l

First working

D¹ V² G³ X⁴ A⁵ B⁶ K⁷ B⁸ D⁹ A¹⁰ L¹¹ G¹² M¹³ V¹⁴ R¹⁵ G¹⁶ Y¹⁷ X¹⁸ KD¹⁹ PT²⁰ R²¹ B²² S²³ T²⁴ O²⁵ V²⁶ A²⁷ L²⁸
(X = Ch)

Second working

double break-through¹ thicken/rise² limb/cloth³ G-D-completed⁴
break-through⁵ 24 89 master/multitude⁶ koof-G-D⁷

notes:
B + D = 6 = V = Microprosopus (vav/cloth) or foundation YOKH⁸
D - V = -2; G - X = -5. Minus = in Ain, implying a double-window in Ain, or a reflected window. (double break-through)
ShT = Set(?), or float/roam. ShTh = foundation.
309 = YTTzR (formed) 700 = Veil of the Holy

Third working (first line)

double window¹ - gel² - to³ - G-d completed⁴
Keter-Hokhmah⁵ Binah⁶ Z'O⁷ Malkuth⁸
B-Reshith
(B = 2)

"24" = gvyh/substance; double vv, or vav vav (filled), or
= double HE {hua, h = nukva, v = Z'O, a = Supernals)
Supernals repeat h & v and a within the)
"89" = guf/body {primary g.

9 x 9 = 81
3 x 3 x 3 x 3 = 81

12 - 28 - 1979 e.v.

...At present I can only produce one prediction for the 80's. The 80's will ring in a course of thought and a movement that will make the slumbering 70's and the 'flower-child' 60's look like mere child's play. I truly feel that the last of the 2000 years of the system of repression and restriction will be played out. A new child (system) is born out of the old matriarchal and patriarchal -- the advent of the Age of Horus. Horus is the synthesis, including its own hypothesis, created out of the ashes of the old aeon's thinking and practices. Some will refer to it as the "anti-christ". I, myself, never felt akin to Christian mythology and am repelled by the formula of the 'dying god'. In the new aeon we partake of the two old systems in order to create a fresh system of ethics for all. A system by which all Gods are true, but none absolute. The main reference is *The Book of the Law*.... The past ages have restricted our true natures and kept us from doing our true wills. We are no better than mad animals when our systems cause us to divide and subdue our fellow humans. Our present system produces laws that cause us to be without, to starve and to rebel. The choice is being a docile slave or a criminal. That kind of choice will not allow any person to develop originality, or the strengthening of personal expression and its development into its own individual perfection. The psyche is not subject to stereotyping; it can only be expressed, or suppressed -- and suppression is dangerous. It causes people to be destructive to others, and self-destructive as well. Our history is overloaded with evidence of this. Changes come slowly at first, but build to a peak. Then -- a new system, a Nova, explodes into being, that affords each person personal freedom, with an outlook towards each individual as a God in their own right -- none absolute, but each to be revered for their talents and abilities, and for the personal character of their own inborn natures....

As you study *The Book of the Law* and the writings of Aleister Crowley, you will grasp the subtle meanings implied... Nothing is to come by forcing one's self and others, or by forcing a situation. Unfoldment comes by virtue of pursuit of your Will and the surrender of old conditioning to new, vital ideas.... To become rigid and crystalized is to welcome shattering forces.... Dogma from the old aeon is our greatest enemy that must be overcome.... A being who cries for justice can find none if he be a slave to old creations. The only answer is creating anew out of the ashes of the old.

Our responsibility is to live life and accept death as integral experiences of a greater process. There is no end; only new beginnings. The circle is infinite. Be not led by dogma or superstition; to do so is to be dead; which calls forth burial, and that is the justice of the weak and damned.... An infinite world of possibilities can never be explored by those who are limited and feel themselves to be absolute.

TERRY DUNNE, 0° O.T.O.

Love is the law, love under will.

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