



without further ado...STELLAR VISIONS....This new and unauthorized bulletin

grown to expect from the minds that reside on the west coast of this continent, so in many forms: a paper; printed, photo-copied, hand watercolored, bound or established period of time between issues, it is issued where it is done. we figured that we would kind of plant it like a tree. You coat of the analogy we coat these seeds, and we will know when will receive it at some point in the future. If it non-fertile soil. And there you have the idea we will know how much it cost us in time and money. We know it is going to be which we stole from nature. and the basic barren soil and the seed won't come up. Who in this particular issue and weigh it then their right mind would plant more seeds in of this particular number then it is probable you and address to which to mail future copies of this the We haven't got a lot of money to spend on this experiment so we almost any form. Secondly it is a non-periodical in that there is no be a multi-dimensional format, non-periodical. Firstly, it may come to you more of the radically weird and perhaps even strange happenstance that you have

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Dear ones, this is to introduce brought to you by some of the same people who gave you AthNu house. This is to audio-cassette, gem-stone, specially charged scrying crystal, talisman, a copy in the mail, or one of the people those people showed it to case among Thelemites, and you wait to see if something more double our cost appears in our mail box along with a name will be in the future. However if it is another copy of this particular number then it is probable you and address to which to mail future copies of this the their right mind would plant more seeds in of this particular number then it is probable you and address to which to mail future copies of this the

Now if you are reading this then you must be one of the few who got your seeds in what you imagine to be fertile ground, in this something more than a seed appears in this fashion; when obligations on promises, who knows what our position is to much of a risk on whatever then act like and money. We know it is going to be expensive in terms of time but as to you have us at a disadvantage, we So we go, into the void on the back of the book: the law, love we-der will. So seeds are made by intuition not by a you will even find the you know, and have the finish- We want to 'bind' it in a duo-tang, you know, and have the finish- into the unknown. Yes, don't know what we shall do, the amount of money, who knows? this particular issue and weigh it then their right mind would plant more seeds in of this particular number then it is probable you and address to which to mail future copies of this the

STELLAR VISIONS. These are our intentions. We make no of the analogy we coat these seeds, and we will know when will receive it at some point in the future. If it non-fertile soil. And there you have the idea we will know how much it cost us in time and money. We know it is going to be which we stole from nature. and the basic barren soil and the seed won't come up. Who in this particular issue and weigh it then their right mind would plant more seeds in of this particular number then it is probable you and address to which to mail future copies of this the

Table of Contents in your hands. Eborg and Cinnamon, our love, and you all



Ebonyk 0° O.T.O.

CAST FROM THE TOWER OF DARKNESS, by Celesta 1° O.T.O.

The figures are broken and fall blindly from the tower.
The bindings of the jester are strangled in their last hour.
The Star of Venus rises in the light of the moon.
And the leaders of the Aeon boldly walk in shadows torn.

Celesta 1°

STEPPING OUT OF THE OLD AEON INTO THE NEW

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

As all of you should know, we have entered a New Aeon. A Higher Truth has been given to the World. This truth is waiting in readiness for all those who will consciously accept it, but it has to be realized before it is understood, and day by day those who have accepted this Law, and are trying to live it, realize more and more of its Beauty and Perfection.

The new teaching appears strange at first; and the mind is unable to grasp more than a fragment of what it really means. Only when we are living the Law can that fragment expand into the infinite conception of the whole.

I want you to share with me one little fragment of this great Truth which has been made clear to me this Sun - Day morning: I want you to come with me - if you will - just across the border-line of the Old Aeon and gaze for a moment at the New. Then, if the aspect pleases you, you will stay, or, it may be, you will return for awhile, but the road once open and the Path plain, you will always be able to get there again, in the twinkling of an eye, just by readjusting your Inner sight to the Truth.

You know how deeply we have always been impressed with the ideas of Sun-rise and Sun-set, and how our ancient brethren, seeing the Sun disappear at night and rise again in the morning, based all their religious ideas in this one conception of a Dying Re-arisen God. This is the central idea of the religion of the Old Aeon, but we have left it behind us because although it seemed to be based on Nature (Nature's symbols are always true), yet we have outgrown this idea which is only apparently true in Nature. Since this great Ritual of Sacrifice and Death was conceived and perpetuated, we, through the observation of our men of science, have come to know that it is not the Sun which rises and sets, but the Earth on which we live which revolves so that its shadow cuts us off from the sunlight during what we call night. The Sun does not die, as the ancients thought; It is always shining, always radiating Light and Life. Stop for a moment and get a clear conception of this Sun, how He is shining in the early morning, shining at mid-day, shining in the evening, and shining in the night. Have you got this idea clearly in your minds? You have stepped out of the Old Aeon into the New.

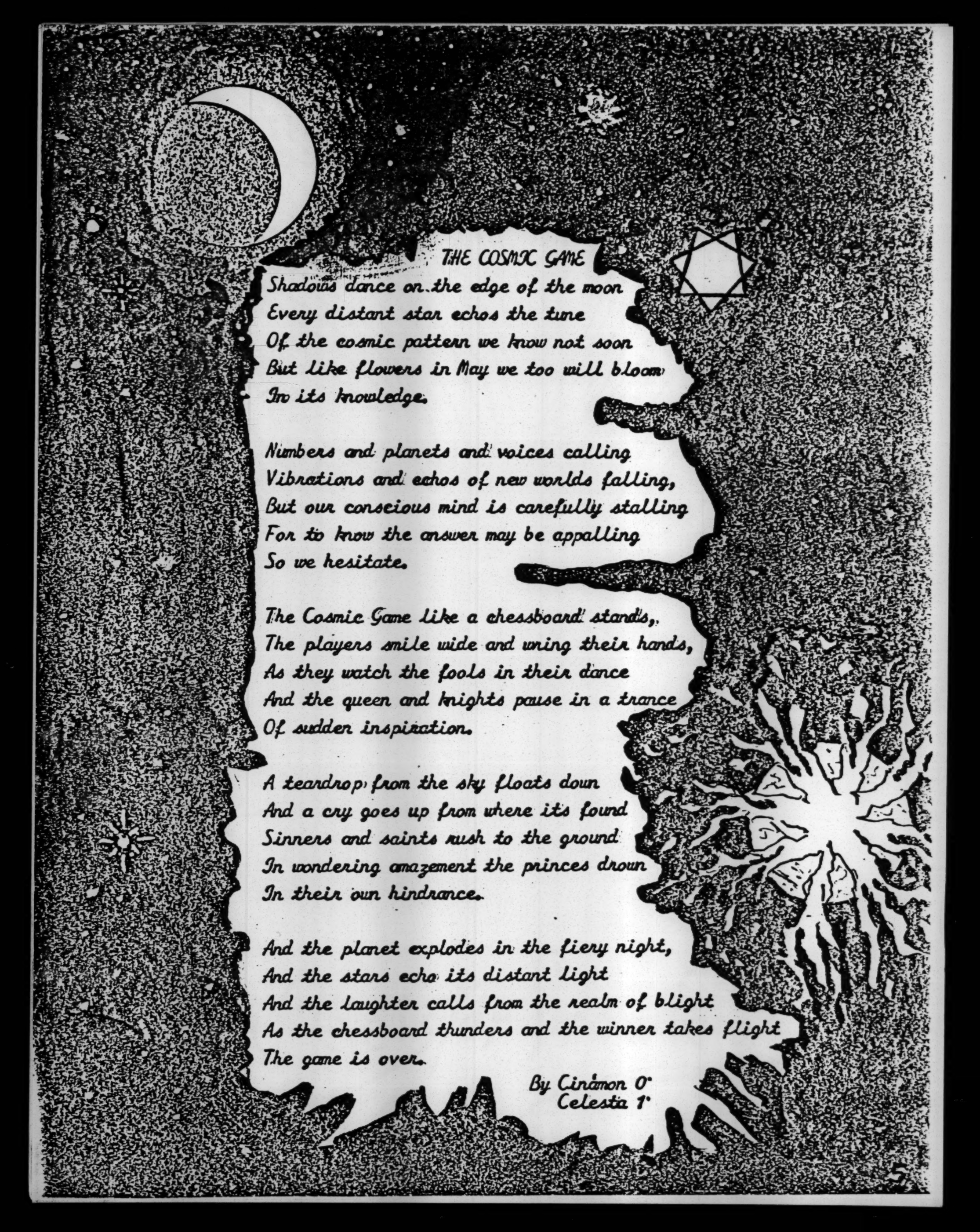
Now let us consider what has happened. In order to get this mental picture of the ever-shining Sun, what did you do? You identified yourself with the Sun. You stepped out of the consciousness of this planet; and for a moment you had to consider yourself as a Solar Being. Then why step back again? You may have done so involuntarily, because the Light was so great that it seemed as Darkness. But do it again, this time more fully, and let us consider what the changes in our concept of the Universe will be.

The moment we identify ourselves with the Sun, we realize that we have become the source of Light, that we too are now shining gloriously, but we also realize that the Sunlight is no longer for us, for we can no longer see the Sun, anymore than in our little old-aeon consciousness we could see ourselves. All around us is perpetual Night, but it is the Starlight of the Body of Our Lady Nuit in which we live and move and have our being. Then, from this height we look back upon the little planet Earth, of which we, a moment ago, were a part, and think of Ourselves as shedding our Light upon all those little individuals we have called our brothers and sisters, the slaves that serve. But we do not stop there. Imagine the Sun concentrating His rays for a moment on one tiny spot, the Earth. What happens? It is burnt up, it is consumed, it disappears. But in our Solar Consciousness is Truth, and though we glance for a moment at the little sphere we have left behind us, and it is no more, yet there is "that which remains." What remains? What has happened? We realize that "every man and every woman is a star." We gaze around at our wider heritage, we gaze at the Body of Our Lady Nuit. We are not in darkness; we are much nearer to Her now. What (from the little planet) looked like sparks of light, are now blazing like other great Suns, and these are truly our brothers and sisters, whose essential and Starry nature we had never before seen and realized. These are the 'remains' of those we thought we had left behind. There is plenty of room here, each one travels in His true Path, always Joy.

Now, if you want to step back into the Old Aeon, do so. But try and bear in mind that those around you are in reality Suns and Stars, not little shivering slaves. If you are not willing to be a King yourself, still recognize that they have a right to Kingship, even as you have, whenever you wish to accept it. And the moment you desire to do so you have only to remember this- look at things from the point of view of the Sun.

Love is the law, love under will.

Pub. by Aleister Crowley
March 1919 (15 AN)



THE COSMIC GAME

Shadows dance on the edge of the moon
Every distant star echos the tune
Of the cosmic pattern we know not soon
But like flowers in May we too will bloom
In its knowledge.

Numbers and planets and voices calling
Vibrations and echos of new worlds falling,
But our conscious mind is carefully stalling
For to know the answer may be appalling
So we hesitate.

The Cosmic Game like a chessboard stands,
The players smile wide and wing their hands,
As they watch the fools in their dance
And the queen and knights pause in a trance
Of sudden inspiration.

A teardrop from the sky floats down
And a cry goes up from where its found
Sinners and saints rush to the ground
In wondering amazement the princes drown
In their own hindrance.

And the planet explodes in the fiery night,
And the stars echo its distant light
And the laughter calls from the realm of blight
As the chessboard thunders and the winner takes flight
The game is over.

By Ciramon O'
Celesta 1'

PHILOSOPHY OF THE EAST



Aleister Crowley

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW. LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILLE

THE SOUL OF THE DESERT

Aleister Crowley

"I too am the Soul of the Desert; thou shalt seek me yet again in the wilderness of sand."
Liber LXV, IV, 61

1
THE JOURNEY

The soul is in its own nature, perfect purity, perfect calm, perfect silence; and as a well springs from the very veins of the earth itself, so is the soul nurtured of the blood of God, the ecstasy of things.

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

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

For many a year man in his quest for happiness has traveled a false road. To quench his thirst he has added salt in ever increasing quantities to the waters of life; to cover the art heaps of his imagination he has raised mountains wherein wild beasts and deadly prowl. To cure the itch, he has flayed the patient; to exorcise the ghost, he has evoked the devil.

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

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

Doubt not, brother! reason indeed may be elaborate complexities; are not these the very symptoms of the disease? Use but the rude common sense, heritage of simpler and happier forefathers, that they have transmitted to thee by the wand.

The cure of disease is ease; of disquiet, quiet; of strife, peace. And to attain horsemanship the study of folios aids not, but the mounting of a horse; as the best way to swim is to enter the water and strike out, so it is cool sense, not feverish reason, that says: to attain quiet, practice quiet.

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

And yet the eager aspirant will answer: Provided that the cure is complete. Provided the sickness does not return when the medicine is stopped.

Ah! that were hard: so deep-seated is the malady that years after its symptoms have passed, it seizes on a moment of weakness to blaze out again. It is malarial fever that lurks low, that hides in the very substance of the blood itself, that has made the very fountain of life partaker with it in the sacrament of death.

"Has a spider found out the communion-cup?"

"Was a toad in the christering font?"

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

What is then the essential? To cure the patient once; to give him faith in the efficacy of the remedy, so that perchance he falls sick, and no doctor is near, he may be able to cure himself.

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

It is the most difficult task that man can undertake. "Give me a fulcrum for my lever," said Archimedes, "and I will move the earth." But how when one is within, and part of, that very system of motion which one desired to stop? Newton's First Law drops like the headman's axe on the very name of our endeavor. Well for us that this is not true as it is obvious! For this fact saves us, that the resolution of all these is rest. The motion is but in reciprocal pairs; the sum of its vectors is zero. The knot of the Universe is a fool's knot; for all it seems Gordian, pull but firmly, and it ravel's out. It is this seeing that is all the

mischievous; gloomy is the gulf, and the clouds gather ungraciously in monstrous shapes; the false moon flickers behind them; abyss upon abyss opens on every hand. Darkness and menace; the fierce sounds of hostile things!

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

I do not know if many men have the same experience as myself in the matter of voluntary dreaming, or rather of contest between the sought and the unsought in dream. For instance, I am on a ridge of ice with Oscar Eckenstein. He slips to one side. I throw myself on the other. We begin to cut steps up to the ridge; my axe snaps, or is snatched from my hand. We begin to pull ourselves up to the ridge by the rope; the rope begins to fray. Luckily it is caught lower down on a cleft of rock. A Larmengier swoops; I invent a pistol and blow its brains out. And so on through a thousand adventures, making myself master of each event as it arises. But I am grown old today and weary of thrills. Nowadays at the first of danger I take wings and sail majestically down to the glacier.

If I have thus digressed, it is to superpose this triangle on that of the task, "Stop Thinking." Simple it sounds, and simple it is - when you have mastery. In the meantime it is apt to lead you far indeed from simplicity. I myself have written some million words in order to stop thinking! I have covered miles of canvas with pounds of paint in order to stop thinking. Thus may it be that I am at least to be considered as no mean authority on all the wrong ways; and so, perhaps, by a process of exclusion, on the right way!

Unfortunately, it is not as easy as this....

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing
tribal lays.

And every one of them is right.

And right for A is often wrong for B.

But, luckily, the simpler the goal is kept, the simpler are the means. Elsewhere in my writings will be found a fairly painstaking and accurate account of the process.

The present essay is but to advocate a mighty engine adjuvant -- the shoulder of Hercules to the cart-wheel of the beginner whose diffidence whispers that he is incapable of following those instructions in the difficult circumstances of ordinary life, or the enthusiast who wisely determines like Kirkpatrick to "mac siccar." Indeed, the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of the riches, the lusts of the flesh and the eye, the pride of life, and all the other enemies of the saint, do indeed choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

—finis—

2 THE DESERT

As a monastery imposes the false peace of dullness by its unwholesome and artificial monotony, so is the desert nature's own cure for all the tribulations of thought.

There the soul undergoes a triplex weaving. First, the newness of the surroundings, their strange and salient simplicity charm the soul. It has a premonition of its cure; it feels the atmosphere of its home, it is sure of its vocation. Next, the mind, its frivolity once satiated with novelty, becomes bored, turns to acrimony, even to passionate revolt. The novice beats against the bars; the stranger to the desert flies to London or to Paris with the devil at his heels. A wise superior will not restrain the acolyte who cannot restrain himself; but in the desert, the refugee, if he doubts his own powers -- still more, maybe, if he does not mistrust them! -- would wisely make it impossible to return. But how should he do so? Believe me, who have tried it, the longest journey, the most bitter hardships, are as nothing, an arrow-light of joy, when the great horror lies behind and the sanctuary of Paris ahead!

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

add to the torture of the circling fire; no superfluous of anguish to relieve it by annihilation. But against these paroxysms is an eight-fold sedative. The ravings of madness are lost in soundless space; the struggles of the drowning man are not heeded by the sea.

These are the eight geni of the desert. They are the eight Elements of Fohi:

<u>Male</u>	<u>Female</u>
The Lingam (Life)	The Yoni (Space; the Stars)
The Sun	The Moon
Fire	Water
Air (wood)	Earth

In the desert all these things are single; all these are naked. They are pure and untroubled; not breaking up and dissolving by any comingling or communion; each remains itself and apart, harmonizing indeed with its fellows, but in no wise interfering. The lines of demarcation are crude and harsh; but softness is incomprehensively the result. They are immitigable, these Eight Elements, and together they mitigate immeasurably. The mind that revolts against them is ground down by their persistent careless pressure. It is as when one throws a crystal - say of microscopic salt - into water; it is eaten silently and rapidly, and is no more; the water is untroubled always; its action is like Fate's, infinitely irresistible yet infinitely calm.

So the mind reaches out to think this or that; it is brought back into silence by the eight great facts. The desert wind suffers no obstacle to impede it; the sun shines invicibly upon the baked earth to the village; the sand invisibly eats up the oasis, save for a moment where man casts up his earthworks against it. Yet, despite this, the spring leaps unexpected from the sand, and no simoon can stifle, nor even evaporate it; nor can the immense sterility of the desert conquer life. Look where you will, every dune of sand has its inhabitants - not colonists, but natives of the inhospitable-seeming waste. The moon itself, serenely revolving around earth, changes in appearance, as if to say, "Even so goest thou about the sun. Am I new or full? Never think of it; that is but the point of view from which thou chancest to regard me. I am but a mirror of sunlight, dark or bright according to the angle of thy gaze. Does the mirror alter? Is it not always the untroubled silver? Have not I always one face turned sunward? Thou but mockest thyself if thou call me "The Changeful."

For life itself, here in the oasis, is a thing ordered by the elements. Night is for sleep; there is nothing wherewith to wake. There is no artificial light; no artificial food-literature. There is no choice of meats; one is always hungry. The desert sauce is hunger unique as the Englishman's one sauce. Having eaten, one must walk; there is only one place to walk in. There is only one lesson to learn, peace; only one comment upon the lesson, thanksgiving. Love itself becomes simple as the rest of life. A glance in the Cafe Maure, a silent agreement with delight, a soft withdrawal to some hollow of the dunes under the stars where the village is blotted out as though it had never been, as are in that happy moment all the transgressions of the sinner, and all the woes of life, but the Virtue of the Holy One; or else to some dim corner of a garden of the oasis by the stream, where through the softly stirring palms strike the first moon-ray from the East, and life thrills in sleepy union; all, all in silence, not names or vows exchanged, but with clean will an act accomplished. No more. No turmoil, no confusion, no despair, no self-tormenting, hardly even a memory.

And this too at first is horrible; one expects so much from love, three volumes of falsehood, a labyrinth rather than a garden. It is harder at first to realize that this is no more love than a carbuncle is part of a man's neck. All the spices wherewith we are wont to season the dish to our depraved palates, Maxim's, St. Margaret's, automobile rides, the Divorce Court, these are unwholesome pleasures. They are not love. Nor is love the exaltation of the emotions, sentiment, follies. The stagedoon is not love, (nor is the stile in Lover's Lane); love is the bodily ecstasy of dissolution, the pang of bodily death, wherein the Ego for a moment that is an aeon loses the fatal consciousness of itself; and becoming one with that of another, foreshadows to itself that greater sacrament of death, when "the spirit returns to God that gave it."

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

cast piecemeal upon the dunghill, without the city. But the soul that has understood the blessedness of that resignation which grasps the universe and devours it, which is without hope or fear, without faith or doubt, without hate or love, dissolves itself ineffable into the abounding bliss of God. It cries with Shelley, as the "chains of lead about its flight of fire" drop molten from its limbs: "I part, I sink, I tremble, I expire," and in that last outbreathing is made one with the primal and final breath, the Holy Spirit of God.

Such must be the climax of any retirement to the Desert on the part of any aspirant of the Mysteries who has the spark of that fire in him.

He is drawn to the physical quiescence (to regularity, simplicity, unity of motion) by the constant example and compulsion of the Elements. He is obliged to introspection by the poverty of exterior impressions perceptions behind the sensations, the laws underlying even the perception and finally that consciousness which is the lawgiver. Sooner or later, according to his energy and the sanctification of his will, must he tear down the great veil and behold himself upon the shining walls of space, must he utter with shuddering rapture: "This is I!" Then let him choose!

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

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

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

Then, should the rocks of life tear him, and its snow chill him, knoweth he not where to turn? Hath he not attained the secret? Has he not entered the Sanctuary of the Most High?

Is he not chosen and armed against all things? Is he not master of Destiny and of the event? What can touch him, who hath become intangible, being lost in God? Or conquer him, who hath become unconquerable having conquered himself and given himself up to God? As well write on the sand, as write sorrow in his soul. As well seek to darken the Sun, as to put out the Light that is in him.

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

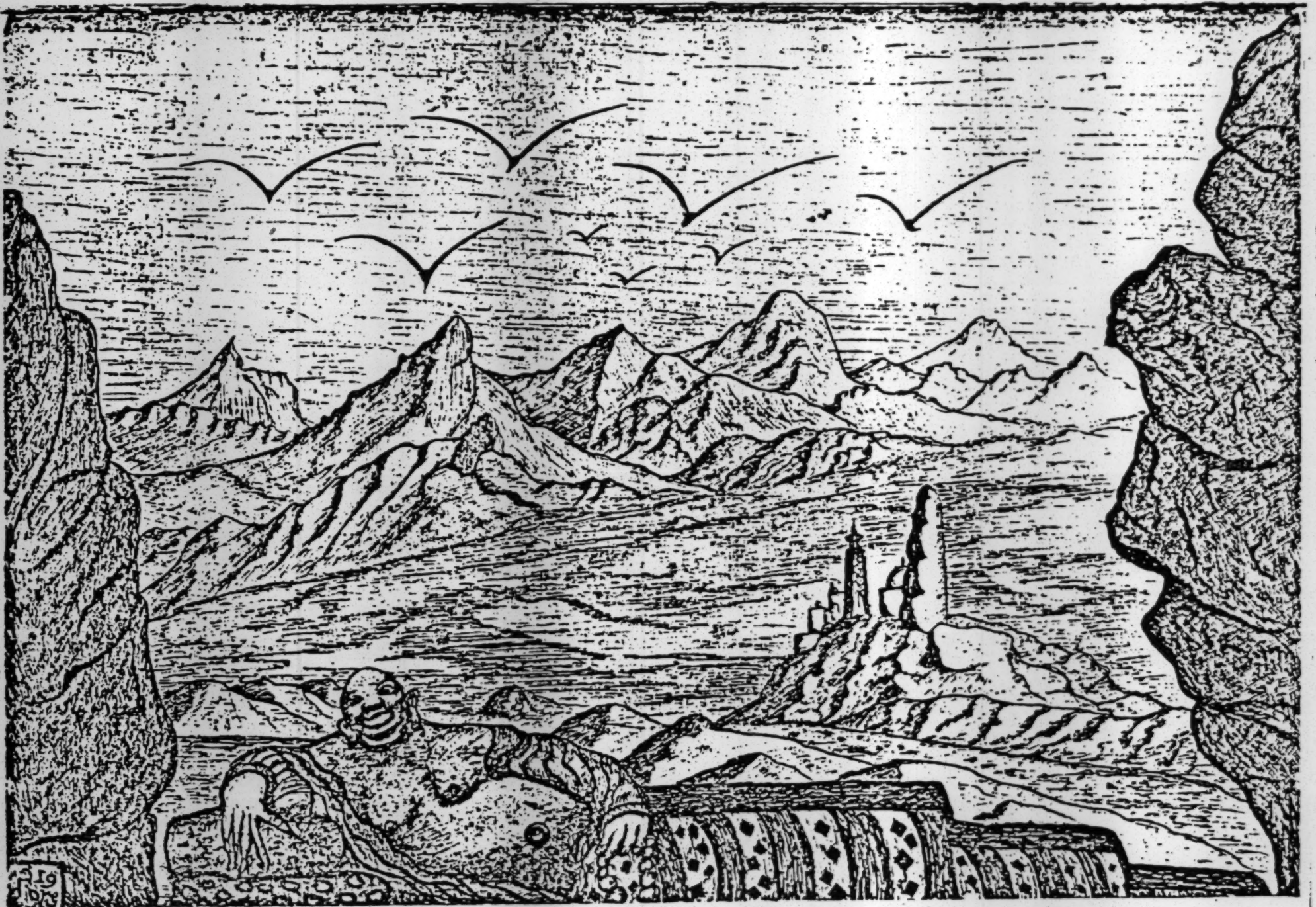
AMEN

ALEISTER CROWLEY

TOZEUR

17 March 1914.

Dedicated to Sonor Alta Via
One who lives on the desert.



The Guardian of the Wilderness

BOOK REVIEW:

WE would like, first of all, to recommend the entirety of "Ancient Egyptian Literature", by Miriam Lichtheim, and published by University of California press, 1975, to other Thelemites. In order to illustrate the skill in translation and the awareness of the original authors of some of the texts included in this book we have extracted an example from the Pyramide texts.

The original author of this 'poem' was Pepi the First, a King of Egypt about 4,200 years ago, (according to Crowley's estimate of the duration of an Aeon, given in Magick: part 3,¹) in the beginning of the Aeon of Isis. Perhaps this will shed some light on certain remarks concerning the Hebrew letter 'Tzaddi'², in Thelemic literature.

From the 49th page of this book;
Utterance 573, Antechamber of the West wall, The King prays for admittance to the sky.

Awake in peace, O Pure One, in peace!
Awake in peace, Horus of-the-East, in peace:
Awake in peace, Soul-of-the-East, in peace:
Awake in peace, Horus-of-Lightland, in peace:
You lie down in the Night-bark,
You awake in the Day-bark,
For you are he who gazes on the gods,
There is no god who gazes on you!

O father of Pepi, take Pepi with you.
Living, to you mother Nuit:
Gates of sky, open for Pepi,
Pepi comes to you, make him live!
Command that this Pepi sit beside you,
Beside him who rises in lightland:
O father of Pepi, command to the goddess³ beside you
To make wide Pepi's seat at the stairway of heaven:

Command the Liveing One,⁴ the son of Sothis,⁵
To speak for this Pepi,
To establish for Pepi a seat in the sky:⁶
Commend this Pepi to the Great Noble,

The beloved of Ptah, the son of Ptah,
To speak for this Pepi,
To make flourish his jar-stands on earth,
For Pepi is one with these four gods:¹
Imsety, Hapy, Duamutef, Kebhsenuf,
Who live by maat,
Who lean on their staffs,
Who watch over Upper Egypt.

He flies from you men as do ducks,
He unests his arms from you as a falcon,
He tears himself from you as a kite,
Pepi frees himself from the fetters of earth,
Pepi is released from bondage;

This ends the section of this article quoted from the book, but I feel as if a few foot-notes are in order to aid in understanding for those who are not, perhaps, familiar with the finer points of Egyptian or Thelemic symbolism.

- #1. This reference is in Chapter 5, The formula of IAO, in *Magick in Theory and Practice*, by Aleister Crowley.
- #2. This is mentioned by Aiwass in *Liber Al vel Legis*, Chapter One, verse 57. And is also discussed by Crowley in many other places including the "Book of Thoth", under the headings for the 'Atus' or 'Trumps', The Emperor and The Star.
- #3. An obscure goddess named _____, which in my opinion is a 'name', or title of Nuit, or perhaps Isis.
- #4. Sahu, (Orion to the Greeks), the glorified body of Horus.
- #5. Sopdet to the Egyptians, 'the soul of Isis sparkled in Sirius, that of Horus in Orion. (Sopdet, Sathis, and Sirius are all names of the same Star, Alpha Canis Major.)
- #6. Note that the Hieroglyph of Isis is the 'Throne' or 'seat', Asi also has the meaning 'Behold'.
- #7. These four gods of the directions are the Sons of Horus.

Epw/° O.T.O. 12-10-75 AM.

BAPTISM OF FIRE

*Splitting open, torn in two
The sky departs from sight;
And riding on a horse of gold
Comes thus a blackened Knight.*

*Bearing on his shield a cross
Four roses in its core,
Surrounded by a lady tossed
Into the seething pore.*

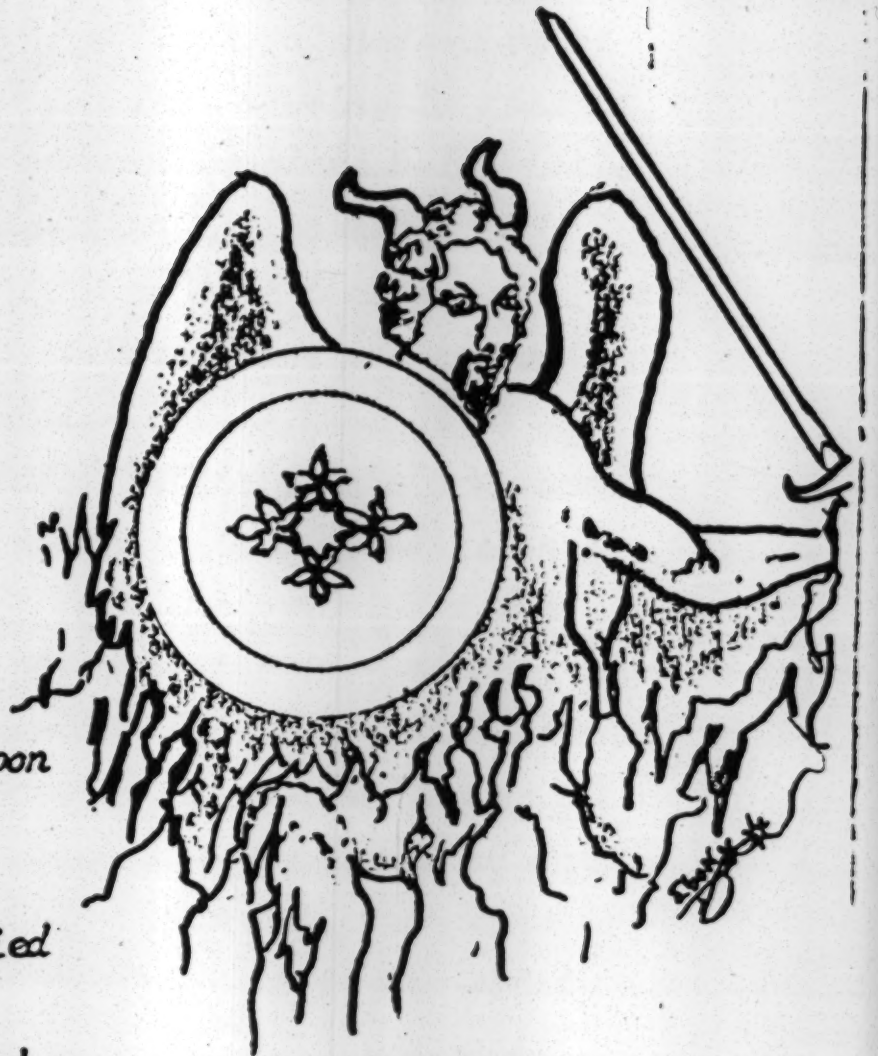
*An Eagle soars above the heads
Of many who have come,
But the golden horse just shat upon
The lies of everyone.*

*"All hail to thee, O Savior," cried
The ever cautious few;
But with his sword he quick denied
The slaves from within view.*

*The Sun reflected in his face
As Kings revealed themselves
Cast out from their worldly place
To claim their thrones in hell.*

*"Forgive me," screamed the anxious ones
Forgetting all their pride
But the blackened Knight summoned forth
The forms they chose to ride.*

*So choose ye well where ye shall be
When comes the day of wrath
To be a slave or a King
Its up to you which path.*



By Celesta T

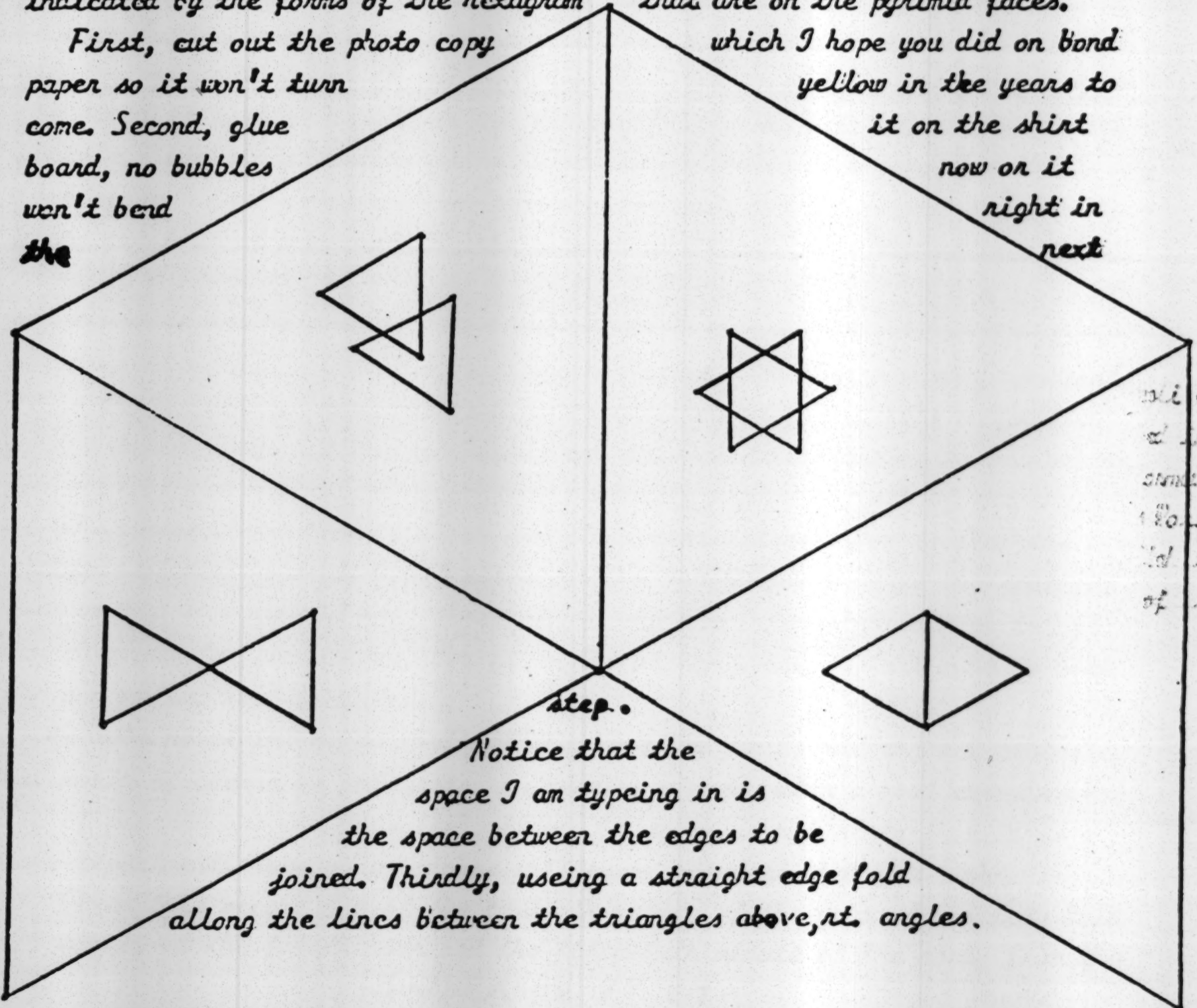
Well,
children,
time for our art

project. These are
you must obtain otherwise:
this page, that is to protect

if you mess up, second some glue for the pyramid template below, (this so you can glue it to something a tad bit solidier than the paper it is printed on), thirdly some 'shirt-board', fourthly some tape that you can use to attach the unattached corner, (on the inside), fifthly some markers or glitter or print or ink on whatever in the elemental colors, (now as to whether you use green or black for earth, meditate), sixthly take your wand and stir it around in your cup till it become covered with dew, (this only after you have completed the pyramid, then do it with the pyramid in the circle after liber 25 and in the form of liber 36) wipe the cup and wand with tissue and use it to fill the hollow of the pyramid. Align to the directions indicated by the forms of the hexagram that are on the pyramid faces.

First, cut out the photo copy
paper so it won't turn
come. Second, glue
board, no bubbles
won't bend
the

which I hope you did on bond
yellow in the years to
it on the shirt
now on it
right in
next



step.
Notice that the
space I am typing in is
the space between the edges to be
joined. Thirdly, using a straight edge fold
along the lines between the triangles above, rt. angles.

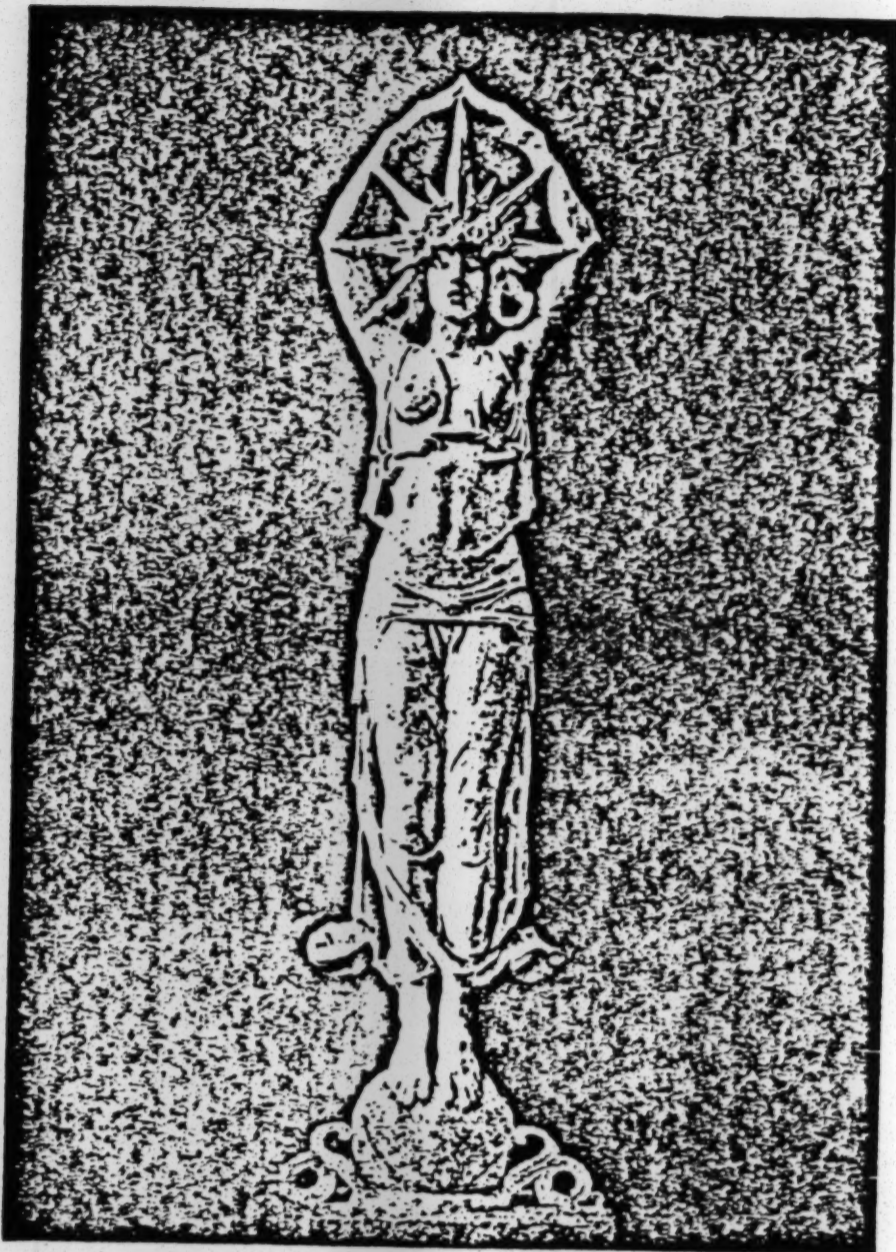
Fourthly, paint the outer walls of the pyramid in the appropriate colors, this can be done as we said in several ways. You could for instance use the elemental colors for the forms of the hexagram and their flashing colors, and either of these could be done in glitter or blacklight paints. If you use glue spread it evenly on the surface and then sprinkle a whole lot of glitter on the surface, over a newspaper of course, and be careful not to go over the lines. Make sure the pyramid is square before you finish it. Fifthly get some sort of base to sit it on, I suggest a mirror on a alter top or some other diagram, such as a circle at 21 cm. in diameter. Sixthly as we have discussed before the cone may be added appropriately, Unto Nuit.

Now as to the dimensions of this particular pyramid; it was deigned in a circle of a diameter of 21 centimeters for a special harmony. At the beginning of time, space, and the universe, there was a terrific orgasm that scientists call the "big bang", and all the matter energy time and space came (as it were) into being at that time, don't you remember? Well the Lady as we know tends to be loud as well as adulterous, so loud that if you listen with an antenna deigned to pick up microwaves at 21 cm. you can still hear the sound of that primeaval orgasm coming from every direction in space. In fact from any planet solar-system or galaxy you could hear that sound were you to listen at that wavelength or some shorter ones, (on our planet the ozone keeps out most of wave but it gets through at 21 c.m., for the scientists out there it follows the black body curve for 3 degrees Kelvin.) So the sides of our pyramid are half wave, (10.5 cm) and this is a specific harmonic of the above wavelength, (.50) Nu by the Greek. Notice also that the card numbered 21 is the Universe. This works out to an altitude of 9 c.m. (the numeration of the letter teth, ie the card Lust) and this is quite fitting to our scheme for each of the individual triangles (actually using the sin of the angle of 60 degrees, .8660 times 10.5 we get 9.093 centimeters.) Now to find the altitude of the Pyramid, 9.093 times .8660 = 7.875 aprox. As to the specific area within the pyramid ect. those of you who are interested in such things can check it for yourselves, I've given the basics, and we don't want to bore the non mathematically minded.

We make no claims as to what will happen when you do the above experiment, but would of course be interested in getting a reply with a good experimental log of procedures and "results", if any. Also we do not state that it is a safe experiment. Have some matches children, careful what you light.

Given this second day, of the twelveth month, of the year of our Lady Nuit (75 a.n.), at the fourth hour and the fiftysixth minute of the morn, from the

Hand of Anpu 1° O.T.O.



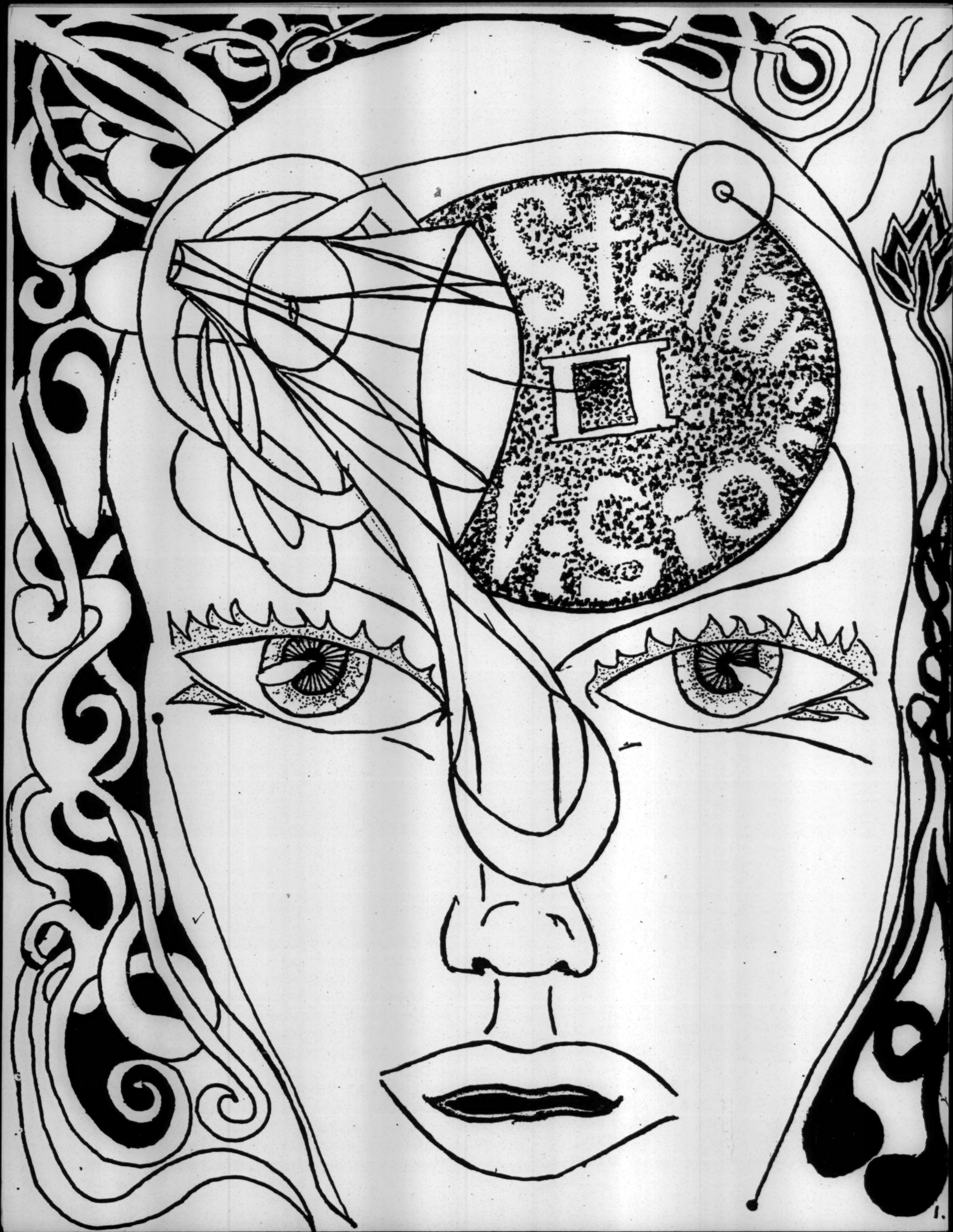
STAR FIGURE, COURT OF THE UNIVERSE AND FORECOURT OF STARS

The initiate of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis X^o Ordo Templi Orientis will note that there is an alternative to the formula described in Liber 36 in the consecration of magical talismans. This lies in the formula and method of the "mercurial god" and may be studied in the Paris Working and elsewhere more fully in detail in the Scented Garden of Abdullah the Satirist of Shiraz (Bagh-i-Muattar). It is the supreme transcendence of all natural order....

∴ Meithras X^o O.T.O.

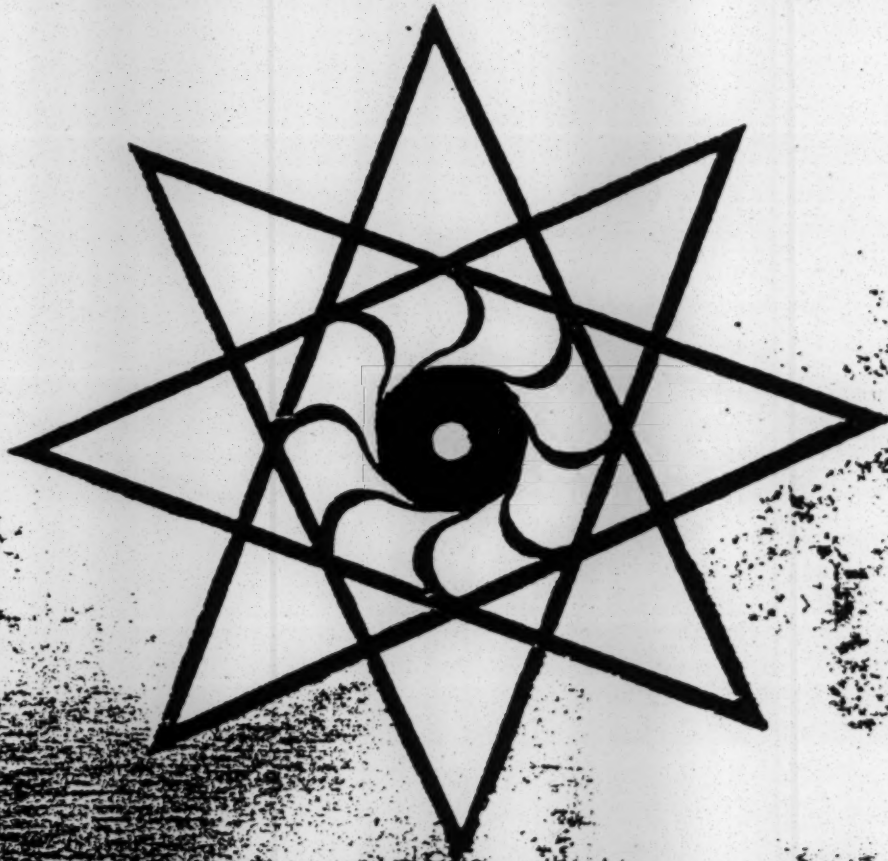


P21
S. L. ...
C. ...



STELLAR VISIONS II

This edition of Stellar Visions is due almost entirely to the work of Frater Meithras XI° O.T.O., who did the research, typeset, and some of the layout. It contains never before published material by such notable occultists as Aleister Crowley and Grady McMurtry. All material by Aleister Crowley and Grady McMurtry is Copyright © the O.T.O.; the remaining material is Copyright © "Stellar Visions" all rights reserved.



Soon

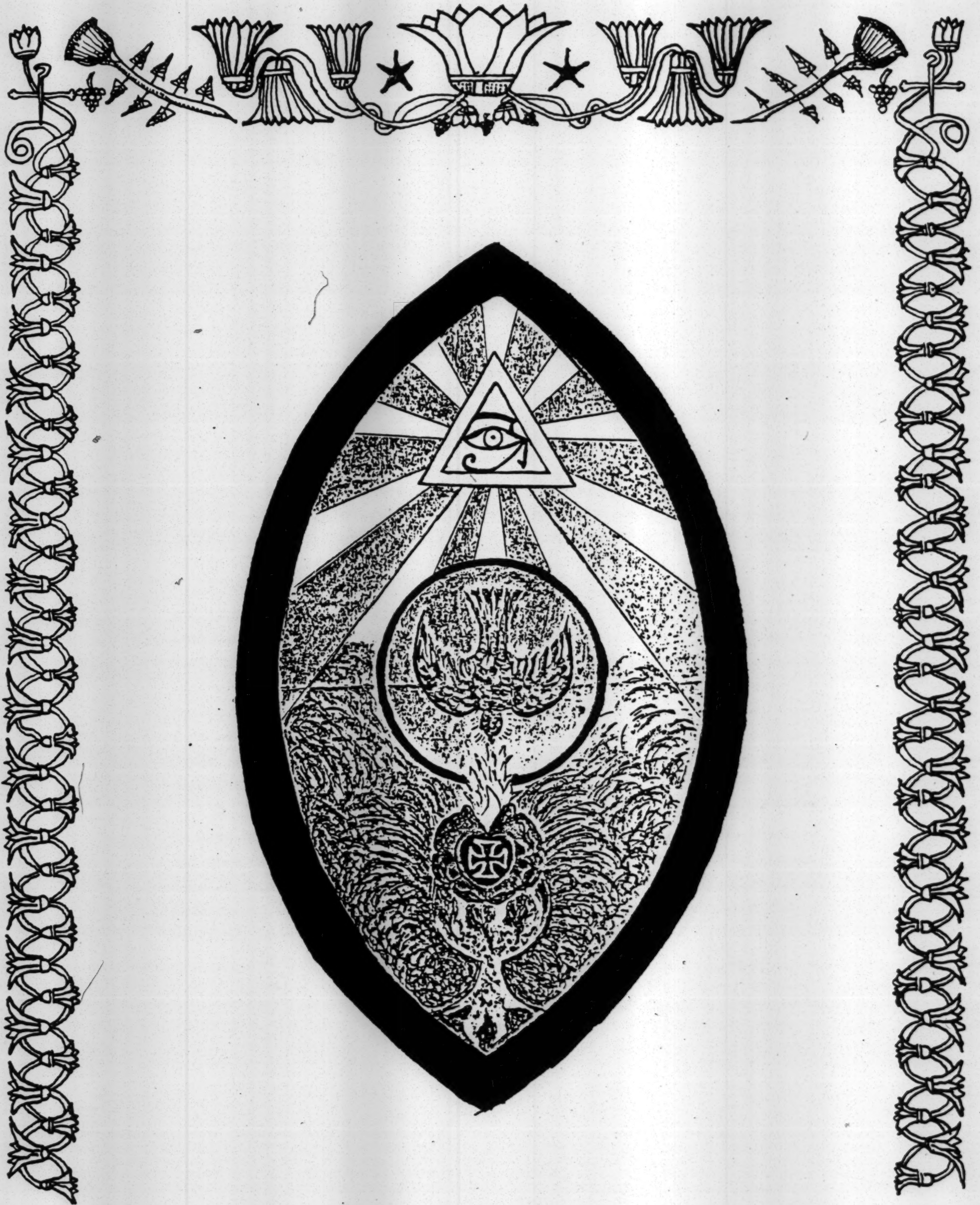
In the following issues we will be adopting a more general format that will include articles of interest to the modern occultist on the philosophy of occultism, practical magick, witchcraft, astrology, and high technology. We also will be offering subscriptions to interested parties. It is our hope that these changes will help to reduce the price to you, our readers. Writers who would like to offer material for use in this and following issues are urged to contact us c/o the O.T.O. Please indicate that your letter is for "Stellar Visions" on the envelope.

Next

In the next issue of Stellar Visions we will be providing a reference for those who are interested in the writings of Aleister Crowley and friends. We feel that it is the most comprehensive and useful guide to the large body of material that comprises the works of the A. .A. . and the O.T.O. ever published. We have listed the A. .A. . works that were published with an official Numeration both by that numeration and in a separate listing by their Class. Also included are open ended sections listing the unnumbered A. .A. . and O.T.O. works, Fiction, Plays and Ballets, and Poetry published by Aleister Crowley.

Thanx

We wish to thank all those that provided help in both finding this material and in providing aid to Frater Meithras in his visit to New York. We also wish to thank the many people who stuck with us in this project, especially the members of the bay area O.T.O., and their Supreme Council, who provided us permission to publish these rare bits of Crowleyana.



Re Touched by Rmpu.



Ordo Templi Orientis



INTRODUCTION TO MSS.

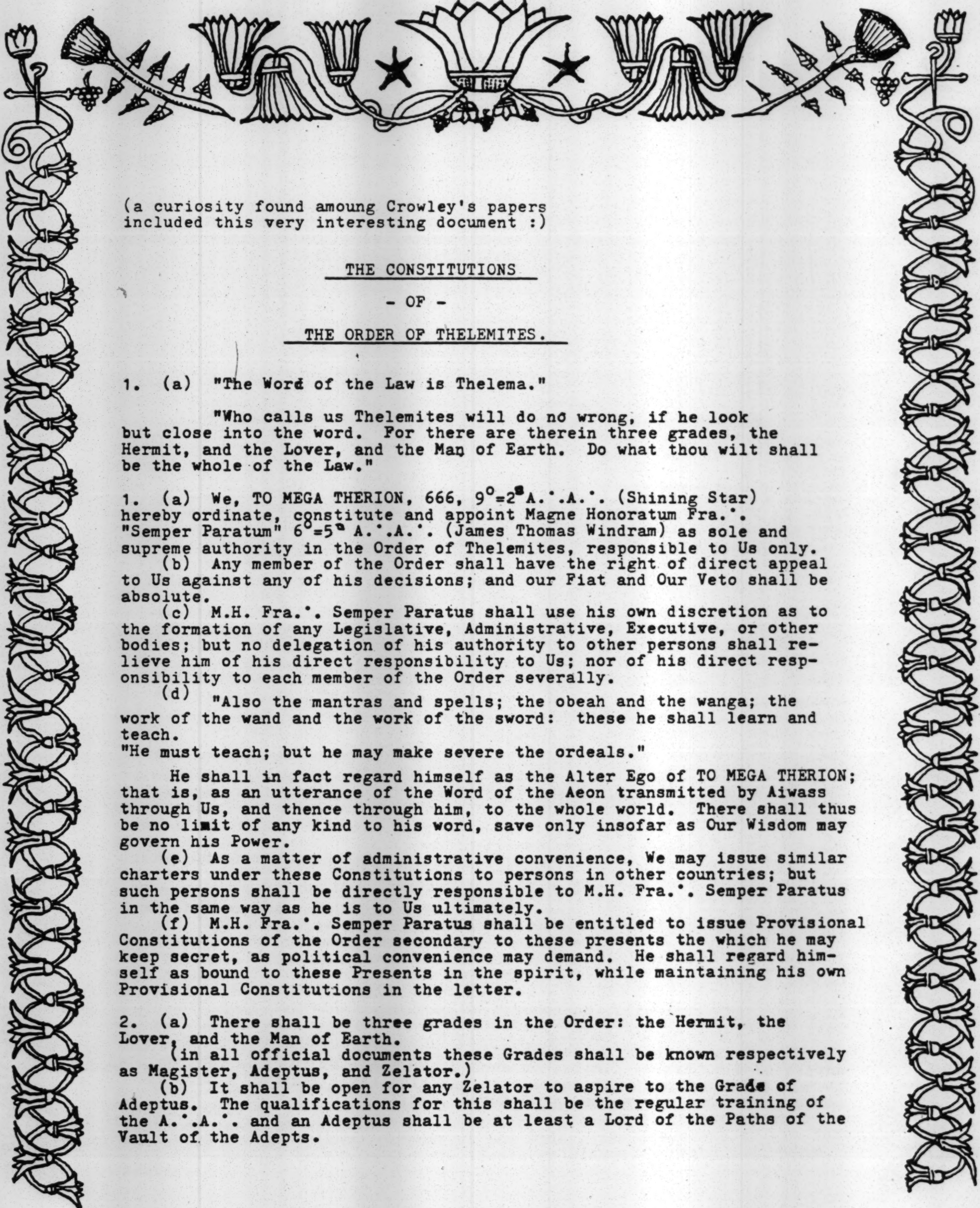
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The following documents and records were compiled from an extensive collection of Crowleyanity, which somehow mysteriously exists in the University of Syracuse, NY. With the aid of Tolstoy College and the Ra Hoar Khuit Lodge of Ordo Templi Orientis, in that state, a brother of the Order and myself gained access to the security mss. of "directives to the O.T.O.", Leah Hirsig's magical diary, the original typographical copy of the Paris Working and a host of other rare Crowley works (some odd 200 letters to the various persons involved in his work). How this collection of valuable material came to be at this particular University is not known to us, suffice it to say that most (if not all) of this material is property of the Order of Oriental Templars under the aegis of the Caliphate (as regards copyright).

Most of these writings have never before been published in any form. We here release via STELLER-VISIONS copies made from the originals which in any case are barely legible and therefore regrettably impossible to reproduce in facsimile. Herewith I hope to humbly fulfill the obligations I had made among various brothers of the Order in the process of acquiring this material, whom we gratefully thank for their patience.
Love is the law, love under will.

Meithras XI^o O.T.O.





(a curiosity found among Crowley's papers included this very interesting document :)

THE CONSTITUTIONS

- OF -

THE ORDER OF THELEMITES.

1. (a) "The Word of the Law is Thelema."

"Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein three grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the Man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

1. (a) We, TO MEGA THERION, 666, 9^o=2^a A. A. A. (Shining Star) hereby ordinate, constitute and appoint Magne Honoratum Fra. "Semper Paratum" 6^o=5^a A. A. A. (James Thomas Windram) as sole and supreme authority in the Order of Thelemites, responsible to Us only.

(b) Any member of the Order shall have the right of direct appeal to Us against any of his decisions; and our Fiat and Our Veto shall be absolute.

(c) M.H. Fra. Semper Paratus shall use his own discretion as to the formation of any Legislative, Administrative, Executive, or other bodies; but no delegation of his authority to other persons shall relieve him of his direct responsibility to Us; nor of his direct responsibility to each member of the Order severally.

(d) "Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword: these he shall learn and teach.

"He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals."

He shall in fact regard himself as the Alter Ego of TO MEGA THERION; that is, as an utterance of the Word of the Aeon transmitted by Aiwass through Us, and thence through him, to the whole world. There shall thus be no limit of any kind to his word, save only insofar as Our Wisdom may govern his Power.


(e) As a matter of administrative convenience, We may issue similar charters under these Constitutions to persons in other countries; but such persons shall be directly responsible to M.H. Fra. Semper Paratus in the same way as he is to Us ultimately.

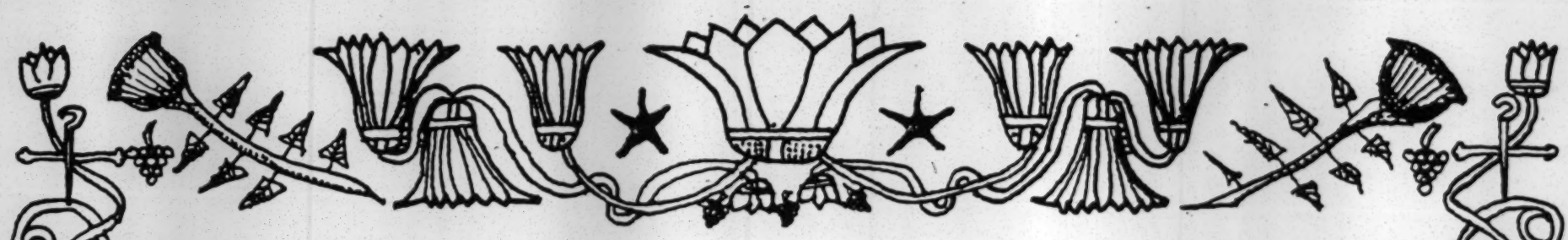
(f) M.H. Fra. Semper Paratus shall be entitled to issue Provisional Constitutions of the Order secondary to these presents the which he may keep secret, as political convenience may demand. He shall regard himself as bound to these Presents in the spirit, while maintaining his own Provisional Constitutions in the letter.

2. (a) There shall be three grades in the Order: the Hermit, the Lover, and the Man of Earth.

(in all official documents these Grades shall be known respectively as Magister, Adeptus, and Zelator.)

(b) It shall be open for any Zelator to aspire to the Grade of Adeptus. The qualifications for this shall be the regular training of the A. A. A. and an Adeptus shall be at least a Lord of the Paths of the Vault of the Adepts.





M.H. Fra.°. Semper Paratus shall be empowered, notwithstanding the above, to grant certificates to persons suitable in his judgment to exercise the function of an Adeptus to assist him in governing and directing the activities of the Order during the period of their training.

(c) It shall be open for any Adeptus to aspire to the Grade of Magister. The qualifications shall be:

1. Eleven years of service as an Adeptus;
2. The attainment of the Grade of Babe of the Abyss in the A.°.A.°. ;
3. Retirement from all active Work in the Order involving personal contact with groups.

3. (a) Membership shall be granted by certificate from M.H. Fra.°. Semper Paratus or his duly appointed delegate. The qualification shall be signature of the Pledge-Form following:

I, _____, being in possession of a copy of the Book of the Law and the Comment thereon by 666, and having studied for Eleven Days, do Solemnly Declare that I accept the Law of Thelema, that I will devote myself to discover my True Will, and to do it.

(b) The pledge-form for an Adeptus, or Acting Adeptus, shall contain this additional clause:

I further pledge myself to devote myself to the extension of the Law of Thelema, to study and to expound the same, until such time as, if it be my Will, I pledge myself to aspire to the Grade of Magister.

(c) The Pledge-Form of a Magister shall contain the clause following, additional to that of a Zelator:

I pledge myself to retire from personal association with men or women, to devote myself to the attainment of the Grade of Magister Templi in the A.°.A.°, and to promulgate the Law of Thelema by such means other than those involving the personal association aforementioned, unless by special dispensation from the Head of the Order.

4. (a) The initiation of a Zelator shall take place under four Eyes. It shall be administered in the form given in Scheduling A. as attached to these Constitutions.

(b) The form of initiation of an Adeptus shall be laid down in Scheduling B. attached to these Constitutions.

(c) There shall be no form of initiation for the Grade of Magister.

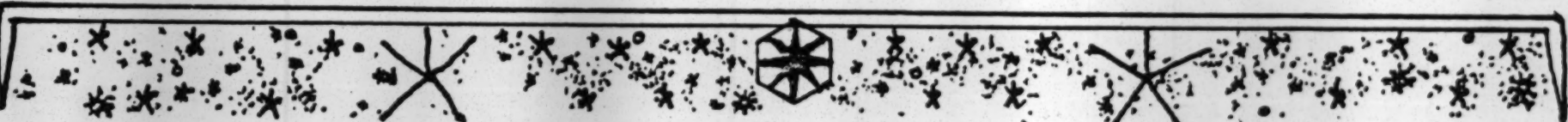
5. (a) All Zelators shall use the daily invocations given in Liber CC, the Rituals of Liber XXV, Liber XXXVI, and Liber XLIV, and the Will before meat, as taught them in their initiation.

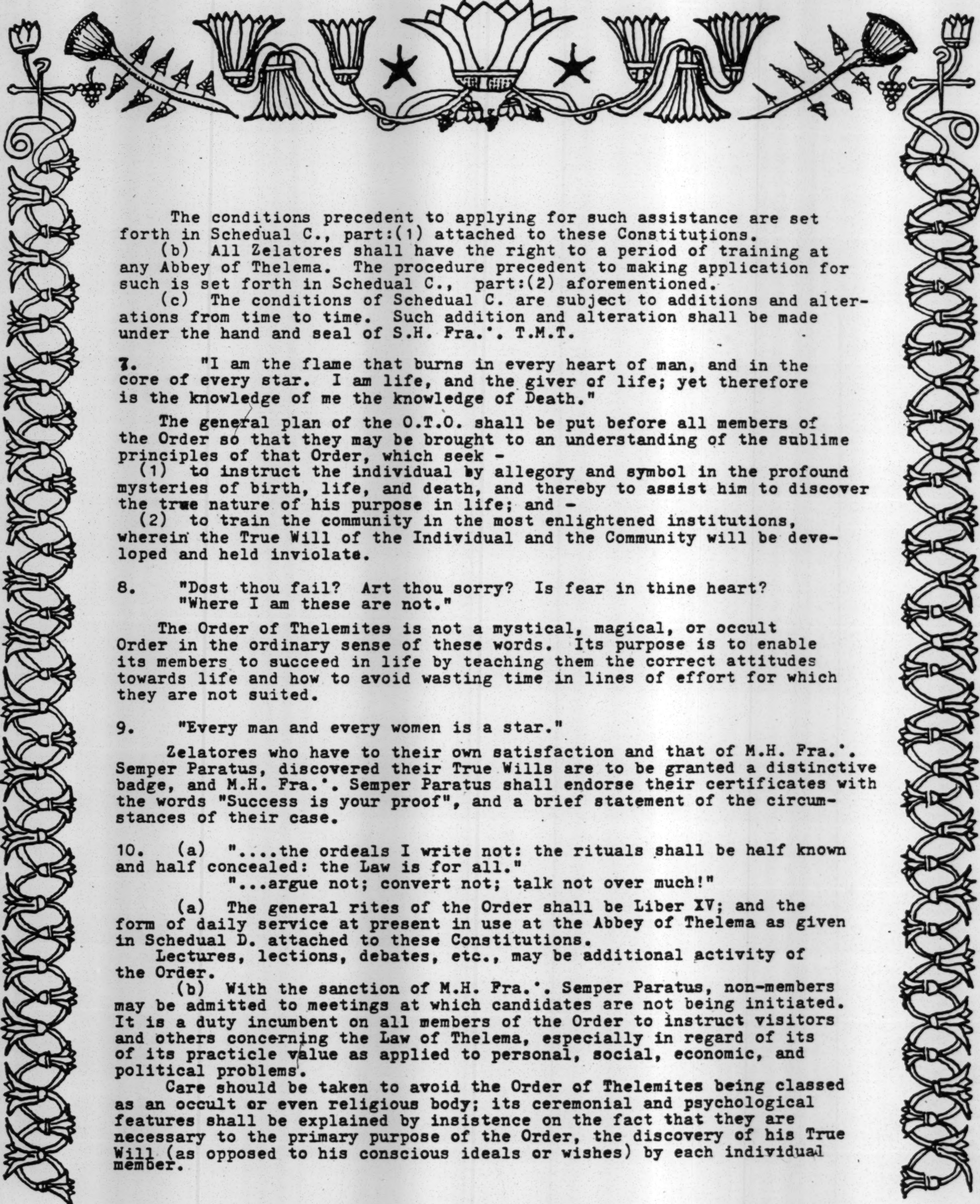
They shall attend to the instructions given in Liber CC.

(b) All Adepts shall add to these practices that given in Liber Samekh. (This shall be optional for Zelators.)

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

The Zelator shall be assisted to discover his True Will by personal advise of S.H. Fra.°. T.M.T., or such other Magisteri as may be appointed by him. Under His directions Adepts may give assistance of a more elementary kind to groups, as by lectures, etc.





The conditions precedent to applying for such assistance are set forth in Scheduling C., part:(1) attached to these Constitutions.

(b) All Zelatores shall have the right to a period of training at any Abbey of Thelema. The procedure precedent to making application for such is set forth in Scheduling C., part:(2) aforementioned.

(c) The conditions of Scheduling C. are subject to additions and alterations from time to time. Such addition and alteration shall be made under the hand and seal of S.H. Fra.'. T.M.T.

7. "I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am life, and the giver of life; yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of Death."

The general plan of the O.T.O. shall be put before all members of the Order so that they may be brought to an understanding of the sublime principles of that Order, which seek -

(1) to instruct the individual by allegory and symbol in the profound mysteries of birth, life, and death, and thereby to assist him to discover the true nature of his purpose in life; and -

(2) to train the community in the most enlightened institutions, wherein the True Will of the Individual and the Community will be developed and held inviolate.

8. "Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?
"Where I am these are not."

The Order of Thelemites is not a mystical, magical, or occult Order in the ordinary sense of these words. Its purpose is to enable its members to succeed in life by teaching them the correct attitudes towards life and how to avoid wasting time in lines of effort for which they are not suited.

9. "Every man and every woman is a star."

Zelatores who have to their own satisfaction and that of M.H. Fra.'. Semper Paratus, discovered their True Wills are to be granted a distinctive badge, and M.H. Fra.'. Semper Paratus shall endorse their certificates with the words "Success is your proof", and a brief statement of the circumstances of their case.

10. (a) "...the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all."

"...argue not; convert not; talk not over much!"

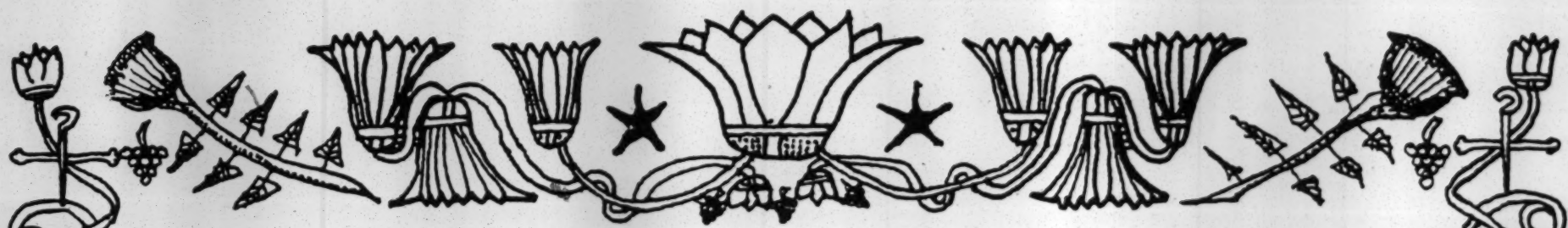
(a) The general rites of the Order shall be Liber IV; and the form of daily service at present in use at the Abbey of Thelema as given in Scheduling D. attached to these Constitutions.

Lectures, lections, debates, etc., may be additional activity of the Order.

(b) With the sanction of M.H. Fra.'. Semper Paratus, non-members may be admitted to meetings at which candidates are not being initiated. It is a duty incumbent on all members of the Order to instruct visitors and others concerning the Law of Thelema, especially in regard of its of its practical value as applied to personal, social, economic, and political problems.

Care should be taken to avoid the Order of Thelemites being classed as an occult or even religious body; its ceremonial and psychological features shall be explained by insistence on the fact that they are necessary to the primary purpose of the Order, the discovery of his True Will (as opposed to his conscious ideals or wishes) by each individual member.





11. Consonant with the principles of the Order, propaganda may be undertaken with a view to the removal of arbitrary restrictions on the Will of the individual, and co-ordinate the laws of every country to the Law of Thelema; that is, the Order of Thelemites shall strive to establish a code, the sole object of which shall be to prevent any man, or body of men, from interfering with the True Will of another, as in the case of murder, robbery, rape, etc. It shall similarly strive to create a Public Opinion in favor of Social tolerance of all opinions and practices which do not interfere with the True Will of the individual and the community.

12. The Order of Thelemites is categorically opposed to:

- (a) All superstitions religions, as obstacles to the establishment of scientific religion;
- (b) All codes of morality which fail to conform with "Love under Will",
- (c) All Social or political systems which tend to hinder the development of hegemony of individual genius;
- (d) All forms of education which fail to assist the biological aim of the pupil;
- (e) All ordinances which tend to obstruct the course of nature in eliminating the unfit; and
- (f) Generally, all things which conflict with the text of Liber L, CCXX, "The Book of the Law".

13. "Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house; all must be done well and with business way."

(a) The objects for which the Order of Thelemites has been constituted have no concern with money per se, nevertheless, as no work can be carried on successfully in the outer without money, M.H. Fra.°. Semper Paratus is authorized and empowered to make from time to time, such rules and regulations with regard to Initiation Fees, Annual Subscriptions, and any other matters relating to the material welfare of the Order as may seem in his discretion necessary or expedient.

Members are charged to support the Order and its activities according to their ability and True Will.


(b) The financial relations subsisting from time to time between the Chancellor of the A.°.A.°. and M.H. Fra.°. Semper Paratus shall be by agreement duly recorded in Scheduling E. attached to these Constitutions.

14. In the event of Our death or disability, a Council/general of the Order shall be summoned within a year and a day of that event, by S.H. Fra.°. O.I.V.V.I.O. 8°=3°, S.H. Sor.°. Alostrael 8°=3°, 156, M.H. Fra.°. Semper Paratus, 6°=5°, or such other persons as We may by subsequent appointment designate. This Council shall discuss the existing conditions of the Order freely for 11 days; after hearing the same the member of the A.°.A.°. highest in rank (and then in seniority) shall assume Our present functions, and govern the Order in Our place.

15. These Constitutions are subject to amendment by Us from time to time at discretion.

---oOo---





• A LETTER ON ART TO LADY F.H. FROM A.C.

57, Petersham Road,
Richmond, Surrey,
19th December, 1939.

Dear Frieda,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Benediction arrived this morning arrived from Father Jackson. I am very happy and grateful.

I was going to send you a classic of purity, but I have not yet been able to get the special copy that I had intended for you. I have been terrifically worried. I have not had a word from Germer since his letter of Nov. 30th, and this is very unusual. Normally, I hear at least once, more often twice a week. This has meant continuous anxiety and frustration.

My characteristic idiocy has just been giving another demonstration. I have been wondering for a week why it hurt to carry coal upstairs, and it only dawned upon me last night that it was lumbago, so I then turned on the infra-red and was all right in half an hour. This is a very strange thing about me; something goes wrong, which is perfectly familiar, and I know the remedy quite well, and I am simply unable to put two and two together. I don't know why that is. A very queer psychological kink.

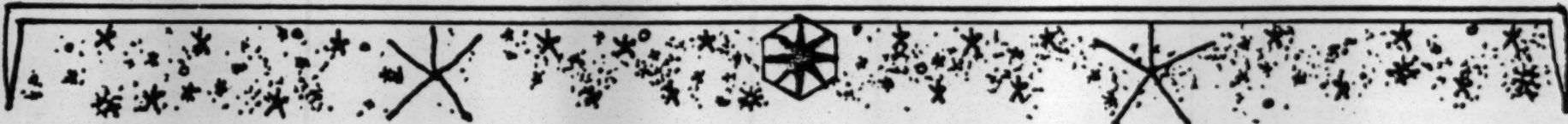
Now your letters received yesterday. Your paragraph 1. Yes, please make a conventional diagram.

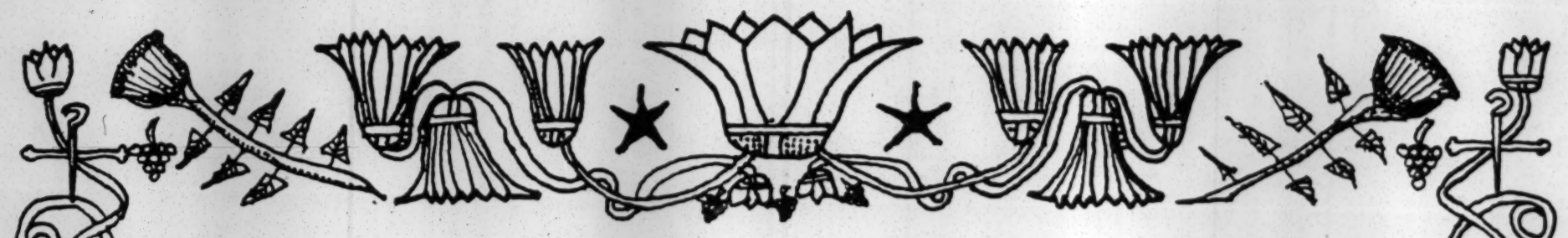
Your paragraph 2. I cannot accept your terminology for either of the unsatisfactory instruments occasionally employed for keeping papers together. I have acted however, on the indications afforded by your sketches. Freud would deduce a great deal from your preference.

Your paragraph 3. Thanks very much about Hilton.

Your paragraph 4. The word "divide" has for many years been used by myself in preference to what is no doubt the correct expression "devide". I know of course that division can be done in this lop-sided fashion, but I do not like the spoiling of the winged globe in any case, and on even more serious objection is that you are making particularly shadowy the one thing that should, by rights, be the most clear.

Your paragraph 5. You can't get out of it like that. I believe the basis of the failure is that there should be a special prerogative to understand spiritual matters, a feeling of heirship. The fact remains that you do not employ such arrogant impertinances with regard to such subjects as logic and mathematics. Bertrand Russell is certainly a thousand times more difficult than ever I am, but you understand him better because you accept the postulate, that subjects like these must be worked at, as with me you are annoyed.





My experience of satisfied women is that they do greet the dawn with a smirk; if not the dawn, any time up to five o'clock in the afternoon, and only when it wears off does one have a start all over again.

I have long foreseen the "Alice in Wonderland" conclusion of our labours, but that if you remember was the signal for the awakening to the beauty of life.

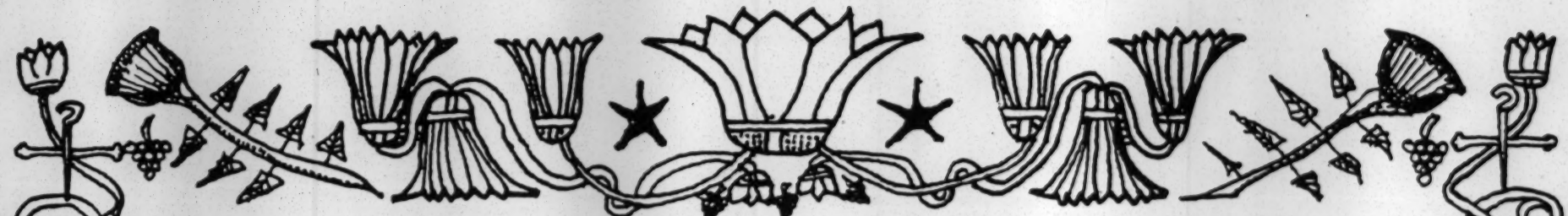
I got the photographs with great joy. I do not remember the colours of the Three of Swords, but the centre of the rose should be deep crimson, and the veins of the petals black and very wavy. Ten of Cups. This is admirable, but I can't tell much about the background; it ought to look menacing. There is something very sinister about this card. It suggests the morbid hunger which springs from surfeit. The craving of a drug addict is the idea. At the same time, of course, it is this final agony of descent into illusion which renders necessary the completion of the circle by awakening the Eld of the All-Father.

These matters or notes on Justice, or as we have preferred to call her "Adjustment". Please note this title. In reading through my description of the card, I notice a correction to be made, Phalax should be Phallic. There are several mistakes in spelling and punctuation, but no doubt you can put these right by your own ingenium. I suppose I feel strongly that the plumes of Maat are too insignificant, and the Dove and Raven look simply stuck on; nor do I think that the tessellated pavement is quite right. The general criticism is that the card is a little too cold; Liber is a sign of autumn, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, close-bosomed friend of the maturing sun. In your card you have got the idea of balance static, whereas it ought to be dynamic. Nature is not the grocer weighing out a pound of sugar; it is the compensation of complicated rhythms. I should like you to feel that every adjustment was a grand passion; compensation should be a festival, not a clerk smugly pleased that his accounts are correct. It seems to me that this doctrine is very important as a commentary on the text "Existence is pure joy", and I feel sure that the connection of Venus and Saturn with the sign is significant in this respect. The compensation is surely the awakening of the Eld of the All-Father, the constant reproduction of the original purity from the last stage of illusion. (Compare what I say above about the number Ten)

What an extraordinary thing to say! To retain one card to be different from all the other cards. The great difficulty of this whole work is to make a completely harmonious pack; that is why I wrote so strongly about the private Private View.

Your feeling about having no form and faces is merely symptomatic of modern soul-sickness. It is the root of homo-sexuality as understood in this country and of all these crazy movements, the Neo-Thomists, and the Buchmanites and the Dadaists and the Surrealists. Picasso took it far enough; he tried to paint a chair which could not be any particular chair, and must therefore have no colour and no form, but as every chair, in order to be a chair, must have a support for the human frame, he did a horizontal line. But this is metaphysics and not art; all these half-sexed, half-witted people, sicklied o'er with the pale caste of thought, I cannot believe that any of them will ever command either the Exeter, the Ajax or the Achilles, and any man who is not potentially capable of doing that, is not a man at all; he may be some kind of pudding, and I hold no brief against puddings, but all these people who resent simplicity resent manhood, they weave their own ananistic web of nastiness; these are the shells cast off from the Tree of Life, these are the lavae of abomination. It has been your evil fortune to have far too much to do with such people without a proper clinical training, such as would have enabled you to diagnose their malady; they have small orts of cleverness without any breadth of vision or balance, without the sense of space, of nature, of fresh air;





Their fiddling little ingenuities appeal to you rather as a chess problem or a jig-saw puzzle appeals to some of us in moments of idleness, but you did not have the psychological and pathological knowledge to keep you from making the fatal false step over the precipice of common sense; you have taken these abortive insects seriously. It is perfectly true in one sense to say that the only thing to be done is to fill up some stupid official paper correctly, but that is only true within the universe of discord of that paper, and the belief in these artificial ingenuities is liable to become a nightmare, and that is when you do have to say "It's nothing but a pack of cards".

The whole world as I see it is at present lost in constipations of this kind; the real needs of humanity are what they have always been, food, shelter, love and freedom. That, roughly speaking is the general true will of the species, and all devices, which are not subservient to this will, are errors.

To return to "Adjustment"; those birds bother me very much. I don't think they belong. I think they came from Noah's Ark. It would be better to simplify this card by leaving them out altogether. I feel sure that when you get the Venus and Saturn dancing motive firmly in your mind, you will produce a lady whom you will like better.

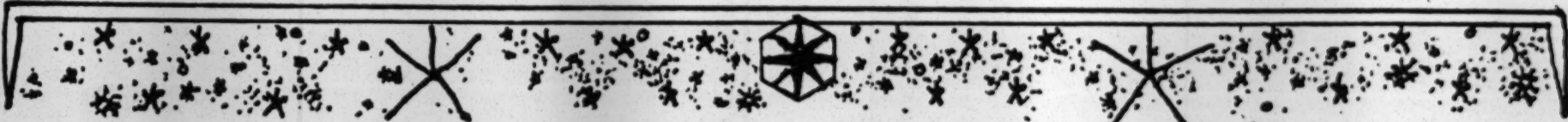
I must emphasise that this fear of faces is an appalling symptom of cowardice. It is surely a natural instinct to connect expression with moral ideas, and it is moral ideas, or more correctly magical ideas, that you are out to illustrate. It did not matter so much in this particular card because of the tradition of Justice being blind, but on the other hand, the masking of the face suggests deceit which is the absolute opposite of the intention of the card; it was the familiars of the Inquisition, it was the Vehngericht that administered what they called Justice, hooded. Impartiality is a lovely idea, but it dosen't get you very far; if the impartial person may be impersonated by a demon of malignant darkness.

I will now try to do you something about Mohammed.

Love is the law, love under will

Yours fraternally,

Aleister Crowley





Cefalu - Aleister Crowley

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Few visitors to Sicily ever visit the town of Cefalu. Palermo, Tairmina and Mount Etna, with few carriage excursions, represent Sicily to the average traveler. Yet this town, dating from the remotest antiquity, filled with treasures corresponding to each period of Sicily at its greatest, and within two hours journey of Palermo, is one of the most interesting and attractive places in the whole island.

It is a mediaeval town dominated by a huge rock, on which stand the broken walls of the Temples of Jupiter and Diana, of Saracen and Norman fortresses, and Roman houses. It commands a view across the Mediterranean to the Lipari Islands. Inland are mountains that separate the coast from the plains of Enna, where Persephone was carried away by Pluto under the Earth.

The glory of the town is its Norman Cathedral, decorated by Byzantine mosaics, which are comparable with those of Ravenna.

For the rest, it is an old Italian town of enormously high houses and narrow streets. Some of the alleys are not more than three feet wide. Every street leads to the sea from which one can watch the fishing fleet stand out with lateen sails like white birds.

Lately another attraction of a different kind has been added to the place; a College of the Holy Ghost has been established there by an English Mystic and his disciples. This College (there are others in various parts of the world) has been established so that those Aspirants to the knowledge of the Gnosis who desire to devote all their time and attention to Attainment may here find the proper seclusion and environment, and the personal touch of the Master who has given to the World the Law of Thelema: the Law of Life, Love, Liberty and Light - "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law", "Love is the law, love under will."

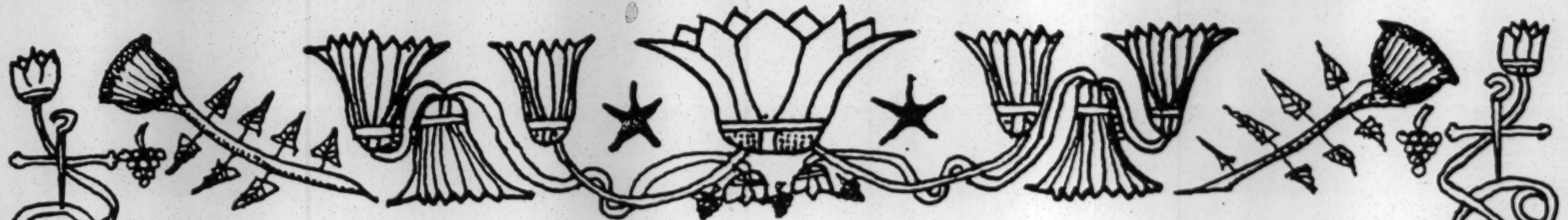
The essence of this Law is to give a meaning to life. It is not a matter of license, or a denial of Responsibility; on the contrary, it is the most austere formula ever promulgated. The idea is that each person should discover for himself the purpose for which he has taken up residence on this planet - in orthodox Christian terms, the Will of God in creating him - and devote himself exclusively to its fulfillment.

One of the rooms of the College has been decorated by the Lord Abbot, who is celebrated, not only as a Magician, but as a big-game hunter, poet, explorer and painter, to carry out Spiritual Training. The principal features are three large walls painted in fresco, representing Earth, Hell and Heaven, in a riot of colour and sensuous imagery. The purpose of these pictures is to enable people, by contemplation, to purify their minds; but even for those who are not interested in the psychology of the *Chambre des Cauchemars*, it is worth a visit for the bold and brilliant distinctions of sublime idealism, sexual passion, and insane obsession.

Here, check by jowl with poetic raptures, stand the most grotesque, terrible and revolting phantasmagoria; the visions which tormented St. Anthony are fixed in a medley of tempestuous images, where insanity and obscenity seem to wrestle against each other for the mastery of the beholder's mind. Despite the natural repugnance which the fear of Reality has created in the average mind, fascination of these cartoons is irresistible.

The purpose of this room is to pass students of the Sacred Wisdom through the ordeal of contemplating every possible phantom which can assail the soul. Candidates for this initiation are prepared by a certain secret process of excitement before spending the night in the room; the effect is that the figures on the walls seem actually to become alive, to bewilder and obsess the spirit that has dared to confront their malignity. Those who have come successfully through the trial say that they have become immunized from all possible infection by those ideas of evil which interfere between the soul and its divine Self. Having been forced to fathom the Abysses of Horror, to confront the most ghastly possibilities of Hell, they have attained permanent mastery of their minds.





The process is similar to that of Psycho-analysis; it releases the subject from fear of Reality and the phantasms and neuroses thereby caused, by externalizing and thus disarming the spectres that lie in ambush for the Soul of Man.

The room is open to the inspection of visitors on certain conditions. The Abbey offers hospitality to all who in the opinion of the Virgin Guardian of the Sangraal, stand in need of it.

There is an excellent train service to and from Palermo and Messina. The Rome-Palermo expresses all stop at Cefalu.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHAMBRE des CAUCHEMARS.

Inscription: There's lots of ways of going dippy,
 There's lots 'o ways to go;
 There's lots of ways of going dippy,
 And they're ways you ought to know.

Good-bye Trocadere; good-bye, Maxim's Bar;
 There's lots of ways of going dippy in the
 Chambr' Cauch'mars.

N.E. WALL.

Main Wall HELL - La Nature Malade. (This picture is too complicated to be described effectively. The general idea is to present a variety of natural objects in such form and colour as is most antipathetic to their qualities.) All we see depends on our senses: suppose they lie to us? Remember that as soon as you perceive the actual conditions of consciousness there is no such thing as TRUTH. (Cf. Henry Poincaré, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, etc.) You have not only no guarentee that you know anything for certain, but the certainty that nothing can possibly be known for certain. Even the axioms of mathematics are no more than the most convenient fictions available in our present circumstances. We can never know whether two and two make four, or even what "two" may mean; we can only agree to agree on an arbitrary interpretation of fancied phenomena, which we know to be inaccurate. What we call "God" may be only our diseased delirium-phantom, and His reality the one-eyed rotten-toothed petrification of Malice shewn in the picture. And so forth, on parallel principles, for the other insane abominations which blaspheme our faith in the Order and Fitness of animate and inanimate Nature.

Inscription: "Stab your demoniac smile to my brain
 Soak me in C ----, C ----, and C ----."

Below: Four degenerates between Christian and Jew at prayer.

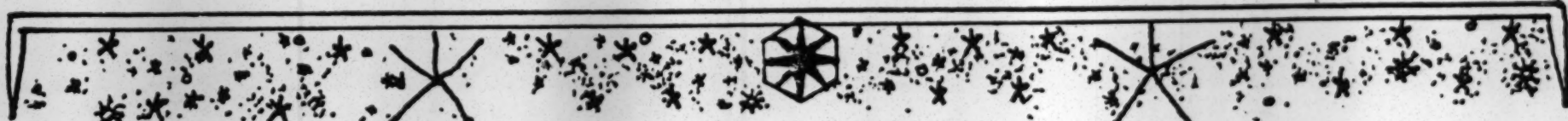
Men worship only their own weaknesses personified. "Hell" is based upon false intellectual and moral consciousness.

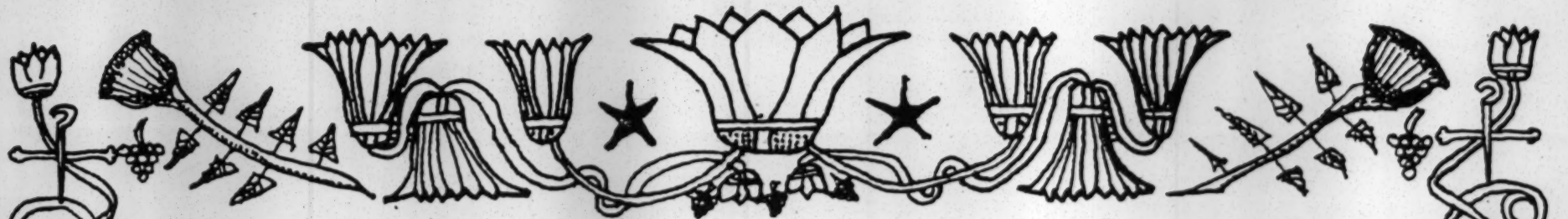
Wall above door: Japanese Devil-boy Insulting Visitors.

Each soul has its own Special Means of Grace.

Double panel of door: Faithful on the Gallows.

Death may release Love, which life has bound, and join those it has seperated.





Walls of arch: Chinese Demon (Right)
The Scarlet Women (Left)

Life is a passage between the mysteries of Power & Love: these appal and revolt us insofar as we refuse to accept reality, and set up ideal standards suited to flatter our follies and anaesthetize us to our fears. Grotesque & cruel lust, obscene & shameless lasciviousness, are inherent in Nature: he who accepts the facts of the case finds that they are only the forms which his own Fear has imposed upon the realities of Life and Love.

Shelves. (Part of N.W. main picture below shelves.)

N.W. WALL

Wall above window: The Sea-Coast of Tibet; Egyption Aztecs arriving from Norway.

You never know in how strange a world you live and what strange things may come to you.

Toad (on N.E. wall) Watching Sam Weller imposing Silence on Oxonian
(or possibly Sir Owen Seaman); in front of these, a Dragon-Serpent begins
to devour the Seven Hanged Wives in Bluebeard's Closet.

Honesty, high courage and wit, shame pompous culture, and dominate its purposeless powers. Silent Watching (with the jewel of Illumination in your head) makes you an indifferant spectator of destruction as it seizes the 7 headed dead passions (7 deadly sins) An eighth noose "To Let" awaits your own particular weakness.

Wall left of window: Monastary in the Caucasus.

There is a City of Refuge in the Mountains for you, if you will understand the strength of Silence & Solitude. Every Tower is creative, and every Gate transmissive.

The Window: The Long-Legged Lesbians. (Recess)

However desperately your perverse details run after you, you can evade them by fixing your gaze on the Light, and they must be content with each other.

Shutter: Dancing Girls. (Panels, inside)

When you shut out the Light of Heaven you are liable to see hideous forms which allure you.

Panels outside: Tahitian Girl and her Eurasian Lover. (Lower R.)

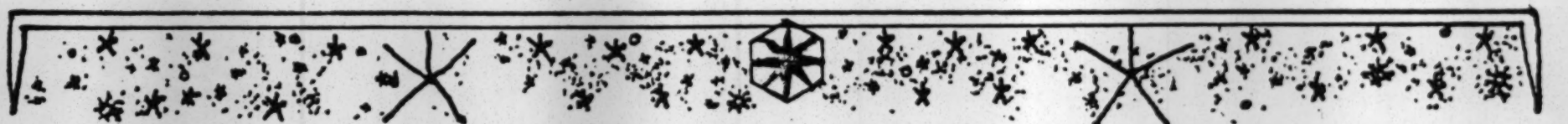
Shamelessness always attracts those whose nature is not pure.

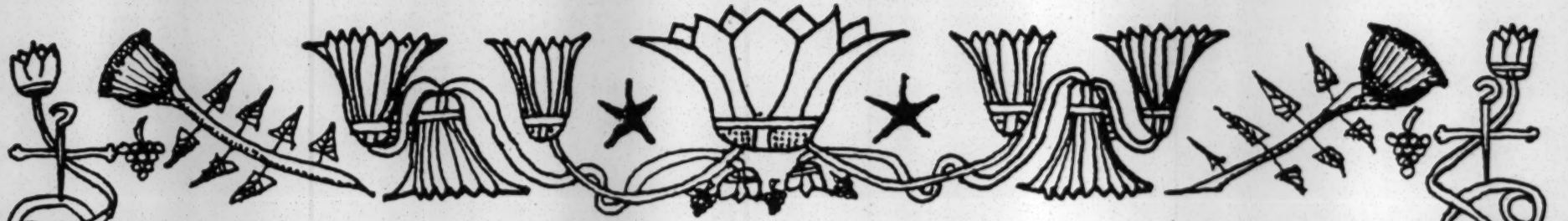
Temple at Sunset

Although, when earth-light fades, the House of God becomes hard to see, it still stands upon its Rock.

A Girl in a Garden.

Nature is naked; there is no danger unless you interfere by attaching unnecessary ideas.





Four Monks Carrying a Black Goat Across the Snow to Nowhere. (Lower L.)

Holy Power, walking in the ways of Purity, can safely dispose of the Evil Brute personality which man is compelled to carry.

S.W. WALL Lower right of door: (Belongs to N.W Wall main picture.)
Middle right of door: Chinese Dragon-Dog on Guard.

However hideous any Force may appear, it can be used to protect you.

Upper right of door: "Satan trembles when he sees the Weakest Saint upon her Knees."

Offer your Love frankly, humbly and freely: that is True Prayer.

Wall above doorway: Blonde Lady and Her Negro Lover.

Ease and delight are obtained by blending opposites.

The doorway: Pregnant Swiss Artist holding young Crocodile. (Arch F.)

If you have the Fruit of Love growing within you, you can handle dangerous enemies without hurting them or yourself.

Morbid Hermaphrodite from Basutoland. (Arch L.)

However well you are provided with natural faculties, you will be unhappy unless you have intelligence.

Panels inner: Old Cathedral by the Sea in Thunderstorm. (Top R.)

The soul, however fantastic its faith, can dominate, and harmonize with, the most brilliantly attractive yet conventional environment.

The Great Gooby Glacier. (Middle R.)

The summits of the soul, purity (of ice) and environment (of rock) send forth a slow irresistible river which, melting as it reaches the outer world, fertilizes the Valleys of Life.

Moonlight on the Watzee-Matterhorn. (Middle L.)

Illumination comes in its season to one who lives in a house on the mountain-side, in the shadow of the Holy Trinity, and is ready to embark on the Sea of Death.

Blasted Oak being Blasted Some More. (Bottom R.)

Nature soon destroys altogether those who have already lost the principle of Life by arousing her anger. Lightning only damages things that are not capable (In kind or in degree) of conducting it. Make yourself One with ALL Things.

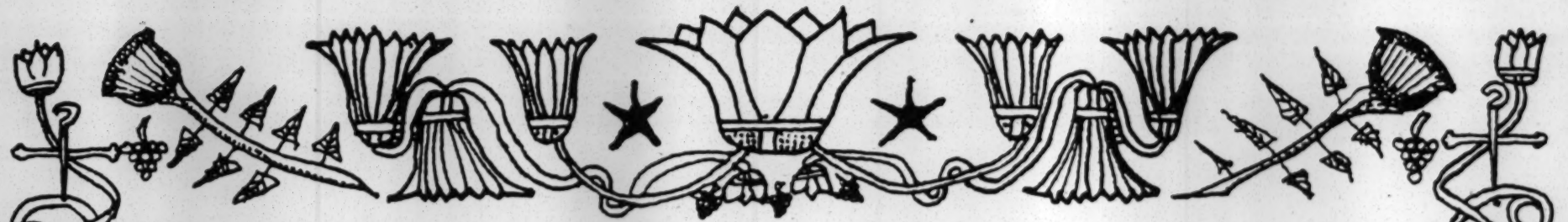
Venus on the Loing Canal. (Bottom L.)

If you make a proper Way for your Will, and dwell in peace thereby, Love and Beauty will not fail to visit you, unveiled and at ease.

Panels outer: Portrait of a Wife of a British Official. (Top L.)

If you allow yourself to depend upon a system, you become like a sow.





The Devil our Lord. (Top, R.)

The Sacred Symbols - the Horns of Power, the Egg of Purity, Safety and Life, etc. exist in the most terrifying appearances. Everything that is, is Holy.

Undergraduate (in LMBC scarf) Bathing. (Middle L.)

The first task of a young man is to "cleanse his way"; he should bear the scarlet banner, which stands for Light, Life, Love and Liberty.

The Beast, Robed as a Major Adept, in Baltistan. (Middle R.)

Wisdom and Power may be applied to the most remote regions of experiance.

Acrobatic Blonde on High Bar in the Coliseum of Ed Djem. (Lower L.)

Purity and Beauty, self-balanced, compel the attention and applause of the whole world.

The Scarlet Women in Bokhara. (Lower R.)

Love is ready to travel to every part of the world, and stand supreme there.

Panels Below shutters: Flowers. (R.)

Beauty is an object in itself.

Fruit. (L.)

But Beauty developes into Nourishment.

MAIN WALL HEAVEN - The Equinox of the Gods.

This picture is a hieroglyph of the Body of Wisdom contained in many Volumes of the Holy Books of Our Order; it is therefore not possible to give a succinct account of its meaning.

The general idea is as follows: Above the earth, spinning in space among the planets and the stars, are its Two wardens, Unchanging Wisdom and Changing Life. Between them, His head in the midst of the Sun is AIWAZ, the Intelligence who brought to Mankind the Word of the New Aeon, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law". He is shewn as "night-sky blue" because His Mother is "Infinite Space"; and He has the Scarlet Horns of His Father, the Secret Spring of all Being. Before Him run His Ministers, the Beast and the Scarlet Women, dressed in their respective colours, the one Black & Gold, the other White & Red; and they bear the Four Magical Weapons, Wand, Cup, Sword, & Disk. They have set up a Memorial Pillar on the Earth: it is inscribed with various symbols descriptive of the Work of bringing the new Message of the Masters of Wisdom to Mankind. Especially,

A I W A Z gave W I L L

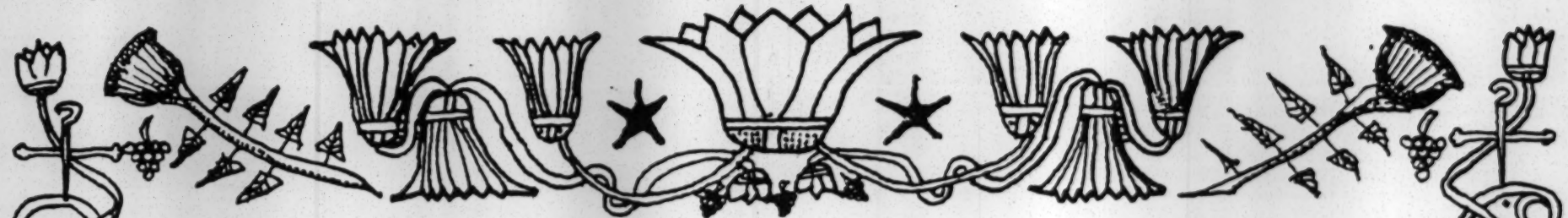
as a L A W

to M A N K I N D

through the mind of

THE BEAST 666.





S.E. WALL

wall above door: "Nevermore" (Raven on bust of Pallas; phantoms of Horror in background)

If the Virgin wisdom of the All-Father be but a dead image, it becomes the perch of the Evil wisdom of Despair.

Door, upper-panel: Chinese Landscape with Pagodas.

Nature and man are equally essential to the Manifestation of Beauty and Truth.

Door: lower panel: "WHO ART THOU?"

You must find yourself in this picture; it is the omniform Universe whose interpretation depends on your own point of view.

Alcove R: "The House of Pleasure."

There is a Beast of Prey on the Threshold of Pleasure, and a Giantess beckoning the passers-by; do not lose sight of these, hypnotized by the half-hidden allurements in the twilight within.

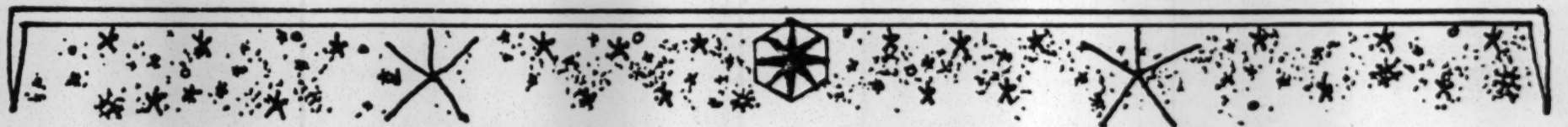
Alcove L: The Eternal Idol.

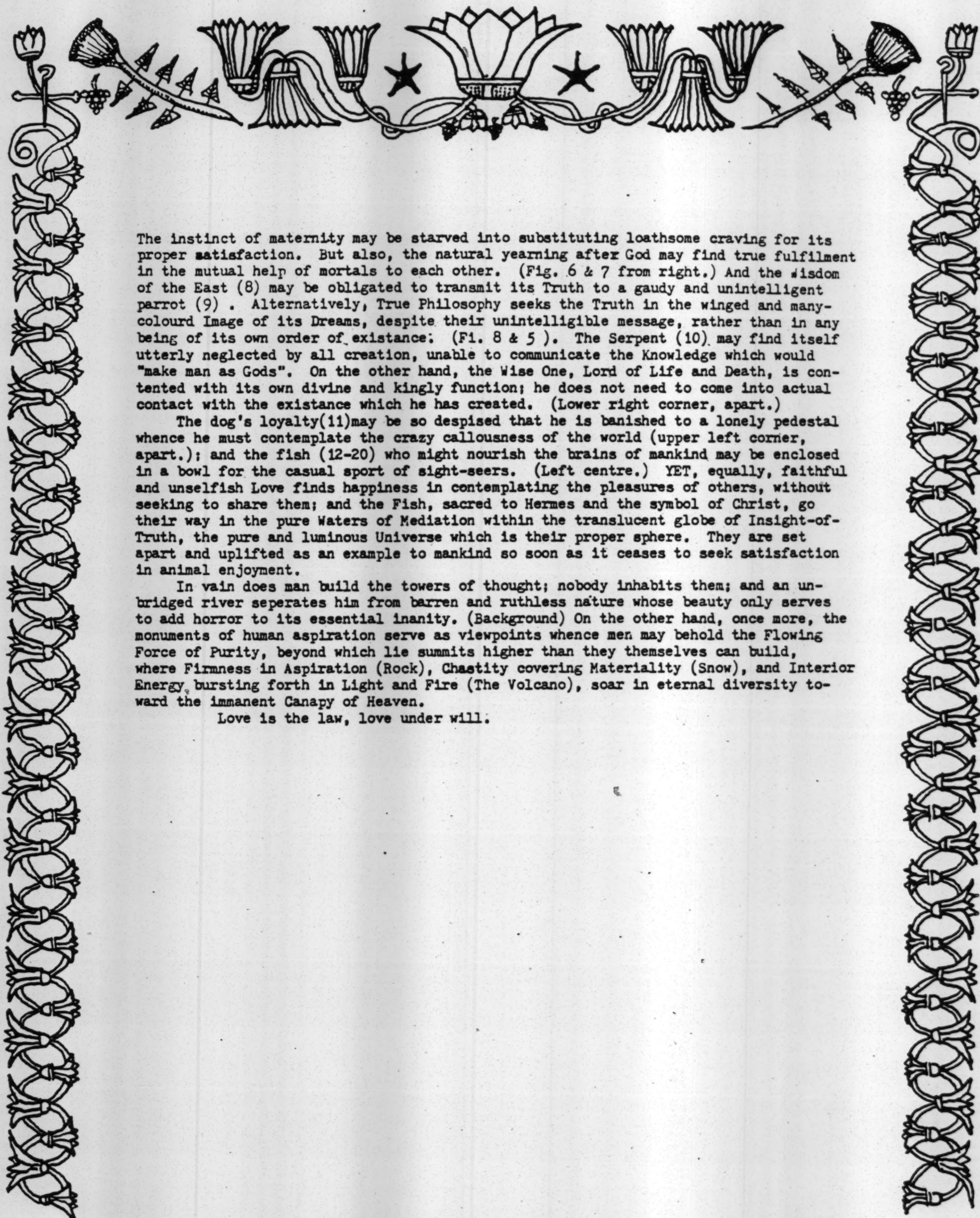
Man has made God in his own image; but he has made Him very badly. To him that image is none the less his God. Gross strength, brutal lust, idiot glee, crowned by material wealth, are only the Universe to those who accept it as such.

MAIN WALL EARTH -"Love is al." Nine lovers of various species, watched by spotted dog and bowl of newly-invented fishes, in an Arabian Nights city, by a river; a volcano and other mountains in background.

All life is one. Every variety of life comes into more or less intimate contact with every variety, without regard to any theatrical ideas of "fitness". The business of every self-conscious sentient being is therefore to find Truth & Joy in every such contact; otherwise he has failed to master his environment. Whatever may come your way, meet it with "love under will"; the Union with it, however horrible or repulsive, will be Union with God, because ALL that exists is wholly God, though in a partial and imperfect Manifestation of His Essence. Thus, a Herculean dwarf (1), a dilettante in religion, elegance & art, may be thrown into society of a dragon-fly(2); it is Refinement menaced by Frivolity. But it is also the Soul alighting upon the Body, to indwell its Unconscious Self. This Body is Diphues, ambivalent, containing all possibilities in itself. (Figures 1 & 2 from right.)

Gross desires (3) may be compelled to supply themselves with morose satisfaction, while their object (4) is in the power of bestial lust (5). But equally "God helps those who help themselves", and services to others nourishes oneself; while Beauty delights both by actively informing unenlightened Nature, and passively awakening ecstasy in merely animal instincts. (Figures 3, 4 & 5 from right.) The perfected Ideal of Human Beauty (4) may be the prey of shameless degradation both as to the satisfaction of its active desire to creation, finding itself sterilized by the greed of society (3) and of its passive aspiration to receive the Grace of God, in whose stead the Goat of Obscurity (5) defiles it wantonly with agonizing abominations.



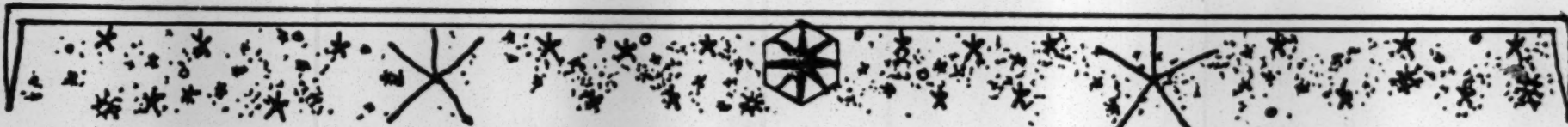


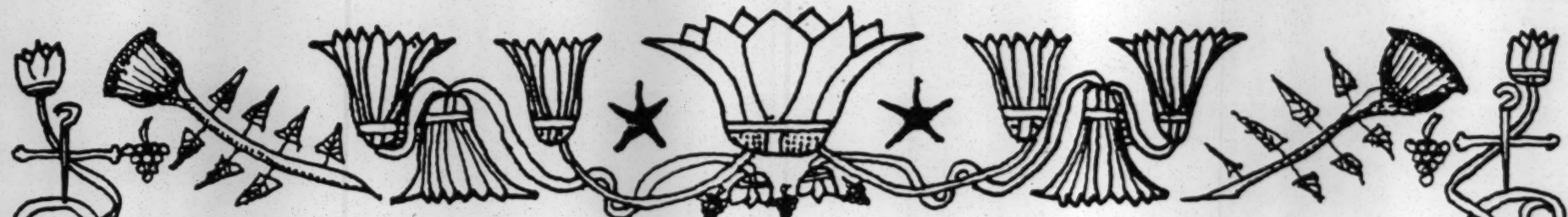
The instinct of maternity may be starved into substituting loathsome craving for its proper satisfaction. But also, the natural yearning after God may find true fulfilment in the mutual help of mortals to each other. (Fig. 6 & 7 from right.) And the wisdom of the East (8) may be obligated to transmit its Truth to a gaudy and unintelligent parrot (9). Alternatively, True Philosophy seeks the Truth in the winged and many-coloured Image of its Dreams, despite their unintelligible message, rather than in any being of its own order of existence: (Fl. 8 & 5). The Serpent (10) may find itself utterly neglected by all creation, unable to communicate the Knowledge which would "make man as Gods". On the other hand, the Wise One, Lord of Life and Death, is contented with its own divine and kingly function; he does not need to come into actual contact with the existence which he has created. (Lower right corner, apart.)

The dog's loyalty(11) may be so despised that he is banished to a lonely pedestal whence he must contemplate the crazy callousness of the world (upper left corner, apart.); and the fish (12-20) who might nourish the brains of mankind may be enclosed in a bowl for the casual sport of sight-seers. (Left centre.) YET, equally, faithful and unselfish Love finds happiness in contemplating the pleasures of others, without seeking to share them; and the Fish, sacred to Hermes and the symbol of Christ, go their way in the pure Waters of Mediation within the translucent globe of Insight-of-Truth, the pure and luminous Universe which is their proper sphere. They are set apart and uplifted as an example to mankind so soon as it ceases to seek satisfaction in animal enjoyment.

In vain does man build the towers of thought; nobody inhabits them; and an unbridged river separates him from barren and ruthless nature whose beauty only serves to add horror to its essential inanity. (Background) On the other hand, once more, the monuments of human aspiration serve as viewpoints whence men may behold the Flowing Force of Purity, beyond which lie summits higher than they themselves can build, where Firmness in Aspiration (Rock), Chastity covering Materiality (Snow), and Interior Energy bursting forth in Light and Fire (The Volcano), soar in eternal diversity toward the immanent Canopy of Heaven.

Love is the law, love under will.





CLEAR CROWLEY'S NAME CAMPAIGN

by Capt. Grady L. McMurtry

(This essay was written by the Caliph while Crowley was still alive. It has been lost for several years, but was recently found in the collection of Crowleyanity in the Syracuse University.)

Policy : To clear Crowley's name of the slander instigated by bigoted journalists and propagated by the sensational press.

Addendum thereto : Aleister Crowley has dedicated his life to the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind by the practice application to every day living of philosophy in its highest concepts. In order to test his theories it was necessary for him to experiment. As many of these experiments, especially in his early youth, were at the expense of what are commonly considered "Christian Concepts" he gained considerable notoriety as a "Black Magician" merely on the basis of the experiments and without regard to the conclusions reached. An example : He conducted research on a scientific basis to determine the effect of certain narcotics - a laudable occupation. His conclusions have been published and are open for reference. Did this make any difference to the sensational press? Not in the least. The mere fact that he had made the experiment provided them material for reams of Sunday supplements featuring "The Fiend Crowley", etc. It is well to bear this in mind when considering the present effort to bring his teachings to mankind - this being the ultimate object in clearing his name of stigma.


Aleister Crowley has brought the world the Law of Thelema. The Law of Will. The concept that no person has the right to do other than his True Will, and that this Law is Love, Love under Will. This is not the soft, sentimental love of the romanticist but the virile, brilliant love of humanity - the concept that the union on mankind in the brotherhood of Thelema will bring a New Aeon of peace and progress to the world. That is worth fighting for. That is why we must CLEAR CROWLEY'S NAME.

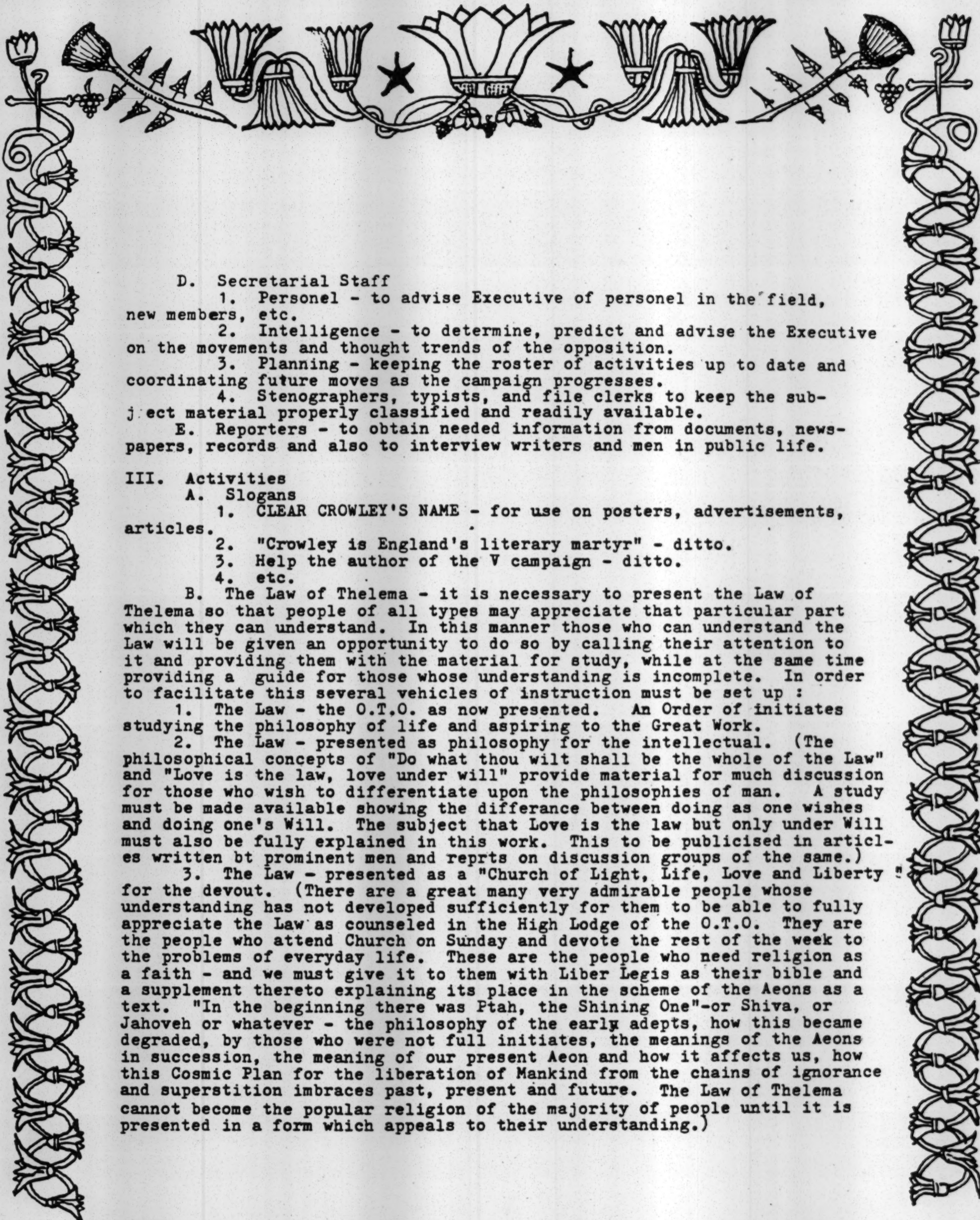
In order to bring this about a plan of action is necessary. The following is such a plan.

I. Headquarters

- A. Location - London or vicinity.
- B. Type - business office large enough to accommodate executive in charge of campaign and several secretaries to handle correspondence, classify pertinent material and gather information.

II. Staff

- A. Executive - must be a person competent to handle editors, reporters, publishers, writers and supervise the collection and distribution of material pertinent to the campaign.
 - B. Executive Secretary - must be competent to supervise the staff of secretaries and keep the flow of incoming and outgoing information coordinated. May be expected to take over the position of the Executive in an emergency.
 - C. Treasurer - in charge of procuring and distributing funds for the campaign. Should be an account.
- 



D. Secretarial Staff

1. Personnel - to advise Executive of personnel in the field, new members, etc.
 2. Intelligence - to determine, predict and advise the Executive on the movements and thought trends of the opposition.
 3. Planning - keeping the roster of activities up to date and coordinating future moves as the campaign progresses.
 4. Stenographers, typists, and file clerks to keep the subject material properly classified and readily available.
- E. Reporters - to obtain needed information from documents, newspapers, records and also to interview writers and men in public life.

III. Activities

A. Slogans

1. CLEAR CROWLEY'S NAME - for use on posters, advertisements, articles.
2. "Crowley is England's literary martyr" - ditto.
3. Help the author of the V campaign - ditto.
4. etc.

B. The Law of Thelema - it is necessary to present the Law of Thelema so that people of all types may appreciate that particular part which they can understand. In this manner those who can understand the Law will be given an opportunity to do so by calling their attention to it and providing them with the material for study, while at the same time providing a guide for those whose understanding is incomplete. In order to facilitate this several vehicles of instruction must be set up :

1. The Law - the O.T.O. as now presented. An Order of initiates studying the philosophy of life and aspiring to the Great Work.
2. The Law - presented as philosophy for the intellectual. (The philosophical concepts of "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" and "Love is the law, love under will" provide material for much discussion for those who wish to differentiate upon the philosophies of man. A study must be made available showing the difference between doing as one wishes and doing one's Will. The subject that Love is the law but only under Will must also be fully explained in this work. This to be publicised in articles written by prominent men and reports on discussion groups of the same.)
3. The Law - presented as a "Church of Light, Life, Love and Liberty" for the devout. (There are a great many very admirable people whose understanding has not developed sufficiently for them to be able to fully appreciate the Law as counseled in the High Lodge of the O.T.O. They are the people who attend Church on Sunday and devote the rest of the week to the problems of everyday life. These are the people who need religion as a faith - and we must give it to them with Liber Legis as their bible and a supplement thereto explaining its place in the scheme of the Aeons as a text. "In the beginning there was Ptah, the Shining One"-or Shiva, or Jahoveh or whatever - the philosophy of the early adepts, how this became degraded, by those who were not full initiates, the meanings of the Aeons in succession, the meaning of our present Aeon and how it affects us, how this Cosmic Plan for the liberation of Mankind from the chains of ignorance and superstition embraces past, present and future. The Law of Thelema cannot become the popular religion of the majority of people until it is presented in a form which appeals to their understanding.)



4. Ceremony - a Mass suitable for performance before large congregations. This does not limit the private performance of the Mass in a Lodge.

1. Part of the teachings of the High Church will be devoted to instruction of the individual in the performance of the rites of ceremonial magick.

4. The Law - presented to young people who will mature as Thelemites.
(a. Youth Organizations

1. DeMolay - or organization of similar name - giving instruction in a Lodge form that will couple vigorous outdoor life with the serious teachings of the principles of Light, Life, Love and Liberty applied to everyday life. This might be divided into junior and senior sections.

2. A similar organization for girls.

3. A co-educational organization with more emphasis on the social graces. This should be limited to members of the two former organizations to insure unity of purpose.)

5. The Law - for "the joiners". (ONE or more "Lodges" for those fraternal people to whom "religion" has no appeal as such but who join fraternities, clubs and lodges such as the Masonic Lodge, the Rotary Club, the Elks and many other organizations where they may meet for fraternal gatherings with their colleagues and friends. The more serious Mason will quite probably be found in the High Lodge of the O.T.O. The Mason who takes his Lodge duties less seriously and looks on the organization as a meeting place will find a place in these less serious clubs.

6. The Law - in every day usage. Teaching that Brothers should be greeted with "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" and "Love is the law, love under will", the saying of "Will" before meals, etc. will be part of the function of the Church and Lodges.

c. Liber Al vel Legis - a study on its praeter-human origin and what its teachings mean to mankind. (I can't write this)

D. A list of inspired books. (a job for the secretariat)

E. A list of semi-inspired books.

F. A list of treatises on the subject.

G. Lectures

1. The Law of Thelema as a way of life.

2. Crowley is England's literary martyr - see "The Legend of Aleister Crowley", addendum to Policy, etc.

a. Exposing the editors and journalists who vilified Crowley and their distortions of the truth, etc.

b. These prominent men defend Crowley (with reference to H)

c. The true reason for those experiments seized upon by the sensational press, etc.

d. The truth about certain incidents that have been distorted and used against Crowley - why he left Sicily, his fight against Facism, he stayed in London through the darkest days of the blitz and is still there, etc.

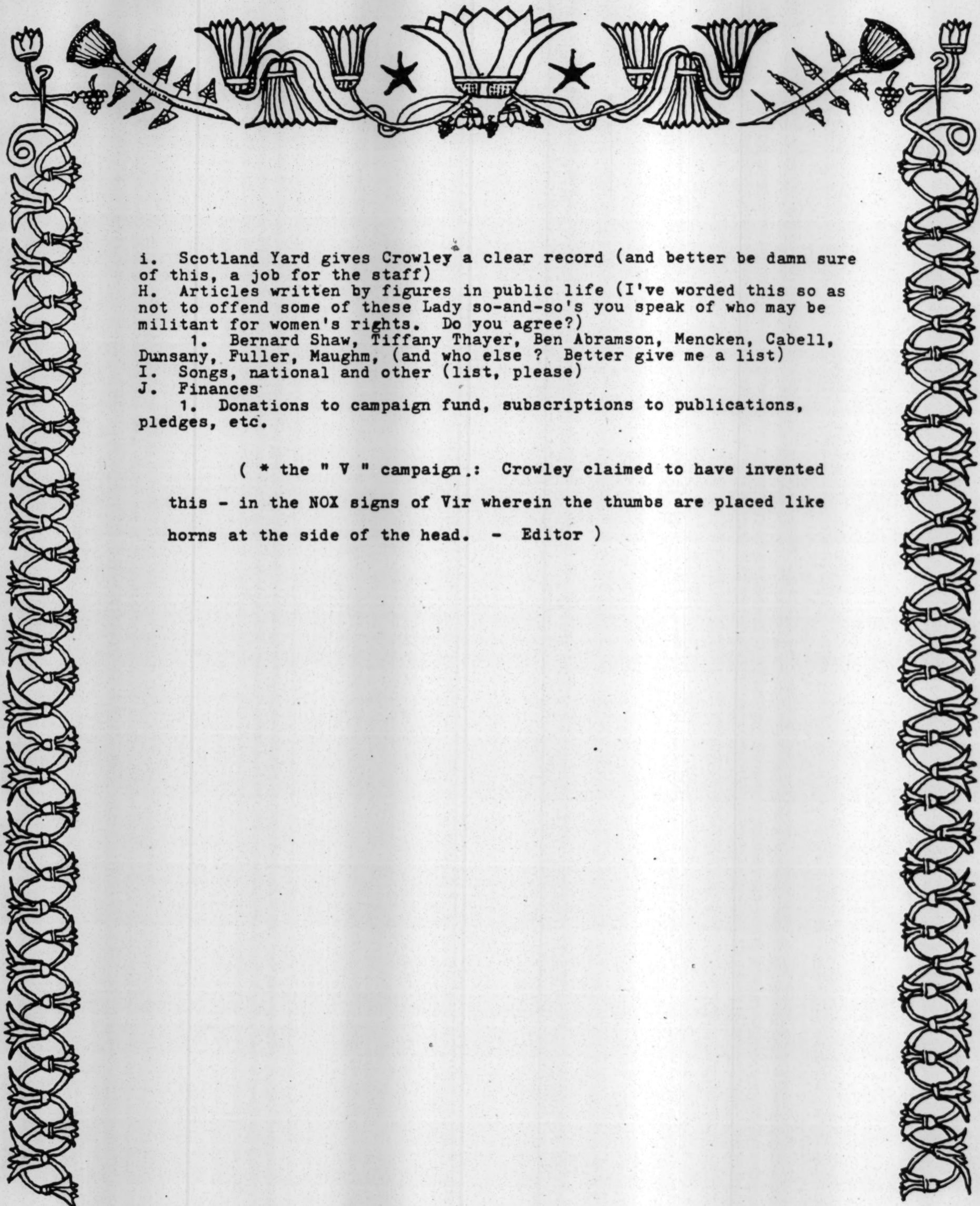
e. Men of history, art and literature with whom Crowley has been intimately associated - Rodin, Maughm, (this is where you come in)

f. Crowley was one of the first victims of Facism - are we to condemn a man for that? Were not Einstein, Toscani, Thomas Mann, etc. driven before the Facist storm for being individualists? Here is one of England's foremost literary men, etc.

g. Here is the author of the V* campaign being senselessly persecuted (what is our proof that you are the author of the V campaign? Not long ago I heard a BBC broadcast attributing its origin to the Begians.)

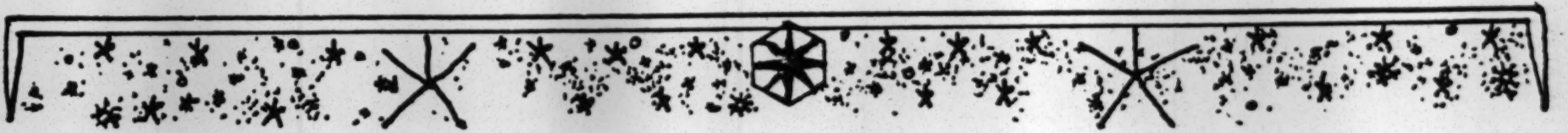
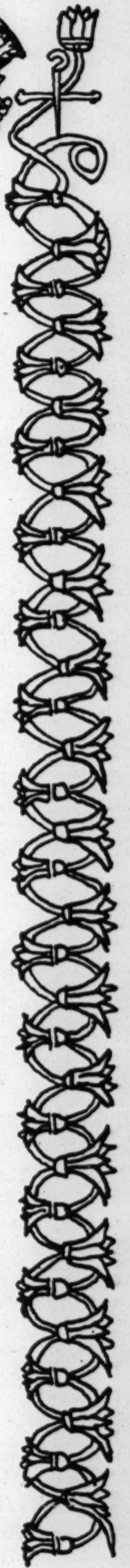
h. Crowley has never been convicted of any crime in any court (BETTER qualify this statement or check it closely before making so wide a declaration)

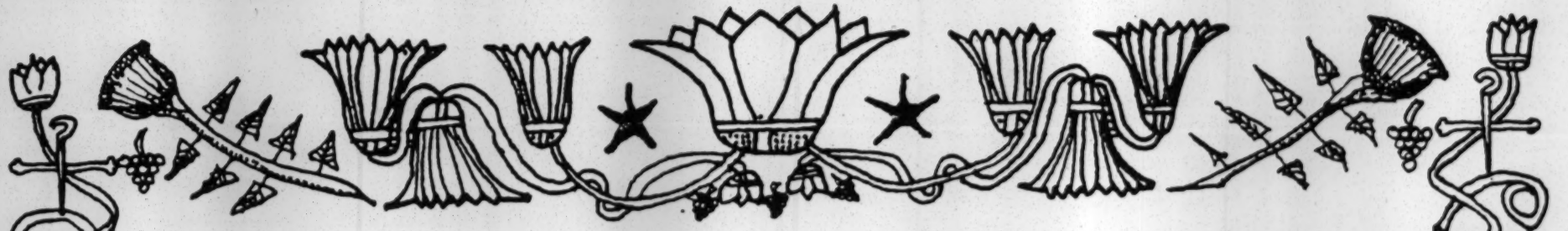




- i. Scotland Yard gives Crowley a clear record (and better be damn sure of this, a job for the staff)
- H. Articles written by figures in public life (I've worded this so as not to offend some of these Lady so-and-so's you speak of who may be militant for women's rights. Do you agree?)
 - 1. Bernard Shaw, Tiffany Thayer, Ben Abramson, Mencken, Cabell, Dunsany, Fuller, Maughm, (and who else ? Better give me a list)
- I. Songs, national and other (list, please)
- J. Finances
 - 1. Donations to campaign fund, subscriptions to publications, pledges, etc.

(* the " V " campaign.: Crowley claimed to have invented this - in the NOX signs of Vir wherein the thumbs are placed like horns at the side of the head. - Editor)





POETRY SECTION

From a collection of Anpu

To me was an hidden Adept. He was as No Man, and said "No Man is Master of the Temple." For all Gods of Men he saw short of the true.
 Thus it is spoken of the Hidden Circle of Adepts who say ;
 There is no God
 His name is Not.
 His lover is no Goddess
 Her name is None.
 They make Love under will.
 She Knew it, He Had it.
 She is as the Stars at night.
 He is as the Sun at day.
 We are the Children.
 And so are light and dark,
 And so is the light around the dark,
 As Love is under will.
 He is in the core of the Star (s).
 She is as the Space of the Star (s).
 This Child is God Heru-ra-ha.

Ebony 0°, 1°

In slow motion, her hand began to move,
 Her hair was a spectral delight.
 Between thumb and fore-finger, black sapphire held,
 While her hair blew rainbows in the light.
 Hand now at the level of her breasts,
 I could see her, the sparkle of her lips.
 I caught, glimpse of her eyes.
 A little above and between them I saw
 Where the star sapphire should lie,
 And then the stone in placeGood bye !

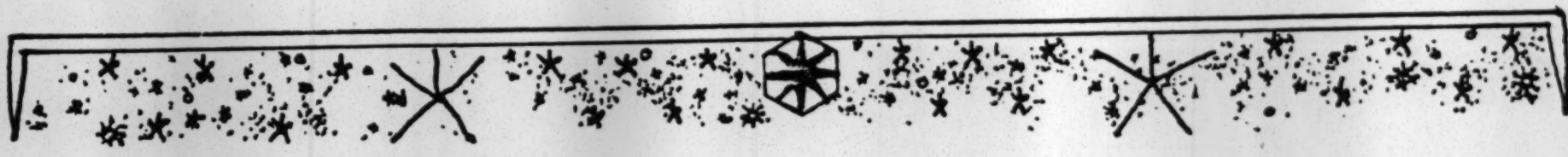
ANPU 1°


Sors de l'enfance, ami, reveille-toi!
 Jean-Jacques Rousseau

(Quit thy childhood, my friend, and wake up. (Tr.))

"Where the tree of knowledge grows, there is always paradise.
 So say the oldest and the youngest serpents."

Friedrich Nietzsche, from "Beyond Good and Evil"


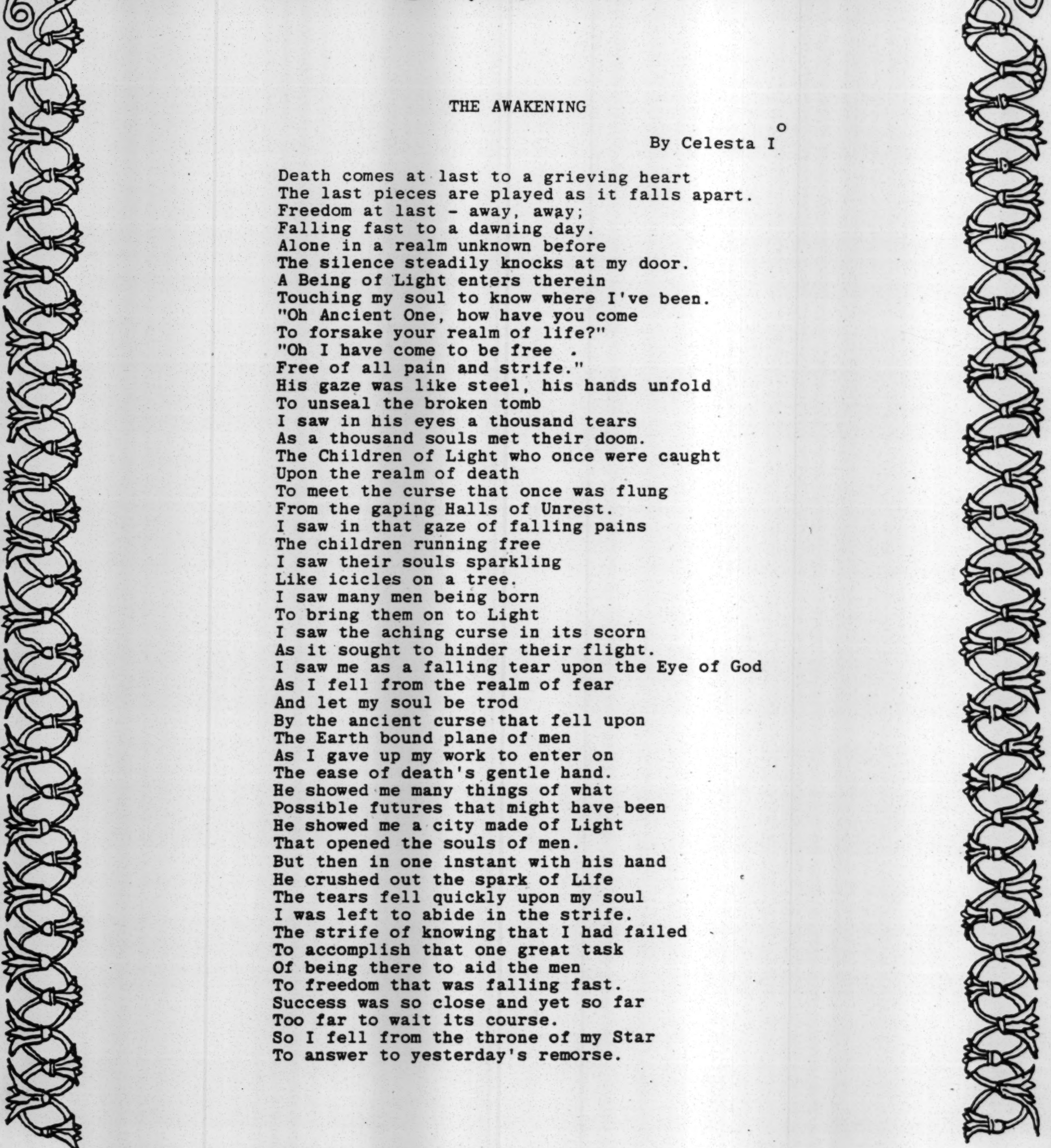


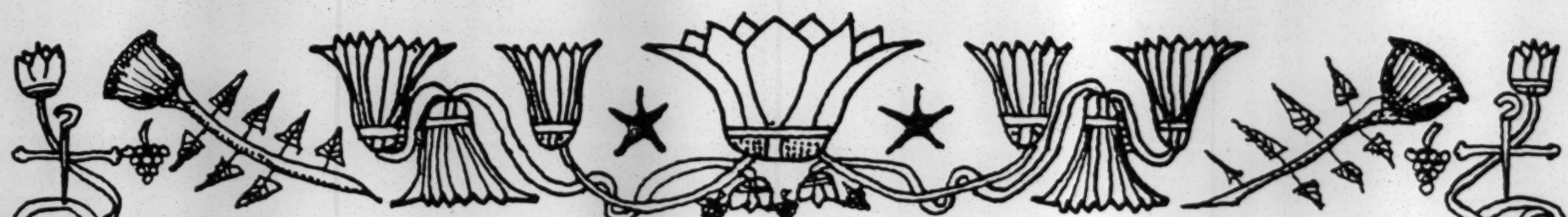


THE AWAKENING

By Celesta I^o

Death comes at last to a grieving heart
The last pieces are played as it falls apart.
Freedom at last - away, away;
Falling fast to a dawning day.
Alone in a realm unknown before
The silence steadily knocks at my door.
A Being of Light enters therein
Touching my soul to know where I've been.
"Oh Ancient One, how have you come
To forsake your realm of life?"
"Oh I have come to be free .
Free of all pain and strife."
His gaze was like steel, his hands unfold
To unseal the broken tomb
I saw in his eyes a thousand tears
As a thousand souls met their doom.
The Children of Light who once were caught
Upon the realm of death
To meet the curse that once was flung
From the gaping Halls of Unrest.
I saw in that gaze of falling pains
The children running free
I saw their souls sparkling
Like icicles on a tree.
I saw many men being born
To bring them on to Light
I saw the aching curse in its scorn
As it sought to hinder their flight.
I saw me as a falling tear upon the Eye of God
As I fell from the realm of fear
And let my soul be trod
By the ancient curse that fell upon
The Earth bound plane of men
As I gave up my work to enter on
The ease of death's gentle hand.
He showed me many things of what
Possible futures that might have been
He showed me a city made of Light
That opened the souls of men.
But then in one instant with his hand
He crushed out the spark of Life
The tears fell quickly upon my soul
I was left to abide in the strife.
The strife of knowing that I had failed
To accomplish that one great task
Of being there to aid the men
To freedom that was falling fast.
Success was so close and yet so far
Too far to wait its course.
So I fell from the throne of my Star
To answer to yesterday's remorse.





"Oh forgive me !" I screamed and the echo touched
A long and forgotten ear
And rousing once I soon awoke
And brushed back a falling tear.
Twas but a nightmare
Tis over now
I find I am still intact
I arise from my self-inflicted tomb
To accomplish my long sought task.

Sept. 14, 72, a.n.
10:07 P.M.

" MANSUR WAS WISE, BUT WISER THOSE WHO SMOTE HIM WITH
THE HURLE'D STONES - - - FOR THOUGH HIS BLOOD A WIT-
NESS BORE, NO WISDOM-MIGHT COULD MEND HIS BONES."

(Sir Richard Burton, the Kasidah)

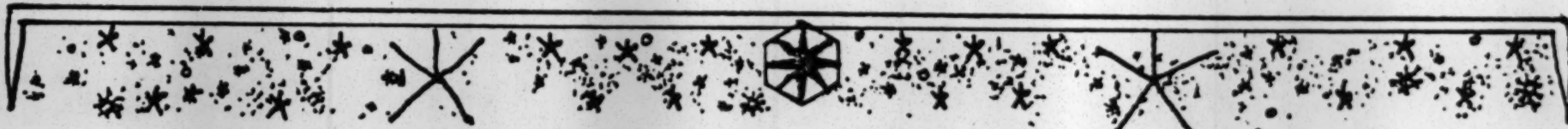
God was in the stones no less than in the Tarband
wrappings, and when the twain crashed together, one point
of view was obscured - which was in no wise His design.

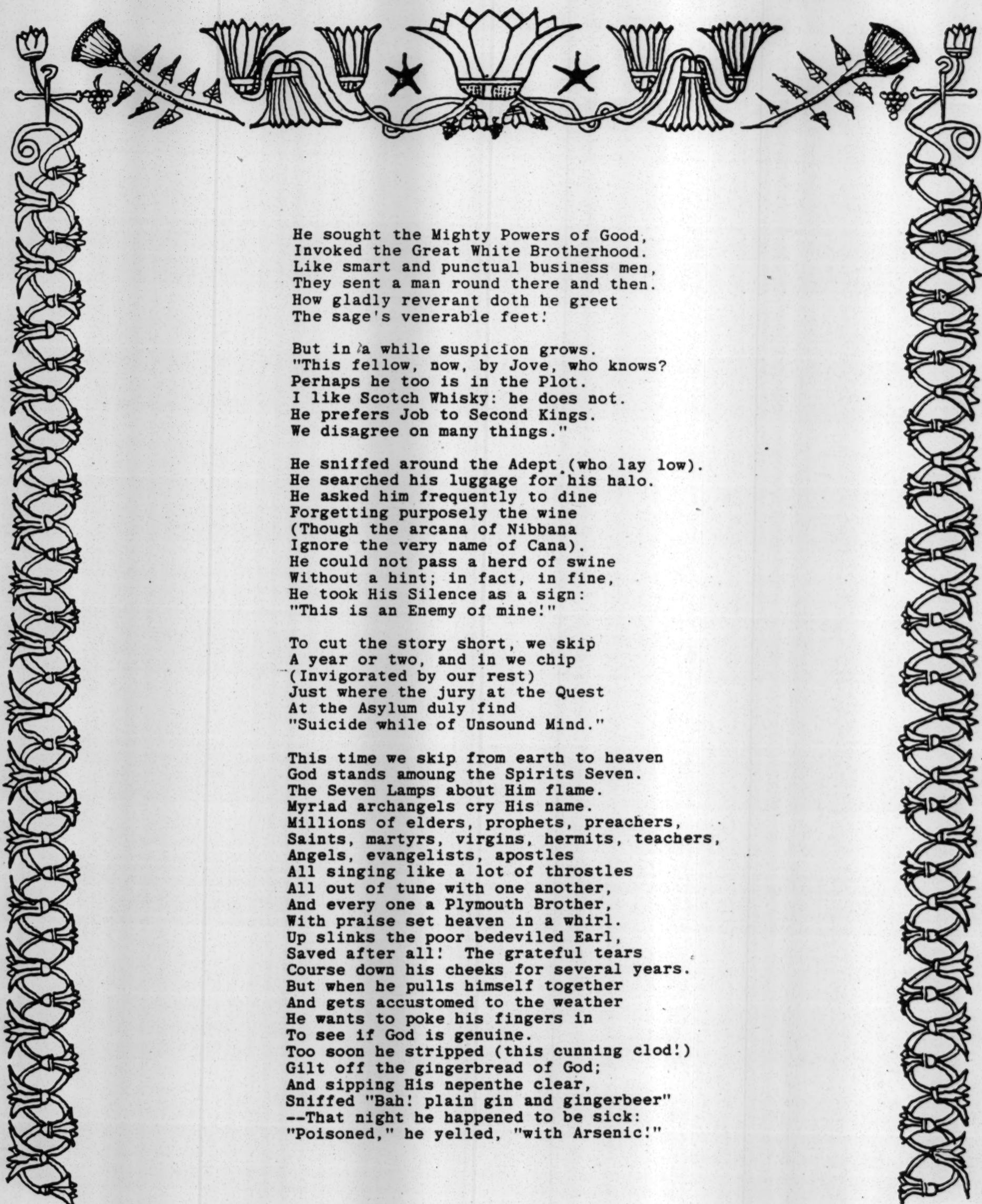
(Sir Aleister Crowley, Little Essays toward Truth)

THE SUSPICIOUS EARL

By A.C.

There was a poor bedeviled Earl
Who saw a Witch in every girl,
A Wehr-Wolf every time one smiled,
A budding Vampire in a Child,
A Sorcerer in every man,
A deep-laid Necromantic plan
In every casual word; withal
Cloaked in its black horrific pall
A Vehmgericht obscenely grim,
And all designed - to ruin him!
He saw in every passer-by
Black Magic and the Evil Eye,
Interpreting the simplist act
As being a Satanic Pact.
Of course at times there were few
In some sort victims of the crew;
For when his Countess coughed or sneezed,
"Obsessed!" the poor old fellow wheezed.






He sought the Mighty Powers of Good,
Invoked the Great White Brotherhood.
Like smart and punctual business men,
They sent a man round there and then.
How gladly reverant doth he greet
The sage's venerable feet!

But in a while suspicion grows.
"This fellow, now, by Jove, who knows?
Perhaps he too is in the Plot.
I like Scotch Whisky: he does not.
He prefers Job to Second Kings.
We disagree on many things."

He sniffed around the Adept (who lay low).
He searched his luggage for his halo.
He asked him frequently to dine
Forgetting purposely the wine
(Though the arcana of Nibbana
Ignore the very name of Cana).
He could not pass a herd of swine
Without a hint; in fact, in fine,
He took His Silence as a sign:
"This is an Enemy of mine!"

To cut the story short, we skip
A year or two, and in we chip
(Invigorated by our rest)
Just where the jury at the Quest
At the Asylum duly find
"Suicide while of Unsound Mind."

This time we skip from earth to heaven
God stands among the Spirits Seven.
The Seven Lamps about Him flame.
Myriad archangels cry His name.
Millions of elders, prophets, preachers,
Saints, martyrs, virgins, hermits, teachers,
Angels, evangelists, apostles
All singing like a lot of throstles
All out of tune with one another,
And every one a Plymouth Brother,
With praise set heaven in a whirl.
Up slinks the poor bedeviled Earl,
Saved after all! The grateful tears
Course down his cheeks for several years.
But when he pulls himself together
And gets accustomed to the weather
He wants to poke his fingers in
To see if God is genuine.
Too soon he stripped (this cunning clod!)
Gilt off the gingerbread of God;
And sipping His nepenthe clear,
Sniffed "Bah! plain gin and gingerbeer"
--That night he happened to be sick:
"Poisoned," he yelled, "with Arsenic!"



He left - his boomerang suspicions
Created hosts of Black Magicians.
His leaky lordship they annoyed
All through the immeasurable void
--Until his pallid voice confessed
Himself in league with all the rest.

(The breathless children round me crowd.
I pause. At last one says aloud:
"But tell us how he got to glory!"
--I'm very sorry. That's the story.

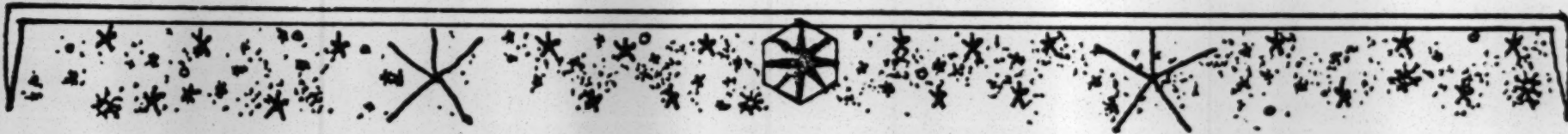
But what's the moral? asks a big
Girl with the makings of a prig.
First. Golf is long, and life is fleeting:
Only one Bogey is worth beating.
Moral the Second (Quiet, girls!)
A sane squire is worth ten mad earls.
And, most important, Number Three:
Every one must trust somebody.)

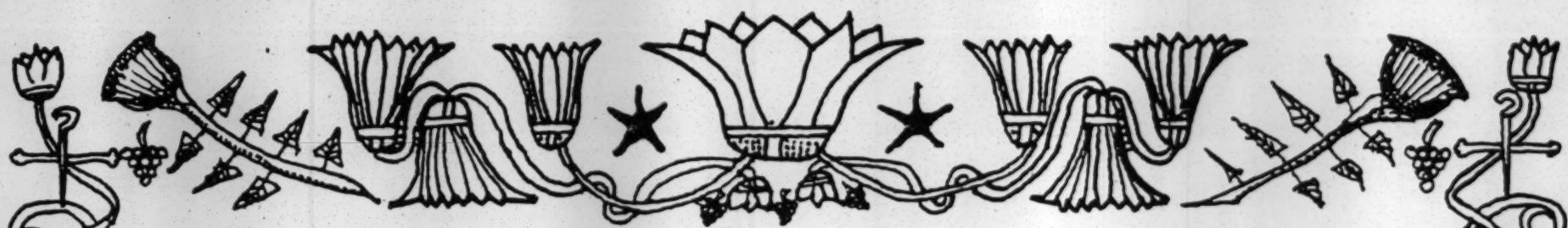
I SWEAR by all the stars that stream
Through all the lofty leaves of night:
I swear by the tremendous towers
That crown Granada's vale of flowers:
I swear by their impending gleam,
The Sierra's snowy swords of light!

By all the cruel and cold despair
That Christ hath brought upon the land:
By Mary and the false blind beastly
Lies of the prudish and the priestly:
By God and death and hate I swear
That man shall rise, shall understand.

I swear by this my lucid Eye,
By all the freedom I have won,
That men shall learn to love and doubt,
Put faith and slavery to the rout,
And eagle-pinioned even as I
Soar to the splendour of the sun!

Selections from KONX OM PAX





AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT ANTON WILSON

From Frater IAKASA 93 O.T.C.

(The Order has over the past 2 years recieved several questions concerning a system of magick worked out primarily by Timothy Leary and R.A.W. These questions usually assume a relation between the work of these two individuals of recent reknown and that of Aleister Crowley. No doubt such a relation in truth exists as the Book of the Law anticipates the entire revelation of the Aeon. The following may be usefull to those interested persons working on a synthesis of the Qabala and the "Periodic Tables of Energy" that T.L. and R.A.W. have devised to "include" the Tarot and other occult systems.)

Dear Mr. Wilson,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

In the fall of 77, e.v. I took an Exo-psychology class from you. While I enjoyed the class and learned alot from the experiance, there were a number of questions remaining in my mind. I really couldn't voice them at that time; since they dealt with basic structural concepts of the Periodic Tables of Energy, I preferred to synthesize the terminology of your system with my own energy matrix-model.

Since that time, I have worked with the Network for several months, studying your developing system. At this time my bio-computer is answering its own questions, and I thought I would share some of the results with you.

During the last 8 years I have been working with various forms of consciousness expansion. Early experimentation with chemical deprogramming substances led me to the various mystical-religious systems. During the last five years, my work has centered around magical systems with a heavy emphasis on the works of Aleister Crowley.

My work with the Qabalistical Tree of Life proved to be of true value when encountering yours and Dr. Leary's Periodic Tables. Various corraspondances sprung up automatically. However, the tree and table, to me, at points, didn't quite mesh in the manner that I felt they could.

Realizing that exo-psychology is a developing system, I didn't want to say, "Yes, that's all very well, but the Qabala says....." and the like because I recognize that both systems are equally arbitrary. I have, however, found some links that could prove to be helpful in developing and expanding the system, rather than throwing in a bunch of unrelated items that don't quite link-up.

To begin:

The table uses a classification system of 8 circuits, each extended into 3 progressive "phases", making 24 phases in all. This added to the 8 curcuits makes a total of 32 units of classification. The Tree of Life utilizes 10 sephiroth and 22 paths, also totalling 32 units of classification. Thus, if we can correlate the 32 units with the 32 units, then alot more information and correspondances are available for analysis.

I'll begin with the identification of the circuits with the sephiroth. I'm sure this has ocured to you, and am surprised it was not incorporated into the Periodic Tables of Energy.

Bio-survival = Malkuth

Malkuth is basic bodily consciousness common to all life forms

Emotion-locomotion = Yesod

Yesod is attributed to the moon-ruler of emotional response.

Yesod is also the root of animal sexuality -- the locomotion which seperates animal life-forms from plant or vegetable life-forms.

Mental manipulative - Hod

Hod is attributed to mercury. The two best words that describe mercury are intellectual and manipulative. Hod is the beginning of left brain functioning - the beginning of man's separation from animal life-forms.

Socio-sexual - Netzach

Netzach is ruled by venus. Venus rules socially sexual awareness. Netzach is the point at which man identifies himself with a larger social body - the family, the clan, the nation, humanity. Since Venus rules artistic and musical expression, this point may be seen as the first manifestation of right brain functions (Poetry, music, art, etc. -- all creative expression is right brain functioning - --- they do emerge at the 4th circuit.)

On the Tree of Life, the middle pillar deals with basic consciousness. The left and right hand pillars at this point deal with left and right brain circuits.

It seems to me that from the 3rd circuit the only direction neurologically the nervous system can mutate is into right brain functions. Before the 3rd circuit right and left brain functions aren't manifest -- they are taken care of by the automatic nervous system.

This seems to make more sense than putting the beginning of right brain functioning at the fifth circuit. If the 3rd circuit is the developing of the left brain, the fourth circuit would merely be an extension of the third circuit, if it was also a left brain function.

Attributing the fourth circuit to the right brain gives us this evolutionary scale:

- First circuit: Life - forms controlled by cellular processes.
- Second circuit; Life - forms controlled by the automatic nervous system
- Third circuit; Life controlled by the left brain.
- Fourth circuit: Life controlled by the right brain.

Rapture circuit - Tiphereth

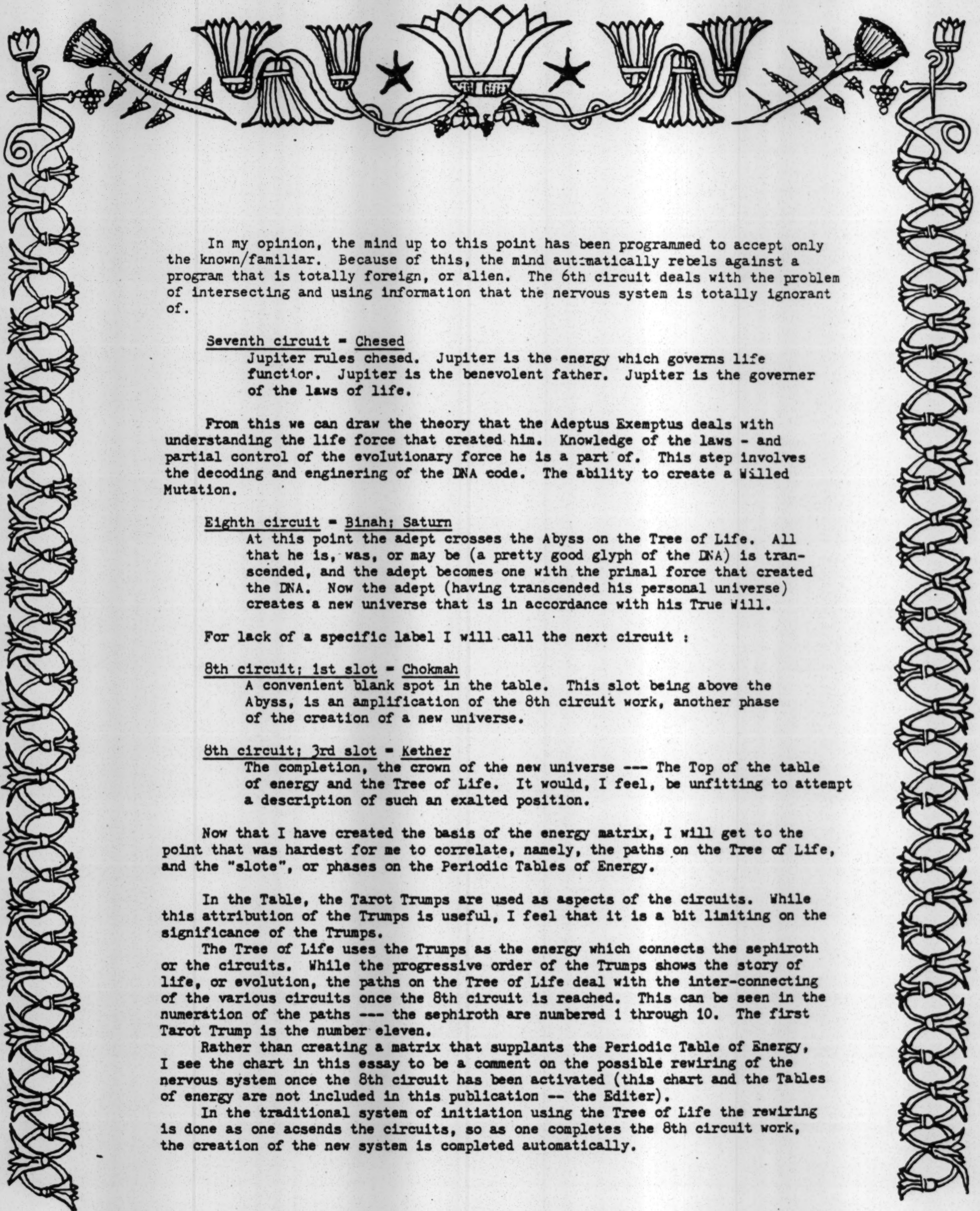
Tiphereth is beauty-rapture-the sun. Tiphereth on the Tree of Life is on the middle pillar, not a right or left brain function. At this point the right and left brain are focussed into a function not based on right-left, up-down dyadic asymmetry.

I feel that the fifth circuit is better described as the ecstatic joy of the neurological energy, that has up to this point been sorted into the either-or slots, creating a new matrix whose programming is both-and. Neurologically, this circuit centers at the hedonic gap, until there is no gap and the right and left brain functions inter-connect and form a new circuit not dependent upon the right-left functions -- but manipulating both.

The magical task attributed to Tiphereth is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. The "H.G.A." can be described by uniting the two systems, as being a program that the nervous system creates that is superior to itself. This program being superior to the conscious-unconscious mind -- mutates the mind automatically until the left-right brain functions are in harmony and the mind has become the higher self it created.

Sixth circuit - Geburah

Mars rules geburah. On the Tree of Life geburah is the point where the adept first encounters intelligences within his own nervous system which are macrocosmic, rather than microcosmic. Mars is a violent, active energy. The first encounter with other intelligences takes on this aspect until the adept is able to channel and control the flow of alien communication.



In my opinion, the mind up to this point has been programmed to accept only the known/familiar. Because of this, the mind automatically rebels against a program that is totally foreign, or alien. The 6th circuit deals with the problem of intersecting and using information that the nervous system is totally ignorant of.

Seventh circuit = Chesed

Jupiter rules chesed. Jupiter is the energy which governs life function. Jupiter is the benevolent father. Jupiter is the governor of the laws of life.

From this we can draw the theory that the Adeptus Exemptus deals with understanding the life force that created him. Knowledge of the laws - and partial control of the evolutionary force he is a part of. This step involves the decoding and engineering of the DNA code. The ability to create a Willed Mutation.

Eighth circuit = Binah; Saturn

At this point the adept crosses the Abyss on the Tree of Life. All that he is, was, or may be (a pretty good glyph of the DNA) is transcended, and the adept becomes one with the primal force that created the DNA. Now the adept (having transcended his personal universe) creates a new universe that is in accordance with his True Will.

For lack of a specific label I will call the next circuit :

8th circuit; 1st slot = Chokmah

A convenient blank spot in the table. This slot being above the Abyss, is an amplification of the 8th circuit work, another phase of the creation of a new universe.

8th circuit; 3rd slot = Kether

The completion, the crown of the new universe --- The Top of the table of energy and the Tree of Life. It would, I feel, be unfitting to attempt a description of such an exalted position.

Now that I have created the basis of the energy matrix, I will get to the point that was hardest for me to correlate, namely, the paths on the Tree of Life, and the "slots", or phases on the Periodic Tables of Energy.

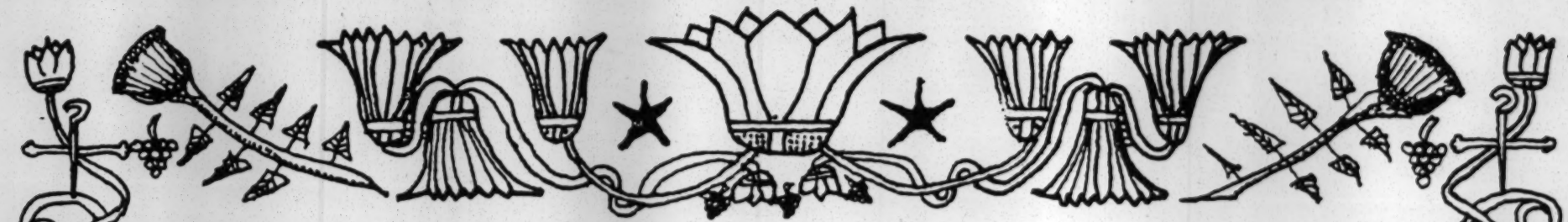
In the Table, the Tarot Trumps are used as aspects of the circuits. While this attribution of the Trumps is useful, I feel that it is a bit limiting on the significance of the Trumps.

The Tree of Life uses the Trumps as the energy which connects the sephiroth or the circuits. While the progressive order of the Trumps shows the story of life, or evolution, the paths on the Tree of Life deal with the inter-connecting of the various circuits once the 8th circuit is reached. This can be seen in the numeration of the paths --- the sephiroth are numbered 1 through 10. The first Tarot Trump is the number eleven.

Rather than creating a matrix that supplants the Periodic Table of Energy, I see the chart in this essay to be a comment on the possible rewiring of the nervous system once the 8th circuit has been activated (this chart and the Tables of energy are not included in this publication -- the Editor).

In the traditional system of initiation using the Tree of Life the rewiring is done as one ascends the circuits, so as one completes the 8th circuit work, the creation of the new system is completed automatically.





Using the tables of energy as an initiation system, once the 8th circuit is reached the adept would have to do some rewiring if a new system were to emerge.

O.K. --- here's a rundown of the Tarot Trumps as connecting wires of Radiant Life Energy between the circuits :

1st circuit links 2nd circuit in ATU XXI, The Universe. The emotional-locomotional energy creates the appearance of a viewpoint within, but isolated from, the rest of existence. The appearance of the awareness of the personal universe each of us creates.

1st circuit links 3rd circuit in ATU XX, The Aeon. The symbolic sees the progression of life as a series of steps, or aeons. This is the intellectual awareness of the evolutionary nature of life.

1st circuit links 4th circuit in ATU XVIII, The Moon. The sexual-social nature of man links with his body in the unconscious, symbolized by the Moon.

2nd circuit links 3rd circuit in ATU XIX, The Sun. The Sun is a glyph of the twelve Zodiac signs. The intellect classifies the emotional into different types or signs.

2nd circuit links 4th circuit in ATU IV, The Emperor. The emotional plane is to be ruled firmly by the domestic programming imperative. Control of the emotional to harmonize with the rules of the society in which one lives.

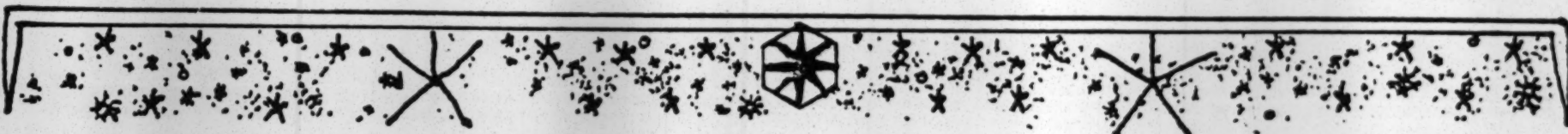
2nd circuit links 5th circuit in ATU XIV, Art. The emotional uniting with rapture creates the very concept of Art.

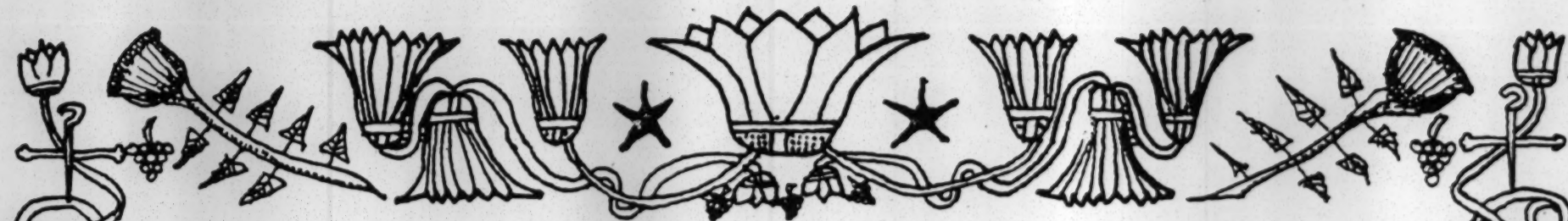
3rd circuit links 4th circuit in ATU XVI, The Blasted Tower. The tower of ideas created by the intellectual is complete when that tower is annihilated. A symbol of the hedonic gap which separates the left brain from the right brain.

3rd circuit links 5th circuit in ATU XV, The Devil. The logical left brain without the balance of the right views the rapture circuit as evil. The symbolic fears an order of intelligence superior to itself; not dependent on its logical symbols.

3rd circuit links 6th circuit in ATU XII, The Hanged Man. The logic views contacts with the "other-worldly" intelligences as either creatures of suffering, or pawns in their game. The intellect can come into contact with 6th circuit energy by negating itself - this negation is seen from the 3rd circuit as excruciatingly painful !

4th circuit links 5th circuit in ATU XIII, Death. The domestic views rapture in terms of death since it is not absolutely necessary to continue its game. The fear is that if one is concerned and centered in rapture the imperative is not on the reproduction of the hive system, which is the 4th circuit programming imperative.





4th circuit links 7th circuit in ATU X, The Wheel of Fortune. The link between the DNA code and the domestic is that they are both on the wheel of time. It is only by the slow process of experiance that the 4th curcuit is brought to the understanding of the force that animates it.

5th circuit links 6th circuit in ATU VIII, Adjustment. The rapture circuit must learn to adjust to its reality the new information from the 6th circuit rather than create a reality that is rigid and ignores the possibility of unknown factors.

5th circuit links 7th circuit in ATU IX, The Hermit. Rapture must learn that the DNA code lies within himself as an individual --- not exteriour. The key to the code lies within the core depths of all beings.

5th circuit links 8th circuit in ATU VII, The Lovers. Rapture must learn to view the rest of the universe as its tantric-sexual partner. Awareness that the creation of the new universe is dependent upon love-union rather than division-seperation.

5th circuit links 8th circuit/1st slot in ATU XVII, The Star. The role of the rapturous individual in the universe may be likened unto a star. Again, "Every man and every women is a star."

5th circuit links 8th circuit/3rd slot in ATU II, The High Priestess. Rapture is the holy represantive of the creation of the new universe. Rapture is linked with the Absolute in the purest of manners.

6th circuit links 7th circuit in ATU XI, Lust. The explosive energy of the 6th circuit is the vehicls of the metaphysiological universe. (Chariot of the Gods ?)

7th circuit links 8th circuit in the Abyss --- therein is no path...

7th circuit links 8th circuit/1st slot in ATU V, The Heirophant. The nature of the universe and the laws of DNA are the re-veiler/revealer of the mysteries of the universe.

8th circuit links 8th circuit/1st slot in the ATU III, The Empress. The doorway into manifestation, as well as the potentiality of all possible forms of existance. This card also represents the sacred love which links each "something" with every other something.

8th circuit links 8th circuit/3rd slot in ATU I, The Magus. The creator/manipulator-sustainer/destroyer-recreator of all phenomena and of all possible forms of existance.

8th circuit/1st slot links 8th circuit/3rd slot in Atu 0, The Fool. The individual and the universe are no longer seen as seperate entities. There is no differance between any one thing and any other thing; all is united in the passionate breath of creativity and becoming/being.





O.K. enough of this; only one more flash on the Periodic Tables of Energy. The attributions of the tri-grams of the I-Ching with the 8 circuits. In the Book of Thoth, on page 270, Aleister Crowley has included a diagram called "The Chinese Cosmos" in which he equates the tri-grams with the Tree of Life. If the identification of sephiroth and circuits is valid then we run into a slight problem, the two attributions (tree and table) should be identical, but are not. I personally don't have enough information on the system to make a judgment on which of the two systems are more accurate - but you might be interested in checking out the other attributions given by Crowley to see if there is a valid reason for his interpretation as compared to yours.

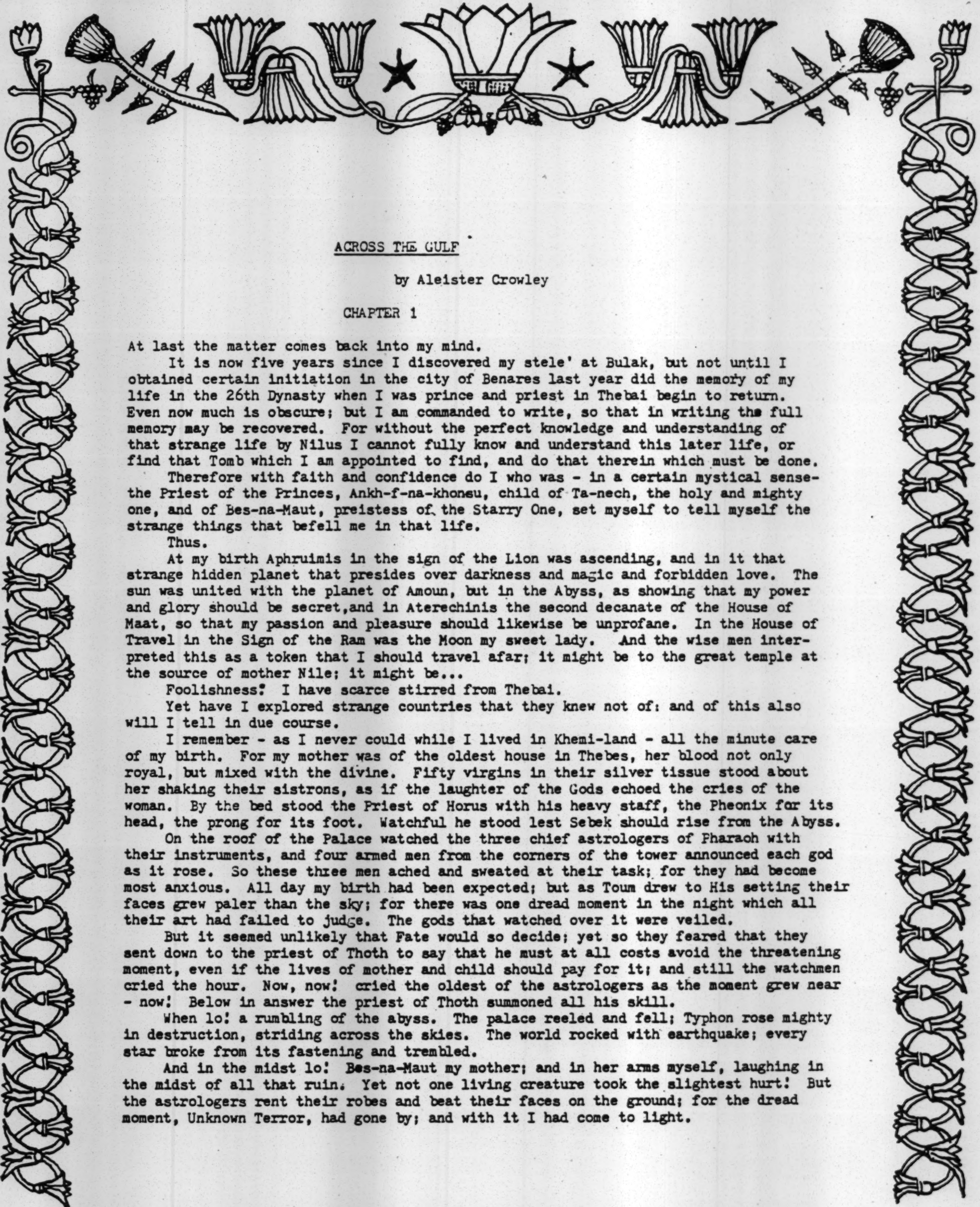
One last flash: there are 64 hexagrams and 64 is twice 32. There are 32 paths on the Tree of Life, so there is probably a mathematical link between the two systems -- a polarity in the 32 units, perhaps? A friend of mine has been working on this one for years, but to no avail, but it does seem like an entertaining and profitable avenue of research.

All Hail Discordia,

Love is the law, love under will

Fra.'. IAKASA 93





ACROSS THE GULF

by Aleister Crowley

CHAPTER 1

At last the matter comes back into my mind.

It is now five years since I discovered my stele' at Bulak, but not until I obtained certain initiation in the city of Benares last year did the memory of my life in the 26th Dynasty when I was prince and priest in Thebai begin to return. Even now much is obscure; but I am commanded to write, so that in writing the full memory may be recovered. For without the perfect knowledge and understanding of that strange life by Nilus I cannot fully know and understand this later life, or find that Tomb which I am appointed to find, and do that therein which must be done.

Therefore with faith and confidence do I who was - in a certain mystical sense - the Priest of the Princes, Ankh-f-na-khonsu, child of Ta-nech, the holy and mighty one, and of Bes-na-Maut, priestess of the Starry One, set myself to tell myself the strange things that befell me in that life.

Thus.

At my birth Aphruimis in the sign of the Lion was ascending, and in it that strange hidden planet that presides over darkness and magic and forbidden love. The sun was united with the planet of Amoun, but in the Abyss, as showing that my power and glory should be secret, and in Aterechinis the second decanate of the House of Maat, so that my passion and pleasure should likewise be unprofane. In the House of Travel in the Sign of the Ram was the Moon my sweet lady. And the wise men interpreted this as a token that I should travel afar; it might be to the great temple at the source of mother Nile; it might be...

Foolishness! I have scarce stirred from Thebai.

Yet have I explored strange countries that they knew not of; and of this also will I tell in due course.


I remember - as I never could while I lived in Khemi-land - all the minute care of my birth. For my mother was of the oldest house in Thebes, her blood not only royal, but mixed with the divine. Fifty virgins in their silver tissue stood about her shaking their sistrons, as if the laughter of the Gods echoed the cries of the woman. By the bed stood the Priest of Horus with his heavy staff, the Pheonix for its head, the prong for its foot. Watchful he stood lest Sebek should rise from the Abyss.

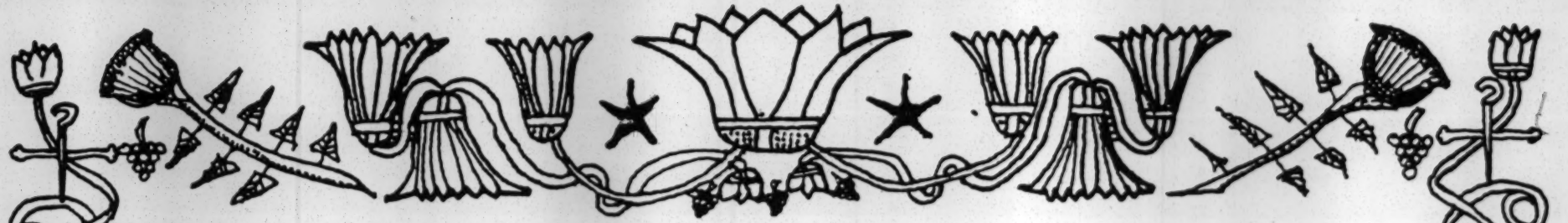
On the roof of the Palace watched the three chief astrologers of Pharaoh with their instruments, and four armed men from the corners of the tower announced each god as it rose. So these three men ached and sweated at their task; for they had become most anxious. All day my birth had been expected; but as Toum drew to His setting their faces grew paler than the sky; for there was one dread moment in the night which all their art had failed to judge. The gods that watched over it were veiled.

But it seemed unlikely that Fate would so decide; yet so they feared that they sent down to the priest of Thoth to say that he must at all costs avoid the threatening moment, even if the lives of mother and child should pay for it; and still the watchmen cried the hour. Now, now! cried the oldest of the astrologers as the moment grew near - now! Below in answer the priest of Thoth summoned all his skill.

When lo! a rumbling of the abyss. The palace reeled and fell; Typhon rose mighty in destruction, striding across the skies. The world rocked with earthquake; every star broke from its fastening and trembled.

And in the midst lo! Bes-na-Maut my mother; and in her arms myself, laughing in the midst of all that ruin. Yet not one living creature took the slightest hurt! But the astrologers rent their robes and beat their faces on the ground; for the dread moment, Unknown Terror, had gone by; and with it I had come to light.





In their terror, indeed, as I learnt long after, they sent messengers to the oldest and wisest of the priests; the High-priest of Nuit, who lived at the bottom of a very deep well, so that his eyes, even by day, should remain fixed upon the stars.

But he answered them that since they had done all that they could, and Fate had reversed their design, it was evident that the matter was in the hands of Fate, and that the less they meddled the better it would be for them. For he was a brusque old man - how afterwards I met him shall be written in its place.

So then I was to be brought up as befitted one in my station, half-prince, half-priest. I was to follow my father, hold his wand and ankh, assume his throne.

And now I begin to recall some details of my preparation for that high and holy task.

Memory is strangely fragmentary and strangely vivid. I remember how, when I had completed my fourth month, the priests took me and wrapped me in a panthers skin, whose flaming gold and jet-black spots were as like the sun. They carried me to the river bank where the holy crocodiles were basking; and there they laid me. But when they left me they refrained from the usual enchantment against the evil spirit of the crocodile; and so for three days I layed without protection. Only at a certain hours did my mother descend to feed me; and she too was silent, being dressed as a princess only; without the sacred badges of her office.

Also in the sixth month they exposed me to the Sun in the desert where was no shade or clothing; and in the seventh month they laid me in a bed with a sorceress, that fed on the blood of young children, and, having been in prison for a long time, was bitterly an-hungered; and in the eighth month they gave me the asp of Nile, and the Royal Uraeus serpent, and the deadly snake of the South country, for playmates; but I passed scatheless through all these trials.

And in the ninth month I was weaned, and my mother bade me farewell, for never again might she look upon my face, save in the secret rites of the Gods, when we should meet otherwise than as babe and mother, in the garment of that Second Birth which we of Khemi knew.

The next six years of my life have utterly faded. All that I can recall is the vision of the greatness of our city of Thebai, and the severity of my life. For I lived on the back of a horse, even eating and drinking as I rode; for so it becometh a prince. Also I was trained to lay about me with a sword, and in the use of the bow and the spear. For it was said that Horus or Men Tu, as we called Him in Thebai - was my Father and my God. I shall speak later of that strange story of my begetting.

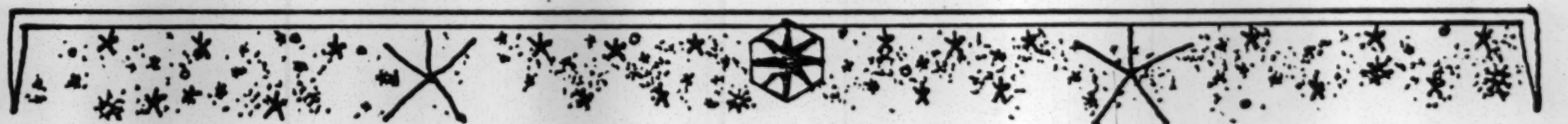
At the end of seven years, however, so great and strong had I waxen that my father took me to the old astrologer that dwelt in the well to consult him. This I remember as if it were yesterday. The journey down the great river with its slow days! The creaking benches and sweat of the slaves are still in my ears and my nostrils. Then swift moments of flying foam in some rapid or cataract. The great temples that we passed; the solitary Ibis of Thoth that meditated on the shore; the crimson flights of birds; - but nothing that we saw upon the journey was like unto the end thereof. For in a desolate place was the well, with but a small temple beside it, where the servants - they too most holy! of that holy ancient man might dwell.

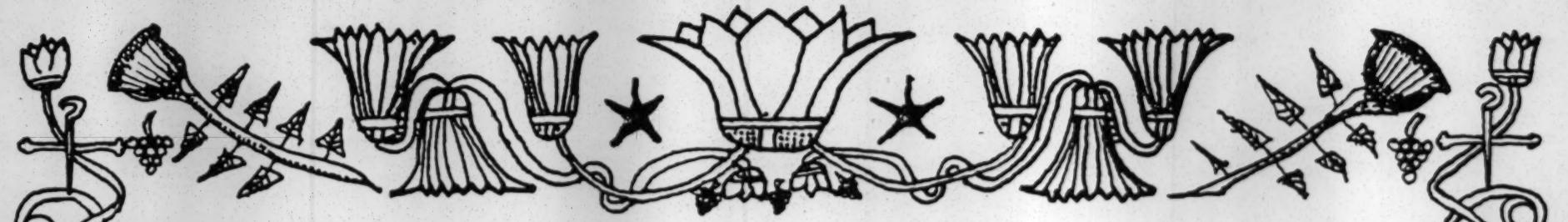
And my father brought me to the mouth of the well and called thrice upon the name of Nuit. Then came a voice climbing and coiling up the walls like a serpent, "Let this child become priestess of the Veiled One!"

Now my father was wise enough to know that the old man never made a mistake; it was only a question of a right interpretation of the oracle. Yet he was sorely puzzled and distressed, for that I was a boy child. So at the risk of his life - for the old man was brusque! - he called again and said "Behold my son!"

But as he spoke a shaft of sunlight smote him on the nape of the neck as he bent over the well; and his face blackened, and his blood gushed forth from his mouth. And the old man lapped up the blood of my father with his tongue, and cried gleefully to his servants to carry me to a house of the Veiled One, there to be trained in my new life.

So there came forth from the little house an eunuch and a young women exceeding fair; and the eunuch saddled two horses, and we rode into the desert alone.





Now though I could ride like a man, they suffered me not; but the young priestess bore me in her arms. And though I ate meat like a warrior, they suffered me not, but the young priestess fed me at her breast.

And they took from me the armour of gilded bronze that my father had made for me, scales like a crocodile's sewn upon crocodile skin that cunning men had cured with salt and spices; but they wrapped me in soft green silk.

So strangely we came to a little house in the desert, and that which befell me there is not given me of the gods at this time to tell; but I will sleep; and in the morning by their favour the memory thereof shall arise in me, even in me across these thousands of years of the whirling of the earth in her course.

CHAPTER 2

So for many years I grew sleek and subtle in my women's attire. And the old eunuch (who was very wise) instructed me in the Art of Magic and in the worship of the Veiled One, whose priestess was I destined.

I remember now many things concerning those strange rituals, things too sacred to write. But I will tell of an adventure that I had when I was nine years of age.

In one of the sacred books it is written that the secret of that subtle draught which giveth vision of the star-abodes of Duant, whose sight is life eternal in freedom and pleasure among the living, lieth in the use of certain little secret bone that is in the Bear of Syria. Yet how should I a child slay such an one? For they had taken all weapons from me.

But in a garden of the city (for we had now returned unto a house in the suburbs of Thebai) was a colony of bears kept by a great lord for his pleasure. And I by my cunning enticed a young bear-cub from its dam, and slew it with a great stone. Then I tore off its skin and hid myself therein, taking also its jaw and sharpening the same upon my stone. Then at last the old she-bear came searching me, and as she put down her nose to smell at me, taking me for her cub, I drove my sharpened bone into her throat.

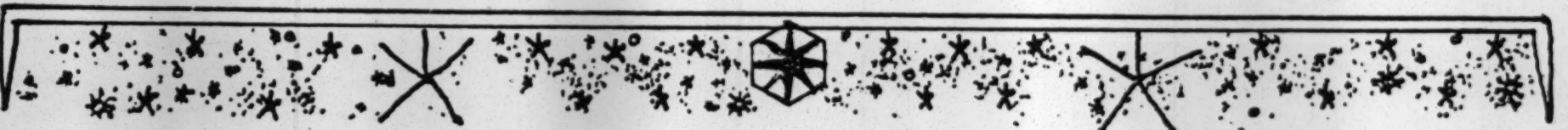
I struck with great fortune; for she coughed once, and died.

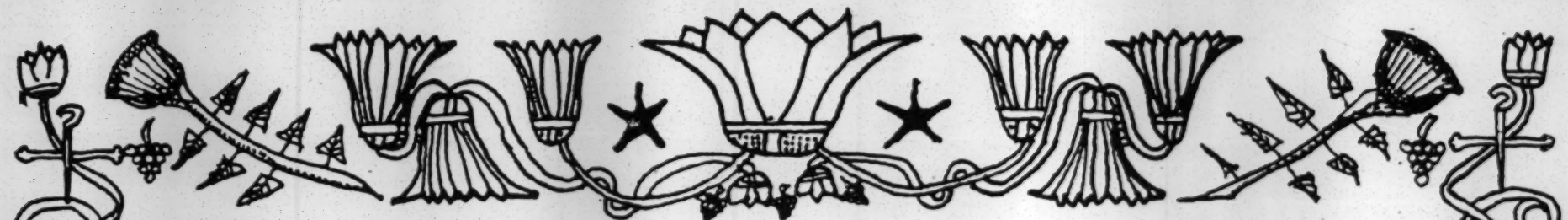
Then I took her skin with great labour; and (for it was now night) began to return to my house. But I was utterly weary and I could no longer climb the wall. Yet I stayed awake all that night, sharpening again upon my stone the jaw-bone of that bear-cub; and this time I bound it to a bough that I tore off from certain tree that grew in the garden.

Now towards the morning I fell asleep, wrapped in the skin of the old she-bear. And the great bear himself, the lord of the garden, saw me, and took me for his mate, and came to take his pleasure of me. Then I being roused out of sleep struck at his heart with all my strength as he rose over me, and quitting my shelter ran among the trees. For I struck not home, or aslant. And the old bear, soar wounded, tore up the skin of his mate; and then, discovering the cheat, came after me.

But by good fortune I found and wedged myself into a narrow pylon, too deep for him to reach me, though I could not go through, for the door was closed upon me. And in the angle of the door was an old sword disused. This was too heavy for me to wield with ease; yet I lifted it, and struck feebly at the claws of the bear. So much I wounded him that in his pain he dropped and withdrew and began to lick his paws. Thus he forgot about me; and I, growing bolder, ran out upon him. He opened his mouth; but before he could rise, I thrust the sword down it. He tossed his head; and I clinging to the sword-hilt, was thrown into the air, and fell heavily upon my shoulder. My head too struck the ground; and I lay stunned.

When I came to myself it was that a party of men and women had thrown water in my face and uttered the spells that revive from swoon. Beside me, close beside me, lay mine enemy dead; and I, not forgetful of my quest, took the blade of the sword (for it was snapt) and cut off the secret parts of the bear and took the little bone thereof; and would have gone forth with my prize. But the great lord of the house spake with me; and all his friends made as if to mock at me. But the women would not have it; they came round me and petted and caressed me; so that angry words were spoken.





But even as they quarrelled among themselves, my guardian, the old eunuch, appeared among them; for he had traced me to the garden.

And when they beheld the ring of the holy ancient man the astrologer they trembled; and the lord of the house threw a chain of gold around my neck, while his lady gave me her own silken scarf, brodered with the loves of Isis and Nephthys, and of Apis and Hathor. Nor did any dare to take from me the little bone that I had won so dearly; and when with it I made the spell of the Elixir, and beheld the starry abodes of Duant, even as it was written in the old wise book.

But my guardians were ashamed and perplexed; for though I was so sleek and subtle, yet my manhood already glowed in such deeds as this - how should I truly become the priestess of the Veiled One?

Therefore they kept me closer and nursed me with luxury and flattery. I had two negro slave-boys that fanned me and that fed me; I had an harp-player from the great city of Memphis, that played languourous tunes. But in my mischief I would constantly excite him to thoughts of war and of love; and his music would grow violent and loud, so that the old eunuch, rushing in, would belabour him with his staff.

How well I recall that room! Large was it and lofty; and there were sculptured pillars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and of porphyry and yellow marble. On the Southern side was my couch, a softness of exotic furs. To roll in them was to gasp for pleasure. In the centre was a tiny fountain of pure gold. The sunlight came through the space between the walls and the roof, while on the other sides I could look through and up into the infinite blue.

There was a great python that inhabited the hall; but he was very old, and too wise to stir. But - so I then believed - he watched me and conveyed intelligence to the old magus of the well.

No then the folly of my guardians appeared in this; that while all day I slept and languished and played idly, at night while they supposed I slept, I slept not. But I rose and gave myself to the most violent exercises. First, I would go into my bathing-pool and hold my breath beneath the water while I invoked the goddess Auramoth one hundred times. Next, I would walk on my hands around the room; I even succeeded in hopping on one hand. Next, I would climb each of the twenty-four smooth pillars. Next, I would practice the seventy-two athletic postures. Also in many other ways I would strive to make my strength exceeding great; and all this I kept most secret from my guardians.

At last on one night I resolved to try my strength; so, pushing aside the curtain, I passed into the corridor. Springing upon the soldier that guarded me, I brought him to the ground; and with my right hand under his chin, my left on his right shoulder, and my knee at the nape of his neck, I tore his head from his body before he could utter a cry.

I was now in my fifteenth year; but the deed was marvelous. None suspected me; it was thought a miracle.

The old eunuch, distressed, went to consult the magus of the well; whose answer was; "Let the vows of the priestess be taken!"

Now I thought this old man most foolish-obstinate; for I myself was obstinate and foolish. Not yet did I at all understand his wisdom or his purpose.

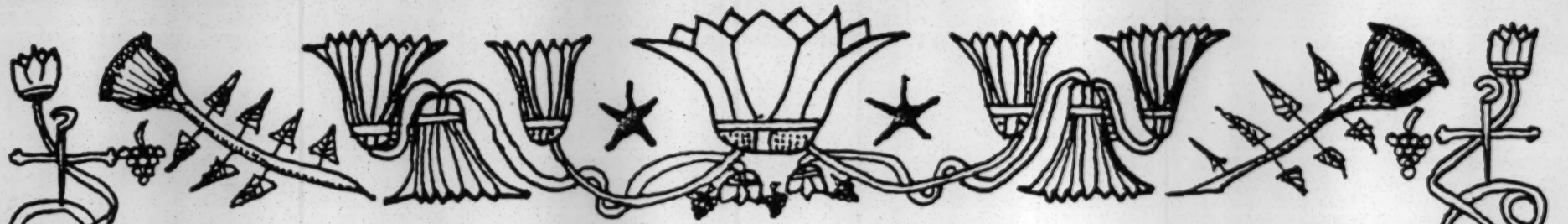
It often happens thus. Of old, men sent their priests to rebuke Nile for rising - until it was known that his rising was the cause of the fertility of their fields.

Now of the vows which I took upon me and of my service as a priestess of the Veiled One it shall next be related.

CHAPTER 3

It was the Equinox of Spring, and all my life stirred in me. They led me down cool colonades of mighty stone clad in robes of white brodered with silver, and veiled with a veil of fine gold web fastened with rubies. They gave me not the Uraeus crown, nor any nemyss, nor the Ateph crown, but bound my forehead with a simple fillet of green leaves - vervain and mandrake and certain deadly herbs of which it is not fitting to speak.





Now the priests of the Veiled One were sore perplexed, for that never before had any boy been chosen priestess. For before the vows may be administered, the proofs of virginity are sought; and, as it seemed, this part of the ritual must be suppressed or glossed over. Then said the High Priest: "Let it be that we examine the first woman that he shall touch with his hand, and, she shall suffice." Now when I heard this, I thought to test the God; and, spying in the crowd, I beheld in loose robes with flushed face and wanton eyes, a certain courtesan well-known in the city, and I touched her. Then those of the priests that hated me were glad, for they wished to reject me; and taking aside into the hall of trial that woman, made the enquiry.

Then with robes rent they came running forth, crying out against the Veiled One; for they found her perfect in virginity, and so was she even unto her death, as later appeared.

But the Veiled One was wroth with them because of this, and appeared in her glittering veil upon the steps of her temple. There she stood, and called them one by one; and she lifted but the eye-piece of her veil and looked into their eyes; and dead they fell before her as if smitten of lightning.

But those priests who were friendly to me and loyal to the goddess took that virgin courtesan, and led her in triumph through the city, veiled and crowned as is befitting. Now after some days he that guarded the sacred goat of Khem died, and they appointed her in his place. And she was the first woman that was thus honoured since the days of the Evil Queen in the 18th Dynasty, of her that wearied of men at an age when other women have not known them, that gave herself to gods and beasts.

But now they took me to the pool of liquid silver - or so they called it; I suppose it was quicksilver; for I remember that it was very difficult to immerse me - which is beneath the feet of the Veiled One. For this is the secret of the Oracle. Standing far off the priest beholds the reflection of her in the mirror, seeing her lips that move under the veil; and this he interprets to the seeker after truth.

Thus the priest reads wrongly the silence of the Goddess, and the seeker understands ill the speech of the priest. Then come forth fools, saying "The Goddess hath lied" - and in their folly they die.

While, therefore, they held me beneath the surface of the pool, the High Priestess took the vows on my behalf saying:

I swear by the orb of the Moon;

I swear by the circuit of the Stars;

I swear by the Veil, and by the Face behind the Veil;

I swear by the Light Invisible, and by the Visible Darkness; On behalf of this

virgin that is buried in thy water;

To live in purity and service;

To love in beauty and truth;

To guard the Veil from the profane;

To die before the Veil;....

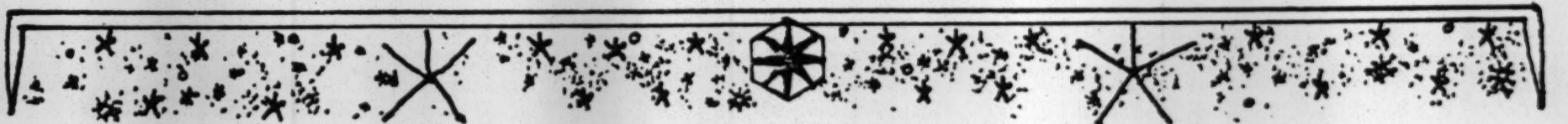
- and then came the awful penalty of failure.

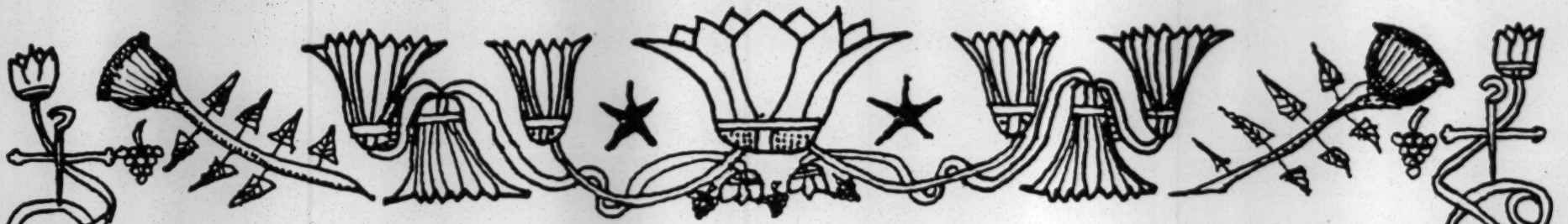
I dare not recall half of it; yet in it were these words: Let her be torn by the Phallus of Set, and let her bowels be devoured by Apep; let her be prostituted to the lust of Besz, and let her face be eaten by the god --.

It is not good to write His name.

Then they loosed me, and I lay smiling in the pool. They lifted me up and brought me to the feet of the goddess, so that I might kiss them. And as I kissed them such a thrill ran through me that I thought myself rapt away into the heaven of Amoun, or even as Asi when Hoor and Hoor-pa-kraat, cleaving her womb, sprang armed to life. Then they stripped me of my robes, and lashed me with fine twigs of virgin hazel, until my blood ran from me into the pool. But the surface of the silver swallowed up the blood by some mysterious energy; and they took this to be a sign of acceptance. So then they clothed me in the right robes of a priestess of the Veiled One; and they put a silver sistrion in my hand, and bade me perform the ceremony of adoration. This I did, and the veil of the goddess glittered in the darkness - for night had fallen by this - with a strange starry light.

Thereby it was known that I was indeed chosen aright.





So last of all they took me to the banqueting-house and set me on the high throne. One by one the priests came by and kissed my lips: one by one the priestess came by, and gave me the secret clasp of hands that hath hidden virtue. And the banquet waxed merry; for all the food was magically prepared. Every beast that they slew was virgin; every plant that they plucked had been grown and tended by virgins in the gardens of the temple. Also the wine was spring water only, but so consecrated by the holy priestesses that one glass was more intoxicating than a whole skin of common wine. Yet this intoxication was a pure delight, an enthusiasm wholly divine; and it gave strength, and did away with sleep, and left no sorrow.

Last, as the first gray glow of Hormakhu paled the deep indigo of the night, they crowned and clothed me with white lotus flowers, and took me joyously back into the temple, there to celebrate the matin ritual of awakening the Veiled One.

Thus, and not otherwise, I became the priestess of that holy goddess, and for a little while my life passed calm as the unruffled mirror itself.

It was from the Veiled One herself that came the Breath of Change.

On this wise.

In the Seventh Equinox after my initiation into her mystery the High Priestess was found to fail; at her invocation the Veil no longer glittered as was its wont. For this they deemed her impure, and resorted to many ceremonies, but without avail. At last in despair she went to the temple of Set, and gave herself as a victim to that dreadful god. Now all men were much disturbed at this, and it was not known at all of them what they should do.

Now it must be remembered that the ceremonies are always performed by a single priestess alone before the goddess, save only at the initiation.

The others also had found themselves rejected of her; and when they learnt of the terrible end of the High Priestess, they became fearful. Some few, indeed, concealed their failure from the priests; but always within a day and a night they were found torn asunder in the outer courts; so that it seemed the lesser evil to speak truth.

Moreover, the affair had become a public scandal; for the goddess plagued the people with famine and a terrible and foul disease.

But as for me, I wot not what to do; for to me always the Veil glittered, and that brighter than the ordinary. Yet I said nothing, but went about drooping and sorrowful, as if I were as unfortunate as they. For I would not seem to boast of the favour of the goddess.

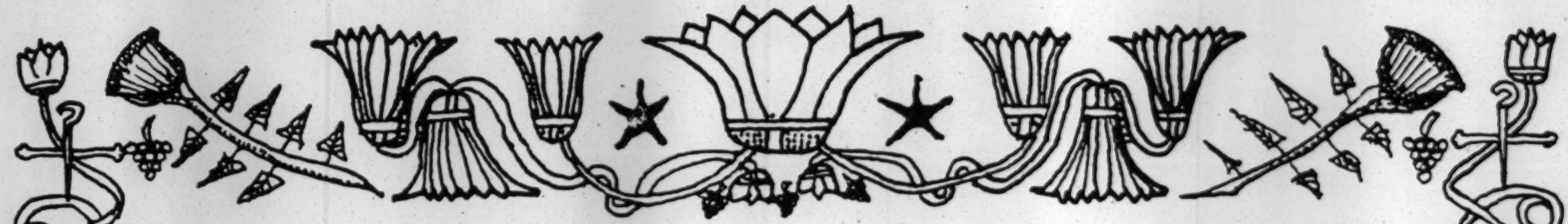
Then they sent to the old Magus in the well; and he laughed outright at their beards, and would say no word. Also they sent to the sacred goat of Khem, and his priestess would but answer "I, and such as I, may be favoured of Her," which they took for ribaldry and mocking. A third time they sent to the temple of Thoth the Ibis god of wisdom. And Thoth answered them by this riddle: "On how many legs doth mine Ibis stand?"

And they understood him not.

But the old High Priest determined to solve the mystery, though he paid forfeit with his life. So concealing himself in the temple, he watched in the pool for the reflection of the glittering of the Veil, while one by one we performed the adorations. And behind him and without stood the priests, watching for him to make a sign. This we knew not; but when it fell to me (the last) to adore that Veiled One, behold! the Veil glittered, and the old Priest threw up his arms to signal that which had occurred. And the flash of the Eye pierced the Veil, and he fell from his place dead upon the priests without.

They buried him with much honour, for that he had given his life for the people and for the temple, to bring back the favour of the Veiled One.





Then came they all very humbly unto me the child, and besought me to interpret the will of the Goddess. And her will was that I alone should serve her day and night.

Then they gave me to drink of the Cup of Torment; and this is its virtue, that if one should speak falsely, invoking the name of the Goddess, he shall burn in hell visibly before all men for a thousand years; and that flame shall never be put out. There is such an one in her temple in Memphis, for I saw it with these eyes. There he burns and writhes and shrieks on the cold marble floor; and there he shall burn till his time expire, and he sink to that more dreadful hell below the west. But I drank thereof, and the celestial dew stood shining on my skin, and a coolness ineffable thrilled through me; whereat they all rejoiced, and obeyed the voice of the Goddess that I had declared unto them.

Now then was I alway alone with the Veiled One, and I must enter most fully into that secret period of my life. For, despite its ending, which hath put many wise men to shame, it was to me even as an eternity of rapture, of striving and of attainment beyond that which most mortals - and they initiates even! - call divine.

Now first let it be understood what is the ritual of adoration of our Lady the Veiled One.

First, the priestess performs a mystical dance, by which all beings whatsoever, be they gods or demons, are banished, so that the place may be pure. Next, in another dance, even more secret and sublime, the presence of the Goddess is invoked into her Image. Next, the priestess goes a certain journey, passing the shrines of many great and terrible of the Lords of Khem, and saluting them. Last, she assumes the very self of the Goddess; and if this be duly done, the Veil glittereth responsive.

Therefore, if the Veil glittereth not, one may know that in some way the priestess hath failed to identify herself with Her. Thus an impurity in the thought of the priestess must cause her to fail; for the goddess is utterly pure.

Yet the task is alway difficult; for with the other gods one knoweth the appearance of their images; and steadily contemplating these one can easily attain to their imitation, and so to their comprehension, and to unity of consciousness with them. But with Our Veiled One, none who hath seen her face hath lived long enough to say one word, or call one cry.

So then it was of vital urgency to me to keep in perfect sympathy with that pure soul, so calm, so strong. With what terror then did I regard myself when, looking into my own soul, I saw no longer that perfect stillness. Strange was it, even as if one should see a lake stirred by a wind that one did not feel upon the cheeks and brows!

Trembling and ashamed, I went to the vesper adoration. I knew myself troubled, irritated, by I knew not what. And in spite of all my efforts, this persisted even to the supreme moment of my assumption of her godhead.

And then? Oh but the Veil glittered as never yet; yea more! it shot out sparks of scintillant fire, silvery rose, a shower of flame and of perfume.

Then was I exceedingly amazed because of this, and made a Vigil before her all the night, seeking a Word. And that word came not.

Now of what further befell I will write anon.

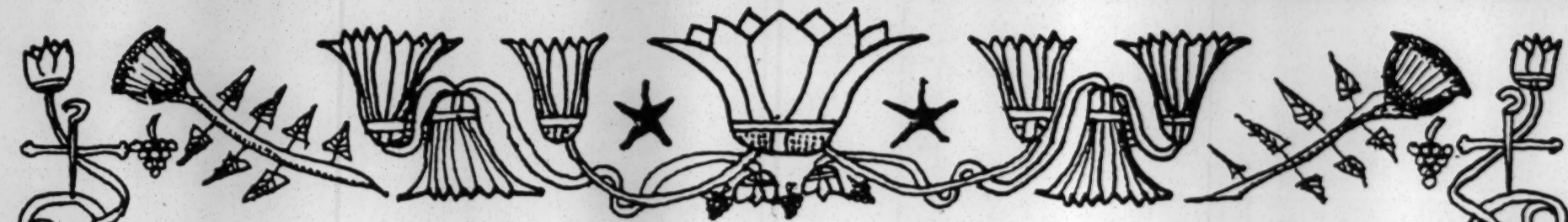
CHAPTER 4

So it came to pass that I no longer went out at all from the presence of the goddess, save only to eat and to sleep. And the favour of her was restored to the people, so that all men were glad thereof.

For if any man murmured, he was slain incontinent, the people mindful of the famine and the disease, and being minded to have no more of such, if it could by any means be avoided. They were therefore exceeding punctual with their gifts.

But I was daily more afraid, being in a great sweat of passion; of which I dared to speak to no man. Nor did I dare to speak even privily in mine own heart thereof, lest I should discover its nature. But I sent my favorite, the virgin Istarah (slim, pallid, and trembling as a young lotus in the west Wind), with my ring of office, to enquire of the old Magus of the well.





And he answered her by pointing upward to the sky and then downward to the earth. And I read this Oracle as if it were spoken "As above, so beneath." This came to me as I had flung myself in despair at the feet of my Lady, covering them with my tears; for by a certain manifest token I now knew that I had done a thing that was so dreadful that even now - these many thousand years hence - I dare hardly write it.

I loved the VEILED ONE.

Yea, with the fierce passion of a beast, of a man, of a god, with my whole soul I loved her.

Even as I knew this by the manifest token the Veil burst into a devouring flame; it ate up the robes of my office, lapping them with its tongue of fire like a tigress lapping blood; yet withal it burnt me not, nor singed one hair.

Thus naked I fled away in fear, and in my madness slipped and fell into the pool of liquid silver, splashing it all over the hall; and even as I fled that rosy cataract of flame that wrapt me (from the Veil as it jetted) went out - went out -

The Veil was a dull web of gold; no more.

Then I crept fearfully to the feet of the goddess, and with my tears and kisses sought to wake her into life once more. But the Veil flamed not again; only a mist gathered about it and filled the temple, and hid all things from my eyes.

Now then came Istarah my favorite back with the ring and the message; and thinking that she brought bad news, I slit her lamb's-throat with the magic sickle, and her asp's-tongue I tore out with my hands, and threw it to the dogs and jackals.

Herein I erred sorely, for her news was good. Having reflected thereon, I perceived its import.

For since the Veil flamed always at my assumption, it was sure that I was in sympathy with that holy Veiled One.

If I were troubled, and knew not why; if my long peace were stirred - why then, so She!

"As above, so beneath!" For even as I, being man, sought to grasp godhead and crush it in my arms, so She, the pure essence, sought to manifest in form by love.

Yet I dared not repeat the ceremony at midnight.

Instead I lay prone, my arms outstretched in shame and pain, on the steps at her feet.

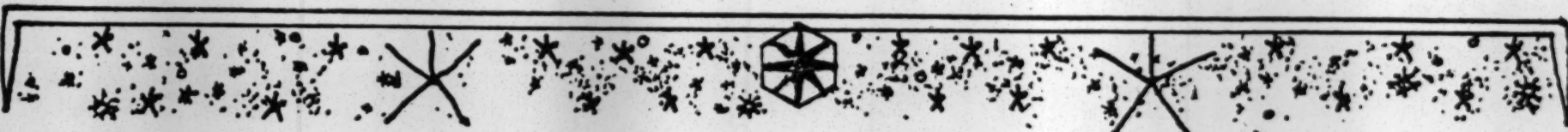
And lo! the Veil flamed. Then I knew that She too blamed Herself alike for her ardour and for her abstinence. Thus seven days I lay, never stirring; and all that time the Veil flamed subtly and softly, a steady bluish glow changing to green as my thought changed from melancholy to desire.

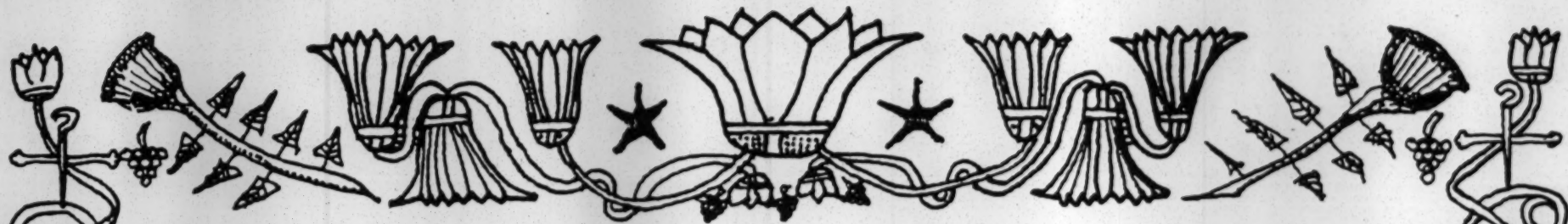
Then on the eighth day I rose and left the shrine and clad myself in new robes, in robes of scarlet and gold, with a crown of vine and bay and laurel and cypress. Also I purified myself and proclaimed a banquet. And I made the priests and the citizens, exceeding drunken. Then I called the guard, and purged thoroughly the whole temple of all of them, charging the captain on his life to let no man pass within. So that I should be absolutely alone in the whole precincts of the temple.

Then like an old gray wolf I wondered round the outer court, lifting up my voice in a mournful howl. And an ululation as of one hundred thousand wilves answered me, yet deep and muffled, as though it came from the very bowels of the earth.

Then at the hour of midnight I entered again the shrine and performed the ritual.

As I went on I became inflamed with an infinite lust for the infinite; and now I let it leap unchecked, a very lion. Even so the Veil glowed red as with some infernal fire. Now then I am come to the moment of the Assumption; but instead of sitting calm and cold, remote, aloof, I gather myself together, and spring madly at the Veil, catching it in my two hands. Now the Veil was woven gold, three thousand twisted wires; a span thick! Yet I put out my whole force to tear it across; and (for she also put out her force) it rent with a roar as of earthquake. blinded I was with the glory of her face; I should have fallen; but she caught me to her,





and fixed her divine mouth on mine, eating me up with the light of her eyes. Her mouth moaned, her throat sobbed with love; her tongue thrust itself into me as a shaft of sunlight smites into the palm-groves; my robes fell shrivelled, and flesh to flesh we clung. Then in some strange way she gripped me body and soul, twining herself about me and within me even as Death that devoureth mortal man.

Still, still my being increased; my consciousness expanded until I was all Nature seen as one, felt as one, apprehended as one, formed by me, part of me, apart from me, - all these things at one moment - and at the same time the ecstasy of love grew colossal, a tower to scale the stars, a sea to drown the sun

I cannot write of this...but in the streets people gathered apples of gold that dropped from invisible boughs, and invisible porters poured out wine for all, strange wine that healed disease and old-age, wine that, poured between the teeth of the dead (so long as the embalmer had not begun his work), brought them back from the dark kingdom to perfect health and youth.

As for me, I lay as one dead in the arms of the holy Veiled One - Veiled no more! - while she took her pleasure of me ten times, a thousand times. In that whirlwind of passion all my strength was as a straw in the simoom.

Yet I grew not weaker but stronger. Though my ribs cracked, I held firm. Presently indeed I stirred; it seemed as if her strength had come to me. Thus I forced back her head and thrust myself upon and into her even as a comet that impales the sun upon its horn! And my breath came fast between my lips and hers; her moan now faint, like a dying child, no more like a wild beast in torment.

Even so, wild with the lust of conquest, I urged myself upon her and fought against her. I stretched out her arms and forced them to the ground; then I crossed them on her breast, so that she was powerless. And I became like a mighty serpent of flame, and wrapt her, crushed her in my coils.

I was the master!

Then grew a vast sound about me as of shouting: I grew conscious of the petty universe, the thing that seems apart from oneself, so long as one is oneself apart from it.

Men cried "The temple is on fire! The temple of Asi the Veiled One is burning! The mighty temple that gave its glory to Thebai is aflame!"

Then I loosed my coils and gathered myself together into the form of a mighty hawk of gold and spake one last word to her, a word to raise her from the dead!

But lo! not Asi, but Asar!

White was his garment, starred with red and blue and yellow. Green was his countenance, and in his hands he bore the crook and scourge. Thus he rose, even as the temple fell about us in ruins, and we were left standing there.

And I wist not what to say.

Now then the people of the city crowded in upon us, and for the most part would have slain me.

But Thoth the mighty God, the wise one, with his Ibis-head, and his nemyss of indigo, with his Ateph crown and his Phoenix wand and his Ankh of emerald, with his magic apron in the Three colours; yea, Thoth, the God of Wisdom, whose skin is of tawny orange as though it burned in a furnace, appeared visibly to all of us. And the old Magus of the Well, whom no man had seen outside his well for nigh three-score years, was found in the midst: and he cried with a loud voice saying:

"The Equinox of the Gods!"

And he went on to explain how it was that Nature should no longer be the centre of man's worship, but Man himself, man in his suffering and death, man in his purification and perfection. And he recited the Formula of the Osiris as follows, even as it hath been transmitted unto us by the Brethren of the Cross and Rose unto this day :





"For Asar Un-nefer hath said:
 He that is found perfect before the Gods hath said:
 These are the elements of my body, perfected through suffering,
 glorified through trial.
 For the Scent of the dying Rose is the repressed sigh of my suffer-
 ing;
 The Flame-Red fire is the energy of my undaunted Will;
 The Cup of Wine is the outpouring of the blood of my heart,
 sacrificed to regeneration;
 And the Bread and Salt are the Foundations of my Body
 Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.
 For I am Asar triumphant, even Asar Un-nefer the Justified One!
 I am He who is clothed with the body of flesh,
 Yet in Whom is the Spirit of the mighty Gods.
 I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death; he who partaketh
 with me shall arise with me.
 I am the manifestor in matter of those whose abode is in the
 Invisible.
 I am purified: I stand upon the Universe: I am its Reconciler with
 the eternal Gods: I am the perfecter of Matter; and without me
 the Universe is not !"

All this he said, and displayed the sacraments of Osiris before them all;
 and in a certain secret mystical manner did we all symbolically partake of them.
 But for me! in the Scent of the dying Rose I beheld rather the perfection of the
 love of my lady the Veiled One, whom I had won, and slain in the winning!

Now, however, the old Magus clad me (for I was yet naked) in the dress of
 a Priest of Osiris. He gave me the robes of white linen, and the leopards skin,
 and the wand and ankh. Also he gave me the crook and scourge, and girt me with
 the royal girdle. On my head he set the Holy Uraeus serpent for a crown; and then,
 turning to the people, cried aloud:

"Behold the Priest of Asar in Thebai!

"He shall proclaim unto ye the worship of Asar; see that ye follow him!"

Then, ere one could cry "HOLD!" he had vanished from our sight.

I dismissed the people; I was alone with the dead God; with Osiris, the
 Lord of Amennti, the slain of Typhon, the devoured of Apophis

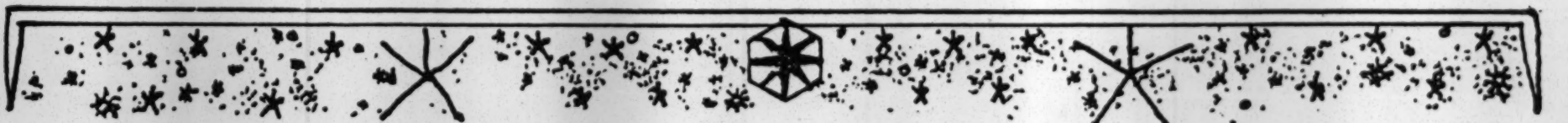
Yea, verily, I was alone !

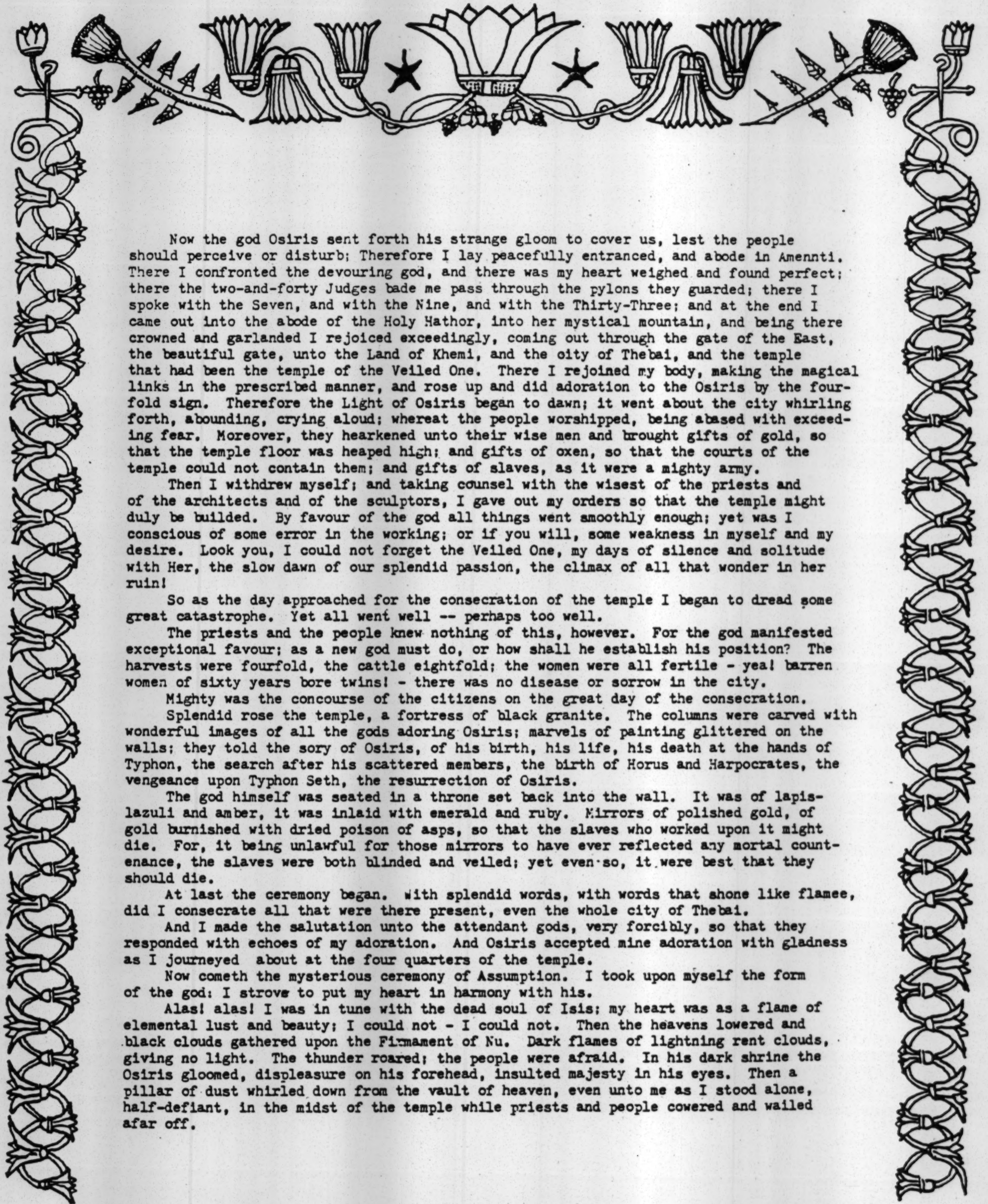
CHAPTER 5

Now then the great exhaustion took hold upon me, and I fell at the feet of the
 Osiris as one dead. All knowledge of terrestrial things was gone from me; I
 entered the kingdom of the dead by the gate of the West. For the worship of
 Osiris is to join the earth to the West; it is the cultus of the Setting Sun.
 Through Isis man obtains strength of nature; through Osiris he obtains the str-
 ength of suffering and ordeal, and as the trained athlete is superiour to the savage,
 so is the magic of Osiris stronger than the magic of Isis. So by my secret practices
 at night, while my guardians strove to smooth my spirit to a girl's, had I found
 the power to bring about that tremendous event, an Equinox of the Gods.

Just as thousands of years later was my secret revolt against Osiris - for
 the world had suffered long enough ! - destined to bring about another Equinox in
 which HORUS was to replace the Slain One with his youth and vigour and victory.

I passed therefore into these glowing abodes of Amennti, clad in thick dark-
 ness, while my body lay entranced at the feet of the Osiris in the ruined temple.





Now the god Osiris sent forth his strange gloom to cover us, lest the people should perceive or disturb; Therefore I lay peacefully entranced, and abode in Amennti. There I confronted the devouring god, and there was my heart weighed and found perfect; there the two-and-forty Judges bade me pass through the pylons they guarded; there I spoke with the Seven, and with the Nine, and with the Thirty-Three; and at the end I came out into the abode of the Holy Hathor, into her mystical mountain, and being there crowned and garlanded I rejoiced exceedingly, coming out through the gate of the East, the beautiful gate, unto the Land of Khemi, and the city of Thebai, and the temple that had been the temple of the Veiled One. There I rejoined my body, making the magical links in the prescribed manner, and rose up and did adoration to the Osiris by the four-fold sign. Therefore the Light of Osiris began to dawn; it went about the city whirling forth, abounding, crying aloud; whereat the people worshipped, being abased with exceeding fear. Moreover, they hearkened unto their wise men and brought gifts of gold, so that the temple floor was heaped high; and gifts of oxen, so that the courts of the temple could not contain them; and gifts of slaves, as it were a mighty army.

Then I withdrew myself; and taking counsel with the wisest of the priests and of the architects and of the sculptors, I gave out my orders so that the temple might duly be builded. By favour of the god all things went smoothly enough; yet was I conscious of some error in the working; or if you will, some weakness in myself and my desire. Look you, I could not forget the Veiled One, my days of silence and solitude with Her, the slow dawn of our splendid passion, the climax of all that wonder in her ruin!

So as the day approached for the consecration of the temple I began to dread some great catastrophe. Yet all went well -- perhaps too well.

The priests and the people knew nothing of this, however. For the god manifested exceptional favour; as a new god must do, or how shall he establish his position? The harvests were fourfold, the cattle eightfold; the women were all fertile - yea! barren women of sixty years bore twins! - there was no disease or sorrow in the city.

Mighty was the concourse of the citizens on the great day of the consecration.

Splendid rose the temple, a fortress of black granite. The columns were carved with wonderful images of all the gods adoring Osiris; marvels of painting glittered on the walls; they told the story of Osiris, of his birth, his life, his death at the hands of Typhon, the search after his scattered members, the birth of Horus and Harpocrates, the vengeance upon Typhon Seth, the resurrection of Osiris.

The god himself was seated in a throne set back into the wall. It was of lapis-lazuli and amber, it was inlaid with emerald and ruby. Mirrors of polished gold, of gold burnished with dried poison of asps, so that the slaves who worked upon it might die. For, it being unlawful for those mirrors to have ever reflected any mortal countenance, the slaves were both blinded and veiled; yet even so, it were best that they should die.

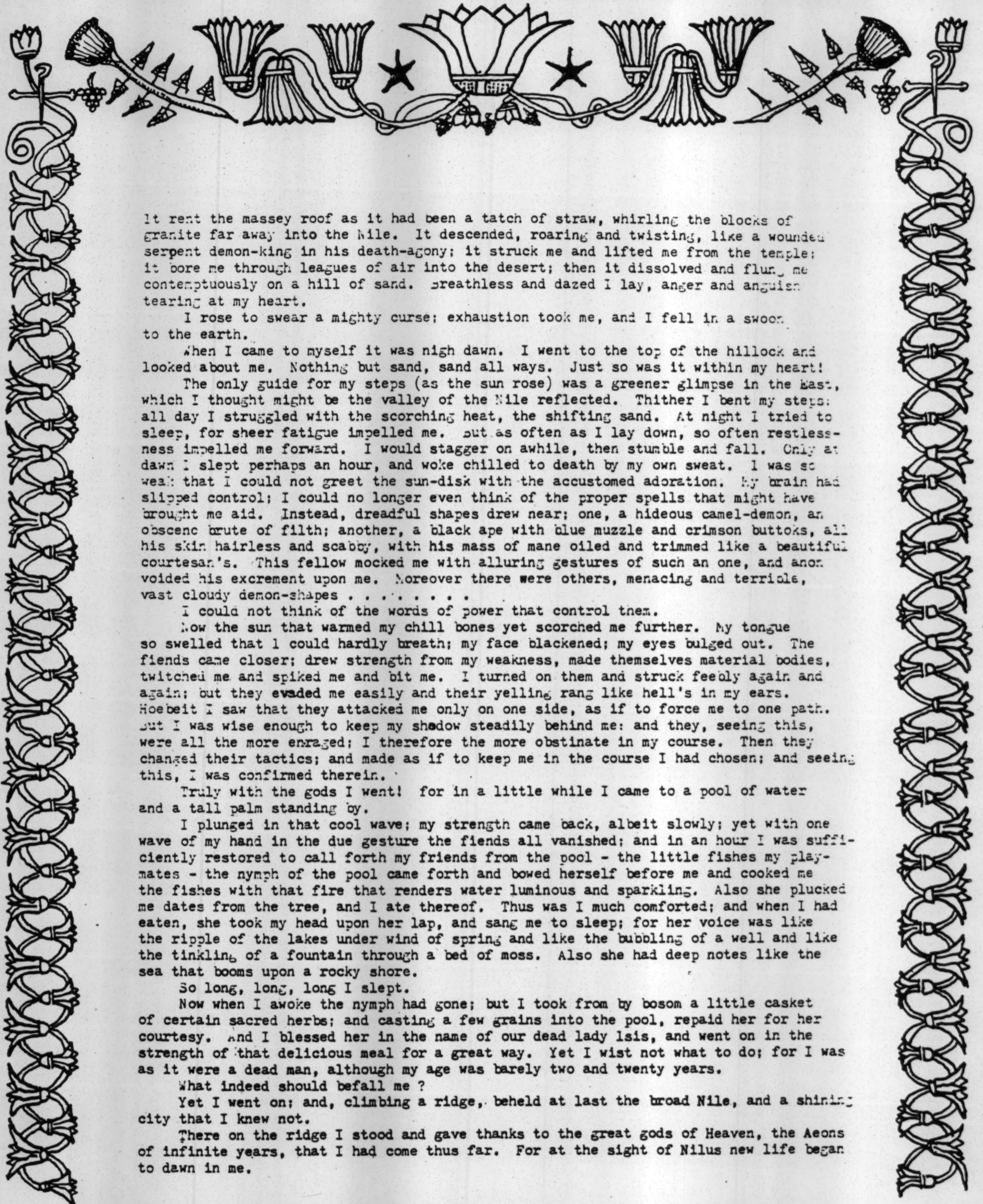
At last the ceremony began. with splendid words, with words that shone like flames, did I consecrate all that were there present, even the whole city of Thebai.

And I made the salutation unto the attendant gods, very forcibly, so that they responded with echoes of my adoration. And Osiris accepted mine adoration with gladness as I journeyed about at the four quarters of the temple.

Now cometh the mysterious ceremony of Assumption. I took upon myself the form of the god: I strove to put my heart in harmony with his.

Alas! alas! I was in tune with the dead soul of Isis; my heart was as a flame of elemental lust and beauty; I could not - I could not. Then the heavens lowered and black clouds gathered upon the Firmament of Nu. Dark flames of lightning rent clouds, giving no light. The thunder roared; the people were afraid. In his dark shrine the Osiris gloomed, displeasure on his forehead, insulted majesty in his eyes. Then a pillar of dust whirled down from the vault of heaven, even unto me as I stood alone, half-defiant, in the midst of the temple while priests and people cowered and wailed afar off.





It rent the massey roof as it had been a tatch of straw, whirling the blocks of granite far away into the Nile. It descended, roaring and twisting, like a wounded serpent demon-king in his death-agony; it struck me and lifted me from the temple; it bore me through leagues of air into the desert; then it dissolved and flung me contemptuously on a hill of sand. Breathless and dazed I lay, anger and anguish tearing at my heart.

I rose to swear a mighty curse; exhaustion took me, and I fell in a swoon to the earth.

When I came to myself it was nigh dawn. I went to the top of the hillock and looked about me. Nothing but sand, sand all ways. Just so was it within my heart!

The only guide for my steps (as the sun rose) was a greener glimpse in the east, which I thought might be the valley of the Nile reflected. Thither I bent my steps: all day I struggled with the scorching heat, the shifting sand. At night I tried to sleep, for sheer fatigue impelled me. But as often as I lay down, so often restlessness impelled me forward. I would stagger on awhile, then stumble and fall. Only at dawn I slept perhaps an hour, and woke chilled to death by my own sweat. I was so weak that I could not greet the sun-disk with the accustomed adoration. My brain had slipped control; I could no longer even think of the proper spells that might have brought me aid. Instead, dreadful shapes drew near; one, a hideous camel-demon, an obscene brute of filth; another, a black ape with blue muzzle and crimson buttocks, all his skin hairless and scabby, with his mass of mane oiled and trimmed like a beautiful courtesan's. This fellow mocked me with alluring gestures of such an one, and anon voided his excrement upon me. Moreover there were others, menacing and terrible, vast cloudy demon-shapes

I could not think of the words of power that control them.

Now the sun that warmed my chill bones yet scorched me further. My tongue so swelled that I could hardly breath; my face blackened; my eyes bulged out. The fiends came closer; drew strength from my weakness, made themselves material bodies, twitched me and spiked me and bit me. I turned on them and struck feebly again and again; but they evaded me easily and their yelling rang like hell's in my ears. Hoebeit I saw that they attacked me only on one side, as if to force me to one path. But I was wise enough to keep my shadow steadily behind me: and they, seeing this, were all the more enraged; I therefore the more obstinate in my course. Then they changed their tactics; and made as if to keep me in the course I had chosen; and seeing this, I was confirmed therein.

Truly with the gods I went! for in a little while I came to a pool of water and a tall palm standing by.

I plunged in that cool wave; my strength came back, albeit slowly; yet with one wave of my hand in the due gesture the fiends all vanished; and in an hour I was sufficiently restored to call forth my friends from the pool - the little fishes my playmates - the nymph of the pool came forth and bowed herself before me and cooked me the fishes with that fire that renders water luminous and sparkling. Also she plucked me dates from the tree, and I ate thereof. Thus was I much comforted; and when I had eaten, she took my head upon her lap, and sang me to sleep; for her voice was like the ripple of the lakes under wind of spring and like the bubbling of a well and like the tinkling of a fountain through a bed of moss. Also she had deep notes like the sea that booms upon a rocky shore.

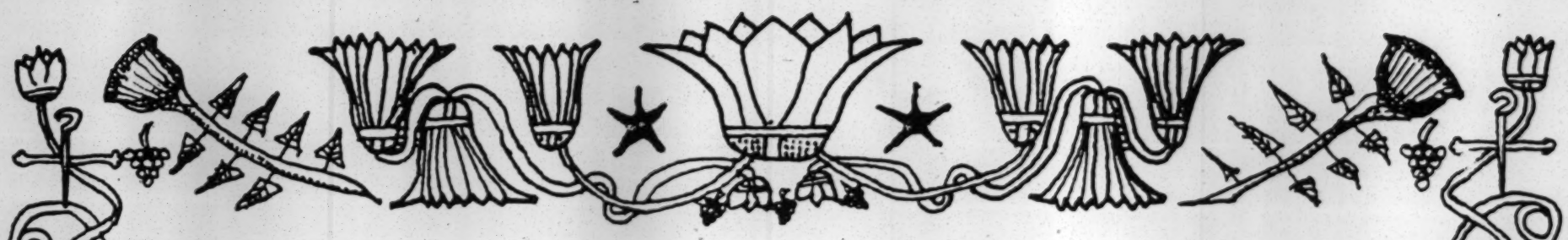
So long, long, long I slept.

Now when I awoke the nymph had gone; but I took from by bosom a little casket of certain sacred herbs; and casting a few grains into the pool, repaid her for her courtesy. And I blessed her in the name of our dead lady Isis, and went on in the strength of that delicious meal for a great way. Yet I wist not what to do; for I was as it were a dead man, although my age was barely two and twenty years.

What indeed should befall me?

Yet I went on; and, climbing a ridge, beheld at last the broad Nile, and a shining city that I knew not.

There on the ridge I stood and gave thanks to the great gods of Heaven, the Aeons of infinite years, that I had come thus far. For at the sight of Nilus new life began to dawn in me.



CHAPTER 6

Without any long delay I descended the slopes and entered the city. Not knowing what might have taken place in Thebai and what news might have come hither, I did not dare declare myself; but seeking out the High Priest of Horus I showed him a certain sign, telling him that I was come from Memphis on a journey, and intended to visit Thebai to pay homage at the shrine of Isis. But he, full of news, told me that the ancient priestess of Isis, who had become priest of Osiris, had been taken up to heaven as a sign of the signal favour of the God. Whereat I could hardly hold myself from laughter; yet I controlled myself and answered that I was now prepared to return to Memphis, for that I was vowed to Isis, and Osiris could not serve my turn.

At this he begged me to stay as his guest, and to go worship at the temple of Isis in this city. I agreed thereto, and the good man gave me new robes and jewels from the treasury of his own temple. There to I rested sweetly on soft cushions fanned by young boys with broad leaves of palm. Also he sent me the dancing girl of sleep. It was the art of this girl to weave such subtle movements that the sense, watching her, swooned and she swayed as she sang, ever lower and lower as she moved slower and slower, until the looker-listener was dissolved in bliss of sleep and delicate dream.

Then as he slept she would bend over him even as Nuit the Lady of the Stars that bendeth over the black earth, and in his ears she would whisper strange rhythms, secret utterances, whereby his spirit would be rapt into the realms of Hathor or some other golden goddess, there in one night to reap an harvest of refreshment such as the fields of mortal sleep yield never.

So then I woke at dawn, to find her still watching, still looking into my eyes with a tender smile on her mouth that cooed whispers infinitely soothing. Indeed with a soft kiss she waked me, for in this art there is a right moment to sleep, and another to waken: which she was well skilled to divine.

I rose then - she flitted away like a bird - and robed myself; and, seeking my host, went forth with him to the Temple of Isis.

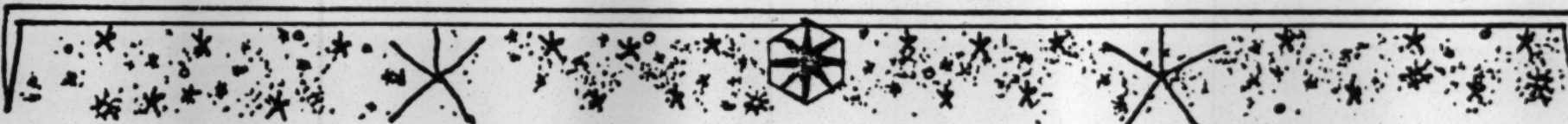
Now their ritual (it appeared) differed in one point from that to which I was accustomed. Thus, it was not death to intrude upon the ceremony save only for the profane. Priests of a certain rank of initiation might if they pleased behold it. I, therefore, wishing to see again that marvelous glowing of the Veil, disclosed a sufficient sign to the High Priest. Thereat was he mightily amazed; and, from the foot judging Hercules, began to think that I might be some sacred envoy or inspector from the Gods themselves. This I allowed him to think; meanwhile we went forward into the shrines and stood behind the pillars, unseen, in the prescribed position.

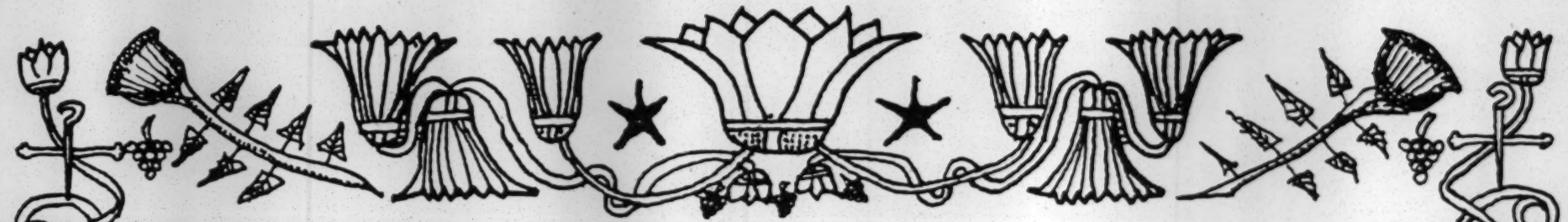
Now it chanced that the High Priestess herself had this day chosen to perform the rite.

This woman was a tall and black, most majestic, with limbs as a man's. Her gaze was hawk-keen, and her brow commanding. But at the Assumption of the God-form she went close and whispered into the Veil, so low that we could not hear it; but as it seemed with fierce intensity, with some passion that knotted up her muscles, so that her arms writhed like wounded snakes. Also the veins of her forehead swelled, and foam came to her lips. We thought that she had died; her body swelled and shuddered; last of all a terrible cry burst from her throat, inarticulate, awful.

Yet all this while the Veil glittered, though something somberly. Also the air was filled with a wild sweeping music, which rent our very ears with its uncouth magic. For it was like no music that I had ever heard before. At last the Priestess tore herself away from the Veil and reeled - as one drunken - down the temple. Sighs and sobs tore her breast; and her nails made bloody grooves in her wet flanks.

On a sudden she espied me and my companion; with one buffet she smote him to earth - it is unlawful to resist the Priestess when she is in the ecstasy of Union - and falling upon me, like a wild beast she buried her teeth in my neck, bearing me to the ground. Then, loosing me, while the blood streamed from me, she fixed her glittering eyes upon it with strange joy, and her hands shook me as a lion shakes a buck.





Sinewy were her hands, with big knuckles, and the strength of her was as cords of iron. Yet her might was but a mortal's; in a little she gave one gasp like a drowning man's; her body slackened, and fell with its dead weight on mine, her mouth glued to mine in one dreadful kiss. Dreadful; for as my mouth returned it, almost mechanically, the blood gushed from her nostrils and blinded me. I too, then, more dead than alive, swooned into bliss, into trance. I was awakened by the High Priest of Horus. "Come", he said; "she is dead". I disengaged myself from all that weight of madness - and the body writhed convulsively as I turned it over - I kissed those frothy lips, for in death she was beautiful beyond belief, joyous beyond description - thence I staggered to the Veil, and saluted with all my strength, so that it glittered under the force of my sheer will. Then I turned me again, and with the High Priest sought his house.

Strange indeed was I as I went through the city, my new robes dark with blood of that most holy sorceress.

But no one of the people dared so much as lift his eyes; nor spoke we together at all. But when we were come into the house of the High Priest, sternly did he confront me.

"What is this, my son?"

And I weary of the folly of the world and of the uselessness of things answered him:

"Father, I go back to Memphis. I am the Magus of the well."

Now he knew the Magus, and answered me:

"Why liest thou?"

And I said "I am come into the world where all speech is false, and all speech is true."

Then he did me reverence, abasing himself unto the ground even unto nine-and-ninety times.

And I spurned him and said, "Bring forth the dancing girl of Sleep; for in the mourning I will away to Memphis."

And she came forth, and I cursed her and cried: "Be thou the dancing girl of Love!"

And it was so. And I went in unto her, and knew her; and in the morning I girded myself, and boarded the state barge of the High Priest, and pillowed myself upon gold and purple, and disported myself with lutes and with lyers and with parrots, and with black slaves, and with wine and with delicious fruits, until I came even unto the holy city of Memphis.

And there I called soldiers of Pharaoh, and put cruelly to death all them that had accompanied me; and I burnt the barge, adrift upon the Nile at sunset, so that the flames alarmed the foolish citizens. All this I did, and danced naked in my madness through the city, until I came to the Old Magus of the well.

And laughing, I threw a stone upon him, crying: "Ree me the riddle of my life!"

And he answered naught.

Then I threw a great rock upon him, and I heard his bones crunch, and I cried in mockery: "Ree me the riddle of THY life!"

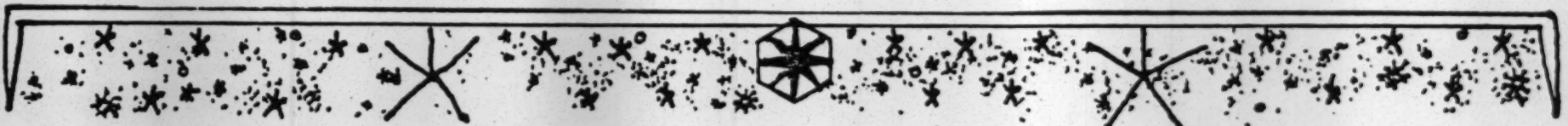
But he answered naught.

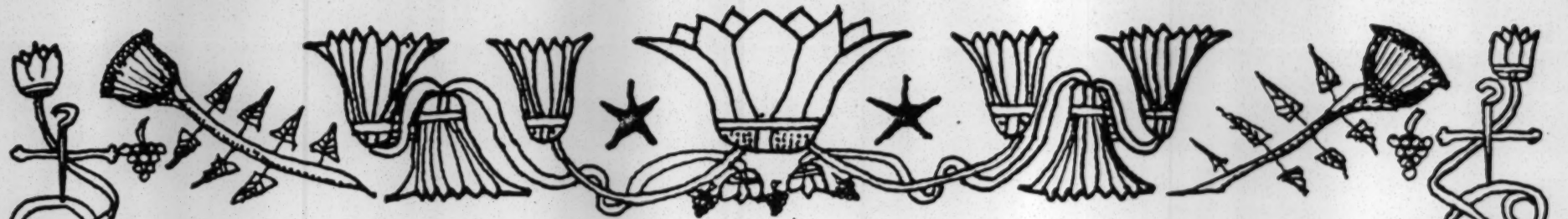
Then I threw down the wall of the well; and I burned the house with fire that stood thereby, with the men-servants and maid-servants.

And none dared stay me; for I laughed and exulted in my madness. Yea, verily, I laughed, and laughed - and laughed ---

CHAPTER 7

Then being healed of my madness I took all the treasure of that old Magus which he had laid up for many years - and none gainsaid me. Great and splendid was it, of gold more than twelve bullocks could draw, of balassius rubies, and ardonyx, and beryl, and chrysoprase; of diamond and starry sapphire, of emerald much, very much, of topaz and of amethyst great and wonderful gems. Also he had a figure of Nuit greater than a woman, which was made of lapis lazuli specked with gold, carved with marvellous excellence. And he had the secret gem of Hadit that is not found on earth, for that it is invisible save when all else is no more seen.





Then went I into the market and bought slaves. I bought me in particular a giant, a Nubian blacker than polished granite seen by starlight, tall as a young palm and straight, yet more hideous than the Ape of Thoth. Also I bought a young pale stripling from the North, a silly boy with idle languishing ways. But his mouth burned like sunset when the dust-storms blow. So pale and weak was he that all despised him and mocked him for a girl. Then he took a white-hot iron from the fire and wrote with it my name in hieroglyphics on his breast; nor did his smile once alter while the flesh hissed and smoked.

Thus we went out a great caravan to a rocky islet in the Nile, difficult of access for that the waters foamed and swirled dangerously about it. There we builded a little temple shaped like a beehive; but there was no alter and no shrine therein; for in that temple should the god be sacrificed unto himself.

Myself I made the god thereof; I powdered my hair with gold, and inwound it with flowers. I gilded my breasts and my nails, and as God and Victim in one was I daily sacrificed unto that strange thing that was none other than myself. I made my giant Nubian high priest; and I endowed his wand with magic power, so that he might properly perform my rites. This he did to such purpose that many men from Memphis and even from more distant towns, leaving their gods, came hither, and did sacrifice. Then I appointed also the pale boy warder of the SANCTUARY; and he swore unto me to be faithful unto death.

Now there arose a great strife in Memphis, and many foolish and lewd women cried out against us. So fierce was the uproar that a great company of women issued forth from the city and came unto the island. They slew my pale boy at the gate, though sword in hand he fought against them. Then they frothed on, and I confronted them in my glory. They hesitated, and in that moment I smote them with a deadly itching, so that running forth they tore off their clothes and set themselves to scratching, while my people laughed until they ached.

At the term, indeed, with exhaustion and with loss of blood they died all; four hundred and two women perished in that great day's slaughter. So that the people of Memphis had peace for a while.

But as for me, I mourned the loss of that young slave. I had his body embalmed as is not fitting for other than a king. And at the door of the temple I placed his sarcophagus beneath a hedge of knives and spears, so that there was no other access to my glory.

Like honour no slave had ever.

Thus then I abode three cycles of the season; and at the end thereof that time the High Priest died.

For mine was a strange and dreadful rite to do; none other, and none unfortified by magic power, could have done this thing.

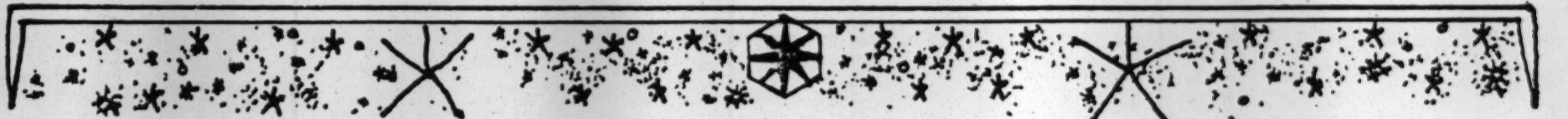
Yet I too sickened of that everlasting sacrifice. I was become worn and wan; there was no blood but ice in my veins. I had indeed become all but a god . . .

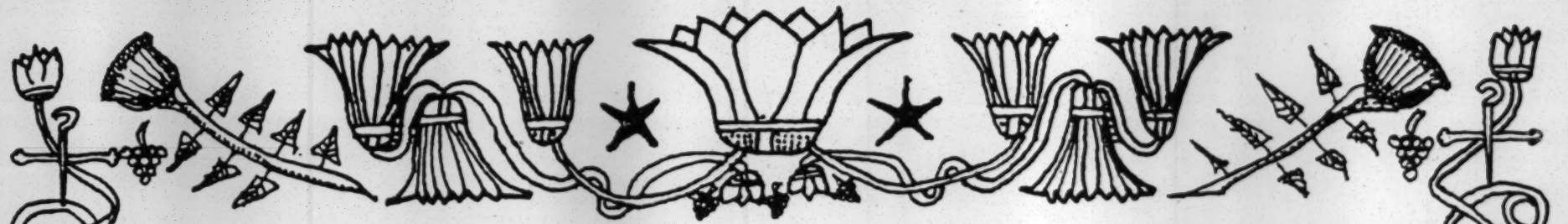
Therefore I took the body of my Nubian, and slew four young girls, and filled all the hallow spaces of his body with their blood. Then too I sealed up his body with eight seals; and the ninth seal was mine own, the centre of my godhead.

Then he rose slowly and staggeringly as I uttered the dreadful words:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi aa chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru !

Then I touched him with my wand and he rose into full power of his being; and we entered in, and for the last time did we perform (though silent) the ceremony. At whose end he lay shrivelled and collapsed, shrunken like an old wine-skin; yet his blood availed me nothing.





I was icier than before. Yet now indeed was I Osiris, for I sent out flames of cold gray glory from my skin, and mine eyes were rigid with ecstasy.

Yea, by Osiris himself, I swear it ! Even as the eyes of all living men revolve ceaselessly, so were mine fixed !

Then I shook myself and went forth into the city of Memphis, my face being veiled and my steps led by slaves.

And there I went into temples one by one; and I twitched aside my veil, whereat all men fell dead on the instant, and the gods tumbled from their places, and broke in pieces upon the floor.

And I veiled myself, and went into the market-street and lifted up my voice in a chant and cried :

Death, and desolation, and despair !
I lift up my voice, and all the gods are dumb.
I unveil my face, and all that liveth is no more,
I sniff up life, and breathe forth destruction.
I hear the music of the world, and its echo is Silence.

Death, and desolation, and despair !
The parting of the ways is come: the Equinox of the Gods is past.
Let them that hear me be abased before me !
Death, and desolation, and despair !

Then I pulled away my veil, and the cold lightnings of death shot forth, and the people of the city fell dead where they stood.

Save only one, a young boy, a flute-player, that was blind, and, seeing not those eyes of mine, died not.

Then to him I spake, saying :

"Arise, summon the priests and the people, all that remain. And let them build a temple unto Osiris the God of the dead, and let the dead be worshipped for ever and ever."

This I said, and went out from the city with the slaves that I had left in the gate, and we went unto Nile, unto a cave by the bank of the river; and there I abode for many months, weeping for Isis my Lady. For though I had avenged her in many dreadful deeds, yet I brought her not back unto life. Moreover the love of her was as it were dead in me, so that my heart stirred not at the thought of her. Say that my love wandered like a ghost unburied, frozen, adrift upon the winds !

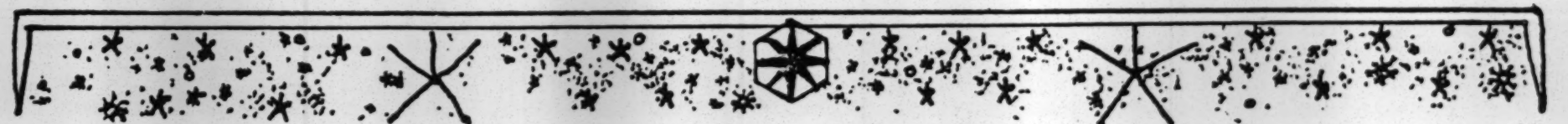
Now of my deeds at this period it is almost to horrible to tell. For I performed great penances, in the hope of vitalizing that dead principle in me which men call the soul.

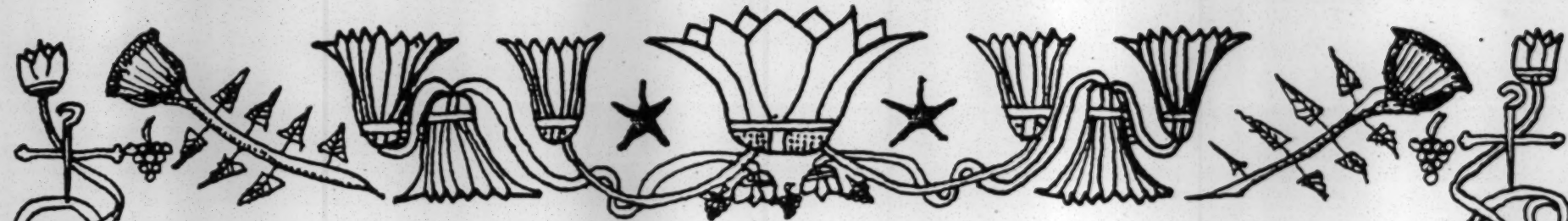
I starved myself shamefully, in this manner. First surrounding myself with all possible luxuries of food, brought in steaming and savoury from hour to hour, I yet condemned myself to subsist upon a little garlic and a little salt, with a little water in which oats had been bruised.

Then if any wish arouse in me to eat of the dainties around me I gashed myself with a sharp stone.

Moreover I kindled a great fire in the cave so that the slaves stumbled and fainted as they approached. And the smoke choked me so that I constantly vomited a black and ill-smelling mucus from my lungs, stained here and there with frothing blood.

Again, I suffered my hair to grow exceeding long, and therein I harboured vermin. Also, when I lay down to sleep, though this I did not till with swollen tongue and blackened throat I could no longer howl the name of my dead Lady, the (I say) did I smear my limbs with honey, that the rats of the cave might gnaw them as I slept. Moreover, I pillowed mine head upon a corpse dead of leprosy, and whenever that dead soul of mine stirred at all with love toward my Lady, then I caressed and kissed that corpse, and sang soft songs to it, playing with gracious words and gestures. All this spoke loudly to my soul, rebuking it for its weakness and corruption. So too the bitterness and foulness of my life would often overleap the limit of sensibility;





and then for hours together would I be lost in a raging whirlwind of laughter. At this time my slaves would be afraid to come anigh me, and then darting out of the cave I would catch one by the hair and dragging him within put him to exquisite torture. This indeed was of great use to me; for I would devise atrocious things, and if they served to excite his utmost anguish I would then try them on myself. Thus I would run needles steeped in Nile mud beneath my finger-nails, so that the sores festering might produce a sickening agony. Or again I would cut strips of skin and tear them off; but this failed, though it acted well enough upon the slave, for my own skin had become to brittle. Then I would take a piece of hard wood, and hammer it with a stone against the bones, hurting the membrane that covers them, and causing it to swell. This too I had to abandon, for the limb of the slave died, and he swelled up and rotted and turned green, and in shocking agony he died.

So then I was compelled to cure myself magically, and this was a great loss of force.

Yet was I "Far from the Happy Ones," although my lips hung on my fleshless face like bean-pods withered and blackened, and although there was not one inch of skin upon all my body that was not scarred.

Yet my trial was nigh its end. For the people of Memphis, wondering at the frequent purchases of dead lepers made always by the same slave, began, as is the wont of the ignorant, to spread foolish rumours. At last they said openly "There is an holy hermit in the old cave by Nile." Then the barren women of the city came out stealthily to me in the hope that by my sanctity their dry sticks might blossom.

But I showed them my dead leper, and said "Let me first beget children upon this, and after I will do your business." This liked them not; yet they left me not alone, for they went home and cried out that I was an horror, a ghoul, a vampire...

...And at that all the young and beautiful women of the city, leaving their lovers and their husbands, flocked to me, bringing gifts. But I took them to the dead leper and said, "When you are as beautiful as that is beautiful, and when I am weary of its beauty and its delight, then will I do your pleasure."

Then they all raged vehemently against me, and stirred up the men of the city to destruoey me. And I, not being minded to display my magic force, went by night (so soon as I heard of this) and took sanctuary in the shrine of Osiris that I had caused them to build. And there I attained felicity; for uniting my consciousness with the god's, I obtained the expansion of that consciousness. Is not the kingdom of the dead a mighty kingdom?

So I persieved the universe as it were a single point of infinite nothingness yet of infinite extention; and becoming this universe, I became dissolved utterly therein. Moreover, my body lifted itself up and rose in the air to a great height beyond the shadow of the earth, and the earth rolled beneath me; yet of all this I knew nothing, for that I was all these things and none of them. Moreover I was united with Isis the Mother of Osiris, being yet her brother and her lord.

Woe, woe to me! for all this was but partial and imperfect; nor did I truly understand that which occurred.

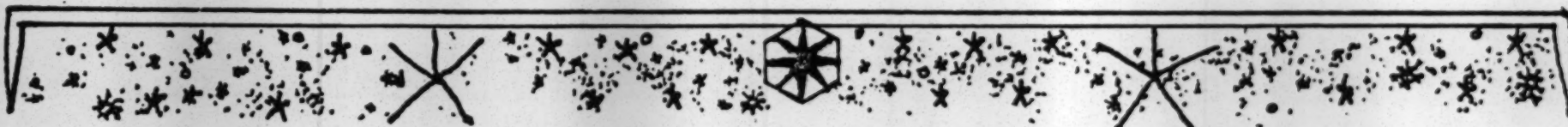
Only this I knew, that I should return to my city of Thebai, and rule therein as High Priest of Osiris, no longer striving to some end unheard-of or impossible, but quietly and patiently living in the enjoyment of my dignities and wealth, even as a man.

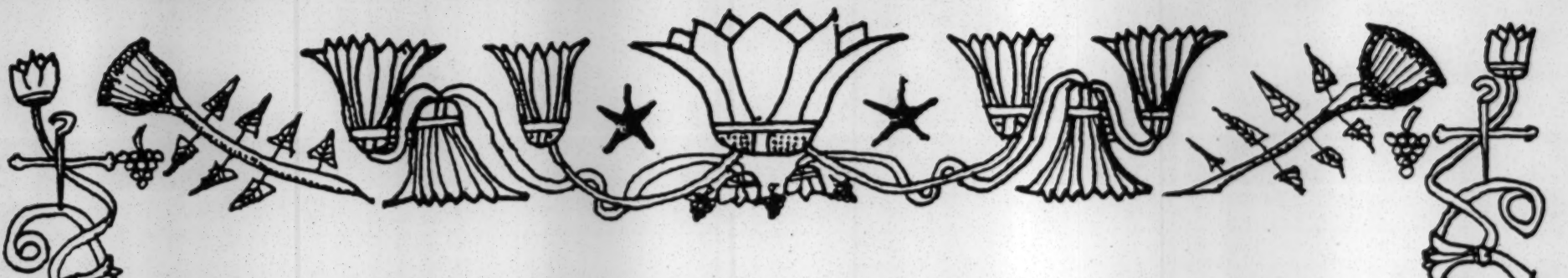
Yet one thing I saw also, that as Isis is the Lady of all Nature, the living; and as Osiris is the Lord of the Dead, so should Horus come, the Hawk-headed Lord, as a young child, the image of all Nature and all Man raised above Life and Death, under the supreme rule of Hadit that is Force and of Nuit that is Matter - though they are a Matter and a Force that transcend all our human conceptions of these things.

But of this more anon, in its due place.

CHAPTER 8

Behold me then returned to Thebai! So scarred and altered was I, though not yet thirty years of age, that they knew me not. So I offered myself as a serving-man in the templr of Osiris, and I pleased the priests mightily, for by my magic power - though they thought it to be natural - I sang songs unto the god, and made hymns.





Therefore in less than a year they began speaking of initiating me into the Priesthood. Now the High Priest at this time was a young and vigorous man, black-bearded in the fashion of Osiris, with a single square tuft beneath the chin. Him had they chosen after my departure in the whirlwind. And the High Priestess was a woman of forty and two years old, both dark and beautiful, with flashing eyes and stern lips. Yet her body was slim and lithe like that of a young girl. Now, as it chanced, it was my turn to serve her with the funeral offerings; flesh of oxen and of geese, bread, and wine. And as she ate she spake with me; for she could see by her art that I was not a common serving-man. Then I took out the consecrated wand of Khem that I had from my father; and I placed it in her hand. At that she wondered, for that wand is the sign of a great and holy initiation: so rare that (as they say) no woman but one has ever attained unto it. Then she blessed herself that she had been permitted to look upon it, and prayed me to keep silence for a little while, for she had somewhat in her mind to do. And I lifted up the wand upon her in the nine-and-forty-fold benediction, and she received illumination thereof, and rejoiced. Then I fell at her feet - for she was the High Priestess - and kissed them reverently, and withdrew.

Then three days afterwards, as I learnt, she sent for a priestess who was skilled in certain deadly crafts and asked of her a poison. And she gave it saying: "Let the High Priest of the God of the dead go down to the dead!" Then that wicked High Priestess conveyed unto him subtly the poison in the sacraments themselves, and he died thereof. Then by her subtlety she caused a certain youth to be made high priest who was slovenly and stupid, thinking in herself "Surely the god will reject him." But at his word the Image of the god glowed as was its wont. And at that she knew - and we all knew - that the glory was departed; for that the priests had supplanted the right ceremony by some trick of deceit and craft.

Thereat was she mightily cast down, for though wicked and ambitious, she had yet much power and knowledge.

But instead of using that power and that knowledge she sought to oppose craft with craft. And suspecting (aright) whose cunning had done this thing she bribed him to reverse the machinery, so that the High Priest might be shamed. But shamed he was not; for he lied, saying that the God glowed brighter than the Sun; and he lied securely, for Maat the Lady of Truth had no place in that temple. To such foulness was all fallen by my first failure to assume the god-form, and their priestly falsehood that my sanctity had rapt me into heaven. Nor had the wealth they lied to obtain availed them aught; for Pharaoh had descended upon Thebai, and laid heavy hand upon the coffers of the temple, so that they were poor. Even, they sold good auguries for gold; and these were a very destruction to them that bought. Then they sold curses, and sowed discord in the city. Whereupon the people grew poorer still, and their gifts to the temple waxed even less.

For there is no foolishness like the hunger after gain.

Of old the gods had given blessing, and the people offered freely of their plenty.

Now the priests sowed chaff, and reaped but barrenness.

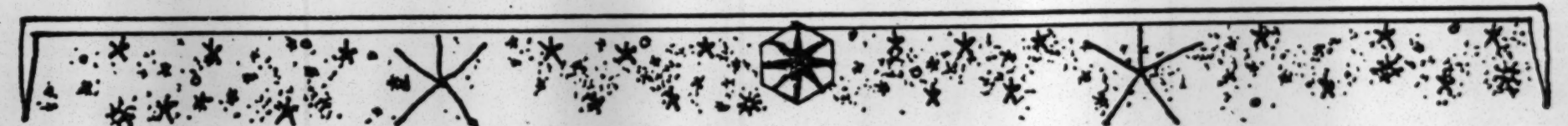
So I waited patiently in silence to see what might befall. And this foolish priestess could think of no better expedient than formally. But this young stupid man had guessed how his predecessor was dead, and he touched not the sacraments; but feigned.

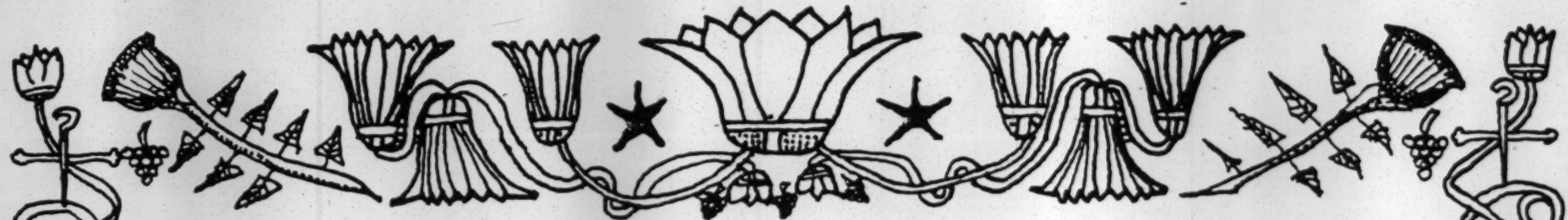
Then she called for me - and I was now ordained priest - to take counsel of me; for she was minded to put me in his place.

Thus she made a great banquet for me; and when we were well drunken she laid her hand upon my breast and said marvellous things to me of love, to me, who had loved the Veiled One! But I feigned all the madness of passion and made her drunk thereon, so that she talked great words, frothing forth like dead fishes swollen in the sun, of how we should rule Thebai and (it might be) displace Pharaoh and take his throne and sceptre. Yet, foolish woman! she could not think how she might remove this stupid high priest, her own nominee! So I answered her "Assume the Form of Osiris, and all will be well in the Temple of Osiris." Mocking her, for I knew that she could not. Yet so drunken was she upon love and wine that there and then she performed the ritual of Adoration and Assumption.

Then I in merry mood put out my power, and caused her in truth to become Osiris, so that she went icy stark, and her eyes fixed....

Then she tried to shriek with fear, and could not; for I had put upon her the silence of the tomb.





But all the while I feigned wonder and applause, so that she was utterly deceived. And being tired of mocking her, I bade her return. This she did, and knew not what to say. At first she pretended to have received a great secret; then, knowing how much higher was my grade of initiation, dared not. Then, at last, being frightened, she flung herself at my feet and confessed all, pleading that at least her love for me was true. This may well have been; in any case I would have had compassion upon her, for in sooth her body was like a flower, white and pure, though her mouth was heavy and strong, her eyes wrinkled with lust, and her cheeks flaccid with deceit.

So I comforted her, pressing her soft body in mine arms, drinking the wine of her eyes, feeding upon the honey of her mouth.

Then at last I counselled her that she should bid him to a secret banquet, and that I should serve them, disguised in my old dress as a serving-man.

On the next night after this he came, and I served them, and she made open love (though feigned) to him. Yet subtly, so that he thought her the deer and himself the lion. Then at last he went clean mad, and said: "I will give thee what thou wilt for one kiss of that thy marvellous mouth." Then she made him swear the oath by Pharaoh - the which if he broke Pharaoh would have his head - and she kissed him once, as if her passion were like the passion of Nile in flood for the sandy bars that it devoureth, and then leaping up, answered him, "Give me thine office of High Priest for this my lover!" With that she took and fondled me. He gaped, aghast; then he took off the ring of office and flung it at her feet; he spat one word in her face; he slunk away.

But I, picking up the ring of office, cried after him: "What shall be done to who insulteth the High Priestess?"

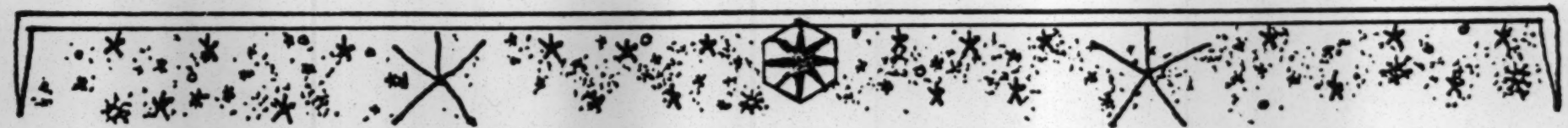
And he turned and answered sullenly: "I was the High Priest." "Thou hadst no longer the ring!" she raged at him, her face white with fury, her mouth dripping the foam of her anger - for the word was a vile word! . . .

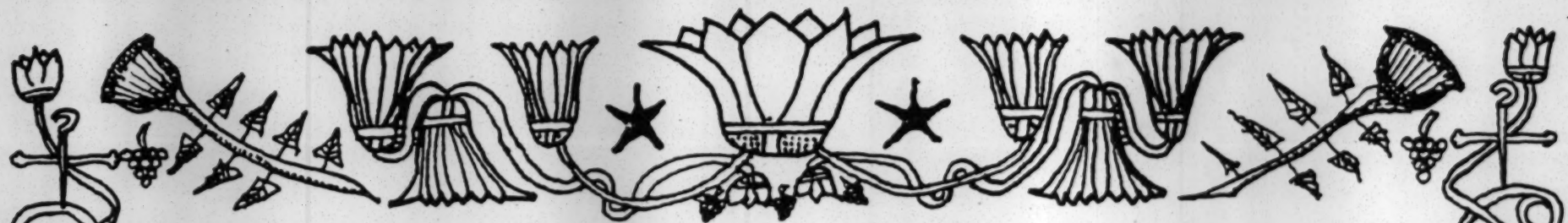
Then she smote upon the bell, and the appeared. At her order they brought the instruments of death, and summoned the executioner, and left us there. Then the executioner bound him to the wheel of iron by his ankles and his waist and his throat; and he cut off his eyelids, that he might look upon his death. Then with his shears he cut off the lips from him, saying, "With these lips didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then one by one he wrenched out the teeth of him, saying every time: "With this tooth didst thou frame a blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then he pulled out his tongue with his pincers, saying: "With this tongue didst thou speak blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then took he a strong corrosive acid and blistered his throat therewith, saying: "From this throat didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then he took a rod of steel, whit-hot, and burnt away his secret parts, saying: "Be thou put to shame, who hast blasphemed the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." After that, he took a young jackal and gave it to eat at his liver, saying: "Let the beasts that devour carrion devour the liver that hath lifted itself up to blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." With that the wretch died, and they exposed his body in the ditch of the city, and the dogs devoured it.

Now all this while had my lady dallied amourosly with me, making such sweet moan of love as never was, yet her face fixed upon his eyes who loved her, and there glared in hell's torment, the body ever striving against the soul which should exceed.

And, as I judge, by the favour of Set the Soul gat mastery therein.

Also, though I write it now, coldly, these many thousand years afterwards, never had I such joy of love of any woman as with her, and at that hour, so that as I write it I remember well across the mist of time every honey word she spoke, every witching kiss (our mouths strained sideways) that she sucked from my fainting lips, every shudder of her soft strong body. I remember the jewelled coils of hair, how they stung like adders as they touched me; the sharp rapture of her pointed nails pressing me, now velvet-soft, now capricious-cruel, now (love-maddened) thrust deep to draw blood, as they played up and down my spine. But I saw nothing; by Osiris I swear it! I saw nothing, save only the glare in the eyes of that lost soul that writhed upon the wheel.





Indeed, as the hangman took out the corpse, we fell back and lay there among the waste of the banquet, the flagons overturned, the napery awry, the lamps extinct or spilt, the golden cups, chased with obscene images, thrown here and there, the meats hanging over the edge of their bejewelled dishes, their juice staining the white luxury of the linen; and in the midst ourselves, our limbs as careless as the wind, motionless.

One would have thought: the end of the world is come. But through all that fiery abyss of sleep wherein I was plunged so deep, still stirred the cool delight of the knowledge that I had won the hand for which I played, that I was High Priest of Osiris in Thebai.

But in the mourning we rose and loathed each other, our mouths awry, our tongues hanging out loose from their corners like thirsty dogs, our eyes blinking in agony from the torture of daylight, our limbs sticky with stale sweat.

Therefore we rose and saluted each other in the dignity of our high offices; and we departed one from the other, and purified ourselves.

Then I went unto the Ceremony of Osiris, and for the last time the shameful farce was played,

But in my heart I vowed secretly to cleanse the temple of its chicanery and folly. Therefore at the end of the ceremony did I perform a mighty banishing, a banishing of all things mortal and immortal, even from Nuit that circleth infinite Space unto Hadit the Core of Things; from Amoun that ruleth before all the Gods unto Python the terrible Serpent that abideth at the end of things, from Ptah the god of the pure soul of aethyr unto Besz the brute force of that which is grosser than earth, which hath no name, which is denser than lead and more rigid than steel; which is blacker than the thick darkness of the abyss, yet is within all and about all.

Amen !

Then during the day I took counsel with myself, and devised a cunning to match the cunning of them that had blasphemed Osiris, who had at last become my God.

Yea ! bitterly would I avenge him on the morrow.

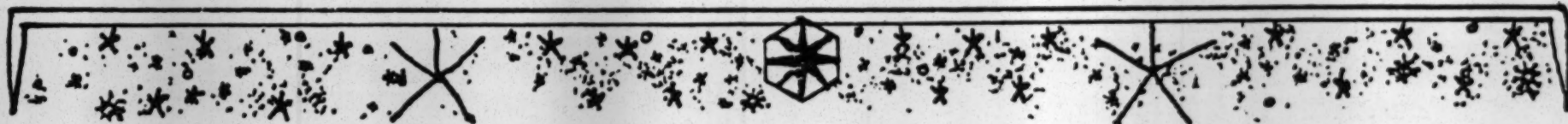
CHAPTER 9

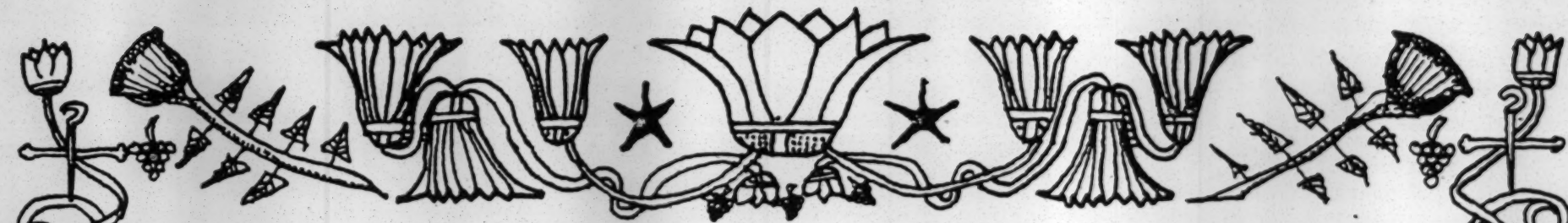
Now this was the manner of my working, that I inspired the High Priestess to an Oracle, so that she prophesied, saying that Osiris should never be content with his servants unless they had passed the four ordeals of the elements. Now of old these rituals had been reserved for a special grade of initiation. The chapter was therefore not a little alarmed, until they remembered how shamefully all the true magic was imitated, so that the rumour went that this was but a device of the High Priestess to increase the reputation of the temple for sanctity. And, their folly confirming them in this, they agreed cheerfully and boasted themselves. Now then did I swathe them one by one in the grave-clothes of Osiris, binding upon them on the breast an image, truly consecrated, of the god, with a talisman against the four elements.

Then I set them one by one upon a narrow and lofty tower, balanced, so that the least breath of wind would blow them off into destruction.

Those whom the air spared I next threw into Nile where most it foams and races. Only a few the water gave back again. These, however, did I bury for three days in the earth without sepulchre or coffin, so that the element of earth might combat them. And the rare ones whom the earth spared I cast upon a fire of charcoal.

Now who is prepared for these ordeals (being firstly attuned to the elements) findeth them easy. He remains still, though the tempest rage upon the tower; in the water he floats easily and lightly; buried, he but throws himself into trance; and, lastly, his wrappings protect him against the fire, though all Thebai went to feed the blaze.





But it was not so with this bastard priesthood of Osiris. For of the 3 hundred only nine were found worthy. The High Priestess, however, I brought through by my magic, for she had amused me mightily, and I took great pleasure in her love, that was wilder than the rage of all the elements in one.

So I called together the nine who had survived, all being men, and gave them instruction and counsel, that they should form a secret brotherhood to learn and to teach the formula of the Osiris in its supreme function of initiating the human soul. That they should keep discipline in the temple only for the sake of the people, permitting every corruption yet with-drawing themselves from it. Is not the body perishable, and the skin most pure? So also the ancient practice of embalming should fall into desuetude, and that soon; for the world was past under the rule of Osiris, who loveth the charnel and the tomb.

All being sworn duly into this secret brotherhood I appointed them, one to preside over each grade, and him of the lowest grade to select the candidates and to govern the temple.

Then did I perform the invoking Ceremony of Osiris, having destroyed the blasphemous machinery; and now at last did the God answer me, glittering with infinite brilliance. Then I disclosed myself to the Priests, and they rejoiced exceedingly that after all these years the old lie was abolished, and the master come back to his own.

But the god uttered an Oracle, saying: "This last time shall I glitter with brilliance in My temple; for I am the god of Life in Death, concealed. Therefore shall your magic henceforth be a magic most secret in the heart; and whoso shall perform openly any miracle, him shall ye know for a liar and a pretender to the sacred Wisdom.

"For this cause am I wrapped ever in a shroud of white starred with the 3 active colours; these things conceal me, so that he who knoweth Me hath passed beyond them."

Then did the god call us each separately to him, and in each ear did he whisper a secret formula and a word of power, pertaining to the grade to which I had appointed him.

But to me he gave the supreme formula and the supreme word, the word that hath 8-and-70 letters, the formula that hath 5-and-60 limbs.

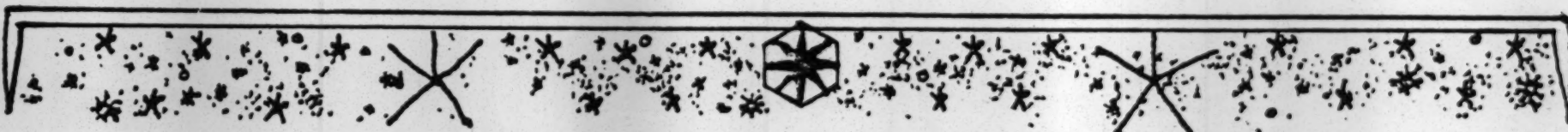
So then I devoted myself there and then to a completer understanding of Osiris my God, so that I might discover his function in the whole course of the Cosmos.

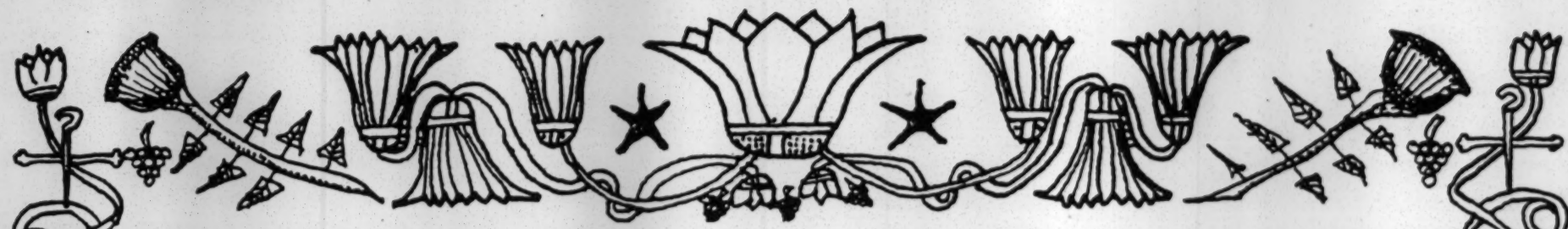
For he that is born in the years of the power of a God thinketh that God to be eternal, one, alone. But he that is born in the hour of the weakness of the God, at the death of one and the birth of another, seeth something (though it be little) of the course of things. And for him it is necessary to understand fully that change of office (for the gods neither die nor are re-born, but now one initiates and the other guards, and now one heralds and the other sanctifies) its purpose and meaning in the whole scheme of things.

So I, in the year V of the Equinox of the Gods (1908) wherein Horus took the place of Osiris, will by the light of this my magical memory seek to understand fully the formula of Horus - Ra Hoor Khuit - my god, that ruleth the world under Nuit and Hadit. Then as Ankh-f-na-khonsu left unto me the stele' 666 with the keys to that knowledge, so also may I write down in hieroglyph the formula of the Lady of the Forked Wand and of the Feather, that shall assume his throne and place when the strength of Horus is exhausted.

So now the service of the Gods was to be secret and their magic concealed from men. They were to fall before the eyes of men from their place, and little sewer-rats were to become and mock at them, no man avenging them, and they utterly careless, not striking for themselves. Yet was there knowledge of them which an initiate might gain, though so much more difficult, immeasurably higher and more intimate.

My life from this moment became highly concentrated upon itself. I had no time either for ascetic practices or for any pleasures; nor would I take any active part in the service of the temple which, purified and regenerated, had become both subtly perfect and perfectly subtle.





It was not all of the people who did at all comprehend the change that had occurred; but the others obeyed and made believe to understand, lest their fellows should despise them. So it happened that the more ignorant and stupid any person was the more he feigned understanding; so that the least devout appeared the most devout - as it is unto this day.

But for me all these things were as nothing; for I studied ever the nature of Osiris, concentrating myself into mysterious pure symbols. I understood why it was said that Isis had failed to discover the Phallus of Osiris, and thus perceived the necessity of Horus to follow him in the great succession of the Equinoxes. Moreover I fashioned talismans of pure light concerning OSIRIS, and I performed, I performed in light all the ceremonies of initiation into his mysteries.

These were interpreted by wise men and translated into the language of the twilight and graven on stone in the memories of men.

Yet was I even more intrigued in that great struggle to apprehend the course of things, as it is seen from the standpoint of Destiny. So that I might leave true and intelligible images to enlighten the mind of him (whether myself or another) that should come after me to celebrate the Equinox of the Gods at the end of the period of OSIRIS.

As now hath come to pass.

Thus then 3-and-30 years I lived in the temple of Osiris as High Priest; and I subdued all men under me. Also I abolished the office of priestess, for had not Isis failed to find that venerable Phallus without which Osiris must be so melancholy a god? Therefore was Khemi to fall, and the world to be dark and sorrowful for many years.

Therefore I made mine High Priestess into a serving maid, and with veiled face she served me all those years many, never speaking.

Yet they being accomplished, I thought fit to reward her. So magically I renewed about her the body of a young girl, and for a year she served me, unveiled and speaking at her pleasure.

And her time being come, she died.

Then I looked again into my destiny, and perceived that all my work was duly accomplished. Nor could any use or worth be found in my body.

So therefore I determined to accept my great reward, that was granted unto me as the faithful minister of the god F.I.A.T. that is behind all manifestation of Will and of Intelligence, of whom Isis and Osiris and Horus are but the ministers.

Of this, and of my death, I will speak on another occasion.

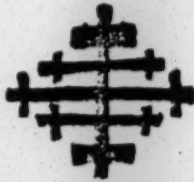
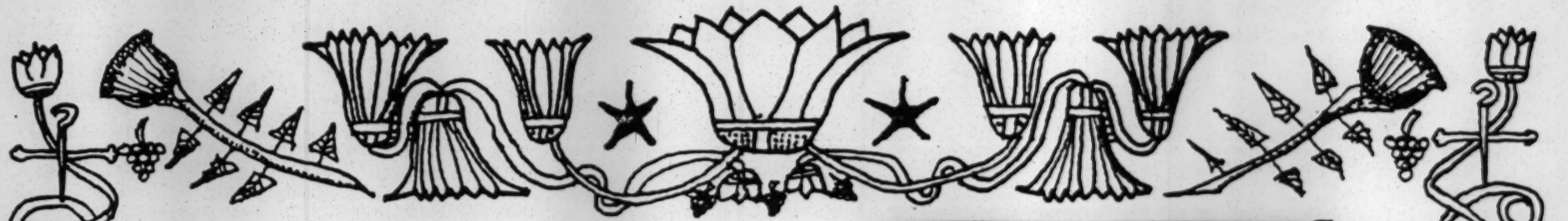
But first I will discourse of the inhabitants of the kingdom that encircleth the world, so that they who fear may be comforted.

CHAPTER 10

But of these matters I am warned that I shall not now become aware, for that there be great mysteries therein contained, pertaining to a degree of initiation of which I am as yet unworthy.

(Thus the record comes abruptly to an end.)





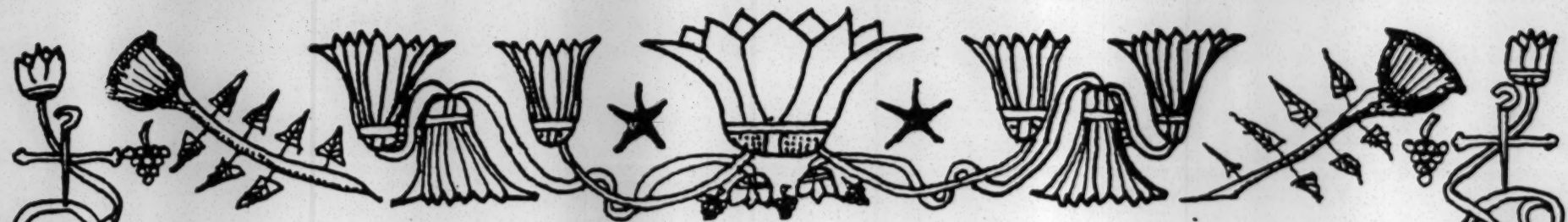
To all it may concern.
Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of conquering error and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the Truth.

This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical, or political, or social despotism, or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her own nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the One Light of Truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless they have the power to enter it themselves by virtue of their own interior illumination.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists an external, visible organization of such men and women who having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual Brotherhood will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society.

1913 e.v.





Ordo Templi Orientis



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

Yes, the Order still exists. We are an international order and have chapters operating in many places in the United States and elsewhere.

Yes, we are again accepting Initiates, I realize that we have been generally inaccessible for many years, yet in April 1977 we again begin to allow public access.

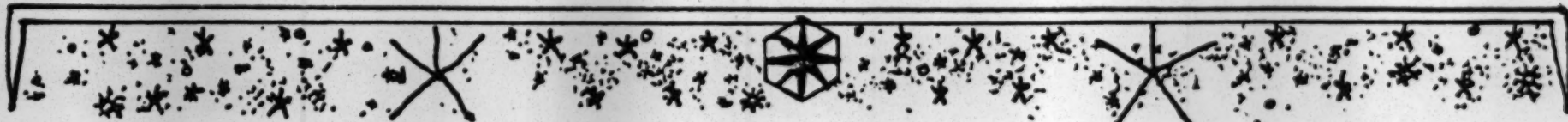
Yes, we are aware that another order claiming to be the O.T.O. has come forward in the time of our silence, we however can provide physical evidence, in the form of documentation, of continuity with the O.T.O. that Aleister Crowley belonged to. They can not provide such.

Perhaps you are not familiar with the system of our order as it is revealed in the outer. If you wish to further investigate, study the writings of Aleister Crowley; these are available generally through most book stores, if however you find them difficult to obtain you may write the Order and a book list will be sent giving the various publishing houses. If you wish to obtain them directly through the Order that also may be done.

If you wish more information on the current status of the Order, this may be obtained through our newsletter, also the newsletter contains much hitherto unpublished material by Aleister Crowley, Israel Regardie, and many others. The newsletter is published four times a year and has run up to sixty-six pages. Associate membership status is not an Initiate degree of the Order but does include a subscription to the newsletter. Cost is ten dollars per year. Money orders should be addressed, as should other correspondence, to Ordo Templi Orientis, P.O. Box 2303 Berkley, California 94702 U.S.A.

Love is the law,
love under will.

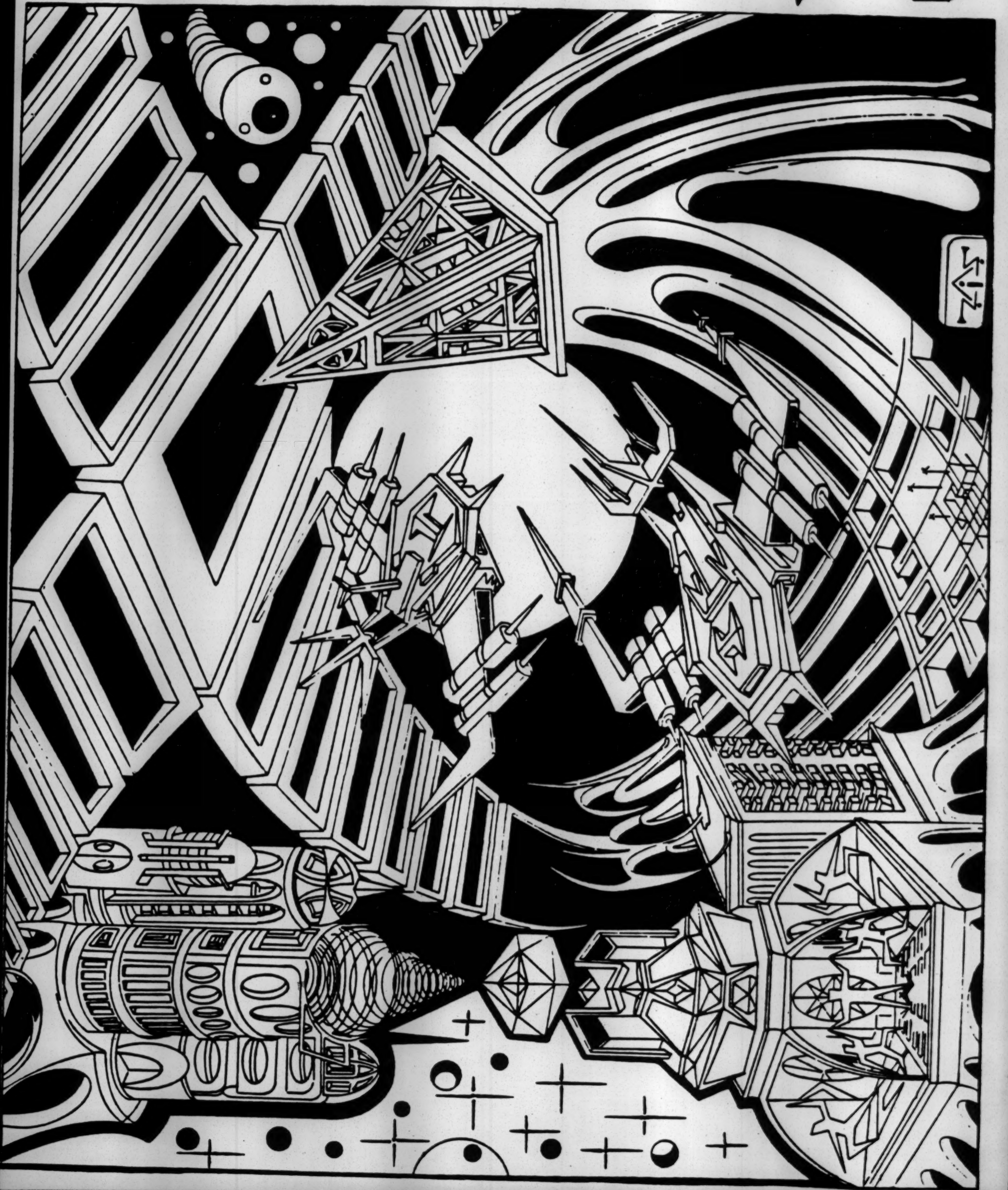
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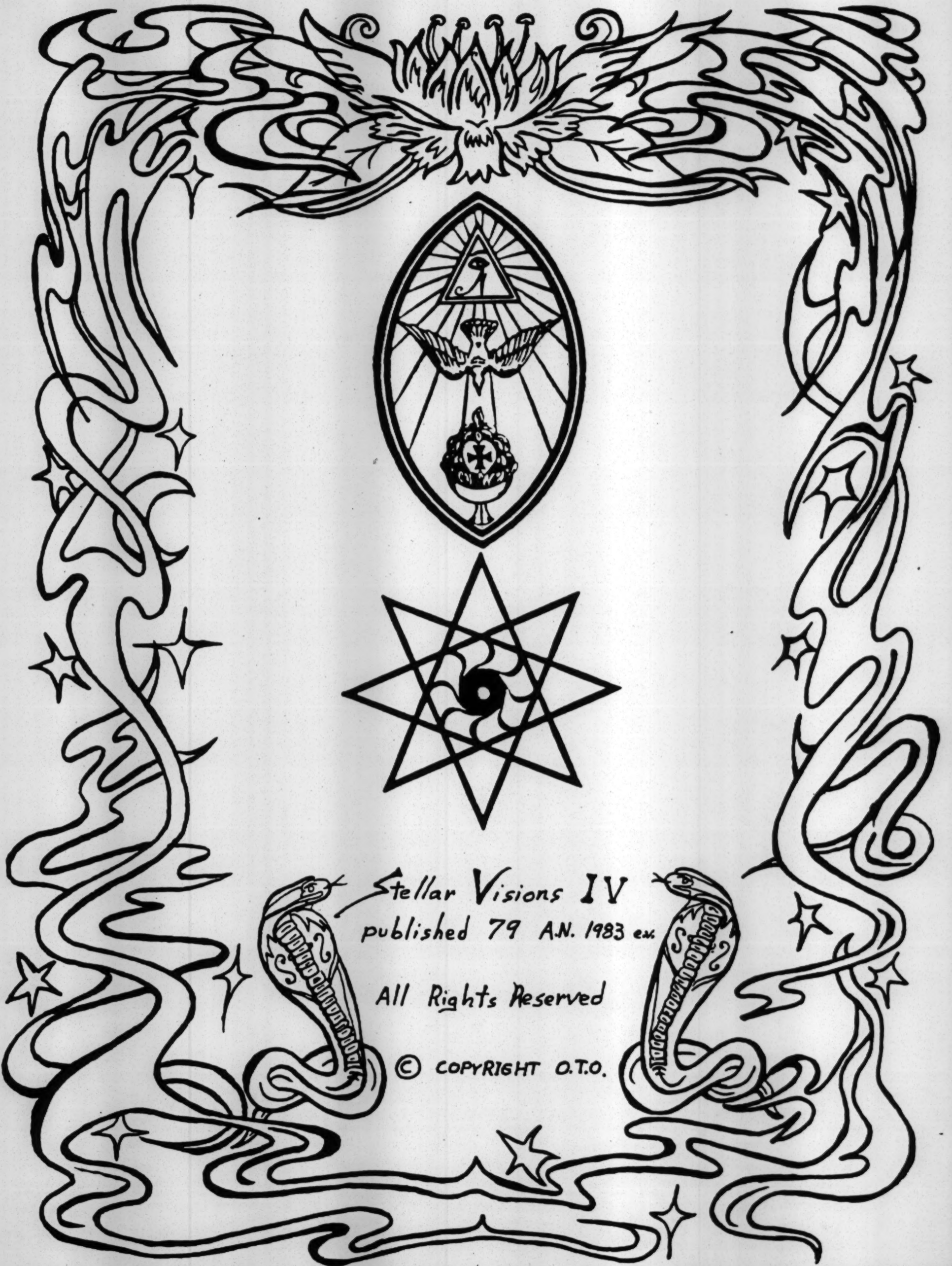




(Retouched ~~Gray~~*)

THE UNIVERSE IS A MATHS #1

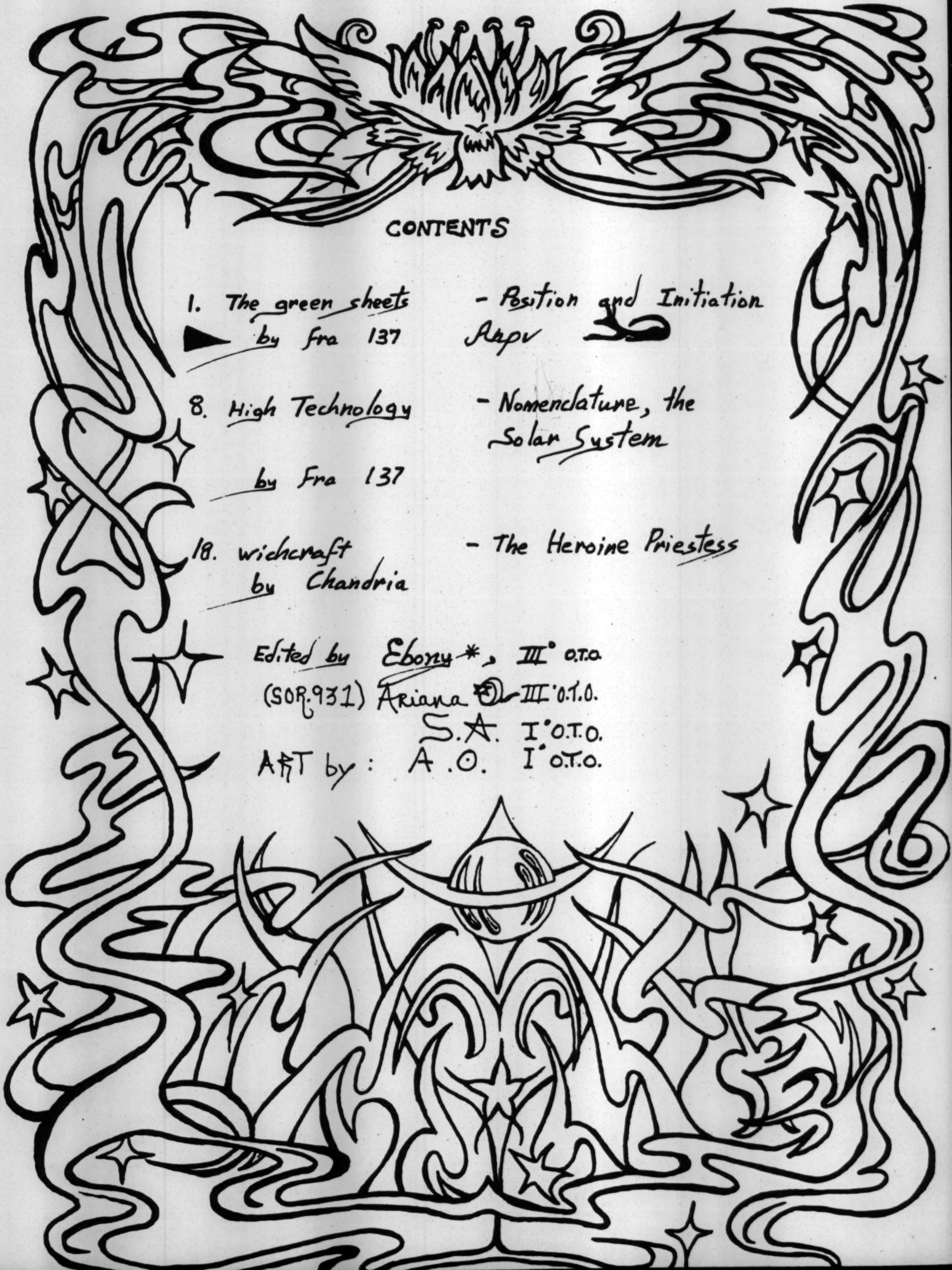




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The Green Sheets

These are theses I sent to the O.T.O. seven years ago. I had been studying the writings of Aleister Crowley for some time and I suppose that this is my understanding of the principles expressed by Crowley as well as my own illumination. They were never published. The carbon copy, done on green paper, was passed around among my friends. In many ways I now differ with the opinions I held at the time, yet many of my friends find them illuminating and have asked that I publish them. I have added some sections where I feel that the central idea is not clear.

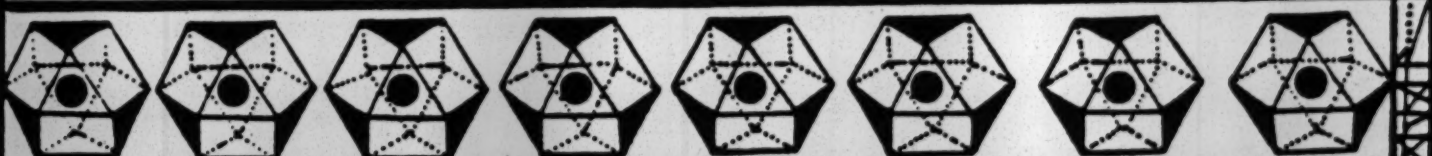
They are too long to put in a single issue and so I must extract them in sections.

"Position and Initiation"

The process of Initiation involves the unification of the objective and the subjective. This is the only way to see anything which one could call reality.

This is usually done in stages; first of all the body must be made to follow the control of the mind, this is known as Asana in many Yogic systems.

Then the rhythms of the body must be made to follow the control of the mind. The rhythms of the body are also involved with the rhythms of emotion; as emotion is a psycho-chemical reaction to a physical-mental stimulus. The emotions stand in the borderland, the area between the objective and the subjective realities; therefore they are the reactions to the difference between what the subjective says should be and what the objective says is in fact evident, as well as indicators of harmony, as in love and lust. There is a less fleeting form of ecstasy that occurs when this difference between the subjective and objective is annihilated, this is perhaps what some call by the name "samadhi".





If the person states and believes that the Universe is sorrow, and shows to themselves that this is "true", then there is a flattening of the rhythms of emotion, as sorrow is only intense when balanced by an objective or subjective joy. This flattening produces a calm. The calm is stabilized in its position by the realization that the cause of sorrow is desire. If one desires nothing then one will not feel sorrow. No subjective pre-determination of what "should be"; then no discrepancy between what has come to pass and that that one has thought would come to pass.

If one states and believes that the Universe is joy and proves this supposition to themselves, then clarity is achieved in the active state and stabilized by the realization that desire is part of the "Universal Will" to evolve and thus is each individual's right and responsibility. Each sorrow comes simply thru misunderstanding of one's path through Reality. It is as if joy is the normal state of existence and that sorrow or pain are simply indications of malfunction. In other words discrepancy between the objective and the subjective pictures of the Universe.

The other methods used in quieting the emotions are abstinence from any thing or condition that excites, and continuance with the things or thoughts that produce calm. This has been generalized in society by the making of rules and systems that state in various ways: "Thou shalt not be excited". This is done thru an incomplete understanding of the situation and the principles involved, and has led toward a society that strives toward conformity and smothers creativity, especially in the young.

The position of a "Religious Hedonist" is that each must be free to follow his or her own path, and that path will not be found to be at odds with the path of another. Each has a path that is inherent in their role as an individual in the Universe. Any attempt to make all follow a path set by someone else is oppression.



After the body is "quieted" then the rhythms and flows of the mind may be studied and altered, if needed, to follow the dictates of Spirit; the part of the being, or individual, that forms the line between physical incarnations.

Up until this point each category of human consciousness has been "quieted" enabling the exploration of the underlying and hidden areas. To quiet the mind one must understand the flow of the mind, control it, slow it, and then stop it to enable one to come into the realm of Spirit.

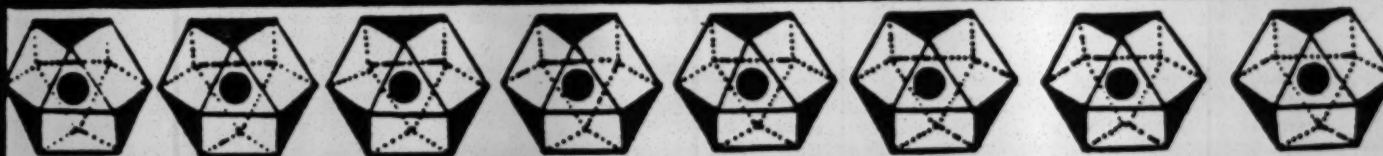
Since space-time seems to be an arc, then if extended into the infinite it would involve the realization of the connection in "All and None", the realization of the "Circle". To explore these circles that make up the sphere of existence is the task of the Spirit in its descent into matter. (Some theories on the curvature of space state that the universe is a four dimensional sphere, some state that the universe is more in the nature of a saddle shape, for want of a better analogy, but they all agree that space is curved.)

The observation that all things are equally necessary in the sphere of existence is the realization that there is None greater or lesser.

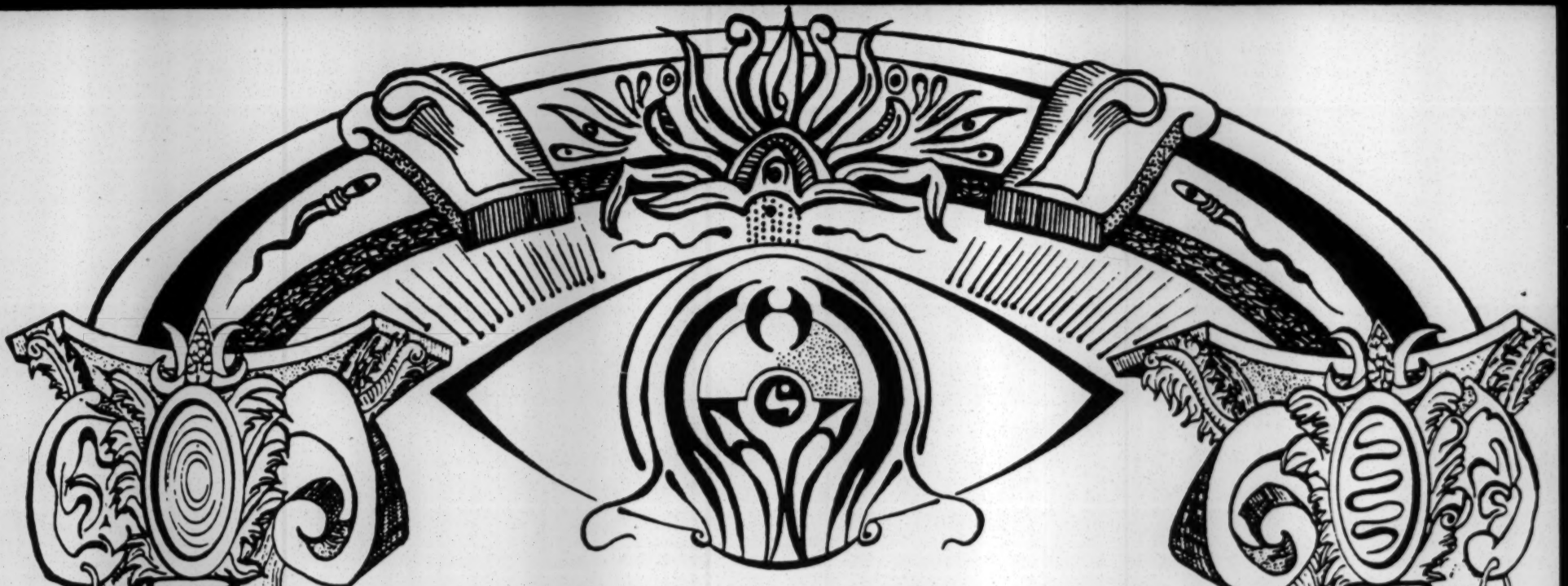
Then the wall between the greater universe (Macrocosm) and the lesser universe (Microcosm) is dissolved; the objective is one with the subjective.

There is an extension of the realization of "Being, one-with-the-Universe". In that all things seem to be balanced, the conjunction of all things in unity produces annihilation. YOU cease to exist, yet a Star is cast forth to guide humanity; in crossing this Abyss of nothing-ness one is reborn into the sphere of one's Work to utilize the ultimate to accomplish that Great Work. There is "Not" now, no resistance to the flow of the Universe. One is connected with no resistance in all aspects of Life.

If all follow their path to the ultimate then their work will be in accordance with the planet's own path of evolution.



13



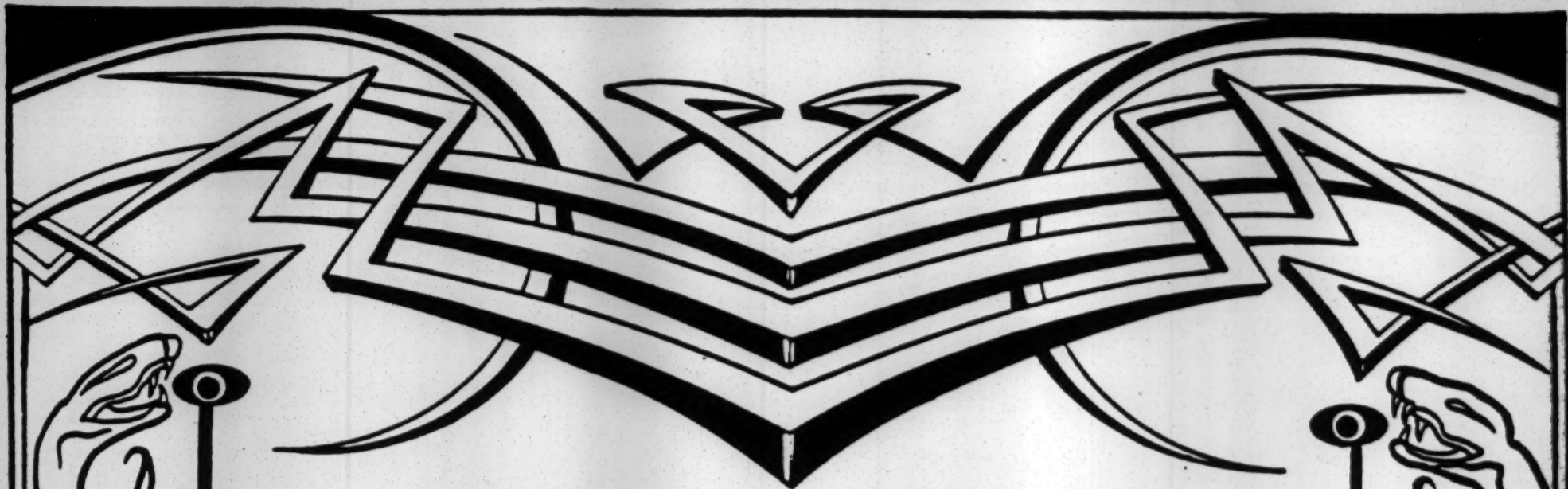
In the time since I wrote the above I have come to look more closely into the center between all such polarized structures, such as the pair above, (Sorrow is all, Joy is all).

The first difficulty is in determining whether the pairs are really opposites. Is Sorrow like physical pain, simply an indication that you are injured, that proper function is disturbed. Or is Sorrow simply the other pole of Joy necessary in order for the pair to exist.

The second difficulty is in the apparent contradiction in the paths of antagonists. My point of view is that eventually the "correct" path will win out, however to the individual at the crux of the situation this may be a moot point, to be considered by his or her successor.

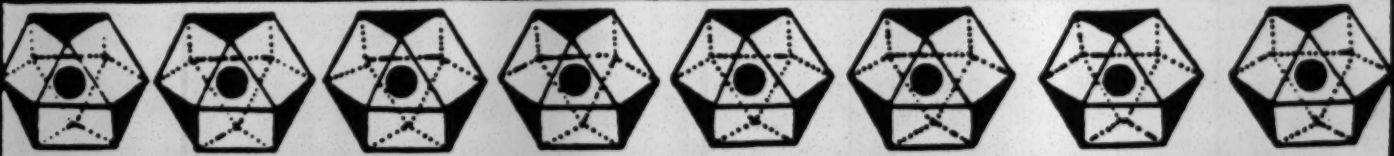
It seems the practical path would be to ask oneself whether it is worth the possible consequences to push the conflict. If it is necessary from a Universal point of view someone will win out, as it becomes more imperative the odds of winning become more and more favorable for the one "doing his or her will".

Consider also that many times it will seem that the way in which reality is functioning is such that you have "free will", the choice at any point to act in one way or another. Many times it will seem that the way in which reality is functioning is such that you are "fated" to act in some fashion or another, and that your actions are the results of attitudes, habit patterns or even environmental circumstances beyond your control. This paradox has occupied the thoughts of humankind for centuries. If humankind is ruled by fate then the laws that they make are meaningless, for no one is responsible for their own actions. So we seem to have adopted a double standard. On the one hand we are responsible for our own actions, regardless of what values our parents passed on to us, or our natural instincts, we will be punished if we break the social conventions that are represented by the "law of the land"; on the other hand much of our science is based on the convention that the "laws of nature" are immutable, thus the reaction is fated almost beyond a doubt to follow the action, and will be absolutely determined by it.



From my point of view the truth lies somewhere in between, it is almost as if there were a Cartesian grid with the x axis free will and the y axis fate. Reality is almost always both. If something in our personal lives is fated to occur it is as if there is a potential that is actualized when, by an act of our free will, the two lines meet and the event occurs. We do not seem to have a choice whether the event occurs but we do seem (within certain perimeters) to be able to control how and when it occurs. The concept of "True Will" seems to me to represent the best possible interplay between the free will and fate, both from the macrocosm's and from the microcosm's point of view. I realize that this concept is two dimensional and simplistic, these speculations concerning Will may be true only from the point of view that is my own, and then perhaps only for a short time. The reality is really suprarational and rational commentary is only an analogy that may be more or less true. Remember the commentary given by the three blind men upon encountering the elephant. It may have been like a wall, or like a rope, or like a tree, but only from a certain point of view. The Truth of the matter was and is beyond...

(Next issue "Methods of Training" when The Green Sheets continue)







(High Technology Section)

To many occultists the Greek and Latin nomenclature and Mythos of the stars and planets sets the ground work by which ritual is done. Astrologists who work in the western tradition interpret the actions of the planets and signs by the personalities of the gods in the legends given us by these ancient cultures.

Claudius Ptolomy's "Tetrabiblos" is one of basic works upon which modern astrology is based. He was often called the father of astrology in the Middle Ages, though it is very likely that he studied the Chaldean and Babylonian texts on the subject. Also available to him were thousands of years of observational astronomy done by the Egyptian priesthood. He taught and studied in the great library and educational institution at Alexandria in the second century A.D.

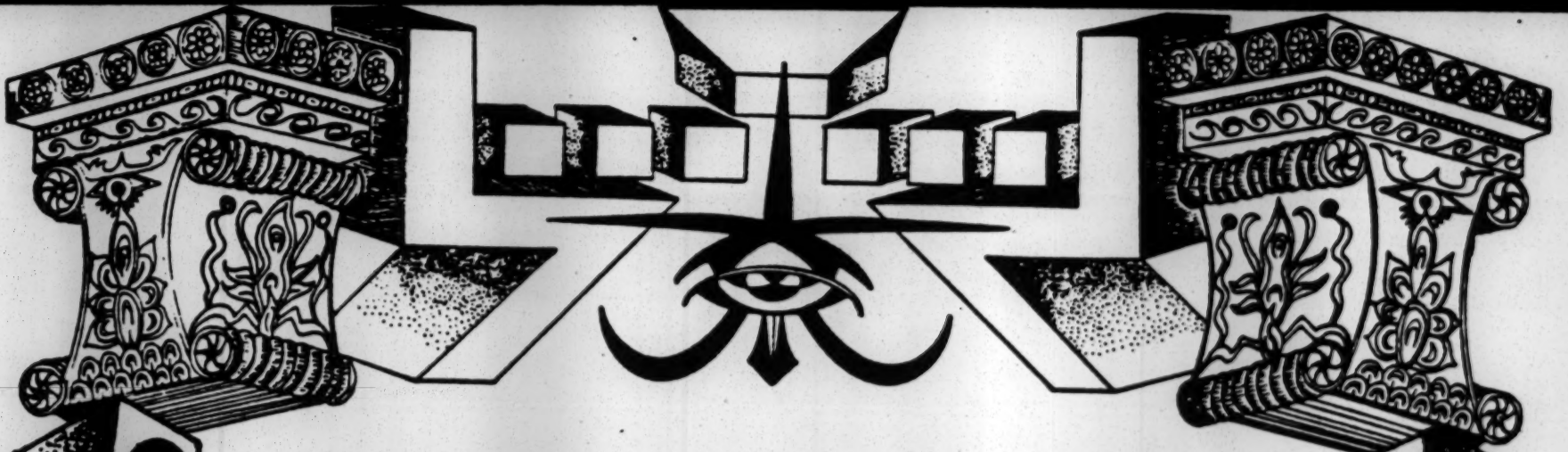
(We recently heard, from head Librarian of the Library of Congress, that the library at Alexandria may soon be reconstructed by joint effort of U.S. and Egyptian governments!)

Just think, if the Greeks and Romans had not conquered Egypt Astrologers would have different signs, names of planets, and mythology by which to cast their charts.

There are in fact several systems of astrology being used in modern times, the Indian, Chinese, and American Indian to name a few. It is not surprising that there are different interpretations of the effects of the planets if the mythos by which they are interpreted is so varied. This disparity is usually given, by those who are non-practitioners, as proof that there is no basis in fact for the influence of the planets and stars on the actions of Mankind.

Whether purely arbitrary, or developed empirically by thousands of years of trial and error, there are many persons in the world today that guide their affairs by the positions of the planets and stars in the sky of Earth.





It is not my intention to argue for or against either side of the question but to point out that observation of the heavens has not stood still since the time of Ptolomy, but has revealed to us myriads of bodies unknown to the ancients, and unfortunately also to many modern occultists. These discoveries, and the mythology of their nomenclature, are what I would like to address.

To begin with, modern astronomers, for the most part, have continued the practice of the Roman and Greek observers by naming their discoveries after figures in the mythos of these cultures.

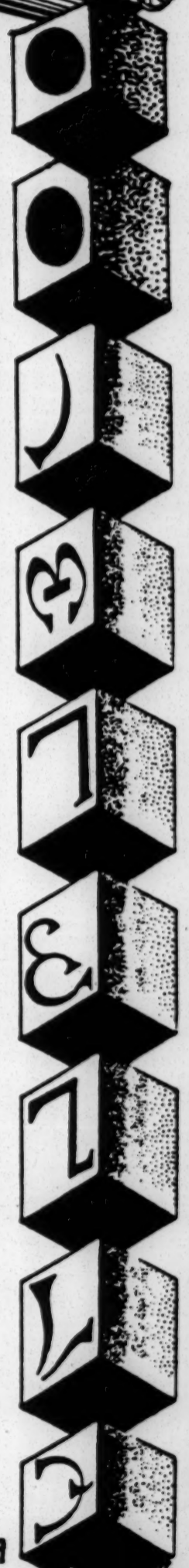
Mythological Beings represented in the Solar System

(The moons follow the Planets and are indicated by *)

(If there are numbers before the names they indicate the order of discovery, the position going outward from the planet is indicated by the position in the text.)

Sun, Apollo, Hyperion, Helios (Sol), Apollo is the twin brother of Artemis and son of Zeus (Jove or Jupiter) and Leto. He is also the half brother of Dionysus (Bacchus also called Liber), his form is that of a strong and organized young man, he may wear a laurel wreath, carry a bow or lyre, and appear robed or nude. He is a patron God of Music, poetry, archery, healing (a function usually taken over by his son Asclepius), and prophecy, in the later aspect he gave advice through the priestesses of his shrine at Delphi, where he was called Pythian and Delphian. At Delphi he was considered to have formed a direct connection between the Gods and man in order to reveal their Will. As God of Light he is called Phoebus, which means brilliant or shining. As a healing god he is called Paeon (the poems called paeans were associated with his worship). His mother, to escape the wrath of Hera the wife of Zeus, finally found sanctuary in Delos where he and his twin sister were born. Thus he is sometimes called Delian, or Cynthian from the mountain where he was born, Cynthus. The tree sacred to Apollo was the laurel. Many animals were sacred to Apollo, the dolphin and the crow were perhaps the most important.

Helios was an older God of the Sun to whom the original Phoebe (a Titaness) was a sister.



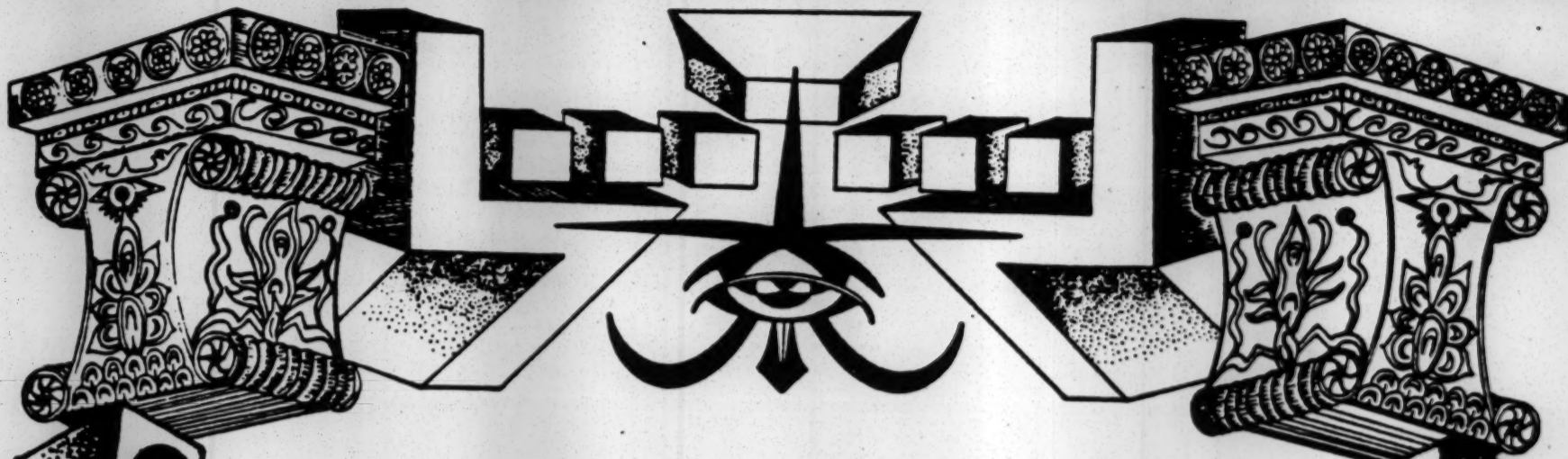


Hyperion a Titan and the father of Helios, Selene, and Eos. (The Sun, Moon, and Dawn.)

Mercury (Hermes) is the son of Zeus and Maia. He is the messenger or Herald of the Gods, he is usually shown as a young man and carries the caduceus. He has wings on his feet and wears the wide brimmed hat of the traveler. He has many powers and is a God of eloquence, lucky finds of hidden treasure, shepherds and their flocks, thieves and rogues, the guide of travelers, and guide of souls on their way to Hades. In a cave on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia Maia gave birth to him. On the noon of the day of his birth he invented the lyre, by that evening he had stolen his brother Apollo's cattle making them walk backwards to confuse the trail. He had three sons Pan (Faunus), Hermaphroditus, and Autoclycus.

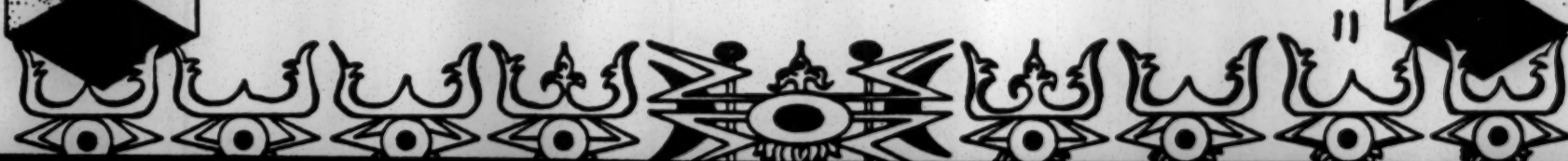
Venus (Aphrodite) is the Goddess of Love and Beauty and is usually represented as a voluptuous woman and nude; Homer said that she had a magic girdle that acted as an aphrodisiac. Her husband is Hephaestus (Vulcan) though she had children by other of the Gods, by Ares (Mars) she gave birth to Harmonia of Thebes, and it is sometimes also said Eros, and Anteros. By Hermes she conceived Hermaphrodite (who was welded with the nymph Salmacis, on the nymph's prayer that they never be parted, to form one being neither male nor female). She is said to have been born of the union of Dione and Zeus in the Iliad, though she is later said to have been born of the severed genitals of Uranus and the foam of the sea. Aphros is the Greek for foam and her name is often said to mean foam-risen. She is sometimes called Cyprian for she was worshiped at Cyprus, or Cytherean after Cythera, the island where she first set foot after being born of the sea. Her sacred tree was the myrtle. The Dove particularly, and sometimes the sparrow or swan, were sacred to her.

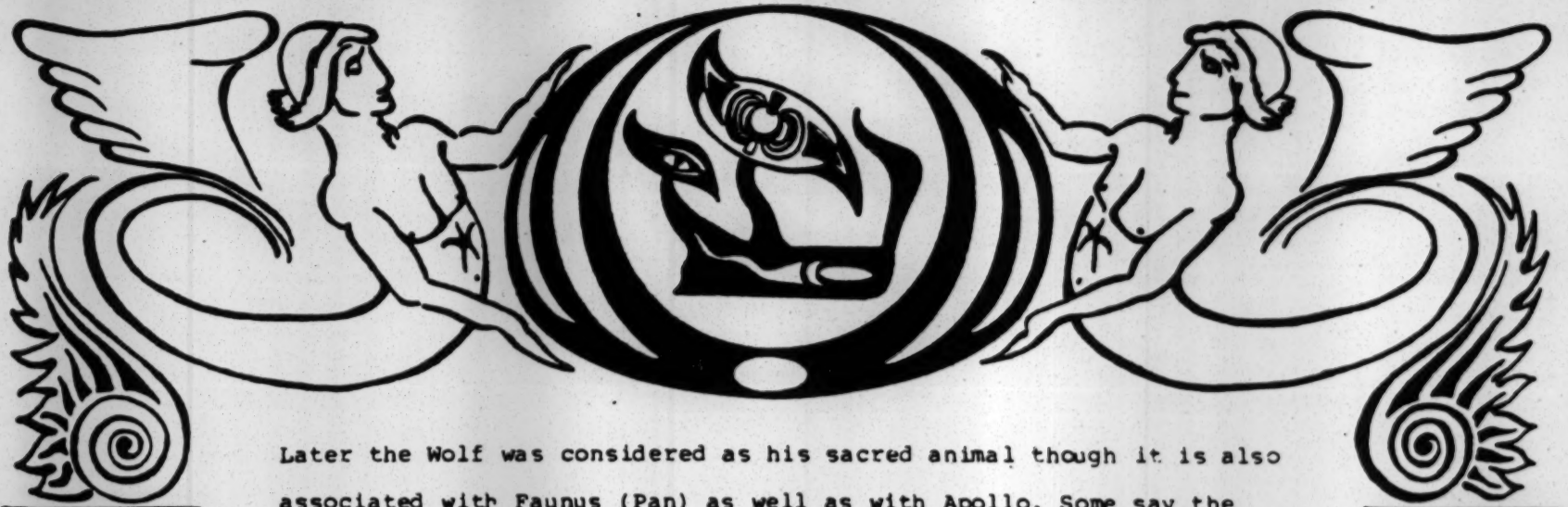
Earth (Gaia, Terra). The first beings who appeared to live were the children of Gaia and Uranus, Mother Earth and Father Heaven. Chaos was, according to Hesiods Theogony, the first, the Primeval God. Gaia, Ge, or Tellus, the second. Earth bore of Herself Sky (Uranus), the mountains, and Pontis the sea. From Earth and Sky were the principle Gods born. Chaos also of himself produced descendents. Of the union of Gaia and Pontis (Earth and Sea) was Nereus born, his children by the Oceanid Doris were the fifty Nereids, the sea nymphs. (See Neptune)



* (Moon) Selene (Luna) Artemis (Diana) and Hecate. Artemis is the Daughter of Zeus and Leto as well as the twin sister of Apollo. She is said to inhabit the groves of Arcadia with her retinue of nymphs. She, an archer, is the virgin daughter of the hunt, her shafts can bring sudden death through sickness to women who have attracted her disfavor, as may the shafts of her brother to men. She is the protectress of the young, especially wild animals and girls. Sometimes she is called Phoebe after her grandmother, as her brother is sometimes called Phoebus. She shot Orion for his threat of violence to a Hyperborean maiden, also she killed the Theban prince Actaeon for accidentally seeing her nudity as she bathed in a pool with her nymphs; she changed him to a stag which his dogs tore to shreds. Another of her names is Dictynna after the greek word for net, "diction", perhaps this association shows forth some connection to the Egyptian Goddess Neith, also associated with a net. The Ephesian Artemis is the adult Artemis and associated with childbirth and fertility. In later times she is identified with the Goddess Hecate. Hecate is a Triple Goddess, Selene in the Sky, Artemis on Earth, Hecate when in the lower world (or in the upper world when it is wrapped in the cloak of Darkness). Hecate is also the new moon before even a sliver of silver shows, and she is the Goddess of Crossroads and ghostly places of Magick. The Cypress was her tree.

Mars (Ares) son of Zeus and Hera, was a god of war. In the Iliad Ares still shows some traces of the Warrior deity of Thrace from which he was adopted by the greek cultures. He is a prototype of men of war, yet always is he on the side of the stronger force, brazen and irrepressible in the fray. Zeus declares that, of all the Gods, Ares is most hateful to him, as is understandable considering the effect that war has on the riches of kings and rulers. As Mars he is father of Romulus the father of Rome. The two festivals of Mars in the Roman calendar were on the 14th of March and on the 15th of October. Some authorities state that an earlier form of the name Mars is "Mavors". Among the early Latins the bird sacred to Mars was the wood-pecker.



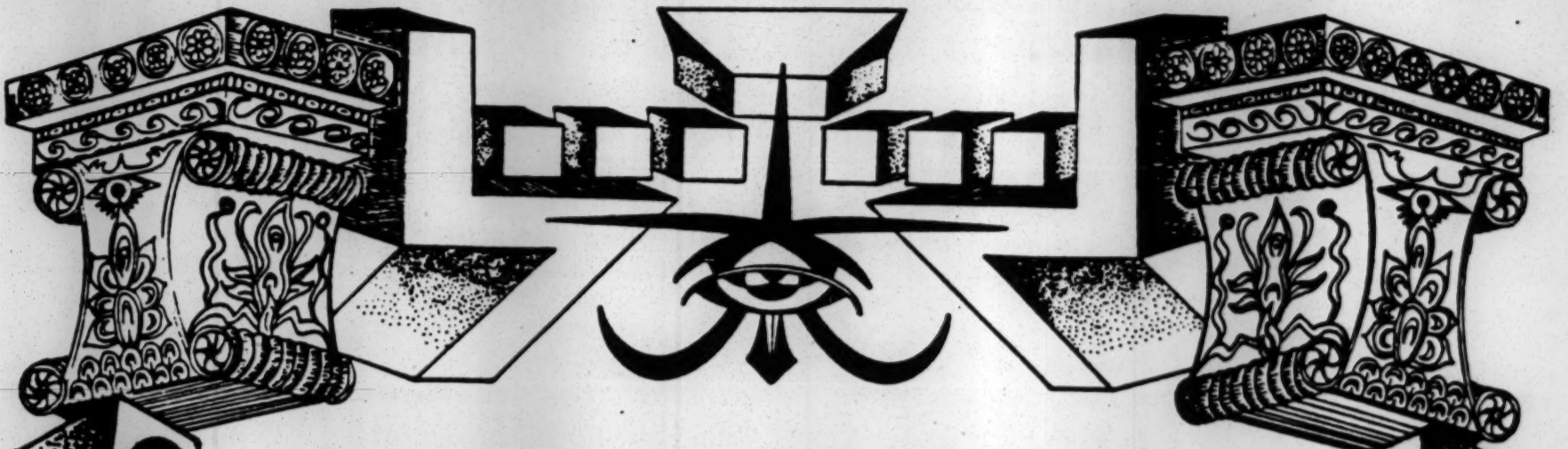


Later the Wolf was considered as his sacred animal though it is also associated with Faunus (Pan) as well as with Apollo. Some say the vulture is his animal due to its being found near the carnage of the battlefield. He is a lover of Aphrodite as is mentioned above. He had a love affair with one of the Daughters of the King of Athens, Aglaurus, who gave birth to a daughter Alcippe. When one of the sons of Poseidon raped her Ares killed him. He was brought to trial in the Athenian Areopagus before the assembled Gods and acquitted. The Etruscans also adopted this deity under the name "Maris". The Illyrians associated the Oak with this deity, they seem to have gotten this association from the native Umbrians who called him Grabovius.

1.* Phobus (Fear)

2.* Deimos (Terror) These are the attendants of Mars. Other of his attendants are Eris (Discord), his sister, and her son Strife. The Goddess of war, Enyo (Bellona), accompanying her are Terror, Trembling, and Panic.

Jupiter Jove (Zeus). Zeus was the king of the Gods, stronger than all others of them together; he once took a rope of gold and challenged all the other gods together to try and pull him down from heaven. When they couldn't he then told them that if he wanted he could have pulled them all down. His father Cronus was in the habit of swallowing his children to prevent one of them from taking his throne; when Jupiter was born he was saved from his father Saturn (Cronus, Time) by the intervention of his mother Hera (Juno) who substituted a black stone for him. He is the wielder of thunderbolts against the enemies of the Gods, full of majesty and Grandeur. Nonetheless he could be deceived, he was not omniscient nor omnipotent, fate is spoken of as being a stronger force than even the king of the Gods. The divine wives were: (Wisdom) Metis, mother of Athena (after she had been swallowed to prevent her second child from taking the throne of the Gods). Athena was born from Zeus's head after the fact. Second was a Titaness, Themis (Justice) who gave birth to the Fates and the Seasons. Third was Eurynome who, as Orpheus said, once ruled Olympus with Ophion before Cronus. She gave birth to the three Charities. Fourth was Demeter who was mother of Persephone. Fifth was Mnemosyne (Memory) who gave birth to the nine Muses. Sixth was Leto who had the twins Artemis and Apollo. Seventh was Hera who gave birth to Ares and Hebe and without Zeus's aid Hephaestus (Vulcan). Homer also says that Aphrodite



was the daughter of Zeus and Dione. He was constantly involved in love affairs which he tried to hide from his wife, not a few of these resulted in the birth of Gods. The Breastplate of his reinment was the aegis which inspired fear in the beholder, his bird the eagle, his sacred tree was the oak. The priests interpreted the rustling of the oak leaves as the utterance of the God. Dodona was his oracle.

5. Unnamed

1. Io Daughter of the river god Inachus. Zeus took her as a lover then tried to hide the fact from Hera by placing an impenetrable cloud above them and by changing Io into a heifer. Hera suspected in any case and demanded the Heifer as a gift, she then set a hundred eyed giant to guard it. Io gave birth to Epaphus after Hermes lulled the giant to sleep and killed him. Io swam the Ionian sea and escaped to Egypt. (Many authors relate Io to Hathor

2. Europa was the Maid whom Zeus abducted when in the form of a bull to Crete.

3. Ganymede was a Prince of the Trojans who later became the cupbearer of Zeus.

4. Calisto a Nymph and Follower of Artemis.

6. Unnamed

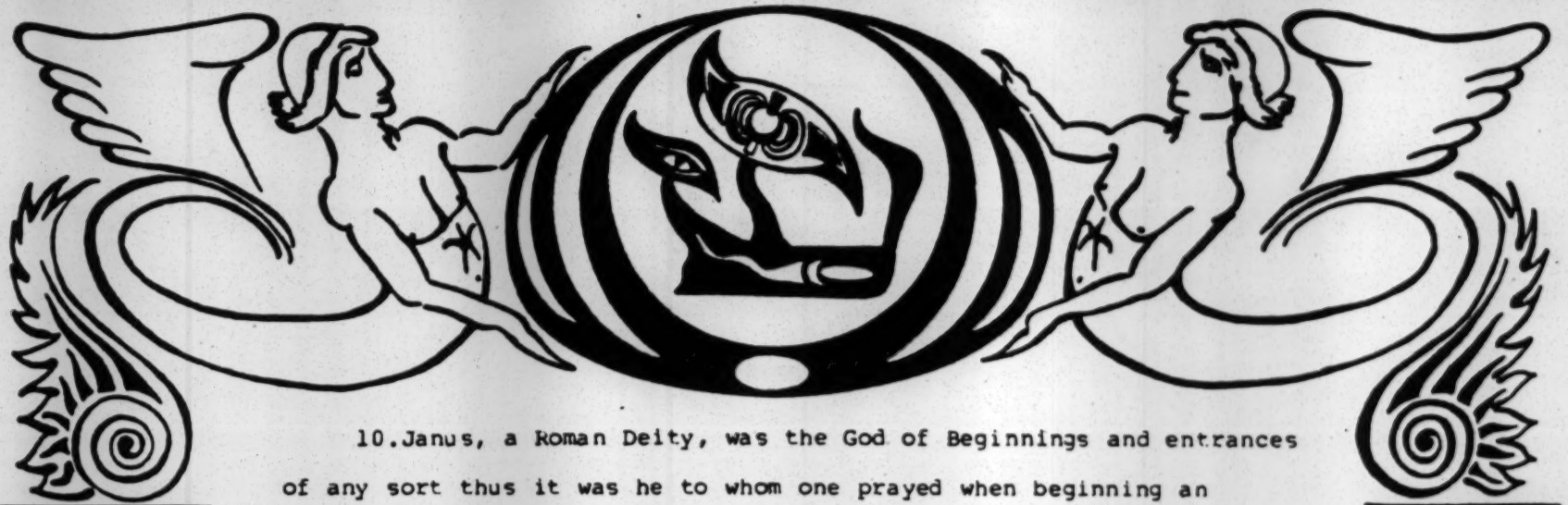
7. Unnamed

8. Unnamed

9. Unnamed

Saturn (Cronus), the child of Earth and Sky (Gaia and Uranus), was King of the Titans until Zeus and his Gods assumed the Throne. (see above) He took the throne of his father Uranus, cut off his genitals and threw them into the sea. It is not surprising that he ate his children, does not time consume all things? There is some confusion in the identification of Cronus and the Latin Deity Saturn, they were originally separate and distinct deities. Ops a harvest Goddess was the wife of Cronus in early times. It is said that there was a golden age when he ruled, in which men lived unencumbered by sickness, disease, or work and in which death was a gentle end. He is said to be the father of Chiron the Centaur and the ocean nymph Philyra, as well as Zeus, Poseidon, Pluto, Hera, Demeter, and Hestia .





10. Janus, a Roman Deity, was the God of Beginnings and entrances of any sort thus it was he to whom one prayed when beginning an enterprise. He has two heads and two faces. The Month of January is named for him.

1. Mimas was one of the leaders that led the Giants against the Gods.

2. Enceladus a Giant who was buried under Mt. Aetna in Crete by Athena; it took the whole mountain to hold him down. (He still stirs under it).

3. Tethys A sea deity and also a Titan, with her husband Ocean, raised Hera. They also had as sons and daughters the Oceanids and the Gods of all the rivers on Earth.

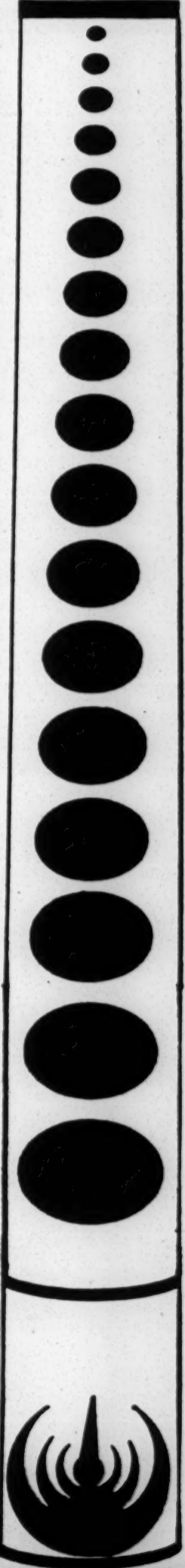
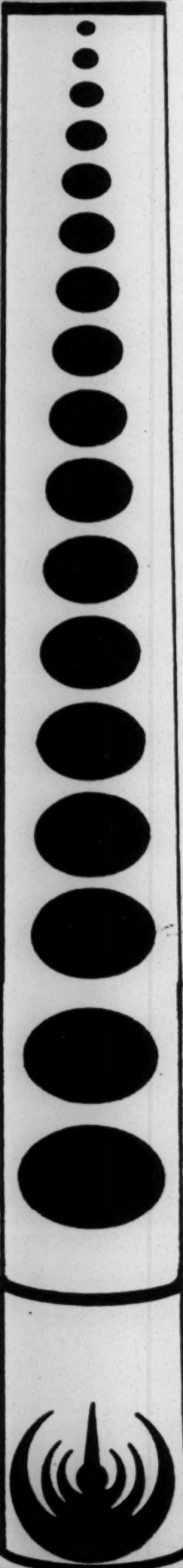
4. Dione, also a wife of Zeus, is sometimes accredited with being the mother of Aphrodite. She was later married to Vulcan. (Hephaestus)

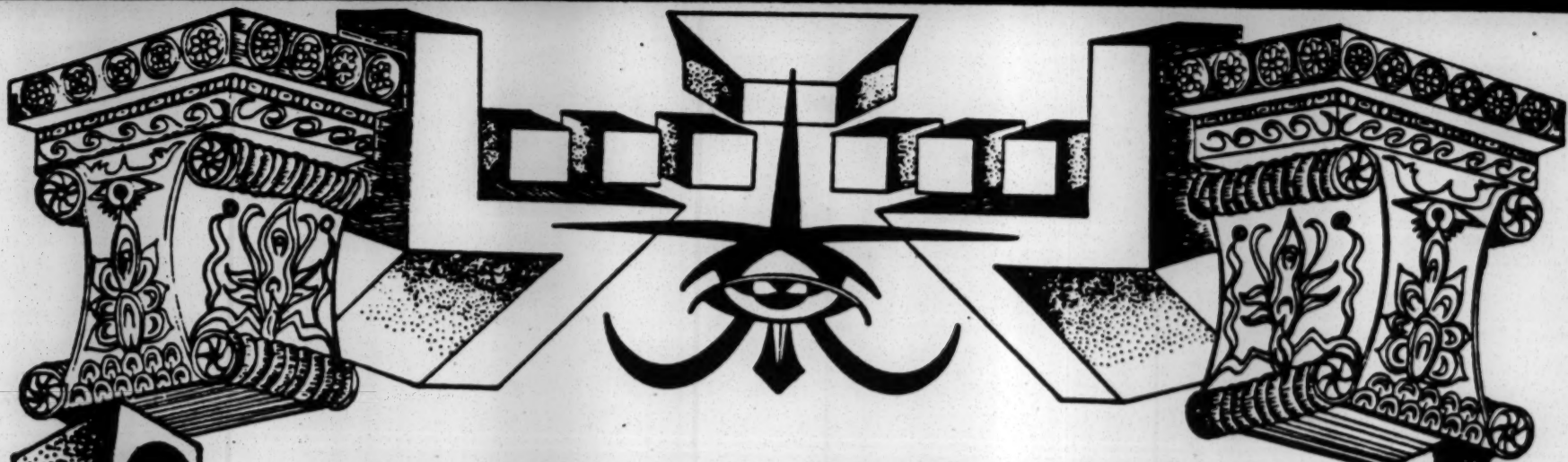
5. Rhea a female Titan and the wife of Saturn (Chronus). It was she who saved the child Zeus (Jupiter). Saturn had been told one of his Children would seize the throne and so swallowed them when they were born. Rhea substituted a black stone for Zeus.

6. Titan The Titans were the seven sons and seven daughters who were the children of Uranus and Gaia (Heaven and Earth). The sons were Coeus, Crius, Phorcys, Cronus, Oceanus, Oceanus, Hyperion, and the daughters were Themis, Tethys, Mnemosyne, Thea, Dione, Phoebe, and Rhea. They are sometimes referred to as the Elder Gods, and were said to have ruled the Universe for untold ages.

The Titans were the enemies of the Gods and overcome by them, with the exceptions of Ocean the river that surrounds the world, his wife Tethys, Hyperion the father of the sun moon and dawn, Mnemosyne (Memory), Themis (Justice), and Iapetus. It was said by the Romans that when Zeus took the Throne of the Gods that Saturn went to Italy and as long as he ruled there was a Golden Age.

7. Hyperion a Titan and the father of Eos (The Dawn Goddess), Selene (Goddess of the Moon), and Helios (the Sun God).





8. Iapetus a Titan and the father of Prometheus the savior of mankind who brought fire to us, Atlas who bears up the world, and Epimetheus.

9. Phoebe is a Titaness, sister of Chronus (Saturn)

Uranus (Sky or Heaven) was the child of Gaia (Mother Earth) as well as her husband. She was the Child of Chaos. They gave birth to the twelve Titans and to the Cyclops; Brontes (Thunderer), Arges (Brightener), and Steropes (Flasher); they would later manufacture the thunderbolts of Zeus. (These are not the earthly Cyclopes who Odysseus would later meet.) The Giants who had fifty heads and a hundred hands, and fought the Gods later on, were also their children. From the severed genitals of Uranus were born the furies, other giants, and the Meliae. The most predominant legend of Aphrodite (Venus) is that she was born of the foam from the sea and certain fluids of the severed organ.

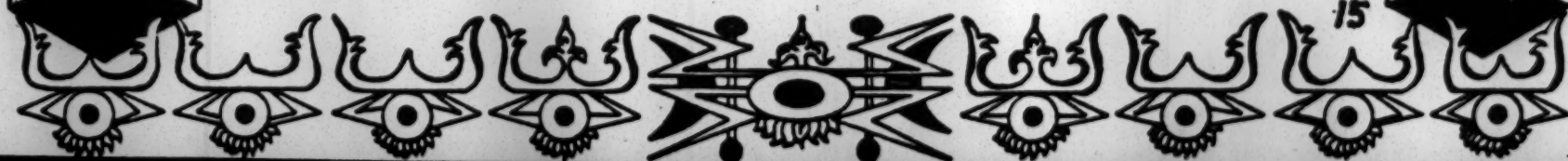
5. Miranda is the heroine of "The Tempest", by William Shakespeare. She is the only moon of Uranus not named for a spiritual Character. She is said to be the most beautiful woman on earth.

1. Ariel is a miraculous child whom Sycorax imprisons, also in "The Tempest". This child is said to be a fairy and a spirit of the Air.

2. Umbriel is not named from a Shakespearian source but from "The Rape of the Lock" by Alexander Pope. The Name is founded on the Latin "Umbra" (or shadow) with the "el" termination that indicates an Angel or Spirit.

3. Titania taken from "A Midsummer Night's Dream", is none the less mentioned by Ovid (a Roman poet) as another name for the Goddess Diana. Diana is the Virgin Huntress and represents to some the first of the three Phases of the Goddess: Maid, Woman, Chrone.

4. Oberon, also taken by Shakespeare from an earlier source, is the French for the Scandinavian and German King of the Elves, Albrich.





Neptune (Poseidon) was the son of Rhea and Cronus. When Cronus threw up the stone Rhea had given in place of Zeus many of the Gods were regurgitated as well; Neptune was one of them. He won the dominion of the sea from Zeus. He is an older and bearded figure, also he is god of earthquakes and the giver of the horse to man. He was a lover of the Medusa and by her gave birth to Chrysaor and Pegasus (the winged Horse). Demeter was also a lover of his, and since he took the form of a horse, Arion the talking horse, the steed of Adrastus was his child. The Cyclops Polyphemus and the Giants Otus and Ephialtes were also his children. He and Minerva (Athena), goddess of Wisdom, once had a contest to see who was the greatest. When his trident struck the rock of the Acropolis a horse appeared. Minerva used her spear in the same fashion and the olive tree that appeared won her the contest. Poseidon was worshipped by the Falerii under his name "Messapus", which is Illyrian in origin.

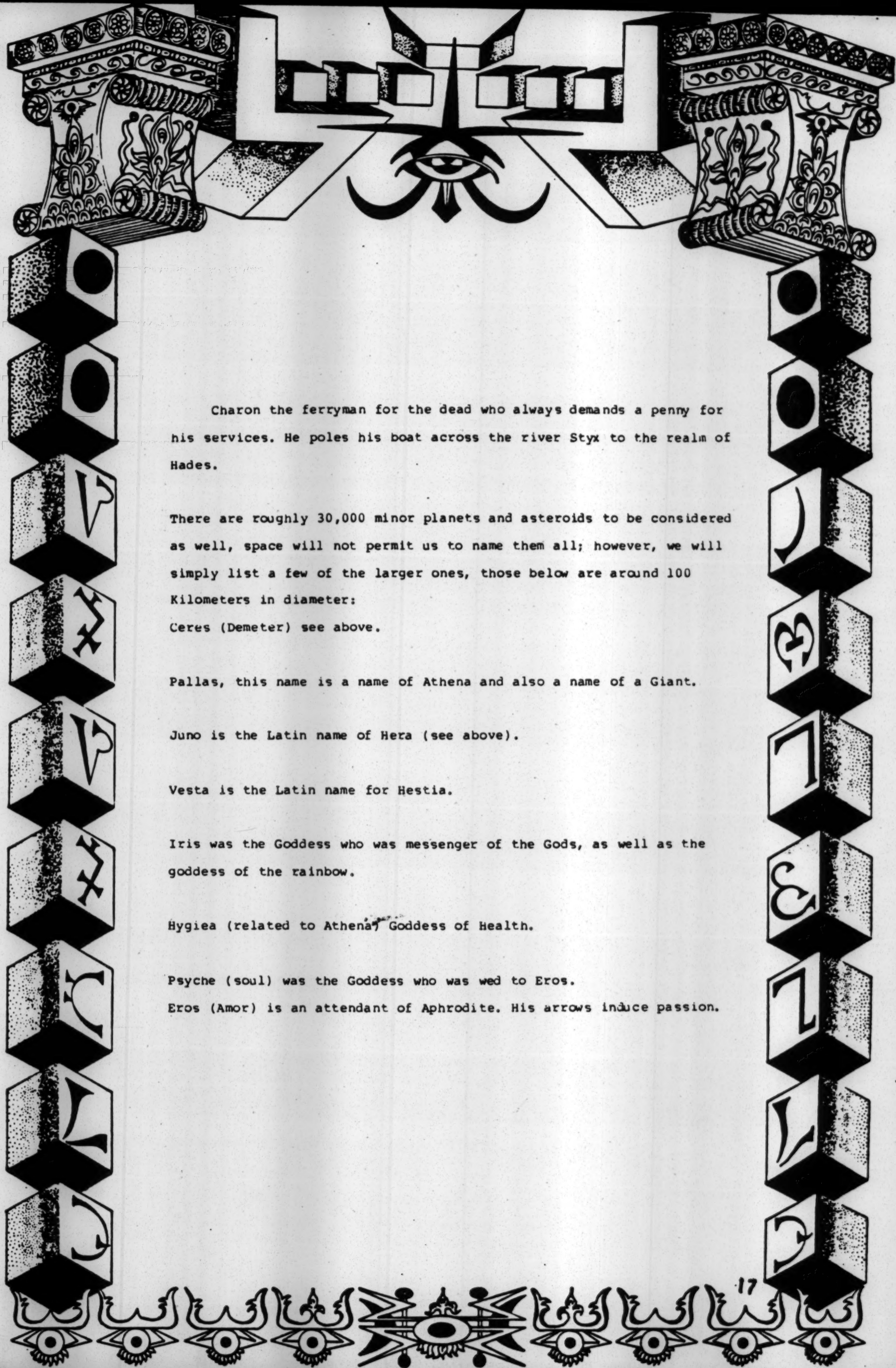
1. Triton a son of Amphrtrite and Poseidon, the trumpeter of the sea who played on a great shell.

2. Nereid The Nereids were the fifty daughters of Nereus, the old man of the sea, whose wife was Doris, a daughter of the ocean. Neptunes's wife Amphitrite was a Nereid. Thetis, who was the mother of Achilles, was also a Nereid.

Pluto (Hades) (Dis) is the third member of the Triumverate (Zeus rules Heaven and earth, Poseidon the sea) that ruled after the fall of Cronus. His realm is that of the Dead. Sometimes he is associated with Plutus, a God of Wealth. Dis also is a God of Wealth. Another of his names is Orcus which means God of Oaths.

His wife Persephone (called Core which means the maid) was carried away by him when she pulled a flower from the earth and opened a great hole out of which Hades appeared and spirited her away to his realm. Demeter, the Goddess of Grain, and Persephone's mother grieved so intensely that nothing grew upon the earth. Persephone was rescued by Hermes but due to the pomegranate seeds she had eaten she must spend the winter with Hades each year while Demeter mourns. Study of the mysteries of Eleusis will tell much more to the enlightened eye than can be revealed here.





Charon the ferryman for the dead who always demands a penny for his services. He poles his boat across the river Styx to the realm of Hades.

There are roughly 30,000 minor planets and asteroids to be considered as well, space will not permit us to name them all; however, we will simply list a few of the larger ones, those below are around 100 Kilometers in diameter:

Ceres (Demeter) see above.

Pallas, this name is a name of Athena and also a name of a Giant.

Juno is the Latin name of Hera (see above).

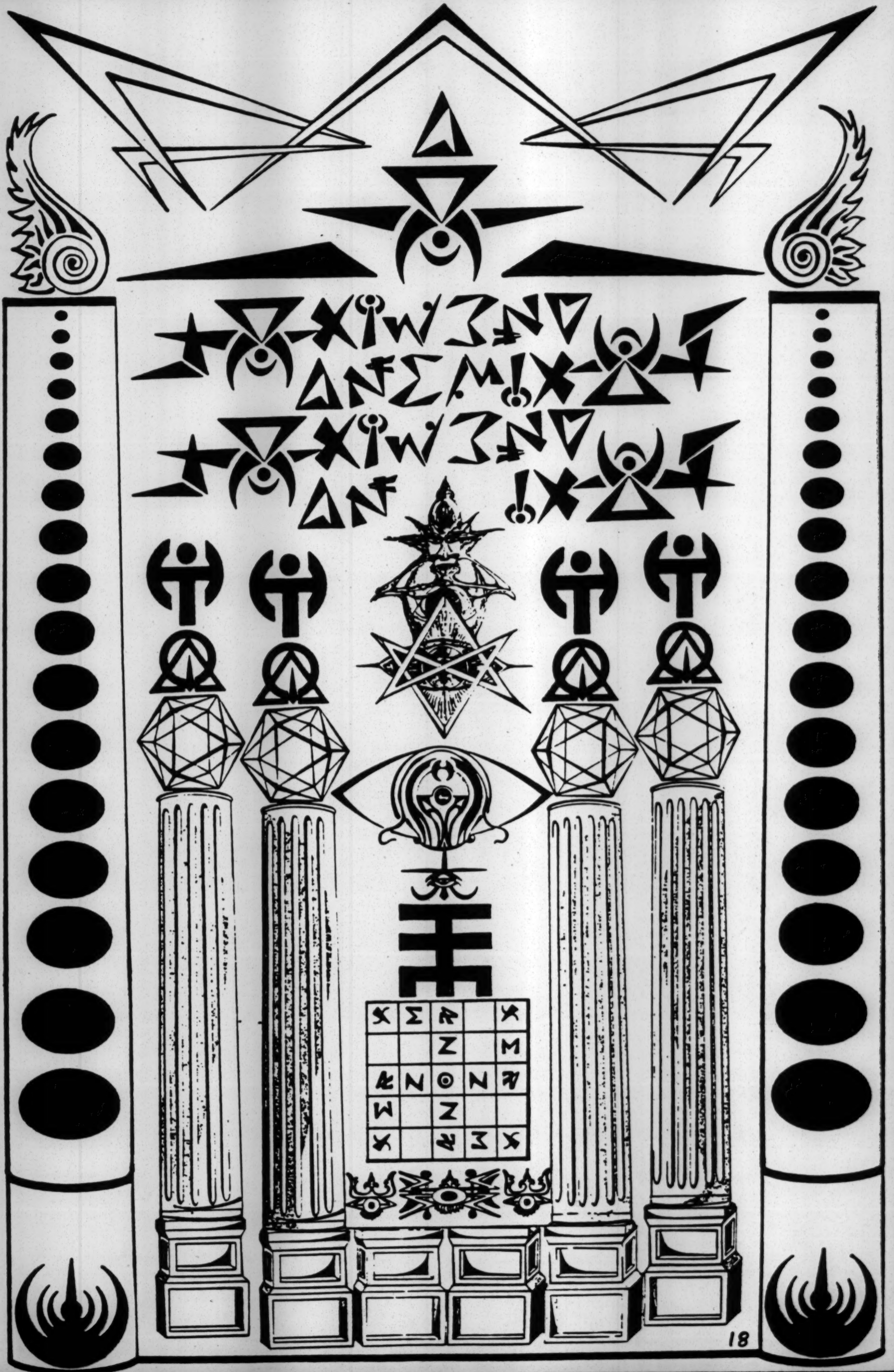
Vesta is the Latin name for Hestia.

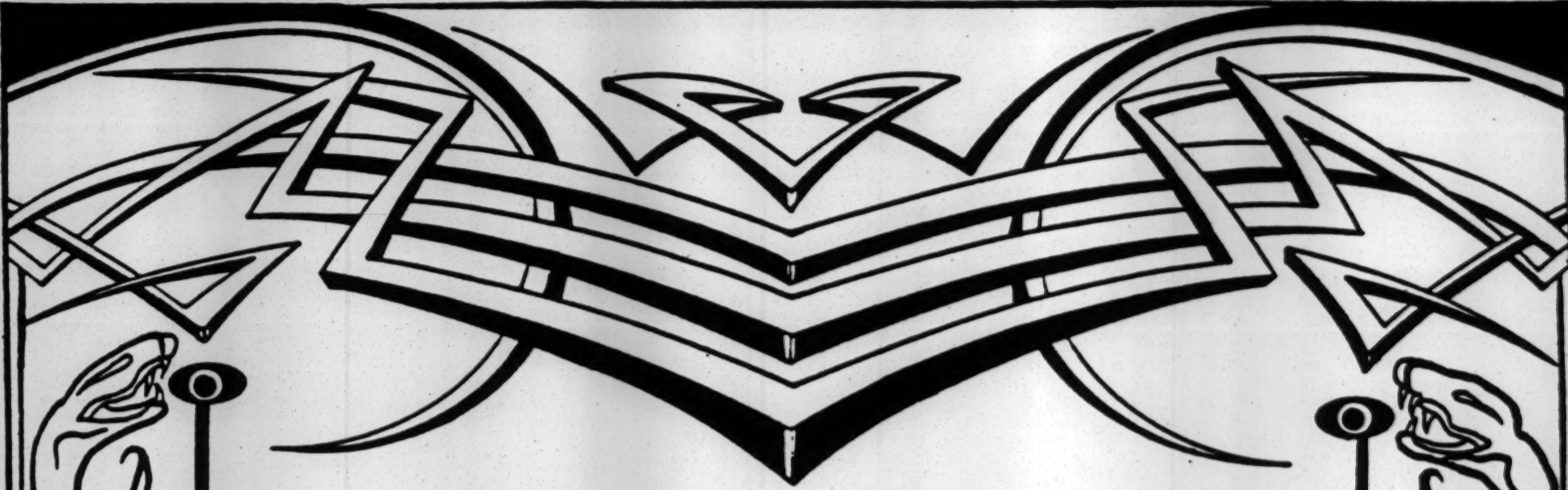
Iris was the Goddess who was messenger of the Gods, as well as the goddess of the rainbow.

Hygiea (related to Athena) Goddess of Health.

Psyche (soul) was the Goddess who was wed to Eros.

Eros (Amor) is an attendant of Aphrodite. His arrows induce passion.

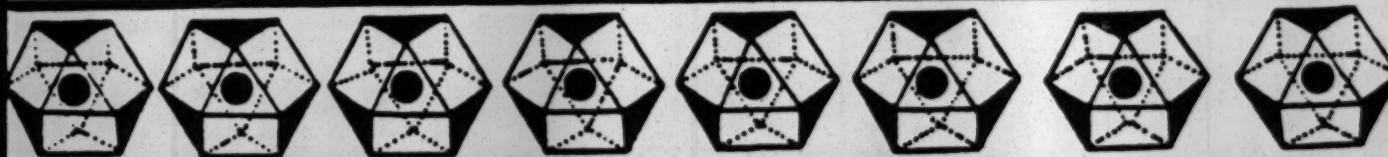


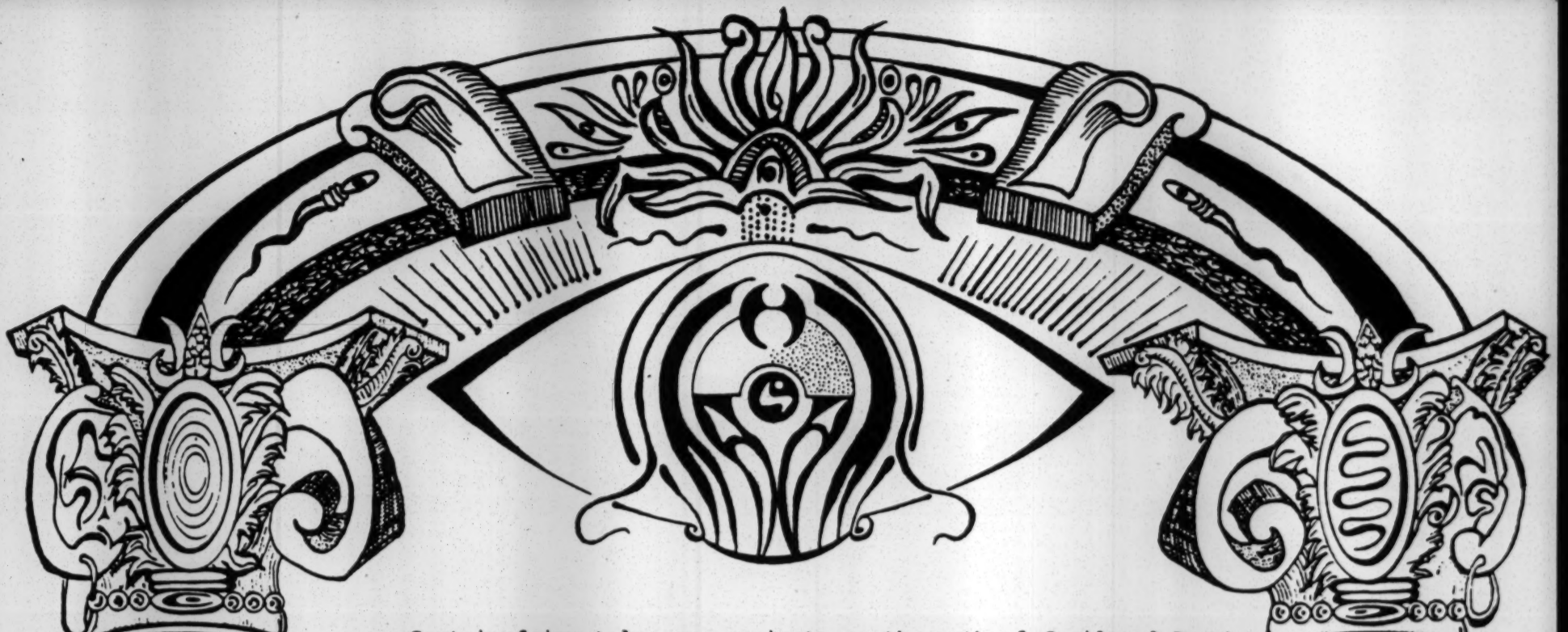


witchcraft section
THE HEROINE PRIESTESS

The myth of the hero is a common theme in the myths, literature and folktales from cultures throughout the Indo-European community. This general theme has been commented on by Otto Rank, Joseph Campbell, Joseph Fontenrose, and others. Essentially these commentaries have been written from a masculine point of view and the feminine counterpart has been ignored, although recently there has been an increasing interest in the heroine because of the recent progress made by the feminist movement.

The feminine counterpart to the hero, the heroine, may also be found in the myths, literature and folktales as recorded in such narratives as fairy tales. Myths and fairy tales may be fantasy and a product of the imagination, but they are nonetheless true and real. They depict levels of reality that include the outer physical world as well as the inner psyche of each individual. Each fairy tale is a magic mirror which reflects some aspects of our inner world, and some of the steps required by our evolution from immaturity to maturity. Myths and fairy tales which survive are those which have touched on the collective imagination of a culture. European fairy tales and legends were often residuals of pre-Christian religious themes which became unacceptable because Christianity would not brook pagan tendencies in open form. Eliade believes that myths and fairy tales were derived from, or give symbolic expression to, initiation rites or other rites of passage such as the metaphoric death of an old, inadequate self in order to be reborn on a higher plane of existence. In this paper I show that the myth of Cupid and Psyche reveals the initiation of the heroine, Psyche, a priestess, into the mysteries of the Great Mother. Although Neumann has already done this from the viewpoint of analytical psychology, he has failed to grasp much of the occult symbolism hidden in this myth.






Certain fairy tales are variants on the myth of Cupid and Psyche and they include Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Sleeping Beauty, The Frog King, and Snow White. These tales form a distinct pattern in relation to the heroine theme. Some of the elements may be found in one tale and different elements may be found in another example, but the overall pattern remains the same. The fairy tale begins with the heroine at the mercy of those who think little of her and her abilities, who mistreat her and even threaten her life, as the wicked queen does in Snow White, as the cruel stepmother does to Cinderella and as Venus does to Psyche. There is often a forced union with a beast bridegroom or a sacrifice to a monster, a trial and tribulation in the form of arduous, menial tasks to perform. The heroine is often forced to depend on friendly helpers: creatures of the underworld like the dwarfs in Snow White, or the birds in Cinderella, or the ants, reeds, eagle and tower in Cupid and Psyche. Often, the heroine falls into an enchanted sleep and is awakened by the kiss of love from the handsome prince which brings her back to reality. At the tale's end the heroine has mastered all of the trials and despite them remained true to herself, or in successfully undergoing them has achieved true selfhood or integration. This integration is usually symbolized by a happy marriage.

The leading female character in these stories is the heroine, a priestess of the great mother in disguise, and the adventures, trials and tribulations which she endures is an initiation into the mysteries of the Great Mother. These mysteries had their origin in vegetation and fertility rites. Later, they developed into a more spiritual theme, culminating at the height of their popularity in the Mysteries performed at Eleusis.

This is the ancient mother-daughter story, that of a priestess-daughter who becomes transformed and reunited with her mother, as seen also in the myth of Demeter and Persephone. Mother and daughter are the same, yet the maiden must know death before she can be a mirror image of the Great Mother.

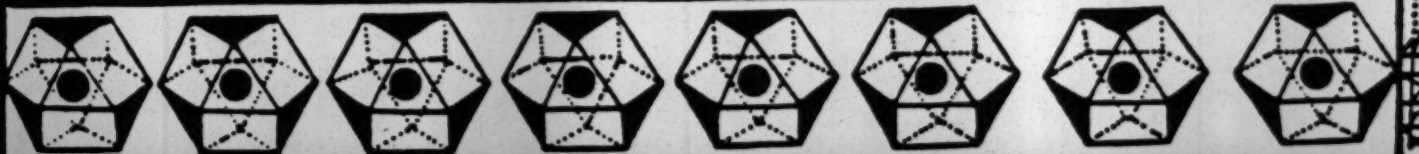


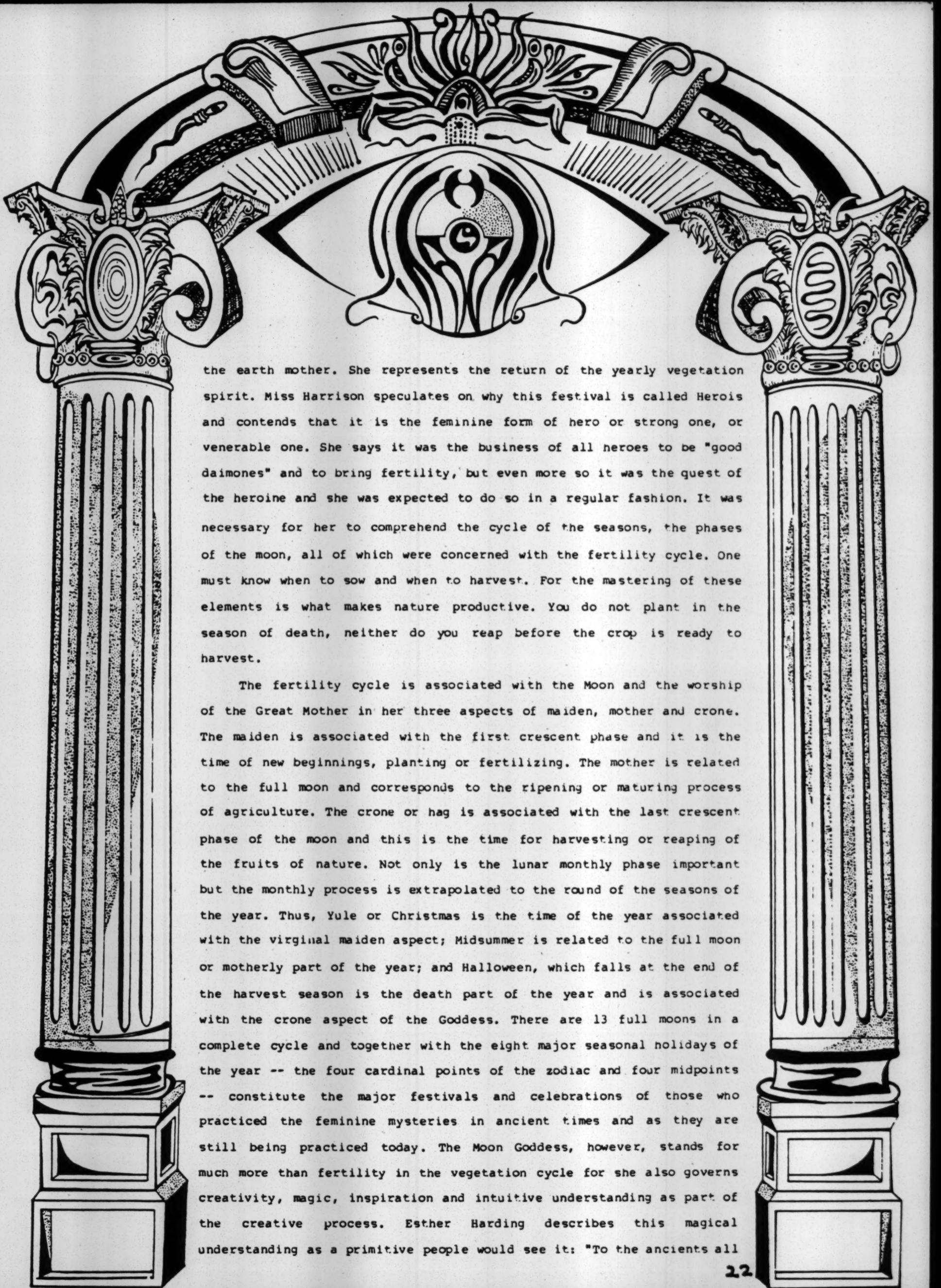
The oldest written literary adaptation on this theme is the tale of Cupid and Psyche. It is an ancient pre-Christian myth, first recorded in classical Greek times, having enjoyed a long oral tradition before that; hidden within this tale is the secret of feminine initiation as the heroine seeks refinement through trial and tribulation to her final triumph of achieving immortality among the gods.

The journey of the heroine is the path to understanding the feminine consciousness. Feminine consciousness refers to the intuitive side of the thinking process as opposed to reason and logic, the masculine side of consciousness. Logical thinking processes are abstract and are able to be proved mathematically; intuitive thinking, on the other hand, relies upon direct experience for its source in the unconsciousness. Within the unconscious is that which is unknown and the heroine must shine her light upon the mysteries which are hidden there and reveal them to the conscious mind.

What is revealed are the secrets of life and death -- and that they are the same. In speaking of the Elusinian Mysteries, Nilsson hints at this secret and he quotes Pindar as saying: "Happy is he who, having seen this (the mysteries) goes beneath the earth; he knows the end of life and he knows its God-sent beginning." Modern priests and priestesses have adapted this quote as follows: "I have seen the end of life, and its Goddess-sent beginning, and they are the same."

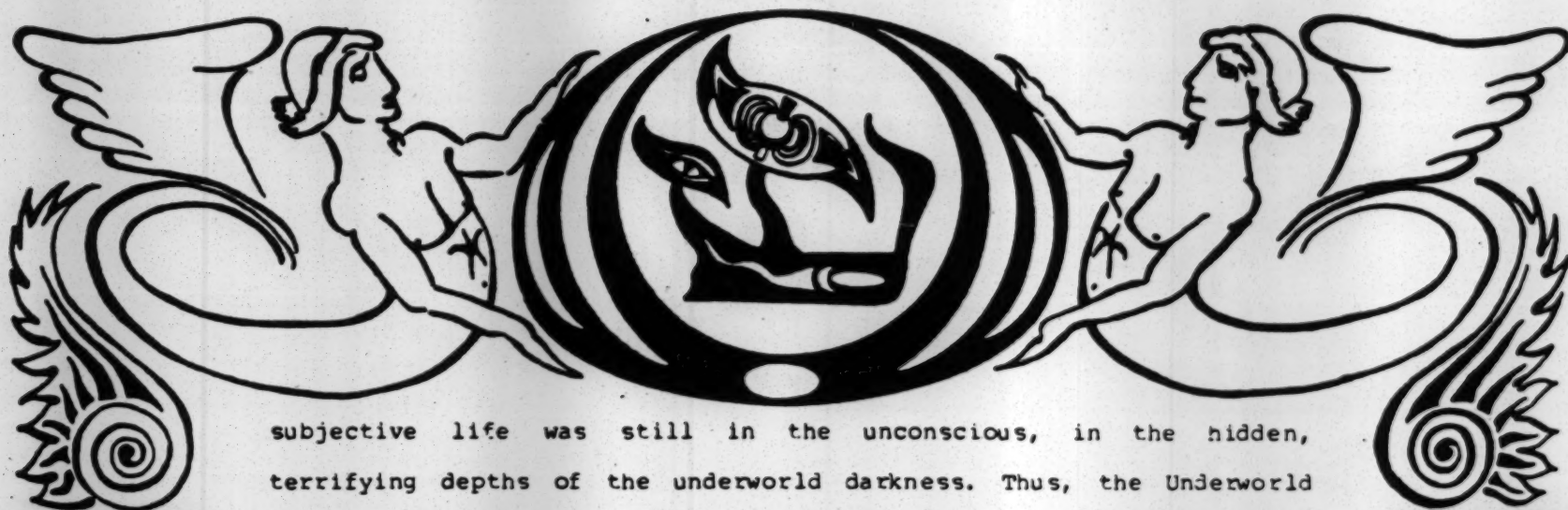
That these life processes are the primary concern of each culture heroine is shown in Jane Harrison's Themis where she tells of the Herois festival enacted at Delphi at nine year intervals. This festival was the second of a three part series which consisted of the Stepterion, Herois, and Charila. The Herois festival was attended only by women and the only mention of it in ancient literature is from Plutarch. She quotes Plutarch as saying: "Most of the ceremonies of the Herois have a mystical reason which is known to Thyiades, but, from the rites that are done in public, one may conjecture it to be a 'bringing up of Semele'. Semele was the Thraco-Phrygian form of Gaia,





the earth mother. She represents the return of the yearly vegetation spirit. Miss Harrison speculates on why this festival is called Herois and contends that it is the feminine form of hero or strong one, or venerable one. She says it was the business of all heroes to be "good daimones" and to bring fertility, but even more so it was the quest of the heroine and she was expected to do so in a regular fashion. It was necessary for her to comprehend the cycle of the seasons, the phases of the moon, all of which were concerned with the fertility cycle. One must know when to sow and when to harvest. For the mastering of these elements is what makes nature productive. You do not plant in the season of death, neither do you reap before the crop is ready to harvest.

The fertility cycle is associated with the Moon and the worship of the Great Mother in her three aspects of maiden, mother and crone. The maiden is associated with the first crescent phase and it is the time of new beginnings, planting or fertilizing. The mother is related to the full moon and corresponds to the ripening or maturing process of agriculture. The crone or hag is associated with the last crescent phase of the moon and this is the time for harvesting or reaping of the fruits of nature. Not only is the lunar monthly phase important but the monthly process is extrapolated to the round of the seasons of the year. Thus, Yule or Christmas is the time of the year associated with the virginal maiden aspect; Midsummer is related to the full moon or motherly part of the year; and Halloween, which falls at the end of the harvest season is the death part of the year and is associated with the crone aspect of the Goddess. There are 13 full moons in a complete cycle and together with the eight major seasonal holidays of the year -- the four cardinal points of the zodiac and four midpoints -- constitute the major festivals and celebrations of those who practiced the feminine mysteries in ancient times and as they are still being practiced today. The Moon Goddess, however, stands for much more than fertility in the vegetation cycle for she also governs creativity, magic, inspiration and intuitive understanding as part of the creative process. Esther Harding describes this magical understanding as a primitive people would see it: "To the ancients all

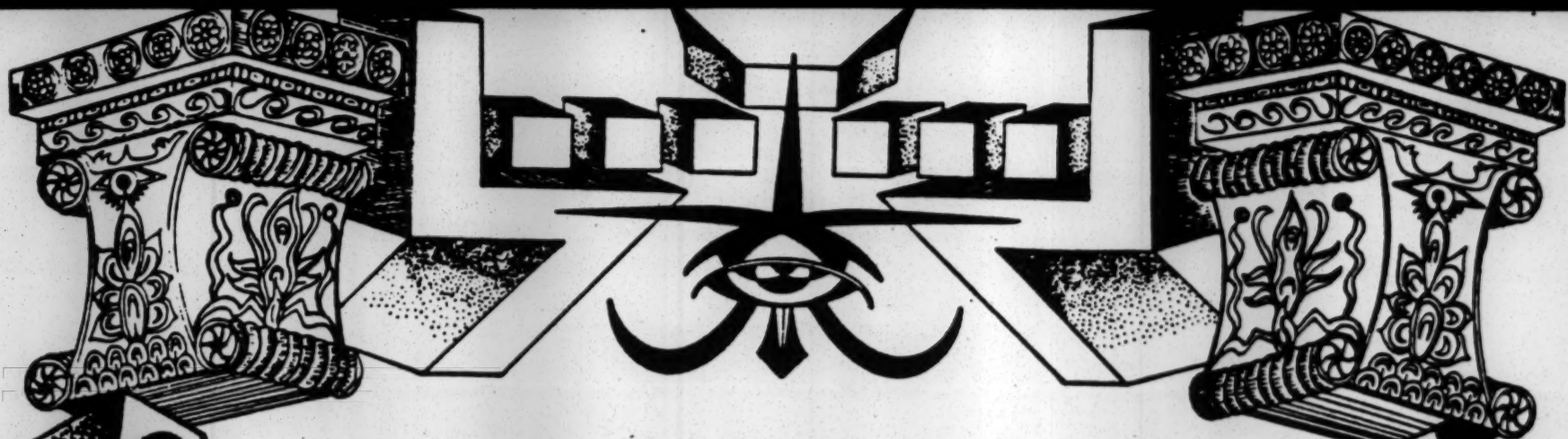


subjective life was still in the unconscious, in the hidden, terrifying depths of the underworld darkness. Thus, the Underworld Queen is mistress of all that lives in the hidden parts of the psyche, in the unconscious as we should say. She is the Goddess of Magic and magicians. Contact with the dark side of the Moon Goddess was considered to be the sole reliable instrument for the working of magic." This is precisely the task which Psyche must accomplish. She must learn the dark and mysterious part of herself, and bring it into the light in order to become a priestess and a Goddess. She must know death, that part of herself which she has heretofore refused to acknowledge. To know death and assimilate its experience is to be transformed. Robert Johnson says: "Psychological death as transformation from one level of development to another is a common symbol in myths and dreams. One dies to the old self and puts on new life."

Transformation is what the initiation process is all about. It is the job of the heroine to transform not only herself but the world around her. Fertility in nature transforms the seed into fruit, and fertility in the psychic sense is the creative process of becoming whole. The seed must pass through a dormant stage before it is refertilized and it is transformed into fruit. So must the heroine recognize the value of passivity and reflection. It is the peace and pleasure of death, rest and recuperation from labor. Once sufficiently rested, creativity begins to stir once again, but without sufficient rest from the previous task or work, creative effort becomes a chore. Thus, is transformation, through death and renewal, necessary to the creative process.

This transformation process is also found in many fairy tales. Thompson and Aarne have catalogued hundreds of tales in which the princess disenchant an animal who is then transformed into a handsome prince. Cinderella is transformed into a princess after enduring persecution at the hands of her wicked stepmother and stepsisters. Beauty transforms the Beast with love, and Psyche becomes a Goddess, and in the process, also transforms the boy Cupid into a man. Lucius himself is transformed from an ass back into a man after eating roses offered to him by a priestess of the Goddess, Isis.

The prototype for the Heroine theme is found in the folktale of Cupid and Psyche, which comes to us from Lucius Apuleius, a writer of the second century A.D. However, it is older than this because by Plato's time, artists had brought Eros and Psyche together as shown by a relief in Istanbul which depicts the couple embracing amidst the

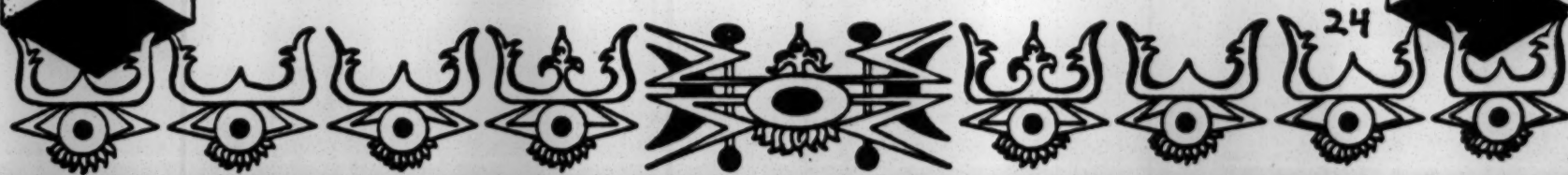


rose bushes. Meleager of Syrian Gadara, a poet of the first century B.C., wrote a series of exotic epigrams proclaiming the powers of passion (Cupid) over the soul (Psyche). There have been many interpretations of the Cupid and Psyche myth and scholars have tended to interpret it along the prevailing lines of thought which were popular at the time.

The development of the myth went through successive phases, the first phase being the simple allegory of carved images depicting the soul's struggle in its effort to be united with love. Psyche's name means "soul" and Murray points out that it also came to mean "butterfly", and there are similarities between the manner in which a soul and a butterfly are freed from a grosser form in which they have been encased. Both break the old shell and fly into the light. This first phase drew a great deal from the Platonic-Orphic doctrine concerning the soul which opposed the noble self of man to his base, lustful element. During the second or Roman phase, the Psyche allegory became a religious symbol of the fallen, struggling soul, which, when finally tested and purified, was united in great joy with God. Fulgentius Planciades interpreted Apuleius' story in view of Christian doctrine concerning the soul. In the 12th and 13th centuries the folk tale was adapted to the code of courtly love and chivalry.

Thomas Brown has written a thorough and scholarly interpretation of the influence of the myth covering the various approaches from the time of Apuleius to the present. He acknowledges the similarity of these between the Psyche myth and such fairy tales as Beauty and the Beast, Le Loup Blanc, East of the Sun and West of the Moon and others. However, he does not interpret these tales symbolically. He only identifies them as variants of the original tale. He says: "Despite all the differences, the broad outline remains, i.e., the marriage to a monster, or at least the union to a husband who is thought to be one; the command forbidding attempts to find out the identity of the husband; the violation of this order; the difficult tasks to be performed; and the final reunion."

Richard Reitzenstein linked the Psyche myth to pagan mysteries which portrayed the murder of a male god and the revival of this god





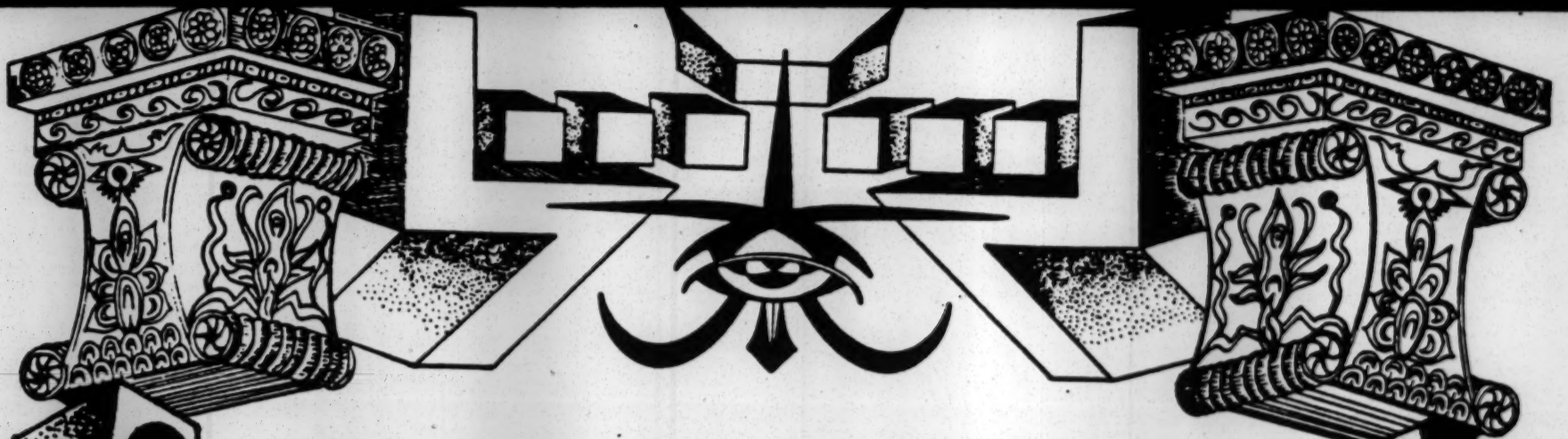
through the saving power of the Goddess, who was usually the slain god's wife, lover and mother. He saw the myth as the murder of Cupid and his restoration to life by the Goddess Psyche to be a variation of this theme. Although this idea is part of the pagan mystery religions, this is not the meaning behind the Psyche myth. That particular mystery relates to the rebirth of the god physically from the womb of the Great Mother and is reflected in the growth of vegetation from the earth. The Psyche myth is the deification of an individual female and her reunion with the Great Goddess of all life and death. Any explanation of the myth which does not account for Psyche's deification has missed the point.

Otto Gruppe has identified the connection of the myth to the Elusinian Mysteries which depicted the rape of Kore and Demeter's search for her daughter, and the final reunion of the two, which represented to the initiate the trials of the soul, its descent to Hell in death, and its final rebirth in immortality. He sees a connection because Psyche is separated from a god, is tested by Venus, descends to the depths of Hades, and is finally deified. Of all the attempts to link this myth to pagan mysteries, he comes closest to the truth.

However, it is Erich Neumann's interpretation from the standpoint of analytical psychology which draws closest to the original meaning of the myth, as I see it. He also sees Psyche's trials as an initiation by Venus and Psyche's reunion with Cupid as a union with the masculine components of herself, after which she becomes psychologically whole. In other words, she accomplishes the great work of knowledge and conversation with her Holy Guardian Angel. He sees her descent into the depths of the unconscious where that which is hidden must be brought to life, no matter how painful. For it is through the experience of pain and frustration that enables the individual to grow.

Although Neumann is accurate when he describes Psyche's initiation ritual as a process of giving birth to something within herself, it goes far deeper than merely identifying this lost part of the self in terms of anima and or/animus. It would be far more

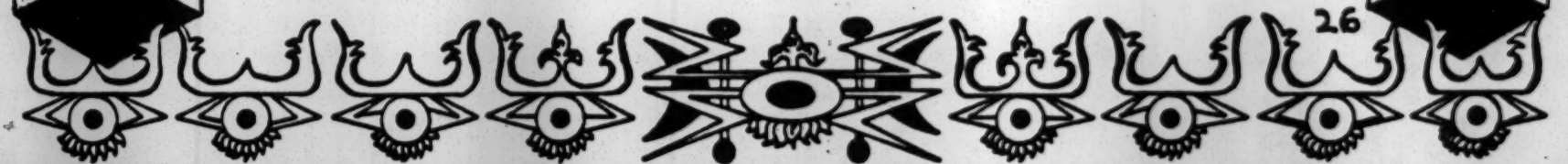




accurate to call it the shadow self, as Jung would have identified it. Many people live their lives in complete identification with the opposite sex while the sexual attributes of their own gender remain hidden beneath the surface for one reason or another. It happens so often in modern times that the masculine role serves as a model for a young female to emulate. She never learns the positive attributes of the female role and is therefore unacquainted with this part of herself. It is her beast, her shadow, and she must come to terms with it. She must take this base image of herself (the beast image) and transform it so it may be seen in the light and glorified. For it is only when the beast is loved for his own sake that he can turn into the handsome prince.

The beast in the myth of Psyche is that of the negative mother image as portrayed by Venus. This harsh and negative side of Venus is something which most scholars have failed to comprehend. Why is Venus, the Goddess of love, the mother of all life, who is attended by doves and sea nymphs, taken to act like a fish wife using harsh and cruel language? Because she is acting in her role as Initiator and we see that "she does all that is right to make Psyche grow." The entire tale is centered around Venus and Psyche; they are the most important elements in the tale. Neumann points this out when he says that "The conflict between Venus and Psyche at the very beginning of the tale shows this to be the central motif."

This conflict between the negative mother and the heroine is also apparent in Snow White and Cinderella. In Snow White the wicked stepmother asks the mirror who is the fairest, and the mirror tells her that she has been supplanted in beauty by Snow White just as Psyche supplants Venus at the beginning of the tale. Each of these heroines have challenged the powers that be. The challenge is a metaphor for the request of initiation, and it is the Goddess Venus who is the Initiator. Venus makes this clear when she says: "Wherefore, now I myself will make trial of your worth." She refers to her handmaidens as Habit, Trouble and Sorrow, for these are elements of the psychic process which Psyche is about to undergo. All must be experienced if Psyche is to become whole.





The polarity between Venus and Psyche is also accentuated by the manner of their births. Venus was born of the sea foam and Psyche from a dewdrop. This comparison is significant in that one represents the vast ocean of water and the other a tiny drop. But, most importantly, one contains salt and the other does not. Salt is associated with immortality because of its preservative use and has long been associated with initiation rites. One could say that a person was worth their salt and this is what Psyche must do. She must prove herself to Venus.

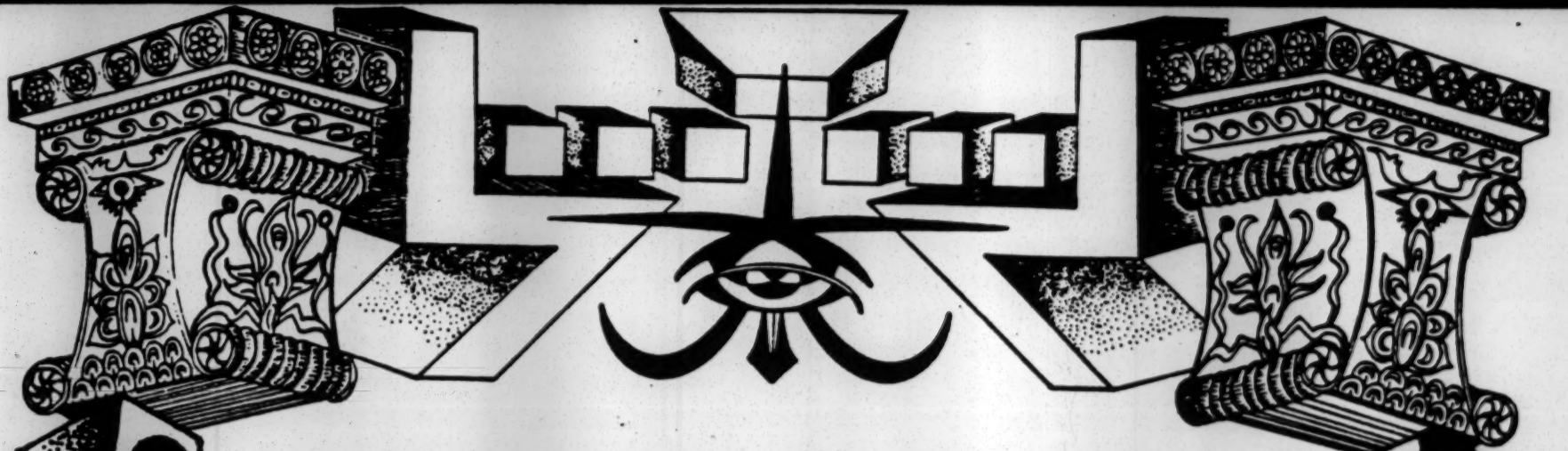
Psyche's story begins as she is about to participate in a marriage of death and ends by achieving immortality among the gods. The ritual pomp and ceremony of a marriage to death also suggests an initiation process. The black clothing, the wearing of ashes, the sacrifice of being chained to a mountain top, the lamentations, are all clues which suggest initiation. The individual who is about to undergo such a ceremony is lamented because she will not return as the same person. Indeed, there is a sense of fate, a pre-ordained conclusion to the events through which Psyche must pass. She will be transformed, but there can be no transformation of self without a symbolic or ritual death. Mircea Eliade says in "Rites and Symbols of Initiations": "Some form of initiatory death, that is, a symbolic descent to hell, is not improbable, for the play on words between "initiation" (teleisthai) and "dying" (teleutan) was quite popular in ancient Greece."

This marriage to death parallels Kore/ Persephone in the Eleusinian Mysteries, as well as the myth of Alcestis and Admetus, where the wife (Alcestis) dies for the sake of her husband.

Psyche herself tells us this is an initiation when she says: "Now I perceive, now my eyes are opened. It is in the name of Venus and that alone which has brought me to my death."

The presence of ashes in this tale and also in the tale of Cinderella is connected with the idea of the hearth. The hearth, the center of the home, is a symbol of the mother. To live so close to it that one dwells among the ashes may then symbolize an effort at holding on to, or returning to the mother and what she represents. In





ancient times, to be the guardian of the hearth -- the duty of the vestal virgin -- was a most exalted rank for a young female. They were priestesses of the Mother Goddess.

Psyche's deification at the end of the tale confirms the initiatory theme. Her initiation is into the mysteries of the Great Mother as represented in the myth by Venus and Persephone. The tale begins with her conflict with Venus and ends with her journey to the underworld to obtain from Persephone the secret of her beauty. It is no coincidence that the path she follows is from Venus to Persephone and back again. Venus is referred to as "the mother of all the living" and Persephone is queen of the dead. Between these two manifestations of the Mother Goddess is contained the flow of life, death and rebirth, and this is the journey which Psyche makes. She becomes a Goddess when both aspects of the Great Mother, life and death are united within her.

We see this reflection of opposites contrasting one another throughout the myth. Venus, the Goddess of love shows her harsh side. Psyche sees Cupid as the sweetest husband imaginable while Venus sees him as a foolish, vile, ungrateful boy. At the end of the myth all three figures are changed in some way. Venus is reconciled and happy; Eros becomes mature and Psyche becomes a Goddess. These transformations are the very essence of initiation. Venus has set the example for Psyche by showing her negative side and later becoming reconciled because Psyche has proven herself. She has proved that Venus and Psyche are one, and the same, they are a reflection of one another.

The symbolism that is meant here represents the unity of all life (Venus) and the isolation of the individual (Psyche) from the source of all life. The tasks which Psyche is assigned represent the trials and tribulations one must endure to realize the unity of life and that all are one. Each of us has the essence of Godhood within us and it is this knowledge which makes us whole. It is a creative process of realization. The tasks which Psyche performs are ones of accomplishment, whereas the male hero must slay the dragon, his task is one of destruction. She creates and he destroys. Both are necessary





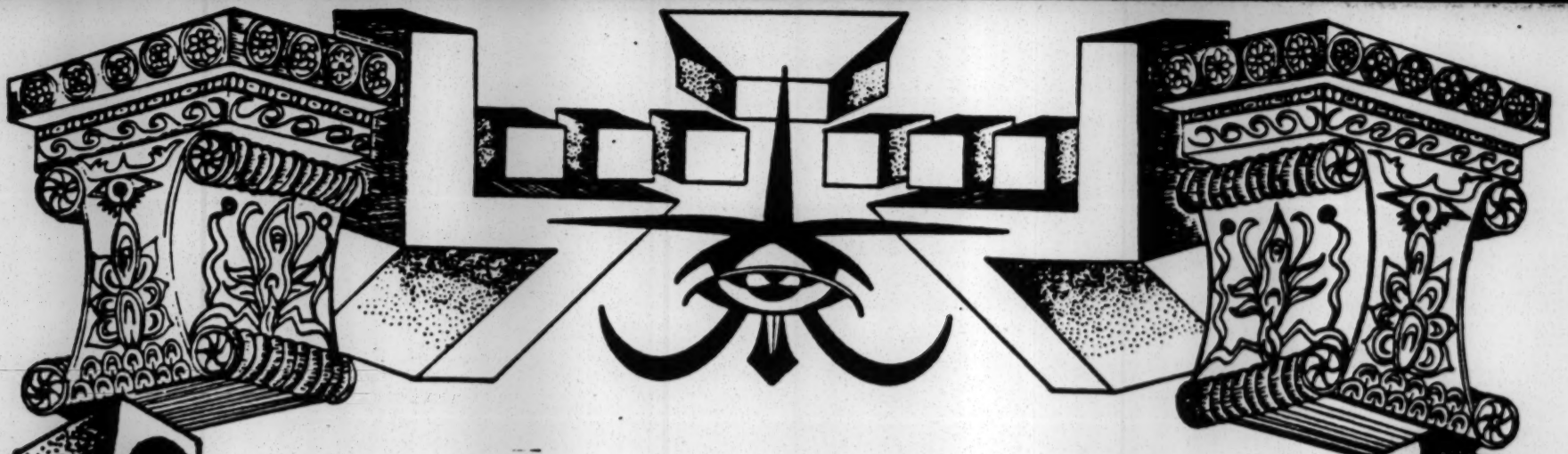
elements. Nothing is meant to last forever, therefore, the destructive process is as necessary as the creation. Creativity and destruction are opposite sides of the same coin, it is life and death reflected in Venus and Persephone, and it is these two elements which Psyche must reconcile within herself.

To return to the tale itself, Apuleius tells this tale in the middle of his work, The Transformation of Lucius, in which a man is turned into an ass and back again before going through an initiation process in the mysteries of Isis. The tale is told in a robber's cave, by an old cook, to the young bride Charite who has been kidnapped and is awaiting ransom. The symbolism of an old woman (death) and a young bride (life) is deliberately intended by the author. There are two initiations taking place in this tale, one of a male, and one of a female. One tale shows the inner transformations of Lucius while the other tells of an outer transformation.

The oracle describes Psyche's prospective bridegroom in ambiguous terms. When first described he sounds like a horrible monster but later in the tale one realizes Psyche has married death itself, the male principle of destruction in order that she may perfect her wisdom and achieve integration of the self.

When Psyche arrives at the palace of Cupid she is waited on by invisible servants who provide for her every need. These disembodied servants represent the forces of magic which Psyche has mastered previously when she served the Goddess as a priestess. Now these forces come to her aid and assist her in her hour of trial. Throughout the tale Psyche is assisted by various supernatural means. Although this assistance appears to be from supernatural sources, the help and advice which she receives is from her own unconscious and it manifests when she becomes still and contemplates her situation. She meditates and receives understanding from deep within her own psyche.

Psyche is only able to be with her beloved husband in the darkness of night and she is warned not to look upon his face for fear of the consequence which will befall her. There is a parallel between sleep and the unconscious mind, for it is in dreams, trance and meditation that the material of the unconscious is released to be

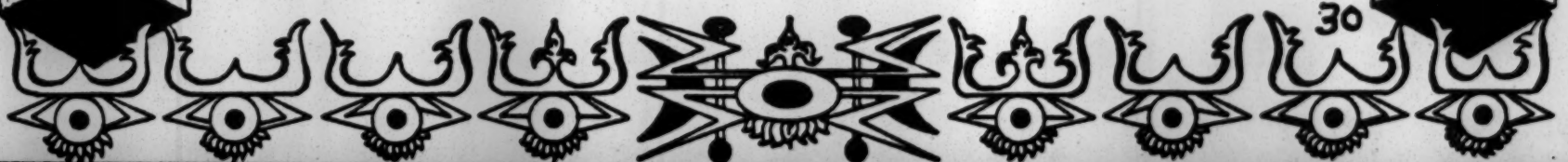
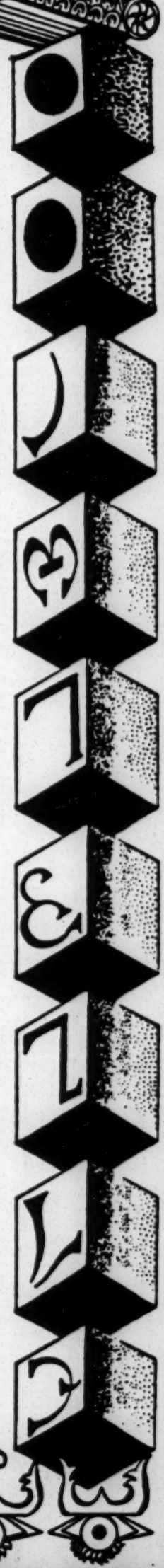


worked through into the conscious mind. The revelations which we receive in dreams gives us insight into the problems which we face in everyday life. But the initiate must have greater insight than the ordinary individual for her quest for knowledge is consciously sought. To languish in the bliss of darkness is to remain ignorant. Neumann declares it a "state of not knowing and not seeing"; Psyche's husband can only be felt and heard and Psyche, as an initiate, must know and see in order to become an enlightened being (a Goddess).

The lamp is a symbol for knowledge and Psyche illuminates the darkness in order to see what has been hidden. She searches for the truth which will bring discovery and enlightenment of her own true nature.

The very first advice she gets when she flees the palace is from the God Pan who is making love with Echo in a hillside. It is no accident that she meets Pan and Echo, for the word 'panic' is derived from Pan and echo is the reverberation of sound. Panic is precisely what Psyche must not do for this type of thought form will reverberate and bounce back to its source, magnifying the situation until madness results. Throughout the tale Psyche falls back whenever she is presented with an impossible task to accomplish, that is, she does not fall victim to panic but meditates instead, and her unconscious provides the answer to her problem.

The first task which Venus assigns Psyche is the separation of various kinds of grains which must be accomplished before nightfall, upon penalty of death. This task is related to the element of earth. Realizing the enormity of the task in front of her, Psyche contemplates her predicament. Ants appear and they diligently set to work and separate the grains. Robert Johnson sees this task as related to the fertilization process where a woman must choose one seed from literally millions. However correct this idea may be, it also conveys the meaning of structure and organization in one's life. One must separate, identify and discriminate to bring order into one's life. We learn to discard ideas and habit patterns which are no longer useful to use or may be impeding our progress, for organization and structure are the basis of power. The ants assist Psyche because they are

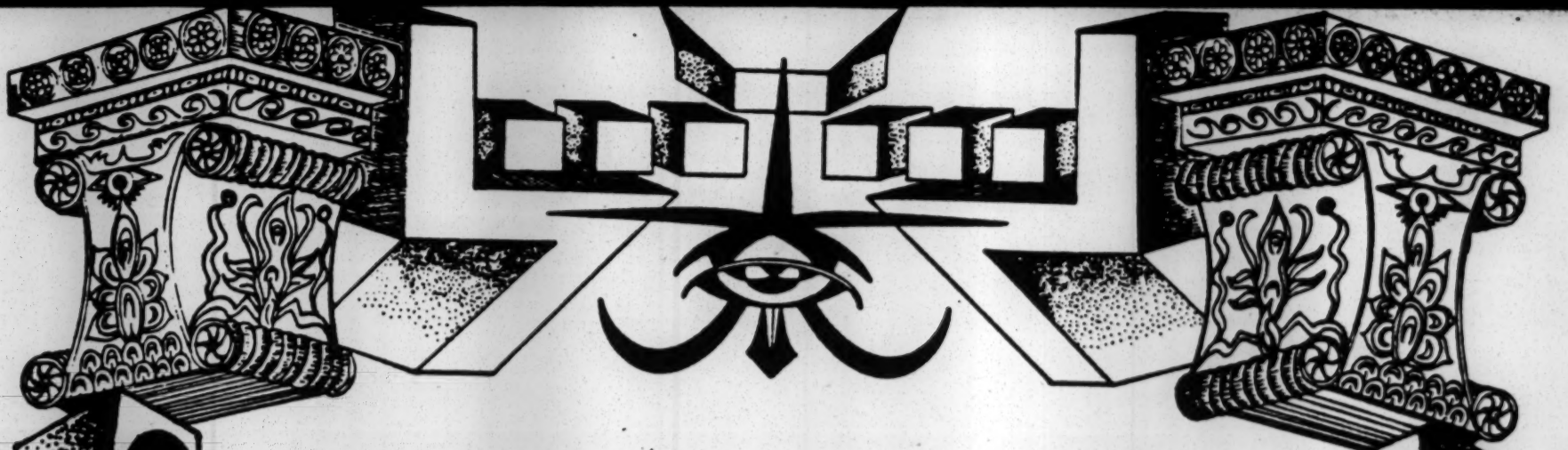




creatures of the earth, and Psyche served the Earth Goddess Ceres' temple and altars during her sufferings. As it says in the tale: "Psyche separated them all with care and arranged them in due order, each in its separate place; for she thought that she ought not to neglect the shrines or ceremonies of any god, but rather appeal to the kindness and pity of all." So we see this task is assigned the element of earth, and the necessary preparation for a priestess of the great mother is to observe the seasonal rituals and serve the Lady in her temple. For as Psyche serves Ceres in her temple, so do the ants serve Psyche when she needs them. To reinforce this point, I turn to the tale again when Psyche prays that the ants assist her: "Pity, O ye nimble nurslings of earth, the mother of all, pity a lovely girl, the spouse even of Love himself. Be prompt and swift and aid her in her hour of need."

Psyche's second task is to gather the golden fleece from the fierce and dangerous rams who graze by the river. It is Psyche's trial by water. The rams and the sun represent masculine energy in the form of danger and power. Once more Psyche falls back and meditates on the task before her and she is warned by the reeds (her inner instincts) not to go near the rams during the daylight hours for she would be immediately pattered to death. Rams are aggressive animals, they butt and push their way through life. This is exactly what Psyche must not do if she is to gather the wool and learn the lesson of this task. She is told to go at dusk and take the wool that has been brushed off onto the brambles under which the rams pass. She must avoid doing things in an aggressive masculine manner but approach stealthily and cautiously when dealing with elemental power. She must not attack by force. Neumann confirms this when he says: "If the feminine strove to take what it requires by confronting the ram directly, it would be doomed to destruction." Secondly, she is also told to gather the wool at sunset when the sun's power is weak and, most importantly, she must take only the amount of the golden fleece which is necessary. The male hero would have identified with the power of the ram and sacrificed it for the entire fleece, just as Phrixos did. But the feminine virtue associated with this task is the correct distribution of resources.

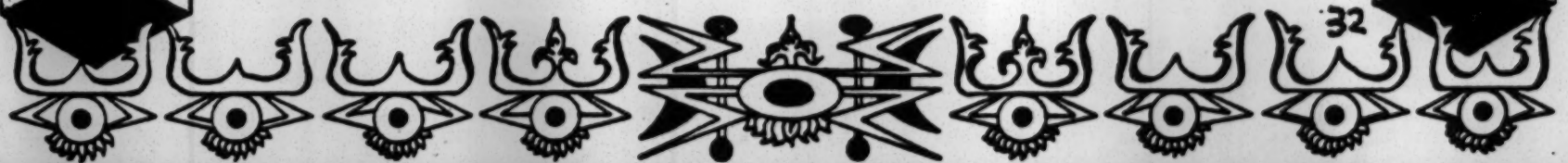
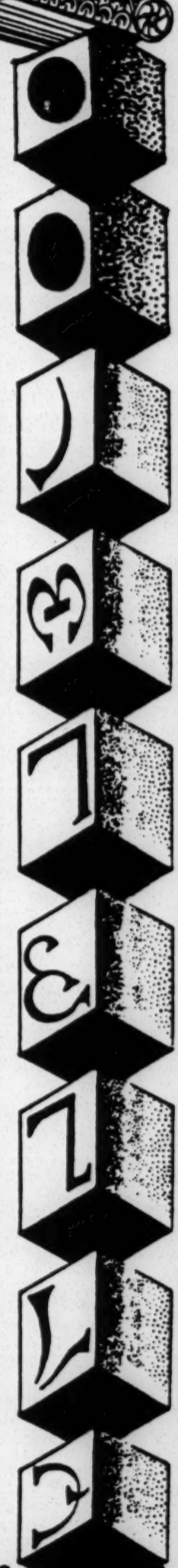




With resources she learns not to be avaricious and take more than she needs. It is not necessary for Psyche to confront the masculine power directly, she need not kill the ram and therefore destroy the resource altogether, she only needs a little of the fleece for her own needs. The riches of nature are available for the taking but to take more than one needs is wasteful. Primitive cultures understand this principle, but it is a virtue which modern humanity has forgotten.

The third task is associated with the element air and here Psyche must obtain a pitcher of water from the spring that feeds the Styx and the Cacytus, rivers of the underworld. It is an exceedingly dangerous task for it is high on a mountain and guarded by snakes. The occult symbolism which is found here is a psychic process called Kundalini and is difficult to master. If kundalini energy is not handled properly it can destroy by driving the individual mad with pain. The caduceus which Hermes carries is a symbol of that energy and the knowledge of this internal power has long been a secret of those initiates who practice hermetic magic. The flow of the kundalini energy is represented by two snakes, one male and one female. Normally they lie at the base of the spine and only become activated when the individual has reached a certain spiritual stage of development. In the normal average person they are quiescent. But as they awaken they coil around the spine until they reach the brain where they awaken the pineal and pituitary glands which in turn activates the psychic awareness known to occultists as "the opening of the third eye". Psychic awareness becomes instantaneous. Of course, great power is associated with the ability to see into the future and know what others do not know. Most people are unable to handle that kind of power. When Psyche accomplishes this task, Venus's attitude turns to surprise and amazement and she says: "In truth, I believe you are some great and potent sorceress so nimbly have you obeyed my hard commands."

The spring of water represents the seat of psychic power within the brain, the pituitary gland, for it is this gland which controls the power of psychic development and releases the unconscious material to the conscious mind. The spiritually developed person who has





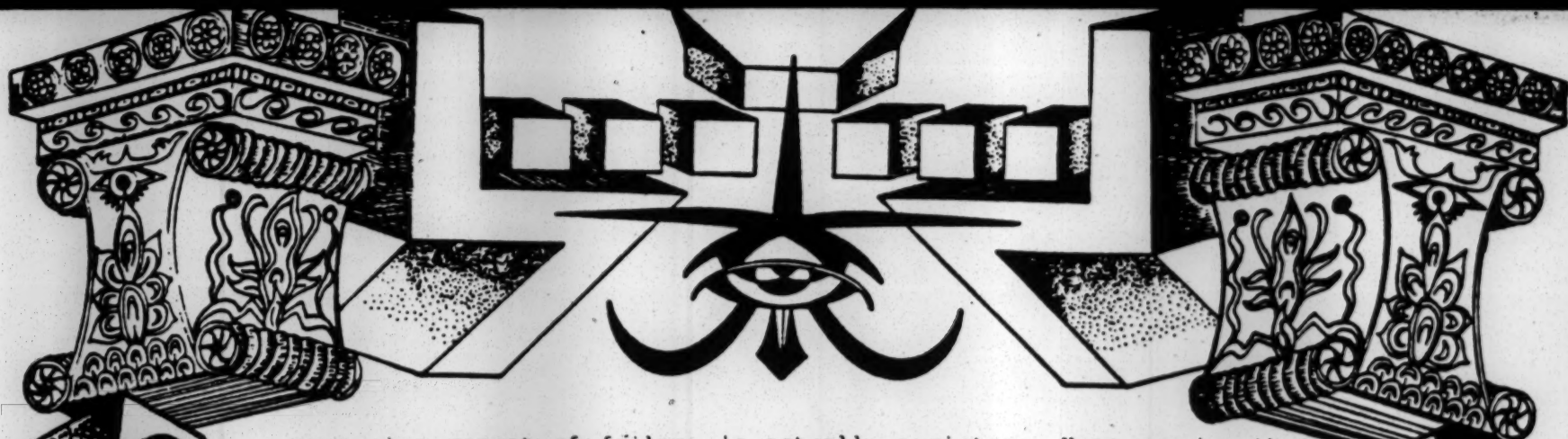
mastered this power can make it work at will, hence the symbolism of Zeus's eagle, one who is able to reach great spiritual heights. Neumann grasps the symbology of the spring in that it unites the highest and lowest and he also sees the combination of male and female energy in this task. He describes the significance of this task in terms of analytical psychology:

"The spiritual principle that helps her, the eagle of the masculine spirit, who spies the booty and carries it off, enables her to contain some of the living stream of life and give it form. The eagle holding the vessel profoundly symbolizes the already male-female spirituality of Psyche, who in one act "receives" like a woman, that is, gathers like a vessel and conceives, but at the same time apprehends and knows like a man. The circular power of this life stream, which is experienced by the feminine psyche as both male-fecundating and overpowering, belongs to the configurative state that we designate as paternal uroboros. Its blinding, destructive brightness is symbolized in the sun rams, while its uncontainable, overpowering energy is embodied in the circular stream. The masculine principle of the eagle enables Psyche to receive a part of it without being destroyed."

However, the occult symbolism either remains hidden to Neumann or he speaks in terms which are acceptable to the scholarly academic world. However it is said, the meaning remains the same. It is the uniting of male and female energies within the self and the dangers associated with that knowledge. It is Knowledge and Conversation with the Holy Guardian Angel.

The last labor which Psyche must perform is to obtain the beauty secrets of Persephone and bring them to Venus. She is warned by the tower not to look inside the chest which contains the secret. Here we are taken back to the first part of the tale in which she is warned not to look at her husband. She disobeyed that command, and it should be no surprise that she disobeys this one as well. For now she has been tested, and she knows that she must see the secret herself. Here is the moment when she appears to have been defeated, but, as Neumann



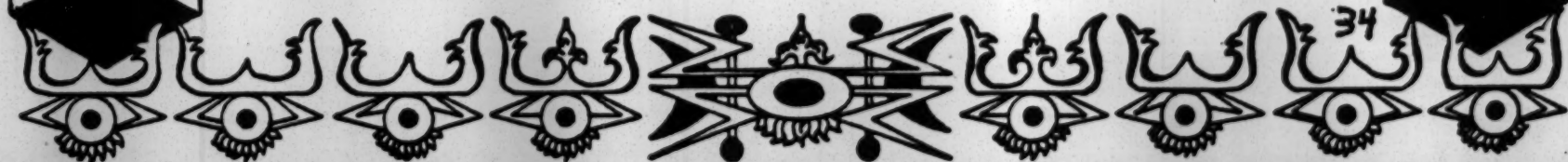


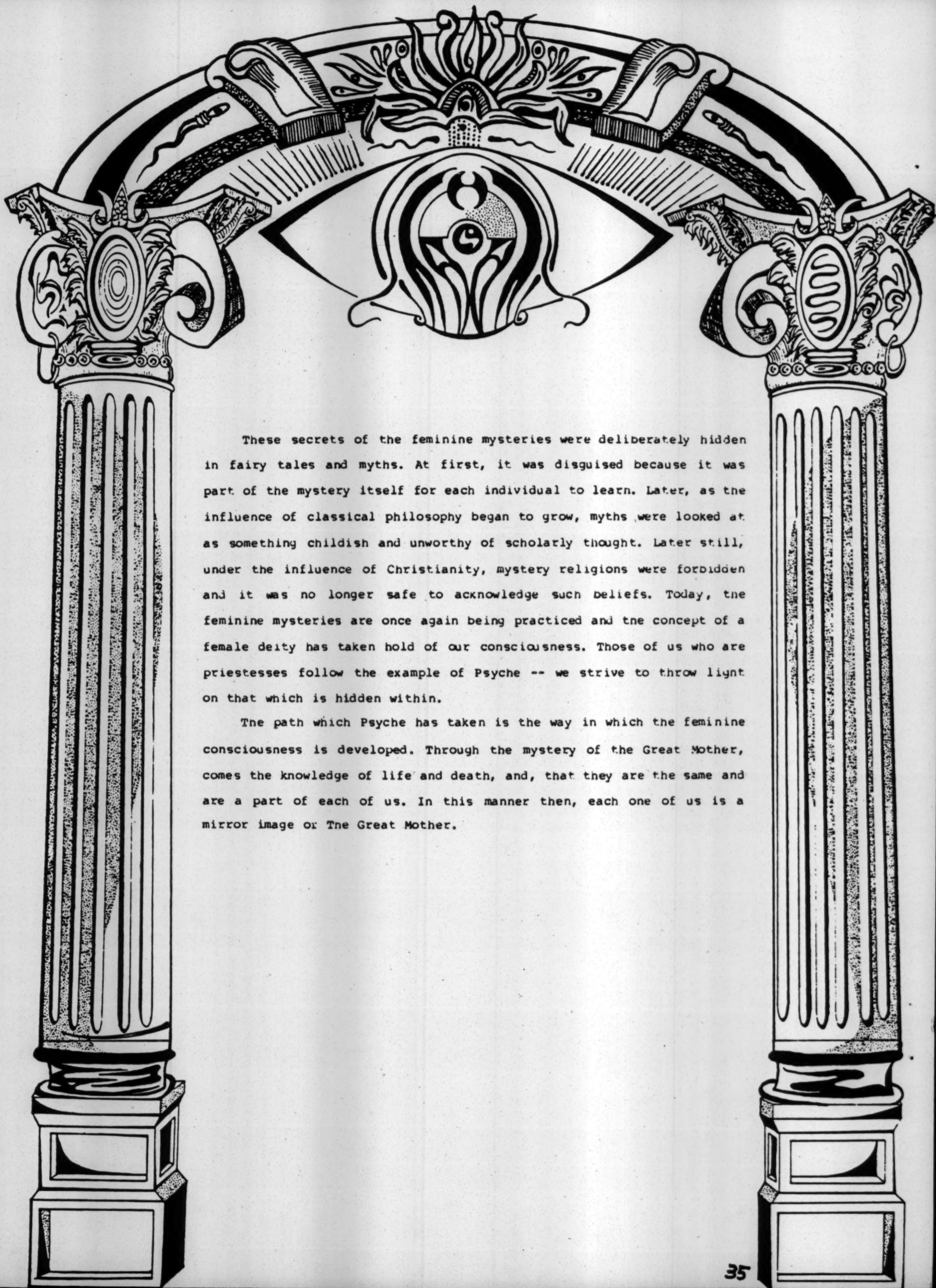
says, her moment of failure is actually a victory. Upon opening the box she falls into a deep sleep.

Psyche is prohibited from showing pity while she is on her journey to Persephone and this is an important point. The old Psyche would have capitulated at this point as she did before when she gave into her sister's wishes. Now, she is learning to integrate the power of death and she must leave this attitude behind if she is to become whole.

The chest itself is a symbol of the coffin and death, which has been given to Psyche by Venus. The beauty secret which is contained within the chest is the sleep of death, the gift of Persephone. However, when we go back to the text, we see that the secret is sufficient for a day or two only. Psyche is to sleep for a period of time and return from the death-like trance. We also find this trance like sleep in Sleeping Beauty and Snow White. For this death-trance is the greatest of all occult secrets. It is referred to as "the crossing of the abyss" and it is the ability to leave the physical body, to pass into the realm of death, as in a coma, and return. It is no easy task for it is quite possible that the initiate may never return to the physical body, and actual death to occur. It is the mark of accomplishment of the master occultist, mystic or magician. What happens on this other side of the mystic veil is a mystery and can only be known to the individual who has taken the actual step and they remain silent about it. However, one thing can be said about this mystery -- that the hero/heroine must often be called back to the physical world with a strong antidote because the fascination with the mystery of the unconscious, unknown world may become permanent.

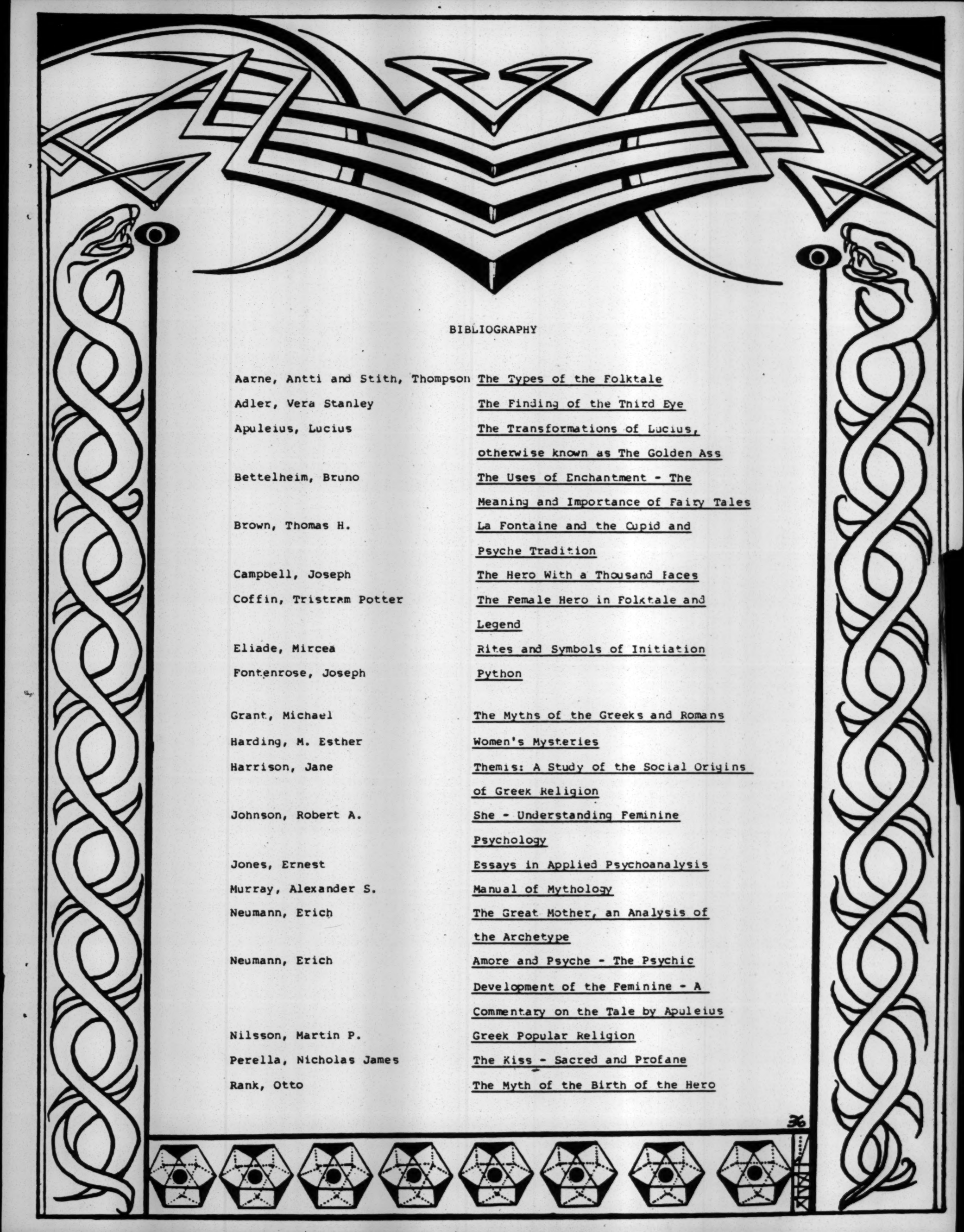
In fairy tale and myth the metaphor which is used to express this idea is the kiss of love from the handsome prince. It is no accident that at this time Cupid appears and awakens Psyche with a kiss, for the kiss has long been a symbol of union and is used as such in marriage ceremonies and initiations. The kiss is meant to signify the union of male and female within the self, the conscious and the unconscious according to Neumann. He says: "Analytical psychology defines the totality of consciousness including the unconscious as the Psyche." As Psyche descends into the world of death, or the unconscious, it is the conscious mind which calls her back to the world of the living.





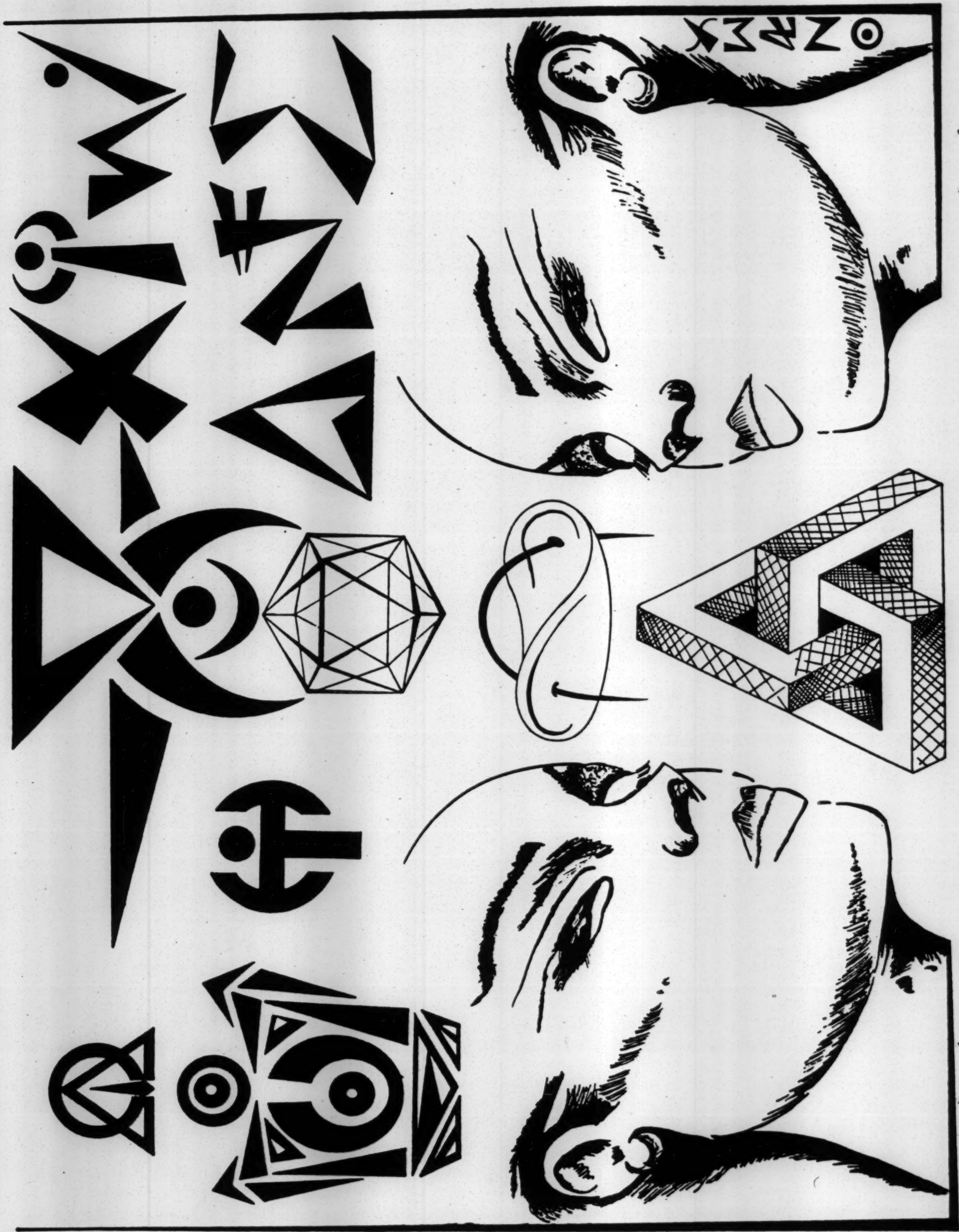
These secrets of the feminine mysteries were deliberately hidden in fairy tales and myths. At first, it was disguised because it was part of the mystery itself for each individual to learn. Later, as the influence of classical philosophy began to grow, myths were looked at as something childish and unworthy of scholarly thought. Later still, under the influence of Christianity, mystery religions were forbidden and it was no longer safe to acknowledge such beliefs. Today, the feminine mysteries are once again being practiced and the concept of a female deity has taken hold of our consciousness. Those of us who are priestesses follow the example of Psyche -- we strive to throw light on that which is hidden within.

The path which Psyche has taken is the way in which the feminine consciousness is developed. Through the mystery of the Great Mother, comes the knowledge of life and death, and, that they are the same and are a part of each of us. In this manner then, each one of us is a mirror image of The Great Mother.



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